

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Ex-Senator John P. Callahan, a prominent coal operator, died on the 11th, at his home in Ashland, Penna.

—Henry W. Blair was on the 11th renominated for U. S. Senator by the Republican caucus of New Hampshire Legislature. The number of votes cast was 198. Of these Blair received 108, and ex-Secretary Chandler 37, the remainder being scattered. The Democratic caucus of the New Hampshire Legislature on the 11th complimented "Harry" Bingham, of Littleton, with the nomination for U. S. Senator.

—The sessions of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars were ended on the 11th, in Lewistown, Penna. The past year was the most successful of the Order. The following officers were elected: Rev. D. C. Babcock, Philadelphia, G. W. C. T.; A. H. Leslie, Pittsburg, G. W. C. T.; Miss Hannah Mingle, Lock Haven, G. W. V. T.; Charles E. Steele, G. W. Secretary; William Eving, Philadelphia, G. W. Treasurer; Rev. J. S. McMurray, D. D., G. W. Chaplain.

—The interior of the Chinese Theatre and several adjoining buildings, in Chinatown, San Francisco, were burned on the 10th. Loss \$65,000.

—A shooting affair occurred at East Bernstadt, Kentucky on the 11th, between George, William and James Thompson, brothers, and Wilkinson and Rufus Lawson, cousins. Wilkinson Lawson was instantly killed by George Thompson, and Rufus Lawson received several dangerous wounds. B. L. Poynter, a bystander was also dangerously wounded.

—Our total exports of breadstuffs during the eleven months which ended May 31st, 1885, were valued at \$146,431,965, against \$144,556,873 during the corresponding period of the preceding year.

—A passenger train was struck by a cyclone near Sioux City, Iowa, on the 12th, and every car was thrown from the track and smashed to pieces. A large number of persons were injured.

—In the Criminal Court at Washington on the 12th, Daniel Carrigan, ex-chief clerk of the Naval Bureau of Medicine Surgery, who had pleaded guilty on four incidents out of forty presenting false vouchers on the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, was called for sentence. He was sentenced to six years in the Albany penitentiary.

—A telegram from Guaymas says news reached there of an engagement on the 6th, inst., between the Zaquli Indians, under Cajima, and Mexican troops. The Federal loss was severe, but the number of killed and wounded was not given. Many Indians are reported to have been killed; and 60 were wounded.

—The President on the 12th appointed Samuel L. Graham U. S. Marshal for the Western District of Virginia. Mr. Graham was formerly Clerk of the Circuit Court of Tazewell county, and he was a delegate from Virginia to the Charleston Convention of 1880.

—General Grant was weaker on the 14th, having passed a bad night. Colonel Grant says his father's condition "now seems to be one of increasing debility without pain," and he will probably be removed from the city one week earlier than was intended.

—Four troops of cavalry and four companies of infantry, under command of Major Sumner, are to join in pursuit of the hostile Apaches near the Mexican border. Two troops of cavalry left San Antonio, Texas, on the 13th, for Spofford's Junction, where they will be joined by two more troops of cavalry and four companies of the Nineteenth Infantry, and proceed to Deming, New Mexico.

—Vice President and Mrs. Hendricks left Indianapolis on the 14th, for New York. Mr. Hendricks is to speak at the Yale College commencement.

—The commencement exercises of Princeton College, N. J. began on the 14th. Rev. Dr. McCosh delivering the baccalaureate sermon.

—The Presbyterian Church at shippenburg, Pa., was destroyed by fire on the 14th, and a dwelling opposite caught fire and was also destroyed. The total loss is about \$27,000, on which there are insurances of \$11,000. The fire in the church started on the roof, and is supposed to have been caused by sparks from a chimney.

—The extra session of the Legislature of Tennessee ended on the 13th. In the Senate a resolution was adopted offering the Hermitage to the National Government for use as a home for veterans, after it was amended to the effect that should the Government use the property as a home for ex-Federal soldiers and ex-Confederate soldiers, the gift would thereby revert to the State.

—The Senate of Massachusetts on the 15th, by a tie vote, refused to enact the bill providing that soldiers and sailors shall be exempt from the civil service examination in their appointments to office.

—The President on the 15th, made the following appointments for San Francisco: John W. Twigg, to be Assayer of the Mint; Thos. Beck, Appraiser of Merchandise, and Daniel Z. Yost, Assistant Appraiser of Merchandise.

—Colonel Denby, our new Minister to China, received his instructions from the Secretary of State on the 15th, and will start for the Pacific Coast, via New York.

—The Democratic Convention of Adams County, Penna., on the 15th nominated John A. Swope as the county's candidate for Congress.

—The Hessian fly has appeared in the wheat fields around Wabash, Indiana, and is doing much damage.

—The charge of speculation, gross favoritism, etc., brought against the Managers of the Government Insane Asylum at Washington, have been examined by the Board of Visitors and declared unfounded.

—The trial of William N. Riddle, ex-President, and G. L. Reiber, ex-cashier of the Penn Bank, was begun on the 15th in Pittsburgh. They are tried for

conspiracy, the charge of embezzlement on which they were arranged some weeks ago having been apparently abandoned, owing to the faulty way in which the indictment was drawn up.

—Reports have been received at Minneapolis from over 800 points in Minnesota and Dakota, covering every wheat-growing county of importance, and from 300 points in Northern Wisconsin and Iowa. 155 reports say the condition now is good; 135 say it is better now than last year at this time; 50 say it is 10 per cent. better; 50 say it is not as good as last year, and 20 say it is 10 to 15 per cent. worse.

—A telegram from Keene, New Hampshire, says that Henry Hale of New York a wealthy furniture dealer, arrived there on the 14th, for the purpose of helping his brother, the ex-Governor. "He has examined the assets of his brother, and believes that he will pay 100 cents on the dollar provided he be given a proper opportunity by his creditors.

—James P. Brooks, Chief of the Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department, has resigned at Secretary Manning's request. His resignation will take effect on July 1st.

—Viva voce votes for U. S. Senator were taken on the 16th in both Houses of the New Hampshire Legislature. In the Senate, Blair, Republican, received 15 votes to 7 for Bingham, Democrat. In the House the vote stood, Blair, 179; Bingham 117. Both Houses of the Legislature adopted a resolution thanking Congress for refusing the unearned land grant of the Texas Pacific Railroad, and thanking the New Hampshire delegation who voted for the forfeiture.

—Joseph S. Miller, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was taken suddenly ill in his office, at Washington, on the 16th, and had to be removed to his home. Overwork and the effects of the heat caused his illness, which will probably confine him to the house for several days.

—Vice President Hendricks and wife are staying at Atlantic City for a few days.

—The State Board of Agriculture of Ohio has compiled a comparative statement of the wheat shortage, based on official telegrams and private sources as to the present probabilities with the known five years' average, as estimated by the United States Department of Agriculture. The total average for the past five years in the United States was 412,355,690 bushels, while the estimates for 1885 are 230,779,000, showing a shortage of 181,576,690 bushels. The report concludes: "There can be no longer any doubt that this year's crop is to be the most disastrous failure for nearly a score of years, and there is nothing to be gained by denying or striving to mitigate the fact, or trying to let the public down gently to the knowledge of it."

—The Kentucky State Board of Health on the 16th issued orders establishing quarantine restrictions in Harrison county, where pleuro-pneumonia exists among the cattle.

—The State Board of Pardons, at Harrisburg, on the 16th, refused a pardon to James Kane, of Philadelphia, convicted of murder in the first degree. A pardon was also refused to Peter Riley, of Philadelphia, convicted of manslaughter.

—James W. Nesmith, the famous "Democratic war Senator" from Oregon from 1861 to the close of the war, died on the 17th, at Derry, in that State.

—The President on the 17th, appointed John B. Stallo, of Ohio, Minister to Italy; B. W. Hanna of Indiana, Minister to the Argentine Republic; Charles A. Dougherty, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of Legation at Rome; William L. Aden, of New York, Consul General at Rome, and Pierce M. B. Young, of Georgia, Consul General at St. Petersburg.

—The re-election of Henry W. Blair as U. S. Senator from New Hampshire, was formally declared in joint convention of the Legislature of that State on the 17th.

—General Jackson, our new Minister to Mexico, presented his credentials to President Diaz on the 16th.

—Seventeenth being the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill was observed as a public holiday in Boston. The day was celebrated by the usual parade and other exercises. Ex-Attorney General Devens was elected President of the Bunker Hill Monument Association.

—The San Francisco Call publishes crop reports from the principal wheat growing counties of California. The figures show the yield to be even under the previous estimates, and not likely to exceed 24,000,000 bushels, or three-sevenths of last year's crop. The probabilities are that next year's acreage will show a large decrease, while the fruit area will be largely increased. The fruit crop is in good condition and the yield will be large.

—The President has amended Rule XIX of the Civil Service Commission, so as to include deputy naval officers and deputy surveyors of customs in the class of officers exempt from examination.

—The resignation of President White of Cornell University was sent to the Trustees on the 17th as announced.

—The directors of the New York Central Railroad on the 17th elected Chauncey M. Depew President, to succeed Rutter, deceased.

—Sir Henry Ponsonby, Private Secretary to Queen Victoria, has written a letter authoritatively denying that members of the royal family are believers in spiritualism.

—Japan has an army of 40,000 men, a reserve of twice that number, and a territorial reserve of 150,000, all dressed and equipped in European fashion, carrying Remington rifles. Service is obligatory.

IN JUNE.

The balmy air is filled with soft perfume,
From shady lanes where fragrant roses bloom,
And blossoms cling to fence and crumbling wall;
Re-echoes now the wild bird's joyous call,
The merry greenwood; 'neath its sheltering shade,
The wild flower garnishes the sylvan glade,
And densest foliage the streamlet blinds
That through the forest depths half hidden winds.

Earth wears her greenest livery, waving blithe,
The blooming clover courts the keen-edged scythe;
Luxuriant verdure covers hill and plain;
Full oft descends in copious showers the rain,
Till the bright sun beastes through the vaporous shroud,
And limns a rainbow 'gainst the frowning cloud.

THE LOST DAUGHTER.

"All these are under two years," said the matron of the founding hospital, as she looked complacently around on the goodly array of babies of all sizes and complexions ranged on either side of the long nursery.

There were babies plump and rosy and good natured, as all babies should be, and pale, fretful, puny little creatures, who looked as if they were already disgusted with the life upon which they had entered; back, blue and gray-eyed babies, and babies with eyes of very little color at all.

It would seem that the lady addressed, and who was desirous of obtaining one for adoption, would find no difficulty in suiting herself; but either she did not see what she was in search of, or was too bewildered by so many rival claims to be able to make any choice.

"Here is a fine boy," said the matron, pausing in front of a black-eyed fellow, who sat on the knee of his nurse, sucking his fat thumb.

"Yes, but I want a girl, a blonde. Something like this."

As the matron glanced at the photograph the visitor handed her, which was that of a lovely child of not more than two summers, she muttered an exclamation of surprise.

"It is the picture of my little girl," said the lady, her eyes filling with tears, "who died a few weeks ago, and whose place I wish to fill, if such a thing is possible."

"We have a girl in the hospital ward who resembles the picture so strongly that I should think it was taken for her. Both parents are dead, and so far as I can learn, there is no one to claim her."

The speaker led the way to a cheerful, sunny room, where on one of the cots a beautiful little child was sleeping. The resemblance to the picture was very strong, and to the bereaved mother it seemed like a revelation from Heaven.

"Lillian, darling Lillian!" she cried, bending over her.

The child must have been dreaming of its mother, for the fringed lids flew open, revealing eyes blue and wonderfully bright, while the little arms went up with an eager fluttering.

"Mother!"

Chasing the hand to her heart, the lady burst into tears, while the matron looked wonderingly from one to the other.

"She looks enough like you to be your own child."

"She is my own child, was the cheerful response. "Providence has had compassion on my loneliness and sorrow, and given my little Lillian back to me."

"Blue-eyed, golden haired Lillian Howard stood irresolute at the door of her father's study, the color coming and going in her cheeks, and a look of fear and dismay in her face that was never seen there before.

The door being ajar, Mr. Howard heard her step light as it was.

"Daughter."

Mr. Howard looked gravely and tenderly into the pale, wistful face that confronted him.

"My child, you look as if you were summoned before a stern judge rather than a tender father, who would not knowingly deny you anything that would promote your true happiness."

"You have always been very kind to me until now," said Lillian, bursting into tears. "But, indeed, indeed I can never be happy without Charlie!"

Taking his daughter's hand, Mr. Howard led her to a seat in the recess of one of the windows.

"Let us talk over the matter calmly. You are my only child, the pride and joy of my heart. I have given you every advantage that wealth can command, and feel that I have a right to expect you to do better than to marry a man with neither position nor means to support you in the style to which you have been accustomed. And your mother fully agrees with me."

"But papa, you always seemed to like Charlie until now. You never objected to his coming here or my going out with him before."

"I like him still my personal feelings toward him have not changed in the least. But I find his prospects differ from what I thought they were. I supposed Mr. Haven to have no family, and, thinking so much of the young man as he seemed to do—a distant relative and all—I thought he would inherit the largest part of the property

But he tells me he has a daughter, who will have every penny of it, which gives the matter quite a different complexion. It is a little curious that he has never spoken of her, as long as he has been here and as intimate as he has been with us."

"But why should you care for money, pa, when you have so much?"

"You are wrong, Lillian. True, I am the owner of considerable property, but the shrinkage in all values has greatly crippled my resources. Go now, my child, I have some letters to write. You may be sure that your father has decided wisely. Tell the young man what I have told you, and let that end the matter."

Tying on her hat, Lillian went out for her usual walk, but not even the bright sunshine and bloom and the verdure of the beautiful June day could make her heart less heavy. Her eyes were so blinded by the tears that would come that she nearly ran against an odd-looking middle-aged man, who came hobbling along the narrow foot path. As he caught a glimpse of the young lady's quivering lips and tear-lashed eyes he came to a sudden stop.

"Crying, Miss Lillian! What does this mean?"

Lillian looked into the kind, sympathizing face of the speaker.

"Oh, Mr. Haven, papa says that I can see Charley only once more, and then only to tell him that we can never, never marry."

"Does he," was the grim response.

"I think I shall have something to say about that. Do you love Charlie?"

"Dearly."

"And you think he loves you?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then I see no reason why you two should not marry."

Lillian opened her eyes widely.

"You don't think I ought to disobey my father?"

"I have said nothing about your father; that is about the last thing I would counsel you to do. But Charlie is poor, you know I have a daughter just about your age, who will inherit all my wealth. Do you think you could be happy in a small, plain furnished house, with neither the fine dresses, nor any of the beautiful things to which you have been accustomed all your life?"

The golden lashes dropped until they lay quivering upon the flushed cheeks.

"If Charlie was there."

Mr. Haven's face betrayed strange and strong emotion.

"Twenty years ago," he said tremulously, "lips just as sweet spoke to me nearly the same words. As I live your life shall not be blighted as hers was. Cheer up, my child," he added, "leave the matter to me and all will be well. I was on my way to your house when you met me. I am going to dine there to-day. Let us go back together."

He had frequently dined with them in the same unceremonious manner, his genial and kindly traits of character making him a great favorite with all the family.

The after-dinner talk turning upon the improbability of a recently published story, Mr. Haven said: "I will relate a story, as strange as any that can be found in what is called fiction, and which is strictly true—"

"Sixteen years ago yesterday, as it stands upon the records of a certain orphan asylum in a distant country, a lady, young, fair and wealthy, went there for the purpose of obtaining a child to take the place of one she had just lost. In one of these wards was a lovely child, whose parents had both been killed, as was supposed, in a railway disaster, and who so strongly resembled her lost darling that her heart went out to it at the first glance.

"She took it away with her, giving it her child's place and name, and her husband, who was absent at the time, has never once suspected that it was not the little one he kissed at parting, and over whose grave the grass has been growing for many a year.

"Six months later the father of this child recovered, in a measure, from the accident which had made him a cripple for life, and he called at the asylum to claim her, but only to learn that she had passed as completely out of his possession as if the grave had hidden her from his eyes.

"The death of a wealthy relative had raised him from poverty to affluence, and he spared neither money nor pains in his endeavors to find her. But as the lady who had taken her from the asylum had given a false name and address, all his efforts were fruitless, and it was not until after a lapse of some years, and by the merest chance that he obtained a clue that led to the discovery of her whereabouts.

"She was then a blooming maiden of fifteen the inmate of a beautiful and happy home, and the pride and darling of a man for whom he had high esteem and who believed her to be his own child. All a father's love sprang up in his own heart as he looked upon the sweet face that was the living picture of the wife he had so loved and mourned, but whose the discord and unhappiness would occasion, he contented himself where he could see her occasionally and watch over her interests.

"But as time passed on and she reached the age of eighteen, she proved to be her mother's daughter in heart as well as form, bestowing it, as her moth-

er did before her, on a man whose poverty was the only objection that could be brought against him. When he found that her happiness was to be sacrificed, he resolved—"

"Here the speaker was interrupted by an exclamation from one of the group. Mrs. Howard had fainted.

During the bustle and confusion that followed Mr. Haven went out upon the lawn, where he was joined half an hour later by Mr. Howard. After conversing together a few minutes the two returned to the house, where they found Mrs. Howard and Lillian. Both had evidently been weeping, but the countenance of the former was composed, though pale.

"Mr. Haven," she faltered, "for the first time my husband knows that the child so dear to us both is akin to neither. But you are wrong if you think I at first intended to deceive him. I was among strangers when my own child died, and he on a business trip of several months' duration. The two were of nearly the same age, and on perceiving that my husband saw no difference I decided to wait until she had gained too strong a place in his heart to be easily dislodged, every week's delay making my task more difficult, until it became something that I found impossible to do. And, strange as it may sound to you, so closely did Lillian resemble the little one I had lost, and so entirely did she take her place in my heart, that I could never make it seem that she was not mine by birth as well as affection."

"I can give you the key to this," said Mr. Haven, "as well as to Lillian's strong resemblance to you and your child. Have you forgotten your twin sister, who bore the same name, and who was discarded by her family for marrying beneath her, as they call it? She was my wife and the mother of your Lillian; for I have not come to disturb the relation that has so long existed between you, but to see that she is not defrauded of a woman's dearest right—the right to wed the man who has not only won her heart, but is worthy of it. There is many a millionaire who is not as rich in all that constitutes true manhood as Charles Harlow. My gentle Lillian was nearly heart broken by the harsh decree which separated her from her early friends. Give not to the child the same bitter experience, but let her go to the man of her choice with your blessing as well as mine."

That the blessing of her adopted parents followed Lillian to her new life and home we may be sure. Mr. Haven is very happy in the happiness of his long-lost daughter, who often declares that she has two papas, and she does not know which she loves best.

Jay Gould's Narrow Escape.

Jay Gould had a lively time for a few minutes, recently. His yacht, the Atlanta, was waiting at the foot of West Twenty-third street, as usual, to take him up to Irvington, and a lot of other yachts and small boats were floating around thick, waiting to see the expected race between the Mary Powell and the little steamer yacht Siletto. When Mr. Gould climbed into his small boat with two or three friends, to be rowed out to the Atlanta, things were already very lively, so that a small boat was not a very comfortable thing to be in. The arrival of a big tug with a dump barge fastened to it, made things much thicker. The tug could not steer very well with its heavy load, and had to depend a good deal on luck, to follow a straight course. It first ran into the Skylark. J. Lester Wallack's yacht, tearing a ray the bowsprit and ripping things generally. Then it bumped against the ferryboat Pavia, and finally, to avoid the Mary Powell, made a bee line for the little boat which carried Mr. Gould and his party. The young man who was steering turned around and yelled at the tug, while the three blue-shirted sailors pulled desperately to get out of the way. But no matter which way they pulled, the tug seemed to be going just that way, and kept getting nearer and nearer to them. Finally, just as the boat seemed about to be overturned, the tug, impelled by a new freak, turned off to one side, passing about six feet from Mr. Gould and his friends. It was a close shave, and the crowd, which knew how many millions had run a possible risk of drowning, was very much excited indeed. Mr. Gould didn't seem very much so, and was about the only man aboard who did not yell.

The Luster of Pearls.

Pearls deteriorate by age, contact with acids, gas and obnoxious vapors of all sorts. This is especially true of pierced pearls. Various means for restoring them have been tried, but experience shows them to be useless. The best way to preserve pearls is to wipe them with clean linen cloth after being worn and deposit them, wrapped in linen, in a closed box or basket. A leading importer of pearls advises that pearl necklaces, which are liable to deteriorate by coming in contact with the skin, be restrung once a year, as drawing the silk thread out and in through the pierced parts tends to cleanse the pearls. In Ceylon, we are assured on a fairly good authority, that when it is desired to restore the luster to Oriental pearls the pearls are allowed to be swallowed by chickens. The fowls with this precious diet are then killed and the pearls regained in a white and lustrous state.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Go not into the society of the vicious. All men have their imprudent days. If you would kill a slander, let it alone.

Misery requires action; happiness requires pose.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

Where children are, there is the golden age.

He who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.

Good order is the foundation of all good things.

Apologies only account for that they do not alter.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

The secret of felicity is a judicious interruption of routine.

The only really bitter tears are those which are shed in solitude.

About the only force some people have is the force of habit.

Charity gives itself riches, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.

Poverty is the test for civility and the touchstone of friendship.

Revenge at first, though sweet, bitter ere long back on itself recoils.

A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on a sad heart.

He who can plant the courage in the human soul is the best physician.

The King becoming gracious: Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is proper, and nothing more.

While learning adorns a man, let us remember that truth ennobles him.

In cricket, as in other pursuits, a big inning sometimes makes a bad ending.

Esteem is the mother of love; but the daughter is often older than the mother.

It is a good rule to walk fast until you get on solid ground—then to stand fast.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

The folly of others is ever most ridiculous to those who are themselves most foolish.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.

It is curious how little we feel the burdens we put on the shoulders of others.

No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.

The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

Services to be rendered reconcile friends whom services rendered have estranged.

All passions are good when one masters them; all are bad when one is a slave to them.

Happiness only begins when wishes end, and he who hankers after more enjoys nothing.

Childhood has no forebodings; but then it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow.

Every man lives in the habitual practice of all voluntary sin cuts himself off from Christianity.

Every evil is followed by its punishment. It is as if evil had its punishment inscribed upon it.

Flowers sweeten the air, rejoice the eye, link us with nature and innocence, and are something to love.

In a crowd the average individual is small, and the purpose of parties is to take advantage of this fact.

There was never law, or sect, or opinion, did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth.

It is a ruinous misjudgment, too contemptible to be acted upon, that the end of poetry is publication.

The law cannot supply brains for fools, and those who attempt it are the ones who hope to profit by it.

Fortunes made in no time are like skirts made in no time; its ten to one if they hang very long together.

The discovery of what is true and the practice of what is good are the most important objects of philosophy.

Is there ever a hard question in morals that children do not drive straight at in their wide-eyed questioning?

Platonic love is like a march out in time of peace; there is much music and a good deal of dust, but no danger.

Fifty years is a long wait for a golden wedding, but it is an eighteen carat argument in favor of early marriages.

Justice exists independent of the law, and no statute can modify its principles, although it may effect its attainment.

There are some who fail to get rich, and so die poor; there are others who fail in order to get rich, and succeed.

As to luck and laziness: When luck knocks at the door, it often finds the man inside too lazy to lift the latch.

He who requires much from himself and little from others, will keep himself from being the object of resentment.

He who affects to speak always as you speak, and to do always as you do, is not your friend; he is your shadow.

Can we be unsafe where God has placed us, and where he watches over us, as a parent a child whom he loves?

Music and flowers are avengers of purity and faith, redolent of God, if we but unlock our hearts to their ministry.

The Church of the Holy Ghost at Heidelberg, Germany, is divided by a partition running lengthwise through it. On the one side the service is Protestant and the other Roman Catholic.

There are 300,000 commercial travelers in the United States. They cost their employers, it is estimated, \$900,000,000 a year.