David Gray's Estate.

Over his forge bent David Gray,
And thought of the rich man across the way.

"Hammer and anvil for me," he said,
"And weary toil for the children's bread;

"For him soft carpets and pictured walls,
A life of ease in his spacious halls."

The clang of bells on his dreaming broke;
A flicker of flame, a whirl of smoke.

Ox in travis, forge grown white hot,
Coat and hat were alike forgot,

As up the highway the blacksmith ran,
In face and mien like a crazy man.

"School house afire!" Men's hearts stood still,
And women prayed, as women will,

While o'er the tumult the wailing cry
Of frightened children rose shrill and high.

Night in its shadows hid sun and earth;
The rich man sat by his costly hearth,

Lord of wide acres and untold gold,
But wifeless, childless, forlern and old.

He thought of the family 'cross the way;
"I would," he sighed, "I were David Gray."

The blacksmith knelt at his childrens' bed
To look once more at each smiling head.

"My darlings all safe! Oh, God" he cried,
"My sin in Thy boundless mercy hide!

"Only to-day have I learned how great
Hath been Thy bounty and my estate."

Taking Her Down.

Two girls, both young, and one very beautiful, sat conversing in a comfortable sitting-room in a mansion at the West End. The handsomer of the two, Maude Pierson, wore a traveling dress of brown merino, and was evidently resting after a journey.

In spite of certain languor born of fatigue, and her unbecoming dress, the girl was undeniably a beauty, of a gorgeous brunette type. Her companion, passing pretty, was of the same dark tint, but smaller in figure, and far from possessing Maude's great beauty.

"Tell me about everybody," Maude said. "I am fairly hungry for gossip after vegetating nearly two years in that abominable place with my aunt. She has left me an ample fortune, however, so the time was not altogether thrown away."

"Dead?" cried her companion. "You are not in mourning, and—why, Maude, you said you were going to Lady Ralston's this evening."

"So I am. Aunt Maria has been dead six months, and requested me not to wear black and to return to town in November. But, Cora, tell me the news. Who has been the belle of our set since I left?"

"You conceited girl!" laughed her friend.

"Bah! What is the use of duplicity? For, between ourselves, I should be an idiot if I did not know I was handsome. How is Lord Frederick Seymour?"

"One question at a time, though I can answer these two together. The belle has been the object of Lord Frederick Seymour's special devotion since she made her *debut* last month. Mrs. Hursey introduced her. She is a niece, I believe, of old Mrs. Mortimer, who died three years ago and left her all her money."

"But who is she?"

"Her name is Worthington—Esther Worthington."

"Esther Worthington?" cried Maude, sharply. "What is she like?"

"Tall, slender, very fair, with delicate features, and unmistakably a beauty, who sings exquisitely; and, having been on the continent with Mrs. Mortimer, speaks two or three modern languages with fluency."

"How old?"

"About your age, I judge—twenty-four or five."

Maude broke into a harsh laugh.

"Mrs. Mortimer's niece!" she cried. "Well, that is rich! And so young Lord Frederick Seymour is in love with her!"

"He is certainly very devoted. Everybody thinks it will be a match."

"A match!" cried Maude, in another burst of mocking merriment. "Lord Frederick Seymour and Esther Worthington! Well, well! I tell you," she said, with a touch of sarcasm in her tones, "it will not be a match! I will take her down."

"What do you mean?"

"Will this belle be at Lady Ralston's this evening?"

"Probably. But do tell me, Maude, what you know about her?"

"I know enough to cool Lord Frederick Seymour's ardor," said Maude; "and he shall learn the truth. To think of that girl's daring to move in our set!"

"Well, as to that," Cora replied, "being handsome, accomplished, refined, and heiress to double your fortune, Maude, I cannot see where the audacity comes in, especially as Mrs. Hursey has her for a guest, and we all know how particular she is. The Seymours themselves are not prouder than the Herseys."

"You wait until the evening! I suppose the girl thinks nobody here knows her. I'll humble her! She won't attend any more fashionable parties after I've told my story!"

"But what is your story?"

"You'll hear to-night."

"Tell me now," Cora said, coaxingly.

"No. Let me lie down awhile and rest, or I shall look like a ghost this evening."

A very brilliant ghost it would have been to resemble Maude Pierson, as she entered Lady Ralston's saloon a few hours later. An evening dress of garnet velvet, cut to display the beautifully rounded shoulders and arms, and trimmed with rich black lace, ornaments of diamonds, and a cluster of white flowers in the jetty braids of hair, all heightened her queenly beauty.

Looking across the crowded room, she recognized her rival in a tall, slender girl, who wore white lace over peach-colored satin, and ornaments of fretted gold. Lord Frederick Seymour was already in attendance, apparently, for he was leading this lady to the head of a quadrille just forming when Maude entered. The sight stimulated anew all the hatred of Esther Worthington that had been roused by Cora's description.

A cold-hearted, calculating woman, devoted to dress, wealth and luxury—selfish to her heart's core, carrying the smiling face of a belle over a bitter envy of all more fortunate than herself—Maude Pierson had never felt the touch of womanhood until her heart opened to Lord Frederick Seymour.

An orphan, dependent upon an aunt devoted to the frivolities of fashion, Maude's education had been superficial, and an undue value had been given in her thoughts to the advantages of birth, position and fortune.

Miss Pierson was very proud of the blue blood in her own veins; and Maude's success as a belle was as much a triumph to her aunt as to herself.

When the long illness set in that drove Miss Pierson to the seclusion and quiet of a country home, her niece had begun to hope that the attentions of "Lord Fred," were more than those called for by the ordinary requirements of society.

It had been a great blow to her to be suddenly whirled out of the vortex of London gaiety, to be buried alive in the little town where much of her childhood had passed, under her aunt's care. But she was far too polite to murmur loudly, and when her relative died, it was with the firm conviction that all Maude's tender care and devotion were dictated by warmest affection. It was singularly characteristic of Miss Pierson that in her will she stipulated that Maude should return to London six months after her death, and wear no mourning. In one of their last interviews she said to her: "You will soon be twenty-five, Maude, and you shall not bury yourself here next winter. It might ruin your prospects of a good match."

And Maude, secretly exultant, wept copiously as she assured her dear aunt that "Society would have no charms for her were she to be deprived of her lifelong companion."

Yet the six months dragged wearily when she thought of Lord Frederick Seymour. Would he love her better for her golden charms, or did he know her fortune, after all was small, compared with his own princely income? Had a fairer face eclipsed her memory?

Carefully during the long summer did the beautiful brunette cherish her own charms, and gloriously did they repay her care when she burst upon her old friends, more superbly handsome than ever, at Lady Ralston's reception.

Esther Worthington, looking at her as she entered the room, turned to her companion, saying, in a low tone: "Is not that Miss Pierson?"

"Yes. Is she not handsome?"

"Magnificently so! I can scarcely imagine a more queenly beauty. She was not a very pretty child, dark and thin. Will she recognize me, I wonder, as easily as I do her?"

"You were children when you last met?"

"About twelve years old; but we lived near each other for six years before that. Will she look down upon me now as scornfully as she did then?"

"Hush, you pain me!" was the reply. "Try to forget the dark days."

"Nay, for they make happy ones all the brighter," was the gentle reply. "Bow to your partner!"

For the music of the quadrille sounded in the long room, and attention was required to the intricacies through which Miss Worthington and her partner proposed to lead their set.

When it was over, Esther, leaning on her partner's arm, turned to find herself confronting Maude Pierson. With a sweet smile, she extended her hand.

"Have you forgotten me?" she asked.

"I remember you well," was the reply, in a freezing tone, "and I confess my surprise is very great to meet a charity girl amongst my friends."

"A charity girl!" cried several voices.

"You may doubt me," said Maud, answering them, "but let Miss Worthington deny, if she can, that she was taken from a charity school to be the nursery maid of Mrs. Thurston, my aunt's cousin and neighbor. Let her deny, if she can, that she did a menial's work for years in their house. She may palm herself off as Mrs. Mortimer's niece upon strangers, but I, knowing her, decline the honor of her acquaintance."

The delicate, beautiful Esther Worthington grew very pale during this insulting address, but she drew herself erect as haughtily as Maude Pierson herself, as that young lady ceased to speak.

"All you have said is quite true," she replied, "and my only reason for concealing the facts you now force upon my friends was the request of my dear aunt, Mrs. Mortimer. Mrs. Hursey, Lady Ralston, and several others of those who honor me with their friendship, know well the family history you force me to relate to our friends here. You will pardon me for obtruding my private affairs upon you; but since Miss Pierson has attacked my veracity, I must defend it. My parents were married against the wishes of my mother's father, who carried his resentment to the grave, and cut my mother out of his will. When I was a babe, my father died; and my mother, ill, feeble, penniless, was taken to the workhouse where she, too, died. Her sister, Mrs. Mortimer, was in Canada at the time, and unaware of my existence.

"What Miss Pierson has so delicately told you of my childhood is quite true. I was taken from the workhouse to fill a servant's place; but my employers were kind, and I was allowed to attend school in the winter. I think they will testify that if my duties were menial, they were faithfully performed. When I was thirteen, my aunt returned home and found me out. Since then I have been her charge, and the kindest love was lavished upon me me until, at her death, I became the guest of my friend, Mrs. Hursey. I hope you will pardon me for taking up so much of your time; and if you desire, with Miss Pierson, to decline the further acquaintance of a workhouse girl, I can only accept your decision with some regret for a deceit that was only in accordance with the wishes of the dead."

"Stay a moment," said Lord Frederick Seymour, as the friends of the beautiful girl would have pressed more warmly than ever around her; "let me speak one word. By the request of Miss Worthington, I have refained from mentioning the honor she has conferred upon me, and which is the crowning pride and happiness of my life. When I asked her to become my wife, to give me the priceless treasure of her love, she told me the story you have just heard, and I, too, joined my entreaties to those of her aunt. "Not, he added, haughtily, "that I valued my future wife the less, but that I understood that, even in our society there are some ignoble enough to count her early misfortunes as a shameful fact, and ignore the beauty of character that could keep her noble, pure and true, even in the lowly home to which the misfortunes of her parents condemned her. Miss Worthington will you take my arm to the conservatory?—you are pale, and need rest."

With an air of tender affection, of fond pride, he led her through the group of friends who spoke warmest words as she passed.

Finding her a seat near the fountain, he said, in a low tone: "I am glad they all know it, Essie, for a secret is a troublesome burden."

"But, you—oh, Fred, if it shames you"—

"Hush! I never honored you so highly, or loved you so fondly, as I did when that girl found insulting taunts answered by your own dignified frankness. We will not speak of it again. Rest here till I bring you an ice, and we will return to our friends."

"Maude," Cora said, as the girls unbound their hair in their own room before retiring, "I don't think your little scene was altogether a success. From the warmth of her friends, when Esther Worthington returned to the drawing-room, and Lord Frederick Seymour's devotion, I really imagine you placed that lady upon a higher pedestal of favor than ever, in your amiable endeavor to take her down."

A Moth Exterminator Wanted.

Miss Grundy has returned to Washington and says: "The residence of ex-Senator Stewart, of Nevada, generally known as 'Castle Stewart,' has been rented, I hear, for $6,000 for the session. This is a startling reduction, as the price per annum was fixed at $18,000 heretofore. It was reduced probably because the superb furniture, curtains and carpets have all been ruined by moths during the two years it has been without a tenant. The upholstery was very costly and elegant. The richly embroidered satin which covered the chairs, sofas, etc., in the parlors, as well as the Gobelin tapestry curtains, was purchased at the last Paris exposition, and brought here to be made up. I do not think moth ever cut silk or satin, but all the materials containing wool in the house, including the Gobelin tapestry, which draped many of the windows of the parlor floor, have been seriously, if no irreparably, injured. Ex-Senator Stewart, has occasionally lived there since his family went to California, but only as a lodger, and the rooms have not been opened and aired properly, otherwise the moths might have been subdued, though they are always more difficult to exterminate here than in any other place with which I am acquainted.

Greatness in a Hovel.

A war correspondent says: Gorny Studen is a wretched village of a few hundred inhabitants. the Turkish quarter being on one hill and the Bulgarian on the opposite height. The former is deserted by its proprietors and the houses have been unroofed by soldiers to get at the wooden rafters, fuel being scarce in northern Bulgaria. The only building remaining in this part of the village is occupied by the emperor of all the Russias. It is built of unburnt clay bricks, and its low roof covered with rough tiles. Here in this hovel the autocrat passes his days and nights, anxiously awaiting news from his various armies in the field. There is no pomp surrounding this humble imperial residence; two Circassians on the guard with drawn sabers were, when I first saw it, all that stood between the czar and the outside world. A short distance from the house is a large tent, where the emperor dines at six with his staff and invited guests On the opposite side of the little street or road is the tent of Gen. Ignatieff.

SUPPLYING MENAGERIES.

How Elephants, Lions, Hippopotamuses, and Other Wild Animals are Caught in Africa--A Strange Business.

Times is changed, boys, since I was a young fellow. I'm eighty, now, and I've seen considerable living. When I was twenty-one the deer used to come out of the woods yonder and eat my buckwheat, and I used to go out with my rifle and shoot 'em down to save it. Venison is scarce now, but you couldn't coax a hungry man to eat it then if he could get anything else, it was so common. Ask Aunt Martha if that isn't so. She is a mighty good woman, and a mighty good one, too, and I'm glad of it. Everything is fine as fivepence now. We had to put up with common fixings then, I tell you. Now that big wedding down at Dadenhammer yesterday. Aunt Martha and I went. All the house was fixed up with stuffed furniture, and there was things to eat I didn't know the names of; and four musicians from the city to play for them to dance, and after the wedding there was a carriage to take the young folks to the railway depot, for what they call their tour, and a wagon behind, bless you, with the bride's trunks, as big as houses, every one of 'em. That was my Martha's niece, that bride was; and when Martha was married she went on a different kind of a tour.

I mean to tell all about it while I'm talking, though she says the young people will think she wasn't a bit genteel. Genteel isn't my brother any way—never was. Give me up and down just what you are worth—no airs.

We didn't take any in those times. We were new settlers, every one of us. Martha's mother and father had one big room for parlor and sitting-room and kitchen, and there we were married. Peter Grimes fiddled for us, and we had corn cakes and chicken, and sweet cake and coffee; and light biscuits and plum sas, and fried pork for supper; and the parson he ate as hearty as any and laughed as loud as any of us—though when it came to dancing, of course he wasn't there; and after we'd danced until morning, Martha and I started home. I had a cart; it hadn't any cover, and it didn't ride very easy, and I was going to take her over in that.

We'd had a furnishing bee before and all my folks and all hern had give us something; but Grandmother Smith had fetched over a feather bed for a present to Martha—and now says she:

"Put it in the wagon, Blucher, and will be a comfortable seat for Martha."

So we did it.

Martha sat on the bed. I perched up on the seat, and away we drove. Mother Smith she cried, so did Martha.

Father-in-law hurrahed. So did I, and off we went.

For a considerable time I had plenty to do, coaxing Martha to cheer up; telling her that she could go home as often as she liked; and pretending to scold her, though I wasn't angry, for a girl who loves her own folks and is a good daughter is sure to be a good wife.

But after a while she cheered up, and as we rode along in the gray dawn, just a little mistier than night, she said:

"I'm so sleepy that I think I shall just cuddle down in the feathers and take a nap."

"Do it," said I from my perch.

So after a while I spoke to her without turning my head, and she didn't answer.

"Sound asleep, poor little chicken," thought I, and driv on.

It was a cloudy sort of morning. We'd passed through the marsh, and the mosquitoes buzzed about, but never roused the girl up. We'd come to the woods, and there you couldn't see your hand before your face, and still she was sound asleep, I thought, and I was glad she should have such a good rest. But when we'd come to the top of the hill, and I could see our little house, I could not stand it any longer. I felt as if I'd like to have her take the first peep along with me."

"Martha!" I shouted, turning around on the high seat, "Martha, wake up, lassie! We can see our house from here."

But there I stopped short, and thought I should die. Martha wasn't there. Neither she nor the feather bed was on the cart—it was just empty.

She'd fallen off somewhere—but where? And what might have happened to her? There were plenty of wild beasts in the woods then—the smaller kind, of course, but not pleasant to meet—and the swamp in parts was deep enough to drown in.

I couldn't stop to drive back slow and careful. I jumped down, leaving old Jed to take care of himself, and away I flew back into the woods, calling "Martha! Martha!" and feeling about as I went, but nobody answered.

I tell you, boys, it was a dreadful hour for me; I almost fainted, or got a fit, or something, before I got through the woods to the marsh. But there, there! I was stopped, and being so scared, had made so nervous, that I burst out a laughing.

There, in the midst of the soft mud, was the feather bed, all smeared and spattered, and on it sat Martha, crying. The mud wasn't much over her knees if she'd waded out, but she had her new boots on and her Sunday go-to-meeting merino, and she couldn't make up her mind to do it. She was safe, but she was cold, and oh, boys, wasn't she cross!

"I'm going back to ma," sobbed she across the mud. "If you'd cared for me, you could not have lost me off."

"Oh, Martha!" said I but she wouldn't look at me.

I went into the mud and brought her out, and then I went for the wagon and got out poor Grandmother Smith's feather bed, and then we went home. It wasn't a pleasant ending to the wedding, I can tell you. But after Martha had cried an hour or two she began to get over it, and at last she told me how it all happened, as far as she knew.

She fell so sound asleep that she dreamed she was at home, and the old lady calling her to get up and get breakfast, and said she to herself in her sleep: "Its very cold this morning," and turned over to feel for the blankets; that started the bed and off it slid, and there it lay in the mud, and there she lay on top of it; and when she waked up she could not remember where she was, but thought the roof had blown off the old house or she'd been carried off by the old boy, until I'd driven too far away to hear her.

After that she owned up it was some her fault, and we made up, didn't we, Martha? and stayed so; but that was my wedding tour. "Twasn't as fine as Martha's niece's, was it?—*Reading Eagle.*

Reflections on the Clam.

Ministers may learn a lesson from the clam. It only opens its mouth to disclose richness.

The clam wears a rough exterior, but he is a merry and social gentleman at heart. So are many whom the world considers harsh and uncongenial.

The wife may learn a lesson from the clam. It keeps its house in order, and never strolls about to the neglect of duty.

Gossips may learn a lesson from the clam. It never opens its mouth at the wrong time, and keeps its secret while life lasts. Science says that it took millions of years to evolve man from the clam; observation shows that it takes less than a minute to transfer the clam into the man.

Business men may learn a lesson from the clam. It has no smile during business hours, but when it feels the warmth of society, it opens its very heart, and gives itself up to increase the jollity of the hour.

A Japanese Image.

One of the new and curious *misemono* of Tokio, Japan, is a gigantic image of a woman, made of wood and plaster, and dedicated to Hachiman, the god of war. In height it measures fifty-four feet, the head alone, which is reached by a winding staircase in the interior of the figure, being capable of holding about twenty persons with comfort. A sword is held in the right hand and a huge ball in the left. Internally the novelty consists of an extraordinary anatomical model. A fine view of the surrounding district is obtained by looking through one of the eyes, and the price of admission is only two cents The image is situated beside the temple of Hachiman, close by the Kuanon of Asakusa, and is well worth a visit.

OLD BLUCHER'S WEDDING.

How He Spilled His Wife of an Hour off the Wagon.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

William C. Gilman, a New York insurance broker of high standing, was discovered as the author of a series of astounding frauds by which he realized over $250,000. He was in the habit of obtaining stock certificates of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company for small amounts and changing the figures or "raising" them to a much higher sum. Thus he would take a certificate for $100, erase the words "One hundred" and substitute "ten thousand," making it a certificate for $10,000. The forgeries were awkardly done, but no suspicion was excited and the certificates were never closely examined on account of the forger's reputation for fair and honorable dealing. Is is believed that he also "raised" a number of bank stock certificates from small amounts to higher figures ..... Lieutenant Bullis' command of United States troops crossed the Rio Grande and entered Mexico in pursuit of a body of Indian horse thieves. The troops recaptured a number of horses and mules, but the Indians escaped. On the return to the American border the command was followed by a body of Mexican cavalry at a distance, but was not molested .... The striking miners in the coal regions of Pennsylvania have very generally resumed work.

The Most Reverend James Roosevelt Bayley, archbishop of Baltimore and primate of the Roman Catholic Church of America, died in Newark, N. J., aged sixty-three years. Archbishop Bayley was born in New York and was a graduate of Washington (now Trinity) College, Hartford, Conn. He was ordained minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and subsequently joined the Roman Catholic Church, preparing himself for the priesthood at St. Sulpice, Paris, He was the founder of Seton Hall College as well as of numerous schools, academies, convents and churches, and was one of the highest dignataries of the Roman Catholic Church in this country....In New York the car depot of the Dry Dock Railroad Company was destroyed by fire. Besides the building about ninety horse-cars were burned and a loss incurred of $250,000, which is covered by insurance.....Titiens, the opera singer, died in London on October 3 .....The Alleghany Savings Bank, the oldest bank in Alleghany city, Pa., and the Cap Cod Five Cents Savings Bank, of Harwich, Mass., have suspended payments.....Five persons were killed and a number were wounded by the explosion of the boiler on the steamer Comfort, bound from Wheeling, W. Va., to Marietta ... A fire which broke out in McKeesport, Pa., at one time endangered the whole town. Before the flames could be subdued a large number of business houses and private residences were burned and a loss incurred of about $175,000; partially insured.... One square in the business portion of Frankton, Ind., was destroyed by fire. Loss, about $10,000; no insurance..... The National Episcopal Congress opened at Boston ..... The steamer Magnolia, running between New York and Savannah, was lost at sea, owing to a leak; no lives were lost.

New York Democratic State Convention.

The Democratic convention at Albany nominated the following officers: Secretary of State, Allen C. Beach; controller, Frederick P. Olcott; treasurer, James Mackin; attorney-general, Augustus Schoonmaker, Jr.; engineer, Horatio Seymour, Jr. The platform adopted reads: The people having, in the last Presidential contest, elected by an overwhelming popular and a clear electoral majority the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President, and the will of the nation, thus constitutionally declared, having been wickedly and boldly nullified by means of the grossest usurpation and frauds of returning boards, protected and adopted, if not instigated, by the party in possession of the government, and rendered practicable by threatening array of military force; Resolved, That this is the first convention of Democrats of this State held since the consummation of this great crime, it is not only just and fit, but it is the plain duty in the interest of constitutional government, and in the vindication and preservation of the sacred right of the majority to choose their rulers, to denounce with the warmest indignation this stupendous wrong, and we do hereby denounce, condemn, and hold it up to universal execration. Resolved, That this duty of setting a mark of infamy upon this transaction, and preventing any quick forgetfulness or easy condonation of it from raising tempting precedent for future outrages rests especially and peculiarly upon the Democratic party of this State, one of whose most illustrious leaders was the President actually chosen by the nation. Resolved, That the late House of Representatives deserve the thanks of all patriots and lovers of liberty for their just refusal, in the exercise of the most ancient and valuable privilege belonging to representatives of the people in all constitutional governments, to appropriate money for the support of soldiers to be used in the illegal and despotic oppression of citizens in any portion of the Republic. Resolved, That the present national Administration, by its withdrawal of the troops from the South, and its cessation from the mischievous, unconstitutional, and oppressive interference with the international affairs of the States, has, in that respect, reversed the vicious precedents of the Republican party, followed the course marked out by the Federal Constitution, and to which the Democratic party stand pledged, and it is therefore entitled, in that particular, to the approval of all good citizens. Resolved, That the Democratic party of New York reaffirm the following principles set forth in their platform adopted in 1871, now thrice indorsed by large majorities of the voters of this State: Gold and silver the only legal tender; no currency inconvertible with coin; steady steps toward specie payments, no step backward; the honest payment of the public debt in coin; a sacred preservation of the public faith; revenue reform, a tariff for revenue only; no government partnership with protected monopolies; home rule to limit and localize most zealously the few powers entrusted to public servants, municipal, State and Federal; no centralization; equal and exact justice to all men; no partial legislation; no partial taxation; official accountability enforced by better civil and criminal remedies; no private use of public funds by public officers; corporations chartered by the State always supervisable by the State in the interests of the people; the party in power responsible for all legislation while in power, economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened. Resolved, That we are opposed to the granting of land subsidies by the government to corporations or individuals for the construction of railroads or other internal improvement, as unnecessary, beyond the scope of Federal power, and inevitably productive of corruption. Resolved, That we congratulate the whole people of this State that, notwithstanding the suffering to which the laboring classes have been for years subjected, in spite of their failure to obtain remunerative employment, and the bitter privations which have been imposed on them thereby, they have endured these calamities for the most part with patience, without disorder, or violation of the public peace, and we declare that it is through the beneficent operation of equal and just laws, favoring no one class at the expense of an other, a stern refusal on the part of legislative bodies to yield to the schemes of grasping monopolies, and the decrease of public expenditures and taxation to the lowest practicable point, that the laboring classes of the country (with whom the Democratic party has always strongly and intelligently sympathized) are mainly to find effectual and permanent relief. Resolved, That we favor a uniform and equitable excise law, having regard for and protective of the rights of all the people, accompanied by stringent provisions punishing its violation. Resolved, That we demand more complete protection for the savings of the industrial classes by the stricter supervision and control of savings banks, insurance companies, and other institutions in which the people's money may be invested, and the enactment of laws providing severe and certain punishment of all official neglect, extravagance or fraud, by which the people's earnings may be endangered or lost. Resolved, That the deliberate refusal of the Republican majority in the State Legislature during two sessions, in open defiance of the plained and most peremptory mandates of the Constitution, to apportion the representation of the people of the State in the Senate and Assembly in accordance with the census, is a reckless disregard of duty hitherto without precedent in our history, and aims a blow at the very root and foundation of representative government. The last clause of the platform pledges the Democratic party to follow the lead of the chief magistrate in reforming the canal and other departments and reducing the State tax, and points with pride to the administrations of Governors Tilden and Robinson.

At a point three miles from Phoenixville, Pa., a railroad embankment 100 feet high was undermined by water, leaving the rails and ties suspended in the air. The engine of an approaching train struck the washout and plunged down over 100 feet, killing the engineer and fireman. A passenger coach next fell upon the engine, and was followed by another car which crushed in the roof of the first, while the escaping steam from the disabled engine added to the terror of the situation. Seven persons were killed outright and over fifty were wounded, some fatally.....The Wellfleet Savings Bank, of Cape Cod, Mass., suspended payment owing to a run on it of depositors ..... The Trenton Woolen Mills, of Trenton, N. J., were destroyed by fire. Loss, $50,000; fully insured..... The large new steamboat Massachusetts, of the Providence and Stonington line, struck a rock near Greenpoint, Long Island. The crew and passengers were all taken safely ashore in small boats, although much of the steamer's cargo was lost.....The Narragansett White Lead and Color Works in Brooklyn, N. Y., were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $20,000, on which there is $12,000 insurance..... Several candidates for the Speakership arrived in Washington two weeks before the opening of the special session of Congress..... The Sioux Indian chiefs who had been on a visit to Washington were taken to New York and shown the "sights" of the city..... A violent storm that passed over New York and the surrounding country did considerable damage on sea and land. Railway embankments were washed away; an engineer was killed and a fireman fatally injured near Philadelphia, the accident being caused by the trains plunging into a stream over which the bridge had been torn away; and by a similar catastrophe near Milford, N. J., the engineer, conductor and a lady passenger were drowned. A large number of vessels on Long Island sound, the Atlantic coast, and on the Delaware were sunk or badly damaged.

Damage to the amount of $60,000 was done by a fire in Gouverneur, N. Y.; insurance, $30,000 ..... W. Gale, an English pedestrian, has succeeded in walking 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours. ..... Henry W. Mann, cashier of the Stockyards Company of Kansas City, Mo., shot his little daughter, aged three years, through the heart and then killed himself.....Senator Patterson, of South Carolina, was arrested in Washington on a requisition of Gov. Wade Hamp on .....Twenty acres of lumber were destroyed by fire in Hunter's Point, near New York city, causing a loss of over $200,000..... William M. Tweed, in his examination before a committee of New York aldermen, testified concerning his relations with a number of politicians and newspapers that had denied his statement that they were at one time engaged in disreputable transactions with him. In support of the charge Tweed produced a number of letters and official records.... It is claimed that the outrages on the Mexican border which were attributed to Mexicans, were committed by American outlaws.

Thirteen horses were burned to death during a fire in a livery stable in Erie, Pa..... Colonel Sibley, a well-known resident of Boston, committed forgeries amounting to about $5,000. .....A severe shock of earthquake was felt at Geneva, Switzerland, and a number of buildings were damaged.....Thomas McKay, from New York city, committed suicide in the Pittsfield (Mass.) jail, by hanging himself with a rope, while awaiting trial on a charge of burglary ..... Two barges filled with large cargoes of flour and corn were run into by a steamer on the St. Lawrence, while being towed to Quebec. Both barges were sunk and a damage of over $100,000 probably sustained. ..... The street-car works of J. M. Jones & Co., of West Troy, N. Y., were damaged by fire to the extent of $30,000; insurance, $10,000. .... The teller in the branch bank of Montreal in Toronto, absconded with $10,000 belonging to the institution..... The cholera is decreasing in China, but has broken out in Japan.....The Pavilion Hotel at Glen Cove, N. Y., was destroyed by fire. Loss, $20,000, which is covered by insurance.....General Miles' command badly defeated the Nez Perces Indians under Chief Joseph.

A Noble Act.

Once upon a time a young man was convicted of a crime in this city, says the Detroit *Free Press*, and sentenced by Recorder Swift to the State prison for three years. He made an A No. 1 record in prison and was pardoned by Gov. Bagley a short time before the expiration of the term for which he had been sentenced. On his return to Detroit, he found employment at $5 a week in one of the largest wholesale and retail houses in the city. He conducted himself in an exemplary manner, and he began to believe that his lines had really fallen in pleasant places, until one morning an ominous message came informing him that he was wanted in the proprietor's private office. Apprehensive that his history had been disclosed, he entered the office with a heavy heart, but resolved to meet the issue like a man. The proprietor stood by his desk holding in one hand a letter. His manner indicated nothing of what was passing in his mind, but with a deprecatory gesture he handed the letter to his clerk and told him to read it. The young man glanced hurriedly over the letter (a cowardly anonymous production), which was simply a recital of the dark episode in his career.

"Is that true?" inquired the proprietor.

"It is true," was the sad reply.

The merchant's face lighted in an instant. He grasped the abashed and trembling clerk by the hand and said to him: "You are the man I want. You may draw $13 a week from this time until further notice, and at the first opportunity I shall give you charge of a floor. I can trust a man who will face the truth in this fashion and under these circumstances, and you may count upon a permanent situation so long as I am in business."

What that young man said in response to this unexpected declaration of confidence has not yet been told; but the merchant, whose sense of justice and love of truth was so signally illustrated, may be assured that he has gained a loyal friend, and earned the deathless gratitude not only of that young man, but of all his family. It is an example worth more than whole decades of imprisonment.

Prince Hassan and His Gloves.

We have from a correspondent, says the New York *World*, a curious bit of information about the young commander-in-chief of the Egyptian contingent on the Danube. Though but twenty-four years old, Prince Hassan, son of the Khedive, is an experienced soldier, and has already had his share of haps and mishaps. The young prince received his military education at Woolwich and Berlin, after which he occupied the office of minister of war to his father. During the late war with Abyssinia he was seriously wounded and made prisoner. Although treated witn great consideration, King John, "to punish him," as he expressed it, "for fighting against Christians," ordered that a large cross should be tattooed on the back of each of the prince's hands. This was done, and when his wounds were healed the young officer was released and returned to Cairo. Arrived at home, Prince Hassan consulted the best European as well as native physicians and chemists, and Copt sooth-sayers, promising a large sum to any one who should rid him of these momentoes of the Abyssinian king. Advice was freely offered and experience tried; the prince underwent much suffering, but all in vain—the Christain crosses were indelible. In despair he finally resorted to a Dervish for advice, and the holy man communicated a remedy which, at least, had the merit of being undeniably efficacious. "Chop off both thy hands," said he to the prince; "better live without hands than wear forever those signs of the infidel giaours!" But Hassan relished it but little, and so remains to this day tattooed with the Christain symbols. This is why no one ever sees him without gloves.

Webster's Wit.

Daniel Webster gave a reception to some Western lawyers one evening soon after the accession of President Tyler and the dissolution of President's Harrison's Cabinet. Among those present were Mr. Stansberry, late Attorney General and a bashful gentleman by the name of Leonard. They were presented, made their compliments to host and hostess, and Leonard, to get out of harm's way, made for one of those nonsensical little gilt and satin chairs which are not made to sit in, but which adorn all drawing-rooms. To make things sure, Leonard tilted his chair backward, and down it went, smashed, crackling in a crowded room, and, of course, Leonard the unfortunate was also Leonard the observed. Webster rushed to the wreck of the "Buckeye," extended both hands to haul him up, and said:

"Why, Mr. Leonard, you ought to know that no cabinet work will hold together here."

There was a general laugh, and Leonard did not again try satin chairs that were not made to be sat in.

An Heroic Old Soldier.

There was a private soldier named Gardieff who won fame and death in an heroic manner, writes a war correspondent in an account of a recent engagement in the Eastern war. He was an old soldier, but had, not long ago, fallen into disgrace. He had received severe punishment for disorderly conduct, and on being permitted to resume his place in the ranks, the commander of his squadron had said to him: "Gardieff, you had better get yourself killed, or do something now that will make us forget your past follies. The brave fellow was seen to dash wildly into the fight; slashing right and left, he killed with his own hand four of the Turks within five minutes, when he was surrounded and literally hewn and hacked to pieces. It was the intention of his regiment, to give the body a ceremonial burial on the following day, but the battle prevented this from being carried out, and brave Gardieff was committed to the earth among the ordinary dead.

The Louisiana lady who put on her hat and walked over to a neighbor's when she saw a rattlesnake curled up beside her sleeping husband is the heroine of the age.

Physicians of high standing unhesitatingly give their indorsement to the use of the Graefenberg-Marshall's Catholicon for all female complaints. The weak and debilitated find wonderful relief from a constant use of this valuable remedy. Sold by all druggists. $1.50 per bottle. Send for almanacs, Graefenberg Co., New York.

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Honest vs. Fraudulent Weight. The purchaser is entitled to full weight always in buying any commodity. Dooley's Yeast Powder is strictly full weight, beside which it is absolutely pure.

Patentees and inventors should read advertisement of Edson Bros. in another column.

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The Markets.

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Beef Cattle. Native	08 @	08¾
Texas and Cherokee	06½ @	07
Milch Cows	40 00 @	65 00
Hogs	05 @	05⅝
Dressed	06¾ @	07¼
Sheep	04⅝ @	05⅝
Lambs	05⅝ @	06
Cotton—Middling	11⅛ @	11¼
Flour—Western—Good to Choice	5 30 @	6 15
State—Good to Choice	6 20 @	6 30
Buckwheat per cwt	1 80	
Wheat—Red Western	1 36 @	1 41
No. 2 Milwaukee	1 27 @	1 34
Rye—State	70 @	76⅝
Barley—State	66⅝ @	72
Barley Malt	75 @	82
Buckwheat	70 @	5
Oats—Mixed Western	21⅝ @	26
Corn—Mixed Western	58⅝ @	59
Hay, per cwt	80 @	60
Straw—per cwt	45 @	80
Hops	76's—62 @64	77's 10 @ 12
Pork—Mess	13 90 @	14 00
Lard—City Steam	09 @	09⅛
Fish—Mackerel, No. 1, new	20 00 @	25 00
" No. 2, new	12 50 @	13 00
Dry Cod, per cwt	5 50 @	6 00
Herring, Scaled, per box	20 @	22
Petroleum—Crude	09⅛@09⅜	Refined, 15