

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Three cars of a passenger train on the Western North Carolina Railroad were thrown from the track near Charlotte North Carolina, on the 25th by a broken rail. Three persons were injured. An accommodation train on the Chartiers branch of the Pan Handle road ran into a coal train on a siding near Mansfield, Penna., on the 25th wrecking the engine and baggage car. Three trains hands were injured.

The total values of our imports of merchandise during the twelve months which ended on the 31st of August last were \$571,235,943, against \$557,871,316 during the twelve months which ended August 31st, 1884. The values of our exports of merchandise during the twelve months which ended with last August were \$722,765,461, against \$735,018,792 during the corresponding period of the preceding year.

The yacht race for the Cape May challenge cup, valued at \$1000, and presented by James Gordon Bennett in 1872, was entered into on the 26th by the American schooner Dauntless and the English cutter Genesta. The start was made from Sandy Hook, the course to be southerly and around the Five Fathom lightship, off Cape May, and return to Sandy Hook. The steamer City of Atlanta, from Charleston, which arrived at New York on the 27th reported that "September 27th, at 7.24 A. M., twenty-five miles N. E. of Delaware Lightship, passed the cutter Genesta standing on the starboard tack, with wind veering light. The tug Luckenbach was following." The steamer Seneca, from Newport News and Norfolk, reported; "Sept. 27, at 9.41 A. M., passed the cutter Genesta heading S. S. W., 26 miles from Cape May lightship, wind W. S. W., fine breeze. Saw nothing of the Dauntless."

The corn crop of the United States having passed the critical stage and being no longer subject to injury from frost, the Farmer's Review, of Chicago, from returns received from 1400 correspondents, gives an estimate of the total yield of the present year. The aggregate yield in the ten principal corn growing States is estimated at 1,436,236,000 bushels, an increase of 184,640,000 on last year's crop. The other States and Territories are expected to swell the total of this year's crop to 1,979,636,000 bushels.

Colonel John C. Kelton, Assistant Adjutant General, who has been for fifteen years on duty on the Pacific coast, has been relieved from duty at the headquarters of the Division of the Pacific, and ordered to report at Washington. Lieutenant Colonel Chauncey McKeever will be his successor.

The President on the 26th appointed Daniel O. Finch to be U. S. Attorney for Southern Iowa, and Fabius H. Busbee U. S. Attorney for Eastern North Carolina.

The President has through the Secretary of the Treasury asked Professor Alexander Agassiz to take the office of Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, in place of Professor Hilgard, resigned.

Roswell P. Flower has written a letter to the chairman of the late Democratic Convention of New York positively declining the nomination for Lieutenant Governor.

The storm which raged at New Orleans on the 26th, has subsided, and the washouts on the Louisville and Nashville railroad have been sufficiently repaired to allow of the passage of trains.

It is reported that Captain Hatfield's command, in the Cananea Mountains, Sonora, has had a fight with 60 hostile Indians, and captured 43 of them, after killing several others. The captives will be turned over to the civil authorities at Tucson, Arizona.

The nomination for Lieutenant Governor of New York on the Democratic ticket, made vacant by the death of Flower, was not filed by the State Committee on the 25th. It is understood that Governor Hill and a majority of the committee favor General Slocum for the vacancy.

The President on the 28th made the following appointments: To be Indian Agent: W. L. Powell, of Virginia, Neah Bay Agency, in Washington Territory; John V. Summers, of Missouri, at Quapaw Agency, in the Indian Territory; Mark W. Stevens, of Michigan, at Mackinac Agency, in Michigan; C. Hill, of Nebraska, at Santee Agency, in Nebraska, vice Wm. H. Spaulding, declined; Moses Neal, of Kansas, at Sac and Fox Agency, in the Indian Territory, vice Isaac A. Taylor, resigned; Henry E. Williamson, of Mississippi, at Crow Agency, in Montana, vice Henry J. Armstrong, resigned; Fletcher I. Cowart, of Alabama, at Mesquero Agency, in New Mexico, vice W. H. H. Llewellyn, resigned.

In Lake township, near Traverse, Dakota, on the 27th, a man set fire to some straw. A high wind carried the flames northward with frightful rapidity, and they consumed houses, barns, hay, grain and farm machinery. It is estimated that a thousand tons of hay were destroyed.

There has been a rainfall of ten inches during the last 50 hours at Jacksonville, Florida. Great damage has been done, and washouts are reported on all the roads.

A despatch from the City of Mexico says it is six days since there has been mail and passenger communication by rail with the United States, owing to washouts. It is hoped that trains will be running soon.

Captain James W. Pope, Assistant Quartermaster, was transferred from Philadelphia to Fort Leavenworth, to relieve Captain Forrest H. Hathaway, Assistant Quartermaster there.

General Sheridan has returned to Washington, and is at his desk in the War Department.

The President on the 24th appointed Arthur Balbridge Hoff, of Washington, to be cadet-at-large at the Naval Academy. He is a son of Commander Wm. Balbridge Hoff, of the navy; grandson of Rear Admiral Henry K. Hoff, and great-grandson of Commodore Wm. Balbridge, who commanded the old frigate Constitution when she captured the Java.

W. B. Fleming, Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico, has resigned on account of ill health.

The Postmaster General decides that the salaries of postal employes cannot be attached for debt.

Two men started on a deer-hunting expedition at Gander Bay, Newfoundland, a few days ago. During the night one of them hearing a rustling in the bushes, and thinking it was caused by deer, fired at the spot. He found that he had killed one man and mortally wounded another.

Charles B. Ketchum, one of the reporters of the Associated Press in Washington, died on the 28th in that city of typhoid fever. He was formerly city editor of the Kansas City Times.

The Democratic State Committee of New York on the 29th selected General E. F. Jones, of Binghamton, for candidate for Lieutenant Governor in place of Roswell P. Flower. General Jones was born in Utica, New York, in 1828. He grew up in Massachusetts, and was Colonel of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, which was attacked in Baltimore when on its way to Washington in 1861. He recruited the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment after the discharge of the Sixth Regiment.

The National Greenback State Convention of Massachusetts, was held on the 29th in Boston. The following State ticket was nominated by acclamation: Governor, James Sumner, of Milton; Lieutenant Governor, James M. Buffum, Lynn; Secretary of State, H. W. K. Eastman, Lawrence; Treasurer and Receiver, General Walter Harmon, Boston; Auditor, A. H. Wood, Lunenburg; Attorney General, A. F. Hale, of Hudson.

The eighth annual fair of the State Agricultural Society of Delaware opened on the 29th at Dover. The attendance was large and the exhibits in order.

Dr. Brakely, President of the New Jersey Cranberry Association, reports the crop of cranberries in New Jersey to be "unprecedented." One bog of six acres, alone, in Burlington county, has yielded 1904 bushels. The berries have escaped injury by frost.

Twenty thousand dollars' damage was done by a collision in the Fitchburg Railroad's freight yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the 28th. No person was injured.

It is reported that Dr. Gregory, of the Civil Service Commission, intends to resign at an early date. This would leave Judge Thoman alone in the board.

The President on the 29th appointed Edward A. Stevenson, of Boise City, to be Governor of Idaho, and William B. Webb, of Billings, to be Secretary of Montana. The President also appointed David R. Asbury to be Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels at St. Louis, and James T. Healey Assistant Treasurer at Chicago.

Dr. Gregory, of the Board of Civil Service Commissioners, on the 30th ult., told President Cleveland that his resignation was written and at his disposal whenever he saw fit to call for it. The President did not say when he would relieve Dr. Gregory of the cares of office, but expressed himself as satisfied with the Commissioners' action in tendering his resignation.

The President on the 30th ult., appointed Dudley O. Watson to be Collector of Customs at Grand Haven, Michigan.

The President on the 30th ult., informed Dr. Hamilton, Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital service, that he thought the best interest of the service would be served by making no change in his chief, and he had therefore, decided not to accept the doctor's resignation.

The Republican State Convention of Massachusetts met on the 30th ult. in Springfield. George F. Hoar was chosen permanent chairman, and made a long address, reviewing the political issues of the day. The following ticket was nominated: For Governor, George D. Robinson; Lieutenant Governor, Oliver Ames; Secretary of State, Henry B. Peirce; Treasurer, Alanson W. Beard; Auditor, Charles R. Ladd; Attorney General, Edgar J. Sherman. All received a unanimous vote.

The registration of voters in Cincinnati foots up 60,096, which is 5000 less than the total vote cast at the Presidential election last year.

The annual exhibition of the American Institute Fair was formally opened in New York on the 30th ult. The number of exhibits is large. A horticultural exhibition is one of the features.

A State Convention of the Colored Men of Virginia met on the 30th ult., in Lynchburg. An address to the colored people of Virginia was adopted, "calling a halt" in the unqualified support they have given the Republican party, declaring that the Republicans practically abandoned them in former campaigns, and that the race antagonisms which have caused the spilling of their blood and which retard their progress and makes it difficult for them to live in the land of their birth are largely traceable to the mismanagement of the Federal office-holders in their section. The convention was largely attended, and many leading colored men were present.

The reunion of the Soldiers and Sailors of Kansas began on the 28th, at Topeka. It is estimated that there are 25,000 persons encamped on the ground, besides 5000 visitors quartered in the city, while more are coming.

Vice President Hendricks on the 30th ult. addressed the New Jersey State Fireman's Association at Atlantic City. His remarks were warmly applauded.

Secretary Lamar was at the Interior Department on the 30th ult. He has almost recovered from his attack of hay fever.

The word cannibal signifies a bravo or valiant man, and is derived from the name by which the Caribbees called themselves.

A craze for short hair has seized hold of the young women of Rochester, N. Y., and is reported to be spreading over the country.

On an average a railway postal clerk works about fourteen hours a night for six consecutive nights, then he has six nights off.

FIRE'S CHANGES.

The other day with eager feet I left the busy town And sought the country's cool retreat Before the sun went down. The silver Thames made music there, The wild birds sang in tune, And all the world seemed free from care That Sunday afternoon.

I passed outside the village church And heard the psalms that day, While calm and still around the porch The sleeping tenants lay. No noise disturbs the poet here, The painter sleeps sublime, Safe sheltered from all pain and care Until the end of time.

Down avenues of ancient trees That men may soon forget, I walked that afternoon with ease, And deep in thought the while, Near there I used to go to school, A small mischievous boy, The daily breaking some good rule Was say supremest joy.

The building stood there just the same, But woe a vacant air, No comrade to the window came To bid me welcome there. The boys were gone—the house to let— They will return no more, For under hands than theirs have set A "writ" upon the door.

The grand old school deserted stands, The garden shows decay; No more our busy feet and hands Shall revel there in play. But through mist and gloom and disgrace Are called against the door, We cherish our best place Where we were boys of yore.

THE LAWYER'S WIDOW.

THE ADVICE HE GAVE THE DUKOM WIDOW.

Mrs. Abigail Widgin, a buxom widow of four-and-forty, sat sewing in the winter sunlight which fell through the stand of geraniums and petunias before her sitting-room window. A cheerful wood fire burning on the hearth, and its flames reflected in the glistening fire-dogs, glistened only less brightly than the sunbeams themselves.

Mrs. Widgin was a roly-poly little woman with snapping black eyes, cheeks like Baldwin apples, and hair in which only a few white threads disturbed the raven gloss. There was an air of determination, it is true, in her firm lower jaw, but this was so overshadowed by the general rosininess and jollity of her face as to be hardly perceptible, and even a close observer would have pronounced Mistress Abigail, as she sat sewing in the afternoon sunlight, a dame as gracious as she was comely.

The clock in the corner ticked monotonously, the cat on the hearth-rug alternately slept and then, awakened by a sudden snap of the fire, awoke to purr lustily until drowsiness again overcame her. The widow sewed on with perfect composure, and scarcely a firmer curve of the mouth betrayed the fact that she was keenly debating some important matter in her mind. Only from time to time was her glance raised to the dial, and when at length the sound of footsteps crunching on the snow without was heard, the quick comprehensive survey which the black eyes made of the room indicated some desire that everything should be right and trig for the coming guest, and showed moreover that the new comer had been expected.

A moment later and Tilly, the trim maiden, had ushered into the room a dapper little man with a markedly legal air, keen, shrewd, twinkling eyes and a shining bald spot on the top of his head. "Good afternoon, Mr. Sharperson," the widow said briskly, rising with hospitable alacrity. "I began to fear that you were not coming."

"Good afternoon," the gentleman returned, allowing his hand to be shaken vigorously. "Sit down by the fire," pursued the widow bustling about with the desire of doing something, yet not knowing exactly what to do. "It must be a cool day for the sun. The snow crunches too much for one not to know that. You found it so, didn't you?" she concluded, knowing that nothing short of a direct question was likely to elicit a response from the taciturn lawyer.

"Yes," he answered briefly. "Uncommon cold, I should say," went on Mrs. Widgin, seating herself opposite her guest and spreading out her plump hands to the blaze as if talking about the temperature made her more sensible of it. "Colder than usual for the season; don't you think so?"

"Perhaps."

"Oh, it certainly is much cooler."

No response.

"But then it is the time of year, after all, when a person can expect quite severe weather."

Still no answer.

"The days begin to lengthen; you know the proverb, 'the cold begins to strengthen.'"

Still unbroken silence on the part of the lawyer, and the hostess was forced to abandon the weather for a more promising topic.

"You brought the papers for me to sign, I suppose, Mr. Sharperson?"

"Yes."

"Of course you know they are all right. I trust it all in your hands. I never did know anything about mortgages."

It was in Mr. Sharperson's mind that for one who knew nothing about legal documents the widow had managed her property with remarkable shrewdness; but it not being his custom to waste superfluous words by putting his thoughts into speech, he made no remark.

"I will sign whatever you tell me to," his client continued with really touching confidence. "It is hard for a woman to have nobody but herself to lean upon. I am sure you don't know what I should do without you."

Again no response.

"I quite depend upon you."

Still no reply, unless a faint sniff, more or less scornful, might be so considered.

"Where are the papers?"

Mr. Sharperson arose with great deliberation, and from the green baize bag which on entering he had deposited upon the table produced a small package of legal papers. He turned again to the table and widow, his eyes dwelling appreciatively upon the cheery propor-

tions of both as, without speaking, he handed the documents to Mrs. Widgin. "Are there four of them?" she asked with some appearance of surprise. "I only expected three."

"Four," he said; but he volunteered no further information. The widow unfolded the papers while the lawyer watched with professional narrowness, and as she looked them over the color flushed yet more in her somewhat florid cheeks.

"Do you succeed in selling that ten-acre lot to Mr. Wood's mill?" she exclaimed. "How perfectly splendid! Why, Mr. Sharperson, I am positively getting to be quite an heiress. Isn't there some mistake?"

"No."

"And the sale is really made?"

"Yes."

"Got three thousand?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Sharperson, I have the greatest mind I ever had in the world to kiss you."

"Do."

The widow was so astonished at having elicited a monosyllable of such a character from the bachelor that she almost forgot to blush, but fortunately remembered in time what was expected of her sex.

"Really," she simpered, "you are positively dreadful! I wouldn't have believed it of you."

She paused to give him an opportunity of adding something more, but Mr. Sharperson had already exceeded the ordinary limits of his habitual reticence, and by a not unnatural recoil was now more silent than ever.

"I shall soon begin to look out for fortune hunters," remarked Mrs. Widgin archly. "I hope you'll protect me from them when they come."

Mr. Sharperson's look expressed such entire willingness to undertake the defense of his fair client that he evidently did not feel it necessary to put it into words.

"I don't know," pursued the widow, gazing abstractedly into the fire, "but I shall have to look about for somebody to take care of me. What do you say Mr. Sharperson?"

"Certainly, you. You know my business affairs perfectly, and can advise me better than any body else. Now, to be perfectly frank, what say you to my being married again?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, you think I ought not to talk so plainly about it. Well, very likely not; but you'll at least allow that there might be circumstances which would make it best for me to marry again."

"Yes."

"I've been a widow five years, and if the right man turned up—"

She paused with the secret desire to shake the gentleman opposite, to see if by that operation his taciturn tongue might be loosened.

"If," echoed he, significantly, as she paused.

"Why, of course," she retorted, "you must allow that there is a right man somewhere, if one could find him."

"Yes."

"And perhaps, continued she, a mischievous smile revealing to the lawyer's eyes quite a new dimple, hitherto unsuspected, in her cheek, "and perhaps you would even let me come to you for legal advice in my choice, if I paid well?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then advise," cried the widow desperately.

She had been perfectly sure for two or three months that Mr. Sharperson was longing to propose to her, could he but get the words over his tongue, and she said to herself that this afternoon he should do it if feminine wit could devise a way. Anything short of deliberately proposing herself she was prepared to do, and she began now to fear lest she should be forced to even that extreme measure.

Now when everything had been so admirably worked up to the speaking point for him instead of uttering the decisive word, the lawyer only smiled and was silent. To tell the truth, he was as eager to get the important question asked as was the widow, could he but overcome his natural laconic habit and the bashfulness which just now exaggerated it. Mrs. Widgin's mouth set itself a trifle more firmly than before.

"This is always the way if one really wants advice. If I didn't want it you'd probably be ready to give it." This was so obviously absurd that they both smiled, and both pretending to move nearer the fire, moved their chairs a little closer together.

"I see," said Mrs. Widgin with an air of mock despair. "I shall have to make it a catechism. Do you think I ought to get married? Yes or no?"

"Yes," he replied with a significant smile.

"Have you any idea where I had better look for a husband?"

"Yes."

"Good! Now we are getting on. Where is it?"

"Here."

"Here in Westery? Oh, very well, Mr. Sharperson; but who is there in Westery for me to marry? I assure you I wouldn't think of Mr. Smithers with his five small children; I never could endure Mr. Green, the tailor; I'm sure you don't mean me to marry Mr. Church, the butcher; and Mr. Stinchfield is too odious for anything. You see, don't you, that I can't marry any one of them?"

"Well, who else is here?"

"Me."

"You?"

"Me."

It was done at last, and if the lawyer could but so far have conquered the habit of half a century of bashfulness as to follow up his advantage everything would have gone on swimmingly. He was, however, almost stupefied by his own temerity, and while the widow on her side cast her eyes down coyly believing that now at least he would take the initiative, Mr. Sharperson, on his side, none of the less abashed, lowered his glances out of sheer bashfulness.

"Heavens!" thought the widow, slyly reconnoitering out of the corner of her eye, "have I got to get up and rush into his arms? Was there ever so aggravating a man created?"

She coughed softly, she patted the hearth with her trim slipper-tip, secretly determined that nothing short of the

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Holy poverty is heavenly riches. Life is, at best, but a question of opportunity. Charity is a virtue of all times and all places. Ridicule dishonors more than dishonor itself. It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.

We owe a large part of our happiness to our mistakes. In the world there are so few voices and so many echoes. Desperation is sometimes as powerful an inspirer as genius. Moral courage is the rarest of qualities and often maligned. Men with missions do not appear till they have fulfilled them. One day is worth three to him who does everything in order. He is wise who never acts without reason, and never against it. Few people are so selfish as to keep their opinions to themselves. We are given two ears, so as to hear both sides before we decide. Many a shaft at random sent finds mark the archer little meant. Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting. Three things to wish for—health, friends, and a contented spirit. Virtue like a dowryless beauty, has more admirers than followers. To twit a man of his fault, is to expose a greater fault of our own. An object to be desired is at once the pleasure and the torment of life. Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed. There is always a number of men who will support any government. The sympathy of sorrow is stronger than the sympathy of prosperity. Continental liberalism means the abolition of property and religion. Men with few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others. He who buys the world at the cost of his soul will make a losing bargain. There are some silent people who are more interesting than the best talkers. Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends, and good humor. The way to avoid making heavy speeches is to weigh well before speaking.

There is but one university in life, and that is where the heart is educated. Oftener ask than decide questions. This is the way to better your knowledge. Every duty brings on peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensation. One should never think of death. One should think of life. That is real piety. Let the slandered take comfort; it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones. A falsehood will go around the world while truth is putting on its boots. Religion is good for nothing one day in the week, unless it is also good for all the seven days. A thousand parties of pleasure do not leave a recollection worth that of one good action. The truly grateful heart may be able to tell of gratitude, but it can feel, and love, and act. I would rather cherish affection than indulge grief, but every one must follow their mood. The noblest gift of God ever bestowed upon man was the liberty to work on his own salvation. Seeing and blundering are so far good that it is by seeking and blundering that we learn. Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner. He that does good for god's sake seeks neither praise nor reward though sure of both at last. The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain. The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient if it produce amendment; the greatest is insufficient if it does not. Good and evil are continually striving within the heart. It resists with man as to which gains the victory. He that studies books alone will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are. On the stage of the world frankness is the only part a man knows without having to learn it, or fearing to forget it. We should have all our communications with men, as in the presence of God; and with God, as in the presence of men. It is as important that we should have good books as that we should keep good company, as the one will help the other. He is not different or altogether incredulous, but he is so essentially practical that he can only deal with what he sees. Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and stone for ignorance, error and imperfection. Great wealth is a great blessing to a man who knows what to do with it, and as for honors, they are inestimable to the honorable. There are men with no more grasp of the truth they seem to hold than a sparrow grasps the message passing through the electric wire on which it perches. A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience is the best law; honesty is the best policy; and temperance the best physic. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, and the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the ascension.

The Worst Est.

"Say, I had the worst case I ever struck coming down last night," said George Ferguson, the popular and well-known Western and Atlantic conductor, just before the train pulled out from Atlanta.

"What," asked one of the party to whom he was speaking.

"A somnambulist. A sleep walker."

"Oh, that is nothing. I have eaten in my sleep," said one.

"Yes, and I have dreamed in my sleep," said the third.

"And I have written poetry in my sleep," said the third.

"And I have been rich in—" started the fourth.

"Yes, but none of you ever struck a man walking in his sleep, on a train running 50 miles an hour," said conductor Ferguson. "Now, let me tell you. We leave Chattanooga at 10.45. Last night I had a big crowd. On the sleeper were a gentleman and three ladies. They were rich. Going from New York south. Well, I went through the cars. The gentleman gave up the tickets. He was an elderly, fine looking man. But I soon forgot him. About midnight I was in the smoker, about four cars ahead of the sleeper, when the man came up to me, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, said: 'When does the south-bound train leave?'"

"Leave where?" I asked.

"Chattanooga for Atlanta."

"Ten forty-five. It has left."

"Left! Why, I wanted to go on that train."

"Well, you are on it."

"No, I wanted to start to Atlanta on that train. What am I to do?"

"You are on it," I answered, beginning to think the man full.

"On it, Well, come with me and let's see."

We walked back to the sleeper. The ladies had not retired, but were sitting up asleep. The man woke one of them and began to say something. The lady arose excitedly, and grabbing him by the shoulder shook him violently. 'Presently the man rubbed his eyes and then asked what was wanted. The lady explained that he was a somnambulist, and when he awoke, which he did in a hurry, he apologized.