

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

FOR STATE TREASURER: DANIEL O. BARR, of Allegheny County.

IRELAND'S first potato bug appeared near Killalea, County Cork, on Tuesday last.

The yellow fever continues its ravages in Memphis, but the number of cases is far below that of last year during a corresponding period, owing doubtless to the fact that about one-fourth of the population has deserted the place.

GEN. EWING, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, opened the campaign on yesterday week by addressing an immense mass meeting at Lancaster, Fairfield county, where he resides.

THE political of the enormous amount of grain and provisions that are now being exported from this country to Europe, may be formed from the simple statement that during the week ending July 22d, the shipments from New York of wheat and corn amounted to 1,455,000 bushels; of bacon 9,929,733 pounds, and of cheese 7,478,583 pounds.

MR. JOHN WELSH, United States Minister to England, has sent his resignation to the State Department at Washington, and in a few weeks will return to his home in Philadelphia.

MR. HAYES, who last spring murdered Judge Elliott, of the Supreme Court of Kentucky, at the foot of the steps of a Louisville hotel, was convicted last week of murder in the first degree and the punishment, which by a law of that State is under the control of the jury, was fixed by it at imprisonment for life in the penitentiary.

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NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

Passenger rates on the New York Central is two cents a mile. It is the cheapest fare of any railroad in the world.

The wife of John Steiger, of Union Hill, N. J., gave birth on Thursday to a babe which has twelve fingers and twelve toes.

Michael Fitzgerald, another of the Memphis refugees who went to New York, died at quarantine of yellow fever on Monday last.

George Washington was recently hanged in Kentucky, and the same day Napoleon Bonaparte mounted the scaffold in Mississippi.

Malcolm McArthur was instantly killed and six others seriously injured by the falling of a barn rafter at Woodville, N. S., on Monday.

John Heeney, one of the stevedores who assisted in unloading the steamer City of Memphis at New York, and who contracted yellow fever, died at quarantine on Sunday.

A bird's nest containing four bluish-green eggs was found underneath an Erie freight car, on a beam above the track. The car had just passed over the bridge.

Nellie Cox, a six-year-old daughter of Crosby M. Cox, of Chester, died on Saturday from hydrophobia caused by the bite of a rabid dog about two months ago.

Mrs. Martha A. Head, the bride at a wedding in Wayne county, Ga., was only 10 years old. Her parents were present at the ceremony and gave it their full approval.

The Court of Errors and Appeals at Trenton, N. J., has reversed the decision of the lower court in the case of Mrs. Smith and Bennett, convicted of murder.

John Kraus, of East Farmington, John Kraus, Wis., drove into the lake on Tuesday last, with six children in his wagon to water his horses.

The Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad approved of the purchase of the Malvern branch of the West Chester Railroad, for which negotiations have been in progress for some time.

The proprietors of the Boston Pilot will, in September, pay a fourth party dividend of one cent on the amount due them who deposited their money with Patrick Donahoe, making nearly \$30,000 paid.

Queen Victoria has written to Reading a few days ago, hungry, ragged and disconsolate. A year before, he had made the people of that city stare at his ways and his actions.

The Catholic Church has sent in its Asian missions 109 bishops, 5,370 priests and 2,835,063 converts. Of these converts there are 887,474 in India, 72,000 in China and 10,622 in Japan.

A shooting affray occurred at the farm house of K. Covert, an Columbus, Ind., at the breakfast table Wednesday morning between his sons Henry and Alexander in which Henry was injured and Alexander mortally wounded.

Mrs. Margaret Vanx, of Philadelphia, mother of ex-Mayor Vanx, has, according to the Progress, visited Long Branch, annually for several years, and is there again this season. She is 87 years old, but still enjoys life and its pleasures.

A young man named Gross, in the employ of Frank Myers, five miles west of York, during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Myers, outraged a child named Strayer, a six-year-old girl, aged 12 years.

Mrs. Lavinia Fry, living on a farm near Little Lanes, Lancaster county, was picked up on Friday night, and on Friday and tossed across a creek.

John Mahoney and James Sullivan were the victims of a robbery on Friday, near Buffalo, N. Y., Sunday last, while fishing. Mahoney fell into the river, and Sullivan, in attempting to save him, was grasped by Mahoney and pulled to the bottom.

Martin DeFor and wife, living six miles from Atlanta, Ga., both nearly eighty years of age, were brutally murdered on Friday night, near the town of Joaze, both were cut in the neck with an axe. The murderers are not known, nor is their object in committing the deed.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sims, who died in Lee county, Georgia, a few days ago, is said to have been 110 years old. Up to her last illness, which commenced some two months before her death, she was remarkably active, and went about as much as one of an ordinary person of sixty.

A seven-year-old son and a nine-year-old daughter of a man named Hanson, living at Astoria, L. I., were playing on the bank of the river on Friday the boy fell into the water. The girl tried to rescue him, but she, too, fell in also. They were both drowned.

In pushing about the work of improving the roadway, the Pennsylvania Railroad last week purchased 35,000 and 40 acres of ground at Bryn Mawr, paying at the rate of \$2,500 per acre, or about \$10,000 for the whole. The bargain was made through Mr. Townsend, the iron man.

A mine on Mosquito Range, near Leadville, Col., in which W. A. H. Loveland, of Denver, has a one-half interest, has come into remarkably rich carbonate, equal to anything before discovered. Loveland refused \$300,000 for three adjacent mines.

A writ of error having been granted in the case of Cox, the convicted murderer of Mrs. Hall, in New York, there is now a good chance that the assassin will have a new trial from a jury that may regard him more favorably than the first one did. In which event money will be the pity for justice.

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Courland Parker, the only visiting street heretofore provided for will be appointed to succeed "Clerical Error" Stourton as Minister to Russia.

The Montreal Witness learns of two miracles said to have occurred the other day at Veranoes. One consists of a case in which a woman, lame for five years, threw down her crutch at the altar and walked upright.

Michael Sullivan, who buried his daughter's babe while it was alive, at Springfield, New Jersey, a few days ago, has been indicted for murder in the first degree by a coroner's jury.

Cetewayo knows the moral effect that a distant body of troops may exercise in a battle. At Kamulaba the seeing ranks of white warriors that women, like the Scottish reserve which at a critical stage of the battle of Bannockburn bore down on England's wretched war.

Charles Burlington and Rod Brooks, two negroes, had a butting match at Greenville, N. C., on Thursday. The disgraceful contest lasted two hours, when the negroes, both exhausted, being terribly bruised about the cranium and face, and died shortly afterwards.

Irene Howe, who, it will be remembered, shot and killed her husband, Orson Alonzo Moore House, a notorious New York divorcee, at Trenton, N. J., on June 30, 1876, has married again, and is living on a farm. Her husband (her fourth) is named Frank Parker, is but 23 years of age.

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Ab Ching, native Chinaman, has been ordained as deacon of the Trinity Episcopal church in San Francisco. He now takes the name of Walter C. Cooney, wears his hair shaven, and wears in an American costume. This is probably the first case of a Chinaman being admitted to orders in that church.

The Philadelphia Herald says that in some reflection Harry White said that he won't be able to get water enough in the Kiskimuntius to float his Hayes movement. He now thinks Sherman is the coming man for President, but he will have a chance to change his mind again before the dry season is over.

Queen Victoria has sent to the Empress Eugenie a frame made of wire nets in analysis for the last photograph of the late Prince Imperial. The garland is surrounded by an eagle, which holds in its talons a three-colored streamer on which is written in golden letters the motto "Not lost, but gone before."

James Bastian and David Brostus were killed by lightning in Logan township, Lyncourt county, one day last week. They had taken refuge in a barn. There were over a dozen persons in the barn, a team of horses, and all but the two men escaped with but slight shock. The building did not take fire.

Erie has a high toned scandal with thrilling details that would make excellent reading for a sensational journal. The wrongdoers are the postmaster, Thos. M. Walker, and the wife of prominent citizen. Both are connected by marriage with some of the wealthiest and most respected families of Erie.

Result—Injured husband leaves wife, and threatens suit and bodily harm to the destroyer of home and happiness, while the latter, with a bandaged head—having been roughly handled on the night of the discovery by the brother of the lady—detests for the West and shame and disgrace pervades the air in the homes of the deserted wives and their relatives.

While the panic-stricken people of Memphis are crowding the trains for the North there is one man who insists that there is no yellow fever in the city and offers to back up his opinion with his money. He is Geo. W. Hartman, and he publishes a card in one of the papers proposing a wager of \$500 that no genuine yellow jack can be found, \$250 that there will be no epidemic this summer, and \$250 that there will not be over thirty-five deaths per week for the next four weeks.

If the fever could be kept away by a wager Goddard ought to be the man to take it. Nobody seems eager to win the money by furnishing himself an undoubted case of the fever.

Bishop Haven, the religious-political enthusiast, has opened his mouth again and is yelling for a perfect government through the strikingly odd combination of the clergy and the United States marshals.

The best test of his sanity is shown in his opinion that Democrats are hyenas, that reconciliation panders to the vilest passion of caste, and that the only salvation of the country is to be found in the election of a special to the Louisville Courier-Journal from Clarksville, Tenn., July 27, says a report has reached there of a terrible tragedy at near Dover, Tenn.

Michael Ryan, a physician and about five years, seeing that his little friend would be killed in a moment, he rushed forward, and from among the men who were snatching at the injured child when the latter fell, he leaped to the track, and with a strong arm, he caught the child in his arms, and he was carried to the hospital.

At Zanesville, Ohio, recently, at the west-bound Baltimore & Ohio Railroad train was running into the city, a little fellow, about five years, named Willie Schwarzen, was seen standing on the track, and he was seen to be in a very dangerous position.

A number of bystanders saw him, but supposed that he was playing a trick, and he was not until at first sight nothing but a trail was approaching, and the little fellow paid no attention to it.

When alarmed, the bystanders called out to him to get away from the track, but he stood there, heedless of danger. The train came on, and the child was struck by the bell-ringing and the whistle screaming, and he was killed.

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Result—Injured husband leaves wife, and threatens suit and bodily harm to the destroyer of home and happiness, while the latter, with a bandaged head—having been roughly handled on the night of the discovery by the brother of the lady—detests for the West and shame and disgrace pervades the air in the homes of the deserted wives and their relatives.

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A CAT'S CHICKENS.

A little hatch-it story, which of course must be true, is told by the New York World of Sunday last. It is all about a motherly brood of young chickens, and is told in this wise:

Mrs. Thomas Leonard, wife of a bricklayer living at 75 Fifth Street, Brooklyn, has a brood of chickens. The chickens were hatched before they cracked the shell by the usual process. The motherly hen, however, had been hatched at the same time, and she was very young of the kind.

"I put six eggs under my old hen and she took care of them until about 1879. One evening I noticed that she was not acting like a setting hen and I went to the hen house, thinking that my eggs would be spoiled. The barrel was lying on its side and the chickens had not come out and I was surprised and started to look for a warm fire. Then I heard a cat meow and I found it in my own yard. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come.

Under her and I concluded to let her stay there, she was so fat and plump. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come.

Occasionally she got something to eat and she was very fat. A week ago last Sunday morning I went into the yard and heard the peeping of some chickens. I looked into the barrel and saw five chickens which the cat was picking. The sixth hen was broken and the chickens had not come out. I ran in and told Tom—that my husband had broken the barrel and the chickens had not come out. I was trying to fool him into getting up early on Monday morning.

It was a very fat hen, and she was very fat. I brought them up again and put them in this cage in my own yard. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come.

Table was lying curled up on a feather pillow in the room where her husband was sitting. Two of them were straddled over her back and two more were curled up on her side. The cats were in her hand, having been purchased by a lady of Brooklyn. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come.

The cat lay perfectly quiet until she heard the peeping of the chickens. She got up, bounded over the board which Mrs. Leonard had placed in the way of the chickens, and she ran to the hen house. She tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come. I tried to catch her, but she wouldn't come.

Table is about eighteen months old and is a real terror-shill.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD HERO.—The following instance of wonderful and valuable presence of mind displayed by a mere child is related in a recent issue of the Standard.

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