

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—William E. Woodruff, Sr., died on the 19th in Little Rock, in the 90th year of his age. In 1819 he founded the *Arkansas Gazette*, and when Arkansas was admitted to the Union was its first State Treasurer.

—James T. Fanning, an actor, known formerly throughout the United States as an impersonator of "Uncle Tom," was on the 19th, at his own request, sent to the House of Industry, in Boston, for six months, on a charge of vagrancy. The old man asked that his dog be allowed to go with him, and this request was granted.

—Edward Hanlon and John Tremmer on the 19th drew up articles of agreement in Buffalo for five boat races. The races will be in length two, three, three and one-half, four and five miles each, all with a turn unless otherwise agreed upon. Each race is to be rowed for \$500 a side, with the privilege of increasing the stakes. The dates of the races are August 8th and 22d, September 5th and 19th and October 3d. They will be rowed upon waters mutually agreed upon. In case of a failure to agree, either as to the referee, the course or the details of the races, the final stakeholder shall have full power to name the course and the referee. The New York *Clipper* is the final stakeholder. The first deposit is to be \$1250. The rules and regulations of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen are to govern the races.

—The President on the 19th, appointed the following Collectors of Internal Revenue: Robert Black, for the First District of New York; Matthew H. Vanderveer, for the Third District of New Jersey; Francis S. Shields for the District of Louisiana; George H. Davison, for the Sixth District of Kentucky; Thomas Hanlon, for the Seventh District of Indiana; James W. Newman, for the Eleventh District of Ohio; Christian I. Kuecht, for the Sixth District of Ohio; Adolph Biermann, for the District of Minnesota.

—The five-story brick building at Greenwich and Reade streets, New York, was burned out on the 21st, in the upper stories. Hermande Dickinson & Co., commission merchants, occupied most of the building. They used the top stories for storing woolen goods principally. Their loss on stock will reach \$85,000, while \$15,000 will cover the damage to the building. A fireman was severely injured by falling through a skylight.

—The grasshopper is doing much damage in California. Specimens of the insect have been sent from several parts of the State to Professor Riley, at Washington, and he finds them to be the *melanoplus devastator* and the *caloptenus differentialis*. "The last named is common to all parts of the land, and seldom proves very destructive, while the other is peculiar to the Pacific slope, and is probably doing the present work of destruction."

—A telegram from Pittsburg says that work was suspended on the 20th in nearly every coal pit in the first two river mines is looked for next week. Dull trade and overstocked markets are the causes assigned for the suspensions.

—Thomas W. Bartley, ex-Lieutenant Governor, Acting Governor and Chief Justice of Ohio, died on the 20th, in Washington. He was a leader in the Democratic party, and published and edited the *American Register*, a weekly paper. He was a brother-in-law of General Sherman and Senator Sherman.

—The Dover (Delaware) *Sentinel* publishes eleven and a half columns of letters from peach growers, indicating that on the whole the yield will not be so large as the earlier estimates forecasted. The June drop has been unexpectedly heavy in most of the districts.

—There is great excitement in the Indian Territory, an outbreak of the Cheyennes being threatened. General Augur has ordered troops to the scene, and has recommended the appointment of a commission to inquire into the trouble.

—One assistant attorney and a number of law clerks—in fact, all the force to whom the Civil Service rules do not apply—were discharged from the Department of Justice on the 22d.

—Joseph W. Torrey, a well-known resident of Roxbury, Massachusetts, died on the 22d. He had a literary reputation, having been, when a young man, connected with the *Carpet Bag*. He was for many years President of the Borneo Trading Company at Hong Kong, also sharing the honors and profits of the Governorship of the Island of Borneo, being created Rajah of Borneo. At Bangkok, Siam, Mr. Torrey was at one time United States Vice Consul, and was afterwards Secretary of the Legation.

—A cold wave swept down upon Michigan on the 22d, and snow fell in Grand Traverse county.

—In Detroit, Michigan, on the 21st, Daniel Scatten, a wealthy manufacturer, was visited by a polite burglar who "regretted to disturb him, but desired the valuables of the family," which he secured to the value of \$100. He then secured jewelry and silverware valued at \$800 from Poor Commissioner Hearn. He referred to his visit to Judge Brown, of the United States District Court, "and regretted that it was necessary for him to fire at the Judge, but rejoiced that he did not wound him."

—Some workmen on the Pennsylvania Railroad stepped from one track to another at North Bend Cut, near Lancaster on the 22d to avoid a passing train. They were run into by a mud train and three of them—Henry Kennedy, William Conover and Joseph McIlvany—were killed.

—G. W. Hinckle, a soldier of Troop K, of the seventh Cavalry, stationed in Dakota, passed through Chicago on the 21st, on his way to Washington to be placed in the insane asylum. His insanity was caused by the excessive use of tobacco. He is said to have chewed "ten pounds of plug tobacco a month."

—The Cabinet meeting on the 23d, was attended by all the members, except Secretaries Endicott and Whitney. The

case of Minister Kelly was considered, and that it is understood that the sentiment of those present was in favor of his recall. The Indian troubles were also discussed, and remedial measures were considered.

—The President on the 23d, appointed W. W. H. Davis, of Doylestown, to be Pension Agent at Philadelphia; Edward H. Strobel, of New York, Secretary of Legation in Spain; Mark D. Wilber, of Brooklyn, United States Attorney for Eastern New York; William H. Allen, United States Marshal for Middle and Southern Alabama; William H. Denson, United States Attorney for Middle and Northern Alabama, and Posey S. Wilson, Assayer of the Mint at Denver, Colorado.

—Richard T. Merrick, the distinguished lawyer, who has been ill for some time of congestion of the brain died on the 23d in Washington, in the 59th year of his age.

—Estimates based on reports from 27 counties in Kansas, where the wheat harvest is in progress, indicate that the yield is 15 per cent. greater than the June estimate of the State Board of Agriculture.

—Vice President Hendricks on the 23d addressed the Law Department of Yale College on "The Supreme Court of the United States." The diplomas will be given out on the 24th.

A committee of Philadelphians, headed by Mayor Smith, called upon President Cleveland on the 23d and invited him to visit the National Encampment in Fairmount Park. The President was unable to say whether he could attend.

A severe storm visited Sulphur Springs, Texas, on the 22d, wrecking the Catholic and colored Methodist churches, unroofing three business blocks, washing away bridges and damaging the crops.

—The Marriage License bill on the 24th received the signature of Governor Pattison. The Governor also refused his signature to three bills. The first was for additional copies of Smull's Handbook. It was vetoed on the same ground that the other bill on the same subject was. The act in relation to livery stable keepers was disapproved because "the title does not reveal the purpose of the act and it might, therefore, be applied to other property." The third was an act authorizing Courts of Common Pleas to fix by rule fees of witnesses. The Governor holds that "there is a law governing the subject, and if this one went into effect it would cause confusion and annoyance."

—A bill contesting the election of Carter Harrison as Mayor of Chicago was filed on the 24th.

—Secretary Manning has requested the resignation of Horatio C. Burchard, of Illinois, as Director of the Mint. It is understood that Mr. Burchard will refuse to resign.

—In the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Portland, Maine, on the 24th, the Commander-in-Chief delivered his annual address. He said that four years ago there was a membership of nearly 70,000. On March 31st, 1885, 38 Departments reported 5026 Posts and 269,664 members, while the report of the adjutant general shows the membership to be 287,637.

—During a circus performance at Lapeer, Michigan, on the 23d, a large elephant became enraged, tore up seats and smashed things generally. After cleaning out the tent he took to a neighboring swamp. In the panic a number of people had their limbs broken.

—The War Department on the 24th, received a despatch from Colonel Bradley, at Fort Lewis, stating that the trouble between the Ute Indians and the cowboys in that locality has ended.

—Twenty-two post office inspectors were appointed on the 24th. They were selected from 601 applicants.

—The first wheat of the new crop, 44 bushels grown in Lancaster county, Virginia, was sold on 'change in Baltimore, on the 24th at \$2 per bushel. Another inferior lot grown in Middlesex county, in the same State, sold a \$1.50.

—The Trustees of Delaware College, at Wilmington, decided on the 24th "to do away with the co-education of the sexes at that institution." The resignation of President Purnell, who introduced co-education" into the college about thirteen years ago, was accepted.

—The President has issued "an executive notice announcing a diplomatic agreement" between the United States and Great Britain continuing the privileges granted by the Fisheries Treaty throughout the season of 1885. He was as a part of this agreement, bring the whole question of the fisheries before Congress in December next, and recommend the appointment of a joint commission by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain to consider the questions in the interest of maintaining friendly intercourse between the countries.

—The Albany *Evening Journal* (Republican) asserts that Mayor Banks, of that city, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York. He is a friend of President Cleveland and Secretary Manning.

—The President on the 25th made ten removals of postmasters for "offensive" partisanship, appointing new men to fill the vacancies. Among the appointments was a postmaster for Norfolk, Virginia.

—James L. Stanton, General Agent of the Department of Justice, has tendered his resignation, to take effect June 30th.

—The death of ex-U. S. Minister Phelps, at Lima, was caused by fever, contracted while on a pleasure trip to Oroya. The Government is making arrangements for the funeral, and high honors will be paid the deceased Minister.

—A boiler in the rear of Frank Keller's lead pipe factory in Newark, New Jersey, burst on the 25th, demolishing the boiler house, wrecking the engine room and tearing out the rear wall of the main building. One man was injured.

—France has completed war vessels costing over \$26,000,000.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

This twilight hour! I love it best,
It seems my very own;
It rests my heart, to think awhile
Of days forever flown.

The present lost—I live the past—
Oh! those golden, happy days,
The joys and blessed hopes were mine,
I bask in their glitt'ring rays.

The beauty of those blissful hours
Reflect in after years,
A balm falls on the lonely heart,
Though it be steeped in tears.

The witching of this thoughtful hour
Is wound around my soul;
I would not for my very life
Escape its sweet control.

Then let me yet enjoy awhile
This dear and precious time,
When I hear again the far-off bells,
For 'tis memory makes the chime.

THE CONJURER'S BRIDE.

Professor George Sholbach was a magician. He was not a commonplace conjurer with blocks and balls and canes and trick tables. He appeared before his audience with no stage trappings of any kind, and borrowing rings and handkerchiefs, he amused the audience with really wonderful feats. The second part of his entertainment consisted of "mind reading," and it was with that he most astonished and confounded the minds of the Western and Southern people among whom he performed. He had a circuit of towns, in each of which he appeared at regular intervals. He never went off his beaten track, and yet he always had crowded house, for at each reappearance he announced some startling new illusion which proved to be more astonishing than any preceding one. Some of his tricks he imported from foreign countries; quite as many were of his own invention. His personal appearance was of some assistance to him, for he looked like a magician. His hair was jet black, long and wavy. His complexion was pale and bloodless. His forehead was low, and under his sharply marked black brows burned a pair of coal black eyes, brilliant as diamonds and restless as flame.

In Montrose, he was a great favorite. He had given his entertainments there a number of times, and was admired much by the townspeople. He had never, however, made any friends among them. He was courteous to those who addressed him, but he repelled all attempts at intimacy. Among those who constantly attended his entertainments was Irene Washburne, the daughter of the only editor in the place. She was only nineteen years of age and was remarkably handsome. Her dark brown eyes and hair, coupled with a complexion in which the blood came and went like waves on a summer sea, her rosy lips and milk-white teeth were the loadstones that attracted many of the village beaux to her father's house. She was a very intelligent girl, but was given to too much reading of the somber tales of Poe and the weird fancies of Shelley. Night after night she sat in the town hall when Sholbach was giving his performances, chained by a strange fascination which she could not explain. She shuddered with horror when the magician's keen, restless eye lighted upon her, and when she found him gazing at her with a strangely steady, burning look, as he often did, she wanted to cry out with horror, but could not. After each entertainment she vowed that she would never again visit the hall when the professor was there, but when his bills appeared in the town she found herself irresistibly moved to go and see him.

This had been the state of matters for some time, when suddenly Sholbach threw off his reserve and began to make friends in Montrose. Twice, after performing in the town, he invited several young men to his rooms at the hotel and there opened bottles of wine and served them with cigars until they vowed that he was a royal good fellow. At last he asked one of them, a great friend of Editor Washburne's, to introduce him to the newspaper man. The introduction was performed and Sholbach made such a pleasant impression on the editor that the latter invited the magician to visit his house when again in town.

When Sholbach next appeared in Montrose, the editor gave a little reception to him after the entertainment. Once in the house of Washburne, Sholbach appeared to have eyes only for Irene. He devoted himself to her, and attended to all her wants with a grave and tender courtesy that could not fail to make an impression on her. But the impression was not such as the magician wanted. While he fascinated her, he filled her with horror. He reminded her of a snake.

"Why do you shrink from me?" he asked her.

"Do I shrink from you?" she asked, timidly.

She was afraid to acknowledge it; she would not have dared to acknowledge anything that might offend him, for her mind was completely subservient to his. He could have mesmerized her without a perceptible effort, had he desired to do so.

"Yes, you do shrink from me," he said, gravely.

They were alone on the piazza, where the cold moonlight lent an additional keenness to the glitter of Sholbach's eyes.

"I—I am sorry," she said, trying

to drop her eyes, but finding them irresistibly fastened to his.

"Do you know," he continued, "that I perform in this town oftener than in any other?"

"Yes. And why do you suppose I do it?"

"I do not know."

She did know. She knew what he was going to say, and she would have given her life to stop him; but she was powerless.

"I love you," he whispered in a hoarse voice.

She shuddered and clasped her hands.

"Why do you not answer me," he said, bending closely to her. "I tell you I love you."

"I know it," she said in a faint murmur. She could not move hand or foot.

"Then why do you not answer me?" he asked.

She was silent.

"You love me, then. This silence comes from your shyness. I might have known it."

And leaning forward he clasped her in his arms and kissed her lips.

The charm was broken. With a long, quivering shriek, she broke from his arms and rushed madly into the parlor among the startled guests. Sholbach followed her, but she fled to her father for protection.

"Take him away!" she cried. "Take him away!" He will kill me with his icy eyes—those serpent's eyes. Take him away!"

The next morning Sholbach had disappeared from the town, after announcing that he would never return, and Irene lay in a fever.

A year had passed away, and Irene had long ago recovered her accustomed health and spirits. Sholbach, true to his promise, had never come back to Montrose. In the meantime, John Manners, a stalwart young physician, whose ability was unquestioned and whose physical beauty was the envy of every young man in the town, had found the way to Irene's heart. She loved and was loved in return, and it had been arranged that they should be married at her uncle's magnificent mansion in St. Louis, in the fall. The days rolled on, and a week before the day appointed for her wedding, Irene and her parents, together with her lover and his parents, went to the city.

The first thing that met Irene's eyes when she arrived in St. Louis, was a bill announcing that Professor George Sholbach would exhibit his wonderful illusions for one week at a certain hall. The bill stated that the magician would introduce his new feat of cutting off a man's hand and restoring it to its place again, without hurting the man. Irene shuddered and turned pale when she saw this bill. Her lover noticed this, and, on being told the cause, laughed.

"My darling," he said, "you ought to be cured of that trouble by this time. Remember that in a few days you will have a husband to protect you. I know your horror is only temporary. I shouldn't be surprised if you asked me to take you to see him in a few days."

Was it prophetic? The desire to see Sholbach's performance again grew upon Irene. The simple knowledge that she was in the same city with him had a strange fascination for her. She struggled against her growing desire to see Sholbach, but found herself unable to conquer it. At length, in sheer desperation, she asked her lover one evening to take her to see the magician. He laughed heartily.

"I knew you were cured of your strange aversion for him. There's nothing like a light heart and a good digestion to remove unpleasant fancies."

Accordingly, they went in the evening to the hall and secured seats near the stage. When Sholbach's eyes fell upon them he started as if he had been shot. He fixed a burning glance upon them, and in a moment understood their position; for Irene clung to John for protection. Then Sholbach bowed slightly and smiled reassuringly. From that time until near the close of the entertainment he appeared to take no notice of them.

The usual tricks had been performed and he began his concluding feat. A man was summoned from among the audience to go upon the stage. Then he removed his collar and necktie and coat. Then Sholbach appeared with a large knife, and suddenly seizing the man plunged it into his throat. The man screamed and struggled. The blood poured from the wound. The audience, convinced as they were that the man was a confederate, were silent with horror. Presently Sholbach whirled the knife around with a quick movement, and then held up the man's head. A murmur of horror ran through the audience. The body was removed and the Professor treated the audience to a three minute lecture. He was interrupted by the appearance at the other end of the hall of the man who had been decapitated, alive and smiling. The audience heaved a sigh of relief and then awarded the successful magician a round of applause.

"You may think," said Sholbach, "that the man who has just been on the stage, was a confederate. Now, in order to convince you that he was not, I desire any gentleman who has the

courage to come upon the stage and I will repeat the experiment."

As he said this, Sholbach looked at John Manners. The powerful young physician suddenly felt an irresistible desire to go upon the platform. He arose as if to start.

"John, you are not going!" exclaimed Irene, in a tone of terror.

"Yes," he replied, laughing; "I want to find out how it was done."

"Let me go with you?"

And without waiting for his answer she followed him.

"This is hardly the sort of exhibition for a lady to look upon at close quarters," said Sholbach. "You had better sit behind this screen until it is over."

"No! no!" said a voice from the house. "Let the lady see how you do it, if she can."

Sholbach bowed, and gave Irene a chair on the side of the stage, opposite to Manners. As he went off to get the knife he paused for a single instant in front of her and glanced into her eyes.

"Don't you move or speak," he whispered.

Poor girl! She could not have stirred if her life depended upon it. Cold beads of perspiration broke out on her brow and shivering chills ran down her spine. But she was voiceless and nerveless. Sholbach had brought the full power of his will to bear on her and she was completely mesmerized.

When the conjurer stood before Manners, he gazed intently into his eyes. The young physician, strong as he was, felt himself growing weak before that look. He endeavored to speak, but Sholbach frowned, and the words seemed to freeze in his throat. The conjurer did not take his eyes off the physician while he spoke to the audience.

"This man is very powerful," he said, "and I must allow him time to control his nerves before I begin, or he might do me some injury."

Then for a time he was silent. The audience waited and watched the three silent figures. At length, without taking his eyes from Manners, Sholbach said:

"It is time."

Then with a sudden expression of frightful ferocity he plunged the knife into the throat of the man before him. The head fell forward and the hands gripped the side of the chair convulsively for a moment; then John Manners was as still as if he were dead. Sholbach asked some of the men in the front row whether they could see that the knife had really been plunged in the man's throat. They said there was no doubt of it.

"As the hour is late," said Sholbach, "I will not prolong this exhibition. I put this screen in front of this man so. Now in two minutes you will see him enter that door."

No one had noticed Irene while Sholbach was performing his feat, but it was now seen that she had fainted. Two or three persons made a movement to go to her assistance, but Sholbach stopped them with a wave of the hand.

"I can bring her out of the faint in a moment," he said.

Then lifting her as easily as if she had been a child he carried her off the stage.

The audience waited until the two minutes had expired. Then they began to look for the reappearance of Manners from the front of the stage. But no one came. There was a deadly silence in the house, and the stage remained empty. Three, four, five, ten minutes passed, and neither physician nor the conjurer appeared.

"There's something wrong here," exclaimed a man sitting in the front row.

So saying he sprang upon the stage and overthrew the screen behind which the magician had hidden Manners.

A horrible sight was exposed. The young physician sat still in the chair with the knife in his throat, the blood trickling slowly down his breast, dead. A dozen men rushed forward to examine. There was no doubt about it; a murder had been committed, calmly and boldly, in the presence of three hundred witnesses.

The building was searched, before and behind the scenes. Then it was found that both the conjurer and the young woman had disappeared. The police were informed, an alarm was sent out; the news was telegraphed all over the country, but to no purpose. George Sholbach and his victim were never seen again.

It is said that in Germany a conjurer is traveling about and giving remarkable second sight performances, his assistant being a beautiful, pale woman, who shudders continually, and whose eyes are always fixed in a glassy stare, but who never makes a mistake in answering his questions. No one, however, has been able to identify the two as George Sholbach and Irene Washburne.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The cobbler's wife is badly shod.

Poverty is the mother of all arts. Trust and you will not be trusted. A danger foreseen is half avoided. He doeth much, that loveth much. This world belongs to the energetic. On the day of victory no weariness is felt.

Never make your physician your heir. All are not friends who speak us fair. Too much dispute puts truth to flight. A wrong cannot be justified by its object. Promise to pay is the father of bankruptcy. He who knows nothing doubts of nothing. Examples are the best lessons for youth. Credit often ruins both debtor and creditor. Sentiment at variance with facts is a bastard flower. A short absence quickens love, a long absence kills it. Strive for the best, and provide against the worst. Those are the most honorable who are the most useful. What has been unjustly gained cannot be justly kept. The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of the purse. Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow. No one can read another's mind; few can read their own. As civilization advances, the necessity of law diminishes. Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience. A wise man sometimes changes his opinion, a fool never. No Legislature or Government ever enacted an honest man. In the meanest hut is a romance, if you know the hearts there. Be graceful if you can; but if you can't be graceful, be true. The high-minded find it easier to grant than to accept favors. If men are so wicked with religion, what would we be without it? Who is lavish with promises is apt to be penurious in performances. The man who is always right finds every one else always wrong. Wounds of the heart are the only ones that are healed by opening. The truly wise man should have no keeper of his secret but himself. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. The miller imagines that the corn grows only to make his mill turn. Work with all the speed and ease you can, without breaking your head. In delicate souls, love never presents itself but under the veil of esteem. Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out. Old age is a tyrant that forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death. A talent is perfected in solitude; a character in the stream of the world. There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Those who are always busy rarely achieve anything; they haven't time. A soft word turneth away wrath, but it takes a very loud word to drive off a bore. To enjoy the pleasure of wealth, thou shouldst first experience the fatigue of labor. Men's lives should be like the days—growing more beautiful towards the evening. Nothing comes of violence. Without grace the works of the law are naught. He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave. Happiness is always the inaccessible castle which sinks in ruin when we set foot on it. No furniture is so charming as books, even if you never open them or read a single word. Did a person know the value of an enemy he would purchase him with pure gold. Next to sound judgment, diamonds and pearls are the rarest things to be met with. The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest call of duty. The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do little things. In all sciences the errors precede the truths, and it is better they should go first than last. Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is far beyond their range. Without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue. A good constitution is like a money box—its full value is never known until it has been broken. Things sweet to see, and sweet deceptions; applied to spacious but deceitful appearances. Don't put away your religion in the pockets of your Sunday clothes; you have need of it every day. It is a great virtue to restrain the tongue, to know how to be silent even though we are in the right. Honorable industry travels the same road with duty, and Providence has closely linked both with happiness. Surely the church is the place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind. The despotism of custom is on the wane; we are not content to know that things are; we ask whether they ought to be. Don't be discouraged when you make mistakes; your future may be better and brighter for the lessons you learn from mistakes.