Far Away.

Beyond the sandy, rocky shore
As once on island heights I lay
Long listening to the breakers roar,
I heard weird chords of "Far Away,"
Dim Far Away,
Sad Far Away—
As if from the wastes where mermaids lay.

Then visions vast—time, space and life
And death commingled vaguely there—
Crusaders hurrying to the strife;
And martyrs rising in mid air
Of Far Away,
Wan Far Away,
On to the glowing sunset there.

'Twas Sabbath; and betimes a bell
Low tinkling rang midst bowers of Eld;
And I was in some saintly dell,
Where peals and chimes and chorals swelled
From Far Away,
Sweet Far Away,
Midst towers and fanes and halls of Eld.

Anon, behold! from classic lands
Rose seers and sages half divine,
And maidens in all glorious bands
From many a famed ancestral line,
Of Far Away,
Trooped Far Away,
Led on by youths not less divine.

Ah, yes; beyond the rocky shore,
As once on island heights I lay
Long listening to the breathless roar,
I heard great chords of Far Away—
Deep Far Away,
Rich Far Away,
As if from seas where mermaids lay.

And was that all?—Oh, vivid hour,
Came there no effluence from some clime
Of other worlds?—no winging power
Which visioned not pale scenes of time,
But Far Away,
High Far Away,
The tints of an eternal clime!

—*Dearden, in Springfield Republican.*

BAB.

"Here comes a countrywoman of mine," said Fairweather, of New York, to Count Oscar von Held, as the two young men were strolling along the Unter den Linden.

"I never yet have known one of your fair Americans," answered Von Held. "I fancy they are a charming mixture of personal grace and republican simplicity."

"Simplicity! You Europeans won't find much of that in our girls. Why, they ought to be Al. We spend plenty of money on them. Now this Miss Warren we're just meeting, she's had thousands spent on her education."

Von Held responded with an inscrutable German "So!" the only word of his native tongue that forced its way through his fluent and excellent English. He found it impossible to conduct a conversation both politely and prudently without using the familiar syllable that lent itself to any meaning or covered all meaning.

"She's with her father," Fairweather went on. "He's rich as Crœsus—large mill owner. I'll introduce you as they pass."

"She is very beautiful," said Von Held; "tall and slight, brown eyes, lovely chestnut hair, and what a perfect crinson on what a perfect cheek! She has the softness and brightness of your autumn landscape, I fancy," and he flushed slightly in the fashion peculiar to the German blonde. But Von Held was neither bashful nor awkward. He was a tall, good-looking fellow of thirty-five, with a long yellow mustache, pleasant blue eyes, much experience in the best society in Europe, and much given to formulating his views in neat, careful phrases.

"George!" exclaimed Fairweather, as Miss Warren came near, "she's grown handsomer than ever. She's got chic. That's from six months in Paris. Why, that girl's music alone cost at least ten thousand dollars."

"Then," observed Von Held, interrogatively, "she may be said to represent capital invested?"

"Exactly. Here they are." And the count was duly presented.

Mr. Warren's greeting was: "Glad to make your acquaintance, sir. How are you, sir?" in a very loud voice, and with a show of feeling perfectly at home. Then he shook hands with the friendly grip current among mill owners in Eastern Massachusetts. The count beat his blue eyes on him in the quietest observation, and returned the "How are you, sir?" and the grip with that last jet of true politeness—the sacrifice of personal taste and pride to put another at ease.

But Miss Warren was unimpeachable: dignified, calm, slow of gaze, apt of speech, everything that the father was not.

"Where did she learn it all. How did she come by that grace and propriety?" asked the puzzled foreigner, when he had parted from the Americans. "Is the mother charming?"

"Mother's a manikin," answered Fairweather; "dried-up party in black silk; never says much. Dora Warren is the new American girl; just adopts luxury, accomplishments, manners, style, and wears 'em as she wears her clothes—as if they were made to order expressly for her. She's the only daughter, too; going to have a fortune—cool million at least."

"I've always been interested in America," remarked Von Held just here.

"The notion of a republic has long held a sort of charm for me. I think I must make a trip there."

Fairweather kept a discouraging silence, frowned slightly, and stared at some distant object.

"From boyhood," the count went on, "I've had a dream of republicanism—no caste distinctions, only those of personal merit. Le Comte's views have impressed me strongly. I feel our old world manacles of dignities and prejudices slipping off. I want something fresh, pure, simple. I hope to find it in your country."

"You'll find nothing 'green' (as we say) in America, count," answered Fairweather, with an attempt at good nature. Then, remembering an engagement, he walked off, muttering to himself: "The fellow's poor. He'd like some Yankee money. Sorry I introduced him. Dora's a beauty."

A few days later, when Von Held called on the Warren family, he spoke of his intended trip, whereupon Mr. Warren said: "Well, we can't brag of castles; but I'll show you mills. We shall be at our seaside place at Rockport the first of June. Come there and stay with us."

Von Held explained, while thanking him: "I go to America to gratify the longing of years to enjoy a young civilization; to find something more natural, more vigorous, than our old types of humanity."

After the German had gone, Warren nodded knowingly to his wife with: "Talk to the marines. I've found out all about that young count. Ancient family, splendid education, nice old castle, but poor; actually hasn't means to keep up the place."

"He's a gentleman," remarked Dora.

"What's that, miss?" said Warren, in the tone, half banter and half reproof, yet wholly pride and affection, with which he always addressed this handsome creature he had the luck to call daughter. "What's that, miss? A gentleman, is he? Well, we don't want him, do we? Let him keep to his aristocracy, eh?"

"There is something in birth and breeding, papa. Fairweather, with all his money and his boasting, can't impress one as this quiet German does."

"Impress? Whom does he impress, miss, eh? Me or you?"

"Oh, have your joke, papa; but you know what I mean perfectly." Dora was never embarassed about men. As an American belle she had been too long surrounded by admirers to treat their existence otherwise than a matter of course. So she straightened her fichu in front of the glass quite coolly, and met her own reflected eyes with a calm acceptation of their limpid beauty that was something more dignified yet more vain than vanity itself.

About the middle of the following June, when the family were home from their European tour, and settled at their Rockport place, Mr. Warren announced one day at the dinner table, "I've a letter from Count von Held."

Mrs. Warren, long unused to changing color, actually flushed with delight, and looked significantly at Dora, who returned the look with frank complacency.

Phil, the only son, and future inheritor of all the mill property, bowled out, in a loud voice that was his most remarkable characteristic: "Who's Von What's-his-name, anyhow?"

Dora calmly explained, "He's a German gentleman whom we met in Berlin, and found very agreeable."

"Is he coming here, father?" demanded Phil.

"Yes, he is coming to-morrow."

To-morrow, accordingly, he came. Dora floated into the drawing-room, lovely as a dream, dressed in white muslin sublimated with Valenciennes, and directly from the hand of Worth.

Von Held's blue eyes promptly paid to such beauty the tribute of an admiring gaze, ever returning to her face, and as often deprecating its own insatiableness. A queen couldn't ask a more respectful homage, and like a queen the American girl received it, as self-poised as the foreigner himself, and as perfectly well-placed in the luxurious drawing-room as a gem would be in its setting.

"Very glad to renew your acquaintance, sir," was Mr. Warren's greeting. "I hope you'll get along with our plain, republican way of living."

"Plain?" echoed Von Held. "Why, this villa is one of the finest I ever saw, and your grounds are almost an English park. There's nothing here but taste and opulence."

"Well"—and the happy proprietor smiled contentedly—"well, count, I don't mind confessing this seashore place cost me something like half a million. A little money, you know, buys everything."

"So!" responded Van Held, resorting to his useful German monosyllable.

The guest was soon at home in the superb house, and filled it with plenty of distinguished callers. Members of the German legation dropped in, in friendly fashion; so did the French and Italian ministers. Dora conversed with each in his own tongue; then she would play and sing to Von Held all the summer evenings, while the perfume of rare flowers and the flood of moonlight made a sort of witchery in the room.

The count said to her one day: "I never cease to wonder at your varied accomplishments, your taste, your perfect self-possession and perfect—pardon me." He stopped, checked by the slow gaze of her brown eyes; but she understood the compliment as plainly and with less sacrifice of dignity than if she had received it in words. "You have nothing of what I expected to find in this new country. You would fit a European court."

"Thanks," answered Dora, with the languor proper to a much-beflattered woman. "I hope you won't be shocked by such crudities as still exist in our society here."

"Oh," responded Von Held, "understand me, pray. I like all strong characteristics. Independence, freedom of speech, originality of thought, quaintness of expression, I admire, even if they are not always in the most refined taste."

Dora smiled, and understood another and subtler compliment that embraced even her surroundings.

Von Held's patience with Phil, the most noisy of Yankee boys, made papa Warren remark, with a significant laugh: "You see, Sarah, our guest wants to be friendly with all the family."

Friends the two certainly were, and went off on long tramps and fishing excursions together. On such occasions the boy, finding the foreign name too hard, addressed Von Held as "Mr. Count," or oftener with only the jolly hail, "I say!"

One day Phil screamed from a long distance down the river-bank (it was Phil's peculiarity to yell his conversation across wide distances): "Mr. Count, I say, to-morrow's the Fourth. You'll have to get up early if you go out with me."

"Oh yes, I'll get up. It's your national holiday."

"Bab and me always get up early to fire crackers. Got a bite?"

"No. Is Bab the dog?"

"Dog? No; Bab's a girl."

A laborer in a field across the river looked up, and answered, "Hallo!" thinking the remarks were addressed to him. "Ain't talking to you," Phil explained, fortissimo, then trumped out the information: "Bab is Barbara Chase. She's my cousin. Her mother is father's sister. Her father's dead. She's awfully poor. We ain't. But she's a nice girl. She's seventeen. She's a little taller than I am. I'm thirteen. I'll soon catch up to her."

"I'm glad to be in New England on your great national holiday," said Von Held to Dora that evening.

"Oh, you mean the Fourth of July. Let me see. It's to-morrow. Such a dreadful bore! But we keep out of the blare and glare here. Fortunately the grounds are large."

"Then you don't care for the day?"

"Only children and the lower orders celebrate these dreadful national fetes. Of course patriotism must be popularized, and this is the unpleasant, noisy form it takes."

"You are entirely cosmopolitan; you have no national enthusiasms," remarked Von Held, politely observant. Then he strolled across the lawn to smoke a cigar.

While he was gone a box arrived by express. Mr. Warren ordered it brought in, and explained: "It's full of fire-crackers for Bab."

"Surely, papa," exclaimed Dora, "that child Bab isn't coming here to-morrow?"

"Why not?"

"Because she's such a queer, plain little thing that—"

"Samuel, you ought to know better," remonstrated Mrs. Warren, "than to let Count von Held see such a girl as Dora's cousin."

"Nonsense! Bab's not very stylish, but she hasn't got money to buy that sort of thing. She's my sister's child, anyway, and I mean to give her all the firecrackers she wants, and a place to fire 'em off in." Mr. Warren was conscious of having done but little practically for his niece, and was tenacious of doing something sentimentally.

"It's your own fault," snapped the wife, with an energy born of her new ambitions; "if the count is disgusted with such queer-looking relations."

"Barbara was dressed in common coarse blue flannel when I last met her," said Dora.

"Don't you worry about the count," Mr. Warren answered, soothingly. "I've shown him all the mills and the Botson house. He's no fool. He won't mind Bab any more than he minds Phil. Money's money, my dear! money's money."

The family (as ill-luck would have it) were seated that evening in a full light, the weather being rather cool, and into the parlor came the dreadful Bab, dressed in the condemned blue flannel. It was an old dress, and not pretty; nor was Bab a very pretty girl. She was rather small; had warm reddish hair dressed in two hard, ungraceful braids; good, fearless gray eyes; skin slightly freckled; nice dimples, a little cleft chin and a fresh childish mouth.

"I came for my firecrackers, uncle," she said.

There was a murmur of introduction, she bowed to Von Held, then, with a laugh, tucked the box under her arm, and throwing back some jest at the uncle, who saw her off from the front door, she ran away across the lawn toward the village.

The next morning at breakfast Von Held remarked: "Phil and I have been enjoying the Fourth of July. I've been to the village, and I've fired off crackers with your cousin, Miss—Miss Bab, as you call her."

Mrs Warren frowned with vexation. "That girl is quite a trial to us, count. She's so very queer about her dress. Why, Dora has often sent her rich clothes that she had done with, and the child refuses to wear them."

"Yes," Dora added, "the poor girl is very unconventional."

"So!" the count responded.

That inevitable Bob came to the house again. It was her usual Fourth of July custom to fire crackers from the end of the big piazza, with Phil for companion.

"The noise is so unpleasant, let us go," Dora proposed, "to the other side of the house."

"Oh, no," answered Von Held. "I rather like it all. It's something new to me. It's quite refreshing to see those two young people absorbed in such child's play."

Soon Von Held's visit had ended. He was going to travel. The Warrens would spend September in the mountains. October would see him at Rockport again.

With many compliments upon his entertainment, with renewed expression of surprise at the advance, cultivation and wealth he met in America, he took his leave.

"Did he say anything—anything in particular?" whispered Mamma Warren to her daughter.

"Not yet," answered Dora, in a tone that was perfectly satisfactory.

During the visit to the mountains, Fairweather overtook the Warren family. In October he returned with them to Rockport. Von Held they found already at the hotel in the village. He had been there a month or more.

Fairweather muttered: "Thought he'd be on hand in time. Didn't count on seeing me come with Dora." Then Fairweather ordered the most extravagant of bonbonnieres sent up from New York to Miss Warren. The fact was, he recognized a dangerous rival, and so spent thousands of dollars at once in buying horses, bringing his yacht to Rockport, bearing the expense of all sorts of festivities, and hunting up costly fruits and flowers; then he scowled constantly upon Von Held, and generally played the desperate lover.

Both men were leaning over Dora's piano one evening, when Mr. Warren chanced to pass through the parlor. Von Held, with a hurried "Excuse me," overtook his steps and Fairweather could hear these words: "May I speak to you privately, Mr. Warren, upon an important matter?" Then the two passed out upon the piazza together.

Fairweather felt that he understood the purpose of that interview, and he exclaimed to Dora: "If I'd known that foreign adventurer had followed you home, I'd have come back six months sooner."

Miss Warren rose, turned toward Fairweather, swept him once up and down slowly with her eyes, and walked deliberately out of the room.

The suitor felt such a pang of love for her in that repose, that scorn, that general superiority to his own nature, that in a moment he had lashed himself into a jealous fury, and he strode toward where Warren and Von Held were sitting on the piazza.

Coming upon them unawares from one of the draperied windows, he heard this from the count:

"I wish to ask your sanction for the addresses I have already paid her."

"Already paid her?" repeated Mr. Warren. "I am astonished."

Fairweather sprang forward, forgetting everything but his anger.

"Mr. Warren," he vociferated, "I protest against this. This man is poor, doesn't own fifteen thousand dollars in the world. He wants your daughter for her money, I warn you, and I accuse him for base motives."

Von Held started up as if he had been dealt a blow; then, meeting with the livid face and angry eyes of his accuser, he laid his hand quietly on the back of a chair, and so stood at ease almost smiling.

"He's a fortune-hunter," Fairweather went on. "I spoke of a trip to America just as soon as I spoke of your daughter's wealth. And, moreover, he's"—Fairweather swaggered up very close to Von Held—"he's a—he's a—." The word "coward" was forming itself on his lips, but the quiet eyes that met him, the unchanged color, the steady mouth, checked that word, and left a silence, during which the count resumed his seat, while Fairweather stood quivering with unmastered rage.

"Much obliged for your impertinent interference, young man," Warren answered at last, rather dryly, "but my daughter isn't in the question at all."

"What!" exclaimed Fairweather.

"No; it's all about my—"

"Allow me," interrupted Von Held. "I am asking the sanction of Mr. Warren upon my engagement with his niece, Miss Barbara Chase."

Fairweather's shame was swallowed up in astonishment.

The German went on: "I have found in this young girl all my ideal, all that I have so often declared held peculiar charms for me—freshness of heart, simplicity of taste and the richness of nature and imagination that finds an excellence in pure childish enjoyments. Accomplishments, beauty, wit, I can admire, but I love those only; they are nothing new. Every city in Europe gives you plenty of clever and handsome women, but your niece, Mr. Warren, has qualities that I far prefer."

"Yes—oh, yes; take her, sir, by all means," stammered Warren. "But she hasn't a dollar in the world."

"I would be sorry if she had."

"See here," said Fairweather, stammering, too. "I've often heard you talk this way before, but—"

"But you didn't believe me? I see—I see. There's a vicious effect from this American prosperity. This great and successful struggle for wealth lends an undue weight to mere wealth. Not that you don't use it well, not that you don't appreciate the refinement it buys; but your minds will run back and measure everything by the outlay entailed. I think you forget the value of such things as can't be valued. Pardon me if I say that I find you apt, with just pride in your own honesty and industry, to judge harshly of certain classes in Europe. If we have aristocratic pride and prejudice, you have republican pride and prejudice. If we can't realize there are taste and refinement in America, you can't realize there are genuine impulses, honesty and singleness of purpose among us. I've learned lately that the villain of an American romance is commonly a European nobleman." Von Held laughed outright, and Fairweather felt more at ease, and ventured:

"Count, I hope you bear me no grudge; I—"

"You insulted me because you knew no better, sir," was the subtle answer that Fairweather construed as a settlement of all dispute.

Mr. Warren had hurried in-doors to tell his daughter the news. Immediately she appeared in the drawing room, overflowing with polite congratulations.

"You see," said Von Held, "I fell in love with my little Barbara that Fourth of July, when she was so child-like and unaffected and inexperienced, and enjoyed those absurd firecrackers so heartily."

Within a week Dora had scornfully rejected Fairweather, and Von Held and Bab were married and off for Berlin.

On their wedding night, Mrs. Warren found her daughter in tears.

"To think," cried the indignant mother, "that he should marry that plain little thing! She couldn't touch a feather to you. It was all an accident anyway—all those horrid firecrackers."

"I suppose it's an accident to meet an honest man now and then. And—and love's an accident," repondsd Dora, bitterly. Then the tears came again.

Mrs. Warren stole softly away. She said to her husband, "I think Dora liked that count."

"Sho! did she?" answered the kindly old father. "That's too bad. We must go to Europe and buy her another—I mean we'll meet more of those foreign chaps. Dorry shall take her pick. I've got the money. Tell Dorry not to cry."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

There is no fortune so good but that it may be reversed, and none so bad but it may be bettered. The sun that rises in clouds may set in splendor, and that which rises in splendor mby set in gloom.

NEWS EPITOME.

East and Middle.

GOVERNOR CORNELL, of New York, vetoed the bill prohibiting the adulteration of syrups, sugar, honey, etc., on the ground that it makes merchants guilty of a misdemeanor who may inadvertently or through lack of information violate its provisions.

THE American dental association has held its twentieth annual convention in New York, dentists from all parts of the country being in attendance.

DURING a thunder-storm the house of John Brandt near Callicoon Depot, N. Y., was struck by lightning and Mrs. Brandt was instantly killed, her body being horribly mutilated.

A FUND is being raised in Boston to give poor and infirm persons street car rides on pleasant days.

GENERAL JOHN C. PEMBERTON, the officer who commanded the Confederate troops at the siege of Vicksburg, died a few days ago at Penllyn, Pa., aged sixty-four years.

AT Portland, Me., Justice Clifford, of the United States supreme court, underwent amputation of the foot for gangrene.

A FIRE at Potsdam, N. Y., destroyed eighteen houses and 2,000,000 feet of lumber, causing an estimated loss of $100,000.

JOHN A. APPLETON, of the well-known New York publishing house, is dead in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

LEWIS ROCKWELL, ex-sheriff and treasurer of Pike county, Pa., and the oldest man in that section, died the other night, aged 103 years.

A FIRE at Bradford, Pa., burned down sixteen buildings, causing a loss of about $50,000.

A DARING highway robbery was committed the other day in broad daylight in the streets of New York. Three disguised men, in a peddler's wagon, drove into a buggy in which two clerks were taking a large sum of money to the bank. Then with pistols in hand the robbers attacked the clerks, wrested over $10,000 away from them, and drove rapidly off.

AFTER daily balloting for seven weeks by the New York legislature Congressman Warner Miller was elected on the forty-eighth ballot to the United States Senate for the long term in the place of Mr. Platt. There were 145 members present, and Mr. Miller received seventy-nine votes—three more than the number required. When the two houses met in joint convention Speaker Sharpe made a speech, in which he announced for Mr. Lapham instead of Mr. Conkling. His example was followed by Senator Baker and Assemblyman Sisson, but Mr. Lapham still lacked five votes of being elected. On the ballot for the long term Mr. Miller received the votes of Senator Winslow, General Sharpe and six other Conkling members. This increased his score to 76. The vote stood: Miller, 76; Kernan, 47; Wheeler, 4; Fish, 9; Bliss, 1; Starin, 2; Tenny, 1; Daniels, 1; Adams, 1; Chapman, 2; Talcott, 1.

A FIRE at Red Bank, N. J., destroyed nine buildings in the center of the town, including the *Register* office, and caused a loss of about $50,000. While assisting in extinguishing the flames William H. Carey, a prominent citizen, was seized with paralysis of the heart and dropped dead.

Two children were killed and one probably fatally injured by the falling in of a deserted house in Jersey City, N. J.

West and South.

THE Ohio Democratic State convention, held at Columbus, put in the field a full ticket with J. W. Bookwalter for governor at its head. The platform favors "the equality of all people before the law, equal taxation, unpolitical legislation and a free and pure ballot as the corner-stone of free institutions; opposition to monopolies and subsidies of all kinds; the strictest economy in national, State and local administrations, that labor may be lightly burdened; the maintenance and advancement of the common-school system;" denounces labor competition in State prisons; declares for civil service reform, a tariff for revenue and a commission to reform the tariff, and deplores and denounces the recent attack upon President Garfield.

AT the meeting of the American Hebrew union in Chicago a resolution was passed to raise $500,000 for the endowment of a college.

WILLIAM DONSON, Pleasant Adams, Richard Bates and Joe Benton, four colored men convicted at Greenville, S. C. of burning the Acad my of Music at that place on December 7, 1879, have been sentenced to be hanged on September 9.

REPORTS from the flooded districts in Iowa report unprecedented damage to crops and railroad property.

WHILE working at the mouth of a railroad tunnel near Cincinnati a gang of laborers were overwhelmed by a land-slide which killed two men and injured four others.

THE 14th was generally observed in Arkansas as a day of fasting and prayer for the recovery of President Garfield, it having been set apart by Governor Churchill for that purpose.

A TERRIFIC tornado has wrought death and desolation in Minnesota. At Bird's Island, the new Baptist church, with several other buildings, was totally wrecked. Near Ortonville four buildings were demolished. Then the tornado swept farmhouses along its course for thirty miles, increasing in fury as it went. Horses, barns and farm machinery were strewn in all directions, and stock killed by the whole-sale. A small hamlet called Fairfield was in the track of the cyclone, and nothing but the stone foundations of the buildings remain to show where the village stood. About fifteen persons were killed and wounded. The people were left in the most pitiable plight, without shelter or clothing.

FIVE persons were hanged the other day at different places. At Van Buren, Ark., William Reeves was hanged for the murder of William Drake last December, and made a desperate attempt on the scaffold to escape, knocking his guards right and left, and for a time creating a scene of wild discord. At Marianna, Ark., Isaac Green and John Hardin, both colored, were hanged, each having killed a man. At New Madrid, Mo., Meyers and Brown, two desperadoes, were hanged for having murdered a young man and then killing one of the sheriff's posse sent in pursuit of them.

IN less than twelve minutes a cyclone destroyed the town of New Ulm, Minn., killed upward of thirty persons and did damage to property of every kind amounting to at least $350,000.

A GANG of outlaws captured a train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad, between Cameron and Winston, Mo., killed the conductor and a passenger, robbed the United States Express company's safe of several thousand dollars and escaped on horseback. The outrage is attributed to the notorious James brothers.

IN one week there were 264 deaths in Cincinnati from sunstroke and 150 from the excessive heat.

THE town of Wallace, Mich., consisting of a saw-mill and twenty-one buildings, was totally destroyed by fire.

PAUL HELD, a Swiss emigrant who recently bought a farm in Eagle Creek Valley, Minn., becoming insane through homesickness and the failure of his crops, killed his wife and five children, mortally wounded his remaining two children and then committed suicide.

HENRY S. SMITH was hanged at Corinth, Miss., for the murder of James Burt.

"BILLY THE KID," the notorious outlaw, who has killed from fifteen to twenty men, has at last met his fate at the hands of a plucky deputy sheriff, who overhauled him in a cabin in Lincoln county, New Mexico, and shot him dead.

GREENLEAF, near Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee Nation, has been the scene of a horrible tragedy. The Creek and Cherokee Indians were having a barbecue preparatory to nominating their candidates for the ensuing election next month, and whisky flowed freely. Two full-blooded Indians, Bill Lovett and Deer Track, became drunk and in their frenzy made an onslaught on a party. Seven men were killed and others mortally wounded.

From Washington.

A LARGE reduction in the clerical force of the pension office is to be made, Commissioner Dudley having recommended the discharge of 100 clerks and a reduction in pay of fifty more on the ground of a lack of appropriations.

IT is estimated by Chief Fletcher, of the loan division of the treasury department, that there are about $30,000,000 registered five per cent. bonds outstanding. These bonds are redeemable at once, with interest to the date of presentation. They cease to bear interest on October 1. There are upward of $12,000,000 of coupon five per cent. bonds outstanding which cease to bear interest August 12, and are redeemable after that date.

POSTOFFICE statistics show that the number of ordinary postage stamps issued in 1880 was 875,681,970, valued at $22,414,928; in 1881 the number was 954,128,140, and value $24,040,643. The per cent. of increase is 8.9 in number, and 7.2 in value. The total number of postage stamps, newspaper and periodical stamps, stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers, postage due stamps, and postal cards issued for sale to the public for the year ending June 30, 1880, was 1,363,424,052, value $31,932,518.98, and for the year ending June 30, 1881, was 1,499,773,508, value $34,483,519.09

THE condition of the cotton, wheat and corn crops of this country, as reported by the department of agriculture, is a trifle less favorable than at this time last year.

Foreign News

A DISPATCH from St. Petersburg says that the Jewish inhabitants of Novo-Tcherkask, on the River Don, have been ordered to quit the town by September 13.

THERE are now 200 persons imprisoned in Ireland under the coercion act, including one member of parliament, one priest, one magistrate, several town councilors and many poor-law guardians.

THE celebration of the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne was attended in several places in Ireland with serious disturbances.

GENERAL CIALDINI, the Italian ambassador to France, has presented his letters of recall. It is said that owing to the feeling between France and Italy a successor to General Cialdini will not now be nominated.

THE alleged murderers of the late sultan of Turkey have had their death sentence commuted.

AN astronomical congress will be held at Strasburg in September. The leading astronomers of Europe and America are expected to be in attendance.

THE French have bombarded and captured Sfax, with a loss of only eight killed and fifty wounded.

THE pope has declared that, in view of an attack upon the procession at the removal of the remains of Pius IX., he must now consider himself as more than ever a prisoner in the Vatican. Six persons implicated in the disturbance were fined and imprisoned. There was great disorder at the trial, the crowd cheering the prisoners and subsequently attacking the office of one of the clerical newspapers.

OVER a thousand inhabitants of one of the Tino islands, in the South Pacific, have been slain by the followers of a native Sandwich island missionary because they had apostatized.

A Terrible Cyclone.

The following account of the disaster at New Ulm, Minn., has been received: Just before 5 P. M. on Friday a cyclone of most terrific violence struck New Ulm, demolishing over two hundred buildings and killing or wounding upward of thirty persons. Although other towns in the neighborhood were visited by the storm, the full force of the cyclone vented itself here. According to the evidences of eyewitnesses two tornadoes met right over the place, and the work of destruction was accomplished in less than fifteen minutes. The course of the cyclone could be distinctly discerned, and it seemed to be moving in separate volumes from the north and south. At 4:30 P. M. black clouds gathered with great rapidity. The thunder and lightning were terrific and the wind blew a hurricane, while the rain descended in blinding sheets. There was a moment's lull, and then the cyclone struck the town, almost destroyed it, and then disappeared as suddenly as it came. Its effects are almost indescribable. Some houses were struck by lightning, others were lifted up bodily by the wind, and others were demolished by flying debris from other buildings. Scores of dwellings and stores were entirely destroyed. Very few buildings escaped uninjured, but many had the roofs blown off, or were so badly unjointed by the wind that they will have to be pulled down and rebuilt. The storm was most destructive in the north end of the city, and whole blocks of frame buildings were swept away. Hardly a barn or a stable escaped, and it is estimated that over 100 horses and cattle have been destroyed. The roof of the Merchants' hotel was carried blocks through the air and hurled against Jacob Miller's house, which it completely demolished, but fortunately the Miller family escaped before the crash came. J. G. Randolph, mayor of the city, estimates the total loss at $500,000, and the lowest estimate is $350,000.

A correspondent who visited the scene of the disaster gives the following description of the terrible ruin wrought: The first place where any of the effects of the storm were seen was about three miles west of New Ulm. Here it tore down a house and killed a number of cattle and horses. The members of one family saved themselves by going to the cellar before the storm reached them. From where the storm struck the railroad track the ground was lined with bedding, furniture, wagon wheels, farm machinery, etc. West of New Ulm the wind tore down the telegraph poles and completely ruined the crops. The heads of wheat were cut off as clean and smooth as though done by a heading machine. From the place where the storm first struck into New Ulm everything was swept away for a width of about one mile. The sight was sickening. Trees were torn up by the roots, and neither a house nor a barn was left standing in the line of the storm. A gentleman who stood on a bluff two miles north of New Ulm and witnessed the cyclone says it was the grandest and most terrible sight of which he was ever a witness. One cloud came from the northwest and one from the northeast. When they met it appeared to be a contest as to which should have the right of way. The storm struck New Ulm at 4.48, and lasted just twelve minutes, and in that brief time not less than $300,000 worth of property was destroyed. During the storm there was a perfect blaze of rain. It would have been almost as dark as midnight had it not been for the continued flashes of lightning.

Grape Culture in the United States.

William McMurtrie, of the department of agriculture at Washington, has prepared a report upon statistics of grape culture and wine production in the United States for 1880. The statistics were obtained by compiling figures in answer to 15,000 circulars sent out last November. Only about one-half the circulars were responded to, and the statistics thus obtained had to be eked out with material from other sources. The statistics are approximately correct, probably lower than the actual amounts. The following table shows the average annual yield and its value in each State:

States.	*Acres.*	*Gallons.*	*Amount.*
Alabama	1,111	422,672	$399,705 00
Arkansas	893	72,750	112,401 87
California	32,368	13,557,155	4,046,865 80
Connecticut	64	5,336	6,076 75
Delaware	125	4,050	4,050 00
Florida	83	11,180	15,415 00
Georgia	2,991	903,244	1,335,521 67
Illinois	3,810	1,047,875	809,547 20
Indiana	3,851	99,566	91,719 40
Iowa	1,470	334,970	346,398 60
Kansas	3,542	226,249	190,320 75
Kentucky	1,850	81,170	80,908 75
Maine	71	1,500	2,850 00
Maryland	699	21,505	19,154 00
Massachusetts	227	6,338	10,050 50
Michigan	2,266	62,831	75,617 30
Minnesota	63	2,831	2,446 00
Mississippi	432	209,845	310,532 75
Missouri	7,376	1,824,207	1,320,050 40
Nebraska	280	5,767	8,982 00
New Jersey	1,967	205,122	223,866 70
New Mexico	3,190	908,500	980,250 00
New York	12,646	584,148	387,308 83
North Carolina	2,639	334,701	268,819 25
Ohio	9,913	1,632,073	1,027,926 88
Oregon	328	16,900	9,240 00
Pennsylvania	1,944	114,535	128,097 00
Rhode Island	55	262	316 50
South Carolina	193	16,988	22,356 25
Tennessee	1,128	64,797	90,706 00
Texas	850	35,528	44,704 87
Utah	658	114,975	175,825 00
Virginia	2,099	262,479	200,045 25
West Virginia	466	71,026	64,461 80
Wisconsin	217	10,968	15,559 85
Total	181,583	23,453,827	$13,426,174 87

Later returns show that California's product should be stated at 15,067,155 gallons, or nearly two-thirds of all the wine made in the United States.

It was not sickness: "When we are married, Lucy," said the poor man's son to the rich man's daughter, "our honeymoon shall be passed abroad. We will drive in the Rois, promenade the Prada, gaze down into the blue waters of the Adriatic from the Rialto, and enjoy the Neapolitan sunsets, strolling along the Chiaja" "How delicious," she murmured, "but, John, dear, have you money enough to do all this, for pa says I musn't expect anything until he dies." John's countenance underwent such a change that she couldn't help asking him if he felt sick. "No, darling," he answered, faintly, "I am not sick. I was only thinking that perhaps we had better postpone the marriage until after the funeral."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"I have no patience with a man who can't remember a thing no longer than it's being told him," exclaimed Jones, very impatiently. "Now I can carry a thing in my mind a month if needs be." "You're a lucky dog, Jones," remarked Pendergast, quietly; "it isn't everybody that has so much room in his mind as you have, you know."

The True Story of Guiteau's Crime.

United States District-Attorney Corkhill, of Washington, has furnished the following statement for publication in order to correct certain erroneous assertions which have been made relative to Guiteau, the would-be assassin of President Garfield:

The interest felt by the public in the details of the assassination and the many stories published justify me in stating that the following is a correct and accurate statement concerning the points to which reference is made:

The assassin, Charles Guiteau, came to Washington City on Sunday evening, March 6, and stopped at the Ebbitt house, remaining only one day. He then secured a room in another part of the city, and has boarded and roomed at various places, the full details of which I have. On Wednesday, May 18, the assassin determined to murder the President. He had neither money nor pistol at the time. About the last of May he went into O'Meara's store, corner of Fifteenth and F streets, in this city, and examined some pistols, asking for the largest caliber. He was shown two similar in caliber and only different in the price. On Wednesday, June 8, he purchased the pistol which he used, for which he paid $10, having in the meantime borrowed $15 of a gentleman in this city on the plea that he wanted to pay his board bill. On the same evening about 7 o'clock he took the pistol and went to the foot of Seventeenth street and practiced firing at a board, firing ten shots. He then returned to his boarding-house and wiped the pistol dry and wrapped it in his coat and waited his opportunity.

On Sunday morning, June 12, he was sitting in Lafayette park and saw the President leave for the Christian church, on Vermont avenue, and he at once returned to his room, obtained his pistol, put it in his hip pocket and followed the President to church. He entered the church, but found that he could not kill him there without danger of killing some one else. He noticed that the President sat near a window. After church he made an examination of the window and found he could reach it without any trouble and that from this point he could shoot the President through the head without killing any one else. The following Wednesday he went to the church, examined the location and the window and became satisfied he could accomplish his purpose, and he determined therefore to make the attempt at the church the following Sunday. He learned from the papers that the President would leave the city on Saturday, June 18, with Mrs. Garfield for Long Branch. He therefore determined to meet him at the depot. He left his boarding place about 5 o'clock on Saturday morning, June 18, and went down to the river at the foot of Seventeenth street and fired five shots to practice his aim and be certain his pistol was in good order. He then went to the depot and was in the ladies' waiting-room of the depot with the pistol ready when the President's party entered. He says Mrs. Garfield looked so weak and frail that he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence, and as he knew he would have another opportunity he left the depot. He had previously engaged a carriage to take him to the jail. On Wednesday evening the President and his son, and I think United States Marshal Henry, went out for a ride. The assassin took his pistol and followed them and watched them for some time in hopes the carriage would stop; but no opportunity was given. On Friday evening, July 1, he was sitting on the seat in the park opposite the White House, when he saw the President come out alone. He followed him about a square and a half, when he saw he then kept on the opposite side of the street up Fifteenth street until the President entered the residence of Secretary Blaine. He watched at the corner of Mr. Blaine's house a sufficient time, at the corner of Fifteenth and H streets, for some time, and then, afraid he would attract attention, he went into the alley in the rear of Mr. Morton's residence, examined his pistol and walked. The President and Secretary Blaine came out together and he followed them over to the gate of the White House, but could get no opportunity to use his weapon.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, he breakfasted at the Riggs house about 7 o'clock. He then walked up into the park and sat there for an hour. He then took a one-horse avenue car and rode to Sixth street; got out and went into the depot and loitered around there; had his shoes blacked, engaged a hackman for $2 to take him to the jail, went into the water-closet and took his pistol out of his hip-pocket and unwrapped the paper from around it, which he had put there for the purpose of preventing the perspiration from the body damaging the powder; examined the pistol carefully, tried the trigger, and then returned and took a seat in the ladies' waiting-room, and as soon as the President entered, advanced behind him and fired two shots.

These facts, I think, can be relied upon as accurate, and I give them to the public to contradict certain false rumors in connection with the most atrocious of atrocious crimes.

SITTING BULL is again reported to be ready to come across the Canadian border and surrender. He is hungry.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, dean of Westminster Abbey, died suddenly the other day in London of erysipelas, aged sixty-six years. Dean Stanley came to America in 1878, and preached in New York, Boston, Baltimore and most of the other large cities which he visited.

IT is estimated that the emigrants from Germany to the United States this year will number 250,000.

A DETECTIVE sent to watch a Nihilist meeting at Kieff was killed. Similar murders abound in the Russian provinces, whither the Nihilists have transferred their activity from the capital.

Russia Drifting Into Anarchy.

A London cable dispatch says: Advices from well-informed correspondents in St. Petersburg report that Russia is fast drifting into anarchy. The czar still keeps himself a close pris