When the Grass Shall Cover Me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot, where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms nor winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing;
Close above me as you pass,
You will say: "How kind she was,"
You will say: "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom;
While I laugh, or weep, or sing
Never more for anything;
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet, small, voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait—
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow;
When your heart will moan, "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

Playing the Dressmaker.

Mrs. Ross Ruslington sat dignified, haughty, self-possessed.

Mrs. Ross Ruslington was indignant, and took no pains to hide that fact, and all because her son had rebelled—all because her one darling had seen fit to consult his own heart in falling in love.

Ernest Ruslington was one of those handsome, tenderly-worshipful fellows—tall, strong, affectionate-hearted, with a devoted way that goes so surely to a woman's heart, that made his mother idolize him as he deserved, that made little Mamie Morgan fairly thrill with rapturous love for him, that made even stately Miss Genevieve Wallace admire him, and feel in no ways averse to the plan Mrs. Ruslington had arranged, that her handsome son should present Miss Genevieve as his wife.

But in this especial instance Mr. Ernest Ruslington was proving, beyond the shadow of a doubt that, while he and Mamie Morgan and Cupid had proposed their future way of happiness, his mother was determined to dispose of them all—except her boy—very summarily. And to this end was the interview tending when Mrs. Ruslington sat in her blue silken-cushioned chair, with her fair blonde face as stern as her well-bred indignation could make it.

Mr. Ruslington stood at one end of the low mantle-piece, his elbow resting upon it, his head leaning lightly on his hand, listening courteously to his mother's low-spoken, yet none the less passionate words.

"But you are so entirely mistaken, mother. If you would only permit me to bring Mamie to see you, if you would only give her an opportunity to let you see her, I am positive you would change your mind. She is a dainty, refined high-bred little lady, with a face so sweet that it would appeal to you instantly. You would love her, mother, if you would only lay aside your pride, your injustice."

Mrs. Ruslington only smiled faintly.

"I am sorry you look upon me as prejudiced, my dear boy. I have always studied your interests, I think, and now, when I recommend you so strongly to marry Genevieve Wallace, you surely must understand I regard it for your great good. Genevieve is very pretty, undeniably a lady in birth, manners, education and position. She is very rich, and would make a most suitable match for you."

"If I loved her—which I do not and cannot. Mother, it seems to me you should not seek to bias my judgment in this, the most important event of my life. All my life I have tried to please you, all my life been governed very much by your wishes and advice; but in this case, you must permit me to know my own heart. You must remember that where one has carefully hoarded all their wealth of affection, and not frittered it away on every pretty face, when one has never loved until they have brought their judgment and their disciplined maturity to concur as I do, that such love is a resistless passion, not to be trifled with by any one."

Mrs. Ruslington looked at his very quiet, determined face, and knew he would stand by what he said, and the realization that Mamie Morgan would be the wife of Ernest Ruslington came to her with such abhorent force that she rose from her chair, flashing-eyed, frosty-voiced.

"I remember nothing but that my son intends to disgrace his family and himself. I shall never mention the matter again, but, rest assured, that if you marry this obscure, ordinary girl, whose pretty face is her only commendation—hush, if you please!—if you do it, all further communication with me and this house, and your income, will be ended."

* * * * * * *

"And you are sure, perfectly sure, it was right, Ernest? I am so afraid that I have been doing wrong in permitting myself to stand between you and your mother. Oh, Ernest, it is the only unhappiness that comes to me as your wife—this knowledge that I am the cause of you and her being enemies."

Mamie Ruslington, the year-old wife, was leaning her lovely head on her husband's shoulder, and together they were looking interestingly down on a little golden-flossed head nestled among blankets and lawn, from which it will be deduced that Ernest Ruslington had not been intimidated by his mother's threats, but had bravely foresworn luxury and elegance for the sake of the girl he loved and who loved him, and married her, conscious that he was in the right.

Mamie Morgan had never been accustomed to surroundings that were more than plainly comfortable, so that to her the pleasant little home her husband took her to, and which he was enabled to make for them in consideration of a snug little sum of money in the bank, saved from his income, was a very paradise to her, where she was as happy as the day was long, after Ernest had reasoned her into believing it was not her fault that his mother refused to countenance them.

He had not been long in obtaining a good position, and on the salary he received he and his young wife lived well, even elegantly.

Then a little baby-girl had come to them, and over the nestling cradle, over this child, Mamie's conscience condemned her afresh, and she cried over baby's flossy golden hair.

"I wish as heartily as you do, darling, that my mother would be friends with us, and she shall know your delicate compliment in naming baby Helen Berwyn, after her own maiden name. Who knows but that this pet of ours will prove a peacemaker?"

True to his word Ernest wrote to his mother, telling her of the birth of his child, her grand-daughter, and renewing his invitation—in his frank, eager way, that was yet perfectly free from fawning—to come to his home and be convinced that Mamie had made, not marred, his happiness.

Mrs. Ruslington was conquered by the letter—by the sweet news that always touches a true woman's heart.

Almost all those long months since her darling had gone from her home to be the delight of another loving woman's life, she had been wearying for him, and daily, hourly, regretting that she had said such cruel things to him.

Within an hour she was with her son at his office, the first time she had seen him since the day he had told her Mamie Morgan was his wife, and this proud woman sobbed out her true heart fullness on her son's breast.

"It was wrong in me, Ernest, I'll admit it. I will endeavor to atone by going at once to your wife. But, my boy, if I can't love her as I would like to, you mustn't blame me, will you? I'll try for your own and your baby's sake."

Ernest smiled confidently.

"You won't have to try, mother. You'll find the dearest little woman in the world glad to receive you, and waiting to love you as a dear child should. Go to her at once."

She did go, and was shown into the parlor by the maid without giving her name, merely requesting the girl to tell her mistress a lady desired to see her.

There came into the room a slight, graceful, girlish creature with beautiful violet-blue eyes, and hair of soft, lustrous brown, that was crimped slightly from the parting, and gathered into a thick Grecian knot at the back of the classic little head.

She wore a wrapper of gray serge, with pockets, collar and buttons of brown silk.

There was a dainty linen collar and a bright blue ribbon bow at the neck, and linen cuffs at the small, round wrists.

There were no earrings or jewelry of any kind, and Mrs. Ruslington's judgment gave a thrill of approval—even under a protest from pride—as this girlishly-womanly creature came forward with an ease and graciousness that never could have been acquired.

"I am glad you have come. Lay off your cloak and hat, please, and we will go into the nursery. I have all my dress-making done there now, so that I can keep an eye to baby, you know."

Mrs. Ruslington liked the voice very much, but hardly the peculiarity of address.

"In the nursery, Mrs. Ruslington? I certainly would be glad to see the baby."

"You will see plenty of her," Mrs. Ernest laughed, "before I am done with you. Oh, did you bring the polonaise pattern, Mrs.—there! I told my husband I never could remember the dressmaker's name he said he would send—Mrs.—oh, yes—Mrs. Abercrombie! You did bring the polonaise pattern?"

Mrs. Ruslington, senior, understood it all in a flash.

Her daughter-in-law, whom she had finally condescended to visit, mistook her for the dressmaker.

Mrs. Ruslington, junior, was inly astonished to see such a dignified, well-dressed lady come to help her make up her black silk, and, while Mamie was absent a moment in response to a little nestling cry from baby Helen, grandmamma Helen suddenly began to enjoy the situation, and when Mamie came back, said:

"I have forgotten the pattern, Mrs. Ruslington, but I think we can make the skirt first, and leave the polonaise until to-morrow."

And Mrs. Helen Berwyn Ruslington, or Mrs. Ross Ruslington, as her cards read, actually cut out and basted the breadths in her despised daughter-in-law's black silk.

She contrived the trimming, and made such stylish suggestions that Mamie congratulated herself on her acquisition.

And the while, there was not a look, a word, a gesture of the young wife's that escaped the eyes of the deft-handed masquerader. She watched the tender, womanly way she cared for her little one; the sensible, economical mode of her housekeeping arrangements; the plain, palatable lunch; the dignity of the young mistress to her one servant; her intelligent industriousness and her sewing while baby slept; her patience, her amiability, and her beautiful unconscious adoration of her husband that betrayed itself at every turn.

It was not yet three o'clock of that memorable day before Mrs. Ross Ruslington had thoroughly made up her mind that her son's wife was far superior to Genevieve Wallace, and that Ernest had shown his accustomed foresight, judgment, and taste in choosing between the two.

"If I only can get her to talk about me," she thought, as she made side-plaiting, thoroughly enjoying the excitement of the occasion.

A while later she purposely introduced the subject.

"Your baby has an uncommon name, madam. Is it a fancy name?"

"Oh, no—it is for my husband's mother. Isn't it a beautiful name?"

Mamie then stroked the soft little hand lying doubled up on her bosom while the child slept.

"Very pretty. So old Mrs. Ruslington's name is Helen, is it? Do you know I never had much of an opinion of her? They say she is haughty, unforgiving, and obstinate."

"Oh, no Mrs. Abercrombie. My mother-in-law is one of the most perfect ladies you can imagine. She may be haughty—rich people are apt to be, and she—may be—is unforgiving where she feels she has been ill-used. Any one would be, would they not? But obstinate—no, I am quite sure not."

"You are well acquainted with her; you should know."

Mamie's fair cheek flushed.

"I am not acquainted with her, at all. I have never seen her, for she was so disappointed when her son married me that she refuses to know me. If she only would, I am sure I would make her love me. I would give baby into her arms, and let her see she is Ernest all over again. I would tell her how I had called her after her, hoping my child would make as noble a woman as reared my husband. I—"

And just as Mrs. Ruslington dashed down the plaiting her trembling hands could no longer hold, just as she was going to snatch Mamie to her well-won heart, the door opened, and her son, handsome, cheery, gay, came in.

"This is splendid! Mother dear, this is all my home needed—to see you here! Mamie! how natural and cozy it all is! Why—what—"

For Mamie had risen from her chair, bewildered, pale; and Mrs. "Abercrombie" stood, laughing and crying by turns.

"I've been here—taking advantage of a mistake Mamie made, and I've discovered what a jewel she is, Ernest. She shall never again want my love or care. Children, it's the best day I ever saw!"

And when Ernest put one arm around his wife and child, and the other around his mother, with tears in their eyes, and smiles on their lips, they all endorsed her opinion.

A Curious Sound.

Manitobah Lake, which lies northwest of Fort Garry, and has given a title to the province formed out of the Red River region, derives its name from a small island, from which, in the stillness of night, issues a "mysterious voice." On no account will the Ojibways approach or land upon this island, supposing it to be the home of the Manitobah—"the Speaking God." The cause of this curious sound is the beating of the waves on the "shingle," or large pebbles lining the shores. Along the northern coast of the island there is a long low cliff of fine grained compact limestone, which, under the stroke of the hammer, clinks like steel. The waves beating on the shore at the foot of the cliff cause the fallen fragments to rub against each other, and to give out a sound resembling the chimes of distant church bells. This phenomenon occurs when the gales blow from the north, and then, as the winds subside, low, wailing sounds, like whispering voices, are heard in the air. Travelers assert that the effect is very impressive, and they have been awakened at night under the impression that they were listening to church bells.

Timber Statistics.

Within ten years no less than 12,000,000 acres of forest have been cut down or burned over in the United States. Much of the timber is used for fuel, twenty-five cities being on record as consuming from 5,000 to 10,000 acres each. Fences use up much timber, and railway sleepers require the product of 150,000 acres per annum. The amount of pine and hemlock timber yet standing in the forests of the timber States is estimated at 225,000,000,000 feet. The sum of $144,000,000 is invested in the timber industry, employing 200,000 men.

A lover of good coffee entered a grocery recently, and holding up a handful of ground coffee from a big can he inquired, "Are there any beans in this coffee?" "No, sir," promptly replied the grocer. "How do you know?" asked the man. "Because I was out of beans and had to put peas in," was the answer.

A chap who opened a sample room over a theatre appropriately painted over his door the word Dram-atic.

THE SHIP OWNER'S ORDER.

Sending for Two Monkeys and Getting One Hundred—The Frisky Animals Taking Possession of the Ship.

An American consular officer, now in Washington on leave of absence, relates a very funny occurrence which came under his observation during his official residence in Liverpool. A successful and wealthy shipowner, having devoted more time to the business of money-making than to the cultivation of any of the necessary embellishments of the intellect, was considered by his business associates a little "off" in his orthography. He sent an order to Bombay, and, among things, wrote for two monkeys, which he wanted to present to some friends; but departing from the usual mode of spelling the word two, he put it too. Perhaps the handwriting was not very legible, as is often the case with others than illiterate shipowners. At any rate the master of the ship read it 100, as did also the agents in Bombay. There was much astonishment at so strange an order, but the master was bound to obey it. Accordingly the services of a number of natives were secured, the country round about was scoured, and in a few days a hundred monkeys of all colors and previous conditions were secured. There were little black monkeys, with eyes like beads, bigger monkeys with whiskers, and baboons whose grave expression of countenance presented a ridiculous contrast to their undignified antics. The whole crowd chattered, screamed and fought in the cage which had been provided for them in the ship in spite of all efforts to keep them quiet. In a few days the homeward voyage was commenced and with it the troubles of the crew.

As soon as the motion of the ship was felt, the monkeys redoubled their noise, making a regular pandemonium of the ship. Relays of them shook the bars of the cage without a moment's hesitation for twenty-three hours out of each twenty-four until the cage was literally shaken to pieces, and the astonished sailors beheld a cloud of monkeys suddenly issuing from the hold, scrambling, fighting and tumbling over each other, as if their lives depended upon getting into the rigging in the shortest possible time. From that moment poor Jack had not a moment's peace. The monkeys, with mischievousness unparalleled, would steal everything they could lay their hands on. If clothes were hung up to dry, they would carry them up to the highest point attainable and pick them to pieces. It was necessary to set a guard over everything that was washed or dried. When the cabin-boy swept the deck he had to lock up the broom, for if he hid it ever so securely his back would be scarcely turned before an old ape, half as big as a man, would have it, going through the motion of sweeping the deck with an air of indescribable gravity. So great was the annoyance, that it was with the greatest difficulty that the officers could prevent the men shooting their tormentors, and when the ship touched at Aden half of the crew deserted, preferring to take their chances at this inhospitable place than to endure the persecutions of the monkeys.

Finally the ship reached home. She had been signalled at Land's End, and the owner was at the dock when she arrived. Shipowners generally pride themselves on the trim appearance of their ships, and our friend was weak in this respect, if in no others. What then was his astonishment to see his ship's rigging crowded with knots or bunches, with here and there a festoon where several monkeys had suspended themselves from a spar in a string, holding each other by the tail! Everybody about the docks viewed with wonder the approaching spectacle. The ship moved closely to her berth, and presently her yardarms neared those of several other vessels lying at the dock. In an in tant the monkeys leaped from one to the other, and began a tour among the forest of masts that fringed the harbor of Liverpool. All the boys and idlers around the dock were eng ged, and a grand hunt ensued, up and down the rigging from ship to ship, all over the harbor. They were finally captured.

The owner was furious, but was, after a while, mollified by an explanation over a bottle of wine, and the difficulty satisfactorily adjusted. The monkeys were gradually sold off, realizing a profit of about ten pounds (fifty dollars) above all costs. But the master of the ship declared that he never wanted to sail another voyage with a cargo of live monkeys.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

Interesting Facts.

Coal was first dug as fuel in 1239.

Carthage was founded by the Phœnicians in 886 B. C.

Utica and Cadiz were built by the Phœnicians in 1450 B. C.

The Bank of England suspended its payments in cash in 1797.

Adrea, which 2,000 years ago was upon the sea, is now twenty miles from it.

The plow was invented by Dagon, the brother of Cronus, in 2930 B. C.

The Ganges rises from April to August, thirty-two feet, and then creats a flood 100 miles wide.

Richard Porson, celebrated for his memory, learning and eccentricity, was born in 1759, and died in 1808.

Springs are formed by the intervention of clay and sand strata, the former holding water and the latter permitting its free passage.

In 476 Rome was taken by Odoacer, who was made King of Italy, which put an end to the Roman Empire, 1,229 years after the building of Rome.

In 1822 and 1823 Chili was visited by a continuous series of earthquakes, which raised the whole coast from three to four feet above the former level.

Jumnotree, in the wildest part of the elevated Himalayas, has a temple visited by distant devotees, sacred to the goddess Jumna. Bemderpouch, near it, 25,000 feet high.

The Amazon, the Oronoco, the Mississippi, the Nile, the Danube, the Zaire, and the Ganges rivers all have islands at their mouths, and the sea is muddy for a great distance.

The Hindoos believe in the unity of God, and in subordinate deities represented by the element, stars and planets. They teach a fifth element, which effects, attracts attentions, repulsions, etc., and call the sun adetyse, attractor.

Spanish wives do not take their husband's name. Spaniards uncontaminated with Moorish blood are called "honorable," however poor, but no rank secures them from the stigma of malasangre if they have any moorish mixture. In Spain the passions are the causes of crime, and of 5,400 crimes in a year about 3,000 are murders.

In 1776 every colony had a staple commodity peculiar to itself as: Canada, fur; Massachusetts, fish; Connecticut, lumber; New York, wheat; Pennsylvania, wheat; Virginia, tobacco; Maryland, tobacco; North Carolina, pitch and tar; South Carolina, rice and indigo; Georgia, rice and silk.

The great bell which was rung upon the Declaration of Independence, was one that had been brought from England in 1752 and having been almost immediately cracked, was recast in 1753.

Atrocities of the Eastern War.

A war correspondent writes: I was told that during the battle of Karahassan, while Nedjib Pacha, the general commanding the main attack on the village, was standing beneath a tree, looking at the progress of the fight, a Turkish soldier passed by carrying, skewered on his bayonet, the head of a Russian. As he passed the general he laid the head triumphantly at his feet. Nedjib is an exceedingly humane and enlightened man and turned away with an angry exclamation of disgust, whereupon the soldier promptly ran his bayonet through the head again, shouldered his ghastly trophy and marched on. A similar incident occurred at the battle of Kuzeljevo at which Mehemet Ali commanded in person. The general was standing with his staff looking on at the development of the attack on the Russian position, when a Turkish trooper galloped furiously past holding out, at arm's length, a dripping head which he grasped by the hair. The man was mad with the fury of battle, and actually shook the dripping head—so they say—in the face of the commander-in-chief, who immediately ordered him under arrest.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

The first business session of the fourth annual congress of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States was held in New York the opening address being delivered by Bishop Odell, of Ohio.

Three students of Rutgers College New Brunswick, N. J., were arrested and locked up over night for tearing up and setting fire to plank walks belonging to the college.

A large mass meeting was held by the striking cigar makers of New York—male and female—and it was resolved to hold out until the employers acceded to their demands.

The marriage of President Eliot, of Harvard College, and Miss Grace Hopkinson, took place at Cambridge, Mass.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Pennsylvania railroad, held in Philadelphia, it was resolved not to pay any quarterly dividend at present in order to make up for the losses of the Pittsburg riots.

P. F. Lynch and wife were injured so severely by the explosion of a kerosene lamp at their residence in Wilkesbarre, Pa., that Mrs. Lynch died on the following day.

By a collision between an express and a freight train on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, near Ridgeway, Pa., both engineers and one fireman were instantly killed, a fireman was fatally injured and several passengers received injuries of a more or less serious nature.

After an absence in Europe of six months Ex-Mayor Oakey Hall returned to New York as silently and mysteriously as he had gone away.

The governor of New York issued a proclamation, fixing Thursday, November 29 to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving. In the proclamation he says: "The year now drawing to a close has been marked by many blessings calling for especial thankfulness. The seasons have been mild and fruitful. The harvests have been singularly bountiful. General good health has prevailed. We have been exempt from the scourge of war. In the face of severe trials the public peace and the supremacy of the law have been firmly maintained by the courage and good conduct of our citizens. I recommend, therefore, that the people of the State, laying aside their accustomed avocations, engage in appropriate religious services, and that in the happy family reunions and several enjoyments incident to the occasion, the poor and unfortunate be remembered with generous liberality."

One of the heaviest storms of the year swept over New York city and the surrounding country, doing considerable damage to dwellings and shipping.

The wife of Stephen May, of Mechanisville, N. Y., stole out of her house in the night, taking with her four of her children, aged nine, six, four and one and one-half years, threw them into a deep creek back of the dwelling and plunged in herself. The eldest child managed to reach the shore and gave the alarm. The mother and one child were rescued, but the other two children were drowned.

A shock of earthquake was felt in portions of New York State, New England and Canada. In many places a loud, rumbling noise was heard, followed by a heavy jar; buildings were shaken; furniture was upset, windows were broken, and considerable excitement was created among the people.

Between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 feet of lumber were consumed by an incendiary fire near Williamsburg, Pa. Loss, $40,000; insurance, $25,000.

The New York Liberal Club made an innovation on established forms and practices by electing a woman—Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson—its president. Horace Greeley was at one time president of the club, and it is the first organization of its kind in America to elect a lady as presiding officer.

Jesse Pomeroy, the boy murderer, serving out a sentence in the Charlestown (Mass.) State prison, was detected in an attempt to escape.

Western and Southern States.

A special train took President Hayes and members of the cabinet to Richmond, Va., on an excursion to the State fair. They were welcomed in a speech by Judge Meredith, acting mayor, to which the President responded, and addresses were also delivered by Messrs. Evarts, Sherman, Thompson and Devens. A procession followed, consisting of all the white and colored organizations of the city, the fire department, the city authorities and guests, and numbering three hundred in carriages, and thousands on foot. The pageant was witnessed by 50,000 people. In the evening the President held a popular reception in the parlors of the Exchange hotel.

A passenger train in Utah, consisting of several cars, was thrown from the track and turned completely over by a gust of wind, and a number of persons were injured more or less dangerously.

The public school building at Chariton, Iowa, was burned. Loss, $25,000; insurance, $10,000.

A meeting of the American Association of Short-horn Breeders was held in Lexington, Ky., and delegates from all parts of the country were present.

President Hayes and party visited the Virginia State fair at Richmond, and were welcomed by Governor Kemper. In the evening the President held a State reception at the governor's residence.

United States Senator Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, died at Indianapolis, of paralysis, after a lingering illness. He was born in Wayne county, Indiana, August 4, 1823, and belonged to an old English family, his grandfather having come to this country about a century ago. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a hatter, in which position he remained four years. He then entered Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, where he became noted as a debater. At twenty-two he left college and began to study law in the office of the Hon. John S. Newman at Centerville, Ind. He was admitted to practice in 1847, and in 1852 was elected circuit judge as a Democrat. Mr. Morton resigned his position at the expiration of a year, and devoted himself exclusively to law practice until 1856, when he ran for governor on the Republican ticket, but was defeated. In 1860 he was elected lieutenant-governor of the State. The governor, Hon. Henry S. Lane, was soon after elected United States Senator, and Mr. Morton succeeded to the gubernatorial chair. Upon the expiration of his term for governor he was re-elected to the office, and in 1867 he took his seat in the United States Senate. In 1870 President Grant tendered to Senator Morton the mission to England, which he declined to accept after mature consideration. In 1876 he was a prominent Republican candidate for the Presidential nomination.

Nathan P. Overton, white, and Noah Taylor, colored, were hanged at Washington, N. C., for the murder, two years ago, of William Grimes, a storekeeper, robbery being the motive of the crime.

A grand exhibition of American dairy produce will be held in Chicago on December 18, 19 and 20, under the management of the Northwestern Dairy Association and the National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association. Prizes amounting to $2,000 will be given, and all dairymen are invited to compete.

Mrs. Van Voorhies, a young woman with three children and about to become a mother again, after living unhappily with her husband on the outskirts of the town of Wilton, Wis., was deserted by him and left despondent. One night shortly after her abandonment her dwelling was discovered to be on fire, and when the neighbors entered the building they found the woman and her two youngest children lying dead on the bed, while the corpse of the boy, aged ten years, lay behind the bedroom door. The four bodies were charred by the fire, but appearances indicated that the woman had poisoned herself and children first, and that they were dead before the flames reached them.

From Washington.

John Welsh, of Philadelphia—chairman of the Centennial board of finance and a prominent business man—has been nominated by the President as United States minister to England.

There were 840 bills introduced in the House on the first "Bill Day" of the session, and it took twenty-nine pages of the *Congressional Record* to print their bare titles. Sixteen of them were for remonetizing the old silver dollar, and were introduced by Messrs. Cox, of New York; Banning, Ewing and Jones, of Ohio; Bright, of Tennessee; Hunter and Baker, of Indiana; Sparks, Harrison, Knapp and Fort, of Illinois; Bland, of Missouri; Culberson, of Texas; Cummings and Oliver, of Iowa, and Phelps, of Kansas. Bills for the repeal or modification of the resumption act were introduced by Messrs. Kelley, of Pennsylvania; Southard and Ewing, of Ohio; Durham, of Kentucky; Atkins and Bright, of Tennessee; Fowler, of Indiana; Sparks, Harrison, Knapp and Cannon, of Illinois; Franklin, of Missouri, and Culberson, of Texas. Bills authorizing the reissue of the greenbacks already retired under the provisions of the resumption act, were submitted by Messrs. Hunter, of Indiana, and Culberson, of Texas. Bills authorizing the payment of duties in greenbacks were presented by Messrs. Walker, of Virginia; Biddle, of Tennessee, and Sparks, Springer and Hartzell, of Illinois.

Hon. Clarkson N. Potter has resigned the House chairmanship of the Pacific railroads committee.

The public debt was reduced $4,236,554 in October. The reduction for the four months of the fiscal year, beginning July 1, is $12,807,522, an increase in the reduction of the debt of $2,250,000 over the corresponding four months of last year.

The President ordered the flags on all public buildings to be placed at half mast out of respect to the memory of the late Senator Morton.

The sum of $2,576,000 has been appropriated by the House committee on appropriations for the army.

Foreign News.

Exhibition Hall and other buildings in St. John, N. B., were destroyed by fire. Loss, $30,000; no in-urance.

General Grant had an interview with President MacMahon in Paris, and a banquet in his honor was given by the United States minister.

A visit was paid by General Grant to the exhibition building in Paris, and to the works where the statue of Liberty, intended for New York harbor, is being constructed.

Field Marshal Wrangel, a distinguished Prussian general, died in Berlin, aged ninety-three years. He was known as the "Grandfather of the army," and had been a soldier over eighty years.

The capture of Dubnik by the Russians was attended by a loss on their side of 3,000 men, including every brigade and regimental commander.

The Farmers' Warehousing Elevator in Belleville, Ont., containing 38,000 bushels of grain, was destroyed by fire, and the engineer, Richard Dewsbury, was burned to death.

CONGRESS---EXTRA SESSION.

Senate.

Mr. Sargent presented a petition of printers and bookbinders in the government printing office, asking that their wages be restored to to the rates existing prior to March 4, 1877.

On motion of Mr. Edmunds it was ordered that the select committees on the law relating to ascertaining and declaring the result of the election of President and Vice-President be composed of nine senators instead of seven.

Mr. Burnside introduced a bill to remove all restrictions on the enlistment of colored citizens in any arm of the military service of the United States.

The following gentlemen were appointed a committee on Mr. Edmunds's resolution to ascertain and declare the result of elections for President and Vice-President: Messrs. Edmunds, Conkling, Howe, McMillan, Teller, Davis, Bayard, Thurman and Morgan.

Mr. McDonald announced the death of his colleague, Mr. Morton, and moved that a committee of six Senators be appointed to attend the funeral at Indianapolis, which was agreed to. Messrs. McDonald, Davis, Burnside, Bayard, Cameron, and Booth were appointed such committee.

House of Representatives.

Mr. Ewing, from the committee on banking and currency, reported the following bill: "That the third section of the act entitled 'An act to provide for the resumption of specie payments, approved January 14, 1875,' be and the same is hereby repealed." [The section to be repealed provides, among other things, for the redemption in coin of United States legal tender notes on and after January 1, 1879.] Mr. Fort, representing the minority of the committee, asked leave to present an amendment in the nature of a substitute repealing all that part of the resumption act which authorizes the secretary of the treasury to sell United States bonds and cancel treasury notes. The bill was recommitted without a division, and Mr. Ewing moved to reconsider the vote recommending the bill. Mr. Conger moved to lay the motion to reconsider on the table, and on this the yeas and nays were ordered and resulted in yeas, 116; nays, 138. The result of the vote is to leave the control of the bill in the hands of the banking and currency committee, or of Mr. Ewing, who reported it, and who can at any time call up his motion to reconsider and thus have action on the bill. It will be in his power to cut off all amendments—even that proposed by Mr. Fort of Illinois—by moving the previous question.

Upon motion of Mr. Hanna, of Indiana, the following committee was appointed to represent the House at the obsequies of Senator Morton: Messrs. Hanna, Cobb, Wilson, Burchard, Davidson, Banks, and Townsend.

The consideration of the bill for the repeal of the Resumption act was resumed, but the morning hour expired without any action having been taken, and it went over.

Mr. Clark introduced a bill for the remonetization of silver, and the recoinage of the standard silver dollar. Referred to committee on banking and currency.

Mr. Buckner introduced a bill to authorize the free coinage of the standard silver dollar, and to restore its legal tender character. Referred to committee on coinage, weights and measures.

"THE GOLDEN CALF."

The Evils of Speculation and the Mania for Riches, as Described by Talmage at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

The following extracts from a discourse of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, will be read with interest: Pull aside this curtain and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street and Third street and State street, and the footfalls of the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the Bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on on the farm of Michigan wheat and the insect in the Maryland peach-orchard, and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war-charger. It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American civil war, and under God stopped it, and it will decide the Turko-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted: "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. This golden calf of the text has its right front foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh! this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship.

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul of the English, and St. Peter of the Italians, and Alhambra of the Spanards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Mahal Taj of the Hindoos, and all the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further: every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of counting-room desks and fire-proof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are the Swartouts, and the Ketchams, and the Fisks, and the Tweeds, and ten thousand other people who are slain before this golden calf. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. Oh! heavens and earth, what an altar! what a sacrifice of body, mind, and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on to this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants. Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at one o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting: "A thousand shares of New York Central—one hundred and eight and a half! take it!" until the whole family is affrighted, and they fall back on their pillow and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" in Pacific Mail, or a sudden "rise" of Rock Island. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The gowned ecclesiastic comes in and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord;" the golden calf kicked them! The trouble is, when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text, they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go; but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until a black calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxuriant occupants of the equipage: "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof—the death-dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice, on one occasion, twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep; but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock in India walked literally ankle deep in the blood of "the house of massacre," where two hundred women and children had been slain by the Sepoys; but the blood around about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of heaven and earth have mercy! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust, and count their golden beads, and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches; it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold, and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops, and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity have been doubly damned. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made. Chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost. This temple of which I speak stands open day and night and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while Death stands with mouldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—"More! more! more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of people in the Stock Exchange, New York. Indeed, it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description, and is beyond the imagination of anyone who has never looked in. What snapping of finger and thumb, and wild gesticulation, and raving like hyenas, and stamping like buffaloes, and swaying to and fro, and jostling and running one upon another, and deafening uproar, until the president of the Exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order! order!" and the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces, and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the Stock Exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING DAY

Proclamation by the President of the United States Fixing Thursday, Nov. 29.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—The following was issued this afternoon:

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

The completed circle of summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, has brought us to the accustomed season at which a religious people celebrates with praise and thanksgiving the enduring mercy of Almighty God. This devout and public confession of the constant dependence of man upon the Divine Father for all good gifts of life and health and peace and happiness, so early in our history made the habit of our people, finds in the survey of the past year new grounds for its joyful and grateful manifestation. In all blessings which depend upon benignant seasons this has indeed been a memorable year. Over the wide territory of our country, with all its diversity of soil and climate and products the earth has yielded a bountiful return to the labor of the husbandman. The health of the people has been blighted by no prevalent and wide-spread diseases. No great disasters of shipwreck upon our coast, or to travelers on the land have bereaved families and hardships to merchants and mariners, and clouded the happiness of the community with sympathetic sorrow. In all that concerns our strength and peace and greatness as a nation; in all that touches the permanence and security of our government and the beneficent institutions on which it rests; in all that affects the character and disposition of our people, and tests our capacity to enjoy and uphold the equal and free condition of society, now permanent and universal throughout the land, the experience of the last year is conspicuously marked by the protecting providence of God, and is full of promise and hope for the coming generations. Under a sense of these infinite obligations to the Great Ruler of times and seasons and events, let us humbly ascribe it to our own faults and frailties, if, in any degree, that perfect concord and happiness, peace and justice, which such great mercies should diffuse through the hearts and lives of our people do not abide within our borders and everywhere prevail. Let us, with one spirit and with one voice, lift up praise and thanksgiving to God for his manifold goodness to our land and his manifest care for our nation.

Now, therefore, I, Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, do appoint Thursday, the 29th day of November next, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, an I earnestly recommend that, withdrawing themselves from secular cares and labors, the people of the United States do meet together on that day in their respective places of worship, there to give thanks and praise to Almighty God for His mercies, and to devoutly beseech their continuance.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this twenty-ninth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and [L.S.] seventy-seven, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and second.

R. B. HAYES.

By the President:
WILLIAM M. EVARTS, Secretary of State.

A Runaway Train.

From some cause or other not yet reported the engineer of the continental express goods train, running from London to Dover, in England, a few days ago lost control of his engine when about half way between the two cities, "Shortly after the time that it was due," says the London *Times*, "the trains with the brakes on and the whistle blowing, dashed through the Priory at Dover, and, running through the tunnel under the town, tore through the harbor at a tremendous rate." An empty truck on the track was doubled up like matchwood