In a Hurry.

There's a bachelor, over the river,
With a cabin and plenty of means;
He asked me to marry him, mother,
And I am but just in my teens.

He has a cat, and a cow, and a piggie,
Two hens, and a barrel of beans;
He said, just enough for a starting;
And what if I am in my teens?

There are Katie, and Susie, and Sarah,
And Jennie, and Dorothy Deans,
Were not done with crockery playthings,
And scarcely had got in their teens.

I'll they had been married a twelvemonth,
And now I would like to know why
I can't have a beau and a wedding,
And not live a maid till I die.

There are some things in life quite uncertain,
As mamma, you very well know;
And not in the least are the chances
Of getting and keeping a beau.

There's no use in saying he's older
Than I am by nearly a score;
He had all those years to be learning,
And I shall be petted the more.

And no use to talk of our waiting,
For John wouldn't do it, I know;
He'd marry some other young lady,
And I be left minus a beau.

So now I'm in haste for the wedding;
I'm earnest, and can't be denied;
'Twill seem such a beautiful romance
To be called "the little girl bride."

The Wishbone.

One might have thought it the veritable famous apple-pie of primer period, from the way in which it ran: "A, ate it; B, begged for it; C, cut it; D, divided it; E, eyed it; F, fought for it, and G, got it."

It was a Christmas turkey wishbone, however. It lay on Alice Abbot's plate, and after the tender white meat had been all eaten off, she held it up, saying to her cousin Bertha:

"See, Bertie, my fortune-teller! I shall wish with it, and put it over the door, and the one who comes toward me first to-night, having passed under the oracle, shall be my husband!"

"Oh, mamma!" cried Bertie, with a pretty pout, "you might have cut me that bit of the turkey, I'm the eldest and I ought to be married first; be generous, Alice, give me the bone; I'll buy you a lovely bride's dress for my wedding."

"No, no, 'twould have no charm for you, it is my wishbone, and I have sole right to the test. Here, Dollie, you may pull with me," and Alice turned to her little five-year-old cousin, and the two pulled. Alice was triumphant, winning her wish in the larger half; she then ran across the hall and fastened the bone over the parlor door.

"Now," said she, with a laugh, "now we will all be on the lookout for the 'conquering hero.'"

"Shall you surrender unconditionally, Alice?" asked her aunt Carrie, with a keen look at Alice's flushed face.

"One must, to fate, musn't one?" returned Alice, with another question.

"Cela depend, one makes one's fate, after a fashion, sometimes; therefore I would advise you to be cautious how you trifle with yours."

If aunt Carrie intended her words to carry an undercurrent of meaning, they reached their goal in Alice's understanding. She knew now that her aunt had noticed her indecision and wavering over certain questions to which she must soon give decided answers, and she felt that aunt Carrie's advice was needed.

It was not an unusual quandary for a young, pretty girl to be in, that of having to make up her mind to say either "yea or nay" to two men whose happiness hung upon her lips, but it was a trying one. On the one hand, there was position, talent, energy, to choose; on the other, wealth, fine looks and winning manners; and with both, devoted love. Alice had procrastinated and delayed determining which she would take, until both lovers chafed at her irresoluteness.

Her heart had been touched by neither of these suitors; that citadel was as yet impregnable unto their assaults. Had it never been shriven? Ah, hid beneath the outer walls there was a tender spot where a certain knight had pierced—and rode away, and this little secret sore Alice was trying to forget, and had schooled herself at last to believe it was but a fancied pang, and one that either wealth or position would cause her to lose even the memory of.

It had been a "summer flirtation," this knightly episode. Alice had spent the season, a year before, in a little mountain village. He had been on a sketching tour in the same region; they had met, and talked, and read, and rowed for weeks together, then one morning he made a little picture in her album, wrote his name thereto: "Gerome Reid Knight," and mounted his charger and rode away. That was all, and yet the fortress had been taken, Alice's heart went with him. Nobody knew how she watched, and waited, to see or hear from him after, but never, on street, at reception or ball was her handsome Knight to be found; he had ridden out of her life it seemed that summer morn, but not out of her thoughts. Was it not strange that with two devoted, ardent, warm lovers, the girl should constantly compare one cold careless one! But it was just this constant recollection of her that delayed her "yea or nay," and Dr. Ellis Fane, and Mr. Frank Merrill, rising young physician, and agreeable young millionaire, with all their advantages were weighed and found wanting.

Mrs. Canfield, Alice's aunt, with whom she made her home, had noticed Alice's troubled hesitation on the choice of these two eager lovers, and was woman enough to suspect a third had something to do with it, and having heard some little hint of Alice's summer flirtation, she thought love was the reason that neither position nor wealth gained the day.

That Christmas morning two pretty gifts had been sent Alice from her lovers. One, a basket of rare winter blossoms with a note from Dr. Ellis Fane, asking her to wear a rose for him that night as a token of consent. The other, a costly jewelled chatelaine with all its pretty accompaniments, from Frank Merrill, and a warm letter of affection, begging her to "wear his chains now and forever."

There was to be an informal gathering of friends in Mrs. Canfield's parlor that evening, and as Alice stood before the mirror arranging herself for the occasion, she played a little game with Fate. First, she fastened a "red, red rose" in her glossy brown puffs and curls, then she hooked the silver chain of the beautiful chatelaine, with its fan and tablet, and vinaigrette, around her slender waist, then she smiled and nodded her head, and whispered to her pretty image in the glass:

"Either becomes you, my dear! If Frank Merrill walks in under the oracle toward me first, down comes the flower; if Ellis Fane be the conquering hero, I cast my chain and wear roses. I have decided, my wishbone shall tell me whom I am to marry!"

Notwithstanding she jested in this light, heartless manner with her future, there was a nervous tremor around her heart after she came down stairs and entered the rooms. Her aunt and cousin were entertaining some guests at the extreme end of the *salon*, when Alice heard steps ascending the stairs and the voices of her two lovers were borne on to her ears. Was it to be rose or silver?

"Walk in—Miss Abbot will be pleased to see you, I assure you." It was Dr. Fane who spoke, and Alice began to tug at the chain, then she looked up and beheld Gerome Reid Knight walk in under the wishbone and come toward her. The room swam, and amidst the greeting and explanation which followed, Alice murmured some incoherent words about "surprise, pleasure, superstition, etc."

"My friend Knight came down to Canfield for his Christmas, Miss Abbot, and discovering he had met you one summer up in the mountains, I made him sure of a welcome here with me to-night."

"You were quite right, Dr. Fane," replied Alice with a warm blush. "I am truly pleased to see your friend, as well as my summer acquaintance, whom I feared had forgotten me."

"It would be impossible for one having seen Miss Abbot to forget her," said Mr. Knight, with an earnest look. "I have been abroad since our adieux were made among the mountains, and have thus been deprived of further acquaintance with my friends at home."

"Mr. Knight has evidently been to France, and acquired a talent for compliment," returned Alice smiling. "Auntie," to Mrs. Canfield, who now came forward, "Let me present to you my Glen Mountain artist, Mr. Gerome Reid Knight; my aunt, Mrs. Canfield."

"Miss Abbot has acquired a talent for flattery I fear, I am a mere sketcher, scarcely an artist, Mrs. Canfield."

Mrs. Canfield disclaimed his modesty, having seen his pictures, and carried him off to present to her guests.

"You wear my roses, Alice! I may hope then, that you will no longer put me off with evasive answers. It is yes?"

Ellis Fane whispered these words with a warm look of admiration at the beautiful head which was decked with his flowers.

Alice grew pale. She could no longer determine to marry either of these suitors. Her Knight had appeared, and although he had not spoken, nay, she did not know that he even would, yet her heart was not hers to give any other.

"Forgive me, if I have misled you; I wore your roses as the gift of a friend, no more.

Her words were low and her voice trembled.

Ellis Fane looked at her with reproachful eyes, and walked away without another word.

It was Frank Merrill's turn now. He had watched his chance, and seing Alice alone, he strode across the room, and lifting up her fan said hurriedly:

"Alice, you have made me happy, you wear my chains; believe me they shall never be aught but bright and silvered through all your life."

"But, Mr. Merrill, you mistake; I did not mean—"

"What! You do not mean, by accepting and wearing my gift that you will be my wife!"

"No. I wore it to-night because—"

"Because you are a heartless flirt, and delight in torturing me. I will no longer be trifled with, Alice, you must answer me, yes or no, to-night. Let it be yes?" he pleaded.

"It must be no," and Alice's voice sank to a whisper, and she bowed her head. She had trifled with both these men; they loved her, and feeling now, in her own heart, that love was, indeed, a strong, overruling passion, she felt ashamed of her heartlessness towards them.

Mrs. Canfield and her friends coming forward at this juncture, the passionate protest that rose to Frank Merrill's lips was interrupted, but he looked so utterly wretched that even little Dollie asked:

"Does your head ache, Mr. Merrill?" Then she looked up in her cousin Alice's face, and in her shrill *enfant terrible* voice, shouted out:

"Oh, cousin Alice, who are you going to marry? Who came in first under your wishbone?"

Every one smiled, and all looked up over the door and there saw Alice's fortune-teller.

Dr. Fane eyed the innocent little bone viciously, and then said:

"It might have been me, Dollie; but I believe Mr. Knight forestalled me."

Alice blushed painfully. Frank Merrill walked over to the door, and taking down the wishbone said:

"The fortunate suitor who would win the lady fayre, must possess the magic charm. I will fight fate and fortune for her."

"And I will be her valiant Knight, and therefore claim the badge," said Mr. Knight, putting out his hand and playfully wrestling the little bit of bone from Mr. Merrill's hand.

Everyone laughed again, but only a few felt there was, perhaps, more than a joke in the little passage at arms. When it came time to depart, Mr. Knight asked permission to call again, and he came so often after, that Alice's old lovers saw at last that there was no hope for them.

When little Dollie was told that cousin Alice was going to marry Mr. Knight and go away, she looked up from her picture book and said:

"It was all the wishbone; wasn't it, cousin Alice?"

"Yes, of course, I suppose so," laughed Alice."

Dollie went on with her book, reading aloud:

"A, ate it; B, begged it; C, cut it; E, eyed it; F, fought for it"—

"Yes," interrupted Bertha, "and G certainly got it."

"What!" asked Dollie, looking up again. "The apple pie?"

"Oh, no, only the wishbone—and Alice!"—*Demorest.*

Dauntless Courage of a Lady.

At a meeting of the London Royal Humane Society, the silver medallion was unanimously voted to Miss Grace Vernon Bussell, a young lady only sixteen years of age, and the bronze medallion to Samuel Isaacs, her colored servant, for saving life under the following circumstances: On the 1st of December last the screw steamer Georgette sprang a leak at sea in a gale off Cape Lewin, during the voyage from Fremantle to Port Adelaide, and was stranded at a place called Kalagup, about eight miles south of Wallechfie House, the residence of Mr. A. P. Bussell, and fifty miles from the township of Basselton, Perth. Hearing of the accident, Miss Bussell, aided by her colored servant, rode on horseback down a very steep cliff at full speed to the scene of the disaster, and found the boat capsized in two and a half fathoms of water, and the passengers clinging to her. Miss Bussell lost no time in riding her horse into the sea, and after the greatest difficulty at length succeeded in reaching the boat, accompanied by Isaacs, and, with as many women and children clinging to her and her horse as possible, she made for the shore, and placed them in safety, the man Isaacs afterwards returning to the boat and saving a man who had been left there. There was great danger of the horses being overturned by the fierce surf. Had this been the case, both the animals and their riders must have been lost, as the backwash is something fearful on the steep coast where the accident occurred.

Long Names.

Whither we turn, East or West, we are confronted with hard names. The Montreal *Witness*, of a recent date, says: Jean Baptiste Tekanakenseroken, farmer, is held on a charge of assaulting Lazare Ahionwokes at Caughnawaga. So much for the East, which is pretty good coming the distance from Russia. Now for the West. The Hawaiian *Gazette*, which has just been received at this office from the Sandwich Islands, says: The second birthday of the Princess Victoria Kawekiu Kaiulani Kalaninuiahilapalapa Kaleiohawaii, daughter of her Royal Highness Miriam Likelike and Hon. A. S. Cleghorn, was celebrated yesterday by a grand luau at Waikiki. The Sandwich Island princess gets rather the start of the Canadian farmer. She beats him by twenty-seven letters, which on a cognomen, as Bardwell Slote would say, is "A large majority."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Charles Nordhoff receives from the New York *Herald* a salary of $10,000 a year as Washington correspondent for that paper; and a writer in the Denver (Col.) *News* adds to this statement that he used to "bold copy" for Mr. Nordhoff "when the Indianapolis *Sentinel* only paid him $12 a week, and grumbled at that."

The country population of California is only equal to the population of San Francisco.

A Little Newsboy's Death.

This pathetic little story is from the Pittsburg (Pa) *Leader*, of a recent issue: For a long time past "little Riley" had not been well. He complained of a pain in his breast and of weakness, but he stuck manfully to his work. One morning lately he said to one of his customers: "I can't black your boots any more. I have no strength left, and the doctor says I must give it up;" and subsequently he was often observed sitting in some doorway, weary and pale, with his unsold newspapers under his arm, fagged out. It was evident that Riley was dying in the harness. Perhaps his parents noticed it, perhaps they did not, but Riley peddled newspapers almost up to the hour that the silver cord was loosed. Sunday last was a weary day for him. He was nearing the end of his earthly journey. He was well known at the Monongahela House, and often, through the kindness of the attaches, got his meals there. On Sunday he went into the building, and was seized with a severe fit of coughing. Mr. Fishherne entered into conversation with him and asked him how he felt. "I don't want to live any longer," said Riley; "I long for rest." Poor fellow! his wish was soon fulfilled. At four o'clock that afternoon little Riley was noticed, more pale and weak than usual, holding to a lamp-post, and with some unsold papers. Nobody knows how he got home, but he was ill all night. His father, a deck-hand, was to start out in the morning to make a trip down the river, and Johnny, sick as he was, was afraid of disturbing his father's sleep. "In the morning," said his father, "he came down stairs at six o'clock to eat his breakfast. I had left to go down to the river. All night Johnny had been in a kind of dazed condition, but he sat up to the table and tried to eat. He could eat nothing, but drank a cup of coffee. His mother then said: 'Johnny, I don't think you need go for your papers for an hour or so. Go up stairs and lie down, and maybe you'll feel better.' 'I think I will, mother,' said he, and he went as far as the foot of the stairs. Here he stopped and said: 'Mother, did father bid me good-by before he went away? I can't mind.' 'Yes, Johnny,' she answered. 'I'm so glad of that,' said he; 'and I'm glad he didn't say anything because I disturbed him in the night.' Then Johnny tried to go up stairs, but he was too weak, and he said: 'Mother, can't you carry me up?' 'I'll try, Johnny,' she said, and she took him in her arms. As she did so he said, in a strange voice: 'Oh, mother!' and these were his last words. Before she got up stairs he was dead." This morning was the time appointed for the funeral. Through the exertions of Mr. Newell a sufficient sum of money had been raised to defray the expenses of a decent burial, and the pall-bearers were four newsboys who had been companions of Riley's, and a delegation of about thirty newsboys accompanied the remains. At the next newsboys' dinner there will be a vacant seat at the head of the table, draped in morning. For seven years past that seat has been occupied by Johnny Riley, who was always given the seat of honor in consequence of his deformity and diminutive size. He was in his fifteenth year, and had been a newsboy for about ten years.

Prairie Dogs and Rattlesnakes.

It has been heretofore stated that prairie dogs and rattlesnakes form partnerships and live together in the house of the former. A gentleman of St. Louis, who has carefully observed the habits and customs of the prairie dog villages, says that this is a mistake. He says that in the prairie dog village there are many houses that, for one reason or other, have been abandoned by the dogs, and that rattlesnakes finding these vacant take possession and use them for their dens. At first sight there seems to be peace between the snakes and the dogs, but this peace is only a truce. The dogs are so much more numerous than the snakes and fight so bravely in defence of each other, that the snakes are afraid to make war on them about the villages. The prairie dogs are so peacefully disposed that they never attack any animal except in defence, consequently rattlesnakes are tolerated and let alone. Hearing a prairie dog making a great fuss near a thicket, past which he was riding, this gentleman says that on reconnoitering he found a prairie dog defending her young from the furious attack of a rattlesnake. He dismounted and killed the rattlesnake, which was five feet in length, the two dogs, meanwhile, hiding in the thicket. Retiring behind the thicket, he watched results. The old dog came out first from her hiding-place, and, approaching the snake timidly, soon satisfied herself that it was dead. She then ran to the thicket, and returning with the young dog, they ran about the dead snake with every expression of delight. Leaving the young dog on guard, she ran away to the village, and soon returned leading a troop of at least one hundred dogs. They had a noisy meeting over the remains of their enemy, many of them spitefully scratching the dead body, after which they conducted the rescued mother and son home at the head of what was quite like a triumphal procession.

Phenomenal Bivalves.

Oyster dealers report a curious and somewhat startling fact about oysters this season, which makes them very careful in buying lest they find themselves with a load on hand which is afterward found to be worthless. A great many of the oysters that reach Light street wharf when opened look as if they had been engaged in a heated family quarrel, resulting in blows, out of which they had come second beat. Their appearance is decidedly unfavorable, presenting, as they do, a reddish and altogether uninviting aspect. When cut behind the heart or between the gills with a knife blood spurts freely, covering the of the hand person holding them as if it had been cut instead of the oyster. The blood thus produced greatly resembles that of a human being in color and substance. Oysters sometimes have this peculiarity when spawning, but for them to have it at this time of the year is unusual and hardly accountable. A prominent dealer says he has heard of others noticing it at different periods, but he has not for the past fifteen years. It is confined mostly to oysters gathered in the waters bordering on the Western Shore, saving a few streams from Thomas' Point to Cape Henry. The Eastern Shore is not altogether exempt, as some oysters caught in Pocomoke Sound, Miles river, and around Sharp's Island have the same appearance and peculiarity. It is supposed that they were caught in very deep water before the frost had time to touch them. Oysters when in this condition are worthless, and as soon as discovered they are sent back and deposited again in the water to remain until well touched with frost. They are then edible, and are taken up and brought to the market. *Baltimore American.*

A Runaway Boy Invited Home.

The Logansport (Ind.) *Pharos* contains the following: On the 11th of last August Edwin Rock Taber, a lad fourteen years of age, five feet high, square build, large blue eyes, freckled face, uneven teeth, and of polite and manly bearing, left his father's home in this city. He was afterward seen in Lafayette, Ind., but before his father could reach there he had taken his departure. Paul Taber, Esq., the father of the boy, is a worthy and highly respectable citizen of this city. While he and his excellent wife were mourning over the boy who had causelessly strayed from his comfortable home, a still greater affliction was visited upon them. In one week four of their remaining children died of diphtheria, three of whom were buried in one day. It is believed that if the affliction that has fallen upon his fond parents was known to the absent Eddy, he would return at once to his home.

A matter of taste: Surgeon—"Your pulse is still very high, my friend! Did you get those leeches all right I sent you the day before yesterday?" Patient—"Yes, sir, I got 'em right enough; but mightn't I have 'em bled next time, sir?"

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

A fire in the dye house of the York Manufacturing Company at Biddeford, Me., caused damage amounting to $25,000; fully insured.

Two colored men, named Samuel Chambers and George Collins, were found guilty of assaulting a white woman, at Middleton, Del., and were sentenced to be hanged.

Miss Bertha Von Hillern walked 150 miles in fifty consecutive hours at Philadelphia.

A new telegraph company, with a capital of $10,000 000, has been formed in New York city.

The New York State superintendent of banks has requested the attorney-general to institute proceedings towards closing up the Oriental Savings Bank, of New York city.

John Kintzler and his wife, both of them over seventy years of age, were murdered in a thinly-populated part of Snider county, Pa., where they lived in an old log house. Their occupation was telling fortunes, and on the night of the tragedy some of the neighbors heard shots, and soon after observed the house on fire. On investigation the bodies of the two were found, burned almost to a crisp, while several circumstances led to the belief that they had been shot before the house was fired.

An indictment was found against Sherman Broadwell, late president of the broken Clairmont Savings Bank of New York, and he was arrested. The charge against him is perjury, on swearing to the bank's condition.

At Whitehaven, Pa., twenty-three persons were dangerously poisoned by eating liver pudding that had been boiled in a copper kettle.

A native of Ireland, named Edward McGovern, died in New York at the patriarchial age of 109 years.

Three business blocks in Laconia, N. H., were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of about $10,000, on which there is $7,500 insurance; and the Forest House, one of the principal hotels in Scranton, Pa., was the scene of an exciting fire, many of the guests having a narrow escape from suffocation.

A colored baby show was opened in Gilmore's Garden, New York. Seventy-nine babies were on exhibition and competed for the various prizes.

A coal oil car on the track of the Erie railroad at Paterson, N. J., caught fire, and the burning liquid ran into the streets, communicating the flames to several buildings, some of them half a mile away. A number of houses, barns and stables were destroyed.

Eight men were convicted in Wilkesbarre, Pa., of rioting last September, during a strike, and were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment and to pay fines more or less large.

The seventieth birthday of Whittier, the poet, was commemorated by a gathering of prominent literary men at a dinner in Boston.

Three men and a boy were driving to Groveesdale, Mass., from Dudley, where they had been carousing, when they ran into obstructions on the roadside and smashed their wagon. Henry Nickerson was killed instantly, and a man named Wabble received fatal injuries, and the boy was badly hurt.

A meeting of the National Reform convention to advocate the express acknowledgement of God in the constitution of the United States, was held in Rochester, N. Y., about two hundred delegates being present. Resolutions in conformity with the principles of the convention were adopted.

Thomas Rooney's house in West Point, N. Y., caught fire during his absence, and his two children, aged three and five years respectively, were burned to death.

As John Cronin, a child two years old, was coming down the staircase of his father's house in Boston, a lad named Henry Acker, aged about thirteen, pulled out a revolver and fired at the little fellow, who lived but an hour. The story of the shooting, as given, was told by Mary Cronin, aged six, the victim's sister, who was present at the time.

A fire occurred in the immense structure occupied by the American Desk Manufacturing Company, in New York—one of the largest establishments of its kind in the country—and before the flames could be subdued damage to the amount of about $100,000 had been done.

Mrs. Catherine Ryan, her four children, and a girl related to Mrs. Ryan were suffocated in Boston by coal gas.

Shortly after five o'clock in the afternoon a boiler in the cellar of the large wholesale candy factory of Greenfield & Sons, 63 Barclay street, New York, exploded with a loud report, and immediately thereafter flames were seen to issue from the building and the front wall toppled in. At the time of the explosion there were over 150 persons in the building, and of these about twenty-five were taken to the hospitals, suffering from burns and bruises, while a number received fatal injuries. Many of the employes, in their desperate effort to escape, leaped from the burning building, and it is believed that a large number of persons were buried underneath the falling walls, one corpse having been recovered; but it will take some time to remove the ruins and ascertain the exact number of victims. Before the fire was subdued Nos. 61, 63, 65, 67 and 69 Barclay street were destroyed, and many other buildings in the neighborhood were more or less damaged, involving an aggregate estimated loss of about $400,000, which is nearly all covered by insurance. When the explosion occurred the proprietor of the candy manufactory and his two sons were in the office, and several persons were in the show-room making purchases. Upon these people the disaster came without the slightest warning, and they were surrounded with fire and escaping steam in an instant and barely escaped with their lives. Many persons rushed to the upper floors and got out in that way, while others in the upper stories escaped by means of ladders. Intense excitement prevailed in the vicinity of the disaster, and thousands of persons on their way home from work flocked to the scene.

Western and Southern States.

An entire block of buildings was destroyed by fire at Helena, Ark. Loss, $46,000.

The Indians near Florence, Arizona, are killing and depredating. Troops have been sent in pursuit.

J. D. Kaster & Co., of Chicago, manufacturers of agricultural implements, have suspended, with liabilities placed at over $500,000.

Two thieves at Tackville, Ala., were pursued by citizens, caught and killed.

The Sabine River in Texas was the scene of a fierce fight between State troops helping the civil authorities and a band of several hundred Mexicans. The State troops were intrenched in the town of San Elizario, which was besieged by the Mexicans, who were present in large force. Six of the State troops were killed. Governor Hubbard, of Texas, sent the following dispatch to President Hayes: "I am officially informed that citizens of Mexico, in connection with citizens of El Paso county, Texas, of Mexican birth, were fighting all day yesterday in Texas with a detachment of State troops who were aiding our civil authorities. The Mexican force being too strong to be repelled by Texas troops aid is being impossible to raise a force from the citizens, who are nearly all of Mexican blood and sympathy, and having no arms except those with several hundred miles of such United States troops as may be nearest to the scene of action to prevent the invasion of our territory. The original difficulties seems to have been a dispute in regard to the ownership of certain salt pits in El Paso county. The President ordered the companies of United States regulars stationed in the neighborhood of the scene of affare to proceed to the assistance of the State troops and aid in repelling the invaders of American soil.

The Democrats of the California Legislature nominated J. T. Farley for United States Senator, the nomination being equivalent to an election, as they have a majority in both houses.

The boiler in the oat meal manufactory of Stewart & Douglass, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, exploded, causing damage amounting to $20,000.

The boiler of the steamer Jesse Taylor, lying at New Orleans, exploded, killing one man and wounding two others.

The Texas State troops besieged at San Elizario by a Mexican mob, surrendered, and three men—Howard, Atkensin and McBride—were immediately shot by their captors.

The American dairy exhibition opened at Chicago with a display of butter and cheese, all the dairy States and Canada being represented.

The Springfield Savings Bank of Springfield, Ill., has failed.

The oyster pungy Samuel Washington capsized at the mouth of the Rappahannock river, Captain Cephas Bussels and the crew of four were drowned.

Two more heavy failures have occurred in Chicago—that of Kelley, Morley & Co., coal dealers, whose liabilities will reach $300,000, and that of H. W. Wetherell, wholesale millinery and fancy goods merchant, whose liabilities were also large. Other failures in the West recently are recorded in Henry, Ill., where L. B. McFadden & Co., heavy operators in coal mines, went under, owing $370,000, and in San Francisco, where the Cosmopolitan Savings and Exchange Bank suspended, owing depositors $50,000.

From Washington.

General Sherman has testified before the House committee on military affairs that there is no danger of war with Mexico unless through an accidental collision.

The President has signed the bill giving relief to the sufferers by the Huron disaster.

According to official returns made to the bureau of statistics there arrived at the port of New York 4,745 immigrants during November. Of these 2,797 were males and 1,948 were females.

The personal difficulty which occurred between Senators Gordon, of Georgia, and Conkling, of New York, during an executive session of the Senate, was made the subject of discussion in a secret session of that body, when the matter was amicably adjusted. A committee of four Senators—Messrs. Hamlin, Ransom, Howe and McDonald—prepared a resolution stating that all offensive remarks made by the Senators were the outgrowth of misapprehension, and that they were mutually simultaneously withdrawn. The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

A great many Congressmen have left Washington to spend the holiday recess at their homes.

The naval court of inquiry into the cause of the wreck of the Huron, reports that Commander Ryan was principally responsible for the disaster.

William Poor, aged nineteen, died in Washington, of hydrophobia. He had been bitten by a small dog eight weeks previous to his death.

John A. Joyce, one of the St. Louis "crooked whisky" men, convicted and imprisoned during General Grant's second term, has been pardoned by the President. Joyce had served his full term of two years' imprisonment, but was unable to pay the additional sum of $2,000, which was remitted.

Foreign News.

South Russia has a larger grain crop this year than any previous year during the last quarter of a century.

Another French cabinet has been formed by M. Dufaure and accepted by President MacMahon.

The Turkish parliament was opened by the sultan, who declared in his speech that Russia began the war.

A circular to the great powers of Europe has been issued by Turkey, asking them to mediate in the war between the Russian and Ottoman empires.

The skating accidents for the winter began by the drowning of two young men named Boucher and Constantine, in the river at St. Eustache, Canada.

A large number of men employed in the Northumberland (England) coal mines have struck against a proposed reduction of their wages.

The British parliament will meet earlier than usual this year on account of the crisis in Eastern affairs.

A call for 60,000 fresh troops has been made in Russia.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Senate.

Mr. Cameron presented the petition of David T. Corbin, of South Carolina, asking that his claim to a seat in the Senate from that State may be inquired into and decided by the Senate upon its merits.

Mr. Dawes introduced a bill to authorize and equip an expedition to the Arctic seas.

Mr. Voorhees introduced a resolution reciting the importance of maintaining the financial credit of the government, and that, in order to do so, the government, in all its departments, should keep all contracts and obligations entered into with its own citizens.

A communication from the secretary of the interior calling attention to the law in regard to compensation for government advertising and the complaints as to the inadequacy of such compensation, and suggesting that the law be so amended as to allow the department to pay the same rate for advertising as papers receive from private individuals, was referred to the committee on civil service and retrenchment.

Mr. Hereford spoke in favor of Mr. Matthews' bill declaring the right of the government to pay the bonds in silver, after which the deficiency bill was passed.

Mr. Butler submitted a resolution authorizing the committee on privileges and elections to investigate any threats, promises, or arrangements respecting existing or contemplated accusations or criminal prosecutions against any Senator, or any other corrupt or otherwise unlawful means or influences that have been in any manner used or put in operation by him or by any other Senator or person, for the purpose of influencing the vote of Senators on the question of discharging the committee from the consideration of the credentials at the late session of the Senate. Objection was made and the resolution was laid over.

Adjourned to January 10, 1878.

House.

In the Colorado contested election case the minority report of the committee, that Mr. Belford (Republican) had been elected, was rejected by a vote of 128 to 110, and the resolution declaring that there had been no valid election was defeated by 117 to 116. The majority report, that Mr. Patterson (Democrat) was entitled to a seat, was then adopted by 116 to 110, and Mr. Patterson took his seat.

Mr. Aldrich, of Illinois, introduced a bill to remit the tax on insolvent banks.

Mr. Chittenden, of New York, presented a petition of twenty citizens of New Haven, praying that silver dollars be made a legal tender for all debts public or private to the amount of $20, (except in the case of the United States bonds or other gold contracts;) also, that negotiations be opened with other governments for an international commission to determine and promulgate from time to time the relative value of silver and gold.

Adjourned to January 10, 1878.

A CALAMITOUS EXPLOSION.

Bursting of the Boiler in a New York Candy Factory—Harrowing Scenes.

The terrible explosion and subsequent fire in the wholesale candy factory in New York are described by firemen and others as follows: Thomas Mulvey, detective officer of the Twenty-seventh precinct, tells the story of the explosion in the following words: I was investigating a case of petit larceny, and passed up Barclay from Greenwich street, and had arrived within twenty yards of Greenfield's place when I received a terrible shock as an explosion occurred, and bricks and *debris* scattered around me, and the front of Greenfield's building was heaved into the street. I was shaken up and bewildered, and cannot distinctly recollect anything that occurred between the shock of the explosion and the time when I had sufficiently recovered myself to see flames coming up out of the cellar, or first floor, I can't say now. Then I thought of Greenfield's place, and knew that there were a number of young people and workmen there. I was dazed, so to speak, but I was uninjured, and the first thought I had was "the policemen and firemen ought to be here," and waking up I turning down toward Greenwich street, found my legs, and while running, an officer in uniform ran past me, pulling out his fire key. He got to the box first at Barclay and Washington streets and pulled the alarm. Then knowing the want of police and the necessity of having surgeons I ran to the station-house and on my report the telegraph instrument was set to work, and a summons was made for ambulances and aid from adjoining precincts.

A reporter approached Chief Fisher, who stood, lamp in hand, covered in the dust and smoke. The chief said: "Thank God! we're safe. The first I suspected of the walls caving in, was while I and my men were in 65 and 67. I had given the order to play on the ruins, when suddenly there was a tremor. I turned to Capt. Munroe, who said: 'Get the men out, chief; the building is coming down.' I gave the order, and the men jumped to the roof. When we got there, the roof was swaying, and I shouted to the men to keep up their pluck and run for their lives. Capt. Munroe was the last to leave the toppling building."

William Ryer, of Truck Company 10, said: "When we first got to the building it was all ablaze. Captain Munroe ordered us boys to raise the ladders, and encouraged us to hurry up. We raised five ladders and took two ten-foot ladders on to the buildings. The word was passed to break and open all the windows. We rushed to that part of the fire where the bank stood, and forced the windows open. While raising the windows we heard a boy's voice shrieking as if in pain. Turning round we found a boy crushed under an iron rafter. Schwab and Culby ran up, and we lifted the iron beam off the boy, and I carried him in my arms down to a drug store in the vicinity, where I left him. I returned to the fire. At that time there were a number of men, boys, and girls on the roofs, and we passed down about sixty people. We had a miraculous escape; a moment later Truck and Ladder 10 and Engine 29 would have been exterminated. Captain Munroe was leaning on the wall when it gave way; he just missed death. That run on the roofs of Nos. 65 and 67 will never be forgotten by the lads.

Capt. J. H. Munroe, ex-chief of battalion, said: "When we got here the buildings were on fire. We raised the ladders to the awnings, on which stood a number of men, girls and boys. I ordered my lads to fall in line and take the people off. We must have taken down about thirty people. Then I ordered my men to jump for the roofs. The people stood there apparently dumbfounded. Some men were lying flat, as if paralized. The firemen were taking down the people the best they could. I think about forty men and women were lost altogether."

Fireman Gilmartin, of Engine Company 29, said: "I went up the ladder. There were eight or ten at the window. The first one I got hold of I ran down with to the street, and dropping him, told him to go ahead. The poor fellow moaned; and exclaimed, 'I'm the fire man; I have a leg and arm broke, and can't help myself.' I then picked him up, and carried him to the coffee store across the street, and laid him on some bags. I helped a second and third person down. As soon as they got down, they ran away. As I was carrying down William Thomson, of 126 Ninth street, Brooklyn, in my arms, a man jumped out of the window and struck me on the shoulder, knocking the poor child out of my arms, and felling me to the sidewalk. What became of the boy I don't know. I returned to the ladder and saved Gorman Peter, of East Fifth street, and a Mr. Stark, of the same street."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

SODA BISCUIT.—One quart sifted flour, two even teaspoonfuls cream-tartar, well mixed with the flour, piece of butter the size of an egg—rub well together—one teaspoonful soda in one pint of milk. A little salt. Bake in a quick oven.

GERMAN MUSTARD.—To half a pound of ground mustard add three ounces of sugar, and moisten with boiling vinegar; stir for half an hour with a wooden spoon, and set it aside, well-covered, for an hour. Finally, add as much vinegar as may be necessary to thin it. Keep it well-covered in a glass jar. The mustard as sold in New York has some aromatic addition.

TO FRY OYSTERS.—Take fifty large fresh oysters, and dry them well, have six fresh eggs well beaten together with plenty of pepper and salt, have two pounds of good butter crackers pounded and well sifted; then dip one oyster at a time in the eggs, and roll them in the crackers, and lay them so they will dry, and if you do not have crumbs enough on, you can roll over again. Fry in good butter and fresh lard, half-and-half; quick fire; a light brown.

HOW TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.—A beefsteak is always best broiled; but the following method is recommended by a lady writer, when broiling is not convenient: The frying pan being wiped dry, place it upon the stove and let it become hot. In the meantime mangle the steak—if it chance to be a sirloin so much the better—pepper and salt it, then lay it on the hot dry pan, which instantly cover as tight as possible. When the raw flesh touches the heated pan, of course it seethes and adheres to it, but in a few seconds it becomes loosened and juicy. Every half minute turn the steak; but be careful to keep it as much as possible under cover. When nearly done lay a small piece of butter upon it, and if you want much gravy add a tablespoonful of strong coffee. The same method may be applied to mutton chops, only they require more cooking to prevent them from being rare. An excellent gravy may be made by adding a little cream, thickened by a pinch of flour, into which, when off the fire and partly cool, stir the yolk of an egg well beaten.

Household Hints.

Ink stains in cotton or linen can be removed by washing in salt and water. This should be done before the fabric is washed with soap.

SILVER POLISH.—One ounce ammonia, four ounces Paris white; dissolve the Paris white in one pint of water; boil it; when cool, add the ammonia.

DISHWASHING.—Use plenty of borax in the first water, also in the rinse water use soap on only very greasy pots and pans; borax will cleanse the dishes, purify the skin, and at the same time make the hands soft and white.

TO FRESHEN BLACK LACE.—Lay it on a clean table, sponge it all over with a weak solution of borax—about an even teaspoonful or less to a pint of warm water. Use a piece of old black silk, or black kid glove is better, to sponge with. While damp cover with a piece of black silk or cloth, and iron.

TO SETTLE COFFEE.—To settle coffee without eggs, put the ground coffee—two tablespoonfuls or more, according to the size of the family—to soak over night in a teacup of water. In the morning add more water and put it on to boil, boiling fifteen or twenty minutes; then fill in what water is necessary and put the coffee-pot on the stove. In fifteen minutes it will pour off clear as amber.

TO CLEAN WHITE FURS.—Lay them on a table, and rub well with bran made moist with warm water; rub until quite dry; and afterward with dry bran. The wet bran should be put on with flannel, then dry with book muslin. Light furs, in addition to the above, should be well rubbed with magnesia, or a piece of book muslin, after the bran process, against the way of the fur.

A Campaign Slander.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce was a candidate for State Senator, his political opponents published a pretended analysis of his popular medicines, hoping thereby to prejudice the people against him. His election by an overwhelming majority severely rebuked his traducers, who sought to impeach his business integrity. No notice would have been taken of these campaign lies were it not that some of his enemies (and every successful business man has his full quota of envious rivals) are republishing these bogus analyses. Numerous and most absurd formulas have been published purporting to come from high authority; and it is a significant fact that no two have been at all alike—continuously proving the dishonesty of their authors. The following is from the *Buffalo Commercial* of Oct. 23d, 1877:

"Hardly a dozen years ago he (Dr. Pierce) came here, a young and unknown man, almost without means, with no capital except his own manhood, which, however, included plenty of brains and pluck, indomitable perseverance and inborn uprightness. Capital enough for any young man in this progressive country, if he can have fair play and health and a clear field. He had all these great natural advantages and one thing more, an excellent education. He had studied medicine and been regularly licensed to practice as a physician. But he was still a student, fond of investigation and experiment. He discovered, or invented, important remedial agencies or compounds. Not choosing to wait wearily