

THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOBYS & WALKER. OREGON, : : : MO.

THE DEAD MOON.

The moon is in a state of deprecatio—a dead moon.—Proctor's lecture. Cincinnati Gazette. The moon is dead, defunct, played out; So says a very learned doctor; She looks well, beyond a doubt; Perhaps she's in a trance, dear Proctor. At any rate, she's most entrancing For one of such deprecat age; And on her radiant beauties gazing She charms the eye of youth and sage. And so the man upon her perished! He lived in doleful isolation; Poor wretch! No wife his bosom cherished, No children squall his consolation. Yet she's adored by all the gypsies, Whose lovers sigh beneath her beams, She aids the steps of staggering tipsies, And silvers o'er romantic streams. And once she caught Endymion sleeping, And stooped to kiss him in a grove, Upon him very stily creeping; He was her first and only love. But that's a very ancient story, And that's a youthful indiscretion, When she was in her prime glory, Ere scandal schools had held a session. Dear darling moon! I dote upon her; I watch her nightly in the sky; But oh! upon my word of honor, I'd rather she were dead than I.

DR. ANSLEIGH'S PERIL.

It was a lover's quarrel, no doubt about that. Sky threatening—a regular storm brewing—one could see at a glance.

She stood, all flushed and excited, in the curtained bay window, her fair face clouded, her blue eyes flashing, her breath coming quick and fast.

He stood at her side, stern and pale, his hands clenched excitedly, his dark eyes full of mingled sorrow and passion.

"Allie!" John Ansleigh's voice was low and intense with feeling.

"It is all your fault, remember," he went on with an effort at calmness. "I have only requested you, kindly and gently—and as your betrothed husband, I surely have some right—to desist from these foolish flirtations. Why, Allie, you were flirting last night with that Mr. Mayne, whom public opinion pronounces a—a—I can't tell you, only that he is not proper company, for you, my darling!" John's voice lost its angry tone, and grew very gentle and tender. "You know that this would not trouble me so if you were not dearer to me than my own life. Say you are not angry with me, sweetheart?"

Dr. John Ansleigh bent his handsome head, and his dark eyes gazed into Allie's blue ones.

But the little lady was in a contrary mood, that morning. She felt like anything but meek submission to the will of her lover, even though she knew that all that he had said was true, and prompted by his love and care for her.

Allie Ray was an orphan, an heiress, too, just released from the restrictions of boarding-school life. She had lost her parents in her infancy, and had passed the eighteen years of her life under the care of hirelings, and flatter, at a fashionable school. And, pure as a flower, she had grown up amidst weeds.

She had been betrothed to Dr. Ansleigh for nearly a year, and was now under his mother's care, passing a few weeks at a watering-place.

Society pronounced Allie a heartless flirt; but she was merely a thoughtless, careless girl, plunging headlong into the unaccustomed gaieties about her with all her heart. Surrounded by scores of admirers, no wonder her head was nearly turned with admiration and flattery.

John Ansleigh's words would have touched her pride. Did he then imagine that, because she was careless and happy, that she was shallow and silly, and needed a guiding hand?

She mentally resolved to cut Mr. Mayne's acquaintance that very day; but then John should not have the satisfaction of thinking that his words had instigated the step. John had no confidence in her love, she told herself. Well, let him think as he pleased.

All the girl's defiant spirit was in arms, and when John, at last, fearing that he would offend her, turned away, attempted to set matters right between them, he was struck dumb with amazement as she turned upon him a face that was white and angry, her blue eyes fairly scintillating.

"You've said enough, John Ansleigh!" she cried, passionately. "I can see now—the mistake I have made. We were never intended for each other; we are not suited. You want a wife that will obey you like a puppet—a woman with no will or mind of her own—a perfect Griselda. And I can never submit to tyranny in any form. The man I love must trust me, and since you have ceased to do that, we are apart. I give you back your freedom!"

"Allie, stop!" Dr. Ansleigh was white as a statue. "Do you mean what you say? You do not love me then, Allie?"

The girl was now aroused now, and regardless of consequences.

"No," she cried, madly, "I do not love you any more!"

She dashed aside the heavy curtains that draped the bay-window, and was gone. And just then a man arose from the lounging chair by the window, where he had been ostensibly reading, and sauntered slowly away.

It was Mr. Mayne, and there was a curious smile on his sensual lips and an evil light in his gray eyes.

"Listeners hear no good of themselves," he muttered. "Well, maybe not; but at any rate, I know which card to play next. Piqued and angry at Ansleigh, the beauty will turn to me. I'll play the heart-broken lover, step in before her anger against the handsome doctor has time to cool, strike while the iron is hot," Mr. Mayne said, as he went to the door. "And when he has finished, he laid his hand upon Allie's."

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley!" But Mr. Mayne had forgotten that. For a long time John sat in the bay-window, his head bowed, staring his misery in the face. Could it be true? Allie loved him no longer. Ab, well! it was better for him to know the worst, before it was too late.

An hour or two afterward he saw Allie, radiant in white organdie and pink ribbons, sitting on a rustic seat in the hotel grounds in conversation with Mr. Mayne. John bit his lip and hurried away out of sight. Well, after all it was nothing to him now; he had no longer any right; Allie had ceased to love him. And only a few hours before he would have staked his life on her love and truth.

But John did not know what was taking place out there in the cool shade of the oak tree, beneath which Allie was sitting beside her obvious companion. Mr. Mayne had asked Allie to be his wife, and had been very decidedly—not to say contemptuously—refused. And when he arose and left her, there was an angry gleam in his wicked eyes, while in his heart he registered an oath sooner or later to be avenged.

Allie came down to dinner in the great dining-room, at sunset, to find John's place vacant.

"Where is the doctor?" some one was asking John's mother, as Allie entered the room and took her usual seat.

Mrs. Ansleigh looked troubled.

"There has been an accident," she said. "Some men were out fishing, the boat capsized and two of them nearly drowned. Dr. Ansleigh was sent for in hopes that he could save them, their families being totally ignorant of any means of resuscitation. But it is several miles away down the beach and I fear it will be late in the night before he can return."

It chanced at that instant that Allie raised her eyes to encounter a glance from Mr. Mayne, who was her vis-a-vis. She could not repress a shudder as she saw the audacious triumph in his face.

Dinner over, Allie threw a shawl about her, and wandered off on the beach alone. The sun had set now, and twilight, weird and uncanny, was gathering. Allie wanted to get away from everybody, to be alone with her own thoughts. She sat down at the foot of the tree and gave way to her bitter reflections.

A voice aroused her and startled her musings. It was the voice unmistakable of young Mayne—eager, earnest.

"He bit at the bait mighty easy!" Mayne exclaimed; "won't he be furious though when he has his long, hard ride for nothing, and finds that there has been no accident—no capsized boat—no half-drowned men?" Mayne paused and laughed heartily.

"And you're sure the bridge is unsafe?" he went on, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, sir!" another voice replied; "the high waters and the late storm have just played the mischief with the old thing. Nobody can pass over it on horseback without going through—sure as shooting!"

"And there will be no mistake—no failure?" queried Mayne. "Ansleigh will be sure to come back that way?"

"He'll have to!" the other answered, grimly. "He went by the beach road, it is true, but if he could only cross the rotten structure, she could await his coming on the other side."

She reached the place at last. Gathering all her courage together, she stepped upon the old bridge. It was nearly dark now, but with an agonized prayer for protection, she moved onward. Even beneath her light weight it tottered and shook. She could see away down below—the black, angry water, with its swift, awful current, swollen by recent rains, and choked by driftwood; it was a wild sight there in the gathering gloom. Onward she moved, holding her breath, and with clasped hands and dilated eyes watching the other side.

"Thank God! she is over—safe at last!" She sank down on a mossy stump, and crouching down, awaited John's coming.

And darkness gathered and fell over all things. She felt timid and afraid; but she could not turn back, for she might as well have remained patiently at her post. An hour passed. What if he were not coming home that night? The thought made her heart stand still. But then she heard, a distance in the distance, the tramp of a horse's feet—coming near—near. She arose and looked down. The moon had risen now, and its clear rays showed her plainly that it was really John.

She stepped into the road. She forgot everything—all that had happened that day—and raising her voice, she cried, wildly:

"Doctor Ansleigh checked his horse, and passed irresolute. His heart beat tumultuously—he could not credit his own eyesight.

"Allie! my God!" he gasped, "what is the matter?"

He sprang from his horse, and in a moment more she was in his arms, her head on his breast, while she sobbed out the whole story. John listened with a new light in his eyes, his heart full of happiness. And while they stood there, alone in the pure moonlight, with a great rush and roar the old bridge went down. John shuddered and drew Allie close to him, while a thankful prayer went up to heaven.

"My darling," he murmured, softly, "you have saved my life!"

"At first the problem of how they were to cross the river seemed too difficult to be solved; but after a time John found an old boat with a couple of rough oars, which had been left there and forgotten; and the way became clear at once. Tying his horse to a great tree—to remain until he could send for it, on the morrow when the tide would be out and the beach road passable—John assisted Allie into the old boat, and they made the passage in safety."

Home in Mrs. Ansleigh's cosy parlor, where the mother was anxiously awaiting her son's return (she had not missed Allie, but supposed that she was safe in her own room), John told her the whole story. "And when he had finished, he laid his hand upon Allie's."

"You risked your own life," he said, his voice all a tremble, "to save mine! Why did you do it, Allie?" And Allie answered bravely—their quarrel a thing of the past—and forgetting the words she had said that very morning: "Because I love you, John."

What a Boy Did.

A duke, walking in his garden one day, saw a Latin copy of a great work on Mathematics lying on the grass, and thinking it had been brought from his library, called some one to carry it back.

"It belongs to me," said the gardener's son, stepping up.

"Yours!" cried the duke; "do you understand geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered the lad, modestly.

The duke having a taste for the sciences, began to talk with the young student, and was astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how came you to know so much about the duke?"

"One of the servants taught me to read," answered the lad. "One does not need to know anything more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn everything else one wishes." But the gentleman wanted to know more about it.

"After I learned to read," said the boy, "the maçons came to work on our house; I noticed the architect used a rule and compass, and made a great many calculations. What was the meaning and use of that? I asked; and they told me of a science called arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic and studied it through. They then told me there was another science called geometry. I bought the books and learned geometry. Then I found there were better books about these sciences in Latin. I bought a dictionary and learned Latin. I heard there were still better ones in French. I got a dictionary and learned French. It seems to me we may learn everything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

They are in fact, the ladder to every science. But how many boys are contented to waste their time at the first two or three rungs, with not pluck nor perseverance enough to climb higher! Up, up, up, if you want to know more and see clearer, and take a high post of usefulness in the world. And if you are a poor boy and need a little friendly encouragement to help you on, be sure, if you have a will to climb you will find the way, just as the gardener's son found it afterwards in the Duke of Argyll, under whose patronage he pursued his studies and became a distinguished mathematician.

Take The Girls West.

A Colorado paper says the great want of that region is girls, and we suppose the same may be said of all the new States and Territories.

Mining and cattle raising industries require men, young, strong men, and that in great numbers; and that class, without the refining and elevating influence of women and ministers of the gospel, is almost certain to deteriorate into a drinking, gambling, fighting, infidel way of life. Our various denominations and missionary societies in large numbers to these self-exiled men, but who is going to send the girls to make wives and homes for them? The lack of some agency such as that commenced by Governor Slade, of Vermont, is perhaps the greatest want of the present day in these United States. Virtuous, intelligent girls are much wanted in the regions where at present men greatly preponderate in numbers and there are plenty of them in the older States. They are wanted in the West as teachers, as cooks, as and servants in boarding-houses, as tailoresses, as nurses, and in other honorable employments, and if they do not marry they can make an honorable and handsome living. It is not at all necessary, therefore, that they should go on the indelicate mission of husband-hunting; but there should be nothing to hinder them from accepting, if they were sought in marriage. A Scotch lady conferred an immense benefit on Australia by taking out cargo after cargo of young Scotch women to that new country, and the British Government imitated her by sending out one shipment after another of Irish Roman Catholic girls, whose influence will probably be felt in Australia for centuries to come in favor of the Church of Rome. In like manner, if hundreds, or even thousands, of good Protestant girls, with certificates of church-membership and membership in some temperance organization in their pockets were to be sent to Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, New Mexico, Western Nebraska and other mining regions, their influences for good would be incalculable, not only at present but in the whole future of these regions. Ye noble matrons of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, will you not consider this great temperance work, or, better still, why should not each large earnest church subscribe the necessary amount to send out one of its most reliable and alderly ladies with a dozen or a score of the young female members of the church, who might be willing to go under such auspices to obtain situations in the West? Parents having large families of daughters should also go West. Far better for daughters to go there than into tobacco or other factories; or to stand ten or twelve hours daily behind a counter.

Teacher—"A quadruped is an animal having four legs. Now who will give me the name of a quadruped?" And 13 shrill voices piped out, "A table." There is nothing like object teaching, especially when the object is just before the pupil's eyes.

Bill-Lane Dose. Said a sufferer from kidney trouble when asked to try Kidney-Wort for a remedy. "If I try it, it will be my last dose. It cured him and now he recommends it to all. If you have a disorder urine don't fail to try it.—Yokohama Dispatch.

A Trap for Seven. Catch a rat in a trap, and he will fight. Trap a man and—well, you can't rely on him. It is according to the trap. In the heavy stage coach, as we roll out of Leadville, are seven men. One is an army officer who has half-a-dozen scars to prove his bravery. Out off from his command on the plains last summer by a score of Indians, he entrenched himself and fought the band off until help arrived. Two of the others are desperadoes, who have killed their men. Three of the others are stalwart miners, each armed with two revolvers, and they look as if they would prove ugly customers in a row.

The seventh man might do some shooting on a pinch, but he hopes there will be no pinch; In the crowd are ten revolvers, two derringers, three repeating rifles, and four or five bowie knives, and there is perfect good feeling as the stage rolls along. It is tacitly understood that the army captain is to assume command in case the coach is attacked, and that all are to keep cool and fire to kill.

It is 10 o'clock in the morning. The windows are down and the passengers are smoking and talking and seeking for comfortable positions. The coach has just reached the top of a hill, when every horse is suddenly pulled up.

"If it's a b'a, we'll have some fun," growled one of the miners, as he put his head out of the window.

"If it's a robber gin me the fust pop at him!" whispered one of the desperadoes.

No one could say what the trouble was, when a wiry little chap about 5ft. 6in. tall, with black eyes and hair, clean face and thin lips, appeared at the left-hand door with a revolver in either hand, and said:

"Gents, I'm sorry to disturb you, but I've got to make a raise this morning. Please leave your shooters and climb down here, one at a time."

It was sudden. It was so sudden that it took 10sec. to understand the drift of his remarks. Then every eye turned to the right-hand door, and the two revolvers held by a second robber were seen at the open window. It was a trap. The rats were caught, and would they fight?

"Gents, I'm growing a leetle impatient," continued the first robber, "and I want to see the procession begin to move!"

Let's see? The captain was to lead on, and we were to keep cool and fire to kill. But the captain was growing white around the mouth, and nobody had a weapon in hand. The rats were not going to fight. One of the miners opened the door and descended, and the other six humbly followed. The seven were drawn up in line across the road, and while the robber held his shooter on the line he coolly observed to his partner:

"Now, William, you remove the weapons from the coach and then search these gentlemen."

As William obeyed every victim was ordered to hold his hands above his head, and whatever plunder was taken from his pockets was dropped into William's hat. Four gold watches, two diamonds pins, a telescope, a diamond ring, a gold badge, and \$1200 in cash changed hands in 10min. Not a man had a word to say. The driver of the coach climbed humbly followed. The seven were drawn up in line across the road, and while the robber held his shooter on the line he coolly observed to his partner:

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WEEKLY REVIEW.

Domestic. At Luisa, Prussia, June 24th, an explosion occurred, and 17 persons were killed, and 5 injured.

Herr Von Cossler, the new German Minister of Public Worship, is inclined to favor peace with the Vatican.

A village in Valais, Switzerland, consisting of about 800 houses, has been entirely destroyed by fire.

A cyclone in the district of Blois, France, June 23d, caused damage to the amount of several million francs.

A fire in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 15th, caused a loss amounting to \$100,000. A workman was burned to death.

A fire at Dyersburg, Tenn., a few nights ago, destroyed five houses, including the building occupied by the State Gazette.

President Garfield's sister, Mrs. Arnold, who was injured by a railway accident, is better, and it is hoped she will recover.

The Irish census gives the 'gem of the sea' a population of 5,159,540, a decrease of only a quarter of a million in eleven years.

The ship Fraconia ran ashore near the entrance of San Francisco, June 26th, and will prove a total loss. The crew were saved.

Foos & Evans' flour factory at Springfield, Ohio, was prostrated by a storm and the walls leveled, June 26th. The city was much damaged.

A storm near Mayfield, S. C., June 2nd, leveled barns and fences and unroofed several business houses. Two houses being entirely destroyed.

The loss and damage by the powder explosion at Tucson, Arizona, amounts to about \$100,000. The county hospital is in ruins, but no patients injured.

A man was killed and two fatally injured by a train which was wrecked upon the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia railway, and a train of coal demolished, June 26th.

A dispatch from Marlow, Ill., of June 26th, says the rain that morning fell in torrents, and damaged the crops greatly. Three houses were demolished, and three men killed by lightning.

The descendants of Pollock, the author of "The Course of Time," have just been evicted from their farm in Scotland. It has been in the possession of the Pollock family for two hundred years.

A destructive tornado swept over Franklin, N. H. June 25th, with hail and lightning. Half of the windows were shattered, and many chimneys overturned, trees and gardens ruined. Its path was two miles wide. The Catholic church was much damaged.

A heavy wind storm passed over the Black Hills in the vicinity of Deadwood on the morning of June 15th. The Methodist Church and the Sisters' Hospital at Lead City were blown down. The roof of the Church struck a dwelling and demolished it.

John Middleton and bride were drowned at Savannah, Georgia, June 23rd. They were crossing a ferry after their wedding, when Mrs. Middleton fell into the water and her husband attempted her rescue. The bodies were recovered and locked in each other's arms.

A sensation was created at Omaha recently by the indictment by the grand jury of prominent liquor dealers, two of whom are city councilmen, for the violation of the Missouri high license law, which went into effect June 1st. This is the first step towards enforcing it.

On the night of June 24th a whole train on the Morales railroad, in Mexico, tumbled down into the river San Antonio, near Cuautla, on account of the falling of a stone bridge. Nearly two hundred were dead when first dispatch was sent, and a great many wounded, mostly soldiers.

A special from Monticello, Ill., of June 26th, says: Lawrence Mahoney, a bridge carpenter on the Wabash bridge, was burnt to ashes in a tool car on the road that morning. The car and all its contents were destroyed, including \$100 belonging to the men of the gang.

By the fire at Tombstone, Arizona, June 22nd, about 150 houses were destroyed including a large part of the business portion of the town. The losses will aggregate a quarter of a million dollars, and about 800 people are homeless. The fire originated in a saloon from the opening of a barrel of whisky the fumes of which communicated with a cigar lighter.

Another great comet has been discovered by L. L. Edwards, of Havenford, Pa., and Edgar L. Larikin, Windsor, Ill. It is in constellation Auriga, and is very large. A dispatch from Akron, Ohio, of June 23d, says a comet was observed there that morning. The same reports come from points in various States. It was also seen in England.

The troubles in the Indian Territory continue to increase. A few days ago J. W. Sage, Sheriff of Seely county, Choctaw Nation, was found dead. He had evidently been murdered by white men for attempting to enforce upon them what is known as the "permit law," which created so much disturbance in the Nation lately.

The conclusions at Cambridge observatory are that the comet is now moving away from the earth at the rate of 300,000 miles per day. It will probably be visible for several months and will, without doubt, be conspicuous during the time to the naked eye. It reached its maximum of brightness Thursday night, June 23d. The tail is 4,000,000 miles in length.

A special from Little Rock says advice from the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indian nations indicate that affairs there have reached a crisis. The cavalry at Ft. Sill have been ordered to report to the United States agent, Tufts, at Muskogee, on the 24th of October with the Choctaw militia under Gov. McBurney from the nation. All persons not Indians intermarried with Indians are classed as intruders under the law. The greatest terror and distress exists.

On the night of June 22nd, a fatal accident occurred at the junction of the Milwaukee & St. Paul railway and the Central of Iowa, at Mason City. The Central cars of the night passenger were allowed to stand across the track of the Milwaukee railway, and at the Austin road, a short distance west, a freight train was trying to get out some cars. The conclusion of working up the train set some houses in the motion, and on a slight down under it. But Mr. Ramschneider, walking on the Central baggage and passenger coaches, killing Albert E. Carter, of Cresco, and injuring a few others.

A telegram from the City of Mexico, says reports are meagre regarding the Malpais accident as the telegraph was destroyed by the managers for the purpose of suppressing the details. The official account of the killed was 192 soldiers and 18 officers; and of the wounded 28. Later reports somewhat increase the number. The train passed Malpais, and two miles beyond, where the bridge was washed away, and the train at full speed plunged into the chasm. The engineer and fireman were instantly killed. A large cargo of whisky and alcohol was aboard, and caught fire. The car containing

the soldiers was partially burned. A heavy flood was rushing through the chasm, and many were drowned, and others burnt beyond recognition.

The steamer Newbern brings the crew of the schooner Eusebe, from Matatan, and the particulars of the killing of the Captain and firing of the vessel by a maniac cook. The cook, who had frequently shown signs of being demented, suddenly stabbed the Captain as he entered the cabin. He then ran into the closet where the axes were kept, and the crew closed the cabin doors. The cook continued walking about the cabin, several times threatening to fire the vessel. The crew then got the boats. Soon after some smoke began rising from the cabin, and the crew left hastily. As the vessel had 2,800 kegs of powder on board she soon blew up. The maniac immediately perished in the explosion. The crew reached Matatan after sixty miles pull in a heavy sea.

Reports from 40 towns in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia regarding the condition of crops and business have been received. While in some particulars reports vary, they unite in a very encouraging tone. The present outlook is favorable for a fair crop of wheat, although not quite up to last year, adverse effect of recent rains having neutralized the increase of average. The same cause together with the dry weather in the May has affected the corn crop unfavorably, while oats promise a fair yield, and hay an unprecedented one. The fruit crop is not so promising, the prospect being that there will be a light yield of apples of a very poor quality of peaches, while small