Sweet Christmas Time.

Sweet Christmas time,
When church bells chime
And songs of praise are heard;
When old friends meet,
When fond hearts beat,
And ev'ry pulse is stirred.

When gifts are made,
When vows are paid,
And joy alone is king;
When eyes grow bright,
When cares seem light,
And tender mem'ries cling.

The church bells ring,
The children sing,
The presents deck the tree;
The fires glow,
The viands flow—
What day could brighter be?

To lively air
The young and fair
Whirl o'er the creaking floor;
The old, gray men
In thought again
Live all their childhood o'er.

Sweet Natal Day!
Let none, we pray,
Forget its inspiration;
A Child was born
On Christmas morn,
And brought the world salvation!

—*Frank H. Stauffer.*

A Chance Introduction.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Delayed by a railroad accident and compelled to remain over Christmas at Fordville! Here was a predicament for an overworked reader for a popular magazine off for a hard-earned holiday!

What made it the more exasperating was that I happened to be on my way to visit some friends who had with them a young lady guest who had been described to me as such a paragon of loveliness and worth that I had quite settled it in my mind that she was destined to prove the "inexpressible she" whom I had hitherto sought in vain. Fordville! Where had I heard the name before, and what association had I with the place? Diving deep into the recesses of my memory, I made the rather startling discovery that I had once actually had a correspondent in Fordville. It happened in this way:

A few months back a manucript had been put into my hands for examination which, as I at once perceived, was the venture of a very young lady, whom I subsequently discovered to be a certain Miss Nellie Temple. This fact was stated in a confidential note to the editor, the young authoress desiring that only her *nom de plume* (a sweetly sentimental one) should be given to the world. After reading her story, I had written to the young lady, and the contents of my letter I now found it rather irksome to recall. After a somewhat more lenient criticism of her manuscript than was usual, I had been compelled to write and decline the honor of its publication. I had chosen this task myself instead of intrusting it to the corresponding clerk, because I had an irresistible desire, which I hardly knew how to explain to myself, "to let her down gently," as the phrase is. The fact is, the little letter that had accompanied the story interested and pleased me in inverse ratio to the effect of the work itself. The letter was girlish, natural and frank, while the story was artificial, mawkish and dismal. All the hearts were mere shattered wrecks, and all the hopes desolate and unrequited. The heroine sighed and sobbed her way through from beginning to end, and the hero only appeared upon the scene to glare about him with orbs of consuming gloom and to discourse solely upon such subjects as wasted hearts and blighted hopes, in a basso-profundo voice. In the end, although no reasonable obstacle to their union appeared, they were ruthlessly torn asunder, and the authoress dropped her curtain over them like a black pall. It was execrable, and there was nothing to do but decline with thanks. This I did in a note unnecessarily apologetic and diffuse, which had the effect of procuring me another letter from the young authoress. It was a pretty little epistle, as the other had been, and interested me much in the same way. She asked for counsel and advice, and appealed with awed timidity to my little literary experience. She told me that she desired to make literature her profession, it being necessary for her to support herself, though, like Dr. Johnson's man, she acknowledged that she had several other irons in the fire. I refrained from imitating his advice and telling her "to put this where the other irons were;" but I confess that the witticism recurred to me with a startling fitness. Two or three more letters passed between us and then, though I had been really interested in the young creature, I had, as it annoyed me to remember now, let the correspondence die out. It had left me, however, with a real curiosity as to her nature, experience and surroundings. It was strange that so young a lady should have come to regard life as such a howling waste and the world so awfully hollow. Certainly I could imagine that she might prove rather melancholy company, if her conversation and ideas resembled her heroine's, as of course they would. She was just the sort of writer to feel impelled to write an autobiography, and yet, though it seems paradoxical, while her heroine seemed to be the quintessence of dismal insipidity, I felt exhilarated by the thought that my Christmas at Fordville was to be enlivened by the acquaintance of Miss Temple.

It was too late to make any effort to find out the young lady that night, so, after eating a very well prepared supper at the village inn, which proved to be as comfortable within as it was dilapidated without, I went to bed and slept soundly, waking next morning in a frame of mind Mark Tapley might have envied. A bright wood fire was crackling on the hearth as I walked to the window and drew aside the curtain. Outside the ground was covered with snow which had fallen during the night, and which now lay crisp and sparkling in the brilliant winter sunshine. I dressed hastily. The vital necessity of having a sleigh-ride at once presented itself, quickened by the sounds of bells coming and going swiftly over the country roads.

After doing justice to a deliciously cooked breakfast I found my way to the front porch, where my host was walking up and down, enjoying his pipe. I had begun to question him as to the practicability of procuring a sleigh when the sound of merry laughter smote upon my ear, and at the same time a dazzling little creature, with fluttering red ribbons, appeared on the porch of the neat cottage across the way. She was a perfect little beauty, with a face from which the ideas of merriment and good humor were inseparable. The peal of laughter which I had heard had evidently been directed toward some one in the house, for she stood alone upon the porch holding a scarlet woolen comforter in her hand.

"Look, Uncle Davy," she called out in a sweet, gay voice; "I've finished your muffler at last—just in time for the snowy weather!"

Hid behind a wide old pillar, I listened with much interest, as the old man expressed his delighted thanks.

"But how am I to get it across to you?" the girl went on. "I know your rheumatism won't allow you to come for it, and the snow would be over my shoe-tops."

As the dilemma remained unsolved I stepped from my hiding-place and offered myself as Uncle Davy's messenger. Accordingly I descended the steps and crunching the untrodden snow beneath my feet, crossed over and approached the young lady. As I looked up at her I observed that though she was standing in the same attitude, holding the scarf in her hand, a marked change had come over her face, which now looked profoundly amazed.

As I approached her, however, she responded very prettily to my bow, and when I swept off my hat with flattering deferentialness and explained that Uncle Davy had intrusted me with the honored mission of bringing him his scarf, she handed it to me with a very becoming flush and smile and thanked me with a demure courtesy.

I did not feel at all like turning my back upon her and returning to the vicinity of the old hotel, but there was nothing else to be done; so I replaced my hat and found my way over to Uncle Davy and delivered the scarf. The old man received his present with the greatest delight, and after vociferously shouting his thanks across the street, turned and entered the house for the purpose, as he explained, of exhibiting his scarlet trophy. As he vanished down the narrow hall I heard him call out:

"Wife, where are you? Come and see the pretty present Miss Nelly Temple has sent me."

Miss Nelly Temple! Here was a surprise. I remembered now that I had heard him call her Miss Nelly, but I had been so engrossed at the time that the name had not struck me, and I had, for the moment, forgotten the existence of my melancholy young high-tragedy authoress. How could she possibly be identical with that piquant little beauty yonder? And I raised my eyes to draw the contrast, only to discover that she had disappeared.

I hesitated for a moment as to my course, but as I recalled the very grateful and admirable tone of her last letter to me, which had convinced me at the time of its receipt that she had put me on a pedestal along with Emerson, Holmes and Longfellow, I thought I might venture to take a decisive step, so, without more ado, I took my way again across the street, and walking boldly up the steps, knocked at the door. As I did so I caught sight of some scarlet ribbons screened behind the muslin curtains of the window going on the porch, which now, however, quickly disappeared. Then I could hear, where I stood, a whispered conference in the hall, and then, in a minute more, the door was opened, not very wide, by a negress, who regarded me rather wrathfully as I said composedly:

"I want to see Miss Nellie Temple, if you please."

"Well, you can't see her then, sah," was the prompt reply.

"Why not?" I asked, quietly.

"'Cause she says you'll have to excuse her. You can't see her," she repeated with emphasis. It was clear that she resented my vist as an intrusion and felt called upon to protect her young mistress.

"But I am very anxious to see her," I said, urgently. "Take her my card."

I produced one and handed it to her. She looked at it doubtfully a moment, then took it from me with a jerky motion, saying, in an audible undertone:

"She ain' gwine come," and disappeared with it.

And now the notes of another voice smote upon me clear and low, but expressive of a subdued resentment.

"I don't care to see the card," it said. "I cannot see the gentleman; he must excuse me."

There was a second's pause, during which, as I shrewdly suspected, dignity gave way to curiosity, and my card was examined. And sure enough the next moment little Miss Dignity appeared before me, covered with blushes, holding my card.

"Are you really Mr. Julian Moore?" she said. "I beg your pardon, but I had no idea of it. You must have thought me so rude."

Having assured her of my identity and called up in her bonny face a fresh phalanx of dimples, I followed her into the parlor.

"I thought it was some one stopping at the hotel whom I did not know, and felt almost frightened, and I was rude, I'm afraid. You have been so very kind about taking the time to answer my letters that I am ashamed to have given you such a reception."

She addressed me with so much awed respect that I experienced something of the sensation of a literary lion, for the first and probably the last time in my life, and set myself at once to the task of putting her at ease. I inquired about the story and expressed a deep anxiety as to its ultimate appearance in print, assuring her that it needed only a little thoughtful revision to make it a shining success, thereby undoing all my earnestly-laid plot to discourage her from writing more, which I had subtly introduced into my letters. I saw that she listened with delighted surprise, and I waxed more and more eloquent, expressing and certainly feeling ten times the emotion and enthusiasm that a talk with George Eliot would have inspired. It was delicious to call up such a happy light into those lovely eyes and such a confused pleasure to the sweet voice that responded to me. I was playing the idiot, but I had completely lost my head. After a long talk she explained, with much hesitation, that she would be obliged to get ready for church, as she played the organ and must not be late, and when I asked, feeling a strange humility myself, whether I might be allowed to accompany her, she told me the church was several miles away, and that an uncle and aunt who lived in the country would call for her in their rockaway.

"But wouldn't a sleigh do as well as a rockaway?" I asked, a delightful project suggesting itself. "Perhaps I might get a sleigh and drive you out."

She hesitated a moment, and I could see that the project delighted her. So I said no more, but returned to Uncle Davy and procured the use of a shabby little box on runners, with a steady little horse, and when I appeared at the door opposite I was soon joined by Miss Temple, who looked prettier than ever in a coquettish hat with a red lining and a coquettish little fur muff and collar.

A few minutes later we were skimming over the country roads with hearts as light as air. I had forgotten my friends who were expecting me elsewhere—forgotten the brilliant young lady who had been good enough to express some interest in my coming. I had forgotten everything and everybody on earth, indeed, except the bewildering little being beside me.

"It was so kind of you to come with me," I said. "How can I ever thank you enough? It shows me what a generous and confiding nature you have, and you shall never regret it."

"Why, of course, I was delighted to come with you, Mr. Moore," she said, looking at me with wide, questioning eyes. "I am sure I ought to do everything you ask after all the valuable advice you have been kind enough to give me."

When we reached the church I could see that my appearance was perceived with great surprise by Nelly's young friends in the choir, which was increased by the fact of my joining in, brave and strong, in the music which Nelly accompanied and led. She praised my singing very highly afterward, and said my voice furnished just the support hers needed. What a happy day that was, and what a never-to-be-forgotten thing was our ride home.

I went over and spent that evening with Nelly and she took me into her confidence and friendship in the sweetest way in the world. Of course she introduced me to her people and I had to be inspected by them, but I found that they were all her willing slaves and her approval of me was the only guarantee they required. Indeed they were, one and all, so unconventional and unworldly that I felt a little uneasy at the thought of my dear little Nelly's being without a more capable protector, and not averse to assuming the position myself. I wrote to my friends and made some convenient excuse for not joining them, and spent all my holiday in Fordville.

At my own request one evening Nelly brought out the familiar manuscript and we read it over together. I managed to keep down my irreverent laughter at its reiterated sighings and sobbings and complainings. Only once, in the principal love-scene in which was reached the acme of its dismalness, I looked up at her shyly, and said:

"Is this really your idea of love? Do you believe when two people are in love with each other that they go through all these dreadful tortures and suffer all these agonizing pangs?"

To my utter amazement, she replied by snatching the pages out of my hand and throwing them into the fire. As I sprang up in the vain endeavor to check her I caught her two hands in mine, and having caught them, I held them.

"Let it burn," she said, turning her flushing face toward me; "I never knew how utterly silly and absurd it was before."

"And have you learned since?" I asked, still holding her hands and now forcing her to look at me. "Tell me, Nelly, who has taught you? You must not forget that you have chosen me for your critic and instructor, and if you'll let me teach you this one lesson, and will try to learn it faithfully, you will have reached such a state of mature development that you will need no more culture. Only learn what it is to love truly, and allow your teacher to select your object, and you will possess all the knowledge and cultivation he will ever require of you."

It came upon her very suddenly, and a few preliminary exercises were necessary before she quite satisfied me as a pupil, but the giving those lessons was the greatest joy I had ever known, as the result of them was what I consider the finest success of my life. Uncle Davy was much surprised at the turn of affairs and a good deal puzzled at the preliminaries, or rather the lack of any such.

"Lor', I never dreamed of his being Miss Nelly's young man," he said to his wife.

"I wonder why he's never been to Fordville before," returned the good woman, meditatively.

"I asked him about that," said Uncle Davy, "but he kinder smiled and said that though he had never been to Fordville before, he had for some time been in correspondence with the place, and that Miss Nelly was far from being a stranger. I suppose she met him when she was off on that visit last year, and has been corresponding with him ever since."

This explanation was circulated throughout the town, as I intended it should be, and seemed to be entirely satisfactory. I had a bold plan of hurrying up the wedding when once I had secured Nelly's consent, and so successful did this prove that two months after that Christmas day on which I first made acquaintance with Fordville, Nelly and I were married there.

And to think that all this came about through that dismal story that Nelly and I have such laughs over now!

Well, let those who may, climb to the loftiest heights of literary eminence, I shall not grudge them their success. Being a rather overworked and underpaid reader for a magazine may not be considered the pinnacle of literary glory, but it has been the means of winning me a treasure which I would not exchange for the fame of Shakespeare.

Last Moments of Maximilian.

At 7:30 in the morning Colonel Palacio with a detachment of soldiers came for the emperor, who, perfectly collected, sadly bade farewell to those about him. The entire garrison of Queretaro was out under arms, and the sentenced men were conducted in a carriage to Cerro de las Campanas, the scene of Maximilian's surrender to his enemies.

As the emperor stepped forth from the damp convent walls into the open street he looked around, freely inhaled the fresh morning air and exclaimed, "What a magnificent day! I have always wished to die on a day like this."

The city seemed deserted. Not a soul to be seen in the streets, shops closed, no curious gazers in the balconies, no spectators on the roofs—a veil of universal mourning seemed spread over Queretaro; for the unfortunate Maximilian had won the attachment of its people, and they deeply deplored his fate.

On the hill of Las Campanas, which overlooks the pleasant city with its numerous towers and cupolas, and near the spot where he had retreated after his betrayal, the emperor stepped into the square formed by the troops, again embraced the two who were to be his companions in death, and quietly and firmly took his stand facing the platoon detailed for his execution.

Miramon and Mejia were now brought forward. The first remained a few paces from the emperor, and Mejia, instead of taking post at the other side of the emperor, passed on beyond Miramon.

Once more the emperor stepped forth. Giving his hand to each soldier of the platoon detailed for his execution, he presented him with a newly minted double eagle bearing his medallion, saying: "Aim well—aim here," pointing to his heart, and returned to his place. Then in a clear voice he exclaimed: "Mexicans, may this blood be the last to be shed for the welfare of your country!"

Miramon in a few words repelled the imputation of treason.

Mejia cried out: "Viva Mejico—viva 'rl Emperador."

The rifles cracked—the three victims fell to the earth. "Hombre," whispered the emperor, as he sank—and all was over.

We need not dwell on the dreadful picture. There fell a noble heart. Maximilian, archduke of Austria, went to Mexico firm in the belief that its people called him, and with the desire to bring it naught but benefits and blessings. And what did he find? Treachery and bad faith.

Maximilian was a prince, a sailor, a poet, and more—a noble, honorable man, faithful to his word and feeling no sacrifice too great to uphold it. True and pure-hearted himself, he could not understand the falsity of other men. Foully betrayed by Napoleon and by Bazaine he fell. But he fell like a man, like a hero, like a prince.

* * * * * *

"Era una alma grande," said Palacio, as he turned from the execution.
—*Frederick Gerstacker.*

Should you get discouraged with your lot, do not cease your efforts to advance; look at the poverty and crime of those from whom you have thus far kept; contemplate their misery, and then raise your eyes to those who fill stations of wealth and power, then buckle on anew the armor of industry, and grasp with renewed ardor the sword of effort, and, ere you are aware, the things the world calls valuable are safe within your grasp. Thus power, wealth and fame, with all their joys (if such there be) are yours, if you cling to hope and strengthen and sustain her by vigor and enterprise.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eastern and Middle States.

Public funerals in cases of contagious diseases are now prohibited in Boston.

Diphtheria prevails to such an extent in Philadelphia that it has almost become epidemic, and the board of health has taken steps to contract the contagion.

The joint Congressional committee appointed for the purpose of inquiring as to a remedy for the depressed condition of the American ship-building and carrying trades has been holding sessions in New York and taking testimony.

In connection with the centennial celebration at Newburg, N. Y., Washington's old headquarters, next year, it is proposed to rebuild the old "Temple" in which General Washington refused a crown.

A disastrous accident occurred the other evening at a new air shaft of the Oxford colliery, Scranton, Pa., caused by the giving way of a large platform upon which an immense quantity of ice had accumulated. The ice went crashing to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of 125 feet, where a number of sinkers were at work. Two men, named Hopkins Hughes and Patrick Rochfort, were instantly killed, and James Roberts, William Hayes, and Thomas Walkins, the contractor, were probably fatally injured.

A club exclusively in the interests of authors has been started in New York.

A large number of prominent citizens were present at the funeral services of Thurlow Weed in New York. The pall-bearers were General James Watson Webb, ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, Hamilton Fish, Frederick W. Seward, Charles O'Conor, Isaac Bell, Alfred Van Santvoord, James C. Bowen, John McKeon and John H. Van Antwerp, of Albany.

A storm did great damage to property in Buffalo, N. Y., and to shipping in Lake Erie. Three vessels and three floating elevators were wrecked at Buffalo.

The official figures in Connecticut give T. M. Waller (Democrat) for governor a majority over all of 2,391. General Frank D. Sloat (Republican) is elected comptroller by a majority of 681.

Completed official returns from every county in New York give the total vote for governor as 856,195, of which Cleveland (Democrat) received 535,166; Folger (Republican), 341,341; Howe (Greenback) 11,724, and Hopkins (Prohibition) 25,777. Cleveland's majority is 193,825. The total vote for President in 1880 was 1,103,945.

Mrs. Ruddy tried to enter her burning house in Providence, Pa., to save $260 in gold, and was burned to death. Three of her children were burned also, one fatally.

Adam Forsyth, employed in a coal mine at Belleville, Penn., obtained several sticks of frozen dynamite with which to catch fish, and hardly aware of the explosive's dangerous nature, put them in the oven of the kitchen stove to thaw out, after which he went to work. While his family were at supper a terrific explosion blew out the entire end of the house and hurled the inmates in different directions. The eldest son was horribly mangled and died in two hours; Mrs. Forsyth was struck by about thirty different pieces of iron and fatally injured; another son of seven was terribly cut, and only the youngest boy escaped uninjured.

Five persons were whipped the other day at Newcastle, Del. Three of them, convicted of larceny, were given ten lashes each, and Robert Lynn and Henry Magruder, for highway robbery, forty lashes each.

An explosion of oil tanks at the works of the Standard Oil company, on Newtown creek, Long Island, opposite New York, was followed by a fire which partially destroyed the company's property, a bark and a barge filled with oil and adjoining buildings, causing an estimated loss of $130,000. Two sailors who jumped into Newtown creek to escape the flames were reported missing.

The body of Dr. L. Ehrhart, of Allegheny City, Pa., was cremated at the Washington (Pa.) crematory. The following is a list of the fifteen cremations which have taken place there to date: December 6, 1876, Baron Von Palm, New York; February 15, 1878, Mrs. Benjamin Pittman, Cincinnati, Ohio; October 16, 1879, Dr. F. J. Lemoyne, Washington, Pa.; December 16, 1879, Charles McCreery, New York; February 17, 1880, Miss Dolly Hartman, Pittsburg; March 9, 1880, Dr. Samuel Hahn, New York; May 12, 1880, Charles Gustave Poetz, New York; November 25, 1880, Mrs. Lucia Burton Morse Noyes, Warren, Pa.; January 13, 1881, James Hamilton, Greensboro, Pa.; February 19, 1881, Dr. Konrad Homburg, Indianapolis, Ind.; March 9, 1881, Arthur Strabos, New York; March 31, 1881, Colonel I. N. Ross, Holden, Mass.; May 23, 1881, Miss Frank M. B. Kendall, Madison, Ind.; June 24, 1881, Mrs. Henry Hatterman, New York; November 27, 1882, Dr. Lorenzo Ehrhart, Allegheny City, Pa.

An engine with six loaded ore cars was thrown from the track near Warwick, N. Y., and the engineer and fireman were scalded to death under the wreck. A brakeman had several ribs broken.

The official vote of Connecticut for governor is as follows: Waller (Democrat), 59,014; Bulkley (Republican), 54,853; Rogers (Prohibition), 1,034, Tanner (Greenback), 697; scattering, 56; Waller's majority is 2,394. The pluralities in the vote for Congressmen are as follows: Eaton (Democrat), 638; Mitchell (Democrat), 1,795; Wait (Republican), 165, and Seymour (Democrat), 1,440.

South and West.

Official returns give the following as the vote in Indiana: Hawn, Republican, 210,234; Myers, Democrat, 220,918; Leonard, Greenback, 18,520; Myer's plurality, 10,684. Congress: Kleiner, Democrat, 1,643 plurality; Cobb, Democrat, 3,661 majority; Stocklager, Democrat, 4,585 plurality; Holman, Democrat, 3,494 plurality; Matson, Democrat, 3,552 majority; Browne, Republican, 7,313 plurality; Peelle, Republican, 87 plurality; Lamb, Democrat, 287 plurality; Ward, Democrat, 875 plurality; Wood, Democrat, 1,014 plurality; Steele, Republican, 333 plurality; Lowry, Democrat, 3,363 plurality; Calkins, Republican, 391 plurality.

Mr. William A. Russell, a merchant in Reisterstown, Md., was shot dead by one of two burglars who had broken into his store.

A boiler explosion on a plantation in Pointe Coupee Parish, La., instantly killed the engineer and fatally injured two colored laborers

A bitter railroad war prevails in the Northwest, and passenger and freight rates have been reduced to almost nothing. The fare between Chicago and St. Paul was reduced to twenty-five cents, and freight was taken at any price that shippers chose to offer.

The noted racing sire imported Buckden is dead. His owner, Captain Cottrell, of Mobile, had just refused an offer of $12,000 for him.

B. H. Crapster, for ten or twelve years postmaster at Shelbyville, Ky., was found dead ina stable on his premises the other morning with a bullet hole through his head. A pistol was lying by his side, indicating that he had committed suicide.

A Denver (Col.) dispatch says that the mails between that city and Eastern cities, particularly New York, Buffalo and Cleveland, have been systematically robbed, and that the losses in drafts, bills of exchange and postal money orders amount to more than $600,000. These last are not real losses; but Denver banks and business houses have been forced to make their transfers of money through express companies, much to their cost and inconvenience.

Two female servants were suffocated at the burning of a boarding-house in Indianapolis, Ind.

A national labor congress has been in session at Cleveland, Ohio. A platform was adopted and the following legislative committee for the ensuing year was chosen: Robert Howard, Massachusetts; Gabriel Edmanston, Washington; Richard Powers, Chicago; Samuel Gomper, New York. N. H. Foster, Cincinnati, was re-elected general secretary.

A remarkable crime was unearthed near Havana, Ill., by the confession of Theodore Gardner that he had murdered his aunt, Mrs. John B. Weller, wife of a wealthy farmer, for whom the murderer was working as a farm hand. Gardner, who is only nineteen years old, confessed that he had quarreled with his aunt, and upon her telling him to leave the place he had choked her to death.

The St. Louis grand jury have ignored the bill against John A. Cockerell, editor of the *Post-Dispatch*, for the shooting of Ex-Congressman A. W. Slayback, and it is not likely that any further action will be taken in the matter.

A Chicago judge has granted Mrs. Scoville, Guiteau's sister, a new trial on the ground that, though possibly insane, she was neither of homicidal or suicidal tendencies, nor dangerous to her friends, and therefore not a subject for an asylum. After her first trial Mrs. Scoville fled to Canada, where she has been lecturing.

A large wholesale Chicago boot and shoe house has been robbed of about $40,000 during the past ten months by some of its traveling salesmen in collusion with others of its most trusted employes.

Three sailors belonging to the schooner Collingwood, wrecked in Lake Michigan, were picked up by a steamer while clinging to a piece of wreckage on which they had floated for thirty-one hours. The captain had been drowned and the steward frozen to death.

At Lanesboro, Minn., Christian Johnson shot his sweetheart and then killed himself. The girl was but slightly hurt.

Thomas Newnower & Sons, wholesale clothing manufacturers of Milwaukee, have failed. Liabilities, $200,000; assets, $125,000.

The Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, for many years prominent in State politics in Ohio, and several years chairman of the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives at Washington, died a few days ago in Hamilton, Ohio.

From Washington.

Commissioner Loring, in his annual report, estimates the yield of grain in 1882 as follows; Corn, 1,635,000,000 bushels; wheat, 410,000,000 bushels; oats, 470,000,000 bushels; barley, 45,000,000 bushels; rye, 20,000,000 bushels; buckwheat, 12,000,000 bushels.

A census bulletin, just issued, embraces a table of statistics of manufactures in the United States, showing the capital invested, the number of hands employed, the amount of wages paid, the value of materials used, and the value of products, for all the establishments of manufacturing industry, gas excepted, in each of the States and Territories, as returned at the census of 1880. The following are the totals: Number of establishments, 253,840; capital, $2,790,223,506; average number of hands employed—men above sixteen years, 2,025,279; women above fifteen years, 531,753; children and youths, 181,918; total amount paid in wages during the year, $947,919,674; value of materials, $3,394,340,029; value of products, $5,369,667,706.

President Arthur has cut off the official heads of several prominent officeholders at one swoop. Those removed are Charles E. Henry, marshal of the District of Columbia; D. B. Ainger, postmaster of the District of Columbia; Myron M. Parker, assistant postmaster, M. D. Helm, foreman in the government printing office, in charge of the *Congressional Record*, and manager of the afternoon newspaper organ of Thomas J. Brady, of star route notoriety, and ex-Senator George E. Spencer, government director of the Union Pacific railroad. Action was taken by the President in response to a letter sent to him by Mr. George Bliss, government counsel, and a report made by Attorney-General Brewster upon the subject of that letter. The attorney-general's report was read at a cabinet meeting and approved by every member. The charge against all these officials was that they had interfered with the administration of justice and aided the defendants in the star route cases.

A national fair to obtain funds for a monument to the late President Garfield was formally opened in the rotunda of the capitol by President Arthur. The general of the army, the members of the cabinet and judges of the supreme court were present, and every inch of space was densely crowded.

Dr. C. C. Cox, who has successively been lieutenant-governor of Maryland, commissioner of pensions, president of the District of Columbia board of health, and commissioner to the Australian exposition, died the other night.

Foreign News.

Mr. William W. Astor, the new American minister, presented his credentials to King Humbert at Rome.

For their services in the Egyptian war Admiral Seymour and General Wolseley have been gazetted peers.

The British steamship Wearmouth was wrecked on one of the Magdalen islands, and of the twenty men on board sixteen lost their lives.

Canada claims $1,000,000 from the United States for wrongfully charging twenty per cent. duty on hay when the proper duty was only ten per cent.

Decorations to officers and soldiers who distinguished themselves in the Egyptian war, to the number of 370, were presented by Queen Victoria.

The Earl of Harrowby and his brother, Hon. Frederick Dudley Ryder, both died on the same day in England. The former was born in 1798 and the latter in 1806.

In the Joyce murder trial at Dublin Michael Casey withdrew his plea of not guilty, and counsel for the other four prisoners also pleaded guilty, making an appeal for mercy. The judge then sentenced them to be hanged.

The steamer Winton, with grain from the Black sea, foundered off the island of Ushant, coast of France, and thirty persons were drowned.

An explosion of gunpowder occurred in the barracks of Madrid, Spain. Nearly the whole building was blown to pieces, and fifteen soldiers were injured.

Electric lights have been largely introduced into the prominent establishments in Japan.

The Prince of Wales asked that the sentence of ten years' penal servitude passed on William Brookshaw, the writer of a letter threatening his life, be reduced.

The captain of a steamer which has arrived at Sunderland, England, reports that off the coast of Norfolk his vessel passed a large raft to which three or four corpses were lashed.

The death is announced from the Western coast of Africa of King Omoru. He leaves 700 widows. Of his ninety-five children, seventy-seven are still alive. His oldest son has 400 wives.

The Dublin *United Ireland* says Mr. Dillon will go to America soon to make a lengthened sojourn with his brother in Colorado. He insists upon resigning his seat in the house of commons.

Seven workmen were killed and several others injured by the fall of a railway bridge near London. The men were under the bridge eating their breakfast when the structure fell.

William Richalds, under sentence of death at Sweetsburg, Quebec, committed suicide by cutting his throat on the morning that he was to be hanged.

Widespread distress, through want of employment on farms and failure of the potato crop, is feared this winter in Ireland.

The cashier of a Paris financial institution has absconded with a large amount of its funds.

Heavy rains in Germany resulted in floods along the Rhine and consequent damage to property.

The Bishop of Ayacucho, Peru, while attempting recently to quell a riot at Huanta, was shot by the rioters.

By the telescoping of a tender and a Pullman palace car on the Intercolonial railroad, New Brunswick, three men were killed and others injured.

Three detectives were watching a party of men suspected of being Fenians, in Dublin, when they were fired upon, and one of the officers, named Cox, was instantly killed. The man who fired the shot was fatally wounded by a detective, and two other men were arrested.

A train fell through a bridge at Fyvie, Scotland, and five persons were killed and many injured.

The French steamer Cambronne was sunk by a collision with another vessel in the British channel and fourteen persons were drowned.

Clevedon Hall, the residence of Sir Arthur Elton, situated near Bristol, England, has been destroyed by fire. A portion of the library, which was considered one of the most valuable in England, was also burned.

Dennis Field, one of the jurors in the case of Hynes, who was hanged recently at Dublin for the murder of the herd Dolougthy, was met on his way home to dinner by a car containing two men, one of whom jumped off and stabbed Field six times with a sword, probably inflicting fatal wounds.

The Life-Saving Service.

The following is an abstract of the annual report of the general superintendent of the life-saving service:

The establishment embraced at the close of the fiscal year 190 stations, 145 being on the Atlantic, thirty-seven on the lakes, seven on the Pacific and one at the falls of the Ohio, Louisville, Ky. The results of all the disasters in the scope of the service aggregate as follows:

Total number of disasters	345
Total value of property involved	$4,765,762
Total value of property saved	$3,106,007
Total value of property lost	$1,654,755
Total number of persons involved	2,206
Total number of persons saved	2,384

There were thirty-nine persons rescued in addition to those saved from vessels (they having fallen from wharves, piers, etc.) who would certainly have been drowned but for the assistance rendered by life-saving crews. The investigations held in each case show that the twelve persons lost during the year were entirely beyond the reach of human aid. Although there were forty-four more disasters than during any previous year since the general extension of the service, the loss of life is smaller, with one exception, than that of any year preceding. The assistance rendered in saving vessels and cargoes has been very great this year, 298 vessels having been worked off when stranded, piloted out of dangerous places, repaired when damaged or assisted in similar ways by the station crews. There were beside seventy-six instances when vessels running into danger of stranding were warned off by the night signals of the patrols, and thus probably saving most of them from partial loss or destruction.

The report records the fact that the life saving service has now been in operation under the present system for a complete decade, and gives the results in the following table:

Number of disasters	1,692
Value of property involved	$29,978,249
Value of property saved	$18,054,902
Value of property lost	$11,213,347
Number of persons involved	14,706
Number of persons saved	14,293
Number of persons lost	407
Number of shipwrecked persons recovered at stations	3,060
Number of days succor afforded	8,384

The general superintendent says that statistics show that since the general extension of the life-saving service to all portions of the coast in 1876, the loss of life from marine disasters has been reduced nearly seventy-five per cent; that is to say, that while in 1876, and prior to that time, one person was lost out of every twenty-nine on board vessels suffering disaster, there has been a constant decrease, until now there is only one person lost out of every 113, and this result is shown to be almost entirely due to the agency of the life-saving stations. The condition of the service is pronounced to be better than ever before. The objects for which it was created, viz., the rescue of life imperiled by shipwreck, the saving of marine property and, incidentally, the protection of the revenue, have been greatly promoted by the recent legislation of Congress, which has also done much for the morale of the corps by providing ampler pay and affording recompense to those who may be injured in the line of duty, and relief to their widows and orphans in case of death. An even better selection of men has been placed at the command of the service, and this selection, Mr. Kimball says, has been made, as it ever has been in this service, solely upon grounds of professional fitness, to the absolute exclusion of political or other considerations.

Annual Report of the Comptroller of the Currency.

The annual report of the comptroller of the currency contains the following table, which shows by geographical divisions the number of private bankers in the United States, with the aggregate amount of their capital, deposits, for the six months ended May 31, 1882, and for the previous year:

Geographical divisions.	No. of banks.	Capital.	Deposits.
New England States	104	$7,130,196	$9,417,712
Middle States	1,014	62,153,765	113,079,792
South'n States	293	6,929,701	19,981,042
West'n States & Territories	1,980	38,552,230	153,143,614
United States	3,391	$114,255,892	$295,622,160

Three national banks have been placed in the hands of receivers during the year ending November 1, 1882, namely, the First National bank of Newark, N. J., on November 2, 1881; the Pacific National bank of Boston on May 22, 1882, and the First National bank of Buffalo on April 22, 1882. Since the commencement of the national banking system eighty-seven banks have been placed in the hands of receivers, and 420 banks have voluntarily closed their business by the votes of shareholders owning two-thirds of their stock. Of the banks placed in voluntary liquidation by their stockholders seven failed to pay their depositors, and in these cases receivers were appointed by the comptroller to wind up their affairs. Of the eighty-seven banks placed in the hands of receivers, fifty-one have been finally closed, leaving thirty-six still in process of settlement. The loss to creditors of these banks during the nearly twenty years that have elapsed since the passage of the national banking act, as near as can be estimated, has been about $7,000,000. The average annual loss has been, therefore, about $400,000 in the business of corporations having an average capital of about $450,000,000, and which have been responsible for the safe keeping of deposits in their hands averaging constantly over $800,000,000, or about one-twentieth of one per cent. of annual loss to depositors. The total amount paid to creditors of insolvent national banks is $20,945,000 upon proved claims amounting to $29,586,558. The dividends so far paid thus equal about seventy per cent. of the proved claims, thirty-two banks having paid the claims against them in full. Assessments amounting to $8,101,750 have been made upon the stockholders of insolvent national banks for the purpose of enforcing their individual liability under section 5,151 of the revised statutes, of which about $3,200,000 have been collected, and $531,080.70 during the past year.

An Eagle's Affection.

The great American bird is under every condition a bird altogether, but it usually flocks alone on Wood river, because its mates are as scarce as lady partners at a programme ball. That eagles are birds of prey is established by various stories in school-readers, where they are shown to have carried off into mid-air children, lambs and other food ten times their own weight, and disappear with them into dim space toward the summit of the mountains, where they store their grub for winter feasts. The largest birds of the eagle species are found in the Wood river mountains, and yet no mules nor cows nor people have ever been carried away by them. The eagles of this country have often been known to omit devouring weakly rabbits and squirrels, and to have shown almost human kindness. An event which occurred ten days since at Foster's ranch, above Hailley, fully establishes this trait of the Wood river variety. One of the ranchers saw a huge eagle flutter over the barnyard, interested in a fat turkey, and he immediately secured his rifle. The first shot broke the eagle's wing, and, in its crippled condition, it wobbled and flopped around uttering screams of pain. The man was watching the result before firing again, when he discovered another eagle coming from a distance. It was, evidently, the mate of the first one. Like an arrow it flew to the rescue, and examining the wound and seeing its mate could not escape, it took hold of it by its claws and beak and flew to the mountain side, where it laid down the victim of the sportive hunter. During the past seven days the men on Foster's ranch have noticed each day that the mate carried food to the wounded bird regularly and is yet feeding it upon squirrels, rabbits, birds and mice. Mr. Foster could kill the two birds any day, but has refrained on account of the affection displayed between them. A small American flag will be fastened about the wounded bird, and when it again flies it will carry the emblem of freedom to the highest mountain peaks.—*Wood River (Neb.) Times.*

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: Mr. Charles Reis, No. 1611 Second Carondelet avenue, this city, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil after sixteen years' suffering with rheumatism.

There are 25,708 lumber manufacturing establishments in the United States, employing a capital of $181,186,122, and 141,564 male hands above the age of sixteen years, 425 female hands below the age of fifteen years, and 5,967 children and youth.

The Boston *Globe* brings this item: Charles S. Strickland, Esq., this city, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

There are no less than 334 deer parks south of the Tweed in England, thirty-one of which contain red deer. Eridge park, Sussex, is the oldest; the largest is at the Cheshire seat of Lord Egerton, of Tatton. The extent of the park is 2,500 acres.

THE FLOWER CITY FURORE.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle* was published in this paper recently and has been the subject of much conversation both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion, at his residence on St. Paul street, when the following interview occ