The Morning News

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INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MEETINGS—Naval Stores Manufacturers; Jasper Mutual Loan Association.

SPECIAL NOTICES—Forest City Gun Club; As to Early Closing on Saturdays; Notice, George Helmken; Notice, C. A. Vetter.

STEAMSHIP SCHEDULE—Ocean Steamship Co.

PROPOSALS—For Fuel, Light, Etc., for Custom House.

CHEAP COLUMN ADVERTISEMENTS—Help Wanted; Employment Wanted; For Rent; For Sale; Personal; Miscellaneous.

AUCTION SALES—Furniture, Hair Mattresses, Etc., by J. McLaughlin & Son.

The Morning News for the Summer.

Persons leaving the city for the summer can have the MORNING NEWS forwarded by the earliest fast mails to any address at the rate of 25c. a week, $1 for a month or $2 50 for three months, cash invariably in advance. The address may be changed as often as desired. In directing a change care should be taken to mention the old as well as the new address.

Those who desire to have their home paper promptly delivered to them while away should leave their subscriptions at the BUSINESS OFFICE. Special attention will be given to make this summer service satisfactory and to forward papers by the most direct and quickest routes.

In Osaka, Japan, it is said that there are 256 dressmakers. The husbands of the place must be liberal souls to support such a large number.

The foreign dispatches say that Emperor William, of Germany, has sneezed again. Such thrilling news ought to be told by installments.

It is said that a man in Florida uses a wart on the back of his neck for a collar button. If he is married his wife ought to be a happy woman.

New York is to have a club in which men and women may meet on the same footing. It is supposed that no drinks stronger than cold tea will be allowed.

The two receivers of the Wabash railroad each receive a fee of $112,500. It is a poor railroad that doesn't make enough money to pay its receiver well for his services.

The illness of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the Washington philanthropist, causes general regret. In the South there are many who wish for his speedy and complete recovery.

Five thousand guests were invited to the wedding of the daughter of Congressman Burns, of Missouri. Of course the number of wedding presents was correspondingly great.

The announcement is made that Tennyson will write an ode to Buffalo Bill. Perhaps the novelty of the subject may inspire the Poet Laureate to exhibit some of his old-time fire.

O'Donovan Rossa, who is in Brooklyn, has received a letter informing him that twelve men have sworn to kill him. Rossa professes not to be afraid, but he takes care to keep himself well guarded.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "The most charming talkers are those who think as you do." Oh, no; the most charming talkers are those who never interrupt you except to say "yes" or "no."

A number of Southern men are subscribing to the fund which the New York *Star* is trying to raise for the Grant monument. Senator Brown and ex-Congressman Hammond are among the number.

The other day Columbia College, New York, graduated its first lady bachelor. Her name is Mary Parsons Hankey, and her home is in Garretsons, S. I. It is said that her class standing was admirable. A lady bachelor is something of a paradox.

At the funeral of ex-Vice President Wheeler none of his old associates in Congress were present. It seems, also, that no member of the Senate over which he presided for four years was present. The most thoroughly forgotten man in the world is one that has permanently retired from public life.

Congressman George D. Wise, of Virginia, is confident that the Democrats will carry that State next fall. The Legislature which is to be elected will choose a successor to Senator Riddleberger, which makes the contest interesting. As to how Virginia will go in the Presidential election next year there is no fear. It will go Democratic.

Canon Wilberforce, of England, said in Boston, the other day: "Everybody knows that what Boston does to-day America will follow to-morrow, and what America does the whole civilized world will attempt to do after it." It may now be expected that the Browning societies in Boston will all be turned into Wilberforce societies.

The other night Red Shirt, one of Buffalo Bill's good Indians, visited the House of Commons. Baron de Worms asked him what he thought of Parliament. Red Shirt replied that he did not think much of it, and that laws were passed much quicker in his country than in England. He ought to have added that the quicker they are passed the worse they are.

As the Prohibition campaign in Texas progresses it becomes warmer. The Houston *Post* says: "If it had been told that the time would ever come in Texas when the lowest phases of blackguardism would be regarded as necessary to the settlement of a great moral question, the *Post* would not have believed it. And yet, discreditable as the fact is, we see just such methods employed in this Prohibition campaign."

An Improbable Story.

The story that has been circulated at Washington for a day or two, that the Inter-State Commerce Commission is illegally organized, and is, therefore, without authority to act, and that when the attorneys of the railroads get ready they will attack it in the courts and show that its decisions have no binding force, is doubtless without much, if any, foundation. It is based upon the theory that, under the law, the Commission should have been appointed before the adjournment of Congress, and that its members should have been confirmed before exercising authority.

It is true that the interstate commerce law provides that the commission shall be appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and it is also true that the sections of the law which provide for the appointment of a commission took effect immediately after the signing of the bill by the President, while the other sections did not take effect until sixty days after that time. This would seem to indicate that it was the intention of Congress that the commission should be appointed before the adjournment of Congress, so that its members could be confirmed, but it does not follow that because the commission was not appointed until after Congress adjourned it is an illegal body. The President has authority under the constitution to fill all vacancies that may exist during the vacations of Congress, and it will hardly be denied that the offices of the commission were vacant at the time the appointments were made.

When Congress meets the Commissioners will be reappointed, and, doubtless, confirmed. If they should not be their commissions would expire at the end of next session of Congress. The President delayed appointing the commission a long time, not because he did not wish to submit the names of his appointees to the Senate at its last session, but because he was anxious to get the very best men obtainable as Commissioners. That he succeeded admirably in doing that is shown by the fact that whatever may have been said against the interstate commerce law not a word has been said against the commission.

But why should the railroads want to have the commission declared illegal and its acts to be without force? They have been benefited by what the commission has done. The long and short haul clause has been suspended in about every case in which a suspension has been asked. If it had not been for the commission that clause of the law would have been in force in all parts of the country. The railroads have been benefited by the commission according to their own showing, and they should be the last ones to complain of the acts of which they have taken advantage. The truth, doubtless, is that there is nothing in this Washington story. It was given currency, perhaps, with the hope of creating a sensation. It would appear to be a little more reasonable if it were alleged that those who want the long and short haul clause enforced, and who fear that the suspension of that clause will be renewed after the present suspension expires, were intending to attack the commission. It is not probable, however, that anybody is going to attack it at present.

The Vacant Justiceship.

The opinion appears to be growing that the President will offer the vacant place on the Supreme Court bench to Secretary Lamar, and that Mr. Lamar will accept it. The President has a very high appreciation of Mr. Lamar, and, besides, he knows that his appointment to the vacancy would be a satisfactory one. Mr. Lamar is popular at the North as well as at the South, and that he is a man of superior ability there is no question. When he was in the Senate he ranked among the leaders of that body, and no Senator was listened to more attentively than he. When he was appointed to his present position it was freely predicted that he would prove to be a failure, but those who made such a prediction are willing to admit that they were mistaken. He is making an exceptionally good Secretary of the Interior, and has done more in the way of reform than any of his Republican predecessors. He may not find much pleasure in looking after the details of his burdensome position, but he does look after them because his high sense of duty will not permit him to neglect them, and he also finds time to inaugurate reforms that will result in saving millions of dollars to the government annually, and in opening to settlement millions of acres of the public lands.

Mr. Lamar may not be as well read in the law as many other lawyers who would like to fill the vacant Justiceship, but his familiarity with the great principles of the law, and his ability to apply them correctly, will make up for his want of knowledge of cases and precedents.

It would be a much easier matter to fill the Supreme Court vacancy satisfactorily than to fill the vacancy in the Cabinet which his appointment to the justiceship would create. If he is appointed a justice, therefore, it will not be because the President thinks he can get a better Secretary of the Interior, but because, while maintaining the high standard of the court, he gratifies a faithful and deserving public servant.

State School Commissioner Gustavus J. Orr announces that the Peabody Institute for 1887 will be held in Atlanta, the term commencing on Monday, July 18. The corps of instructors has been carefully selected. Prof. W. R. Thigpen, of Savannah, will teach Algebra and Geometry. Arrangements have been made for reduced transportation for teachers who may wish to attend.

A group of Anarchists, numbering ninety men and women, has been discovered at Columbus, O. A blasphemous secret circular issued by the group advocates arson and murder, and even the killing of the wives and children of capitalists. The Knights of Labor in Columbus unsparingly denounce the Anarchists. Nothing but hemp will ever teach the lesson the Anarchists ought to learn.

Since the Shamrock's wonderful show of speed on Tuesday in the twenty-second annual regatta of the Atlantic Yacht Club it is a question whether she, the Atlantic, or the Mayflower will be selected to defend the America's cup against the Thistle. If she does as well in heavy wind as in light it is probable that she will be chosen.

When a Carson City (Nev.) Justice of the Peace marries a couple he asks the bridegroom: "Do you, sir, as a citizen of Nevada and a lawful voter of Reno, solemnly declare that you will forsake all other evils and cleave only to this one?" There is a suspicion that the Justice is a reformed Mormon.

A Long Trial Promised.

If the time occupied in securing a jury in the Jacob Sharp case in New York is any indication of the time that will be consumed by the trial, it is pretty safe to predict that it will be midsummer before the jury will have a chance to agree upon a verdict. The opposing lawyers of the case are in a fighting humor now, and it is predicted that they will come to blows before their work is done. One of the lawyers for the defense insists that one of the District Attorney's assistants is a dude, and that the dude will get a threshing if he doesn't conduct himself more discreetly. It seems that this one of the defendant's counsel has been shadowed by detectives, and he is mad because his integrity has been questioned.

The fact is that detectives appear to have a good deal to do with the case. From the reports which appear in the newspapers a good many of them are employed by both sides, and they manage to keep the lawyers in a very uncertain condition of mind. The prosecution is told by its detectives that this or that man who has been summoned, or accepted, as a juror cannot be trusted, and the defense is told the same thing by its detectives. The result is that neither side feels entire confidence in any of the jurors.

While the lawyers are wrangling and talking about duels and slugging matches the defendant, Sharp, appears to be taking things very quietly. He sleeps part of the time and when he isn't asleep he refreshes the inner man with milk from a bottle which he keeps near him, and from which he draws the nourishing fluid through a rubber tube much after the manner of infants. After the jury is sworn he will spend his time during the trial, when not in court, behind the bars of a prison. His lawyers are making a big fight for him, and when the trial is over he will be a much poorer man than he is now. He may escape the penitentiary, but he will not escape bankruptcy, if his financial condition is as bad as his attorneys represent it to be. But he will have the reputation of having figured, as principal, in one of the most sensational trials that ever took place in this country. That, however, may not be a source of much satisfaction to him.

It seems that the order of Congress in 1786 directing an inscription to be placed upon the monument erected in Washington to Gen. Nathaniel Greene was not obeyed until recently. Secretary Endicott called the attention of Col. Wilson, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, to the omission, and the latter has had the inscription cut in the pedestal. It is as follows: "Sacred to the memory of Nathaniel Greene, Esq., a native of the State of Rhode Island, who died on the 19th of June, 1886, late Major General in the service of the United States, and Commander of their army in the Southern Department. The United States, in Congress assembled, in honor of his patriotism, valor and ability, have erected this monument."

Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost is the pastor of a Congregational church in Newark, N. J. On Sunday last he preached a sermon in which he boldly indorsed assassination. Speaking of Nihilism in Russia, he said: "When one of these young Nihilists kills the Czar, and if the history of Russia were written after the manner of the Book of Judges, it would be said that God had raised up a deliverer for the people. The man who kills the Czar under existing circumstances will be a great patriot. Of him we may say as Lamartine said of Charlotte Corday: 'The assassination history will not applaud, but the sublime self-denial she will neither stigmatize nor condemn.'" Dr. McGlynn has made a convert.

The Boston *Herald* gives the high tariff organs this nut to crack: The English establishment for the manufacture of hosiery, which the blessings of protection had brought over, with its machinery, its "pauper laborers" and all to settle at Thornton, R. I., has failed to make a profit and has shut down its works. The "paupers" employed in the establishment say that they are worse off in the attempt to make a living in this country than they were at home. If the voters of the United States would only inform themselves as to the workings of the high tariff, the protectionists would be buried out of sight at the first election thereafter.

At Kansas City, Mo., the Christian Science people have suffered a serious check. Mrs. Hattie Updike, who was sick with dropsy, was placed under the Christian science treatment by Mrs. Emma Beahan. Mrs. Updike was told to try and convince herself that she was not diseased, but merely suffering from imagination. While she was trying, gangrene made its appearance on the instep of her right foot, and gradually extended until the right leg was covered with it. Mrs. Updike died in great agony. Hereafter when Kansas City people get sick it is likely that they will send for an M. D.

A Southern Republican newspaper figures out the vote Mr. Blaine will get in the national convention as not less than 530. The number necessary to nominate is 411. The newspaper in question thus apportions the vote for Blaine: New England States, 25; Middle States, 116; Western States, 152; Southern States, 185; Pacific States, 34; Territories, 18. Total, 530. If the apportionment is correct Senator Sherman might as well confine his attention to natural gas. To continue his campaign would be a waste of time and money.

The testimony taken in the Britannic-Celtic investigation seems to show that the Britannic was to blame for the collision. She did not give any signals to indicate the course she would take, either before or after the Celtic had signaled her course. When the whistles of the steamers were first heard the fog was so light that the lookouts could see a distance of a mile and a half. It was just before they collided that the fog thickened.

The Honolulu *Gazette* charges King Kalakaua with having accepted bribes from a Chinaman who wanted license to sell opium. According to the *Gazette* the king received $75,000 and a baked pig, and then granted the license to a rival of the briber. The matter has been placed in the hands of the Chinese Minister at Washington. It would be well for Queen Kapiolani to return home and straighten out her coffee-colored husband.

America is much larger and vastly more important than England, but America takes more interest in English affairs than England takes in American affairs. Can it be that it is because there are more snobs on this side of the water than on the other?

The Chattanooga *Commercial* says: "We do not know of any class of people who attain as much glory for the same service as military men." Considering that Chattanooga has no base ball club the *Commercial's* ignorance is excusable.

CURRENT COMMENT.

What O'Brien Takes With Him.

From the New York Star (Dem.)

William O'Brien takes with him on his homeward voyage the respect and admiration of Americans for a brave heart, sound judgment and firm will consecrated to the service of a beloved country.

Inflictions to Be Avoided.

From the Baltimore American (Rep.)

Another murderer has written a book of his life. Fortunately, there is not much prospect of his being released, or there would be another lecturer as a candidate for favor. A shortening of the time between the passing of sentence and the falling of the drop would save many of these inflictions.

Too Much "Paternal Government."

From the New York Sun (Ind.)

The proposition that the government should own the telegraph, and that the Post Office Department should be enlarged by adding the telegraph to it, is not new. To adopt it would increase the power of the government and diminish the power of the people. It would make the political machine ponderous and potent, and lessen that freedom of individual action which is the glory of the citizen and the safety of the republic.

"The Life of Business."

From the New York World (Dem.)

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* protests against any action by Congress looking to a reduction of taxes as "an attempt to disturb business and destroy the policy of protection, which is the life of business." Would it not be a healthful disturbance of business to leave in the pockets of the people the $100,000,000 a year now taken out of them in superfluous taxes? And if a prolonged war tariff is the "life of business," how is it that eleven years out of the last fourteen have been years of financial panics, business depresssion, labor troubles and more or less hard times?

BRIGHT BITS.

A COLORED GENTLEMAN was heard to remark: "Times am changed; de hog law, lokal option, an' bar'd wire fences am a gwine to ruin de country."—*Brenham (Tex.) Banner.*

FIRST KANSAS WOMAN—I didn't see you down at the caucus last night.

Second Kansas Woman—No; I couldn't get away, John wasn't feeling well, and I had to clean off the table and wash the dishes.—*Tid-Bits.*

YOUNG STAYER (at 11:55 p. m.)—What a chawming song that was. I wish you would repeat it. What is it called?

Miss Bored—I chose it because I thought it might be new to you. It's entitled "Going."—*Tid-Bits.*

HUSBAND—What are you reading, my dear, that you seem so serious?

Wife—"Saturday Night Thoughts," in this afternoon's paper.

Husband—By Jove; that reminds me that I must order a case of beer for to-morrow.—*Puck.*

JACK'S SISTER ("fishingly")—Jack, the class races are awfully interesting, aren't they?

Jack (who has some one else's sister in view for that day)—Yes, dear, but they are terribly brutal affairs. Every man recovers on a stretcher. (Jack's sister shudders and feels resigned.)—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"I DEEPLY regret it, sir, but honor and my altered circumstances compel me to release your daughter from her engagement. I cannot enter your family a beggar. In the recent deal in the North End stocks, I lost my entire fortune."

"Not another word, my boy, not another word, I got it."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

FUN FOR THE CHILDREN—"Did you catch him?" inquired a Western Dakota woman of her husband as he returned from going with the vigilantes after a man who had stolen a horse from him.

"You bet we did!"

"But where's the horse he stole?"

"Well, I swear—I'll be doggoned if we didn't forgit to fetch it back with us! But great guns! you orter seed ths way that feller swung and kicked! I wish the children had been along ter see it."—*Dakota Bell.*

A WEALTHY young Chicago gentleman, son of a leading lard merchant, walked into a furnishing store last week and inquired for some tallow hosiery. "I don't believe we have any," said the clerk; "I never heard of that kind before."

"They're all the rage in New York," explained the wealthy gentleman. "I was at the Fifth Av'noo three days, and all the boys were talking about their tallow hose. I think they wear them out driving."

"Possibly they were referring to the tally-hos?"

"Perhaps so, I would like half a dozen pairs."—*Chicago News.*

"O, THE DRUMS were heard and the piccolo note, as the circus uptown paraded, and the shorn-off mule and the whiskered goat and the elephant umber shaded. I followed it calmly at early morn, my work and my labors spurning, and I harked to the sound of a rusty horn with a wild and unhallowed yearning. Few and short were the tunes they played, and they paused not at all to monkey, so I slowly followed the route they made at the heels of the lop-eared donkey. I bought up a seat at the show that night, and looked at the limber woman who tied herself in a knot so tight she seemed more like hemp than human. And I eagerly looked at the wondrous bloke who swallowed some cotton blazing, and blew from his nostrils a cloud of smoke till I thought he was sheol raising. And I watched the clown as he ran and rolled and stood in a dozen poses, and worked off a string of jokes so old, they came from the time of Moses."—*Atchison Globe.*

PERSONAL.

JAY GOULD telegraphed to Dr. Brown-Sequard in Paris, for a prescription for neuralgia in his shin.

ALTHOUGH twice condemned to death Editor Cernuschi, of the Paris *Siecle*, flourishes still in a hearty old age.

CHARLES CROCKER, second Vice President of the Southern Pacific railway, says he considers he is worth about $80,000,000.

MRS JAMES MEILSON, a sister of the late Horace Greeley, is very low with pneumonia at New Brunswick, N. J. She is 79 years old.

MAYOR HEWITT says he smiles when men talk to him of working eight or nine hours a day, because he works from twelve to seventeen hours himself.

LORD SALISBURY remarked at the recent Royal Academy banquet that he could not call to mind a single statue of a man attired in a "claw-hammer" coat, and Mr. G. A. Sala adds that he wishes some sculptor would try the experiment.

FIFTY YEARS AGO this month Chief Justice Waite was graduated from Yale. He will be present at the commencement exercises of his Alma Mater this year. His vigorous health is remarkable when the amount of work he has performed in the last half century is considered.

"MR. IRVING has hit upon the happiest possible method of celebrating the jubilee," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "On the afternoon of June 21 he will throw open his theatre to as many children of the Ragged School Union as can be squeezed into it, and he will perform for their benefit 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

THE only Russian ever decorated by the public, the favorite actor, Basil Samoiloff, is dead. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the stage the public presented him with a magnificent decoration enriched with diamonds. The Emperor gave him permission to wear this as an imperial decoration.

KATE FIELD is in San Francisco securing material for a lecture on the Chinese question. She declares that Congressional legislation has not mitigated in the least the evils of Mormonism—that there are as many plural marriages in Utah as ever, but they are kept secret, and this makes the situation worse than before the present law was enacted.

MR. RUTTER, a young American, was in the Opera Comique, Paris, at the time of the fatal fire. He is a son of the late J. H. Rutter, of New York, once President of the New York Central railway. He was in a box with three friends. When the fire broke out they attempted to escape, but found the door of the box locked. They kicked the door open and escaped with difficulty.

IT IS REPORTED in London official circles that the press will not be forgotten in the distribution of Jubilee honors. Sir Algernon Borthwick, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Lawson, who owns the *Daily Telegraph*, are to receive baronetcies. Edwin Arnold, the managing editor of the latter paper, and Editor Buckle, of the *Times*, are to be knighted, while Mr. Walter is to be rewarded for the assistance rendered the government by his series of articles on "Parnellism and Crime," with the peerage for which he has importuned so many successive cabinets.

DAVID NEAL has been busy in Baltimore painting portraits in Mr. T. Harrison Garrett's family. Mr. Garrett is the younger brother of Mr. Robert Garrett. He married Miss Whitridge, of Baltimore, who is a tall, fine looking woman. They have two handsome boys, and it is on portraits of these children and Mrs. Garrett that Mr. Neal has been at work at their country residence near Baltimore. Mr. Garrett has not quite the business talents or abilities of his elder brother, but having a large fortune and no great ambitions he takes life easily, and is apparently satisfied to shine as a lesser light than the Baltimore and Ohio President.

CAUGHT A GRIDDLE.

The Wonderful Fish Story Told by Capt. Jack Hussey.

From the New York Evening Sun.

Dan O'Brien, Grand Commander of the World and Dover Post, repeats one of Capt. Sack Hussey's fish stories nowadays with great eclat:

I was always mighty fond o' the water," said Capt. Jack, "an' before I left the ould counthry at all I went fishin' wan day in a big pond near Castlemarthyr, where they said a mermaid used to appear wanst in siven years. For nine days afther her appearin' you might as well be fishin' in a washtub, for the little craythurs used to be so frightened that they all stuck their heads in the sand an' wouldn't look at their nearest relations. I threw in me line wud a bent pin for a hook an' a maggot for a bait. Well, wan hour wint, so did another an' another, an' divel a bite I had. I was gettin' terrible hungry meself an' I didn't say many nice things about that wather witch, the mermaid, when all on a sudden you see I felt a tug at the line. 'It must be a big wan?' I said to meself, so I played a little while, and then with one clane sweep I landed me darlin'. What do you think it was? It was a griddle they used to bake bread on all over the counthry. I needn't tell you I was taken down. But that griddle fell into a furze bush right behind me. It struck a flint stone an' the little spark set fire to the furze. There was a hare undher the bush—an' maybe the poor thing was sleepin'—for she was roasted to the queen's taste, an' I sat down an' ate finer dinner than Delmonico could gim me."

Reviving the Lying Industry.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

This Eastern boom, I mean the boom made by Eastern people with money, has started up some of the old dead industries of California. With the easy progress of civilization, the good old industry of lying had almost died out. It got discouraged, and so many wonderful things had happened elsewhere that it was hard for the Californian imagination to meet the necessities. It was easier to give up lying to strangers altogether, for even the most untraveled Easterner could ring the bell on the Californian guide or stage-driver. These gentry are now awakening from their lethargy and beginning to make the Yosemite and other trips lively. A friend of mine from the East has just come back from the Yosemite and he relates his experience. The stage-driver found out that he was seriously afraid of snakes, and immediately proceeded to make his hair stand on end.

"Venemous reptiles? You bet. I don't know what reptiles is, but them snakes you can just bet your life is venomous. Why, one day I was a comin' down here drivin' a wagon, when I catches sight of a snake in the brush, all ready for a spring. My horses starts an' I whips 'em up fast to clear the snake, don't you see, afore he could spring. He makes one clear spring, the snake does, an' he misses the horses."

"That was lucky—but you—you"——

"Lucky! You bet your life it was lucky. He missed the horses, the snake did, but he stuck his fangs clean through the wagon."

"You don't say!"

"I do say, and mabbe you won't believe it; but it's a fact. He stuck his fangs clean through that wagon, an' that wagon it swelled all up so bad that we had to leave it by the wayside and take the horses home."

Room for Doubt.

From the Merchant Traveler.

Billy Bliven has worn an 18-karat high polish bald head for the last five years or more, notwithstanding the fact that he is still a comparatively young man. It is said that his baldness is due to the mental exertion involved in trying to remember just what he tells each of his acquaintances relative to the number of goods he has sold, so that he will not be in danger of telling the wrong story to the wrong person. The other evening he met a near friend in the hotel, and Billy straightway became confidential.

"Charley," said he, "did you ever have much experience in love affairs?"

"No," replied Charley, promptly, "I am a traveling man and never have time for that sort of thing. Are you in that sort of trouble?"

"I don't know—that is, I know I am, but I don't know whether she is or not."

"What is the situation?"

"Well, you see, it is just this way. She has been taking painting lessons and she wanted to paint me a hat band. I told her hat bands were way out of style, but she insisted and I gave in."

"I'm sure that sounds favorable enough,"

"Wait till you hear the whole story. She painted the hat-band, and, after I had duly complimented it, she sewed it into my hat. When I got back to the hotel, I discovered, or rather some of my friends discovered, that that band wasn't dry when it was loosely basted into my low-crowned chapeau. When I went and looked in a mirror, I found the top of my head artistically frescoed, with B. B. daintily interwoven with lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots, and I've had to wear a skull-cap ever since. Now, Charley, do you think that girl really loves me?"

A Queer Battle of Beggars.

Paris Letter to London Telegraph.

An extraordinary spectacle which lately amazed and amused many passers-by in the Rue de la Paix has just had its final drop-scene in the Police Court. This was a battle between beggars, who, giving the lie to Beranger's verses, to the effect that people who live by asking alms love each other dearly, fell to fighting in the open streets with a fury worthy of savages from the Cannibal Islands. One of the combatants was a man who was professionally blind, named Zeitiger. His opponent was a person with another Teutonic name—that of Schubert—who was commonly known as the old iron-legged pensioner. The beggars were generally chaperoned by two women, and the quarrel originated between the female associates who had some words about gains and precedence in a certain part of the street near the Vendome Column, where eleemosynary contributions fell thick and fast at certain hours of the day. The quarrel was continued by the men, and the iron-legged monster, lifting up his terrible prop, smote the sham blind begger on the right shin, breaking that member and necessitating its amputation. "Jambe de Fer" was condemned yesterday to four months imprisonment and ulterior police supervision. His victim, when restored to his profession after his stay in hospital, will at least have the satisfaction of being able to take up a good position in the Rue de la Paix and to show a good reason for asking public contributions.

A Girl I Know.

From the Judge.

See, she stands with eyes cast down,
Powder on her tresses brown;
Beautiful in form and face,
Such a figure well would grace
Lady's fan or Sevres vase,
Cupid loves a Watteau gown.

Yes, the dainty elf so bold
Hides beneath her train's rich fold;
'From her eyes his darts he sends;
Both his wings, as fan, he lends.
Lavishly his gifts he spends,
Grants her all his charms untold.

Came she over sunny seas,
Wafted by some fev'ring breeze
To this land of ice and snows?
Fair as love's young dream she glows
In his colors, *noire et rose*.
Is she not some belle marquise?

Belle marquise, you ask? Oh, no,
She is just a girl I know;
Any morning you may meet
This fair maiden on the street,
Toward the market haste her feet;
Yes, she's just a girl I know.

Kindness in Its Sweetest Form.

From the Boston Courier.

A young lady belonging to one of the oldest and richest families in Cambridge, who teaches a class composed mostly of shop girls in one of our city Sabbath schools, last Sunday, noticing that one of her scholars looked unusually worn and tired, proposed to her that she take a vacation of a day, offering herself to supply her place at the store. The girl was naturally a little reluctant at first to accept such a sacrifice, but was prevailed upon, and promptly at 8 o'clock the lady reported at the store for duty and remained until its closing at 6. The fact that the store was a confectionery establishment, and that as many candies as the saleslady could eat were considered lawful perquisites, might at first seem to detract from the nobleness and unselfishness of the sacrifice, but that the position was in fact a very hard and exacting one will appear when it is known that the store was connected with an ice cream saloon, and among the duties of the candy clerk was the washing each day from 125 to 150 napkins.

Violating the New Law.

From the Dakota Bell.

"Seen a man go along here lately?" asked a Dakota conductor, leaning off the platform, as the train passed a farmer at work near the track.

"Yes."

"Red whiskered man?"

"Yes."

"Grip in each hand?"

"I believe so."

"When did he pass?"

"'Bout ten minutes ago—he's just 'round the curve. He's walkin' mid'ling fast, though."

"That's just the trouble, but I'll catch him or run every wheel off the engine! I've no objections to his walking if he's in a hurry, but he wants to put up his fare first, and you bet he'll have to if we catch him! Hi, there, Bill, pass the fireman some more of those dry express packages!"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A YOUNG WOMAN in Fonda, N. Y., is said to have gone on hiccoughing for three months past, except when under the influence of opiates, until she is now a mere wreck.

AN UNKNOWN MAN who threw himself in front of a locomotive on a railroad in Litchfield, Conn., and was crushed to death on Tuesday, was observed kneeling near the track in an attitude of fervent prayer before the engine came along.

A CONNECTICUT EAGLE picked up a small bull dog from the highway and went sailing off with it, but as soon as the dog got over his first astonishment he seized the bird by the leg and made him come back to earth and do some very humble begging.

AMONG the titles of recent books and pamphlets of English writers are: "London!" "Horrible London!" "Starving London!" "The Modern Babylon!" "How the Poor Live!" "Seven Curses of London!" "The Modern Plague of London!" and "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London!"

A LITTLE GIRL at Lewiston, Me., fell into a feed-box 12 by 15 inches running from a hay loft to the trough below. She fell in head first, and slipped out through a broken board in the trough, frightening the horse so he ran away. All she said about her accident was: "Ma, the horse is loose."

THE gossiper of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* claims to have found a new way to test the freshness of eggs. Wipe the large end of an egg, he says, quite clean, and then touch the tip of the tongue to the central part of this big end. If the egg is good, there will be a little warm spot inside the egg which will be plainly perceptible to the tongue.

A TWENTY-FIVE MILE HORSE RACE was run at San Francisco recently, and was won by one Anderson, who covered the distance in one hour eleven and a half minutes. His only opponent was disabled while mounting for the second mile. According to the conditions the contestants were to have five horses apiece, and to change animals after each mile.

THE following table is from an English source and claims to be measurably correct as to the ages of birds mentioned: Blackbird lives 12 years, blackcap 15, canary 24, crane 24, crow 100, eagle 100, fowl, common, 10, goldfinch 15, goose 50, heron 59, lark 13, linnet 25, nightingale 18, parrot 60, partridge 15, peacock 24, pelican 50, pheasant 15, pigeon 20, raven 100, robin 12, skylark 30, sparrow hawk 40, swan 100, thrush 10, wren 3.

THE fire waste record for 1887 in the United States and the Dominion of Canada promises to be the heaviest ever known, already exceeding that for the corresponding period in 1886 by about 20 per cent and steadily growing. A peculiar feature of the situation is that the great bulk of the property now being reduced to ashes is what underwriters class as the choicest risks, while the kind usually counted extra hazardous and insured only at the highest rates, if written at all, is escaping destruction.

IN February last Perry Lampman, an old widower residing in Orange, Ionia county, Mich., deeded his farm of forty acres to Mrs. Eunice Wright, in conformity with an agreement between them that Mrs. Wright should marry him after he had so deeded the farm. After getting the deed she concluded she didn't want to marry him, while she was so reluctant to deed back the land that a suit has been begun to set aside the deed, and a special guardian has been appointed for the innocent old chap.

"AN ATTEMPT on the life of the Czar" is a favorite game with Sicilian urchins who have heard their fathers and neighbors talking politics. But the mock Nihilists found a serious ending to their play the other day in Messina. A little fellow, the son of a miner, found a cartridge charged with dynamite, and, delighted with his discovery, summoned his companions for the fun. One of the boys represented the Czar, the others formed an ambush of Nihilists, and at a given moment one sprang out and flung the cartridge at the feet of his pretended sovereign. The charge exploded with such disastrous effect that the poor little mimic Czar was terribly wounded and died a few hours later.

A PATHETIC SCENE took place in a Philadelphia boarding house a few days ago. Hearing the crying of a child in the room of Mrs. Ebert, one of the lodgers, Mrs. Peters, the landlady, tried to enter. Finding the door locked, she had it forced open, and found Mrs. Ebert lying dead on the bed, while her 2-year-old child was hugging the corpse, trying to wake her by crying piteously: "Mamma! mamma!" A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that death was due to a dose of cyanide of potassium. It appears that the woman's husband disappeared on Friday last, sending a letter to his wife in which he said he would not return before Wednesday, and that if she would go to the post office she would learn the cause of his absence. It is supposed that Mrs. Ebert feared her husband had deserted her, and decided to end her troubles by taking her own life.

THE Queen Regent of Spain is knocking the blue laws of Spanish etiquette to pieces at a jolly rate. The other day she called a meeting of the Ministry at the Castle of Aranjuez. When the statesmen reached the gate of the park they found the Queen and the Princess Isabel waiting for them. The Queen was in a victoria, and the Princess Isabel was in a drag and four. The Queen was driving. She invited Senor Segasta to take a seat beside her, and the other Ministers were accommodated in the drag. On reaching the Castle coffee was brought, and the Queen ordered cigars to be produced as well and offered to the gentlemen. The Ministers seemed to hesitate. In all the annals of Spanish history no subject had ever smoked in the presence of a Queen. The Queen Regent, however, gave the command, and the Ministers, like dutiful subjects, obeyed. Gold Sticks and Chamberlains have been ever since in hopeless despondency.

"'NON, NON, NON!' exclaims Mme. Valot in the San Francisco *Examiner*, "you must not sink Mme. Sarah, wit her sweet leetle voice like you hear her on the stage, has ze best tempair in ze world. Zat is her business to be 'charmante' when everybody is looking, but 'mon Dieu!' you should hear her sometimes 'a la maison'—how you say zat? Ze hotel. Naturallay she is ze great Bernhardt, and she can have 'ses nerfs' when everybody come in and feel sorry because she is 'souffrante.' M. Grau bring smelling salts, and Monsieur Mayer take out from ze room ze leetle 'chiens' who make ze 'aboye,' bow-wow. Zen ze room is made very dark, Madame Sarah she sleep, zen she open one eye and because she no see poor Valot, who has gone out for one leetle minute, she begin with her 'saperlotte, cristi sac-a-papier, non d'un petit bonhomme' Valot, why is it you 'abandonez' me all alone among strangers? Zat is only one of ze times when Madame Sarah show she have too, a leetle tempair, but some other times, 'Oh, mon Dieu,' you should hear her in he 'grande rage.'"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Globe-Democrat* at Pana, Ill., tells of an alleged miraculous cure of stammering at a revival in Montgomery county, that State. The person on whom the alleged miracle was worked is William DeWitt, an old citizen. Until the moment of his conversion he had always been a wordly man from the Bible standpoint, and had also suffered from stammering. So great was the extent of his affliction that even his most intimate friends and associates found much difficulty in understanding him whenever he attempted to converse with them. During a recent revival of religion, conducted in the old-fashioned style, with the mourners' bench accompaniment, and where the seeker is expected to persevere until positive that from his feelings the blessing of forgiveness and acceptance have come upon him and he may arise a saved sinner, DeWitt became a convert. The most wonderful part about the circumstance is that when he became convinced that he was really through the ordeal he also discovered that his speech had been made perfect, and that he could talk as smoothly and easily as if he had never been afflicted with stammering. Old acquaintances who knew him for years have heard him talk and are also witnesses to the remarkable fact.

A QUEER CASE of suicide was that occurring recently of a man named Grummond, at Grand Rapids, Mich. Grummond was a newspaper man of considerable cleverness, but thriftless and careless. He was continually getting into debt and then calling upon wealthy relatives in Detroit and upon newspaper men all over the country to help him out of his trouble. Many in Chicago have received his grotesque letters. For some time Grummond had been working on a newspaper published in Grand Rapids by Lloyd Brazee, whom he looked upon as a sort of patron. Finally, because of Grummond's irregular habits, he was discharged. He did not seem much affected, but nevertheless walked out of the office and took morphine enough to kill two men. Medical assistance was called in, Mr. Brazee himself working hard with the apparently dying man, and he finally recovered sufficiently to sit in a chair, to reproach those who were trying to save him, and to be declared out of danger by the doctor. Grummond himself insisted that he was going to "croak." "I tell you," he said to Brazee, referring to a department in the paper called "The Raven"—"I tell you this is the last croak of the raven!" He knew what he was talking about. He sat in the chair for half an hour or so and then sudd