

# NEWS OF THE WEEK

In Chicago on the 11th counsel for Judge Smith, the Republican candidate for Mayor at the last municipal election, served on Mayor Harrison a formal notice that on the 15th they will ask the County Court for an order directing a recount of the ballots cast for Mayor in order to determine who is entitled to the office.

The latest reports from the Cheyenne Agency in the Indian Territory indicate that these Indians are determined to resist the order depriving them of their firearms. The Secretary of War on the 11th ordered three additional regiments of cavalry and one of infantry to Fort Reno. This will make the force in the Indian Territory about 4000 men. General Sheridan was to leave Chicago on the 12th for the Indian Territory. He is reported to have said that in his opinion the Arapahoe tribe was peacefully inclined; that the Cheyennes alone were likely to rise, and that the occasion of the whole disturbance was the encroachments of colonists and cattlemen on Indian possessions. Colonel Sheridan, who accompanies the General, stated positively that no order had been issued to disarm the Cheyennes.

Inspector Armstrong telegraphed on the 13th to Secretary Lamar that all differences between the drovers and ranchmen have been settled, and that cattle from Texas are now moving northward through the Indian Territory without obstruction.

Carper Brothers, of New York, employ 500 Poles, Hungarians and Italians at a large quarry near Meriden, Conn. The quarries have been getting \$1.10 per day, and on the 13th struck for \$1.50. Twenty of the Italians, who began to work, were driven off by 250 strikers, armed with clubs and stones. The foremen, with revolvers, kept the strikers at bay until help came from Meriden.

Secretary Whitney and a party of guests, including President Cleveland, spent the 13th in bass fishing, at Woodmount, near Harper's Ferry.

The wife of Secretary Bayard was reported better on the 13th.

The saw mill of Ralph Casselman, at Casselman's Station, Ontario, was burned on the 13th. Loss \$27,000; nearly covered by insurance. The Forest Flour Mills, at Ottawa, Kansas, were burned on the same day. Loss \$25,000; insurance \$16,000. A fire at the corner of Canal and Bourbon streets, New Orleans, on the 13th, caused damage to the extent of about \$25,000.

The President on the 14th appointed William C. Bird to be U. S. Marshal for Northern Florida; Wm. H. White U. S. Attorney for Washington Territory; Adelard Guerner Collector of Customs for Minnesota; Henry W. Richardson Collector of Customs at Beaufort, South Carolina, and B. Hugen Ward Collector of Customs at Georgetown, South Carolina.

A telegram from Washington says that Mr. Lee, the recently appointed Secretary of the United States Legation at Vienna, is expected to arrive at his new post of duty next week. On his arrival United States Minister Francis will take final leave. Mr. Kelley is still in Paris.

Secretary Bayard was at the State Department on the 14th attending to some official business requiring his attention. Mrs. Bayard's condition is improved.

James G. Wintersmith, Doorkeeper of the U. S. House of Representatives, died on the 14th in Louisville, aged 36 years. His brother and deputy, John Wintersmith, is dangerously ill in that city.

The San Francisco Call says the Pacific Mail Steamship Company intends to withdraw its steamers from the lines between San Francisco and Australia on November 1st. The company's contract with the Australian colonies expires on that date and the Colonial Government declares that it will not renew the contract, by which the steamship company is paid a subsidy, unless the United States agree to pay a portion of it.

The director of the Mint in Washington has received twenty gold and thirty-five silver army marksmanship medals, which were struck at the Philadelphia Mint at the request of General Benet, Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A. They have been forwarded to the Ordnance Bureau, and will be distributed to the soldiers entitled to them in due season.

A heavy storm of rain visited the country around Huntington, Penna., on the 10th. It lasted the greater portion of the night. In some localities the growing corn was "literally cut into shreds."

A telegram from Long Branch says that Dr. Edward Lawrence and A. R. Lee, both of Philadelphia, were attacked by a gang of stage drivers at the West End Depot on the 14th, because they refused to pay five dollars for a ride of one block. Both men were severely beaten, and Dr. Lawrence was robbed of a gold watch and chain and several hundred dollars. Three of the men were captured in the rooms of the Turf Club.

The Republican State Convention of Virginia met on the 15th in Richmond. About 650 delegates and alternates, of whom 200 were colored, were present. Senator Mahone called the Convention to order, and said "the campaign would be inaugurated to enforce the Readjuster settlement of the public debt and defeat the enforced reparation with which their Bourbon would impose." William E. Lamb, of Norfolk, was chosen permanent chairman. The Convention was still in session an early hour on the 16th.

George A. Jenks, the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, has entered upon his official duties. Secretary Lamar has decided to divide the responsibility of the department between his two assistants.

The 15th was the day designated by act of Congress for the examination of plans for the construction of three new steel cruisers. A number have been submitted, but in preparing to appoint a committee Secretary Whitney learned that officers of his department had made plans of their own

A riot took place in Cleveland, Ohio on the 15th, growing out of an attempt by the strikers to stop work in the Plate mill; the men in which were not affected by the reduction. The strikers were resisted by the police, and after a sharp fight in which stones and clubs were used by the rioters, the latter were routed by the police, who used their maces freely. Six patrolmen were wounded, and about thirty of the rioters were lying on the ground, but were speedily carried off by their friends. Seven of the rioters were arrested. At night all was quiet.

A violent storm accompanied by large hail-storms visited the country around Steubenville, Ohio, on the 14th. Two houses were blown down, a wash-out occurred on the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad, a clay factory was damaged by lightning, and chickens were killed by the hail.

The Niagara Falls reservation was formally opened on the 15th, in accordance with the programme announced.

The French national fete was duly celebrated in Panama on the 14th. The Cathedral plaza was gayly decorated with bunting, and in front of the canal company's office a triumphal arch was erected, covered with evergreens and plants.

The Secretary of the Navy, it is said, will appoint a committee to determine how far Mr. Roach is to blame for not having completed the three steam cruisers, Chicago, Boston and Atlanta, which should have been completed under the contract five months ago.

In the National Cotton Convention at Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, on the 16th, T. L. Airey, of New Orleans, was elected President for the next two years, by acclamation. Jerome Hill, of St. Louis, was elected Vice President.

The Republican State Convention of Virginia on the 16th unanimously adopted resolutions of sympathy with General Grant. John S. Wise was unanimously nominated for Governor, H. C. Wood was nominated for Lieutenant Governor, and F. S. Blair for Attorney General.

The President on the 16th appointed as postmasters in Pennsylvania James H. Dobbins, at Bellefonte, vice J. T. Johnson, commission expired; Augustus Owen, at Canton, vice Allen M. Ayres, resigned. The President also appointed Francis H. Underwood, of Massachusetts, to be Consul at Glasgow, and Chin Coy Woo to be Interpreter of the U. S. Consulate at Canton.

The Post building in Washington, occupied by that paper, the National Republican, the Washington Critic, the Sunday Gazette, the United States Electric Light Company and other parties, was destroyed by fire on the 16th. The total loss is about \$150,000. The use of the Evening Star office was given to the Post and Republican, and these papers appear as usual this morning.

The President, it is stated, will leave Washington about August 1st for a visit to the Adirondacks, where he will remain about a month or six weeks to obtain needed rest and recreation. He will be accompanied by a few personal friends.

In Greenland some attempts have been made to raise some of the common plants of European gardens. At the Danish station of Godthaab (latitude 64 deg.), close to the open sea, turnips, radishes, lettuce and parsley are almost the only plants that can be cultivated with any success. The turnip, indeed, requires a favorable summer to produce anything like tolerable specimens. The cabbage are scarcely worthy of the name; but at two island stations up the fjord, about thirty miles north of Godthaab, the climate is strikingly different. Here, Dr. Rink informs us, turnips always come to perfection; carrots prosper well, and attain a fair size; and cabbages, though unable to develop thick stalks, yet produce tolerably large leaves, which the provident Danes stow away for winter use.

Attempts have been made to cultivate potatoes, but the tubers never attain a size larger than marbles, and are only grown and eaten as curiosities. Under the most favorable circumstances green peas only produce shells, in which the peas are barely recognizable. This is within the Arctic Circle, or at least on its immediate borders. In South Greenland—the site of the old Norsemen's settlements—horticulture is practiced under more favorable circumstances. At some of the posts, in about the same latitude as Christiansa, good carrots have been produced, and in a forcing-frame strawberries have grown well and yielded fruit for several years, but they afterward died, owing probably to the severity of the climate.

At Julianashaab turnips often attain a weight of more than half a pound, and are fit for the table in the middle of July. Radishes are fit to be eaten in the middle of June. Rhubarb grows pretty vigorously, and can be raised from seeds. Green cabbage attains a good size, but never the normal taste and pungency of the vegetable. At Jakobshavn, in 69 deg. 13m., our good friend Dr. Pfaff used to raise a few radishes, and the locality being sheltered, the tiny patch of earth on the rocks, which in that remote place passed for a garden, produced "crops" almost as luxuriant as Gothaab in the south.

Oaken pillars have been decided to be better supports for a building in case of fire than iron, the latter being liable to warp from the heat.

The pendulum of the new clock in the Chicago Board of Trade building weighs 750 pounds. The dials are ten feet ten inches in diameter.

Ill feeling has been caused in Indianapolis because foreign, instead of American, marble has been selected for the floors of the State House.

Prof. John H. Hewitt, of Baltimore, Md., aged 89, is named as the oldest living graduate of West Point. He belonged to the class of 1818.

A French woman has invented an instrument by which it is possible to cut metal plates of considerable thickness to any elaborate pattern or design.

## NOT AS YESTERDAY.

The sky is blue, and green the leaves,  
The air is fresh with new mown hay;  
All nature seems to smile, but ah—  
'Tis not as yesterday!

The birds sing sweet their silvery notes,  
The roses bud and bloom so gay,  
But panicles lift soft eyes and sigh—  
'Tis not as yesterday!

The trees, the shrubs, all growing things  
Are brightened by the sun's warm ray,  
Old earth fair and joyous, yet—  
'Tis not as yesterday!

The river, quiet now and calm,  
Flows gently, smoothly on its way;  
Seems there naught abroad but rest, still—  
'Tis not as yesterday!

Oh, Yesterdays of life, so dear,  
Of you forever will we say,  
To-day may lovingly be no—  
'Tis not as yesterday!

Sweet Yesterdays of long ago,  
We love to turn back in our way  
And meet you with fond greeting true  
Oh, rare, bright Yesterday.

## LITTLE NAN'S FORTUNE.

"Come in," called Miss Morrin in her pleasant voice.

So the door opened and Little Nan, song-and-dance artist, appeared on the threshold.

Her thick red hair was twisted in a tight knot the top of her head, a row of curl-papers fringed her forehead, little dabs of powder were left on her cheeks, her calico Mother Hubbard was faded, and there was a long rent in the skirt. She came timidly into the room and laid a large white envelope down on the table.

"It's for you," she said, quickly turning away. "I heard you tellin' Mrs. Spratt 'twas your birthday."

Then the door closed upon Little Nan. Miss Morrin laid down Emerson and took up the attractive white envelope. It contained a birthday card, a very pretty card. On one side was a landscape and a solitary bird on the branch of a tree, and on the other were printed the following verses:

There's gloom without, but there's cheer within,  
Rolling about and rattling din.  
Thee, good luck with a rare good will  
Each lucky duck has a darning bill.

It's a trifle hard, (as I think you'll see)  
On a lonely, scard' old bird like me.

"A lonely, scard' old bird like me?" repeated Miss Morrin to herself. "Yes, I am getting to be an old bird, I am 35 to-day and James is 38. We are both growing old and are no nearer being married than we were ten years ago. Twenty-five is rather late in life to enter upon a long engagement. But I would rather wait for James than marry a millionaire. Dear James! He thinks it is his duty to stay in Maine and preach to those poor, uneducated people when he might be pastor of a rich church with a salary large enough to support us all. Of course it is his first duty to care for his mother and sister. Unfortunately I am poor too. I wish I had a few hundred dollars to buy a claim or grub-stake some poor prospector. If I was a man I would take a pick and go up on the mountains and dig; but being a woman all I can do is wait. I wonder what made that child give me this card. I never spoke to her until this morning. They say she dances at the theater," and with a shudder at the thought Miss Morrin went on reading Emerson.

Down stairs in the office of the Grand Hotel Old Billy was smoking his pipe. He wore long boots that came to his knees, corduroy pants, and a flannel shirt. His broad-brimmed felt hat was tipped over his eyes. He had tilted his arm-chair against the wall and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"It's her birthday, and I give her a card," Little Nan was saying. "She said good mornin' when I met her on the stairs. Hain't she sweet? Bet your life! It was a stunnin' card. There was a bird on a tree and the bird was sayin' 'po'try. It said somethin' 'bout bein' a scard' old bird."

"By ginger!" exclaimed Old Billy; "you've went and done it this time." Then he chuckled. "Didn't you know she was an old maid—a regular Yankee schoolmarm? Why didn't you pick out a nice piece 'bout young love and forget-me-don'ts, and all that kind o' thing."

"It was a mighty pretty card and dirt cheap," answered Little Nan disconsolately. "She wouldn't think I was pokin' fun at her, would she?" looking up anxiously.

"Reckon not," said Old Billy. "you wouldn't find it out if she did. She's an up and down lady. This 'ere camp's no place for her. There hain't another one of her kind to keep her company. Ought to send fur her sister, or cousin, or somethin'. Don't see what bring her way out here to keep school."

Little Nan gazed in the fire with her large blue eyes.

"She hain't like us," she said slowly. "She hain't a bit like us."

The school children were troublesome the next day. Miss Morrin tried coaxing, then scolding, and finally was strongly tempted to resort to corporal punishment. But she was slight and frail, and there were some large boys in the school. On her way home at noon she decided she was still far from being fit for a minister's wife. There were letters from Maine on her table. Old Mrs. Jones had died at last—she was 93—and there had been a church social. Sister Mary had saved enough egg-money to buy herself a black cashmere dress. She thought of having it made with a killed skirt and a poisonize. It was a long time since Mary had bought a new dress, Miss Morrin remembered. Just then a woman clad in velvet and sealskin passed the Grand. Six months before, this same robust female had been glad to wash flannel shirts for the miners. Her "old man had just struck it rich. And down in Maine Sister Mary was selling eggs and hoarding up every nickel in order to buy herself a plain cashmere dress.

"Please ma'am," interrupted Little Nan, having knocked again at Miss Morrin's door. "Will you come and look at old Billy? He's talkin' to himself and his face is red as the deuce."

"The what?" said Miss Morrin, somewhat shocked.

"I said his face was red," repeated Little Nan, innocently.

Miss Morrin silently followed Nan

across the hall to a small room plainly furnished. Old Bill lay quietly on the bed, a patchwork quilt over him, and his head on a dirty pillow. He looked up as they entered.

"Good mornin'," he said with an effort. "It's so dark I can't see you. 'I'll raise the blind," said Miss Morrin.

"Then I pass," murmured old Billy. "He thinks he's playin' poker," explained Little Nan in a whisper. "He don't know what he's sayin'. Would you mind sittin' with him while I get the doctor?"

As she left the room Old Billy put his hand on Miss Morrin's arm. For a moment he was quite himself.

"Please git me a pencil and a bit of paper," he said eagerly. "Quick!"

Silently Miss Morrin rose and crossed the hall to her room. When she returned she handed a sheet of tinted note-paper and a long Faber pencil to the sick man.

With a gasp Old Billy raised his head and Miss Morrin piled up the dirty pillows behind him. He wrote a few lines feebly; then the pencil dropped from his hand. He thrust the bit of paper under the pile of pillows and drew the patchwork quilt well around his shoulders. Still he shivered slightly.

"I'm so cold and tired," he murmured. Then a sweet peace seemed to steal over his face. His eyes closed and he fell gently asleep. But he never woke again in this world.

The day of the funeral Little Nan came to Miss Morrin's room with a basket of bright flowers on her arm.

"Will you please help me to fix the flowers?" she asked, while the tears came to her eyes. "I want to make a wreath for old Billy."

"Sit down," said Miss Morrin, kindly and drew a rocking-chair toward the bed. Then she turned to her trunk, and after some search, came back to her visitor with a roll of fine wire in her hand. Tenderly she lifted the flowers. There were red roses, and pink and scarlet geraniums, and a few sprigs of green.

"Old Billy liked bright flowers," said Little Nan. "He used to throw them to me often."

"What do you do at the theater?" asked Miss Morrin hesitatingly.

"I'm a song and dance artist," answered Nan proudly. "I sing songs and dance."

"Do—do ladies attend?"

"No, ma'am, only men."

"And you like to sing and dance before them?" she asked severely.

"Not much, ma'am; I git awful tired sometimes."

"Then, my child, why not earn your living some other way? It would be better to scrub floors all day long."

"But they wouldn't pay me nothin'!"

"What matter?" began Miss Morrin virtuously.

"But I send my money home, pretty near every dollar," said Little Nan. "There's six of them besides me. My mother's dead. Father don't git but half-wages now. I've earned a heap the last two years, since I've bin dancin'. I'm the oldest one, I'm 18. There are two dead between me and Willie. He's 12. Jennie, she's 19 and the baby's Jennie has an easier time than I had takin' care of 'em. They're out of the way now."

could for me when he was livin' an' then he went and left me them holes in the ground. Bet your life they hain't worth a cent. He never sold no ore from 'em.

A week later when Little Nan called again at Mr. Nickleson's office the lawyer made her his very best bow.

"Take a chair," he said nervously. Then he cleared his throat. "My dear Miss Malony," he began. "I have some—I may say,—" He darted into the adjoining room and returned with a glass of water.

"Drink this, and then I have something to tell you."

"Fire away," answered Nan. "I haint thirsty."

"Can you bear good news?" asked the lawyer solemnly.

"Never had none," said Little Nan. "I have discovered," went on the lawyer, "that old Billy's claims are quite valuable; in fact he must have made a big strike some time ago, but for some reason of his own he took out very little ore. Still he uncovered a fine body of mineral. I have just a good offer for it."

"How much?" asked Nan shortly.

"Three hundred thousand dollars in cash," replied the lawyer slowly.

"That's a heap o' money," said Nan coolly. "Think I could git any more for it?"

"Well, you'll be getting a fair sum," answered the lawyer dryly. "It would take you several years to earn as much. I think you had better accept the offer."

"I don't have to divide with you, do I?" said Nan shrewdly. "See here. Give me \$300,000 and I'll sell. You'll make out of it, some way, bet your life. But mind, I want it all in money, I won't have any checks. They might be good."

"In money?" gasped the lawyer. "Have you any idea how big a pile \$300,000 would make?"

"No," said Nan, "but I reckon I could lug it off some way. But I won't take no checks until I find out whether they're good or not. There's nobody cheats me and old Billy!"

"Come to-morrow," said the lawyer, "and I'll have the papers ready to sign."

The next day at noon Miss Morrin had just seated herself to read a Maine paper when there came a knock that had grown familiar. Little Nan walked in quietly, and seating herself rocked restlessly back and forth.

"Is your father rich?" she asked suddenly.

"No, answered Miss Morrin. "He's a poor farmer. That's why I'm out here teaching school."

"Like to teach?"

"I get very tired sometimes," sighed Miss Morrin. "The children are so troublesome."

"You know a lot about figgers, don't you?" said Nan. "Three hundred thousand dollars is a pretty good pile, haint it?"

"Well, yes," smiled Miss Morrin. "We would call a man with as much as that very rich out in Maine."

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

This world belongs to the energetic. Hope is a dream of those who are awake.

Friendships woven fast by interwoven benefit.

If there is anything better than to be loved, it is loving.

Strong language utterly fails to bolster a weak argument.

No man is more miserable than he that has no adversity.

He who is perfectly vanquished by riches can never be just.

Half the lives we hoard in our hearts are idle because we hoard them.

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

It is the enemy whom we do not suspect who is the most dangerous.

Anger causes us often to condemn in one what we approve in another.

Labor is the divine law of our existence; repose is desertion and suicide.

One half of the world must sweat and groan that the other half may dream.

The qualities we possess never make us so ridiculous as those we pretend to have.

Happiness is always the inaccessible castle which sinks in ruin when we set foot on it.

We cannot too soon convince ourselves how easily we may be dispensed with in the world.

Difficulties are always mountains till we meet them and mole-hills when we have passed them.

When a man regards himself as all-sufficient, the world is apt to think of him as insufficient.

Fortune detects cowardice, and the man who will not be conquered by trifles is her prime favorite.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

Familiarity confounds all traits of distinction, interest and prejudice take away the power of judging.

Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

Let the man who complains that he has no time, cheer up and be glad. His time will come one of these days.

If you would have your desires always effectual, place them on things which are in your power to attain.

Men are guided less by conscience than by glory, and yet the shortest way to glory is to be guided by conscience.

It is better to wear a poor vest with a royal heart behind it than to wear a royal vest with a beggar's heart inside.

Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.

The kind wife who has a smile for her husband when he comes into the house will not drive him to a saloon to get one.

Though avarice will preserve a man from becoming necessarily poor, it generally makes him too timorous to be wealthy.

A restlessness in men's minds to be something they are not, and have something they have not, is the root of immorality.

L'Estrange says—"So long as we stand begging at imaginary evils let us never blame a horse for starting at a shadow."

The prejudice of men and the failure to understand each other are the principal causes of their bitterness and ill-temper.

Small souls are inclined to exaggerate; they fancy that they themselves grow in importance with the things they magnify.

Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get muddy, and then call them curses.

We are all of us in the position of the French marquis who declared—"God will think twice before he condemns a man of my quality."

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

All false practice and affectations of knowledge are more odious to God, and deserve to be so to men, than any want or defeat of knowledge can be.

Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that which is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men and an unspotted life is old age.

The divine idea of human perfection was realized, in different degrees, in all the great men who were the heads and models of humanity. All are in different degrees, voices of the Most High.

When you have learned how to live well, you will know how to die well. Be not sorry if men do not know you, but be sorry if you are ignorant of men. Not to correct our faults is to commit new ones.

The truly great and good, in affliction bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm tree, to strive most upward when it is most burdened.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make an earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything that is gloomy.

Adversity is generally the last possession of these lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second devoted to ambition. He that sinks under the fatigue of getting wealth, lulls his age with the milder business of saving it.

Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the variety of good men; they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and tolerable in our belief in such society, and actually or ideally, we manage to live without enemies.