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NEWS AND CITIZEN.

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THE LOST CHILD.

They sought her in the field and grove
Where'er they thought her feet might rove
Exploring every nook and cove;

And down within the shady dell
Where the wild lily hung its bell
And filled the air with pleasant smell;

And where wild rose and ivy made
Alternate streaks of sun and shade,
And the light chestnut tassels swayed;

And where the pale sweet May-pinks grew
And violets opened eyes of blue
Weeping bright drops of honeydew;

But all in vain! Then some one said:
"The river winds along its bed
Through meadows blossomed white and red—

Perhaps she wandered there." All feet
Were turned toward this last retreat
Where they might hope the child to meet.

And one along the river side
On white sand left there by the tide,
The prints of tiny feet espied.

And stooping down with straining sight
And eyes hand-shaded from the light,
Caught a faint glimpse of something white,

He raised it with a trembling hand,
And drew it heavily to land,
And laid the dead child on the sand.

NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

THREE MINUTES TO TWELVE

On a cold December night some twenty years ago, when the earth was bound in a black frost and the bitter wind blew strong and shrewdly, I was returning home from spending the evening at a friend's house, situated some three or four miles out of the town. The sky was so black, the country lanes were so dark, that I was truly thankful when the scattered lights of an outlying suburb began to twinkle in the distance; and it was with a sigh of relief that I stopped under the first lamp-post I came to and looked at my watch. It was no easy task, for the lamp-glass had a pane broken and the strong wind blew the gas in all directions and almost extinguished it.

I read the time at last—three minutes to twelve—and, looking up from my watch-face, I started to see a man standing close opposite me. I had heard nothing of his approach. We looked at each other but for a moment, yet it was time sufficient to imprint his features indelibly on my memory. A tall, shabby man, in a threadbare, black frock coat and a seedy tall hat, his face lantern-jawed and sallow, his eyes sunken and lustreless, his beard long and ill-trimmed. In a tone of elaborate civility he asked me the time, thanked me for the answer, and, giving me good night, passed into the black darkness which seemed to engulf him like a grave.

I turned for a moment to think of his lonely walk in that grim obscurity, and resume my homeward way, laughing at myself for the start he had given me, and reflecting that the strong wind had blown away the sound of his approach. I thought of him as I sat and smoked my pipe over my fire, and felt a comfortable shudder steal upon me as I imagined him facing the bitter blast in his insufficient clothing.

In the course of a week or two the incident—trifling, enough heaven knows—faded from my memory and I thought no more of it.

In those days I was actively engaged in the timber trade, and the course of my business took me a good deal about the county and brought me largely in contact with the agents of the different noblemen and countrymen of the district. With one of these agents, who resides in the county town of L——, I had numerous transactions and I used often to run down to L—— to meet him, for the town was only fifteen miles away and on a line of railway. It was a dull little hole enough, that only warmed up when the militia were out or the assizes were on.

One night I returned from L——, having just made a large purchase from my friend the agent, whose master, a sporting nobleman, was induced to cut down the family timber. When I fell asleep that night I had a very simple but vivid dream. I thought I was standing on a lofty hill. By my side stood a a veiled figure who, with a commanding gesture, motioned me toward the town of L——, which lay in the far distance. Then I awoke.

Of course I explained the thing to myself easily enough. I had been a good deal engaged in the neighborhood of the place and had a large venture more or less remotely connected with it. Still the dream was so vivid that I could not dismiss it from my thoughts during the whole day, and when I went to bed at night I wondered if it would again visit me.

It did come again; precisely the same dream in precisely the same manner. Once more I found a convincing explanation. Doubtless I had been thinking too much about the first dream, and this had given rise to the second. But my explanation did not convince me in the least; again I was haunted by the thing throughout the day, and when I came home at night my preoccupation was so evident that it attracted the attention of my wife. She questioned me upon the cause, and, only too glad to unbosom myself of what was now almost a trouble, I told her about the dream and its repetition. She had the tact not to laugh at me, but was evidently little impressed by the narrative.

The third night it came again, if anything more vividly and startling than before. This time I was utterly unhinged; the pale face that fronted me in the looking-glass was hardly recognizable for my own. I went down to breakfast filled with a foreboding of some misfortune—bad news in my letters—I knew not what.

The maid entered with the letter-bag.

"There," said my wife, passing me a letter on which was the L—— postmark. "That breaks your dream, John."

I opened it hurriedly. It was from the agent, requesting me to meet him at L—— that day at 1 o'clock, to arrange a difficulty that had arisen in the performance of his contract.

I was intensely relieved. Here was an opportunity to go to L——, and perhaps the very fact of going would put me right. There were two fast trains to L—— in the morning, but I decided to go by the first, regardless of the fact that I should have some hours to wait. So I found myself shortly in a first-class compartment, speeding away toward my destination.

The carriage was full. Pipes exhaled their fragrance, newspapers were turned and flattened and there was that leisurely kind of morning conversation that prevails among men going off by an early train to their day's work. I soon discovered that I had fallen amongst a party of barristers and their chief topic was a peculiarly interesting case which was to be finished to-day at the L—— assizes.

"He must sum up against the prisoner," said a gentleman with a fat, florid face and long sandy whiskers, who wore a light overcoat and shepherd's plaid trousers. "The defense was a complete failure and deserved to be."

"It was certainly rather audacious," returned a clean-shaven young man with a double eyeglass, who sat opposite me. "But I don't like circumstantial evidence."

"All evidence is more or less circumstantial," said he of the florid complexion; "and this man is as clearly guilty to my mind as if there had been a dozen witnesses to stand by and see him do the deed. That is my opinion, Heywood." And the oracle disappeared behind its newspaper.

Feeling glad to discover any topic that would divert my thoughts from their gloomy forebodings I addressed myself to Heywood, the young barrister, with whom I had a slight acquaintance.

"You seem to be much interested in this trial that is going on," I said. "May I ask if you are engaged upon it?"

"No," he answered. "But it is a curious case. A man, a clerk, dismissed from his employment, is accused of murdering the cashier of the firm. The evidence against him is entirely circumstantial, but the defense broke down at the most critical point, and the case certainly looks very black for the prisoner."

The train was now slacking speed, and there was a general rising. I arose too.

"Are you going to get out here?" said Mr. Heywood, opening the door as we glided into the station. "Have you come down so early on business?"

"Ye—es," I said, wishing to goodness I knew what the immediate business was. "Nothing very urgent, though,' I added, half to myself, as I got out.

"If you have the time to spare you had better turn in and hear the end of the trial," said Heywood. "The court will be crowded with ladies, no doubt, but I can smuggle you into a corner."

Not knowing what to do with myself for the next two hours, I accepted the offer with gratitude. I was soon seated in an obscure corner of a dingy, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated court-house, which would have been ill-smelling, too, had it not been for the scent wafted from the numerous ladies who were present. One of these, a buxom female obstruction, who ought to have known better, was just in front of me and blocked my view with an enormous bonnet. I could not see the prisoner or his counsel, or even the clock over his head, at which the people kept looking eagerly as the hour fixed for the recommencement of the trial approached. At last there was a stir and bustle, caused by persons invisible to me, then a call for silence, and after a few preliminaries the summing up commenced.

I listened the more intently because I could see nothing. The clear, cold, telling sentences cut deep into my consciousness. How distinct and convincing it all was! How all those minute facts, the mute testimony of footmarks and the like, arranged and distributed by that powerful intellect, grouped themselves into the damning proof of guilt. I cared nothing for the prisoner, had no personal interest in the trial, but my mind was wonderfully fascinated by this tale of horror. At length the weighty tones ceased and a murmur of relief and expectation ran round the assembly. At this moment the woman with the huge bonnet shifted her seat and I obtained a full view of the prisoner. I started involuntarily. Where had I seen that face before?

The jury returned after a short absence; the verdict was guilty, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy. Again the judge's solemn tones sounded through the court, again they ceased.

There was dead silence. I sprang to my feet as if impelled to do so by some unseen power, and looked steadily at the prisoner. His face was averted from me for the moment, but the looks of the people showed that he was about to speak. Slowly he turned round and, in a voice whose deep, earnest tones could be heard all over the assembly, he said:

"There lives but one man who can prove me innocent—and there he stands."

With white face and outstretched arm he pointed—at me. I gazed at him with a sudden flash of recognition. It was the man I had seen under the lamp. And, by a strange coincidence, at this moment the court clock struck twelve.

The plea that had been set up by the defense was a alibi. But there was a space of some two hours that could not be accounted for, and the theory of the prosecution was that the crime had been committed during that time. My evidence supplied the missing link; for the place in which I had seen the man was so far distant from the scene of the murder that it was impossible for him to have been anywhere near at the time of its commission.

And the dream? Only a coincidence, you will say, perhaps, or a fit of indigestion, or my timber contract. Nevertheless, as I have told it you, so it happened. Explain it away who can.

A Governor's Son's Error.

The Oakland (Cal.) *Tribune* says: Gov. Stoneman has pardoned a young convict in the State prison who is a son of a distinguished but deceased ex-Governor of the State from which the son came several years ago. The father has been dead a few years, but the mother is still living and has been begging her son to return, unconscious of his incarceration in the penitentiary. He was oo proud to allow the family name to be disgraced and was convicted under a fictitious name, and managed to keep his mother in ignorance of his trouble. While in San Francisco he fell into the hands of designing villains, older than himself, and, while dissipating, was led into the commission of the crime. He was but a boy, and it was regarded as bad policy to ruin his life by further imprisonment when he had bitterly repented his course and was anxious to return to his home and lead the life his mother expects him to.

PETER DE CORCEY, AGED 98, has been in the Otter Tail poorhouse in Minnesota, his descendants having turned him out, except a grandson, who became too poor to care for him. The old man was a soldier in 1812, and has now received a land warrant for 160 acres of land and $9,200 back pension. How the family throng about him! But he puts them aside as they put him, except the grandson, to whom he has given the land warrant and half the money.

OUT in some of the Western States they make brandy out of plums. Now you know what plum full means.

AN ARMY PANIC.

HOW SOME WERE OCCASIONED IN THE LATE WAR.

A Slight Disarrangement of Affairs May Cause a Serious One.

The panic which seized upon a portion of the Federal army at First Bull Run, says M. Quad, in the *Detroit Free Press*, and resulted in demoralizing the whole was repeated many times afterward in both armies. Place a regiment in ever so favorable a fighting position' and give it the best officers in the service, and one thing more is needed. Unless men are driven to desperation they will not fight their best until possible disaster is provided for by an avenue of escape to the rear. Troops can be quickly and steadily half-faced to meet a flank attack, but if it continues long a panic is almost certain to be the result. The soldier fears his retreat will be cut off. Even if he has no thoughts of retreat, this feeling forces itself upon him and demoralizes the bravest troops.

The slightest cause has led to gravest results in battles. Let a battery change position with a rush, running through a brigade, and those men must be handled firmly to prevent a falling back. Caissons in search of ammunition have stampeded regiments ime and again. Let one regiment fall back hastily to secure a new position, and it is a cool line of veterans indeed which will open to to let the men pass and then close up firmly after them. It is not the fear of being killed that unnerves a man fighting in the ranks. Men who have fired seventy-five rounds at close range have been afterward stampeded by the fear of being surrounded and captured. With veteran fighters the fear of being made a prisoner is perhaps stronger than that of death itself. A man falling dead as a line advances produces no consternation. The gap is closed as quick as the men on either side can move up. But, let a man be wounded and call out at the top of his voice, as was sometimes the case, and a sort of quiver runs up and down his whole company. Let a second and a third be hit, and it requires the stern "Steady, men!" of the captain to prevent disorder in the ranks.

The teamsters were the direct cause of more than one panic. Being noncombatants and unarmed, they were, of course, helpless, and for this same reason easily frightened. Let one single shell fall among the wagon-train, and nine out of ten wagons were bound to move. If one teamster abandoned his wagon, others were certain to follow his example, no matter how slight the danger.

When Gen. Sturgis had his fight at Guntown, Miss., the wagon-train was by some blunder brought too near the front and parked near an open field. As the fighting grew hot the Confederates brought forward a single section of artillery and got the range of this train. Four or five shells did the work. A panic seized the teamsters, and the few who got their wagons out of the field abandoned them along the only highway. This action blocked the road, preventing any movement of artillery along the thoroughfare, and in half an hour there was a panic among the men who had all along been fighting with the greatest bravery. The panic resulted in a rout, entirely uncalled for, and the Confederates gathered in from 900 to 1,200 prisoners, eighteen pieces of artillery, 230 wagons and ambulances, 500 horses and mules, and rations and ammunition in immense quantities. The bursting of five or six shells half a mile in rear of the lines of battle lost Sturgis that fight, and came near being the destruction of his whole command.

He Nearly Lost his Pocket-book.

"Tuesday I was down town," says the bad boy, "and an old farmer was walking along in front of me, and I saw him drop his pocket-book on the sidewalk. I yelled to him and pointed to the pocket-book, and told him he dropped it, but he told me to go to the hot place. It was April fool day, and he thought I was feeling him, and he went on laughing, as much as to say no town boy could play any jokes on your uncle Ike. Well, I picked up the pocket book, and it was a fat one, and I fole lowed the old farmer, and pulled his coat and told him here was his pocket-book, but he hit me side of the jaw and said to go away or he would maul me. I never felt so mean since my girl went back on me, but I didn't want to keep the old man's pocket-book, and I didn't want to be killed trying to deliver it to the owner. So I ran ahead of him and stopped and opened the pocket-book, and when he came up I took out a roll of bills as big as my wrist, and showed them to him, and asked him if he knew whose pocket-book it was. What do you think the old granger did? He took the pocket-book with one hand and took me by the neck with the other, and called me a thief, and said I ought to go to State prison, and he took me into a stairway and set me down and stood on my coat tail so I could not get away, and kept me until he counted all the money in the wallet, cussin' me between every ten dollars he counted, and when he found it was all there, he put the wallet inside his shirt and gave me a lecture about boys growing up to be thieves, and finally he gave me this lead nickle, took his foot off my coat-tail and let me go, and then tried to kick me as I ran away. I don't think that was right. Only for me he would have lost his wallet and probably have gone crazy over the loss."

HE WAS DISGUSTED.—The Oshkosh (Wis.) *Times* tells the following story: A burglar stole several hundred dollars from a safe. He was caught and the money found on him. His lawyer knew he was guilty, but all the same did his best to clear him. The owner of the money could not swear to its identity, but could swear to a bogus $10 that was with it. The thief was sentenced, but before court adjourned his lawyer made application and received from the court, as attorney, the entire sum of money in question. Of course the owner of the money was paralyzed at such a remarkable exhibition of professional skill, and went home very much disgusted.

HE who makes the best of his life loses the worst of death.

In the Lime-Kiln Club.

Pickles Smith was requested to walk up the hall, and when he had come to a halt before the platform Brother Gardner said:

"Brudder Smith, I has bin informed dat you has been sued by a grocer for a bill of fo' dollars."

"Yes, sah."

"De bill was fur oysters, dried peaches an' jellies?"

"Yes, sah."

"And why didn't you pay it?"

"Kase Ize hard up, sah."

"Now, Brudder Smith, de member of dis club who kin afford oysters on a salary of $7 per week kin afford to pay fur 'em. If dat debt ain't squr'd up befo' de nex' meetin' you will h'ar sunthin' drap!"

"Yes, sah."

"In bringin' dis performance to a close," said the President, as he nodded to Samuel Shin to strike the triangle, "let me say to one and all of you dat de present ailment of dis kentry am de want of common sense. De man who airns $7 per week wants to lib as well as de man who airns $12, an' dis piles up de debts an' brings about trickery, fraud an' communism. Nobody am satisfied to be what he am. Eben de poorest of de poo' will go hungry sooner dan let anybody know dey can't buy fried oysters. De member of dis club who hankers fur luxuries made fur de tables of millionaires kin make up his mind to pay fur 'em or be known in dis hall no moa'. Let us perambulate homeward."—*Detroit Free Press.*

New York Newspapers.

The New York *Graphic* says:—When the eleven story Potter building at Beekman street and Park Row is completed the *Sun* will remove into it. The first story will contain on the corner the finest publication office in the city, while the old *World* press vaults will be extended and improved to meet the demands of the new comer. The topmost story will hold the composing and proof-reading departments, and on the one below will be the editorial and reportorial rooms, fitted up with every comfort and convenience. The *Sun* has obtained a lease of these premises which is practically illimitable as to the length of its duration. Immediately upon the completion of the building, which will be in about a year, the *Sun* will remove to its new quarters. Then the premises now occupied by the *Sun* will be torn down and the *Tribune* building continued over the site, making one of the great blocks of the city and the finest newspaper structure on the continent. The *Tribune* Association paid the *Sun* $375,000 for the property. The *Sun* bought it twenty years ago from the Tammany Society for $150,000. A few days ago the French's Hotel property was sold under the hammer for $410,000. It is understood that some time previously the *Sun* people offered $600,000 for it, but the offer was either declined or could not, in the then undivided condition of the heirs' interests, be accepted. The *Sun* then made the lease of the Beekman street premises referred to.

She is not Extravagant.

The average woman is not extravagant, says a lady correspondent. She can and does economize in a thousand ways where men cannot and will not. If a man has real estate, bonds, money, any kind of wealth, his wife ought to have part of it in her own name. She would take good care of it, she would be freed from an unpleasant feeling of dependence, and she would be happier and better contented. Only two reasons suggest themselves why a man should not allow his wife an income of her own; either he is so supremely selfish he wants to keep everything in his own right and constitute himself the judge of her needs, or he is afraid to make her entirely independent. Neither of these conclusions is to his credit, nor is it a pleasant thought, if he is a man of possessions, that it is only through his death she can be financially free, although few wives would wish for freedom on these terms. If any man doubts his wife's sentiments on this question of money let him interview her on the subject, or, lest she should plead "duress" as an excuse for not answering, let him engage a mutual friend to find out her opinions.

The Maine Girl's Chewing-Gum.

The Augusta (Me.) *Journal* says: It cost $2,000 a year to keep Augusta citizens in chewing-gum. Young ladies, especially those in school, are proverbially gum chewers, and it takes no small amount to keep them supplied. A Frenchman from Horeb Falls was in town and marketed 125 pounds of the spruce article. One druggist took 75 pounds. It cost in the neighborhood of $1 a pound. It was prime gum, white and pure from imperfections, was in lumps, and had been carefully scraped and cleansed. The man said that he had 200 pounds of gum at home which he proposed to market in Belfast. Gum from young trees is the best, being of a lighter color and of better flavor than that taken from old trees, which is of a darker shade and has a rank taste. There are men who make gum-gathering a business, and derive a snug little income from this source. But the spruce forests which grow this product are failing, and the day is not far distant when there will be a famine in genuine gum. The lumberman is making enormous inroads into the ranks of the trees, and the spruce-worm has injured or killed thousands.

The Constitution

Robert Rodney, U. S. N., would like to have the Constitution amended so that no citizen could own more than ten million dollars' worth of property. If Mr. Rodney is afraid of owning more than ten million dollars himself, he can easily give away his surplus wealth, without an amendment. As for the rest of the people, there are comparatively few of them who are troubled that way, and when they are they will manage to get along under the present Constitution, says an exchange.

MICHIGAN'S block to the Washington Monument is a piece of copper twenty-two inches long by six thick and a foot in width.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

TWO-FIFTHS OF ALL THE newspapers and periodicals sent through the mails by publishers at pound rates are mailed at New York city.

AFGHAN SOLDIERS IN THE British army have been known to ask for furloughs to go home and kill somebody who had slain a relative, as a solemn family duty.

THE VALUE OF THE neat cattle subsisting on the natural grasses along the slope of the Rocky Mountains from the British possessions to Mexico is placed at $600,000,000.

MR. JAMES G. BLAINE RECEIVES EIGHTY cents a volume royalty for his book. It is said that about 100,000 volumes have been ordered already, so that the writer is sure of $80,000 for this year's work.

THE INDIANS OF ALASKA are said to have used in making salmon nets the bulk of 900 miles of telegraph wire, which was laid by the Overland Telegraph Company many years ago at a cost of $3,000,000.

IN THE FISCAL YEAR ENDED June 30, the United States government's disbursements for pensions reached a sum which exceeds by six millions of dollars the disbursements for all purposes in the year 1860.

A MAN IN PHILADELPHIA was paid by mistake at the Kennington National Bank $1,168 on a check of $468 and kept the money. He was arrested and locked up over night, but returning the $700 overdrawn he was liberated.

THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTION was adopted by the miners of Alene, Dakota, and posted up all over the place:—"Not a Chinaman shall ever enter the diggings unless he climbs a tree, with one end of a lariat over a limb."

HERE IS THE WAY a Philadelphia paper raps New York over the knuckles:—Vanderbilt is worth $200,000,000, Jay Gould $100,000,000 and Cyrus W. Field is worth $50,000,000. The Bartholdi pedestal can be put up for $300,000.

JAY GOULD IS SAID to be a much happier man than Mr. Vanderbilt. As the latter is worth $200,000,000 and the former only $100,000,000, it can be easily seen, says the *Evening Call*, that wealth alone does not constitute happiness.

A DITCH TO BE CUT in the Arkansas Valley in Colorado will take so much water out of the Arkansas River that the stream will not cause much trouble hereafter in the way of floods. It is to be sixty-five feet wide at the bottom and sixty-five miles long.

THE DENVER *Republican* finds, on summing up the list, that over one hundred lives have been lost there this year by means of snowslides alone, without counting disasters of this nature that were either too slight or too remote to command prompt and extensive notice.

CHARLES L. KESSI, EDITOR OF THE *Gringo and Greaser*, at Manzano, New Mexico, who was assassinated by unknown men who shot him through a window, was a harum scarum sort of a fellow, always in trouble. While a resident of of Leadville he made over $100,000, which he soon lost.

TWENTY YEARS AGO a newspaper correspondent attended a country school in Wisconsin, where the teacher, a minister's wife, punished gum chewers by forcing them to spit out the gum and chew ashes, while whispering and other delinquencies entailed the swallowing of liberal doses of castor oil.

DURING THE PAST TEN years Uncle Sam expended nearly $70,000,000 in caring for the Indians. The total number of Indians attached to agencies is only 246,000, and of these 60,000 in Indian Territory, 7,700 in Wisconsin, and 5,000 in New York are supposed to be at least partially self-supporting.

THE BLUE RIDGE OF West Virginia is believed by the State Geologist to contain a slumbering volcano. There is one place of about an acre in extent where the ground never freezes and the snow always melts. Vegetation is always a month in advance of the season. The volcano is believed to be below this spot.

THE *Agricultural Review* ESTIMATES THE corn crop of the United States for 1883 at 1,551,066,835 bushels—acres planted, 68,301,889; wheat crop, 420,154,500 bushels—acres planted, 36,393,316; oat crop, 571,283,400 bushels—acres planted, 20,322,622; cotton crop, 6,014 220 bales-acres planted, 16,777,993.

A LITTLE BOY WAS BURIED in Meridian, Miss., the other day, and behind the hearse in the funeral procession walked his pony with its saddle draped with crape. Strangers even looked with moistened eyes upon the little fellow's pet, upon which he had been often seen to ride through the streets but a little while ago.

English Servants.

Arriving home rather late a few nights back I was accosted by a policeman who was hanging about outside my gate. "Beg pardon, sir; but are you aware o the goings-on of your servants?" "No; what do you mean?" I said rather sharply. "Well, sir, it's just this; there ain't one on 'em about the place." "Oh, nonsense," I said. "Why they've all been in bed and asleep these two hours."

"Excuse me, sir, but if you'll follow me I'll soon convince you that you havn't a servant in your house." Seeing that the man was serious, I followed him to a certain dancing saloon not very far away. I had little difficulty in gaining admittance, and there, sure enough, were cook, housemaid and nurse disporting themselves in the mazy valse. The nurse was the first one to "spot" me, and I at once began to demonstrate with her for neglecting her special charge—a child in arms. Imagine my horror when, in self-defence, she produced the pride of the family from a cupboard in the corner, where she had carefully stowed it away, so that the enjoyment of the dance might not be interfered with. —*London Truth.*

IN A PIT.—A miner digging in a cellar in San Francisco upturned the skeletons of thirteen men. Most of them were head downward. It was learned that in early days a dance-house of evil reputation stood on this site, and it is believed that the skeletons are those of persons murdered there and thrown into a pit.

The Trade Dollar and Its History.

Of the trade dollars authorized by the act of February 12, 1873, and made a legal tender to the same extent as other silver coins, there were coined up to July, 1876, $15,631,000, of which $12,269,108 had been exported for "trade" purposes in China and Japan, leaving $3,361,892 in circulation in the United States. When first coined the 420 grains of silver in the trade dollar were worth 102.5 cents in gold and 118.6 cents in currency, the gold value of a dollar note at that time being but 86.4 cents. By 1876, when Congress took away from this coin the legal-tender quality—which it was said the framers of the act of 1873 never intended to give it—the value of silver bullion had so declined that the trade dollar was worth but 84.8 cents. The quantity of silver in the standard silver dollar being but 412½ grains, its value was proportionately less. After the trade dollar ceased to be a legal tender $20,540,910 more were coined. When, in 1878, its coinage was stopped, the total amount issued was $35,959,360. Of this amount it is estimated that from $7,000,000 to $8,000,000 remain in the United States. Up to July 1, 1883, the trade dollar would bring in New York York 99 cents, but a concerted movement being then made against them, their value fell to 86 cents, and they passed out of circulation. Their popularity had not been enhanced by the fact that they had been bought at a discount by manufacturers and mine-owners in Pennsylvania and elsewhere to pay out at their face value to their employees, so that the agreement of the ,New produce dealers to decline after a certain date to take the trade dollar, was welcomed all over the country as a signal to put an end to an odious practice. The bill which has just passed the House authorizing the exchange by the Treasury of standard dollars for trade dollars, dollar for dollar, will have, of course, if it becomes a law, the effect of raising the value of the trade dollar to par. As bullion it was worth during the past year from 86 to 87½ cents. The final passage of the bill is considered doubtful.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The Purchase of Cuba.

The subject of the annexation of Cuba to the United States was first mooted just after the French Republic was proclaimed, in 1848. The American government, while willing it should remain a Spanish colony, declared that no other foreign government should ever possess it. In 1825 Spain had proposed to cede Cuba to the United States in consideration of certain commercial concessions, but this was declined. In 1848 President Polk offered to buy the island for $1,000,000, but to this Spain would not listen. In 1849 a filibustering expedition under Lopez was prevented by the United States government. A second expedition got away successfully, but Lopez was defeated, and himself garroted and other leaders publicly shot. Since 1852 the question of the acquisition of Cuba has entered freely into American politics. In 1854 Buchanan, Mason and Soule, American Ministers at London, Paris and Madrid, drew up the celebrated Ostend manifesto, urging that Cuba should belong to the United States and that if Spain would not sell it it should be taken under certain contingencies, by force.

In 1858–9 the United States Senate considered a proposition to pay thirty million dollars for the island. This was the plan of Siddell, of Louisiana. It was finally withdrawn. The sum named in the bill, which was reported favorably by both the committees of the Senate and House, was proposed to be appropriated for no secret or disguised purpose, but to enable the President to make a payment to the Spanish government, on the full ratification of the treaty by Spain, without waiting for its ratification by the Senate and the appropriation of the money by Congress. A minority report was presented by the House committee which opposed the bil on the ground that Cuba would be an unprofitable acquisition, owing to the necessity of preventing internal disorders which would be sure to arise, and that it would be a dangerous precedent to allow the President to have the disposal of thirty million dollars for the settlement of a treaty before its ratification by the Senate.

On the Blair Plantation.

A BARREL OF WHISKEY THAT SAVED WASHINGTON FROM CAPTURE BY CONFEDERATES.

The *Philadelphia Press* says: The story has often been told, but I do not know that it was ever verified. Montgomery Blair told it to me himself a year or two before he died. We of Washington can never forget the threatening days in July, 1864, when the city was defenceless, and a large force of rebels, under Early and Breckinridge, was not ten miles distance from the capital. No one denies now that the rebels could have marched in and taken Washington almost unimpeded. The Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac was enroute to defend the city, but it was not quick enough.

The enemy was halted at Silver Springs, the country residence of the elder Blair, and very near the residence of Montgomery Blair. Upon the approach of the army the families of both fled to Washington. The rebel officers searched the houses and found in the cellar of Frank P. Blair's house a barrel of whiskey. This did the business. Nearly all the officers became drunk on this whiskey, and many of the men were in a like condition. Such an orgie never was known. The dresses of the ladies were taken possession of, and in them the officers masqueraded and held a jollification the whole night long, falling into a drunken slumber in the morning, and unable to go any duty. Early and Breckinridge, riding up in the morning, saw the situation, and merely said, "It is too late," and Washington was saved.

VICISSITUDES.—A Democratic journal in New Hampshire expresses the opinion that for a newspaper to hoist a ticket subject to the vicissitudes of a nominating convention is like taking out a blank marriage license, that may have to be traded off for a burial permit.

Too thin—Shadow soup.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT THE WAGS OF THE PRESS HAVE TO SAY THAT IS AMUSING.

From Tipperary—A Boy's Pocket—Striking It Rich—At the Stock Exchange—Consoling—Over Long Ago, Etc., Etc.

FROM TIPPERARY.

Two hot-tempered Celts from Battle row were in Yorkville Police Court yesterday. One had stabbed the other with a night key. The man who did the stabbing said, in extenuation of the act:

"He called me a flamin' sucker."

"What if he did?" said the Justice.

"Oi'll allow no man to call me that."

"Why not? What is a sucker?"

"Shure, Oi don't know."

"How do you know but what it is a complimentary term?"

"It may be, yer honor; but Moike niver mint it for a compliment."

"Don't you know that natives of the great State of Illinois are called suckers?"

"Oi did not, but Oi do now. Oi'm shure Moike niver mint to call me a native av that place, for well he knows Oi'm from Tipperary."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A BOY'S POCKET.

Buckles, and buttons, and top, and marbles and pieces of string, a screw from a rusty old mop, and scraps of a favorite sling. Slate pencils, and part of a lock, some matches and kernels of corn, the wheels of a discarded clock, and remains of a mitten all torn. A jack-knife or two, never sharp, some pieces of bright-colored glass, the rim of an ancient jews'-harp, pens, fish-hooks, and pieces of brass. Old nails, "sweetics," chippings of tin, with bits of a battered-up locket. All these, and much more, are within the depths of a little boy's pocket.—*The Continent.*

HE STRUCK IT RICH.

"That's my uncle over there," said a fast young man to his fast companion; "we're pretty near broke and I'll strike him for a raise. He won't go back on me. Bet you the drinks I'll strike him for a ten and get it."

The bet was made and the young man "struck" his uncle. A long conversation ensued. Finally the young man returned, his face flushed with triumph and some bills in his hand.

"I told you I'd make it," he said, "maybe we can make a hit on roulette with this."

Then his companion looked at the bills, and there were only two $1 notes.

"But you didn't get $10, did you?" he inquired.

"Yes, I did," replied the nephew, as his tone changed to one of sadness, "only I had to take the other $8 out in good advice."—*Chicago Herald.*

HE COULDN'T STAND IT.

"Why are you home so early?" asked a wife of her husband. "Is the singing school exhibition out already?"

"No; not more than half out," he replied.

"Why didn't you stay to the close? Weren't you interested in the singing?"

"I was until a sixteen-year-old boy attempted to sing 'Larboard Watch Ahoy.' Then I thought I would come home, go to bed and try to forget all about it."

OVER, LONG AGO.

"How long have you been married, Mrs. Slowbody?"

"Five years."

"Five years? Why, you ought to have a wooden wedding."

"Have," replied Mrs. Slowbody, glancing across at the meek figure of a man trying to hide behind a newspaper, "had that when I was married."—*Burington Hawkeye.*

HE DIDN'T FIGURE LIKE THAT.

A German tailor in a village in Canada failed a few days ago and called a meeting of his creditors. An investigation seemed to show that his liabilities were $4,000, and his assets $1,000.

"It thus appears," said one of the creditors, "that you can pay 25 cents on the dollar."

"Vhell, I doan' figure like dot," replied the tailor.

"How do you figure?"

"Vhy, I pays feefty cents on der dollar."

"How can you do that when your assets only allow one-fourth?"

"Vhell, I prings the odder money down from der house."

He was not permitted to fail.

WHAT IT TAUGHT.

Mrs. Bilkson—"I hope this, Mr. Bilkson, will be a warning to you."

Mr. Bilkson—"What are you talking about, anyhow?"

Mrs. Bilkson—"An item in this paper. It says: 'A man in Springfield, Me., being invited to drink, poured out a glass of whisky, looked at it a moment, and then dropped dead.' Now, just remember that, Mr. Bilkson, the next time you are asked to drink. It teaches a terrible lesson."

Mr. Bilkson—"Yes, indeed. Delays are dangerous."—*Evening Call.*

CONSOLING.

Mrs. Minks—"Who would have thought that that lovely Mrs. Blank, who was a bride only a few years ago, should now be suing for a divorce?"

Mrs. Finks—"I do not blame her. Her husband abused her terribly."

Mrs. Minks—"Why, when they were married her husband was just as devoted as dear John is to me. I would die if I thought that in a few years he could change that way."

Mrs. Finks—"Oh, don't alarm yourself, he won't."

Mrs. Minks—"You are sure, then?"

Mrs. Finks—"Certain. All your money is in your name."—*Philadelphia Evening Call.*

AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"I'll have to consult with a doctor. I'm not well."

"What is your trouble?"

"I sleep too much. As soon as I drink eight or ten glasses of beer, I can't keep my eyes open. I think I ought to be bled."

"I can tell you what will spare your eyes, and keep them open. Just you let me sell you, at par, for cash, a thousand shares of some railroad stocks I've got, and you will not be able to get a wink of sleep as long as you have them on your hands. What is riches without health?"—*Austin Siftings.*

AN EXPLANATION.

"How far is it from the City Hall to the Battery?" asked one New Yorker of another.

"According to the city map it is a mile, but I've walked it and I find it much longer."

"I can explain that discrepancy. The city map does not go into every other saloon between the two places.—*Texas Siftings.*

LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS.

"My dear," said a Mormon wife to her husband, "I should think that you would be ashamed of yourself, flirting with that Miss B. as you did in church to-day."

"Flirting with her?" he replied in astonishment. "Why we have been engaged for more than three months. It's all over town."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said his wife indifferently. "If you are engaged to her, I suppose it is all right. When does the happy event occur?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

Sixty Years in Chains.

A FAMILY SECRET REVEALED BY DEATH—THE LOVE THAT EXISTED BETWEEN BROTHERS.

A letter from Huntingdon, Pa., dated April 10th, says: A confinement of sixty years, which was the result of insanity—a secret long kept from the public—terminated here yesterday in the death of Daniel Hawn, in Juniata township, six miles from this city. He had been confined since 1823 by his brothers, and was eighty-four years old. The maniac was one of five brothers who, when young men, worked together on their father's farm. His malady is said to have been caused by drinking from a cool stream while overheated in harvest time. He was immediately confined by his brothers, and was ever afterward excluded from the world. But once in the subsequent sixty years did he regain his freedom, and that was about fifty years ago, when he succeeded in escaping from the house. He was soon captured and returned to his imprisonment. The room in which he was kept was of small dimensions, with but one window, and to prevent him from reaching the latter he was chained to an opposite corner. A stove was placed in a small opening in the partition, with the front facing into a hall, so that fire could be made without entering the room. His brothers remained unmarried accumulating money and property, which they held in common. Two of them survive, and are the owners of 900 acres in the township.

Checked Too Much.

At Macon I became acquainted with a commercial tourist. He toured for a Philadelphia harness house, and he had two trunks. As soon as I found that he had two trunks I discovered why he came up to me in the reading-room of the hotel, reached out the friendly hand, and said that he had carried my photograph next to his heart for the last seven years. He wanted me to check one of the trunks on my ticket as we went up to Atlanta, and thus save him expense on extra baggage.

Well, I agreed. It is seldom that I try to beat a railroad, but one must do something for his fellow-man now and then in this up-hill road through life. It so happened that I had a pass around to Montgomery via Atlanta, and I handed it to the baggage-checker without a thought of what might follow. As a consequence, while the harness-house tourist dropped off at Atlanta with tears in his eyes for my disinterestedness, only one of his trunks dropped off with him. The other continued the ride with me for 150 miles, and after considerable telegraphing it went back to Atlanta by express. Just how much it cost him to fall in love with me I don't know, but I assure him on my honor that whenever I can go out of my way again to oblige him I shall cheerfully do so.

M. QUAD.

Dared to Do his Duty.

The late Count Vladimir Feodorovitch Adlerberg, of Russia, always accompanied Czar Nicholas on his journeys. On one occasion they met at a post station a courier with important dispatches for His Majesty, seriously incriminating the political conduct of a certain high official. On reading them the stormy-tempered Nicholas became furious, and at once commanded Adlerberg to send an order to dismiss the official in question and have him arrested. Count Adlerberg essayed some observations, but the Czar was too angry, and repeated his commands. The messenger was sent on to St. Petersburg. At the next station Nicholas asked Adlerberg what he had written to the proper Minister on the subject. "Sire," replied Count Adlerberg, "I took the liberty of not transmitting your commands." "What!" exclaimed the Emperor, "how dared you disobey me?" "Sire," again replied Adlerberg, "I knew that Your Majesty would approve of my preventing an injustice by precipitation before the guilt of a man was properly proved." The Emperor said nothing for a moment, then, grasping Adlerberg warmly by the hand, simply said, "Thanks." Adlerberg's funeral was attended by nearly all the members of the present Imperial family.

A Soldier's Bright Idea.

One day soon after the second Bull Run and Chantilly, a private soldier belonging to an Ohio regiment sought an interview with his captain, and announced that he had a plan for a military campaign, which must certainly result in crushing out the rebellion. The officer very naturally inquired for particulars, but the soldier refused to reveal them, and asked for a chance to lay his plans before Pope himself. After some delay he was given a pass to headquarters. He did not get to see Pope, but after the chief of staff had coaxed and promised and