ORGAN GRINDERS.

Some Interesting Facts About a Peculiar Class of People.

There are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred organ-grinders in the city of New York, all of whom, with probably half a dozen exceptions, are Italians. They form a peculiar and distinct class among the thousands who earn their living in the streets of the great metropolis, and the story of their lives and work has a special interest. About seven-tenths of them live in Mott, Baxter and Mulberry streets, while the greater portions of the remainder are to be found in the Eighth Ward, especially on Thompson and Mercer streets. Among themselves they are divided into two classes, those that came (or rather, that were sent) from Naples, and those that have lived at Genoa, Rome, Milan and other parts of Italy. The former are the lowest order of Italians, most of them having formerly been brigands and ex-convicts in their native lands, from whence they were driven some few years ago by the order of Victor Emmanuel. The Neapolitans live on the block in Mulberry street near the park, in medium-sized, old-fashioned tenement houses, in a state of wretchedness almost impossible to be described.

Between five and six o'clock on summer and six and seven on winter mornings, the organ-grinders start forth on their musical mission. They go in all directions—some traveling as far as Harlem bridge in New York, and others going beyond Prospect park in Brooklyn.

Some go to New Jersey, as far as towns in Morris county, and even beyond, returning the same day, late in the evening. Others go off during the summer on a tour through the country, not returning till the winter season. Those of this class are occasionally found in Pennsylvania or Massachusetts, and mention is made of one who made a summer trip to England. They earn from sixty cents to $1.50 a day, never more than that these times, though in former days $3 was the highest figure. They are very envious of each other's success. If one more prudent than the rest becomes rich and opens a store, they one and all shun him. "They try to break him," said a young Italian to me; "and if they find they can't break him, why, then they gradually come around and patronize him."

Sunday afternoon is the only time you can see the organ grinders at the Five Points, unless you care to go there at six o'clock in the morning or run the risk of being robbed by lingering for their return late in the evening. On Sunday, if the day is fine, you will find them standing in groups upon the street, sharing the experiences of the week—exchanging falsehoods would express it better, for they never give truthful accounts to each other. In the morning a few of them go to some Catholic church in the lower part of the city, though, as the sexton of one of these houses of worship remarked, they were of no account to get money from. How it was as to religion he did not know. Later in the afternoon and evening they may go out visiting, those residing in the lower part of the city visiting their friends in the Eighth ward, and vice versa. They drink stale beer—the drainings of beer kegs gathered up by another class of Italians early in the morning—at one cent a glass, and play cards "for the drinks" in the barrooms near their homes on Sunday afternoons. Their children, if boys, work mostly at blacking boots. One man spoke with pride at having a son employed on a steamboat, and another boasted of his boy being engaged at the Hoboken ferry.

Hand-organs are generally made to order, and cost, when new, from $85 to $200; the average price is $100. They play either eight or ten tunes. Second-hand organs can be had at from $30 to $70. The tunes are arranged by means of pins on a cylinder, on the same principle as that of the music-box. New tunes can be put in at any time by pulling out the pins representing an old tune and placing in new ones. A tune generally lasts one year before the public tires of it. On the other hand, it has to be pretty well known before it can be made popular on the organ. "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye" is the most popular tune at present in all parts of the country, while in the West many organs have been set to Moody and Sankey airs.—*Christian Union.*

Fishing in a Man's Stomach.

"I've swallowed my teeth," said Thomas Prout to the house surgeon of the New York Hospital. The surgeon looked inquiringly at Mr. Prout's mouth. To all appearances he was but one tooth short, and that was an upper front tooth, Mr. Prout explained. He said that nine days before, while asleep in his home in Cheshire, Mass., he was awakened by a sensation of choking and violent strangling, and plainly felt that there was something unpleasantly hard and large making its way to his stomach. But he didn't know what it was until the next morning he discovered that his "plate" was missing. Then he came to the conclusion that he had swallowed the rubber plate to which was attached a single tooth. It was his custom to remove the false tooth and plate each night on going to bed, but that time he forgot to do so. The result of swallowing this large and irregularly-shaped article was that he became ill, could retain nothing in his stomach and was in great pain. He consulted the physicians, who dosed him with emetics and poked down his throat. All this only aggravated his suffering. He rapidly grew thin and in nine days lost thirty-five pounds.

The house surgeon at the hospital sent Mr. Prout to a ward and had him put to bed. Then he hunted up a long strip of whalebone, to which was attached a little hook. The doctor carefully introduced this instrument down Mr. Prout's throat and into his stomach. Then he began fishing for the lost tooth. It was slow work, but after a time he felt that he had hooked on to something. He pulled slowly and steadily, and, to Mr. Prout's bodily pain and mental pleasure, brought to light the missing plate and its attachments. The surgeon was Dr. W. T. Bull, son of Major Bull, of Newport.

The Irish Language.

In a paper recently read before the Statistical Society, Mr. Ravenstein states that the Celtic portion of the population of the British Isles makes a total of nearly 2,200,000 souls, of whom nearly one-half are Welsh. Further, we are told that in 1851 there were few Irish counties in which the old language had altogether died out; the localities in which Irish was then spoken makes a total area of nearly 10,000 square miles, with a population not far under 1,500,000, of whom 69.3 per cent. spoke Irish, while in 1871 the Irish area had sunk below 6,000 square miles, with a population under 600,000 of whom about 63 per cent., or considerable less than 400,000, spoke Irish only. Lastly, it appears that probably not 5,000 persons throughout Ireland were then able to read an Irish book, and not a single Irish newspaper was being published. This contrasts strongly with the Welsh, who print over thirty newspapers and periodicals of various kinds, while the Welsh in America have several flourishing newspapers and hold eisteddfods without number in the country of their adoption. We have no statistics of the Celtic element in North America, though it is well known to be considerable, but, so far as concerns the Irish portion of it, there would be no great error in supposing that the Irish language loses ground among the emigrants much faster than among those left behind in Ireland.—*The Athenæum.*

A Warm Reception.

Douglass Earts and Thomas Sweeney, two young men living three miles west of Danville, Ill., being in that town, filled their kegs full of whisky and started in a wagon for home. On their route they passed the house of Jacob Swindall, Jr., son of a well-to-do farmer. Earts had previously had some difficulty with young Swindall, and, after consultation with Sweeney, they concluded to attack Mr. Swindall's house. They prepared themselves each with a wagon single-tree, and Earts commenced at the front door, while Sweeney proceeded to the rear and began his attack. Mr. Swindall, to keep his children from being hurt, put them under the bed, and about that time the attacking party, having demolished all the windows, Earts bursted the front door open and attempted to enter, when Swindall shot him in the breast, and he died in a very few minutes. Word being sent to the city, an officer proceeded to the scene and arrested both Swindall and Sweeney. The next morning at the coroner's inquest Swindall was discharged, as it was clearly proven he acted in self-defence. Sweeney was committed to the county jail for trial.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Red bonnets will continue to be worn this winter.

Ribbons are twilled this year instead of being of satin.

Both hats and cottage bonnets will continue in fashion.

Dotted net ruches will be substituted for lace this winter.

Silk beaver will be worn for elegant walking-hats this winter.

Baby belts of ribbon will continue in fashion throughout the winter.

Bronze beads will take the place of the rainbow beads of last year.

An immense variety of new tints in silk and velvet has been imported.

Frog green, copper green and North Pole blue are among the new tints.

Crackle velvet, looking like bits of porcelain, is to be used for trimmings.

A new kind of plush has alternate stripes of repped satin and uncut loops.

Velvet, with the ground of one color and the pile of another, is to be revived.

Sulphur is mixed with pink in some French costumes prepared for the autumn.

Faceted balls of jet, hollowed out until they are as light as down, are used for bordering bonnets.

The case of Worth against the Prince Murat for a bill of $1,300 will soon come up in the French courts.

Overdresses of colored muslin in scrolls and flowers are worn over dress of foulard for evening dress.

Long mantles are announced as the coming winter wrap for ladies who do not adopt the cloth street suits.

Stephanotis is mixed with orange flowers in some bridal wreaths. The fragrance is rather overpowering.

Long-napped plush in all the new shades is likely to be used for both the outer and inner trimmings of bonnets next season.

The crowns of bonnets will be either folded or laid smooth or puffed this winter, and one style will be as fashionable as the other.

Striped ribbons, and those of changeable twills, will replace those of satin next season. They will be wider than those worn last year.

Painted satin, to be used for trimming light dress-bonnets, has a ground of ivory, cream, dauphin-gray or old-gold, and figures of Indian design.

The silks called glace are old-fashioned changeable silks, no more, no less. This year some of them are plain, and some have satin stripes of solid color.

News and Notes for Women.

The Santa Fe (New Mexico) industrial school is about to graduate an Apache Indian girl as a teacher.

Rachael Yent worked at blacksmithing in Baltimore until her death, a short time ago. She was robustly handsome, but habitually smoked a clay pipe.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, says that she has written constantly ever since she was fifteen years old. She is now at work on her sixtieth novel.

Mrs. Estelle Johnson, the wife of ex-Governor Charles P. Johnson, of Missouri, recently committed suicide at the family residence by taking arsenic. Grief over the death of a child had brought on mental derangement.

Julia Clarke, a San Francisco factory girl, was caught in a machine by her long hair. She seized a pair of shears and cut off her tresses so quickly that she was not drawn between the wheels and killed, as she otherwise would have been.

The painter Ingres says: "To give a true poise to the figure necessitates an upright carriage of the head and a smooth, firm step." To give this he recommends a long walk daily with a pitcher of water on the head. The hint is being acted upon by the lady pupils of an eminent French actor.

Gardening for Ladies.

It is quite refreshing to read such a dainty little story as this, told by Julia Coleman:

"I know a lady whose sensible doctor told her twenty years ago that she was bad gone with consumption and that her only chance for life was to be in the open air as much as possible. A perfect bower of paradise was her little yard. Was the soil poor? She enriched it. Were here varieties indifferent? She procured better. Nearly all the flowers were fragrant. Fifteen kinds of roses bloomed under her hands and a succession of flowers filled out the summer. One side of the yard was covered with grapes. Peaches, plums and raspberries were trained *en espalier*, and choice squashes ripened on the roofs of the outhouses.

"Tomatoes were trained to single poles and yielded luxuriantly, and ruby strawberries peeped out even from the bleaching grass. She herself was as fresh and vigorous as you could expect one to be whose half-decayed lungs had left her with insufficient vitality. But her life was saved and it has been a happiness to herself and a blessing to others."

She is right, too, when she says that more than half the credit for the ornamentation of our dooryards and homes is due to the ladies who push the men up to their duty.—*Woman at Work.*

One of John Phœnix's Stories.

Out in a certain Western fort, some time ago, the major conceived that artillery must be used effectively in fighting the Indians by dispensing with gun-carriages and fastening the cannon upon the backs of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance mule, with the muzzle pointing toward the tail. When they had secured the gun and loaded it with ball cartridge, they led the calm and steadfast mule out on the bluff and set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned toward the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff. The officers stood round in a semicircle, while the major went up and inserted a time fuse in the vent of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready, the major lit it and retired. In a minute or two the hitherto unruffled mule heard the fizzing back on his neck, and it made him uneasy. Hereached his head round to ascertain what was going on, and as he did so his body turned, and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited, and his curiosity became more and more intense. In a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions per minute, and the howitzer threatening sudden death to every man within half a mile. The commandant was disposed to climb suddenly up a tree; officers were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care at all about the high price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time toward the fort; a sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet; the major rolled over and groaned. In a moment or two there was a puff of smoke, and a dull thud, and the mule—oh, where was he! A solitary brute might have been seen turning successful back somersaults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor finally with his howitzer at the bottom of the river, while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney in the major's quarters, rattling the adobe bricks down into the parlor, and frightening the major's wife into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the result of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.

An Eye on a Spree

An Alleghany physician, who, in way, is a great wag, tells a story of a north side gentleman who for years has suffered from periodical attacks of what in medical parlance is known as superorbital neuralgia. Quinine proved of no effect, and the sufferer was almost crazed with pain. A kind-hearted old lady living in the neighborhood of the patient informed him that if he would cut the affected nerve with a pair of scissors or a knife it would give him no further trouble. It so happens that the superorbital nerve is the one which controls the action of the eyelid, and when a man is in liquor this nerve becomes paralyzed, and it is this that gives a drunken person such a comical expression about the eyes. The neuralgia patient no sooner heard what the supposed the welcome news from the old lady than he repaired to a closet, and with a jack-knife parted in twain the offending nerve, and he nows greets his friends with his right eye as sober as a Quaker in a quarterly meeting, and the left in a highly intoxicated condition.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Leader.*

Bearing Fruit.

Twenty-five years ago we went to the wedding reception of a charming and brilliant young woman from a New England State, just married to a young physician in a Western city. She had come from the best schools, and was the woman, of all others, who was looked at as a leader in the higher literary and artistic life of a prominent circle in the town. Seven years ago we again met that woman, now a matron of forty-five, in a Western university town, where her husband had finally landed as a professor of science in the college. We saw that the family were living in quiet and simple elegance on the small salary of a Western professor, with a house full of fine children, and no servant that we could discover.

At tea we ventured the question, "What has been the result of your studies and experience in the last twenty years? I have seen no book, or magazine article, or poem, over your name, as we expected." "I will show you my one book," she replied, leading the way to her kitchen. There she exhibited a most ingenious machine for washing the dishes of her table, which abolished the drudgery of this disagreeable end of housekeeping, and enabled a child with the help of two "lifts" from mother, to make a play of what would be the work of a servant.

Now, of course, not every cultivated schoolgirl has the inventive faculty to do what this woman had accomplished. But think what she has done! She has made it possible for every mother in America to save an hour a day for study, or work, in the upper side of life. She has made it not only a respectable, but an artistic employment to wash table dishes. She has made home duties and housekeeping more attractive to all her daughters, and taken one more step toward the abolition of the drudgery that has so crushed out the lives of a thousand generations of women since the days of mother Eve. We doubt if any book, even a new novel by George Eliot, or a new picture, a new voice like the warble of Gerster, or any splendid thing that may be done by a woman in America, would go so deep, touch on higher realms of life, or more justly entitle that cultivated Christian lady to the respect and admiration of the country.—*New England Journal of Education.*

Hysteria and Miraculous Cures.

Speaking of the case of a woman in Hoboken, N. J., who claims to have been miraculously cured of paralysis of the lower limbs, a New York paper says it "points directly to the hypothesis that the case was one of those interesting instances of hysterical palsy which delight the expert in nervous diseases but are a vexation and a puzzle to the general practitioner. Hysteria has been described as the dramatic artist of pathology, simulating all the diseases in the calendar. Watson tells of a case of gastric hemorrhage, treated by him in which the patient vomited incredible quantities of blood daily, but did not emaciate. She recovered spontaneously. Sir Charles Bell was deceived by a mock case of hip-joint disease, and did not discover his mistake until, while he was delivering a clinical lecture to his pupils on the limb, the young woman went off in a hysterical fit and spoiled the point of his discourse. Scores of young women, says an eminent medical authority, are annually treated for disease of the spine, and confined for months and years in a horizontal posture, when nothing whatever ails them but hysteria, and the supposed spinal disease is an illusion. Dr. Bright tells of a case of hysterical palsy of the lower limbs, exactly similar to that of Mrs. Davin, of Hoboken, which he attended for nearly a year without benefit. The woman finally recovered spontaneously under the influence of a deep religious impression. The case of the poet Southey's mother is a classical one of the same kind. More interesting still are the cases of hysterical catalepsy[and ecstasy, coupled with strange trances, in which the spirit-world is revealed, that occasionally comes under the observation of medical men. A profound impression was created among physicians in Brooklyn and New York city, not long ago, by the wonderful story of a young girl subject to such trances in consequence of nervous shock and injury received when quite young. It is scarcely necessary to discuss at length the knotty questions of science raised by such cases, but it may be observed in passing, in the words of an eminent professor in the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, London, that the alleged miracle invariably disappears on close investigation, leaving behing a sad history of hysteria or a very unpleasant record of imposture."

Dining With His Dead Family.

A mysterious dinner party was given some short time ago, by an elderly gentleman, in the Hotel Demuth, at St. Petersburg. One morning the gentleman in question called upon Mr. Pintscher, the manager of the Demuth restaurant, and ordered a luxuriant repast for six, of which he, himself, made out the menu, selecting from the wine card the costliest vintages. He asked for an estimate of the dinner's cost, paid the amount of his bill in advance, and requested that everything should be prepared for the entertainment of his guests at seven o'clock precisely the same evening. At that hour he entered the room reserved for his banquet, and took his place at the head of the table. To the chief waiter's respectful inquiry, "whether he expected his friends to arrive soon, as the dinner was quite ready," he replied, "They are all here! Let the soup be served forthwith." At his express commands the crowded attendants then proceeded to help the absent guests to course after course, setting down full plates before the empty chairs and pouring out precious wines into the groups of glasses stationed before each untenanted place. The gentleman ate and drank copiously, now and anon clinking his glass against the masterless goblets ranged upon the table to his right and left. With the first round of champagne he arose and made a speech to his imaginary friends, from the tenor of which oration the waiters gathered that they had been engaged attending to personages long since defunct. When the gentleman had concluded his remarks he again went through the clinking formality, drained the contents of his glass, and, turning to Mr. Pintscher, chilled that amazed functionary's blood by the following ghastly testimony: "To-day I celebrate my joyful meeting with my beloved relatives—my dead wife, daughter and three sons, two of whom fell in the last campaign. Do not be afraid; I am not mad. It has done me a power of good to spend this happy hour or so with my family. You may look for me again on this day twelve-month."

Heroes in Journalism.

Memphis presents a fresh example of the faithfulness of the journalist. The city is literally dead, there is positively nothing doing in the way of business, yet the papers appear as regularly as ever, and it has, of course, never occurred to the editors to suspend publication, and, like the merchants of the place, close their establishments. Certainly they go on at a loss, for all the sources of their profits are shut. The newspaper is ever the last to succumb. If its office burn down, it is out the next morning with "a full account of the conflagration." The fires which destroyed Chicago and Boston only scorched the newspapers, though their buildings were laid low. The war record of the Memphis *Avalanche* cannot be forgotten—how it carried its presses from point to point as the Union armies advanced, and printed its edition everywhere and anywhere, but always somewhere. The religion of the journalist is his trade. To him it is a sin to fly from his desk at the appearance of danger. Like the general at the head of his army, he would be forever disgraced in his own eyes if the enemy, coming in what shape it might, did not find him in command. The income of the Memphis editor stops, but his expenses do not. He fights for others and pays for the privilege. He urges courage. He is so little frightened by Yellow Jack that he takes him by the buttonhole and laughs with him. He tells his fellow citizens never to lose hope. He sifts out the truth from the wild stories flying about, and kills despair by showing how things could be a great deal worse than they are. He points gleefully to the future, and declares that Memphis must and will recover her old-time prosperity. Imagine, if you can, Memphis in this hour of its sore trial without its press. Think of the ravages of the dead visitor, unrecorded, with only the alarmed people to tell one another who still lived; with the whole world silent, with no word of encouragement to reach the public ear.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE SIBERIAN PRISON PENS.

Vivid Recital of Terrible Scenes Witnessed in the Mines of Siberia—Prisoners Who Never See the Light of Day.

A correspondent of a Western paper, who not long since paid a visit to the mines in Siberia, furnishes a graphic account of the miserable state of the political and other prisoners confined in them. After a description of the trip to Tobolsk in company with a friend, and the difficulties encountered on the road, and also on arrival in obtaining the necessary permission from the officer in charge of the Cossacks stationed there, the correspondent tells of his descent into a towering mountain through a shaft similar to the pit of a volcano. From within, fearful and disgusting odors saluted the nostrils of the visitors, and on entering, dirty water dripping from the roof formed in rivulets, through which they walked. As they proceeded, the stench became still more unbearable, and the cold was so great that it was felt even through their heavy covering. After a walk of about ten minutes, a light was seen ahead, and soon a large iron grating was reached, which being opened by the guard stationed there, the party passed into what was found to be the dormitory of the prisoners, lighted by only one poor oil lamp. This hole, into which the rays of the sun or moon could never penetrate, was called an apartment, and in this dungeon the victims were obliged to remain after a hard day's work. The miasma rising from the half-rotted and soaking straw which formed the beds of the poor prisoners was deadening. Into the walls, from which dropped water, alcoves had been hollowed out, into which five of the convicts were placed, and each chained to a bar of iron fastened at the top of the cell. Thus were they obliged to pass the night, no bedclothing being allowed, and a bag of rotting straw their pillow. No chair nor table, no bench, no utensils of any kind were to be seen, but in cruel mockery the single light illumined an image of the Madonna in a gilt frame, as she looked down on the scene of misery before her.

Leaving the dormitory and passing through a long corridor, an enormous cave was reached, in the center of which stood a table and three benches. Several torches hung from the wall lent an uncertain light to the scene, which was dismal and gloomy beyond description. This was the mine itself, and the noise caused by the many pickaxes and hammers used by those at work was deafening. Scattered about were hundreds of ragged creatures, with rough, long beards, faces pale as death or of a sickly yellow hue, dragging heavy chains rattling as they moved. These poor prisoners all looked unhealthy, and all worked in silence; none spoke or talked or whistled, as is the custom among free workers. Many were barefooted, and the rags which covered them dripped with water, although it was so cold that icicles hung from their beards. The work never ceased, for if a convict attempted to stop, the rough cries of the guards drove him to new exertion. One of the prisoners was particularly noticeable, and was asked his name, but dared not answer. The guide informed the visitors that he was the Count Tarentoff, a well-known conspirator, and was known as No. 114. The poor fellow was but a shadow of a man, breath came wheezing from his chest, and looked exhausted and weary of life. The sight was sickening, and as the party moved out the remark was made that Sunday must be a welcome day for the toiling prisoners. The reply was that Sunday was unknown in the mines; the sentence was for unremitting work, and the only rest would be the grave, for none who entered the mine ever left it alive. Two days in the year were excepted, at Easter, and on the birthday of the "glorious Emperor;" the remainder of the time, twelve hours a day, was allotted to work.

Curious Remedy for Deafness.

The deaf can hear by means of their teeth! The audiphone, an instrument invented by a Western man for alleviating the misery of deafness, is simply a sheet of vulcanized rubber, about 1-22 of an inch in thickness, set firmly in a handle of the same material. In the upper rim of this sheet are pierced some holes, through which passes a silken cord. This goes down on the inner side of the sheet, to the handle, through a slot in which it passes. By pulling this cord the sheet is bent over at any angle which the user may desire. Each user has to ascertain for himself what kind of a curve of the rubber sheet will enable him to hear best. Generally it is very slight—only about ten or twelve degrees—though apparently the deafer the person the greater the curve must be. When used, the person holding it simply touches the upper edge of the fan, or audiphone, against the teeth of the upper jaw. The voice of the speaker strikes upon this sheet of rubber, and communicates to it vibrations which are in turn imparted to the teeth, and then pass to the auditory nerve. With this operation the outer ear has nothing whatever to do; the delicate machinery through which sound passing from without makes an impression upon the auditory nerve is not used at all. The outer ear may be stopped up entirely, so far as it is possible to do it, and yet one hears distinctly the moment the audiphone is applied to the teeth. It is necessary to use the teeth of the upper jaw, for the reason that they are more nearly in contact with the auditory nerve; nor does it make much difference whether the teeth be one's own or artificial, so long as those artificial teeth are tightly fitted; for when that is the case the vibration is imparted about as well as when they are natural teeth. The inventor is deaf himself. He happened one day to hold a watch between his teeth, and noticed that he could distinctly hear its ticking, though when he held it to his ear no sound was audible. This set him to thinking that possibly he might be able to invent some device by which the sounds of the human voice could be transmitted to the auditory nerve through the medium of a tube, just as the ticking of the watch had been.

A Miner's Luck.

A lettter from Carson City, Col., to the New York *Sun* gives this story: Mines of immense value are discovered daily all through this district. Seven miles from Silver Cliff is another mining town of the name of Rosita, which is growing almost as fast. It is an older settlement, but it has been brought into prominence only quite recently by the now famous Bassick mine. Bassick is an old sailor from Belfast, Me. Years ago he went to Australia, engaged there in mining, made a large fortune, squandered every cent of it, and returned to this country penniless, but with considerable experience in mining. He began the hard work of prospecting, but had such poor luck for several years that even his credit with the grocers and provision dealers of Rosita gave out. His large family was on the verge of destitution when, a few months ago, he at last struck a lode of exceptionally high graded ore. To-day he is a millionaire, having sold out his mine to a party of New York capitalists for $350,000 cash and $1,000,000 in stock. The old Maine sailor is now "an independent gentleman." He wears good clothes and diamond studs; his children have been sent to Eastern schools, and he himself has been visiting in his native Maine. The only unpleasant reminder of his life of hardship is a humpback, acquired by a fall down a shaft some hundred feet deep.

Words of Wisdom.

The wounded heart heals, but the scar remains forever.

They who have true light in themselves seldom become satellites.

The smallest perfect achievement is nobler than the grandest failure.

Actions, looks, words, steps form the steps by which we may spell characters.

All things are admired either because they are new or because they are great.

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

If misfortune hits you hard, hit something else hard; go into something with a will.

It is not what you have in your chest, but what you have in your heart, that makes you rich.

It is with our good intentions as with our days—to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.

In memory's mellowed light we behold not the thorns; we see only the beautiful flowers.

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but far more profitable to do better work yourself.

We cannot have fertilizing showers on the earth without a clouded heaven above. It is thus with our trials.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

At the Massachusetts Republican State Convention, held in Worcester, Alexander H. Bullock presided over the 1,175 delegates present. On an informal ballot for Governor John D. Long received 669 votes to 505 for Henry L. Pierce and 1 for Charles Devens; and Mr. Long was thereupon made the candidate of the convention by acclamation. Byron Weston was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and the other places on the ticket were filled by renomination of the present State officers. The platform adopted affirms the doctrines heretofore proclaimed and maintained that the United States is a Nation; that "our institutions rest upon the equality of all men before the law, and that a free ballot, uninfluenced by fraud, intimidation or force, and honestly counted, is the right of every qualified voter, and we demand that elections shall be free from all interference by unlawful bodies of armed men, and shall also be free from the interference of National or State militia forces, except when employed as a part of the *posse comitatus*;" denounces "the fierce partisan intolerance which prevents a free ballot, denies freedom of political opinion and action, and takes from any of the people the right to choose their homes and to control and enjoy the fruits of their labor;" condemns the Democratic members of Congress for their legislative course; is opposed to "repudiation in all its forms, either by a 'scaling' of debts or a debasement of the legal-tender circulation," and insists that the paper and the coin circulation of the country shall at all times be maintained at par with the gold standard of the commercial world; warns the Democratic Presidential candidate for his administration of public affairs; refers the temperance question to the Legislature and praises the administration of the State government for the past year.

The annual exhibition of the American Institute opened in New York the other day.

Seventeen hundred delegates were reported present in Worcester at the convention of the Butler wing of the Massachusetts Democrats. Ex-Congressman Tarbox presided. The following ticket was nominated: For Governor, B. F. Butler; Lieutenant-Governor, A. C. Woodworth; Secretary of State, M. T. Donahue; Attorney-General, W. F. Northend; Treasurer, D. N. Skillings; Auditor, D. J. King. The platform adopted ignores national issues entirely, and devotes itself to State affairs. It reaffirms "devotion to the time-honored principles of the Democratic party of the country;" recognizes the right of the majority to rule; asserts that the coming election is for State officers alone, and deprecates the discussion in this campaign of national issues as tending to create divisions between men of different parties who are in entire accord upon all questions at issue which affect State affairs; demands rigid economy in all State and municipal affairs; insists that the State government be administered by officers provided for by the Constitution; demands such wise legislation in regard to permitting corporate bodies to appropriate private property as will place the considerations of the public good over those of private interest; opposes all unnecessary or unequal taxation, and any system of convict labor which competes with free labor; calls for simple and uniform registration laws, and denounces the "so-called Civil Damage law" as mischievous, unjust and dangerous.

Nearly one hundred thousand visitors were present in Hartford to witness the ceremonies connected with Flag Day—the conveyance of the State's old battle flags from the State arsenal to the new Capitol. There was a procession of 10,000 veterans, and the buildings along the route were handsomely decorated. General Hawley delivered the colors to the Governor, and the exercises closed with a collation to the veterans.

On the day after Butler's nomination for Governor at Worcester, by a wing of the Massachusetts Democracy, another convention was held there in his interests—this time of Republicans who desired his election. About as many delegates were present as on the preceding day, and Albert Palmer presided. General Butler was nominated for Governor without opposition, and the whole of the State ticket chosen the day before by the Butler Democrats was adopted. The platform adopted "is unalterably opposed to the rule of the Ring which has fastened itself upon the Commonwealth;" demands reform in the State government, and that the rights of labor be respected; denounces the intimidation of voters in every form; opposes the creation of commissions to perform the duties of the Executive; opposes the system of double taxation; demands that all pomers now held by soldiers of fortune in the State be kept; asserts that "the way to the ballot-box should be direct, easy, unimpeded and secure from espionage," and commends General Butler as one who would fill the office of governor with "complete success."

At a tenement-house fire in Boston, a few days ago, Christian Pfeiffer, age twenty-eight, Rose Pfeiffer, age four, Mrs. Holdried, age forty-five, and Mrs. Gillespie, age sixty, were burned to death; Ferdinand Morroth, age thirty, and Rose Morroth, his niece, were killed by jumping from a window, and four other inmates of the house were more or less seriously injured.

Daniel Drew, the well-known financier and railroad speculator, died suddenly at his home in New York, the other day, in his eighty-third year. Mr. Drew, from a small beginning, built up an immense steamboat interest on the Hudson river, then engaged heavily in financial transactions in Wall street, and at one time was one of the wealthiest men in the city. Finally, however, he lost immense sums and ended in bankruptcy. During his prosperous days he founded and endowed with $250,000 the Drew Methodist Seminary at Madison, N. J. At one time his fortune was variously estimated at between fifteen and thirty million dollars.

Francisco Porcello, the discharged Italian workman who murdered the foreman of a New York confectionery factory by stabbing him to the heart as he was going home from work, has been allowed to plead guilty of murder in the second degree, and been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The official vote of Maine for Governor, with the exception of twenty small towns and plantations, which will not materially affect the total vote, gives Davis, Republican, 67,970; Smith, Greenbacker, 47,050, and Garcelon, Democrat, 21,181. Davis failing to get a majority over all, the election for Governor will be carried to the Legislature, which is said to stand about as follows: Senate—Republicans, 19; Opposition, 12. House—Republicans, 90; Opposition, 60.

Four colored men and one white man were publicly whipped in Newcastle, Del., a few days ago, for larceny.

Western and Southern States.

Charles Glass was hanged at Cario, Ill., for the murder of Carter Newman, last March. Both were colored, and the motive of the crime was jealousy. Glass met his late oddity and refused to talk.

The Wisconsin Deaf and Dumb Institute at Delevan has been burned to the ground, causing a loss of $100,000. The school year had just commenced and there were 147 children in attendance, but no one was injured.

President Hayes attended the reunion of the Twenty-third Ohio, his old regiment, at Youngstown, O., and he and General Sherman made speeches.

Official returns from Humboldt county, California, show that Berry (Democrat) is elected to represent the Third Congressional district.

Berry Russell, president of the New Orleans Bank of Lafayette, now in liquidation, has been arrested, charged with embezzling $13,000 of the bank's money, and sent to jail.

The present peanut crop in Virginia is said to be the best ever raised in the State.

James G. Jenkins, a prominent lawyer and politician of Milwaukee, has been nominated for Governor of Wisconsin, on the Democratic ticket, in place of Alexander Mitchell, who declined. He has accepted the nomination.

The Colorado Republicans, at their State convention in Denver, nominated William E. Beck for Judge of the Supreme Court.

The Indians have been murdering and depredating in Southern New Mexico. A dispatch received from Captain Hooker at Ojaciente says he had a five hours fight with 100 Indians. The whites had ten killed and several wounded and lost all their horses. Upon application of Governor Wallace, of New Mexico, to the War Department, the commandant of the arsenal at Fort Union, New Mexico, was directed to issue as many arms and as much ammunition to Governor Wallace as he may call for, not to exceed 300 rifles and 1,000,000 cartridges.

After an absence abroad of two years and four months, General Grant, wife and party arrived in San Francisco from Japan, and were received with firing of guns, ringing of bells and a procession of military and civic organizations. Upon landing Mayor Bryant delivered a speech of welcome and extended the freedom of the city and its hospitalities. General Grant replied briefly, and was then driven toward his quarters at the Palace Hotel, near which, under an arch forty feet high, wreathed with flags, flowers and evergreens, he reviewed the procession as it filed past. All along the route the windows were illuminated, bonfires lit up the street corners, colored fires blazed in front of many of the houses, and electric lights, rockets and Roman candles added to the illumination, while innumerable flags and banners waved from the housetops and windows. Arrived at the hotel the party were welcomed by a chorus of 500 voices and a shouting crowd. The party will remain on the Pacific slope some time, visiting the Yosemite valley, mining regions and other attractions. During General Grant's trip abroad he has visited England, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Jaffa, the Holy Land, Turkey, France, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Poland, Austria, Germany, Ireland, India, China and Japan, about in the order mentioned.

During a recent raid from Canada into the United States Sitting Bull fought a duel, killing and scalping his opponent, a Crow Indian.

From Washington.

The full text of Secretary Evarts' letter of instruction to the diplomatic officers of the United States in the various countries from which Mormon emigrants come to this country has just been made public. After reciting the fact that polygamy is contrary to the laws of the United States and that the ranks of the Mormons are mainly filled from foreign countries, the letter continues: "No friendly power will, of course, knowingly lend its aid, even indirectly, to attempts made within its borders against the laws and government of a country wherewith it is at peace, with established terms of amity and reciprocal relations of treaty between them; while, even were there no question involved of open and penal infraction of the laws of the land, every consideration of comity should prevail to prevent the territory of a friendly State from becoming a resort or refuge for the crowds of misguided men and women whose offence against morality and decency would be intolerable in the land from whence they come." The letter concludes by directing our diplomatic officers to call the attention of the governments to the countries in which they reside to the matter, and to request those governments to take steps to prevent Mormon agents from organizing companies of Mormon converts and sending them to this country.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a circular stating that gold coin beyond the needs of the government has accumulated in the Treasury, and directing the United States Treasurer and assistant treasurers at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco to pay out gold coin as well as silver coin and notes upon the current obligations of the government.

Foreign News.

The military correspondent of the London *Times* writes from India: "It is difficult, in the face of the overwhelming evidences to the contrary, to believe that Yakub Khan took any conscious part in the recent shameful deeds at Cabul. It is significant that Major Cavagnari's principal native assistant is believed to have died a short time before the outbreak under somewhat suspicious circumstances. Being an Afghan and well acquainted with the workings of an Oriental court, his presence in the British Residency was dangerous to those who were plotting the outbreak." A dispatch from Simla, India, adds that Yakob Khan has written another letter, expressing his deep grief and distress at recent events. He says he has confidence in the British government, and announces his intention to punish the offenders.

Bernhardt Cotta, the eminent German geologist, is dead.

Evan Morris, of Pittsburgh, was defeated in a boat race at Halifax, N. S., by Warren Smith, of that place.

The American Institute of Mining Engineers met in annual convention at Montreal.

John Taylor, Jr., town clerk of Brockville, Ont., has absconded with $4,000 belonging the town.

There is a gold fever in Nova Scotia. In Queens county fine specimens continue to be found near the surface. The prospectus of a gold mining company, with a capital of $200,000, has been issued.

A dispatch from Cape Town, South Africa, reports the capture of Cetywayo, king of the Zulus. Some days before his capture Cetywayo disbanded his followers and secreted himself in the bush. The British, under Col. Barrow, pursued him from kraal to kraal, burning the kraals as Cetywayo and a few followers fled before them. The capture was made by surrounding him in the bush with a detachment of troops and threatening to shoot him if he refused to surrender at once. He was alone and made no resistence.

Two French editors have just fought a duel. Both were slightly wounded.

Cetywayo was utterly prostrated when captured by the English troops, and had with him only twenty-two followers, five of whom were afterward shot while attempting to escape. Six Zulus succeeded in escaping.

Mr. Thomas C. Scott, the well-known English agricultural authority, says that the British government's and the trade estimates show that the surplus wheat in America, Russia and India for the East is 50,000 quarters less than the aggregate deficiency of the various countries and a rise in the price of breadstuffs is therefore anticipated.

In consequence of the bad harvest and numerous floods the distress in parts of Hungary threatens to become appalling during the coming winter. The Temes-Banat district is threatened with famine, and some of the inhabitants are preparing to emigrate to Servia.

Lord Beaconsfield has been making a speech to English farmers in which he represented that nearly all the chief farmers in the extreme Western States were emigrating to Canada.

There has been a bloody outbreak of Afghan regiments at Herat, Afghanistan. The troops revolted and murdered the civil and military authorities.

A Berlin correspondent reports that Count Ledochowski, ex-Archbishop of Posen, has been condemned to a fine of 2,000 marks or seventy days' imprisonment for excommunicating a priest who had obeyed the May laws.

Emperor William of Germany met with a cold reception during a recent visit to Strasburg, in Alsace. Many of the shops were closed and a multitude of houses closed their shutters. Only the official buildings were profusely decorated. The German-speaking inhabitants formed the bulk of the crowd