William Penn.

[Read at the commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the landing of William Penn at Chester, Pa. The poem was written by Mr. Whittier when a boy of sixteen.]

The tyrant on his gilded throne,
The warrior in his battle dress,
The holier triumph ne'er have known
Of justice and of righteousness.

Founder of Pennsylvania! Thou
Didst feel it when thy words of peace
Smoothed the stern chieftain's swarthy brow
And bade the dreadful war dance cease.

On Schuylkill's banks no fortress frowned,
The peaceful cot alone was there;
No beacon fires the hilltops crowned,
No death shot swept the Delaware.

In manners meek, in precepts mild,
Thou and thy friends serenely taught
The savage huntsmen, fierce and wild,
To raise to heaven his erring thought.

How all unlike the bloody band
That unrelenting Cortez led
To princely Montezuma's land,
[illegible] ruin 'round his pathway shed.

[illegible]ts that knew not how to spare,
[illegible]ning milder means to try,
[illegible]nson sword alone was there,
[illegible] Indian's choice to yield or die.

[illegible]on, meek Pennsylvanian sire,
[illegible]ed, alone, from terror free,
[illegible] by the heathen council fire
[illegible] lessons of Christianity.

[illegible] of Pennsylvania's State!
[illegible] blood-wet rolls of fame,
[illegible] the good, the great
[illegible] sainted name.
[illegible] John G. Whittier.

[illegible]E CHILD.

[illegible]shed, low-ceiled sit-
[illegible] paraffine lamp on the
[illegible]l its light on what
[illegible]y beneath it, in con-
[illegible] green cardboard shade
[illegible] the rest of the room in dark-
[illegible]
[illegible] the circle of light an ink-
[illegible]et of notepaper, and a
[illegible] writing thereon these
[illegible]
[illegible] be so very dull, for I
[illegible]th some old acquaintances
[illegible]n in summer—those pretty
[illegible]t were at Henderson's
[illegible]other places last
[illegible] asked me to
[illegible]and so forth.
[illegible]nd some rare
[illegible]ll spleenwort,
[illegible]eral fungi I never
[illegible] I? Never bet-
[illegible] much new life
[illegible]pater and yourself
[illegible]onate son,
[illegible]LEMENT MOORE."
[illegible]id down, the letter
[illegible]one; the latter di-
[illegible]bbed on side-
[illegible]hen the writer
[illegible]r, yawned, and
[illegible]y duty. Now for a little
[illegible] Wonder whether they're at
[illegible]e. Only eight. I'll go and see."
[illegible]e went out into the passage, stoop-
[illegible]g to avoid knocking his head as he
passed through the low doorway,
which was never meant to admit six
feet of humanity.

"Mrs. Grant!" he called, taking from its peg a soft felt hat.

"Yes, sir," came from the direction of the kitchen.

"I'm going out—shall be in by ten, perhaps sooner. You needn't get any supper ready."

"Very well, sir."

A ten minutes' walk in the cool evening air and he was in the center of a family party, greeting those he knew, being introduced to others, and sitting down amidst them, half bewildered by the light and buzz of voices.

But Clement Moore knew how to adapt himself to circumstances. The youngest child was soon on his knee, while he divided his conversation between her and her father—between anecdotes of a wonderful dog he possessed and the failure of the hop crop.

"You are staying at Grant's farm, are you not?" asked the motherly-looking mistress of the house. "Do they make you comfortable?"

"Pretty well," he answered, passing his hand gently over the little one's yellow curls. "They mean to, so I don't grumble. Mrs. Grant is a kind old soul and not a bad cook."

"You came for your health, I think you said," inquired Louy, the clever one of the family, raising her dark eyebrows interrogatively.

"Yes; and I like this better than the seaside, for I go in for a little botanizing as a rule in my holidays. The fact was I came to grief on my bicycle—broke my leg—and was used up for an unconscionable time. And now I've thrown over the doctor and come down here to recruit."

His eye fell, unconsciously to himself, on the third sister, Zoe, whose small, oval face was full of interest. She was apparently twelve or thirteen years of age, with golden-brown hair, cut short and curling about her head.

From her he looked toward Marian, who was busy with some dainty fancy-work, over which her pretty hands looked very expert and her fair face very intent.

"They are generally artists who come to stay at Mrs. Grant's," she said, looking up for a minute. "Do you sketch at all, Mr. Moore?"

"Not I, Miss Granger, I wish I could," he added, with a meaning look that made her color.

This was the first of many evenings spent at the Grangers', for the young man found the family gatherings more pleasant than his own society; and also, though he did not say so, more pleasant than any he had known in his own home.

"To-morrow is the last of these pleasant holidays," he said, regretfully, one afternoon, at the conclusion of a game of tennis. "I must be idle no longer. And we have never been over to that ruin you mentioned."

"The castle? You really ought to see it!" said Louy. "Well, can we not all go to-morrow?"

"I should like it of all things. Have you any objection, Miss Granger?"

"I? Oh, no!" Marian answered, quickly. "And Zoe, of course?"

"Oh, yes, Zoe must come!" and he smiled down at the little girl who was standing silently near.

"I will see," she replied, doubtfully.

"Good-bye, then, for the present," he said, shaking hands with the elder girls first; and then, instead of taking Zoe's small, outstretched fingers, he bent down and kissed them.

"Good-bye, little one," he said, laughing. "Mind, you are to come with us—or I don't mean to go."

Zoe's cheeks became deeply suffused. She gave him a look full of indignation and outraged pride, then turned and fled.

"Why, who would have thought—" he began, somewhat disconcerted, breaking off as he saw the looks of the others.

"I suppose," said Louy, coldly, "that you are under a mistake, Mr. Moore. Zoe is not the child she looks. She is nineteen!

"Nineteen!" he repeated. "Impossible!"

"She is indeed!" Marian answered. "She always looked young; but last winter she was ill, and had her hair cut off, and since then she looks worse than ever!"

Moore colored hotly himself now. Then, with a half apology, he ran off across the lawn in the direction he had seen her take.

He found her sitting in a little arbor overhung with clematis, with her face hidden, bitterly crying.

Finding she did not move he was half inclined to go back.

"Miss Granger," he said, successfully resisting the impulse.

She started, and began hastily to dry her eyes.

"Yes."

"I beg your pardon. I had no idea—how could I have?—that you were not a child."

She looked so very small and so heartbroken, and at the same time so pretty, that Clement felt half tempted to take her in his arms like the child he had thought her.

"Can't you forgive me?" he asked, humbly. "You make me feel so terribly guilty. The fact was, I never noticed you much, or I could not have made such a mistake."

Zoe looked up with a faint smile.

"The first time I met you," she said, irrelevantly, "at a party last winter, you said to some one, 'What a pity to keep that child up so late! She ought to have been in bed hours ago!'"

"I did not know we had ever met before. I remember your sisters."

"It is very unfortunate to be so insignificant," said she, her lips quivering again. "I dare say you think me very silly; but you can't guess how hard it is sometimes to be so completely overlooked!"

Moore looked down at the slight, shapely figure, less than five feet in height, as though he saw it for the first time.

"Now I think of it," he said, "I must have offended you a hundred times by my stupidity. Well, I shall know better in future."

His face expressed so much contrition that she laughed outright.

"I don't bear you any malice, Mr. Moore. There's my hand on it."

He held it for a minute.

"Prove it, then, by coming with us to-morrow."

"Very well. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Clement, and left her.

A word more with the other two and then he was gone; and Louy and Marian walked down a garden path arm in arm.

"He is very nice," said Louy.

"Very handsome," her sister said, with a sigh; "but he's very—very—"

As she paused for a word, Louy nodded.

"Unimpressionable. Depend upon it, there is some one in London."

After these mysterious words two more sighs might have been heard, had any one been near; and the sisters were silent, thinking of to-morrow.

The weather was kind, and did not damp their spirits with rain. The succeeding afternoon found the three sisters suitably attired in their prettiest cotton dresses, ready to start, when the young man appeared.

"I hope you won't object to my vasculum," he said, as they set off. "I always take it when I'm going any distance. Three miles, I think you said?"

They chose by mutual consent the short cut across the fields, the said short cut taking a much longer time than the following of the road would have done. There were so many stiles to climb, and over every one Moore had to help Marian, who was very helpless and nervous. Then he made an attempt each time to assist Zoe, who as frequently declined, and nimbly surmounted them by herself.

Louy, too, was independent. She was even a little sarcastic, for Zoe's ear, at the amount of laughing, and pretty awkwardness, and holding of Clement's hand, before Marian was safely landed in each new meadow.

And then—oh, horror! there was a field of cows to be crossed. And Marian was dreadfully afraid of cows. What should they do?

"I thought you ladies who live in the country were more courageous," said Moore, as the girls came to a standstill. "Shall I go and send them farther away from the path?"

"Oh, no, for then they would be sure to run this way." And Marian looked absolutely pale.

"Come along, then, and take my arm," said he, laughing. "I'll undertake to pilot you safely through, and then come back for the others."

But Louy and Zoe had seen cows before, and followed without waiting for a protector. And very soon they were in the road, the uninteresting dusty road, with no stiles and no wild beasts to encounter.

"Ah!" exclaimed Moore, suddenly, "there's the moonwort! I must get it up, if you ladies will wait a minute."

He produced a little trowel from his pocket, and plunged his hand in among the long grass to separate it from the fronds of the fern. Immediately there was a slight hissing sound, and Zoe sprang forward in time to see something glide slowly into a hole in the bank.

She turned toward Moore as pale as death.

"What a narrow es—" she began, before she realized that his face also wore an unusual expression. "Oh, Mr. Moore, it didn't sting you?"

For answer he turned up his coat cuff and displayed a couple of little marks of teeth.

"Was it a viper?" he asked, and Zoe nodded.

A quick exclamation, a sigh and a slight rustle, and Marian was lying in the road unconscious, with Louy bending over her.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," muttered Clement, putting the tiny wound to his mouth and sucking it. "Not very dangerous, is it?"

"Yes, rather," said Zoe, with a shiver and a glance at her sister. "Come, the Castle inn is only about half a mile! Do come, quickly never mind them! Anyone will be coming to!"

She seized his arm as he stood irresolute, and half dragged him along for a few steps, when he gave way to her earnest entreaty and walked quickly on beside her.

"Brandy is the best thing," panted Zoe, who had hard work to keep up with him.

"Are they ever—fatal?" the young man asked a few minutes later, with assumed nonchalance.

"No; that is, very seldom. A severe illness is the worst that could result, I think. Is it painful?"

"No," said Moore, telling an unblushing fib, as he glanced down at the white little face by his side.

A sudden idea flashed into Zoe's mind.

"Stop a minute!" she cried, snatching out a dainty pocket-handkerchief. "No, give me yours, it will be longer. That's it! Now turn up your sleeve."

She bound his handkerchief as tightly as she could round his arm, a little way above the wound.

"I can improve that," he said, and thrust his pocket-knife between the folds to tighten it. "Thanks, my child," he added, forgetting his resolve to remind her no more of her juvenile appearance.

They hurried on again and were soon in the inn parlor, surrounded quickly by a little group of curious and sympathizing women.

Zoe dispatched some one for the doctor, and set to work apparently to reduce Clement Moore to a state of intoxication. She forced him to drink glass after glass of brandy, until he obstinately refused to take another drop.

She pleaded, insisted, implored him almost tearfully, but he remained firm.

"If I have any more, I shall not know what I am doing," he said in her ear; and finding him so resolved, she desisted and longed for the doctor.

That gentleman arrived at last and set their minds at rest. He apprehended no worse result than a good deal of pain. Thanks to the prompt steps already taken.

They had to return home rather crestfallen, in a vehicle obtained at the inn, picking up the other two girls at a cottage where they had been waiting for Marian to recover from her faintness.

She was a good deal reassured at the sight of Moore apparently none the worse—the only effect of his wound being an unusually silent mood, from which he had not recovered when they parted at the Grangers' own door; he retaining the vehicle to take him on to Grant's farm.

"I must thank you some other time," he said, in a low voice to Zoe, as he handed her out of the chaise; and she, with forehead puckered into sympathetic lines, asked, in the same key:

"Is it very bad?"

He shook his head, lifted his hat, stepped in and was driven off, waiting till he was out of sight of the house before sinking back with eyes closed and with a sigh of relief at the freedom from his self-imposed restraint.

Mrs. Granger sent down to the farm the next day to inquire after him, receiving for reply that he was very well and would call the next day.

However, he did not come; and when two or three had passed without any Clement, a certain amount of anxiety was felt though not expressed.

"Louy," said Marian, one night when they were alone, "I firmly believe he likes Zoe better than either of us. I am not jealous—but who would have thought it! Such a child as she looks!"

She glanced into her mirror, but saw only a blurred reflection. And Louy kissed her gently, but answered nothing.

Zoe was never taken into their confidences. She was always left out, even in her own family, being still looked upon as "so very young."

Clement Moore having written home to say that he should stay where he was for another week, spent two days in bed and one in an easy-chair. On the fourth he emerged from the latticed porch with the intention of acquainting his friends with his recovery.

He had not gone far along the road before he espied two or three small figures in a meadow off to the right. He leapt the style and made for them.

As he had thought, they were Zoe and two smaller Grangers, with baskets, in search of blackberries.

Moore kissed both the little ones and pointed to a part of the field behind him.

"There are some splendid blackberries over there," he said—"whoppers! You two go and get them while we stay here."

The little girls ran off obediently, and than he turned to Zoe, to take both her little hands.

"I could not come sooner. How pale you are looking, child—I beg your pardon, I meant Zoe! I wish to heaven I could think it was on my account! Are you not well?"

Poor little girl! She had tortured herself so much in this day or two of ignorance respecting him that all her efforts to keep back the tears were vain. She turned from him, her cheeks burning with shame for the hot drops that rained over them.

"Why, Zoe! What have I said or done? Have I offended you again?"

"No;" and she choked back a sob and dried her eyes.

"What then? Zoe, I came to thank you for all you did for me, and I don't know how to do it. In fact, nothing will express what I feel, except—"

He looked at her doubtfully, uncertain how she would take the conclusion in his mind. The drooping of her eyelids and renewed accession of color settled the question.

Bending down he clapsed his uninjured arm about her, and pressed on her mouth such kisses as neither she had received nor he ever given before.

"Heaven bless you, my little darling! It is very soon to speak, but I know you as well as I could in a dozen years. Forgive me, sweet, and trust me."

But though a year passed before the complete proof of Zoe's trust in him was bestowed, the marriage created some surprise; for, as friends of the bridegroom said afterward:

"She looked so absurdly young!"

A Pack of Wild Dogs in India.

A tiger had killed one of my cart bullocks while he was grazing in the jungle within half a mile of camp. In my absence they had put up a machan on a tree near the carcase, but they must have made so much noise that the tiger was frightened, and had left that part of the jungle; for, though I rode down to the place on my pony and sat over the kill till dark, no tiger appeared. I was well repaid, however, for going, for I was favored with a very interesting sight. The sun was getting low, everything was quiet in the thick jungle round, and I was thinking about moving homeward when a peacock behind me called, and I hoped it was the tiger returning for his evening meal. A few seconds afterward a rustle on the leaves followed; and yet, though I strained my eyes, I could see nothing. Suddenly, stealing along, with their noses up, drinking in the delicious fragrance which came from the dead bullock, down wind, I saw a small pack of wild dogs, seven in all. Their bright rufous color had no doubt made the peacock, who must have seen one of them, think it was his enemy, the tiger. They circled quietly round the glade where the kill was lying, as though suspicious of a trap, but finally they seemed to make up their minds that there was nothing to fear, and, led on by the largest of the pack, a fine fellow with a large bushy tail, they crept up to the carcase in Indian file. One good look to see if the coast was clear, and they rushed into the unclean feast. It was now that they did what I have never read of wild dogs, or indeed of any other wild animals doing. Only three of the pack commenced feeding. The other four, as if it were only part of their usual routine, trotted off into the jungle, and, during the whole time their friends were feeding, they were engaged in a ceaseless patrol of the adjoining neighborhood, crossing and recrossing each other at a distance of from eighty to 100 yards from the kill. Presently one of the three seemed to have taken the edge off his appetite, for he left the bullock, rolled and rubbed his nose in the grass, and, then trotting off on his tour of duty, relieved the nearest vidette, who ran in to enjoy the carrion. And so in turn each one got his share, no doubt enjoying the feast the more from the knowledge that friendly sentinels were on the alert and that he would get timely warning of any approaching danger. Their system of outpost duty is, in fact, unrivaled, and our best light infantry might with advantage have taken a lesson from them.—*London Field.*

How a Whale Breathes.

The windpipe does not communicate with the mouth; a hole is, as it were, bored right through the back of the head. Engineers would do well to copy the action of the valve of the whale's blow-hole; a more perfect piece of structure it is impossible to imagine. Day and night, asleep or awake, the whale works his breathing apparatus in such a manner that not a drop of water ever gets down into his lungs. Again, the whale must of necessity stay a much longer period of time under water than seals; this alone might possibly drown him, inasmuch as the lungs cannot have access to fresh air. We find that this difficulty has been anticipated and obviated by a peculiar reservoir in the venous system, which reservoir is situated at the back of the lungs.—*Frank Buckland.*

Talk about the doubtful voter, he's a gentleman beside a doubtful oyster.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

COMMANDER WILLIAM ALBERT PARKER United States navy (retired), died at East Boston, Mass., aged sixty-six years.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON, the Swedish nightingale, arrived in New York from Europe a few days since, and will appear in concerts throughout the country.

E. G. WATSON, engineer of the locomotive which ran into a car filled with workmen near North Adams, Mass., causing several deaths, was committed to jail on a charge of homicide.

DURING a display of fireworks in Fairmont park, Philadelphia, on the first day of the Penn bi-centennial celebration, a mortar burst, scattering death throughout the dense crowd. Mrs. Isabel Scudder (colored) had her head severed from her body, and her three-year-old child was killed. Three or four other persons were killed, and several more badly injured.

PHILADELPHIA celebrated the bi-centennial of William Penn's landing in grand style. On the first day there was a mimic landing in which 150 barges and many other vessels participated. As Penn stepped ashore at Dock street, the original landing-place, he was welcomed by eighty imitation Swedes, Dutch and Indians amid the cheers of a multitude of spectators. A monster parade, consisting of eleven divisions and containing innumerable military and civic societies and other features, then followed. Among those present in the procession were the governor, General Hancock and other prominent personages. In the evening public and private buildings were illuminated, and over 100,000 people witnessed the elaborate fireworks in the East park. Boats and boathouses on the the Schuylkill were hung with Chinese lanterns, and the air was kept filled with rockets and Roman candles.

NEWS has reached New Bedford, Mass., of the massacre by Patagonian savages in July last of three boats' crews attached to as many vessels. Captain Edgar W. Crapo, master of the lost schooner Surprise, writes the details of the horrible story as told him by Charles Sampson, mate of the English bark Roseneath. Sampson and four others were afloat five days after the foundering of their vessel, when they fell in with three canoes of savages. The fiends tried to do a little trading at first, but seeing the defenseless condition of their victims, they forthwith slaughtered all except Sampson, whom they took home with them. He had been in captivity about three weeks when the Surprise was wrecked, and the savages put off in canoes, captured a boat's crew of six men, brought them ashore and put five to death, sparing the life of a Portuguese boy. Sampson was rescued a few days later by some friendly Indians. The Surprise was owned in New Bedford, and was, with her cargo, a total loss.

A MILITARY parade in which 20,000 men participated, and musical exercises and addresses, were the features of the last day's celebration at Philadelphia in honor of Penn's landing.

LEWIS LYON, president of the Third avenue railroad company, the leading horse-car company in New York, was shot at twice by his nephew, Charles Schwartz, foreman of the feed department. Both shots missed their mark. Supposing he had killed his uncle, Schwartz shot himself, inflicting a wound which caused death in half an hour. No motive for the act was assigned.

POOR success attended the last six-day walking match in New York, notwithstanding that the nine competitors comprised the men who had made the largest scores in previous matches. Rowell and Hazael, one of whom was expected to win, gave out on the third day. The winner turned up in Fitzgerald, of Long Island, who covered 577 miles, Noremac coming in second with 566 miles, Herty third with 541 miles and Hughes fourth with 525 miles. Hart, Vint and Panchot retired before the close of the match. The first man received about $3,400, the second $1,200, the third $675 and the fourth $150. Comparatively little interest was manifested in the contest.

A FIRE at Fall River, Mass., destroyed the Flint cotton mill, a massive granite structure, causing a loss of about $700,000 and throwing 500 hands out of employment.

DR. E. P. BENNETT, of Danbury, Conn., was killed by a dose of hydrate of chloral which he took by mistake.

A LOSS of about $150,000 was incurred by the burning of the Eureka Cast Steel company's extensive works at Lamokin, Pa.

A FREIGHT train left the track near Putnam, N. Y., and the fireman and a brakeman were killed and eighteen cars were burned.

A SOCIETY has been formed at Boston for the purpose of colonizing Palestine with industrious Christians.

FLAMES were discovered about 4:30 P. M. in Abbey's Park theatre, on Broadway, New York, and spreading with great rapidity the building was in a short time totally destroyed. Mrs. Langtry, the English professional beauty and actress, was to appear the same evening for the first time in this country, and from her hotel a short distance away watched the destruction of the building in which she had expected in a few hours to make her debut before an American audience. Mrs. Langtry had intended to make her first appearance in Tom Taylor's comedy, "The Unequal Match," and the members of the company had attended the last rehearsal about two hours previous to the discovery of the fire, leaving the stage set for the first act in the play—a parlor scene described as the most magnificent piece of stage-setting ever seen in America. Over a dozen employes who were in the theatre when the fire broke out were compelled to beat a hasty retreat, and two or three of them were injured, one—Harry Clark, a stage carpenter—with probably fatal results. The total loss is put at $191,000, several buildings adjoining the theatre suffering severely. The loss of Henry E. Abbey, Mrs. Langtry's manager, in theatrical scenery, costumes and properties, amounts to $100,000, on which his insurance is only $10,500.

South and West.

Two young North Carolina farmers settled their rivalry for the affections of a young lady by a duel with horsewhips, near Guilford. They lashed each other for three hours, when they were parted, each having received terrible punishment.

THE eighth annual congress of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States met in Richmond, Va. Bishop J. N. Gallaher, of Louisiana, delivered an address, giving a review of the object and scope of the church congress.

AT Stillwater, Minn., a farmer named Klingbill arose from his bed and dangerously stabbed his wife. A son who interfered was killed by Klingbill. Two officers arrested the farmer after a fierce struggle, during which they had to shoot him, inflicting a fatal wound. Klingbill was a desperate character, and his wife had refused to live with him; hence the assault.

WILLIAM M. RICHARDSON, a dry goods merchant, was found in his room at Bloomington, Ill., with a wound across his throat and his head almost severed from the body, while upon the floor lay a razor. He was seventy years old, and was until recently government storekeeper.

ADELBERT COLLEGE of the Western Reserve college was dedicated at Cleveland, Ohio, with impressive ceremonies. The college is the gift of Amasa Stone, Jr., of Cleveland, who built it at a cost of $500,000.

A STAGE coach was stopped within the city lines of Leadville, Col., by two armed men and the passengers robbed of over $2,000.

FOUR business blocks at Hopkinsville, Ky., were destroyed by fire, involving a loss of about $300,000.

ROBERT FORD, one of the slayers of Jesse James, was acquitted at Plattburg, Mo., of the charge of murdering a desperado named Wood Hite.

A GREAT sale of land in El Paso county, Texas, has just taken place, New York parties paying $600,000 for 500,000 acres.

DURING a race between two tugboats near Racine, Wis., the boiler of one exploded and killed the captain, engineer and fireman.

FIRE leveled a large portion of the business district of Truckee, Nev.; estimated loss, $100,000.

AT Osborne, Kansas, Thomas Hopson (colored), killed Theodore Rudman for locking up one of his pigs that had been trespassing on Rudman's property. He also fatally injured Rudman's daughter by stabbing her four times, and beat the murdered man's wife until she was insensible.

A SUDDEN and remarkable decline in the number of yellow fever cases at Pensacola, Fla., is reported.

THE safe of the treasurer of Hampton county, S. C., was broken into and robbed of about $12,000 money and a large quantity of bonds and other valuable papers.

A CHICAGO jury has declared Mrs. Scoville, the sister of Guiteau and wife of the assassin's counsel, insane upon proceedings brought against her by her husband. Mrs. Scoville had brought suit for divorce against her husband.

BRIT OSBORNE, who was serving a term of imprisonment at the Gainesville (Ga.) jail for robbery, was visited frequently by his wife, who received permission on one occasion to remain all night in her husband's cell. Next morning the jailer turned out a person whom he supposed to be Mrs. Osborne. A few minutes later a little child appeared at the prison with some woman's clothing for Mrs. Osborne, and it was then discovered that the prisoner had been released, dressed in his wife's clothes, and had made good his escape. Mrs. Osborne was released.

THE first snow storm of the season is reported from Grand Forks, Dakota.

P. W. SMITH & Co., of Tombstone, Arizona, considered the most substantial merchants in the southern part of that Territory, have failed, owing $112,000, with large assets.

A HEAVY log slipped from the hands of the workmen at a sawmill near Waynesfield, Ohio, and rolling over a group of children who were playing near by, instantly killed one of them and fatally wounded four others.

From Washington.

WARRANTS were issued for the arrest of Frank H. Fall, Frederick C. Shaw, Thomas R. Foote and Arthur Payne, charged with having endeavored improperly to influence jurymen in the recent star route trial. Juryman Doniphan has sworn that Shaw, who was one of the original panel and was rejected by the prosecution, approached him and urged him o vote for the acquittal of ex-Senator Dorsey, promising $200 or $300 for his vote.

THE surgeon-general of the army has submitted his annual report to the secretary of war. The report shows that during the last fiscal year there was disbursed on account of medical and hospital department, $182,449; on account of artificial limbs, $102,081; on account of appliances for disabled soldiers, $250; on account of medical and surgical history, $4,288; on account of museum and library, $8,715; expended in providing trusses, $5,057. Among the white troops the total number of cases of all kinds taken on the sick list was 34,880, being 1,679 per one thousand of mean strength, and among the colored troops, 4,099, or 1,810 per one thousand of mean strength. There were 216 deaths among the white troops, twenty-five among the colored and nine among the Indian troops.

LIEUTENANT RAY, of the signal service, has discovered a river in Alaska apparently as large as the Missouri.

THE report of the assessor of the District of Columbia shows that the assessed value of taxable real estate in the District on June 30, 1882, was a little more than $92,500,000. To this may be added the value of the property of the United States, which was more than $85,000,000 on June 30.

THE interior department has decided in effect that seven years' absence may be taken as proof presumptive of a soldier's death, and such proof shall warrant the issue of a pension to his family, if other requirements have been complied with. Heretofore positive proof of the soldier's death was required, which in many cases it was impossible to produce.

THE operations of the 5,491 authorized money order offices of the United States during the last fiscal year reached the sum of $113,400,118.21 in orders issued, and of $113,388,301.90 in orders paid and repaid, a gain in each case of about eight per cent. The fees received from the public amounted to $1,053,710.55, an increase of nearly nine per cent. There were 377,443 international money orders issued, of the value of $6,536,514.48, and 117,883 such orders paid, amounting to $2,453,462.79; while the total amount of fees paid by the public was $145,644.25, so that the domestic and international money orders issued during the year aggregated $119,936,632.69, and the orders paid with the repayments of over $115,000,000.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has appointed George E. Waring, Jr., of Newport, R. I., a member of the National board of health, vice Charles F. Folsom, of Massachusetts, resigned.

SEVEN of the vacancies which will occur in the United States Senate on the 4th of March next have been filled. Three of the Senators elected are Republican, three Democratic and one a Readjuster. Fourteen more seats remain to be filled, of which seven are now held by Republicans and seven by Democrats.

THE promotions in the army consequent upon the retirement of Major-General Irvin McDowell have been announced by the President as follows: Brigadier-General John Pope to be major-general and Colonel Ronald S. Mackenzie, Fourth cavalry, to be brigadier-general. General Pope is at present in command of the Department of Missouri, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth. General Mackenzie is in command of the district of New Mexico, with headquarters at Santa Fe.

A WARRANT was issued for the arrest of Foreman William Dickson, on the affidavit of Juror McNally for endeavoring improperly to influence the verdict of the star route jury. Mr. Dickson was foreman of the jury during the recent trial, and at its conclusion he charged that some of the jury had been "seen" for the purpose of influencing them to bring in a verdict of guilty. Another warrant was also issued for his arrest on the affidavit of Brewster Cameron, with the affidavits of Henry A. Bowen and Judge Wilson W. Hoover attached as exhibits, charging Dickson with conspiring with George W. Driver and others to get money from the United States through Brewster Cameron for the purpose of impeding justice.

GENERAL H. G. WRIGHT, chief of engineers, in his annual report to the secretary of war declares that no nation is so ill provided with seacoast defenses as the United States.

THE chief of the bureau of statistics reports that during September 65,750 passengers arrived, of whom 49,935 were emigrants, 11,340 citizens of the United States returned from abroad, and 4,475 aliens not intending to remain in the United States.

THE commission appointed to investigate the tariff question has completed its labors. Altogether the commission traveled 7,000 miles, held public sessions for about seventy days, and heard the statements of between 500 and 600 persons. The printed record will fill about 2,000 pages. A dispatch says "it is the opinion of persons who have had unusually good opportunities for judging of the sentiment of the commission that no radical changes in the existing tariff will be recommended."

Foreign News.

THE cost of the Egyptian war amounts to nearly $30,000,000.

DAMAGE amounting to $80,000 was done to the Panama railroad by the recent earthquake.

THE French minister of justice says that the government has in its hands clews to a vast revolutionary organization, in accordance with which France is divided into local federations directed by a committee having its headquarters in Geneva.

BOTH branches of the British parliament passed votes of thanks to the English army in Egypt.

DURING the recent heavy gale in England a Yarmouth smack was lost and her crew of six men were drowned. Another smack with a crew of ten men is reported lost.

SEVENTY-FIVE revolutionists have been arrested at Odessa, Russia.

THIRTEEN thousand miners at Wigan, England, have accepted an offer of the masters of an advance of ten per cent. in wages.

DAMAGE done by floods in the Southern Tyrol is estimated at over 1,500,000 florins.

A LEADING Paris paper says editorially that there are reasons to suppose that President Grevy will resign soon.

A THREATENED revolutionary uprising in Lyons, France, created great consternation among the people and caused a total suspension of business. Troops were telegraphed for and a large numer of arrests made. The disturbances were caused by the league of anarchists.

THE Servian ministry resigned, alleging as a reason that the king is dissatisfied at their failure to discover the origin of the recent plot to murder him. The king refused to accept their resignations.

FLAMES destroyed a number of prominent buildings in Margate, a watering place on the North sea, eighty miles from London; loss, about $200,000.

MUCH of the population in Western Ireland is threatened with starvation. Three hundred people on Tony island, coast of Donegal, are without food.

GENERAL WOLSELEY was enthusiastically received in England upon his return from Egypt.

THE Bey of Tunis is dead and a new bey has been installed.

RENEWED floods in the Tyrol have wrought great damage. It is believed that the losses will aggregate 15,000,000 florins. An Austrian cabinet meeting to devise measures of relief has been held.

THE village of Grindelwald, Switzerland, has been almost entirely destroyed by a hurricane.

TWENTY-FIVE fishermen and sailors perished in a gale along the Spanish coast.

A SPECIAL commission on postal reform in Mexico have prepared a code embodying the leading features of the American system.

FLOODS and a waterspout have done great damage in France. The town of Cannes was inundated and seven brigs were destroyed at St. Raphael by a waterspout.

AN accident novel in England and therefore creating much sensation was the destruction by fire of a Pullman palace car attached to an express train running between London and Glasgow. One passenger was burned to death and three others had a narrow escape.

Thanksgiving Day Proclamation.

The following Thanksgiving proclamation has been issued by the President of the United States:

A PROCLAMATION.

In conformity with a custom, the annual observance of which is justly held in honor by this people, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do hereby set apart Thursday, the 30th day of November next, as a day of public thanksgiving.

The blessings demanding our gratitude are numerous and varied. For the peace and amity which subsist between this republic and all the nations of the world; for the freedom from internal discord and violence; for the increasing friendship between the different sections of the land; for the liberty, justice and constitutional government; for the devotion of the people to our free institutions and their cheerful obedience to mild laws; for the constantly increasing strength of the republic, while extending its privileges to the low-men who come to us; for the improved means of internal communication and the increased facilities of intercourse with other nations; for the general prevailing health of the year; for the prosperous results of industries, the liberal return for the mechanic's toil, affording a market for the abundant harvests of the husbandman; for the preservation of the national faith and credit; for wise and generous provision to effect the intellectual and moral education of our youth; for the influence upon the conscience of a restraining and transforming religion, and for the joys of home; for these, and for many other blessings, we should give thanks.

Wherefore, I do recommend that the day above designated be observed throughout the country as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and that the people, ceasing from their daily labors and meeting in accordance with their several forms of worship, draw near to the throne of Almighty God, offering to Him praise and gratitude for the manifold goodness which He has vouchsafed to us, and praying that His blessings and His mercies may continue.

And I do further recommend that the day thus appointed be made a special occasion for deeds of kindness and charity to the suffering and needy, so that all who dwell within the land may rejoice and be glad in this season of national thanksgiving.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[Seal.]

Done at the city of Washington, this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, and of the independence of the United States, the one hundred and seventh.

By the President CHESTER A. ARTHUR.
Fred'k T. Frelinghuysen,
Secretary of State.

A Romantic Story.

An Innsbruck (Germany) correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* tells this story:

In the Silver chapel is the tomb and marble effigy of that beautiful woman, Philippina Weiser, whose photograph you see in all the shop windows of Innsbruck. Her eyes were divine, it is said, dark blue, her hair golden chestnut, and the skin so transparent that the "red wine could be seen as it ran down the lovely throat." In the photograph her beautiful face rises up like a lovely flower out of a high ruff, a superb jeweled collar with pendant jewels is bound close about the high-mounting neck of the rich dark velvet robe, the hair is parted and rolled back from a high, broad, intelligent forehead that has nothing Greek about it, but is a clear, good, Anglo-Saxon brow; on the head is a net-cap made of small gold rosettes, with pearls and a jeweled border around it. The arch of the delicate eyebrows is perfect; the eyes have a bewitching expression that is both courageous and pleasing; she had a shapely nose, a lovely mouth and chin, and an expression of dignity, refinement and gentleness; perfect womanly loveliness characterize this pictured semblance of a woman who was the most beautiful of her day, and whose romantic history has inspired many a poet and dramatist. She was the daughter of a rich Augsburg banker. Ferdinand, nephew of Charles V., fell madly in love with her, and they were married secretly. She was the mother of two sons, whose pors traits you can see at Schloss Ambras, the charming castle on the Mittelgebirge mountain slopes, a short distance from Innsbruck, where Philippina and Ferdinand spent their long, happy married life. The Emperor Ferdinand was naturally very angry at this marriage, but during one of his visits to Innsbruck the lovely woman came with her two young boys and begged him to forgive her. History tells a pretty, touching story, how he had only to look at Philippina to justify his son. When Ferdinand the emperor died she lost her best and most powerful friend. Her mother-in-law was forever taunting her. So one morning the poor woman lay down in her bath-tub and drowned herself, in order that her dear husband might marry a royal wife. You can see the bath-room at Schloss Ambras, but the custode denies the legend, I am happy to say, and I am unwilling to believe it. Her husband, the Count of Tyrol, mourned her loss. Tradition says he was frantic with grief, and built the beautiful Silberne chapel, where each lie buried. True, he married again only two years after her death, and his second wife was of his own rank, the daughter of Duke William, of Mantua; but he never lived again at Schloss Ambras.

Cowboys' Horses.

In an article on the cowboys of the far West a Wyoming correspondent says: A word about the horses employed in this business. They are trained for the work, and know just how to avoid the goring horns of the attacking steers and bulls. A fact. One unfamiliar with the business was riding one of those horses, when a wild steer left the herd and rushed for him. In his fright he thrust his spurs into the sides of the horse and tried to make him flee. The horse, however, stood as if paralyzed. But just as the steer came up, and while the alarmed rider was anticipating naught but death for himself and horse, the horse dexterously darted to one side, and, as the steer passed, the horse wheeled and ran directly after him, or began to drive him onward. Then a trained horse will throw the strongest steer or bull. His rider approaches with lariat, one end of which is firmly tied to the pommel of the saddle. The other end is fixed with a noose, and the expert cowboy throws this over the head or about the heels of the creature, when his horse settles back upon his haunches, and when the lariat straightens with a sudden jerk, the fleeing animal is as suddenly turned over. Of course, such an experiment with a full grown steer is never attempted on a green horse. The horses are first trained to the business by experiments on the younger stock.

"Wire the Gentleman."

The new verbs which the rush of progress brings into use are often stumbling-blocks to the simple. The fun comes in when ignorant persons get frightened at them and go off without asking what they mean. The Louisiana *Commercial* says:

Two young women entered an intelligence office and one of them asked if there was any situation open.

The agent said he had just received a letter from a gentleman in Poughkeepsie, asking if they could send up a servant girl. The agent explained what work she would be required to perform and the wages she would get.

The girl consulted for a few moments with her companion and then said she would go.

The agent gave her the necessary directions and told her at what time she would have to be at the station, with the assurance that she would go through all right. The girl listened attentively.

"Now you must be sure and go through all the way," said the agent, "and not get off."

"Yes," said the girl.

"And don't let anybody talk to you and ask you to go with them," said the agent.

"Yes," said the girl.

"I will write at once what time you will get there and they will expect you," said the agent. "You will get th ere to-morrow.'

"Yes," said the girl.

'If you have any difficulty when you reach the railroad station, wire the gentleman," handing her his card, "and he will meet you at the station."

"I'll not stir a peg, so I won't. I'll engage to wash, iron and plain cook for the family, but I'll not do all this and wire gentlemen for fourteen dollars a month, so I won't," and she went out of the office.

The Toledo (O.) *Bee* says: Colonel J. Dorse Alexander, editor Barnesville (Ga.) *News*, has been cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil