

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A cloud burst near Paantans, Arizona, on the 9th, washed out six miles of railroad track, and damaged a number of bridges. A freight train was wrecked and three train men were severely injured.
-The President on the 11th appointed Moses A. Hopkins, of North Carolina, to be Minister to Liberia; Henry W. Gilbert, of New York, Consul at Trieste, and James M. Reese, of New York, Consul at Three Rivers, Canada. Rev. Moses A. Hopkins is a Presbyterian Minister. He was born a slave.
-Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has written a letter favoring the insertion of a high-license plank in the platform of the Republican State Convention of New York "because absolute prohibition is an absolute impossibility."
-John L. Sullivan pitched in an amateur game of base ball at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 13th. After the game he was arrested for violating the Sunday law, and gave bail in \$500 for his appearance.
-General McClellan arrived in Chicago on the 12th from the West, and was entertained by his military and political friends during the day. In the evening he was given a reception by the Chicago survivors of the McClellan Dragoons and the members of the National Veterans' Association.
-The steamer Sardinian, having among her passengers Archdeacon Farrar, the eminent English divine, passed in the St. Lawrence at Rimouski on the 13th. Secretary Whitney and Commissioner Coleman returned to Washington on the 12th.
-Charles Young, E. S. Curtis, and Arthur Wheeler, young men, and married, were drowned on the 13th, at Rockland, Massachusetts, by the upsetting of a boat.
-A violent thunder storm visited Canton, Mississippi, and the surrounding country on the 12th. Trees and fences were leveled and crops damaged. A gin house was struck by lightning and one man was killed.
-The Secretary of the Grand Monument Fund in New York, on the 12th sent a brass memorial tablet of the General to the Mayor of Galena, Ill. It will be placed in one of the public buildings in that city. At a meeting of the Grant Monument State Committee of California, held in San Francisco on the 12th, Mr. Stanford said "he had no doubt that \$50,000 could be raised easily, but he believed that \$500,000 could be raised in California just as easily. While gentlemen might contribute small amounts for commonplace monuments, if something was projected that would be an ornament to the State it would stimulate generous impulse of the people, and the amount required would be forthcoming."
-The first of the races in the international contest was sailed on the 14th, and was won by the Puritan, which defeated the Genesta by 16 minutes, 19 seconds, corrected time. The race was over the New York Yacht Club course; the next race will be over the outside course.
-The Board of Naval Officers appointed to consider plans for the construction of the new naval vessels met on the 14th in Washington. The Board expects to be able to report to the Secretary of the Navy in about two weeks.
-Our exports of beef and pork products during ten months which ended August 31st, 1885, amounted in value to \$73,761,451, an increase of \$2,024,641 compared with the export of the corresponding period of 1884. Our exports of dairy products during the four months which ended August 31st last were valued at \$5,289,504, against \$7,832,619 during the corresponding period of last year.
-A freight train separated on a steep grade near Guilford, Indiana, on the 12th, and the rear section afterwards telescoped that attached to the engine. Nine tramps were imprisoned in a car loaded with oats, and three of them perished of suffocation. A passenger train on the Northwestern Railroad tumbled down an embankment while entering St. Paul on the 14th. Several passengers were injured, one, a young woman, dangerously.
-A house in Montreal, known as "Noah's Ark," which contains more than twenty families, has contributed to the mortality returns ten deaths from small-pox in one day.
-The Young Men's Democratic Club, of Brooklyn, on the 14th adopted resolutions endorsing the Administration of President Cleveland and pledging support to the local candidate for Mayor.
-Captain Albert E. Goodrich, a pioneer in the navigation of the great lakes and founder of the Goodrich Transportation Company, died on the 14th in Chicago. Daniel Dorsey, proprietor of Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore, died the same day at the age of 74 years. He married a daughter of David Barnum, founder of the house, and succeeded to its charge twenty-one years ago. Col. Daniel Krebs died on the same day in Pottsville, aged 79 years. He represented Schuylkill county in the State Legislature in 1838, was postmaster of Pottsville under President Buchanan, and Inspector of Customs at Philadelphia under Collector Calk.
-The celebration of the centennial of the city of Harrisburg and county of Dauphin began on the 14th. There was a parade of 5000 children and a meeting was held in the Court House, General Cameron presiding, at which Governor Pattison and others spoke.
-The Canadian propeller Prussia was burned off Sand Island, Wisconsin, on the 12th. She was valued at \$20,000, and insured for \$14,000.
-A telegram from Santa Fe, New Mexico, says that although the country to the south of that place is filled with troops, and efforts are being made to head off raiding Apaches, "not an Indian or a squaw has been captured." The Indians are working their way towards the San Carlos reservation. On the 13th they killed two men.
-The Reading Baptist Association on the 15th celebrated its tenth anniversary in Reading, Penna. Delegates were present from Reading, Philadel-

phia, Portland, East Stroudsburg, Shenandoah, Pottsville, Bleakleyville, Allentown, St. Clair, Girardville and other places. Officers were elected as follows: Moderator, Rev. F. S. Dobbins, of Allentown; Clerk, Rev. W. S. Lewis, of St. Clair; Treasurer S. L. Weidman, of Portland. Addresses were delivered on temperance and Sunday school work.
-The engine, baggage and smoking cars of a train on the Kentucky Central Railroad tumbled down a 30-foot embankment near Lexington on the 15th. Frank Watts, engineer, and H. C. Burger, fireman, were killed. Three other train hands and a number of passengers were injured. Among the latter is T. J. Nichols, the well-known horseman of Paris, Kentucky, whose injuries are supposed to be fatal.
-Mr. Dorsheimer's new paper, the Star, the successor of John Kelly's organ, appeared in New York. It announces its independence of the Democratic factions, and that one of its chief purposes will be the promotion of party concord.
-Biel has been respited, to await the decision of his case by the Privy Council of Great Britain.
-The 250th anniversary of the settlement of Hingham, Massachusetts, was celebrated, with firing of cannon, ringing of bells, open-air concerts, a parade, and addresses by ex-Governor Long and Solomon Lincoln.
-A Cabinet meeting was held on the 15th, at which all the members, except Secretaries Bayard and Endicott and Attorney General Garland, were present. It is understood that the silver question was considered.
-The President on the 15th appointed the following Customs Collectors: John McWilliams, for Providence, Rhode Island; John S. Hager, for San Francisco; William J. McKinnie, for Cuyahoga, Ohio; John Planagan, for Southern Oregon.
-The first State Convention held by the Prohibitionists of Maryland met on the 16th in Baltimore. Henry Taylor, of Baltimore, was nominated for Comptroller, and the nomination of a candidate for Clerk of Appeals was left to the Executive Committee. The Prohibitionists of Baltimore will hold a convention to nominate candidates for Sheriff and Register of Wills, and District and County Conventions candidates for the General Assembly.
-Up to one o'clock on the 16th returns have been received in Milwaukee from 59 cities and towns throughout Wisconsin of their votes on the license question. Twenty-two carried a \$500 license, thirty six carried a license of \$200, and in only one town was a \$350 fee adopted. The low license majority in Milwaukee is nearly 15,000. "The result of the elections throughout the State is a great surprise to brewers, as it was not thought that a dozen places would adopt the maximum figures."
-The Aztec Club, composed of officers of the Mexican war, met on the 16th in New York, and adopted the following: "Resolved, That the Aztec Club of 1847 records their high admiration for the character and immortal deeds of their illustrious vice president, General U. S. Grant, and their sincere sorrow at his departure from us." Professor Coppee, of Pennsylvania, read a memorial of the General.
-Comptroller Durham has forwarded to the Solicitor of the Treasury a transcript of the accounts of George B. Loring, ex-Commissioner of Agriculture, so that suit may be commenced for the recovery of about \$20,000 of Government money alleged to have been illegally expended by Loring in the purchase of seed, etc., for the department.
-James Whelan, who was appointed United States Consul at Fort Erie, Canada, several weeks ago, and whose appointment was reported to be objectionable to the Canadian Government on account of his prominence as a member of the Fenian brotherhood, has been recognized by the Government at Ottawa as the representative of the United States Government at Fort Erie.
-The State Brewers' Convention met on the 16th, in Harrisburg, Pa. and elected the following officers: President, George Graybill, of York; First Vice President, James A. Green, of Carlisle; Second Vice President, C. B. Adams, Kendall Creek; Corresponding Secretary, S. H. Ettla, Harrisburg; Recording Secretary, W. W. Under, Reading; Treasurer, J. C. Greenawalt, Bradford.
-The second race in the international contest took place on the 6th and was won by the Puritan. The course was twenty miles from the Scotland Lightship to leeward and return, and the Puritan reached the finish 2 minutes 9 seconds, actual time, or 1 minute 38 seconds, corrected time, ahead of the Genesta. The race was perhaps the most closely-contested on record.
-The Democratic State Convention of Maryland met on the 16th in Baltimore. J. Frank Turner, of Talbot, was nominated Comptroller, and Spencer Jones, of Montgomery, for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, both without opposition.
-Mrs. Webster and Dan.
Great as Daniel Webster was there must have been times when he felt that Mrs. Webster was the biggest of the two. Some recent reminiscences of the sage of Marshfield reveal the fact that it was not an uncommon thing for him to take his son aside and observe: "Fletcher my boy, let us go to Franklin to-morrow. We'll have a good time and leave the old lady at home." How many halcyon experiences in the lives of married men will this touching little domestic incident recall. Into how many conjugal hearts has stolen the sunshine of that delightful legend, "Leave the old lady at home."

A SONG.
I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no hum of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.
I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.
He came not, no, he came not,
The night came on alone;
The little stars sat one by one
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.
Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our hearts
Was all the sound we heard.
FATES WEAVING.
"I want you to help me in this, Mina," said Guy Ashton, coaxingly, to his pretty little sister, Mrs. Lane. "If I am to go out in a month, for a month let me have all the enjoyment I can get out of being master here. It was a beastly will, but I ought to be thankful for my year of freedom here; and I am"—with a frown; "but I'm not going to let any old uncle, dead or alive, select a wife for me. So in one month I make way for the heiress, Miss May Howard."
"I wish you would let me present you to Miss Howard, Guy," Mrs. Lane said plaintively. "I am sure you would fall in love with her. She is a perfect darling. I do wish you were not so contrary and bent on throwing all this wealth away, just through a whim. It was a queer will the old man made; but you see he had loved Miss Howard's mother. That was why he never married."
"A strange reason for his wanting to marry me to the daughter," Guy said disgustedly; "and I distinctly decline to be married to her. I have never seen her, and won't see her until the middle of September, when I am to give all things into her fair hands. Now, don't preach, Mina, but fill the old place with guests as soon as you can. Let my last month at Sheldon be a merry one. You may ask any one you choose; but no berys."
"Any one, Guy?"
"A dozen or so, who will help us get through the August days. I am sure you will be able to bring together a very agreeable little party."
"I will try, dear," said Mrs. Mina, with a sly glance from under her long lashes at the tall young fellow who lay on the grass at her feet, a dissatisfied frown on his dark face and a bored look in his brown eyes, as they went over the fertile fields of the Sheldon domain, which from boyhood he had been taught to regard as his own by the uncle, who, dying, had left it to him for a year, to be forfeited by him at the expiration of that time unless he had, in those twelve months, wooed and won Miss May Howard, who, in case he failed to win her for a wife, would become the heiress of Sheldon.
Almost eleven months had passed, and the young man had declined even to meet Miss Howard, declaring that he but held the property in trust for her. He had sent her a very frigid and formal note to that effect, to which she had not replied; and his sister's entreaties had failed to move him an inch. He would not allow her to manage a meeting between himself and the girl who had come between him and his inheritance.
So Mina sent out her invitations, and to one of them added a long and rather elegant letter, on the reply to which she based many a hope. When it came she was all in a flutter of rapturous excitement.
"I don't know what will come of it, but I would do even more to see Guy retain this magnificent place," she told herself, having read the letter for the fourth time. "I really do not know what men would do without a little of our help sometimes."
(I have often so wondered myself, reader.)
At the end of a week there were fourteen guests at Sheldon, each one a social, literary or musical celebrity, and certainly a pleasanter or more informal party never were gathered together in a rambling country residence.
"Do you expect any others, Mina?" her brother asked one morning as he and she stood watching an animated contest over croquet on the spacious lawn.
"One more, a lady," she answered. "She is very lovely, but an orphan and not at all wealthy. I want you to see that she isn't lonely with us, Guy. She is not acquainted with one of our guests."
"Very well, Mina, what is her name?"
"Miss May—Viola May. Isn't it pretty?"
"Is she fair or dark, Mina? Has she blue eyes or brown? Is her nose Grecian or pug? Is she—?"
"You shall see in a moment. There

is the carriage, and you may stand here and see her as she descends from it."
Mrs. Lane hastened forward, arriving at the steps as the carriage drew up before them. A moment afterward Guy, watching, saw a slight figure in gray spring lightly out and caught the sound of a soft laugh, which was echoed by his sister. The laugh was a very sweet one, impulsive and girlish, and full of a music peculiarly its own. It made him anxious for a sight of the face of this new guest whose name was unfamiliar to him.
But the face was not turned toward him. The slim graceful, girlish figure went up the steps with Mina and in at the great door, and he had seen only that and caught a glint of fair hair under a little gray bonnet.
The day was intolerably warm and Miss May did not appear until all had gathered in the wide old parlor previous to the sounding of the dinner-bell.
Guy was standing at a window far down the room as she came in with Mina, and some unawakened chord in his heart vibrated at sight of that flower-fair face, surmounted by masses of flossy, golden hair, of which the light made a halo. It was the very sweetest face he had ever seen, without color, save in the crimson of the delicate, naughty lips, lighted by long-lashed eyes of deep, unfathomable gray and filled with impetuousness and sweetness—a face with the freshness of childhood on it, fair as the dew on a flower, but full of the capabilities that make a woman so truly worthy of the reverence love of a man.
Mina led her to a group of guests and presented them. Guy went forward, a touch of unusual color on either dark cheek, and as his name was mentioned wondered why the beautiful face grew suddenly crimson and the gray eyes fell. Just then the bell rang, dinner was announced, and he found himself leading Miss May out to the quaint old dining hall, with its massive sideboard and its quaint old carvings and the ancient air of comfort and wealth.
"I could give it all up without a pang for such a face as the one beside me," Guy thought, while merry chatter went on around him and he listened to the crisp nothing which, like champagne bubbles, lingered but a moment, but in that moment were brilliant with diamond-glitter.
"Guy," his sister said to him when they were alone a moment just before separating for the night, some hours later, "are you not sorry you have not consented to see Miss Howard? It will soon be too late."
"Is it too late now, Mina," he answered her with his customary frankness. "I have seen a face that will blind me to beauty in all others; for good or evil, my fate has come to me, and if I can teach her heart to lean on me, I will give Miss Howard all Sheldon without a murmur, trusting to my own right hand to make a way for me in this wide world of ours."
And Mina scarcely suppressed the cry of glad surprise that arose to her lips. An hour later she was talking very earnestly to Miss May in the latter's room, and the fair face of the girl was warm with color.
In three days Guy Ashton would go out from Sheldon, no longer the heir of wealth and broad lands, but the almost empty handed man, with energies and capabilities on which he must depend for a future. He had written to Miss Howard, and she had replied; in three days she would accept her property, that was all she said in her cool, formal note.
Half the guests had gone, and on the morrow the remainder would go, Miss May among them. But, on this last evening of her stay, Guy had led her down to the river, unmoored his skiff, and rowed with her over the sheen of the waters, under the full September moon.
How fair, how surpassingly fair, the girl looked, trailing her hand in the water, a soft white scarf lying lightly on her golden hair. Was it the moonlight, or was she white as a spirit, sitting there so silent?
"You are going away to-morrow?" She started a little at his question, but smiled as she answered.
"Yes, I'm going away to-morrow. I have had three very pleasant weeks for which I must thank Mrs. Lane—and you." The last two words very softly, in a low little voice which may not have been quite even.
"Nay," Guy said, resting on his oars and pushing the hat back from his brow restlessly with one hand. "I will have no thanks; those three weeks have been the happiest of my life. If I was not to be almost a beggar in three days—no, I will never be that—but if I was not to find myself turned from what has always been my home, and I fancied would be mine one day, I would ask you to let me make you mistress of Sheldon. I would ask you to accept the best love of my heart, which is yours and will be while I live."
A light which was not cast by the moon shone on the face of the girl, now earnestly and womanly.
"You would offer me a royal gift," she answered steadily. "Do you think I would prize it less if the broad lands of Sheldon did not accompany it?"
His face flushed darkly, his pulse throbed with rapture, as he bent toward her with outstretched hand.
"Will you let me work for you?" he

asked her. "Trust me, no man shall so cheerfully labor as shall I, if you will let me labor for you."
She placed her hand in his and he laid his lips upon it.
"With Heaven's help you shall not regret," he half whispered. "I can let Sheldon go now. I have what is far dearer—your love. Say it once, my darling, you love me?"
Softly on the bush of night she whispered it, her flower-like face bent very lowly; but he caught the murmur, and the frail shell of a boat was allowed to drift with the tide, bearing its freight of happiness into the moonbeams or into the shadows; they did not heed.
It was late when they rowed back to the landing place and left the boat; later when they arrived at the house and found Mrs. Mina in a pretended fever of anxiety.
"Thought you had met with an accident," she said, scanning the two conscious faces with much inward amusement. "It is very late, and everybody has gone to bed."
"I am glad you are alone," Guy said, stammering a little. "I want to tell you what has happened, and—and—in fact, Viola has promised to become your sister."
"I am so glad," exclaimed Mina, springing up impulsively, and giving Miss May a very sisterly kiss. "Now everything is all right, and Uncle Sheldon's will is going to trouble nobody. I knew it would take a woman to cut the tangled threads, and I did it. I regard myself as quite a genius; and you should both be very grateful to me."
"Was in the world are you talking of, Mina? I hope my information hasn't quite turned your brain," Guy said, uneasily. His sister looked at Miss May, who colored very guiltily.
"You did not know, and I—I forgot to tell you to-night," she said. "But I am Viola May Howard, and—and I hope you will not love me less, now that you know it. Mrs. Lane suggested my meeting you in this way, and I wished to see what sort of a fellow you were, before I did what I meant to—signed off all claim to Sheldon. But now, if you are angry—"

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.
They despise riches that despair of them.
One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.
We wish for more in life, rather than more of it.
The purest water runs from the hardest rock.
Prefer truth before the maintaining of an opinion.
School houses are the republican line of fortifications.
Those who hope for no other life are dead even for this.
Great truths are generally bought, not found by chance.
The first great work is that yourself may to yourself be true.
No ashes are lighter than incense, and few things burn out sooner.
The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.
Darkness, solitude and remorse are grim and hateful company.
Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.
Ceremonies differ in every country, but true politeness is ever the same.
A man's good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.
The best manner of revenging an injury is not to imitate the person that did it.
Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.
Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.
Keep yourself from envy; it is the lowest and most shameful passion in the world.
Men are never killed by the adversities they have, but by the impatience which they suffer.
Repentance without amendment is like continually pumping without mending the leak.
Little drops of rain brighten the meadows and little acts of kindness brighten the world.
To make the most of the good and the least of the evil of life is the best philosophy of life.
Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.
The way to please is not to display your superiority; it is to conceal it from being perceived.
You must not abandon reason in your pleasures, if you would find it again in your troubles.
Improve the wit you have bought at a dear rate, and the wisdom you have gained by sad experience.
Less time spent in idle dreaming and devoted to the duties of life would give us wealth and contentment.
The afflictions of this life are neither too numerous nor too sharp. Much rust requires a rough file.
A man's virtue should be measured, not by his occasional exertions, but by the doings of his ordinary life.
A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain—it is a seed which even dropped by chance springs up a flower.
Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.
Never let the world see that you are fond of your own person; a polite man never finds time to talk of himself.
If you wish to be as happy as a king, look at those who haven't as much as you, not at those who have more.
"We must learn," said the great French painter, Millet, "to infuse sublimity into trifles. That is power."
Large as this world is, it is nothing, after all, but a mere rostrum on which the immortal mind speaks its piece.
Our ailments are much more numerous than our dangers, and we suffer much more in apprehension than in reality.
We see how much a man has, and therefore envy him; did we see how little he enjoys, we should rather pity him.
Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.
Reflection is the guide that leads to truth; consider facts only as authorities to support reason, or as subjects to exercise it.
The thunder of great words does not always betoken a great thought, for many a grand salute is fired with a blank cartridge.
Selfishness, though refined, is still but selfishness, and refinement ought never to interfere with doing good in the world as it exists.
To think kindly of one another is good, to speak kindly of one another is better, but to act kindly one toward another is best of all.
Conceit is an assumption which is to Nature what paint is to beauty—not only needless, but a detriment to that which it is meant to improve.
Never swerve in your conduct from your honest convictions; decide because you see reason for decision, and then act because you have decided.
What veracity is to speech, fidelity is to action. As we may safely depend upon the word of a truthful man, so we may depend upon the doings of a faithful man.
We are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions when performed by ourselves.
Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.
Sincerity is an openness of heart; it is found in a very few people, and that which we commonly see is not it, but a subtle dissimulation to gain the confidence of others.
The hills of lofty endeavor and high achievement lie around us, and if we never catch a glimpse of the views they afford, we need not complain that it is because of the insuperable limitations of our surroundings.