A Summer Idyl.

Oh, summer sweet! Oh, summer fair!
Now forest ways are dusk and cool,
And radiant through the sunlit air
The dragon flies dart o'er the pool.

The heavy heads of bearded wheat
Wave slowly, rich with harvest gold;
And in the orchard's dim retreat,
The birds a merry council hold.

The crimson poppy bows its head;
Where late the rose and pink were seen
The gladiole, and fuschias red,
Burn in the garden's robe of green.

Where hollyhocks nod in the breeze,
And clover blossoms lowly bloom,
The golden-dusted bumblebees
Revel in honey and perfume.

The purple swallows circling fly,
Where ruined stands the ancient barn;
The sable crow, with boding cry
Wings slowly o'er the mountain tarn.

Where, by the river, willows stand,
With pendant branches long and lithe,
In level sweeps of meadow land,
The stalwart mowers swing the scythe.

The patient oxen lingering, pass
Along the maple-shaded road,
Or, standing, crop the scented grass,
While men pile high the fragrant load.

Each year I seek the sturdy oak
That sentinels the windy hill,
And see the city's distant smoke,
The river flowing deep and still.

And lying there the long years fade,
And toil and care are all forgot;
The world lies wide beyond the shade,
Love makes a world of that small spot.

There, when along the mellow skies
Rippled the waves of noon-tide heat,
Love's answer came from radiant eyes,
Oh, summer fair! Oh, summer sweet!
—*Thos. S. Collier, in Good Company.*

MRS. DEAN'S FAMILY.

The following paragraph, appearing in the Renton *Weekly News* some days after the Dean family had come to the town, first introduced them to the notice of the general public; but by that time their praise had become a classic song in Nerraw street:

"Mr. Charles Dean, who, we understand, has for several years past been engaged on a work relating to the Revolutionary struggles, has rented of Mr. Norman, senior, the old Rayner property, while writing that portion of the work of which our city was the proud scene. Mr. Dean's sister accompanies him, and also his venerable grandmother. We wish him all success in his labors."

Previous to this not a few observing ladies and gentlemen of Renton, outside of Nerraw street, had questioned who the "Mrs. Dean's Family" could be who stood pledged to ten dollars on Mr. Norman's subscription paper in behalf of the victims of the Bridge street fire. But those of them who had casually dropped in at Norman's grocery with the innocent remark, "Oh, by the way, Mr. Norman, who are these Deans I see on your list of contributors?" found no new information in this *News* paragraph. They had then and there cheerfully indorsed Mr. Norman's opinion that Mrs. Dean's family was a decidedly honorable acquisition to Renton.

Mr. Norman, Sr., afterward recalled that the time was about 10 o'clock in the morning when, at the sound of a strange voice at his elbow, he glanced up from his paper while seated under the awning in front of his store, and discovered Miss Dean standing near him. Usually the rush of custom occupied the elder grocer until the hour mentioned, when it was his habit to take the *News* in one hand, a certain deal chair in the other, and making an oft-repeated remark to his son: "Don't go away, Jo," proceed to settle himself under the awning. Mr. Norman also recalled that on this morning, having finally adjusted his chair to rest his head against some sacks of coffee, he glanced across the street at the closed shutters of the late Mrs. Rayner's notion store. There was a written bill tacked on the store door, and though Mr. Norman, even with the aid of his glasses, could not have deciphered it at the distance, he repeated as though reading: "House and store for rent. House furnished. A long established stand for a notion store. Full particulars at Norman's grocery, opposite."

To a chance observer there was nothing to suggest the cause of Mr. Norman's smiling at that mossy-roofed frame house that fifty twenty years ago the Fund building next door, which was called both venerable and antiquated. The only amusing idea to Mr. Norman had been in the thought that though that bill had been mutely referring all Renton to him for three whole months, not a single person had taken the trouble to be referred. No one had asked for the keys, even for the curiosity of looking at the queer old furniture which the house contained. Mrs. Rayner's heir had disposed of the stock of notions while vainly waiting for a tenant; he had boarded three months with Mr. Norman while offering that "desirable property" for sale; and then quit the town, as vainly leaving behind the keys with the grocer.

Mr. Norman had just commenced reading an article setting forth the latest indications in regard to the promised peach crop, when he heard that strange voice. His paper had within the month twice assured him that the crop would be "a total failure," and twice that it would be "the largest ever known," hence his attention was deeply absorbed. It was a subdued, rather pleasant voice, and though Mr. Norman distinctly heard the repeated question, he was so surprised that in place of answering he stared through his glasses over his paper and incredulously gasped, "Wh-wh-what say?"

"Are you the gentleman that has the renting of the house and store across the street?" and as this was the third time that the question had been demanded, it was excusable that the voice should not be so low nor the tones so pleasant.

"Excuse me, ma'am—miss—I am. Would you like to rent it?" said Mr. Norman, with a deprecating smile; for he imagined that there was a glow on the cheeks of the inquirer, a twitching of the corners of her mouth and a glint in her gray eyes, such as in younger days he had marked in the late Mrs. Norman, just previous to certain memorable occasions.

"Well, I can't say it would suit us," she said, slowly, and with unmistakable composure, after a pause. "I might look at it. Is this a healthy place, sir?"

"Why, bless you! it is indeed," admitted Mr. Norman, frankly.

Jo had come to the store door, and though he was apparently gazing intently down the street, he saw a plump, fair-cheeked maid, the possessor of a pair of wonderfully alert gray eyes, whose age, perhaps, was not above twenty years. She was dressed in almost Friend-like sober colors; and if her bearing and speech were at times marked with a certain odd, prim restraint, it was rather an attraction than otherwise. Jo's social opportunities had been limited, owing to an inflexible discipline which the senior Joseph had been able to maintain until a recent period, when Jo had begun to be "wild," actually stopping out of the house as late as 10 o'clock at night, and also, who knows? dancing. But most people thought Jo to be an exceedingly steady fellow.

"Yes, they tell us in Philadelphia—we are from the South—that it was a very healthy town," said the young lady, gravely. "My grandmother is quite feeble, she is eighty-five; and my brother, Mr. Dean, is not strong. He is writing a book on the Revolutionary war, and he wishes to come and study about the battle that took place here. If we liked the place we might live here permanently, and then grandmother would probably let me do something with the store—fancy work and trimmings perhaps."

"An excellent idea! Most young ladies now days are not so thoughtful," said Mr. Norman, with appreciation. The serious young lady had made a decidedly favorable impression. "Jo, bring the keys. That's my son, he's the youngest; my married daughter lives out in Ohio."

"It's a very nice house, if it is old," said Jo, coming forward with the keys.

"An excellent, comfortable house," added the father, taking the keys from Jo's unwilling hands, and giving him one of those stereotyped looks which always accompanied his "Don't go away, Jo." Jo watched the demure young lady and his father cross the street and enter the house.

"Yes, there he goes, coughing his head off with the dust," muttered Jo. Then resolutely walking into the store, he opened the door leading into the dwelling part, and amazed Mrs. Badger, who was seated paring potatoes and reading a tract, by requesting her to keep an eye on the store a moment. It was a most unheard of action on the part of Joseph to leave the store in his father's absence, a fact that Mrs. Badger had ascertained when the sound of the strange voice before the store compelled her to the narrow aperture of the keyhole in the intervening door. Jo strode across the street and entered the house while his father was still fumbling at a window shutter.

"The air is too close here for you, father," said Jo, in a decided tone. "Go back to the store and I'll show the house." Without waiting for the very probable dissent, Joseph began unfastening the shutters, excusing the dust, and pointing out the various merits of the property with great briskness.

"Well, well!" muttered Mr. Norman, stepping to the front door for fresh air, and wiping his beaded forehead. "What are things coming to?" While waiting, as if to propose a satisfactory solution to his perspicuous question, he heard the voice of Miss Dean in one of the back rooms.

"What a lovely old man your father seems to be," she was saying, doubtless thinking he had returned to the grocery; "a deacon, he tells me, in one of your churches. My old grandmother would enjoy his conversation so much. I can appreciate what it is to have been brought up under such pious surroundings. My parents were worldly people, and I owe everything to my dear grandmother's benign influence."

"She must be a remarkable lady for her years," said Jo, at a venture.

"Oh, she is. Her conversation is beautiful. Every one loves her; and brother and I revere her—as you doubtless do your father."

Joseph could be heard asserting his filial regard as they walked beyond earshot. Mr. Norman was immediately further favorably disposed toward the proposed tenant, and began discounting the probable influence of at least one member of such a desirable family over his "wild" son. In a few minutes Miss Dean and Joseph returned, and found Mr. Norman re-entering the front door.

"That old-fashioned bulk window," she said, pointing to it, "can be made a snug, sunny place for grandmother to sit in while reading or knitting. Until we decide about the store we could put up a chintz curtain across the lower half of the window glasses. That would make it retired for her, and yet not prevent her looking out at the sides of the window when she felt inclined, using this as a sort of sitting room—understand. She is very feeble and can scarcely bear company at all. She craves it, too, but we have to be careful. I am sure, Mr. Norman, as I have been telling your son, that I could not have found a house that would better suit her; and brother, also, he venerates all that is old."

"I'm glad it suits you," said the elder grocer. "My housekeeper, Mrs. Badger, will come over to-day to sweep and air it for you; and I hope we'll not long be strangers."

"You and grandmother I know will soon be good friends. How far from here did you say the church was?"

"Only four blocks," replied Mr. Norman, "and the parsonage is next door. Our pastor, Mr. Ruddiford, is out of town to-day, but—Jo, suppose you point out the church for Miss Dean."

"Yes, I would like to see it. Grandmother will be sure to ask if I did, though she is not strong enough to attend any meetings, which is a great cross to her. But I'm glad you think she'll like Mr. Ruddiford; that will please her."

The following morning but one, as Jo was very busily engaged in the store, his father discovered a close carriage stopping before the door of the late Mrs. Rayner. Mr. Norman rushed across to lend assistance, but Jo, under the circumstances, was not even free to stand in the store door with Mrs. Badger and watch.

"The dear old woman, how tenderly they support her!" exclaimed that lady, when Mr. Dean, with the aid of his sister, slowly assisted the bowed, feeble form of their aged grandmother into the house. Mr. Norman was proud to help the driver with the baggage, and though Mrs. Dean had been much fatigued by the journey, her whispered thanks for his kindness sounded in his ears like a blessing.

That *News* paragraph was furnished by that warm-hearted man, the Rev. Mr. Ruddiford, who, accompanied by Mr. Norman, had made an early and edifying visit to the aged head of the house. Though her physical strength seemed frail, forcing her to speak at intervals, and with considerable effort, her remarks were so excellent that Mr. Ruddiford begged permission to make a note of some of them.

For a few days following the appearance of the *News* paragraph the sidewalk traffic on Nerraw street was perceptibly increased. They favored that side of the street which would take them past the bulk-window, and none failed to try to catch a glimpse of that white-haired, bowed form of "Mother Dean," who, among a multitude of wrappings and a quilted hood, sat behind the chintz curtains constantly reading or knitting.

On the occasion of the only visit that Mr. Norman, for prudential reasons, allowed Mrs. Badger to make across the street, she was presented by "Mother Dean" with a beautiful knitted hood; and it was from that cheerful gossip that the good people from Nerraw street and adjacent parts became so quickly cognizant of the enviable status of the Dean household. Of course they dealt at Mr. Norman's store (people of excellent appetite they appeared to be), and as Jo carried the orders home rather than the errand boy, Mrs. Badger's information came direct. From "Mother Dean's frequent seat in the bulk-window she could not fail to notice the attention Joseph gave to business; and she commended him on various occasions when he was asked in at her low-voiced suggestion with the basket. The Deans had moved some of the furniture into the store part, and made a snug little sitting-room of it. Jo would have rather that Miss Dean had extended the invitation on her own option, but the same end was gained, as she invariably remained present during those too fleeting moments.

"Ah, Joseph!" said the venerable lady in her thin, uncertain voice, on one occasion, "how you remind me of my eldest son when he was about your age. He was a good boy. The first time I saw you I—ah!" She shook her head and relapsed into silence, and over her knitting seemed to forget that Jo was present. But when that young man was about to rise and take his emptied basket back to the store, she spoke again without looking up:

"Jennie," she said softly, "Jennie, my dear, Joseph is a fine young man. Have him to come in whenever he comes to the door, if it's only for a minute; for it does me good to look at him. Jennie, dear, if I see another grandson I hope he will be like—"

Though Miss Dean's back was turned toward Jo when she called "Grandmother!" with such peculiar emphasis that she caused the good lady to interrupt her remark and glance up in that slow way of hers, he imagined that Miss Jennie's face was rosy with blushes.

"I thought you were gone, Joseph," said the venerable lady, sadly. "My attention wanders sometimes, I'm afraid; but I said nothing, I hope, that need be recalled."

"It's one of her poor days," whispered Miss Jennie, as she let Jo go out. "You mustn't mind her."

"The dear old lady," said Jo, much pleased.

Sometimes Mr. Dean, a middle-aged gentleman, would happen in while Jo was making these semi-social business calls, and turn the conversation to the subject with which Jo was best posted, the town and its people. Mr. Dean was rarely seen about the town, being closely engaged with his literary labors. But at these moments of relaxation there was nothing too trifling for the amiable Mr. Dean to listen to, from the marriage of the mayor to the number of tons of pig-iron worked in the rolling mill. Any question that Jo failed to answer one day, he took care to be posted on before his next visit; and no doubt Mr. Dean picked up some little facts of value to him in his work, aside from being very much amused. Jo was highly flattered at the attention which was paid him, and though his praises at home took "Mother Dean" chiefly for a subject, they were repeated by Mrs. Badger, embellished by astute comments.

When the Deans had been settled in their new home about three weeks, a project was started for holding an annual fair in aid of the Orphans' home, a charity once very popular in the town, but, unfortunately, plunged into financial difficulties. A public meeting was thought the best method to bring the subject properly before the townspeople, and the lessee of Renton Assembly hall tendered its commodious lecture-room rent-free for the occasion. The evening of an approaching local celebration and holiday was fixed by a general committee as a most favorable time for holding the meeting.

On the evening appointed the hall was well filled with Renton's foremost and best, socially and monetary; the feeling of local pride had not been appealed to in vain. At a point in the proceedings, "enlivened by a select orchestra," as the *News* reporter put it, Mr. Ruddiford rose to announce certain pledges of contributions that unsolicited had been sent in to the committee by persons who could not be present, and heading this list was Mr. Charles Dean, annual contributor, fifty dollars, an announcement that caused the Normans and other worthies of Nerraw street to call boldly in applause: "Hear! hear!" Having finished reading the list, Mr. Ruddiford proceeded to say:

"A venerable lady, who has recently become a resident among us, has contributed to the fair seven pairs of hose, knit by herself, and this valuable silk quilt, which I hold in my hands, containing 1,349 different pieces of silk."

He then held up the quilt for general admiration. It is more than doubtful, however, if at the moment any one would have offered five dollars for it, though the name of the donor was inquired and whispered about the hall. But young lawyer Carter, who knows with the best when to improve an opportunity in an assembly, stepped up to Ruddiford, took the quilt in his hands, and with it mounted on a chair. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I propose to auction this unique and valuable donation to the highest bidder for the benefit of the Home. It is the work of one of the noblest of women, whose pious life stands glorified to-day with a crowning wreath of snowy locks whitened by eighty-five winters." Carter went on in a similar strain for five minutes, making the touching sentimental appeal suited to his purpose, and then offered a personal bid of twenty-five dollars to start with.

"Going at twenty-five! twenty-five!"

"Forty!" bid Stow, Carter's law partner.

"Fifty!" said Norman, senior. (The elder grocer had been given no cause to change his good opinion in regard to the youngest of his new neighbors. Jo had invited Miss Dean in the morning to accompany him to the hall, but she had pleaded in excuse, as usual, her duty to her beloved grandmother.)

"And ten more!" called a director of the fund.

"Make it seventy!" added the president, in generous rivalry.

Just at this point there was some commotion near the hall entrance, causing Carter to exert his voice, while the bids ran on at about five dollars a call. Carter's friend Stow being on the committee, had gone to have the noise promptly quieted. Returning quickly, he made his way to the amateur auctioneer's side, and whispered privately to him. The startled change that instantly passed over Carter's countenance raised a laugh, but the laugh enabled him to summon a smile and announce the disposal of the quilt to the Hon. John Thompson. Carter then started with Snow toward the hall entrance, and the good-tempered audience prepared to settle themselves to listen to some suggestion from the mayor. Then it was, at that quiet moment, that Mrs. Badger, bonnetless, shawlless, and with ashy cheeks, rushed into the hall, and before Carter or Stow could reach her, called out with hysterical shrillness:

"Oh, Mr. Norman! Oh, Mr. Jo, do come home! Those Dean people have been hiding men in their house and they have all tunneled under the saving fund and robbed its vault. Watchman Charlie was found gagged, and he says 'Mother Dean' was the strongest man of the gang!"

Then Mrs. Badger very appropriately fainted.—*Springfield Republican.*

A Terrible Sacrifice Interrupted.

At Havay, near Mons, there lately lived a peasant, the dampness of whose cottage led him to try the experiment of an auto da fe on a small scale as a cure for his ills. Some weeks ago he lost a child, and, what appeared to him at least as serious, a cow. He and his wife also felt poorly. The twain accordingly decided to consult the wise man of the village—"le devin," as that functionary was called. It appears that few Belgian hamlets are without a person of this description. "Go home," he said to the peasant, "and to-morrow morning burn the first person who crosses your doorstep. That person will have been the cause of all your ills. I will take care that God sends him." The countryman went home as directed, and with the aid of his spouse prepared a kind of funeral pile in the biggest room in his house. Early next morning arrived a neighbor, a kind-hearted woman, who had rendered all sorts of services to the pair. Notably, she had nursed their child during its last illness. The peasant exclaimed: "Ah! it's you. I might have thought so," then seized the luckless woman and bound her to the pile. His wife had meantime bolted the door, after which she set fire to the wood. The screams of the woman in no way softened the pair, and her life must have ended in torture had not a lucky inspiration occurred to her. "Don't let me die without confession," she moaned. "That's only fair," replied the peasant, and sent his wife for the priest, who lived only two doors off. The woman executed her commission faithfully enough, and the tragedy was cut short—just in time. The Mons tribunal condemned the peasant to two months' and his wife to forty days' imprisonment and to pay their victim 300 francs.

Our Possessions at Driftwood Point.

There is a point in the geography of the United States that is not generally known, and that is Driftwood Point. Driftwood Point is part of a little piece of land owned by these United States that lies peculiarly situated. This piece of land is the only portion of this country, except Alaska, that is north of the 49th parallel. It is impossible to reach it by land without going through British Territory. It is part of Pembina county, Minn., and it borders on the northwest shore of the Lake of the Woods. It was especially retained by this country when we and Cousin Johnny had the settlement over our family quarrel, as a resting-place for the American eagle on her flight to the North Pole.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Under the title of "Associated Agriculturists of Great Britain," a company with a capital of a million, in shares of $25, has been formed for joint stock farming in Great Britain. Each estate will be under a manager of local experience, and the prospectus points to the fact that the shareholders of a farm in Holland of 4,000 acres have for ten years divided annually ten per cent. The Duke of Buckingham, an excellent man of business, and Lords Londonderry Carysfort and Herles, are on the council

Curious how people utter confused ideas when they are in search of parallels to the attempt on the President's life. They invariably select kings as illustrations, as though the President was a king. The nearest parallel cited is found in English history. John Bellingham, a tradesman, lost his fortune, and his mind became disordered. One of his delusions was that the action of the government caused his commercial reverses, and he repeatedly applied to Mr. Spencer Perceval, then prime minister, demanding compensation, either in the form of money or official position. No notice was taken of his demands, and one day as Mr. Perceval passed through the lobby of the house of commons, Bellingham stepped from behind a pillar and shot him. He fell dead, and the assassin quietly gave himself up to the officers, and in a few days was tried, found guilty and hanged.

A German physician, Dr. Treichler, in a paper read before the Association of National Historians and Physicians at Baden-Baden, asserts that the present method of school instruction is a cause of disease, and is useless, producing mental confusion. The great objects of school education are intellectual discipline and the awakening of a desire to continue the cultivation of the mind, and these, he says, are almost entirely frustrated. Habitual headache has increased among both boys and girls, and this headache not only destroys much of the happiness and cheerfulness of life, but produces impoverishment of the blood and loss of intellectual tone, and reduces many a highly gifted child to the level of a discontented drudge. Undoubtedly, he continues, the principal cause of the headache is intellectual over-exertion, entailing work at night, and the insisting by parents on the too early taking up of a variety of subjects, music among the rest.

It is reported that one of the diamond mines which were included under the celebrated name of Golconda is in a condition to be worked again with profit, and that the industry which once made Central India famous is about to be revived. Near the modern town of Hyderabad are the ruins of the hill-fort and city of Golconda where lived three centuries ago an independent prince who ruled a vast territory. The diamonds were not found in the immediate neighborhood of his capital, but were carried thither from villages in the Kistna valley to be cut and polished in its workshops. It is not known just when this famous industry began to decline, nor why the diamond mines were finally abandoned. If they had been exhausted modern enterprise will not be of much avail, but if, as is possible, hostile invasions put a stop to the working of them, the neighborhood of Golconda may become a second time famous.

A correspondent of the Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Courier* gives a clever description of the people who live along the Hatteras banks. He is sure that most of them must be web-footed, for water rather than air is the element in which they live. When they want the doctor they hang out a red flag as a sign of distress. If he doesn't come, because "the wind ain't fair," or for any other reason, they take a dram of whisky and copperas, soak their feet in sea-water, "turn in" and trust to luck. If they die their bodies are buried on the top of a sand ridge, and when the visitor sees several sailboats on the water in procession with flags at half-mast he is looking at a funeral, although he may not be aware of it. They ornament their houses with whales' ribs and jaws, sharks' teeth, South American lariats, war clubs from the Mozambique islands, Madagascar idols and a multitude of other strange decorations. Their hogs are raised on clams, mussels, offal of fish and garbage, and their cattle wade out on the shoals for miles, where the water covers their backs, to feed on sea grass, and if they are carried up country and fed on corn and fodder they will not live. Every man is captain of some kind of a boat, and "she" is always better than any other boat in some way. "She is hard to beat in a gale of wind," or "before the wind," or "beating to the windward," or "with the wind on the beam," or "she can sail closer to the wind," or "will carry sail longest," or "hard to beat in a light wind," or "totes more stock," or is "stronger," or "dryer," or "she is a big little boat," or "draws the least water," or "needs less ballast," or "she is the newest," or "has the best timbers," or "steers the best," or "she is a lucky boat," or "stands up better," or "needs less sail than any other boat," or "she is best for fishing," etc. Perhaps "she comes about better than any other boat." She is bound to have something about her better than anybody else's boat.

Oporto, Portugal.

In an article in *Harper's Magazine*, entitled "A Neglected Corner of Europe," the writer describes the city of Oporto as follows:

Seen from across the Douro, from the heights of the Serra Convent, the irregular line of its river frontage comes sharply into view. Oddly gabled and balconied facades, bizarre in coloring, incongruous in form, stretch before us as far as the eye can reach; high, narrow houses shouldering each other steeply up the hill, crowding, overhanging, and grudging every foot of the tortuous streets that zigzag amongst them or plunge precipitately like turbid torrents into the river. It is a city of contrasts. Rickety, toppling structures swarming with life look enviously into the spacious arched corridors and shaded gardens of a handsome palacio; smart modern buildings ablaze with gaudily colored tiles press the crenellated wall of a time blackened line of fortifications. In the background towers the slender campanile of the Clerigos, and the pretentious dome of the Crystal palace. The suspension bridge throws its delicate arch across the gorge of the Douro, and the shipping fills in the mouth of the river. Crowds of gayly dressed peasants swarm the quay, and form splashes and glints of bright color as they press to and from the little boats that ply from either shore. It is a scene of infinite variety and animation, a kaleidoscope of changing light and interest.

Oporto is essentially a commercial city. Its palaces are those of merchants, and have an air of newness and of modern improvement. Enterprise is the order of the day, and paint and whitewash are not absolutely unknown. New buildings are constantly springing up, and we can scarcely find a quarter where the clink of the trowel and sharp blows of the hammer are not heard. The citizens have a busier and more energetic air than those of Lisbon. The spirit of trade pervades all classes; the children barter their toys, and boast of their good bargains; the old women haggle and wrangle over the exchange of a piece of salt codfish for a handful of plums. The beggars will defer the enjoyment of a pinch of snuff already half way to an appreciative nostril, or pause in the midst of a mumbled Ave Maria, to follow you down the church steps and across the square, insisting on a reward for their trouble with far more persistency than their lazier brotherhood of the south.

A "quaint old town of toil and traffic," it attracts the sympathies of the average American more than the proud idleness and languid elegance of the capital.

NEWS EPITOME.

East and Middle.

SEVERAL men have been arrested in Philadelphia on the charge of complicity in the star route postoffice frauds.

A YACHT containing six young men belonging to South Boston was capsized the other night and all were drowned. Their bodies were recovered.

A ROCK slide in the Washington quarry, near Slatington, Pa., the other day, caused the death of William Coffin and Charles Erdman, who were employed there as laborers. A number of others narrowly escaped with their lives.

ON the fifty-sixth ballot in joint convention of the New York legislature Elbridge G. Lapham was elected as successor to Roscoe Conkling in the United States Senate, receiving the full Republican strength—ninety-two votes—to forty-two for the Democratic nominee, Clarkson N. Potter. This result had been rendered possible by a conference between the Conkling and anti-Conkling Republicans, at which the vote for a nominee resulted in Mr. Lapham getting sixty-one and Mr. Conkling twenty-eight votes; and the former was thereupon declared the choice of the caucus. After the election of Mr. Lapham the joint convention adjourned without day, and one of the most memorable political struggles that has ever taken place in this country was at an end.

THREE boys were drowned the other day while bathing at Fall River, Mass.

A FIRE at Lock Haven, Pa., destroyed the mills of the Pennsylvania Pulp and Paper company, doing damage to the extent of about $100,000.

THE fund for Mrs. Garfield started in New York amounts now to more than $150,000.

MAUD LOVEJOY, nine years old, bitten several weeks ago at Manchester, N. H., by a rabid dog, died the other day of hydrophobia.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE NATHAN CLIFFORD, of the United States supreme court, died at Cornish, Me., a few days ago, aged seventy-eight years. Judge Clifford had been speaker in the Maine egislature, attorney-general of the State, member of Congress, attorney-general of the United States under President Polk, and in 1858 was appointed by President Buchanan a United States supreme court justice.

JOHN NICHOLS and Mr. Anderson, residents of Elizabethtown, N. Y., were instantly killed by lightning under a tree in a meadow where they had gone for shelter.

West and South.

THE Ohio temperance party at a convention in Cincinnati nominated a full ticket headed by Abram R. Ludlow for governor.

A DISPATCH from Fort Buford, Montana, states that Sitting Bull and about 200 of his warriors had arrived and surrendered their arms and ponies to the military authorities.

THE boiler of a sawmill at Watertown, O., exploded with such terrific force that it was blown to atoms, and three men were killed and two others fatally injured.

TWENTY-FIVE tenement-houses, two sawmills, the depot stores, boarding-houses and stables in Wallace, Mich., were burned recently; also the year's stock of logs, a large lot of piled lumber and thousands of ties, posts and telegraph poles. One schoolhouse and two small tenements are all that remained standing.

INTENSE excitement was created in the Chicago exchange by a corner in wheat and other staples. Every staple in the market was bought in and cornered by some clique.

PROFESSOR ORMOND STONE, of the Cincinnati Observatory, and his assistants are watching the new comet, discovered a few days ago, with much interest. They devote all their available hours to observing the stranger. They say the comet will be in perihelion about a month hence. It is at present about 150,000,000 miles from the earth, and is approaching the earth very rapidly. When it reaches its perihelion it will be distant about four-tenths of the distance between the earth and the sun. No tail was visible when the comet was first seen, but the observations of Professor Stone indicated that a tail was becoming visible. The tail is now perceptible by the aid of the telescope. Whether the comet will become visible to the naked eye cannot yet be determined, but the professor thinks there is at least some probability that such may be the case. Its location seems to be nearly the same as that of the comet which appeared some weeks ago. It seems to be making in a northerly direction. Professor Stone thinks it very probable that this is the great comet which was observed by the Chinese in 1337. The orbits of the two are very nearly the same.

LIGHTNING struck and killed a telegraph operator at Madison, Wis., as he sat at his instrument.

A MONUMENT to the Confederate dead was unveiled a few days ago at Culpepper, Va.

ANTONITO, Col., has been infested for several months by a gang of robbers, who have robbed all strangers coming into town. The gang was broken up the other night by the hanging of their principal, George C. O'Connor, who, in his capacity of justice of the peace, shielded them, and had citizens arrested and fined without the least provocation.

THE brothers Albert P. and Charles Edward Talbott, aged twenty-one and eighteen years respectively, were executed at Maryville, Mo., for the murder of their father last September. For nearly a year this murder and the trial of these young men have been the absorbing topic of interest in the State. Fifteen thousand people were present at the execution. The murdered father and his sons had not been on good terms. On the same day John W. Patterson, after eluding justice for ten years, was hanged at Clinton, Mo., for killing J. G. Clark in 1868, and George Green, a colored man, met a similar fate at Greenwood, Ark., for the murder of his wife.

THE governor of Wisconsin ordered out 350 men of the State militia to assist in preserving order during a strike of lumbermen at Eau Claire. The governor, whose action was both favorably and adversely criticised, appeared in person in Eau Claire and made a speech to the strikers, counseling forbearance.

THREE men were killed and ten injured by a train's jumping the track near Fort Worth, Texas.

DURING a squall on Lake Michigan many pleasure boats from Chicago were capsized and a number of persons drowned.

DURING a flood the wife and six children of a Norwegian living near La Crosse, Wis., were swept away and drowned.

LEVI BORDEN, a colored convict in jail at Paducah, Ky., killed John Stewart, another convict, confined in the same cell, and was in turn shot to death by the prison officers.

AN official examination of the Stark county (Ohio) treasury reveals a deficit of $11,700. The county treasurer, Mr. Sullivan, claims that there is an error in computing the figures. A new treasurer has been appointed. The predecessor of Treasurer Sullivan is serving a term of twelve years for a deficit of $50,000.

From Washington.

IT will be remembered that Guiteau, the would-be assassin of President Garfield, fired two shots and that one of the bullets could not be found. The other day, however, it was discovered. It struck in a glazier's box in an outer room at the depot and after smashing three panes of glass became imbedded in a lump of putty.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY CORKHILL has addressed the following letter containing stringent instructions for the close confinement of Guiteau to the warden of the jail: "The grand jury having adjourned until September 12, and it being impossible to ascertain the final results of the attack by Charles Guiteau, the assassin of the President, it will be necessary to retain him in custody for future action by the authorities. I desire that you place him on one side of the jail where there are no other prisoners and where means of escape are impossible; that you will allow him to see no other person whatever, and that he be not permitted to hold conversation with any of the guards, and that he be rigorously excluded from receiving or sending any communication except those delivered by me or received by my direction. I desire this direction to be rigidly executed."

THE chief of the bureau of statistics estimates that the total emigration into the United States during the year ending June 30 1881, amounted to about 658,000 persons, indicating a larger emigration than during any preceding year in the history of the country.

SOUTH of the southwestern corner of Kansas and north of the State of Texas, there lies a strip of land 150 miles in length and fifty miles breadth which belongs to neither States, and has neither government nor name. Commissioner MacFarland has just made a contract for its survey.

AT the request of the Yorktown Centennial commissioners the secretary of war will loan 1,200 tents (under the proper guarantees) to be used during the continuance of the celebration.

THE chief of the bureau of statistics reports that the total values of the exports of domestic breadstuffs from the United States were as follows: June, 1881, $20,605,915; 1880, $28,253,190; twelve months ended June 30, 1881, $265,561,328; 1880, $282,132,618.

MINISTER WHITE has cabled from London quite a long letter from Premier Gladstone to Mrs. Garfield, expressing his sympathy and that of his countrymen for her, and their thankfulness at the President's improved condition. Mrs. Garfield, through Secretary Blaine, cabled a reply, expressing her gratitude to Mr. Gladstone and the English people for their solicitude on her husband's account.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL JAMES has devised an improvement on the postal order system for the transmission of small sums of money.

EX-SENATOR CONKLING called at the White House a day or two after the President's relapse and expressed solicitude as to the patient's condition.

THE United States has formally recognized the provisional government of Peru.

Foreign News

THE revolting Arab tribes in Tunis are murdering and robbing the Christians by wholesale. The troops of the bey of Tunis are deserting him and joining the ranks of the insurgents, and the French forces will have their hands full in putting down the insurrection.

THE Nihilists are holding a congress in St. Petersburg under the very eyes of the government, which, although fully warned of the fact, is unable to discover the place of meeting.

THE czar of Russia has granted the petition of Hessy Helfmann, convicted of complicity in the assassination of the late czar, and has commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life. The child of which she was delivered while in prison is not dead as reported.

AT Wimbledon the Elcho shield was won this year by the English team, who made a total score of 1,642 points to 1,549 for Ireland and Scotland 1,501. The Albert prize at 1,000 yards was won for the third successive time by an American, Frank Hyde.

DON CARLOS, the Spanish pretender, has been expelled from France.

THERE is a yellow fever epidemic in Cuba.

LORD COLIN CAMPBELL, brother-in-law of the Princess Louise, was married in London the other day to a Miss Gertrude Blood, daughter of a wealthy Englishman and not of Victoria Woodhull, as had been extensively circulated.

EIGHT thousand casks of wine were destroyed during a fire at Bordeaux, France.

PORTIONS of Switzerland and France have been severely shaken by an earthquake.

ELEVEN Shetland Island fishing boats have been missing since a recent gale, and it is feared that all are lost. There were sixty-three persons on board the boats.

THERE was a large attendance of notable persons at the funeral of Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey.

MR. DOMINGO SANTA MARIA has been reelected president of Chili.

DUELING in Germany seems to be on the increase. Baron von Geyso, a young officer of much promise, has been shot dead by a brother officer, and two students at Gottingen have fought a duel in which one received a mortal wound.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, the English home secretary, stated in the house of commons that ten nitro-glycerine machines had been seized at Liverpool after having been landed from the steamers Bavarian and Malta from the United States. The machines were contained in alleged cement barrels. In one barrel fourteen pounds of a compound of nitro-glycerine and a substance resembling gun-cotton were found. Sir William said the government had been warned of the shipment of these machines a few hours before the vessels arrived, and every effort was now being made to trace the consignor and the consignee.

The President's Relapse.

The relapse which the President suffered when he was supposed to be on the road to recovery created great alarm among his physicians and anxiety throughout the country. The following account of the relapse and of the operation which was performed on the President we take from Washington dispatches:

The President was taken with a severe chill at 7 o'clock this morning while the physicians were examining and dressing his wound. They detected a tremor before the President complained and instantly replaced the bandages. The President clenched his hands and his face became white. He looked anxiously at the physicians, but said nothing. Slight contractions of the muscles then appeared, and later on his jaws moved convulsively. Presently the muscles relaxed and he breathed heavily. The chill seemed to have passed away, but in less than a minute he was again suffering. The same symptoms appeared as during the first attack, but remaining longer. After another interval of relief they appeared for the third time. The three spasms lasted twelve minutes. Morphia was then administered and the President became quiet, but for more than an hour afterward he was restless, in some pain, and in constant apprehension of another chill. It thus happened that it was 10 o'clock before the physicians felt justified in removing the bandages to dress the wound as usual. The result was that the President's condition changed from pulse ninety-two, temperature and respiration normal, at 7 o'clock, to pulse 110, temperature 101 and respiration twenty-four at 10 o'clock. This change thoroughly alarmed the physicians. They had said during the early days of the President's confinement that his safety depended largely upon the prevention of a chill; that in case of a chill there would be little hope for him. Of late, while not positively declaring him out of danger, they have given it to be understood that recovery was practically assured. The appearance of a chill at this time was, therefore, wholly unexpected. Their first thought was that the indication pointed to a fatal termination, and dispatches were at once sent to Drs. Hamilton and Agnew, of New York and Philadelphia, respectively, the consulting physicians, urging their immediate attendance. This was at 9 o'clock, when the pulse leaped to 130. It subsided by twenty beats a minute during the next hour. Between 10 and 11, however, fever set in strongly and there was a second chill at 11 o'clock. Nothing up to that time having been heard from the consulting surgeons, a second dispatch was sent to them and replies were received early in the afternoon. The pulse took an upward turn, and by 1 o'clock a partial examination showed a pulse of 125 and temperature at 104, or five and a half degrees above normal. The temperature had reached so high a point but once before since the shooting. At this time, under an increased dose of morphia, the President fell asleep. Thereafter during the afternoon he slept fitfully. The pulse had fallen to 106 at 3 o'clock, and to 100 shortly before 4.

Doctors Agnew and Hamilton arrived at 7:30 o'clock this evening. The President was then sleeping under the influence of morphia. There was a consultation of the physicians lasting from 8 until 9, at which it was decided that nothing could be gained by disturbing the President to-night, and it would be time enough in the morning to make an examination to determine the cause of the stoppage of the flow of the pus.

To judge from the information furnished inquirers at the White House, all through the night the President had been resting quietly, but it was subsequently learned that one disturbing incident had been suppressed. A fourth chill had attacked the President just before midnight. This, however, soon passed off without immediate serious consequences, so that it was not considered necessary to summon the sleeping physicians. They all six rose early, however, and gathered at the White House. The members of the cabinet were also in attendance, as in the early days of the injury, and some other friends and privileged individuals, whose faces have grown familiar to the doorkeepers within the last two weeks. All face wore a sober and anxious look, and it needed no great intuition to see that a crisis had come.

The physicians were in consultation for nearly two hours with closed doors. The cabinet officers and those nearest to the President were as much in ignorance as to the nature of their conference as any one, and anxiety and impatience were written on their countenances. Now and then a cabinet officer would come out of the cabinet room to send a message or hold a short conversation with a friend, but none of them could give more than a general and vague answer to the searching questions addressed to them by the groups in waiting. Suddenly Governor Sheldon, of New Mexico, who arrived here a few days ago, drawn by anxiety for his intimate personal friend, the President, came out of the private rooms with a smiling face. He was hailed as the harbinger of hope. "What is the news?" he was asked. He replied that Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, had succeeded in locating the pus cav