A Woman's Parody.

Who bullies us and calls us names,
Makes life a burden with his games
Our brother!

Who takes us home from singing-school,
And sweetly spoons and plays the fool?
Our cousin!

Who hold our hands in his and kneels
Until we heed his mad appeals?
Our lover!

Who pays his bills and undergoes
The discipline that Candis knows?
Our husband!

Who give us spinsters good advice,
And take us out and are so nice?
Our bachelors!

Who, all in all, are none too good
For human nature's daily food?
The men, God bless them!
—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

KATY'S PUNISHMENT.

"But, my dear Katy, won't you listen while I explain how it was that I was unable to be with you yesterday?"

"No, Mr. Amory, I will listen to no excuses, nor do I wish to continue your acquaintance. Did you not promise, for certain, to be at the picnic and row me on the lake? And was I not asked to keep the first dance for you? A nice laughing stock you made of me before Lizzie Randall and Clara Ward. Of course they knew why I refused to dance the first set—although Frank Churchill would scarcely take a refusal. Then to think you should have slighted me before them all! Don't think, sir, I allowed them to see I was annoyed; I just danced all the evening, and enjoyed myself thoroughly."

"Dear Katy, I am so sorry I disappointed you; but—"

"Disappointed! Mr. Amory, not at all. I found Mr. Churchill a most amusing companion, and a much better waltzer than you are. Lizzie Randall was cross enough to me when she saw that he did not leave my side all the day. But the most delightful part was his driving me home in his charming Stanhope. I never enjoyed myself so much in my life. He drives admirably—as he does everything else, I fancy. I expect him every minute, for he said he should certainly call and inquire how I was after the exertion of yesterday."

"Then, Miss Langley, I have the honor to wish you good-afternoon. I should be sorry to intrude my unwelcome presence when so entertaining a companion is expected."

Each turned from the other, Katy going toward the house and Mr. Amory walking with quickened pace toward the village.

The above dialogue had taken place at the gate of an old-fashioned farmhouse. The speakers had for some time been looked upon as lovers, although no pledge had been made on either side. Katy's angry words will explain in what manner Harry Amory had offended.

She was an only child of Farmer Langley's, who, having lost his wife when she was five years old, had since done his best to spoil his pretty daughter. At the time we make her acquaintance she was just eighteen, and although a warm-hearted, affectionate girl, yet from her position as beauty of the village, had met with such homage from the village swains that she could ill brook the apparent neglect of her most favored lover.

Could Harry have seen her as she hastened to her own little room, and there, throwing herself on the bed, gave way to a hearty cry, he would not have felt so bitterly angry at the petulant beauty's harsh words.

"I won't cry any more," said she; "he will be sure to come to-morrow, and then I will be good and make it up with him. He must know I did not mean what I said of that conceited Frank Churchill! I hate him, and only danced with him to tease Lizzie Randall, who makes love to him so openly. Harry is worth a thousand such as he! Coming, father!" she cried, as she heard his voice.

"Where have you been, pussy? I have good news for you. Harry Amory was sent for yesterday by the squire, and has been promised the steward's place. I always thought the Lad would do well. I met Humphrey, the head gardener, and he tells me it is quite settled. Harry was with the squire all day yesterday, going over the accounts. I fancy some one knows who will be mistress of that pretty cottage near the park gates," he added, pinching her cheek. "Ah, here comes Harry. I suppose he'd rather tell the good news to you alone; so I'll be off to the kitchen and get something to eat."

Katy's cheek flushed with pleasure as she heard the latch raised, and she rose to welcome her lover. What was her disappointment and disgust to see—not Harry, but Frank Churchill, who, noticing Katy's eager joy, came forward with the greatest alacrity to take her outstretched hand.

Poor Katy could scarcely command herself to give the intruder a civil greeting. Her guest, however, evidently considered his presence acceptable, and took no notice of her embarrassment; if he remarked it at all, he rather put it down to the overpowering honor he was conferring in visiting a mere farmer's daughter.

Frank Churchill had come on a visit to his uncle, the village doctor. He had studied medicine, but having a small, independent income, was too indolent to make much progress in his profession. He was to stay with his uncle six months, and then see if he would like to be taken as his partner.

Yet he had done nothing toward ingratiating himself with his uncle's patients; but, on the contrary, had caused great heart burnings in the younger portion of the inhabitants. The men despised him for his conceit and foppishness, while he looked upon them as mere clods. The village lasses were dazzled by his fashionable clothes and his many perfumes. Then, again, he had brought from London a Stanhope, which had never been seen in those parts before.

Lizzie Randall, the lawyer's daughter, laid furious siege to this Adonis, but he treated all with the most supercilious air. Katy Langley alone had passed him by as unworthy of notice; and this, from the village beauty, had piqued his vanity. On the day of the picnic what was his delight to find that he had made a favorable impression! He thought it would be a good way of passing his six months' probation to make love to the village belle.

Katy was greatly relieved when her father entered the room, and so took her visitor's attention from herself. Farmer Langley was not pleased to see who his guest was, for he, like most others, looked upon him as an empty-headed, affected fellow. The young man soon took his leave, after vainly asking Katy to allow him the pleasure of taking her for a drive on the morrow.

Just as he was leaving the house he came upon Harry Amory, who, between struggling with his anger and love, was wandering about the neighborhood of the homestead, undecided whether to call and make it up with Katy or not. He had loved her for a long time, and had only waited to have some settled income before asking her to be his wife.

"So, Amory, I have to congratulate you on your rise in life," said Churchill. "Well, my good fellow, make haste and find a wife to keep you company in your pretty cottage. Shouldn't mind living there myself, and fancy I know one who would be glad to go with me," and he nodded toward the homestead farm. "Katy Langley is not so much amiss, eh, Amory? And she's deucedly fond of your humble servant. Well, ta-ta; shall be glad to hear just such another has taken a fancy to you."

"The heartless coquette! So this is the fool's game she has been playing with me!" exclaimed the irate lover. "So that is the fellow she prefers to me who has loved her so long! Let him have her, then, I say—but I won't stop here to witness her courtship. So this is the end of all my hopes! Just as my desire is accomplished, and I can offer her a home, I am balked of my greatest treasure. I will be off to the squire, and let him know I have altered my mind about accepting the steward's office. Ned Glover will be glad to have it, so I shall be doing no harm. So good-bye, Katy Langley," he cried, as he waved his hand toward the homestead. "May you be happy with your new-found lover."

"Katy, child, what is this I hear? Giles, the plowman, has just brought the news that Harry Amory has thrown up his new situation and is gone to London! I wonder if the lad is mad? But what is the matter with the lass? Here, Martha, hurry! Why, the child has fainted!"

Katy had not fainted; she was keenly alive to her sorrow. So Harry had taken her hasty words in earnest, and was gone—forever, perhaps! Should she never see him again?

Taking the weeping girl in his arms, her fond father soon learned the particulars of the lovers' quarrel. He saw his child was to blame, but could not understand Harry's not attempting to see her again. He did not know of his meeting with Frank Churchill, and the wrong impression that had been made on him.

Poor Katy! She was indeed severely punished for her petulance.

Three years passed away, and she only heard that Harry was in a merchant's office in London and was doing well. All this time he had never once visited his native place. She hated Frank Churchill so thoroughly for being connected with her quarrel with Harry that even he could not mistake her sentiments toward him.

Katy passed her time chiefly in attending to her old father. She seldom joined her companions in any of the village gayeties, and was entirely changed from the hasty, coquettish beauty who had smitten so many hearts. Many were the offers she had, but she turned a deaf ear to them all, vowing within to remain true to her love for Harry.

"Katy, there is to be a grand cricket match next week; so get your finery ready, child, and we will both go to see it," said Farmer Langley. "I was a good hand with a bat in my young days, but I hear they have some new-fangled mode of bowling, and I should like to see it."

Katy remembered with a sigh that Harry had been the best bowler in the village; but she smothered it quickly and promised to be ready.

Very lovely she looked on the Saturday afternoon when she went with her father to the cricket field. Her complexion was still as purely white and her cheeks as rosy red as when, three years ago, she had parted from Harry. But now, added to this, was more sensibility—more heart in the expression of her face; and her soft blue eyes, though bright as ever, were more often cast down. Not a word had her father said as to who was expected to take part in the match.

Harry Amory, after so long an absence, had come on a visit to an aunt in the neighboring town. His old comrades of the cricket club had soon looked up their best bowler, and upon his play they chiefly depended to beat their antagonists.

"Ah, Amory, glad to see you again!" The voice was Churchill's. "Just married, you know, and spending a few weeks with the old man before settling in London. Deuced slow hole, this, to pass one's days in. Got the old fellow in advance enough money to purchase a practice. You know my wife, I think; will go and bring her to speak to you."

"Ah, Harry, how are you, my lad? Glad to see you again! How long do you intend to stop among us? But I must not keep you," said Farmer Langley, "for there's the umpire calling you to play. I'll see you again presently."

Harry's party were very nearly disappointed of their victory. He played so recklessly at first that the Ainsworth club was delighted. All at once he seemed to brace himself for the struggle, and one after the other threw down their bats to make room for others, till the match was gained at a single inning, with forty runs to spare.

"Gloriously done, Amory!" said Churchill. "See your hand has not forgot its cunning. But come, my wife is in yonder tent, and wishes to congratulate you. Here she comes to speak for herself!"

Turning quickly round to make his escape, Harry came face to face with a lady.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Amory! Charmed to think that you have beaten the Ainsworth club! Don't you find the country dull after London? Perhaps we shall be neighbors there."

"Neighbors, Miss Randall! Your father is not going to London, is he?"

"Oh, dear, no! And I am not Miss Randall," she simpered. "Why, you have been talking to my husband! Frank, I thought you had told Mr. Amory of our marriage."

Harry never knew what answer he made, but just then catching sight of Farmer Langley coming toward him he hurried to him and astonished the worthy man by drawing him aside and eagerly asking if Katy had not been once engaged to Frank Churchill.

"Engaged to Frank Churchill!" exclaimed the farmer. "What are you dreaming of? Katy despised the fellow! He's got his match now. Lizzie Randall was always a rare vixen, and her father was only too glad to give Churchill a round sum of money to marry her. I don't envy him his life with her."

"But Katy! Is she single—where is she?" cried Harry.

"Ah, lad, you were over hasty to take notice of a spoiled child's angry words. She is not far off. I left her in one of the tents."

Katy watched the game with the greatest interest; she had at once recognized the famous bowler, and her heart beat fast as she did so. Would he notice her? There was her father talking to him; and—yes, they were coming toward the tent! Seized with a sudden fit of shyness Katy made her way out at the back of the tent, but was soon overtaken and brought back by Harry.

"Katy, dear Katy!" he exclaimed; "three years ago I left you, thinking you had thrown me over for Frank Churchill. I was a mad simpleton for believing his boasting talk. I came today expecting to find you his wife, and only just now found out how vilely I have been deceived. Katy, will you forgive me when you know I have been wretched ever since we parted?"

Katy's answer is not recorded; but what it was may be guessed from the fact that Harry left the cricket field with Katy leaning on his arm.

Katy being unwilling to leave her father, and the post of steward being again vacant and a second time offered to Harry, he threw up his appointment in London and once more settled down in his native place. A month after the bells of the village church rang out merrily in honor of the handsome couple who were that day united.

Moth Preventive.

A correspondent of the *Furniture Gazette* recommends the following remedy for exterminating moths in carpets and furniture: After some years of experience with the troublesome pests, says the writer, I found a sure preventive of moths in pitch paper, the same as roofers use. The moth will live and grow on cayenne pepper and tobacco, while I never could see that the use of these articles kept the moth miller out. The plan for the furniture dealer or housewife is to cut the paper in slips and place about the room, under and behind sofas, chairs, etc.; this should be done as early as the middle of April, and in warm climates earlier. If the dealer wishes to make parlor suits moth proof, he should place on the inside of backs of chairs and seats small strips of the pitch paper, and rest assured that the miller will not select these places to deposit eggs. It is the miller that is the foundation of all the mischief.

When the Southern Baptist Convention was held at Columbus, Miss., the Jewish synagogue was given up on Sunday to a Christian clergyman to preach in.

About Peas.

The pea is a native of Southern Europe, where it is extensively cultivated, especially in the French provinces. The flower is generally white, though some unusual species bear a deep pink, or red blossom. There are five principal and quite distinct forms of the common pea. They are the *Saccharatum (Sering)*, or sugar pea; the *Macrocarpum*, or large-stem pea; the *Umbellatum*, or English crown pea; the *Quadratum*, or French pea, and the *Humile*, or dwarf pea. From these have sprung many varieties, which are scattered throughout the world. Of some twenty varieties grown in Europe only five are especially recommended as profitable to the agriculturist. They are the "Early Fame," the "Charton," the "Blue Prussian Imperial," the "Blue Imperial Dwarf" and "Knight's Marrowfat."

Peas were first brought to this country by the Huguenot refugees, and have ever since been cultivated more or less extensively in the district lying between New York and South Carolina, though they may be grown in any part of the United States where the soil is suitable, except in the extreme South, where the climate is too hot. There are several varieties grown here, but the most common are the "Dan O'Rourke," "Early June," "Blue Imperial," "Champion of England and "Marrowfats," the latter being generally acknowledged the favorite from their tender, succulent properties.

The nutritious quality of peas is not so fully known as it should be. There is perhaps no vegetable grown so rich in those properties which tend to support human life. An analysis of 1,000 parts pea flour gives the following results:

574 nutritive matter.
353 mucilage.
22 sugar.
35 gluten.
16 insoluble extract.

Although there is quite a number of packers engaged in canning peas, and although the quantity packed is increasing yearly, yet so far the chief labor involved in the operation—that of shelling—is done entirely by hand, some packers employing at times as high as one thousand shellers. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that ingenuity will ere long devise some means by which peas may be expeditiously shelled through the agency of machinery. When this occurs we may expect much lower prices than has heretofore characterized this article.

After the peas are shelled they are passed through screens, by which the different sizes are separated, the smallest being classed as Extra Early, and Sifted, and command by far the best price. After being sorted they are placed in perforated buckets and immersed in boiling water. When partially cooked they are put in cans, and again placed in boiling water. The cans are then removed and the caps soldered on. They then undergo processing in steam retorts or kettles. When this operation is completed they are removed and placed in the warehouse, where they remain ten or twelve days; when, after being found in good condition, they are labeled and packed in cases, ready for shipment.

Much care lately has been exercised in this country in the selection of stock, and the quality of domestic canned peas has become so excellent that the importation of the French article is said to have fallen off fully eighty per cent., our extra sifted being regarded by experts as fully equal, if not superior, to the very best imported.

Within a few years the exportation of dried apples from this country to France has enormously increased. It is now said that a considerable part of this useful product comes back in the form of Normandy cider and light claret. Late frosts are reported to have injured the French apple crop, and of course this country will be expected to supply the deficiency, in accordance with the usual custom of providing for the world's wants.—*Baltimore Sun.*

HEALTH HINTS.

CROUP.—A towel or flannel cloth wrung out of hot vinegar in which a little salt has been added, and placed upon the chest and throat—changing every ten minutes—with a dry towel thoroughly covering it, often materially assists in relieving an attack of croup.

CURE FOR HOARSENESS.—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them with two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, grate in a little nutmeg, then add a pint of lukewarm water; stir well, drink often and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT.—Take one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; sweeten to taste with honey or loat sugar; mix together and bottle.

DIPHTHERIA.—Dissolve one tablespoonful of sulphur in a glass of cold water; gargle the throat six or eight times a day. Cook salt pork in vinegar and bind on the throat; when the paroxysms come on soak the hands and feet in just as hot water as the patient will bear, with a tablespoon of baking soda thrown in. Rubbing the limbs and body will assist greatly in throwing off the disease. The simple sulphur remedy is very effectual in common sore throat.

RELIEF FOR BURNS.—A quick cure is to apply a layer of common salt and saturate it with laudanum. Hold it in place an hour or so by simple bandage. The smarting sensation will disappear rapidly and the burn get well.

FOR SPRAINS.—There is nothing better than a strong decoction of wormwood and vinegar. A flannel cloth wrung out of the above just as hot as the patient will bear and bound on the affected part will give immediate relief.

Florida and Its Fruits.

Florida, says a writer in the Hartford *Times*, is destined to be, par excellence, the fruit and vegetable garden of the Union. The oranges produced here are far superior in flavor and delicacy to those from Cuba or the Mediterranean, and obtain higher prices from dealers. They are superseding all others in the market, and the demand is only limited by the present inadequate supply. Many are engaging in the cultivation of this fruit, and the labor required and capital invested are sure of meeting a prompt and profitable reward. There are groves that will return to their owners this season an income of $1,000 per acre. Such property, of course, commands a large price. One grower in the State disposed of his crop at the handsome figure of $40,000. This represents the annual interest of $1,000,000, invested in four per cent. national securities. Ten years ago this bonanza was a piece of wild woodland. An advantage of the orange tree is that it attains an indefinite age, and that its productiveness constantly increases. The present yield of this delicious and popular fruit is not sufficient to supply two of the juicy globes to each of the citizens of the United States. The lime, lemon, citron and other varieties of the citrus family are grown as readily as the orange, and are highly remunerative. When quick and easy transportation can be had from the lower portions of the peninsula, the Northern cities can revel in pineapples, bananas, guavas, dates and other toothsome delicacies, ripened under the skies of Florida. Key West is within 100 miles of Havana, and many of the fruits found on the "Ever Faithful Isle" thrive here as luxuriantly as on the Queen of the Antilles.

Wasn't Her Fault.

A Brooklyn father rebuked his ugly daughter for being rather forward. He said:

"You ought to be ashamed to be always running after young men."

"It is not my fault," she responded.

"Whose fault is it?"

"It is their fault. If they would stand still I would not have to run after them."—*Wall Street Gazette.*

Not all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lines of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds or consecrate a crime.

NEWS EPITOME.

East and Middle.

THE first vote taken in the New York State senate for a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Conkling, resigned, resulted as follows: Conkling, 9; Jacobs, 6; Rogers, 5; Wheeler, 4; Cornell, 3; Folger, 2; Pomeroy, 2; G. B. Bradley, 1. The first vote in the senate for a successor to Mr. Platt, resigned, resulted as follows: Platt, 8; Kernan, 7; Depew, 7; Miller, 2; Judge Noah Davis, 2; Lapham, 2; Joseph H. Choate, 1; Sharpe, 1; Wheeler, 1; Rogers, 1. The first vote in the house for a successor to Mr. Conkling was: Jacobs, 47; Conkling, 26; Wheeler, 15; Rogers, 8; Cornell, 6; Crowley, 5; Evarts, 2; Wadsworth, 2; Folger, 2; Tremain, 2; Alvord, 2; White, 2; Edick, 1; Chapman, 1; Miller, 1; Fenton, 1; Ward, 1; Pomeroy, 1; Dutcher, 1; Fish, 1. And the first vote in the house for a successor to Mr. Platt was: Kernan, 47; Platt, 21; Depew, 14; Cornell, 12; Lapham, 6; Folger, 6; Evarts, 5; Crowley, 3; Miller, 3; Morton, 2; Wadsworth, 2; Tremain, 2; Choate, 1; Rogers, 1; Pomeroy, 1; Francis, 1. Messrs. Kernan and Jacobs received the combined Democratic strength, except that Senator Jacobs voted for Mr. Bradley, while the Republican votes were scattered.

GENERAL THOMAS D. HOXSEY, Greenback leader in New Jersey, and twice the candidate of his party for governor, died a few days ago near Paterson, aged sixty-six years.

THE schooner Carrie S. Doyle, which sailed from Gloucester, Mass., March 15, with a crew of twenty men, is given up as lost.

Two men and a boy were killed, and several children were injured by the explosion of a boiler in Gaffney & Co.'s dye works, Philadelphia. The boiler was blown fully 400 yards, forcing its way through the back brick wall, through two fences, knocking down posts and landing in the railroad depot yard in front of the works.

TWENTY-SEVEN barrels of gasoline standing on the platform of the Consolidated railroad freight house at Springfield, Mass., caught fire immediately after the passing of an express train and burned for an hour. Little damage to surrounding property resulted, but there were two explosions, by which several firemen and about forty citizens were more or less injured.

ALFRED B. STREET, the poet, died at Albany, N. Y., aged seventy years.

AT the opening of the New Hampshire legislature, in Concord, Governor Bell delivered his inaugural address in the presence of both houses. The address gives the State debt as $3,372,770, which is less by $139,696 than it was the previous year. The savings banks have a deposit of $32,097,734, or nearly $4,000,000 more than in 1880.

AT the Sunday services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, preached against the revised edition of the New Testament, and took an oath in the pulpit, on the King James Bible, that he would never use the revised Testament.

THERE is considerable agitation among the workingmen of New York city concerning wages and hours of labor.

West and South.

AT the Frankfort (Ky.) penitentiary John Graham, a white convict, paid a negro convict twenty cents to cut his hand off at the wrist to keep from hackling hemp. The negro performed the job with a hand ax at one blow.

SPECIAL dispatches to the New York *World* from Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Missouri and Minnesota show that there will be an average crop of wheat gathered this year. The reports agree that an increased acreage of corn and oats has been sown.

BENJAMIN and John Stiggers, brothers, were shot dead in the act of committing a robbery at night in Henry county, Ohio.

A MONUMENT to the Confederate dead was unveiled at Frederick, Md.

THE Iowa Greenback convention, in session at Marshalltown, adopted a platform in conformity with the financial principles of the party as well as resolutions sympathizing with the Irish land league and favoring the election of President and Vice-President by direct votes of the people. A ticket was nominated headed by D. M. Clark for governor. Mrs. Mary E. Nash was nominated for superintendent of public instruction.

AT Lowmoor, Va., a negro boy employed at the iron works, who was conveying a case of dynamite to the powder-house, entered a blacksmith shop. A moment afterward persons in the neighborhood were startled by an explosion and saw the wreck of the blacksmith shop flying in the air in all directions. The boy and the three colored men who were at work in the shop were taken out dreadfully mutilated.

THE Virginia Readjusters, after a two days' convention at Richmond, nominated Colonel W. E. Cameron, mayor of Petersburg, for governor, John T. Lewis, a Republican, for lieutenant-governor, and John J. Blair, for attorney-general. Senator Mahone's name as candidate was withdrawn at his request. A large number of colored delegates took an active part in the proceedings.

AS Mr. and Mrs. Henry Merrian were driving home, near Des Plaines, Ill., under the shelter of an umbrella during a heavy thunder-storm, they were both struck by lightning and killed. The horse attached to their buggy was also killed. When found they were both seated upright in the buggy. Mrs. Merrian's dress had taken fire and burned nearly off.

AT Monticello, Ia., James Hogan shot his divorced wife six times, inflicting injuries likely to prove fatal, and then with one shot killed himself. She had obtained a divorce because he was a bigamist, and he had threatened to kill her because she refused to remarry him.

ALBERT CLARK, an emigrant who came to Peru, Neb., a few days ago, and is supposed to have been crazy, first cut his wife's throat with a pocket-knife and then went out on the street with a shotgun. The first person he met was Mr. E. M. Sargent, a well-known harness maker, whom he shot and instantly killed. Then, with the pocket-knife which he had used on his wife, he cut his own throat, inflicting a fatal wound.

Two freight trains were wrecked and two men killed near Cedar Rapids, Ia., because a telegraph operator forgot to deliver his orders to keep back one of the trains.

AN accident to a train near Buena Vista, Col., resulted in the death of the engineer, fireman and brakeman.

A CHINAMAN has been indicted at Cheyenne, Wyoming, for marrying a white woman.

AT the Methodist ministers' meeting in Cincinnati a prominent topic of discussion was the Revised New Testament. The preponderance of opinion seemed to be in favor of the revision, and it was almost unanimously, though not formally, accepted by those present.

DEADWOOD, Dakota, has been visited by a terrible wind and hail-storm, during which hailstones the size of hens' eggs fell, and one woman was killed and another woman and her two children were seriously injured.

From Washington.

THE debt statement just issued shows the decrease of the public debt during the month of May to be $11,150,721.87.

Cash in the treasury	$236,496,088.13
Gold certificates	912,600.00
Silver certificates	50,773,250.00
Certificates of deposit outstanding	10,860,000.00
Refunding certificates	694,850,000.00
Legal tenders outstanding	346,681,016.00
Professional currency outstanding	7,109,102.92
Reduction of debt since June, 1880	89,250,323.83
Cash balance available	154,161,896.54

All payments made from the treasury by warrants during the month of May, 1881, were as follows:

On account of civil and miscellaneous	$5,915,058.01
On account of war	2,712,276.73
On account of navy	1,220,614.29
On account of interior, Indians	274,913.12
On account of interior, pensions	6,366,662.93
Total	$15,668,525.18

This does not include payments made on account of the interest or principal of the public debt of the United States.

The following statement shows the coinage executed at the United States mints during May:

Denominations.	*No. Pieces.*	*Value.*
Double eagles	120,220	$2,404,400
Eagles	330,000	3,300,000
Half eagles	838,920	4,194,600
Total gold	1,289,140	$9,899,000
Silver dollars	2,300,000	2,300,000
Three cents	155,000	4,650
Cents	2,490,000	24,900
Total base	2,645,000	$29,550
Grand total	6,234,140	$12,228,550

Foreign News

THERE has been a riot near Clonmel, Ireland, at a sale of tenants' interests in twenty-one farms. Most of the farms were knocked down to the emergency committee of landlords. The mob stoned the police and soldiery. The police charged once and the Hussars three times, using the flat sides of their sabers. One soldier, one policeman and some civilians were injured.

M. SIGUIN, a Paris correspondent accompanying the French expedition to Tunis, has been killed by Arabs. His murderers were arrested, tried by court martial and shot.

PORTIONS of Canada have been visited by heavy earthquake shocks.

THE English bondholders of the Confederate cotton loan of 1863 met in London and agreed to make a friendly appeal to the United States government.

THERE is great excitement in Ireland over the report that the government intends to suppress the land league. At a consultation the Irish members of parliament determined in case the league is suppressed to operate through the ladies' land league, or transfer the headquarters of the league from Dublin to Holyhead.

THE great race for the Derby stakes—the race to see which the British house of commons annually adjourns—was captured this year, and for the first time, by an American horse—Pierre Lorillard's three-year-old colt, Iroquois. The race is for three-year-old colts, and the distance run one and one-half miles. An immense crowd was present on Epsom Downs, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the royal family. When Iroquois reached the winning post ahead by half a length, he and his jockey received a tremendous ovation. Peregrine, the favorite, came in second. The Derby stakes amounted on this occasion to $52,250, of which $30,000 go to Mr. Lorillard.

SLIGHT shocks of earthquake at Mount Vesuvius have been followed by a strong eruption. Broad and active streams of lava are flowing down the northeast side.

COLLISIONS between the police and the military on one side and the people on the other are increasing daily in Ireland. A riot followed the attempt of a bailiff, assisted by eighty police, to evict a tenant. The house was found occupied by armed men who fired upon the police. The latter returned the fire, smashed in the door and dispersed the occupants, taking thirty prisoners. As they were retiring they were again fired upon and several wounded. One farmer was killed by a blow from the butt-end of a gun, and several civilians were severely injured.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE made two speeches in Tipperary, Ireland, on the land league and the land bill. He insisted that the agitation was a constitutional movement and approved to some extent of the land bill, condemning the absence of any provision for the agricultural laborers. He appealed to Mr. Gladstone, to put a stop to evictions and said the Irish people were enlisting the sympathy and moral support of the world.

IN the British house of commons Mr. Justin McCarthy's motion censuring the Irish executive for the arrest of Father Sheehy, Mr. Dillon and others was defeated by a vote of 130 to 22. Mr. Parnell declared that the tenants would continue to defy the landlords in spite of bayonets. For applying the epithets "calumnious" and "lying" Mr. O'Kelly, home-rule member, upon motion of Mr. Gladstone, was suspended for the remainder of the sitting.

ACCORDING to the recent census the population of London is 3,814,571.

M. BRISOARD, the French inspector of telegraphs in Algeria, and twenty-five of his escort, have been massacred by the Arabs.

A CONSPIRACY against the life of the czar has been discovered in St. Petersburg, and twenty-one arrests have been made.

THE crop prospects in England are quite gloomy, and there will be at least a partial failure. Drought is burning up the fields. The hay crop will be a total failure. Hundreds of farmers, already in sore straits, will be ruined by a bad harvest this year.

JELLIL AGHA MUKNI, the principal instigator of the Mianloab massacre, during the Kurdish invasion of Persia, has been blown from the mouth of a cannon at Tabreez.

THE annual typographical convention was held this year in Toronto, Ontario. Printers from all parts of the United States were present.

THE czar of Russia is completely broken down and has shut himself up at Gatschina, where he is closely guarded by Cossacks and police. Constant fear of assassination is said to have turned him into a physical wreck.

A great condition of disorder prevails in Peru.

How an American Horse Won the Derby.

The following is a vivid cable account of the manner in which Iroquois, an American horse, won the Derby, the great English racing event, which usually brings all London to Epsom Downs:

The Derby day for once was marked by "Queen's weather," the sun rising early in a cloudless sky, and giving promise, faithfully redeemed, of sultriness and dust. From an early hour all sporting, fashionable and sight-seeing London was active, and the roads leading to the Downs—all white and soft with dust—were choked with their usual heterogeneous throng of vehicles, from the coster's barrow, with its sad and solitary "moke," to the four-in-hand drag of the regimental mess or amateur coachman, and the long files of pedestrian pilgrims journeying toward the Mecca of the turf. The railroads were as liberally patronized by those to whom time or comfort was more than amusement or orthodoxy, and 19,000 passengers went to Epsom from Victoria station alone. Among those were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, attended by a large and brilliant party. The American delegation at the course was unusually large, and its members were in high spirits over the favorable reports concerning their nation's equine representatives and the certainty that Archer would ride Iroquois, and the more than cordial editorial in the morning's *Daily Telegraph* concerning the prospects of the "Yankee" horses and of the American turf generally.

The scene at Epsom Downs of a Derby day has been so often described that it would be almost superfluous to dwell upon its features—the vivid verdure of the late spring, the mild blue of the stainless sky, the wilderness of tents and booths and canvas shelters of every description, glaring with banners and signs; the apparently irremediable confusion of carriages of every description and degree, so jammed and locked in rows six and eight deep that it could hardly be said which was the cause for the greater wonder—how they had ever been packed together or how they would ever be released; their bright lading of fair women and stalwart men; the luncheons to which the race is regarded as merely an accessory; the shouman, shrill, hoarse and voluble, describing most wonderful attractions in "patent" still more wonderful; the musicians and minstrels; the shooting-galleries and the "Aunt Sally" lists; the fortune-tellers and runners bellowing "cheet cards," and towering over everything the great stand, like a giant ant-hill in the busiest commotion, and last, not least, the dull roar of the crowd, which, though scarcely apparent to those who buzzed and bustled in its midst, smote upon the ear from afar like the sounding of the sea.

It was four minutes past three when the horses went to the post. With a good deal of good-humored crowding and horse-play the course had been cleared and lay a riband of emerald green between two human walls. The inevitable "Derby dog" put in his appearance, and having been chased and chevied in mad terror, vanished as suddenly and mysteriously as he had appeared. The babel of the bookmakers in the ring ceased with almost ludicrous suddenness as the horses drew into line like a squadron of cavalry making ready to charge. "Hats off" ran around the throng and a quarter of a million faces, visibly flushed with excitement, were turned toward the starting-point and there came upon the crowd a hush in which the flapping of the flags in the light wind could be heard.

Over in the rainbow streak on the hill there is a moment's hesitation; one horse tries, apparently, to stand upon his head, another prances round on his hind hoofs and spars with his fore feet at vacancy, then the tiny blot of flag falls and the horses seem, as if smitten by an electric shock, to become half as high and twice as long as they were an instant before. "They're off!" bursts with a single impulse and a sort of relieved sigh from every lip; then, "No! False start!" as three or four horses are seen still at the post, toward which the others wheel back, one, that had gone furthest, fighting his jockey and boring his head rebelliously from side to side as if protesting against being checked in such an auspicious departure. Again they are marshaled; again the same exclamation. The rainbow streak breaks up, shifts, is recombined like bits of painted glass in a kaleidoscope. It is as if a handful of gay beads had been thrown along a table. "They're off!" in earnest this time, and every bound of the horses means £10,000 for backers or fielders.

A blind man could almost have followed the different phases of the contest by the commanding murmur of the throng, growing louder and louder as the horses tore along, painted shadows in the distance. As they scudded up the hill Marshal Macdonald—making strong running for his stable companion, Don Pedano—led, followed closely by St. Louis close upon him, then Peregrine and Iroquois, as if watching each other. On the level ground St. Louis goes up to him, then takes a slight lead; then the American scampers up as they descend the hill to Tottenham Corner, the critical point of the race. It is hard to say what their exact positions are as they scurry around the bend, heading toward home, but the leaders are dropping back to the main division and the tail is lengthening out. For a moment Voluptuary shows in front as St. Louis and Marshal Macdonald die away, and the humming commentary grows louder and more excited. "They're round! Voluptuary's leading! A-ah! (a long sigh of relief as Geologist, against whom Peregrine has cannoned, after staggering almost to his nose and knees, recovers himself). Peregrine has it! Peregrine wins! Peregrine! Peregrine!"

Up the level stretch thunder the horses, coming nearer and nearer, curiously foreshortened, a phantasmagoria of flashing colors, legs working like pistons of steam-engines, plaited manes bobbing, silk caps with bits of faces—compressed lips and sharp chins—seen between the horses' ears. Town Moor, Tristan and Peregrine are in front; Don Pedano, Scobell and Iroquois just behind, like two Roman chariot teams. Up goes a jockey's hand and his whip falls three or four times on his horse's flank; the animal wriggles forward for a second, then seems to float backward, and the cry is raised, "Tristan's beat!" Town Moor and Peregrine are a span now, and the greyhound-like favorite draws out amid a delighted roar, "Peregrine wins!" "It is all over!" and scores of watchers shut their glasses with a contemptuous click, as the horses flash up to the grand stand. Then a counter-roar breaks out, devouring the shouting like a prairie fire: "Iroquois! Iroquois! The Yankee's coming! He has him! (every one knows who 'he' is and who 'him.') Peregrine! Iroquois! Archer!" and the two leaders dash by, leaving the others at every stride, their eyes aflame and flanks all wet; every muscle strained; their panting like the breathing of steam engines. Iroquois's nose is at the favorite's shoulder—at his head—it shows in front; Webb raises his whip and at the stinging cut Peregrine springs forward, but his bolt is shot, and with a smile Archer shoots past the judge's box with Peregrine's red nostrils at his knee.

And amid such a roar as Epsom Downs have rarely heard, jealousy, pride, all hostile emotions are swallowed up on the instant, and the crowd cheers and laughs and cheers again, and breaking all restraint overflows into the green ribbon track toward where the gallant American, with his ears pricked and neck arching, is coming back to the scales, his young rider sitting calmly triumphant with one hand on his hip. The stalwart, blue-coated policemen have to beseech, and threaten and shoulder and almost use their truncheons to force a way for horse and rider, while every banjo, fiddle, brass and stringed instrument on the Downs is blowing or twanging something more or less American, and the Americans in delirious delight are breaking each other's hats and giving each other trip-hammer greetings on the back. The hundred and second Derby has been run for and won by a "Yankee."

The following is a summary:

Renewal of the Derby stakes of 50 sovereigns each, half-forfeit; for colts, 8 st. 10 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 5 lb., three years old; about a mile and a half, starting at the New High Level starting post; the owner of the second horse to receive 300 sovereigns and the third 150 sovereigns out of the stakes; 243 subscribers; 15 starters.

Mr. P. Lorillard's imp. br. c. Iroquois, by Leamington, out of Maggie B. B. ..(Archer) 1
Captain R. W. Grosvenor's br. c. Peregrine, by Pero Gomez, out of Adelaide 2
Mr. Bourke's b. c. Don Pedro, by Monarch, out of Miss Mowbray ..... (Webb) 2
Lord Rosebery's b. c. Town Moor, by Doncaster, out of Euxine, by Kingston ..... (Lemaire) 3

The Riot in County Clare, Ireland.

A special cable dispatch from Dublin to the New York *Telegram* says: The following is a detailed account of the affray between the people and the military and police in the county Clare which took place yesterday: It appears that eighty policemen proceeded to Bodyke for the purpose of assisting in the eviction of a tenant. Bodyke is a small village situated midway between Scariff and Tulla, where some military are at present garrisoned. The police, while proceeding in small parties to the place of assembly were attacked in detail by the people. Ambulance wagons conveyed the police from Ennis. They were under the command of the county inspector.

On the way from Ennis a hive of bees was let loose, and the stings of the insects caused the horses to become restive and unmanageable. One maddened beast dashed itself against a wall and was killed. Mounted orderlies were dispatched to Tulla for the assistance of the military, while, in the meantime, the police, in united force, proceeded to the house where the eviction was to take place. It was situated on a hill, and as they ascended toward it the police were attacked by an armed band of desperate men, who from the cover of the fences at each side of the road poured a galling fire into the ranks of the constabulary. The latter were immediately deployed in skirmishing order and returned the fire with effect, killing one man and wounding several others.

The police succeeded in reaching the house, which was found to be filled with armed men. They broke in the front door and took the garrison by surprise. The rioters rushed through the back door, but several were arrested. Some who had attacked the constabulary from behind the fences were also taken, and in all some thirty prisoners were captured. The house was taken possession of and the family unhabitable were cleared out. While returning with their prisoners the police were attacked and fired upon the second