The Deserted Mill.

Drip, drip, drip,
The eager flow is still,
And only drops of water fall
Beneath the unused mill.
All moldy are the bags of meal,
And moss is grown upon the wheel,
So silent and so still.

Drip, drip, drip,
Upon the fruitful fern;
The silent timbers of the wheel
Are powerless to turn,
And where a blade of grass is seen,
The gaping joints it grows between,
Parted, will not return.

Drip, drip, drip,
Into the stagnant pool
Where glides the spotted water snake,
Among the cresses cool,
And, silent in his coat of mail,
All slimy creep the cautious snail
Upon the window stool.

Drip, drip, drip,
Upon the oaken floor,
And broken from its rusty lock,
Hangs, silently, the door,
Save, when a gust of wind goes past,
It groans upon one hinge still fast,
Then silent as before.

Drip, drip, drip,
Upon the rotten deal,
Between the timbers in the roof
The shadows softly steal;
And from a corner of the house
Slyly peeps forth the cunning mouse
That eats the moldy meal.

Drip, drip, drip,
Upon the well-worn stone,
While bluebiles at the window buzz,
Monotonous in tone.
No more the miller grinds his corn,
For he, good man, is dead and gone,
The mill is let alone.

TWO SECRETS.

"You don't mean it, Hetty?"

Loyd Sutton, a good-looking, manly young fellow, leaning on the half-open field gate, looked earnestly in the face of the young girl on the opposite side of the fence.

She shrank from meeting his eye as she answered:

"I am not accustomed to saying what I don't mean."

He made no answer. Hetty scratched industriously with a bit of wild-rose stem upon the trunk of the beech tree which overshadowed them. Suddenly she discovered that she was unconsciously tracing over the initials "L S." and "H. W."—the latter her own—cut in the beech bark. She hastily withdrew her hand and threw away the rose stem.

"Do you remember what you said to me, Hetty, the day I cut those letters?" asked the young man.

"Something foolish, I dare say," she answered, with affected carelessness.

"You told me you loved me," he said, in a low voice.

Hetty stooped and plucked a sprig of clover.

"Perhaps I thought so, then," she said, intently examining the blossoms.

"And only discovered your mistake when this rich popinjay from the city made his appearance," said Loyd, bitterly.

She looked up with a flash of her dark eyes. She knew very well that she was doing something unworthy of her, and lowering herself in Loyd's opinion, as well as causing him pain, and his reproach stung her.

"I have a right to like or dislike whom I please," she said, haughtily.

He seized an unlucky grasshopper which at that moment lighted near his hand and savagely crushed it to death. Hetty looked at him in surprise. It was so unlike Loyd to deliberately hurt anything.

"You are cruel!" she said, indignantly.

"Not half so cruel as you. Hetty, I had no idea you were so heartless and mercenary."

The word escaped him unawares. Hetty flushed hotly.

"If that is your opinion of me you ought to be glad to have found me out in time," she said.

"Perhaps I ought," he retorted, bitterly.

"Then I hope you will be satisfied—as I am!"

She gathered up the skirt of her blue lawn dress and turned away. Loyd passed through the gate and walked by her side along the grassy meadow-path.

"I didn't mean to offend you, Hetty," he said, in a more subdued tone.

"I am not offended. I don't in the least care for your opinion of me," replied Hetty, biting her lip and turning away her face that he might not see the tears in her eyes.

They had reached a point where the pathway branched right and left, and coming along the latter was a portly, fashionably-dressed, middle-aged man, twirling a cane, with which he was decapitating the tall weeds and field-daisies. On catching sight of Hetty he quickened his pace.

"Mr. Frisbee will see me home. I won't trouble you further, Mr. Sutton," said Hetty, with an air of great dignity, as she took a step to the left.

Now, this left-hand track was the most direct and frequented way to Hetty's home; but the right hand pathway, leading along the little stream and alder hedge, had ever been the favorite with herself and Loyd.

The young man paused now, and standing just where the two diverged, said, in a low tone, agitated, yet full of decision:

"Hetty, decide now, once for all! Will you keep on with me down this path, or will you go with Mr. Frisbee on the other? Choose!"

She hesitated, and her color went and came.

"You have no right to speak to me so."

"I have a right," he replied, firmly—"the right to know whether the girl I love is false or true."

Hetty, like Loyd, was high-spirited, and his look and tone angered her.

"Go your own way, and I will go mine!" she said, proudly.

And without another word she turned down the pathway by which Mr. Frisbee was approaching.

Loyd, as he reached the gate, turned back to look at the two figures slowly sauntering along the green meadow.

"I could never have dreamed it of her," he thought. "I believed she loved me. And to cast me off for a fellow like that, whose greatest recommendation is his wealth! Oh, Hetty, that I should have been so mistaken in you!"

And Mr. Frisbee, as he walked by Hetty's side, admiring her girlish beauty and her pretty, coquettish ways, and thinking how he would "show off" his young wife among his friends—did the thought never occur to him, as to Loyd, that this girl, young enough to be his daughter, could not possibly find in him any attraction save his wealth?

But poor Hetty, since her father died bankrupt, had experienced enough of poverty's ills, and heard enough from her mother and sisters to learn to look upon riches as the key that could open to her the golden store of life's pleasures.

Loyd could give her comfort and competence, but as Mrs. Frisbee she could have an elegant city residence, carriage and servants, balls in winter and watering-places in summer, with everything else that she might desire.

Not that she was light and frivolous, or longed for more worldly pleasures; but for the time being the picture had dazzled her, and in her present angry and resentful mood against Loyd, what wonder that she listened to all that Mr. Frisbee had to say, and before she reached home had accepted the rich widower's proposal?

And yet somehow Hetty felt in her own heart that this was the most miserable evening she had ever spent.

As the days went by Hetty grew no happier in the contemplation of her brilliant prospects. She turned with a species of loathing from the man she had promised to wed, and her heart went out more and more to the lover whom she had discarded.

They sometimes met, but he was distant and proud, and it was not for her to make advances. So she decided to let her engagement become publicly known, and one day went over to Mrs. Sutton's and asked Sue Sutton, Boyd's cousin, to be her bridemaid.

"You ought hardly to expect it of me, Hetty," Sue said, with some spirit. "I think you have treated Loyd badly."

"How so?"

"Because I know he loved you, and I used to think you loved him. You certainly did behave in a manner to encourage him."

"Perhaps we were mistaken in fancying that we loved each other."

"If you were mistaken, Loyd wasn't. I have never seen a person so changed and unhappy," said Sue, with tears in her eyes.

"He didn't appear to be unhappy last evening, flirting with Josephine Willis."

"Oh, that was merely put on! She flirted with him and he humored her, as a blind. I know Loyd—how proud he is, and that he would never allow any one to suspect how he suffers. But when we all came home from the party—where he had heard from Mrs. Carter that you were really engaged to that Mr. Frisbee—oh, Hetty, he looked so wretchedly, and we heard him walking up and down his room for hours, and tossing about on his bed! I'm certain he couldn't have slept a wink all night."

"Where is he now?" asked Hetty, a little tremulous.

"I don't know. He went out before breakfast, and I haven't seen him since. I believe his heart is broken, and that he will pine away and die, or perhaps take his own life," said Sue, with tears in her eyes. "And he had been looking at your portrait, Hetty, for I found it on his table, propped up against a book."

"My portrait? Why, he sent it back to me."

"Did he? Then this must be a copy. Wait a moment, and I will get it for you to see."

She was hardly out of the room, when Hetty heard a well-known step in the hall, and the next moment Loyd himself entered. Instinctively she had drawn back, and the great book-case screened her from his view. He did not, however, look around, but throwing himself in a chair, leaned back with closed eyes, and seeing him thus she was struck with the change in his appearance. His face was pale and bore unmistakable traces of suffering, repressed by the strong will which she knew he possessed. But now, alone as he thought himself, the strain seemed relaxed. He bowed his face in his hands and groaned.

Hetty's heart beat fast and the tears rushed into her eyes. Oh, if he would but bend from that stubborn pride, she would give up Mr. Frisbee, wealth, everything in the world, for his sake! But for her to make advances—never!

Loyd rose from his seat, and walked across the room to the book-case. Hetty shrank more closely into her corner, and the high-backed arm-chair hid her. She heard him rummaging about behind the books on the shelves, and then she saw his arm extended to the light, holding up two glass vials. So near was she that she distinctly read the labels, one of which was "Laudanum." This he thrust into his breast-pocket and seizing his hat, turned to leave the room. But at the door he paused, went back to the table, and scratching a few hurried lines on a sheet of paper, left it lying open and went out.

Hetty, almost as pale as her lover, instantly sprang up, and seizing the paper glanced over it, murmuring brokenly as she read:

"DEAR MOTHER: Can no longer bear—agony—seek relief—home—tell Johnny—take good care of you—go before you—meet you in—"

Hetty was trembling all over; but now a great light, as if a sudden resolve, dawned upon her pale face, and without a pause she rushed from the room, crossed the lawn, and with light, swift steps followed the retreating figure down the road. She overtook him just as he turned the clump of cedars near the stables. Was it there that he designed to commit the terrible deed?

Loyd turned on hearing her breathlessly call his name. He looked a good deal surprised at seeing her—no longer pale, but flushed and with disordered curls hanging about her forehead.

"Oh, Loyd, don't do it! For my sake, don't!"

"Hetty, what ails you? Don't do what?"

"You know; you didn't see me, but I was in the room when you took the—the poison—the laudanum. Oh, Loyd, don't kill yourself—don't!"

He looked at her steadily, with a curious working of his countenance.

"Why should I not? You would not care," he said, gloomily.

"Indeed, indeed I should!" she sobbed. "Oh, Loyd, I could not bear it; it would kill me!"

Her pleading, tearful eyes were upturned to his. He looked down into her face for a moment, then took both her hands in his.

"Hetty, you are going to be another man's wife."

"Never, Loyd—never! I was wrong—forgive me!"

"You don't mean to say, Hetty"—his face lighting all over as with a flush of new life—"you don't mean to say that you do really love me?"

"Yes, I do! I always did love you, Loyd. I wouldn't have told you but for this—but for that horrible poison. Give it to me, Loyd, that I may feel you are safe."

He answered by taking her in his arms. There was no one near to see them. And then he gave the deadly vial into her hands, and she flung it as far as she could into the neighboring pond.

"Life is worth living for now, Hetty," he said, as with her arm in his, and her hand clasped in his own, they walked toward her home. "But you will never know what pain I have suffered."

Most people said that Hetty had done right in choosing Loyd Sutton, after all; and Mr. Frisbee indignantly went back to the city and consoled himself by selecting as his wife some other young and pretty woman. His marriage took place about the same time with Hetty's.

Some three years after this, Mr. Loyd Sutton, a comfortable and happy-looking pater familias, said to his pretty wife:

"I believe that any man can keep a secret from his wife; but no woman can keep one from her husband."

"Don't you, indeed, dear? Now, I think just the contrary."

He laughed knowingly.

"Perhaps I can convince you. I've had a secret from you, Hetty, ever since we were married."

"Indeed! Won't you tell it to me, Loyd?'

"Why, yes, as I don't see any reason in keeping it longer to myself. I wouldn't tell you at first, for fear you should feel mortified in knowing it. Do you remember when you pleaded with me so earnestly not to take my life? Well, the truth is, I hadn't the least idea of swallowing that laudanum. I merely intended to use it as a remedy for the pain I was suffering from a terrible toothache."

"Yes," said Mrs. Loyd Sutton, demurely, but with an arch glance of her black eyes, "I knew that all the while, dear. You see, I read the note you left on the table, telling your mother that the pain was such that you could not wait till to-morrow to take her to town—must go at once, to see a dentist, and that Johnny would bring her, and you would meet her there. Then I knew what the laudanum was for."

Mr. Loyd Sutton opened his eyes very wide, and gave a low whistle.

"You see, love," resumed his wife, stealing her arm around his neck, "I had no other way of letting you know how I loved you and regretted my folly. It saved us both from being very miserable. But"—with the same arch look—"don't you think now that a woman can keep a secret from her husband as well as can a husband from his wife?"

And Loyd Sutton, kissing his wife, had the manliness to acknowledge himself convinced.

FOR THE LADIES.

German Wives.

Some statistician has discovered that in Germany the best ages for marriage among women are from twenty-five to thirty-five years; that few take place before nineteen, the number slowly increasing until twenty-five is reached, when the high numbers appear, receding after thirty-five. Few German girls marry before nineteen and few after forty. The German girls are taught housekeeping thoroughly, and by the time they marry they are able to take excellent care of a house, relying but little on imported cooks. A German lady's kingdom is her kitchen; her parlor she enjoys, but to display her talent as a pianist or conversationalist she would not sacrifice her ability to appeal to the hungry sentiments of her husband and his friends. Probably if there were more marriages before nineteen there would be less happy homes in Germany and less wives of experience, discretion and good temper.

News and Notes for Women.

Amelia Wells, the queen of the gypsies, is said to be worth $60,000.

Girls of fourteen are sent by Mormon missionaries from Sweden to Utah.

A Michigan woman has gone to England to bring back 300 servant girls.

The Philadelphia School of Art Needlework receives "workers," charging them $10 for a course of lessons, and paying them by the square inch for their work.

Mamie Richards, a Wisconsin schoolmistress, is to have a medal because she walked daily to and from her school, through five miles of dense forest, in which were prowling wolves.

Miss Abby T. Pierce, seventy-five years old, raveled the stockings made from the fleece of "Mary's Little Lamb," and arranged bits of it on pieces of card to sell at the Old South fair in Boston, earning thereby $150.

The empress of Austria is a woman of simple habits, but she nevertheless spends a great deal of money. It is said that her last hunting trip to England cost $200,000. She smokes a great many cigarettes, practices gymnastics regularly, and rises at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Moorish woman dress very gayly in their homes, but when they appear in the public streets they are enveloped in white muslin or calico from head to foot and glide along like ghosts, thick, white veils covering their faces. In private life they are fond of gorgeous coloring.

A pretty anecdote about Queen Christina of Spain is related by Mrs. Lucy Hooper in the Philadelphia *Telegraph*. A short time ago a foreign lady of rank, who was conversing with her majesty respecting Spanish manners and customs, asked the queen how she could endure to sit through a bull-fight. "Ah!" said Dona Christina, "you know I am very near-sighted, and whenever I go to a bull-fight I always forget to take my eyeglasses with me."

Fashion Notes.

Balaycuses remain in vogue.

Bridal roses are again in vogue.

All midwinter wraps are very long.

Moire is again used as half mourning.

Two box plaits form the back of new skirts.

Ostrich feathers trim new evening dresses.

Leopard plush is worn by young women and children.

The new colored ties are finished with chenille fringes and embroideries.

The muffs matching the bonnet, and fantastically trimmed with anything that one has in the house, will be carried this winter.

New linen colors have long points in front, and needlework borders; although sometimes they are nearly covered with embroidery and edged with lace.

Fall triple-plaited fraises are in vogue, made after the fashion of the ruffles in portraits around the neck of Sir Walter Raleigh. They are called "Raleigh cuffs."

New shoes of silk velvet for evening wear are laced up the fronts with slender cords of gold or silver, and the toes are covered with embroidery worked in silver or gold threads.

Velour ottoman silk is a novel dress fabric which promises to be very popular for bridal and evening costumes. It comes only in white and very delicately tinted shades of color.

Half-fitting paletots of plain dark cloth, more especially of a dark green tint, are very fashionable for the autumn season. They have no trimming beside large fancy buttons.

Carriage and traveling shawls of camel's hair beaver in plain colors, with gay plaid linings, are a novelty; so are velvet beaver shawls, gray on one side and black on the other, with bright borders.

Among high novelties in plush are the Siberian bullion plushes for cloaks and trimmings. This material often costs as high as $35 per yard, and shows a very heavy pile pointed with either silver or gold flecks.

The last extravagance in French hose is a new stocking of cream white lace in open work designs to be worn over another one of spun silk tinted a flesh color. The lace stockings cost twenty-five dollars a pair.

Rich moire antique, such as delighted the stately dames of olden times, is to be a favorite material for bridal dresses this winter. The new moire fabrics, however, show smaller wave than the watered material formerly manufactured.

A Terrible Death.

Mr. Ralph Gore, a contractor, was superintending the work in a new sewer, at Erie, Pa., and while he was at the bottom of the excavation, the earth began to give away. He stepped aside and let all in his employ escape ahead of him, and then the earth fell on him. His head could be seen just above the earth. "I think my legs are broken, gentlemen," he said, "but set to work and dig me out of my grave." He spoke encouragingly and made light of the accident. While the workmen were digging the other bank was seen to be giving way. It was over the spot where Mr. Gore stood wedged in as in a vice. Five or six hundred tons of earth and rock must come down unless a miracle intervened. The laborers had cleared away the earth as faraway as Mr. Gore's shoulders, but now they had to fly for their own lives. Next moment the man was alone. Above him was the tottering avalanche, and on the south bank stood a crowd of people with pallid faces. The look of despair that he gave when he took in the situation will never be forgotten. He made one more desperate struggle to extricate himself, and then resigned himself to his fate. He fixed his eyes on the slowly moving mass, and watched it creep nearer and nearer to the point where he knew it would receive sufficient impetus to be hurled down upon him. "God help me," he exclaimed, and the awe-stricken crowd echoed the wish. Then his lips were seen to move in prayer, and the landslide moved faster. It received a temporary check, but again glided on toward the brink. The suspense at this moment was terrible. A large school opposite had just let out, and the teachers and children had gathered on the brink. Men, women and children sobbed aloud, and some knelt in prayer. The avalanche was now within two feet of the point where the bank became steeper. Slowly it crept; inch by inch the point was reached; its pace quickened, there was a rush, and the next moment 500 tons of earth plunged over the brink and fell with a crash on top of the man's head. Later in the day the body was recovered, a shapeless mass.

The burglar Ben Brown, alias Bob White, now in jail at Charlotte, N. C., awaiting execution for burglary was, it is said, a United States deputy marshal in South Carolina, during reconstruction days, and was one of the most notorious colored political characters in the county during all that dark time.

SUNDAY READING.

Be Happy.

It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is only another name for love, for where love exists in a household there happiness must also evist, even though it has poverty for its close companion; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that "when poverty comes in at the door, loves flies out of the window," and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom quoted is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry, and do battle with the enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings, search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss, will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

Religious News and Notes.

A Swedish Baptist church has been organized and recognized at Worcester, Mass.

A training school for evangelists, colporteurs and Bible readers will soon be opened in Paris.

The French council of state is considering the project of a decree for assuring religious liberty in the army.

Four missionaries sailed recently from Philadelphia to the Presbyterian Gaboon and Corisco mission, Africa.

The total membership of the Methodist churches in the world, as reported at the late general conference in London, is 4,795,116, of whom 3,700,000 are in the United States and Canada.

A recent religious census taken in Prussia shows that country contains 17,645,462 Protestants, 9,205,136 Catholics, 363,790 Jews, 42,518 Dissenters, and 22,006 persons professing no religion.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South has eleven mission stations along the Rio Grande and the Mexican border, with sixty-one preaching-places, 447 church members and 373 Sunday-school scholars.

The Ohio Congregationalists made a gain of 500 in membership the past year. The total benevolent contributions were $63,548, a gain of $27,161 over the preceding year. They have 230 churches in all.

The California Methodists have begun to raise a "Haven memorial fund" of $10,000 in memory of the late Bishop Haven, who died in Oregon, for perfecting the library, cabinets, etc., of the University of the Pacific.

The Seventh Day Baptists have ten native families connected with their mission in Shanghai, China. The missionary force includes eight missionaries, two native Bible readers, and a Bible woman. Two day-schools are taught.

The Congregational church in Stratford, Conn., organized 240 years ago has published a manual giving historical sketches of its sixteen preceding pastors. It has furnished twenty-two for the ministry, among them the Rev. H. L. Barnum, of Turkey.

During the recent absence of Rev. E. F. Fales from his church (Congregational) at Carthage, Mo., the services were conducted by a delegation of Modoc Indians, to the great satisfaction of the congregation. Seven years ago these Indians were savages, but now all their chiefs and many of the people are Christians.

Bishop Crowther, of the Niger, in Africa, was recently called upon by a wealthy chief from Okrika, a town which had never been visited by a mission agent, who stated that Christianity had extended from the Bonney mission to that town, and that the people had built a church accommodating 500 people, where the service was read every Sunday to crowded congregations by a school-boy from the Brass mission.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Lacquering gives tin and articles covered with silver leaf the appearance of brass.

Blistered steel is made by exposing layers of bar iron and carbon to the action of heat.

A stationary engine of two hundred horse power requires in one hour 1,100 pounds of coal.

Phosphorus, when perfectly pure, is a colorless, transparent body, soft as wax and easily cut with a knife.

The elevation of the tide at St. Malo amounts to fifty feet, while on the Norwegian coast it is hardly perceptible.

It requires twice as much heat to raise water to a given temperature as it does to bring oil of turpentine to the same point.

An ounce of silver covered with eight grains of gold has been drawn out into 13,000 feet of wire, covered through its entire length with an unbroken coating of gold.

In Leipsic lately some experiments were made with a cuirass made of a newly invented preparation of steel, which seems to present great resistance to missiles. The metal was only three-fiftieths of an inch in thickness, and the inside of the cuirass was lined with a thin layer of wool. The entire weight of the piece of armor, which was intended to protect only the heart and lungs, was two pounds and a half; but of eleven rounds of ball cartridge fired at the cuirass at a distance of 175 yards, although eight of the bullets struck it, only two penetrated the metal, and these were found to be flattened, and retained in the woolen lining.

Embalming.

The origin of the practice of embalming is lost in antiquity, and of the many suggestions offered as to the motive for it the most plausible one, and the one still active, is the desire to preserve from the natural processes of destruction the forms of those specially worthy of honor. Whether or not any views of the immortality of the soul or of the resurrection of the body may have originally led to this practice we cannot pretend to discuss here. It is a custom singularly at variance with the operation of natural laws, but quite as obviously in harmony with the natural desires of the bereaved. It has excited but small attention in this country of recent years, though so great a man as William Hunter made strenuous efforts to perfect a system of embalming. At the present day the Italians are the great proficients in the art, which is mainly practiced by professors of anatomy, who endeavor to keep their particular mode a profound secret, and let mystery screen from view the composition of the ingredients used. One element commonly employed is a salt of zinc or arsenic. The objects to be aimed at, in addition to the prime one of the delay or entire prevention of decomposition, are the maintenance of the natural contour and color and the smallest possible disturbance of the corpse. The Italian professors embalm without evisceration, injecting their fluids into the aorta, and by their preparations they are able to preserve the features quite unaltered, or rather with all the wrinkles and furrows of age or disease obliterated; the body assumes a pure white color, and in a few hours the hardness of marble, and is then practically indestructible. We have not yet heard what method of embalming was employed in the case of General Garfield, but from the fact that the features had changed color we presume it was not the Italian, nor one so perfect in its results. The Italians still practice in some cases a process of petrifaction, by which corpses become so hard that they can be submitted to the sculptor's chisel and preserved as articles of furniture or vertu.—*London Lancet.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eastern and Middle States.

A STRIKE among the printers in a Philadelphia German daily newspaper resulted in a two days' suspension of the sheet.

THERE is an exceedingly large crop of nuts in Connecticut this season.

THE sixty brickyards on the Hudson are now closed, after a production the past season of 500,000,000 bricks.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD boy was shot and killed in Boston by the accidental discharge of a toy pistol in the hands of his brother.

THE parents of two girls—sisters—killed during the recent fire at Landenberger's mills, Philadelphia, have sued the operator and the owner of the mills, claiming $50,000 damages. The jury of inquest, in their verdict, declared that proper precautions against a fire and sufficient means of escape had not been provided.

THE Pittsburg African Methodist conference met in fourteenth annual session at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Bishop James A. Shorter presiding.

IN Boston the question of having a world's fair in 1883 is still being actively canvassed, but nothing more definite than the appointment of a committee of thirteen to see whether the necessary $5,000,000 can be raised has been done.

South and West.

THE balloon A. J. Nutting, which ascended at Chicago, having as passengers Professor S. J. King, the aeronaut, and J. G. Hasshagen, of the United States signal service, was given up for lost after having disappeared from public view for a week. Scouts scoured the dense woods and swamps of Upper Wisconsin in the hope of finding some trace of the lost voyagers, but without success. On the seventh day of their disappearance, however, a dispatch from Chippewa Falls, Wis., announced that they had been found. Professor King telegraphed that their balloon had landed about sixty-five miles from Chippewa Falls, and that they were lost five days in a swamp, suffering great hardships, before they reached a region inhabited by man.

BY a collision on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, at McKinney Station, Ohio, five laborers were killed, a sixth had his leg broken, and the foot of a seventh was cut off.

AN immense amount of damage has been done to farms and other property by the giving way of a levee on the Mississippi, in Illinois, and by heavy floods at other points on the river.

THE residence of T. Jelleitch, one mile from Jackson, Cal., was destroyed by fire at 2 o'clock in the morning, and all of the inmates, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Jelleitch and their two children, a girl two years of age and an infant son six months old, perished.

THE committee which had in charge the arrangements of the Garfield obsequies, desiring to comply with the many requests from all sections for relics, has organized a bureau, and is preparing a great number of souvenirs from the floral decorations and drapings of the catafalque, which will be sent to all applicants as long as they last. Each memento is to have a card attached, bearing the signature of the committee and an engraving of the catafalque, to authenticate the article. These relics will not be sold under any circumstances, but applicants should send stamps for postage. Money contributions will not be refused, and all such will be placed to the credit of the monument fund. Requests should be addressed, "Relic Bureau, Cleveland, Ohio."

ERRORS are being made to raise the English sloop-of-war De Brook, which foundered in a storm off Lewis, Del., in 1798. Specie and valuable jewels are believed to be on board.

A FIRE at Lynchburg, Va., destroyed several buildings, twenty car-loads of cotton, a large quantity of tobacco and other property, inflicting a total loss of about $200,000.

PRESIDENT Garfield's body was quietly transferred the other morning from the public receiving vault to Captain L. T. Scofield's private vault, the finest in Lake View cemetery, Cleveland.

A DISPATCH from Eureka, Nev., says that James E. Anderson, who made a national reputation in Louisiana during the political troubles of 1876, and who has lately been editing the *Leader* at Eureka, was assaulted at night by W. J. Penrose and beaten over the head with a revolver. His wounds may prove fatal. The *Leader* has been making personal attacks on Penrose.

From Washington.

TWENTY-two patents were issued to Thomas A. Edison the other day, twenty of them relating to his electric light. So far Mr. Edison has been granted 209 patents, and applications for over 100 more are awaiting decision.

MR. SCOVILLE, Guiteau's counsel, has made an appeal to the public, asking people who heard the assassin lecture on religious subjects to come forward and testify to his insanity.

COLONEL ROCKWELL has received the following letter from Mrs. Garfield, which is furnished to the press for publication: "It is my wish that an account of the life and an appropriate collection of the literary remains of General Garfield shall be published, after that careful consideration and preparation so manifestly necessary. To that end I request that you will announce, in some public manner, my purpose to cause this work to be done at the earliest practicable time, and of which due notice will be given."

JUSTICE Cox, of the District criminal court, has granted the motion of Mr. Scoville, Guiteau's counsel, for an allowance to defray the expense of bringing the assassin's witnesses to Washington.

THE Washington grand jury found an indictment against Captain H. W. Howgate, charging him with embezzling over $90,000 from the government. Captain Howgate not appearing when called for, his bond of $40,000 was forfeited. His bondsmen are W. B. Moses, W. W. McCullough and Notley Anderson.

MR. LEIGH ROBINSON, a Washington lawyer, has been assigned as associate counsel to help defend Guiteau. Mr. Walter D. Davidge has been appointed to assist District Attorney Corkhill in the prosecution.

THE executive committee charged with the work of establishing at Washington a national Garfield memorial hospital, issued an appeal to the pastors of the United States to set apart Saturday and Sunday, November 5 and 6, for collections in all their churches in aid of the fund.

THE Senate confirmed the nomination of W. W. Dudley, of Indiana, to be commissioner of Indian affairs.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER, superintendent of the census, has resigned.

NOMINATIONS by the President: Henry Hyland Garnet, of New York city, to be minister resident and consul general of the United States in Liberia; John M. Bailey, of New York, consul of United States at Hamburg.

THE nomination of ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, to be secretary of the treasury, as successor to William Windom, after some discussion by the Senate as to his eligibility, was unanimously confirmed. Mr. Morgan is a native of Massachusetts, born in 1811, and in 1836 removed to New York city, engaging in the grocery business there. He was elected alderman in 1849, State senator in the same year, called to order the first convention of the Republican party at Philadelphia in 1856, was elected governor in 1858 and reelected in 1860, in 1863 was elected to the United States Senate, serving until 1869, and was defeated for governor in 1876, since which time he has held no political office. Governor Morgan has been for several years director and member of the executive committee of the Western Union Telegraph company, a director of the Erie railroad, of the National Bank of Commerce, and of the United States Trust company. He is a prominent member of the Union League club of New York.

Foreign News.

THE mammoth steamship, the Great Eastern, has been sold at auction in England for $150,000.

A HURRICANE at Mazatlan, Mexico, destroyed 300 houses and caused the loss of 500 lives in adjoining towns.

ANARCHY prevails in Peru, the Calderon or provisional government having collapsed and the Chilians having assumed full authority.

AT the Paris electrical exhibition, as a mark of the highest distinction, diplomas of honor were awarded to the United States Signal office, the Smithsonian Institution, the United States Patent office and Messrs. Edison, Graham and Bell. A large number of gold, silver and bronze medals were also awarded to American exhibitors.

THE original sum of £500,000, given by the late George Peabody in 1862 as a fund for building lodging-houses for the poor in London, now amounts to £720,000.

VESNON, the Canadian weather prophet, predicts a warm winter in the United States.

THE British bark Lebu has been abandoned off Douglas, Isle of Man. A lifeboat, when rescuing the crew of the bark, capsized and twelve persons were drowned. A brigantine has been wrecked near Falmouth, and all hands drowned.

THE trial of fifteen socialists at Leipsic, Germany, resulted in the sentencing of eleven to various terms of imprisonment, and the acquittal of the other four.

GARFIELD memorial services have been held in the city of Mexico. The services were organized by Governor Fernandez and city council, were the most impressive ever held in Mexico, and were attended by an immense number of people.

A STEAMER which left Liverpool for New York a few days ago had on board 400 Mormon emigrants.

THE British steamer Clan Macduff foundered off the coast of Wales, and from twenty to thirty lives were lost.

AT Paris Mr. Morton, the American minister to France, drove the first rivet in the putting together of Bartholdi's statue of Liberty, destined for New York harbor.

The Trouble in Ireland.

At the last public meeting of the land league in Dublin the Rev. Mr. Cantwell presided and there was a large attendance. The secretary announced that the week's receipts amounted to £2,237, of which £1,764 were from America. He read a long manifesto. It states that the league is now unable to present the test cases prepared to the new land courts, and that there is only one constitutional weapon left which the league has previously hesitated to use. The executive advise members of the league henceforth to pay no rent until the leaders are released. The chairman said the present was a time for acting, not for speaking. The leader might be arrested, but the priesthood remained to guide the people. He counseled passive resistance. The manifesto is signed by Messrs. Parnell, Kettle, Davitt, Brennan, Dillon, Sexton and Egan.

London daily papers charge that the manifesto of the Irish land league is an incentive to civil war.

Military and police are patrolling the streets of Limerick to prevent assemblages.

Copies of the land league manifesto, declaring that no rent shall be paid, have been distributed throughout Ireland.

The lord lieutenant of Ireland has issued a proclamation proclaiming the land league an illegal organization and ordering the dispersion of its meeting by an armed force. The proclamation warns the queen's subjects connected with the league to disconnect themselves from it and to abstain from giving further countenance to it. All the powers and resources at the government's command, the proclamation says, will be employed to protect the queen's subjects in the free exercise of their lawful callings and occupations, to enforce the fulfillment of all lawful obligations and to save the process of law and the execution of the queen's writs from hindrance or obstruction. He calls upon all loyal subjects to uphold and maintain the authority of the law and the supremacy of the queen in Ireland. The members of the league have carried off their papers and deserted their headquarters.

Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, who has hitherto been a stanch upholder of the land league, has published a letter denouncing the league manifesto ordering a general strike against rent. He says he has read the decree with dismay, enters his protest against the doctrine contained in it, and says such a policy will lead to disintegration and defeat.

The land court opened the other day at its rooms in Dublin. There was a crowded attendance. Mr. Justice O'Hagan said the court had decided on extremely simple rules of procedure free from all technicalities. The fee for entering the court would be only a shilling, so that nobody could have the excuse of not having the advantages of the land act. There would be a similar fee on giving notice of appeal. Many tenants, he said, had already applied to have their rents fixed, but no decision could be given before the expiration of ten days. For the present the commissioners would do their best to make the act a success. Many farmers in the counties of Westmeath and Roscommon have lodged claims for the readjustment of their rents.

In consequence of the proclamation against the land league the *Freeman's Journal* publishes an advertisement from the league advising the Irish people, while remaining firm, to abandon for the present all projected meetings which the government could take advantage of.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* publishes a reply by Mr. Egan, the treasurer of the land league, to the letter of Archbishop Croke protesting against the manifesto of the league. He declares that the archbishop falls into two grave errors. The original programme of the league, he says, was not "fair rents," but the abolition of landlordism. There is no comparison between the present situation and that when Mr. Davitt and the first of the "suspects" were arrested. The government has now thrown away all pretenses, appealed to brute force, and suppressed all forms of constitutional expression. He asks whether Archbishop Croke advises the people to surrender at discretion, pay rent to their real jailers, and resuscitate the corpse of landlordism. The executive of the land league have long and carefully considered the advisability of a strike against rent, and believe it the only wise course. They are confident that it must secure a sure and speedy triumph.

The suppression of the land league goes on. The land league rooms in Cork and Limerick are occupied by police. No members are allowed to enter.

Sixteen arrests were made in one day in various places in Ireland.

An indignation meeting in London, held to protest against Parnell's arrest and the coercive measures used in Ireland, was attended by over 50,000 persons. Resolutions denouncing the "cowardly and lawless action of the coercion government in attempting forcibly to suppress freedom of speech," were unanimously carried.

At a recent meeting of the land league in Cork it was decided to pursue the agitation.

Dr. Kenny, a member of the executive of the land league, and well known as the medical attendant of several of the imprisoned suspects, has been arrested and was conveyed to Kilmainham jail, Dublin. Miss Hobnett, of Ballydehob, was also arrested for persisting in exhibiting a copy of the "No rent" manifesto in a window. Her father is threatening to remove it when requested to do so by the police. Her father, who is also a prominent member of the land league, had been previously arrested under the coercion act, and is now in prison.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* publishes a portion of an interview with Mr. Parnell, who says he thinks the farmers will to a great extent adopt the "No rent" manifesto. One-half of the Irish farmers do not hope for any benefit from the land act. Small tenants who are in debt to shopkeepers, he says, would obtain considerable reduction, but they would be compelled to sell their new interests in order to pay their arrears of debt. If the farmers stand firm for a year they will bring the government and landlords to their knees. The fight is a question of money and courage.

Mr. Wall, editor of the Roscommon *Herald* and a member of the land league, has been arrested and lodged in Galway jail.

UNITED STATES SENATE.

Extra Session.

On motion of Mr. Sherman the Senate proceeded to consider the resolution, previously offered by him, calling upon the secretary of the treasury for the report of James F. Meline. Mr. Farley said that he understood that the report referred to had been made by a commission appointed by the treasury department, and was a matter with which Congress had nothing to do. Mr. Sherman replied that he had already stated that the investigation was of such a character as it was not usual for Congress to have anything to do with; but the public prints intimated that there was something in the report that might injure a member of the Senate—he (Mr. Sherman) being the Senator referred to—he deemed it his right and his duty to his colleagues therefore to call for the report. If the statement was true that the report reflected upon him, it was proper for the Senate to inquire into the matter. He very rarely noticed newspaper attacks, but when any paper or man impugned in the slightest degree his personal integrity he wished to have an investigation, and he would put the question tested, not only by law but the strictest rules of personal honor. Mr. Farley stated that he had never seen the article referred to by the Senator from Ohio, and did not know that any reflection had been made upon that gentleman. He wished to suggest if the report had to come to the Senate at all, that the testimony taken before the commission be also transmitted to the Senate. He put that suggestion in the form of an amendment. After further discussion Mr. Farley's amendment was rejected—yeas 21, nays 23, a party vote, and Mr. Davis, of Illinois, voting with the Republicans. Mr. Sherman's resolution was then adopted. Mr. McPherson presented the petition of certain members of the New York legislature protesting against the right of Messrs. Miller and Lapham to represent that State in the United States Senate. Referred to the committee on privileges and elections.

The president pro tem. laid before the Senate a communication from the secretary of the treasury transmitting a copy of the report of James F. Meline to the treasury department, as directed by a resolution of the Senate recently adopted. The communication was laid upon the table and ordered to be printed.... Upon motion of Mr. Edmunds, Chief Clerk Shober was appointed acting secretary of the Senate until the vacancy caused by the death of Secretary Burch could be filled.... The president pro tem. laid before the Senate a message from the President, transmitting a communication from the secretary of state in response to Senate resolution calling for information as to whether any action has been taken by the government since the last Congress toward protecting the rights and interests of the United States in the Panama canal. Referred to committee on foreign relations.

A fish is a dependent creature, and it never comes out of the water on its own hook.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Never interrupt any conversation with a hacking Cough; it creates a bad impression. Better invest a quarter of a dollar in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and cure it.

HANDWRITING.

Some Curious Facts About Letters and Manuscripts.

"Yes, I am an expert