

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—President Cleveland on the 11th attended service at the First Presbyterian Church at Washington.

—A special session of the Legislature of Oregon will meet on the 6th proximo. Its principal work will be the election of a United States Senator.

—The President on the 12th appointed William McFarland to be Postmaster at Downingtown, Penna., to succeed R. D. Wells, whose commission has expired; also Richmond S. Dement, of Illinois, to be Surveyor General for Utah.

—The large dry sheds and storehouses connected with the fruit-box mill of Eaton & Cragle, at Forest Station, near Bangor, Maine, was burned on the 13th. Forty thousand fruit boxes and the wood for 300,000 more, all ready for shipment to Sicily, were consumed.

—It is announced by the family of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson that a number of his letters to Carlyle appear to have been stolen. All persons are cautioned against buying or selling any papers purporting to be the originals of letters from Emerson to Carlyle, and against publishing such, and any one who may hear of the existence of any such letters is requested to inform Edward W. Emerson, of Concord, Massachusetts, where they may be found. The right of publication of these manuscripts belongs legally to the writer's family.

The artificial culture of oysters has proved successful at the hatching station of the New York Fish Commission, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. Spawn and milk taken from living oysters in July were hatched in pans and afterward placed in tanks and a pond supplied by the tide. The young oysters thus produced are now "as large as a dime."

—The U. S. revenue cutter Corwin arrived at San Francisco on the 12th with about 100 men of the crews of wrecked Arctic whalers.

—The Governor of Texas on the 12th issued a proclamation raising the quarantine at the ports of that State on November 1st, with the exception of such inspection as may be necessary to prevent the importation of cholera.

—Dr. Bauch, Secretary of the Illinois Board of Health, is inspecting the quarantine arrangements on the St. Lawrence river, with a view to the protection of his State should cholera reach this continent next year.

—The October term of the Supreme Court of the United States began on the 12th. There are 149 cases on the docket, but the Court, by energetic work during the last few years, has ceased to fall behind hand. Four hundred and sixty cases were disposed of last year, at which rate the last cases on the present docket will be adjudicated within three years.

—It is stated that of the 600 changes made in Presidential postmasters since the adjournment of the Senate, 249 were caused by removals of incumbents. By December 1st there will be nearly one hundred vacancies in Presidential offices, caused by expiration of commissions and resignations, "and it is the intention of the Postmaster General to give his attention to these offices before making any considerable changes elsewhere."

—The President on the 13th appointed John S. H. Fink to be United States Attorney for New Hampshire.

—Returns of the election in Ohio, held on the 13th, show large gains for the Republicans throughout the State, compared with the vote when Hoadly was elected Governor two years ago, and indicate the election of the Republican ticket by a considerable plurality.

The Cleveland Ledger estimates the Republican plurality at from 15,000 to 18,000, and says the Republicans will have a majority in both branches of the Legislature. The Prohibition vote was comparatively large, but does not seem to have affected the Republicans.

—The local election in Chattanooga on the 13th, resulted in the choice of ex-Post-office Inspector Sharp, Republican, for Mayor, by a majority of 122.

—John T. Gray on the 13th resigned the Marshalship of Police at Baltimore, at the request of the Police Commissioners, he being a candidate for Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas. Deputy Marshal Frey was appointed to fill the vacancy, and Police Captain Lannon to be Deputy Marshal.

—Congressmen Randall, of Pennsylvania, Crisp, of Georgia, and Reed, of Maine, of the committee appointed to examine the facilities of the country for the manufacture of ordnance, on the 13th visited the Watertown Arsenal. They will inspect the South Boston Iron Works, where guns of the heaviest calibre are cast.

—The seventy-fifth anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was opened on the 13th in Boston.

—A camp of eleven counterfeiters, in Clarion county, Penna., was raided on the 12th, and six of the gang were captured, the others escaping to the woods. The prisoners were taken to Pittsburg and held for trial. They have been putting counterfeit silver dollars in circulation.

—By an explosion at the Cherry Valley furnace at Leston, Ohio, on the 13th, Anthony Burz was killed, and three other men severely injured. They were seated in front of the furnace when the "tuyer" blew out and several tons of molten metal was scattered over them.

—The Republican State Convention of Nebraska met on the 14th in Lincoln, and nominated Amasa Cobb for Supreme Judge, Leavitt Burnham and Charles H. Geere were nominated for Regents of the University.

—By a collision on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Wheeling, West Virginia, on the 10th, two engines were wrecked and three train hands injured, one, it is feared, fatally. Silas Goodwin and wife were killed by a train on Saturday, while driving across the railroad track at Clinton, Maine.

—The President on the 10th appointed David D. Waters to be U. S. Marshal for Western Michigan; Edward Hawkins, U. S. Marshal for Indiana, and Commodore S. Lane to be Rear Admiral.

—The Western Pennsylvania Exposition Society was organized on the 13th in Pittsburgh, on the principal of "no capital stock and no dividend." It will take the place of the old organization which went out of existence when the Exposition buildings were burned, three years ago.

—The local election in Indianapolis on the 13th resulted in the choice of Denny, Republican, for Mayor, by 65 majority. One hundred and forty-seven Prohibition and thirty-seven Greenback votes were cast. The Republicans have one majority in the Council; the Aldermen are equally divided.

—The engine, two baggage cars and smoker of a Baltimore and Ohio train were thrown from the track by a rock near Ohio Falls, Penna., early on the 13th. Samuel Goodwin, fireman, was severely injured, and several passengers were bruised. The cars fell into the river.

—General E. F. Jones, of Binghamton, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor of New York, was in Albany on the 14th in conference with Governor Hill.

—William A. Vincent, Chief Justice of New Mexico, recently appointed Stephen W. Dorsey a member of a commission to draw grand and petit jurors for that Territory. Vincent was on the 14th suspended from office by the President.

—The President on the 14th appointed Thomas R. Jeruigan, of North Carolina, to be Consul at Osaka and Hilojo, Japan.

—The total losses by the prairie fires in Barnes county, Dakota, this season, are estimated at \$100,000.

—The latest returns from Ohio do not materially alter the first estimates of the plurality for Foraker, the Republican candidate for Governor. According to returns received by the Associated Press on the 14th, the Republicans had elected 61 Representatives and 17 Senators, and the Democrats 39 Representatives and 16 Senators, leaving Hamilton county, which elects 10 Representatives and 4 Senators, in doubt. The Democratic State Committee, however, still claims the Legislature.

—A W. Shaw, widely known as "Josh Billings," died on the 14th in Monterey, California, of apoplexy.

—There has been a great washout of railroads in Georgia by the recent heavy rains, and the mails from Cuba and Florida have been delayed. It was hoped that the mails could get through on the 14th. High tides at Rockaway, Long Island, have done much damage, including the carrying away of a portion of the iron pier.

—Unofficial returns of the vote of all except four counties in Ohio give a total for Foraker of 52,796, and Hoadly of 33,201. Plurality for Foraker, 19,595. Of the counties to be heard from Hamilton is doubtful, and the remaining three are Democratic. The Legislature, according to the latest reports, is close, and is claimed by both parties. The Republican State Committee now claims only two majority on joint ballot.

—Governor Hill, of New York, has written his letter of formal acceptance of the Democratic nomination for a reelection. General Edward F. Jones has also written a letter accepting the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant Governor of that State.

—The Georgia Legislature adjourned on the 15th, after a summer session of one hundred days. The most important bill passed was a general option law, under which temperance elections will be held in various counties.

—The President on the 15th appointed Calvin Page to be Collector of Internal Revenue for New Hampshire; D. J. Laughlin to be Special Examiner of Drugs for Philadelphia; C. Myer Zulek, Governor of Arizona, and David S. Presson, Collector of Customs at Gloucester, Massachusetts.

—During the fiscal year which ended on June 30, 1885, the Dominion Government spent over \$350,000 on immigration. Assisted immigration since 1880 has cost Canada about \$1,500,000.

—William M. Brown was, on the 15th, shot dead by Stuart Koener, in the Fair Grounds, at Staunton, Virginia. He is the second man killed by Koener. There was an old grudge between the men, and Koener had threatened to "kill Brown on sight."

—The double-suicide race between Hanlan and Lee and Courtney and Conley was rowed on the 15th at Albany. It was won by Hanlan and Lee in 18 minutes 15 seconds, the time of Courtney and Conley being 18 minutes 24 seconds.

—Lieutenant Allen, accompanied by a sergeant and an officer of the Signal Service, has returned to San Francisco. Since February the party have explored the Yukon and Tannah rivers, in Alaska, about 1500 miles, having made a northern journey said to be unequalled, if not unequalled, of the kind in history.

—H. J. Aldrich was killed and William Chapman dangerously injured on the 15th by falling from the roof of a church which they were slating, in North Adams, Mass.

—The final obsequies of Cardinal McCloskey took place on the 5th in the Cathedral in New York. The great building was thronged and a multitude stood outside. The Office for the Dead was chanted by the priests and seminarians; a Requiem Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Corrigan; the funeral sermon was preached by Archbishop Gibbons, and the final absolutions were given by Archbishop Corrigan, Gibbons, Ryan and Williams, and Bishop Loughlin. The body was interred in the crypt under the altar, next to the remains of Archbishop Hughes.

—The popular supposition that an ostrich never lays but one egg, and drops that anywhere upon the sand, is nonsense.

—The ruins of Hierapolis, in the Delta of Egypt, once above inundation, are now beneath a deposit of seven feet of mud.

—The American Bible society expends \$15,000 a year in translating, publishing and distributing the Bible in foreign lands.

THE OLD PINE TREE.

Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill
Of time and change defiant;
How dwarfed the common woodland
Secured,
Before the old time giant.

What marvel that in simpler days
Of the world's early childhood,
Men crowned with garlands, gifts and
praise,
Such monarchs of the wild-wood?

That Tyrannal maids with flower and song
Danced through the hill groves and
And hoary-bearded Druids found
In woods their holy places?

With somewhat of that Pagan awe
With Christian reverence blending,
We saw our pine-tree's mighty arms
Above our heads extending.

We heard his needles' mystic rune,
Now rising and now dying,
As the Druid's priestess heard
The oak leaves prophesying.

Was it the half-unconscious moan
Of one apart and mateless,
The weakness of unshared power,
The loneliness of greatness?

O dawns and sunsets, lend to him
Your beauty and your wonder,
Blithe sparrow, sing thy Summer song
His solemn shadow under!

Play lightly on his slender keys,
O wind and Summer, wakd him,
For hills like these, the sound of seas
On far-off beaches breaking!

And let the eagle and the crow
Rest on his still green branches,
When winds shake down his Winter
snow
In silver avalanches.

The brave are braver for their cheer,
The strongest need assurance,
The sigh of longing makes not less
The lesson of endurance.

THE WRONG MAN.

We were sitting under the shadow of
a laburnum, Letty and I, in the garden
of the old school. Never again shall
we sit thus in the pleasant garden, for
my mother was in the Constitution House
and school-girl life for ever.

I am glad, yet half-regretful, for my
school days have been happy enough on
the whole, and I like all the girls, though
Letty is my special friend.

Letty is poor, and I am rich, and they
say I have all the beauty, too; for she is
small and pale, and I am tall and well-
developed for my age.

My hair is lovely, I must own; but it
is my chief attraction, and makes people
think I am better-looking than I am
in reality; for without that rich adorn-
ment, my face would look ordinary
enough, I am sure.

Letty is coming home with me to
stay a little while. I should like her to
be with me always; but she knows that
my mother has a companion already, so
that I cannot persuade her to remain
with me in that capacity.

Well, if I can manage it, her visit
shall be a long one. Poor Letty! how
pale she is, and how slight and fragile
her girlish figure. I am better fitted to
do battle with the world than she is,
and I have everything and she has
nothing.

There is only one crumpled leaf in my
bed of roses. My father and mother
expect me to marry a man I have never
seen in my life. Still I am so accus-
tomed to the idea that it does not
strike me as anything terrible. Men
and women must marry, and all I know
of love is gleaned from surreptitious
novel-reading.

Lovers seem to be very uncomforta-
ble people in my opinion, and I hope I
shall never feel as they are supposed to
feel. I am not like Letty who always
cries over the sentimental part of a
story, and falls in love with the hero of
every novel she reads.

"You will see the gentleman you are
to marry to-morrow," Letty says sud-
denly, as we sit under the laburnum.

"Yes," I say, with a smile. "I wonder
what he will think of me, Letty."

"What can he think, but that you are
the most beautiful girl in the world?"
returns my enthusiastic little friend.

"I am wondering what you will think
of him, Gertrude? I hope he is
nice."

"I have heard that he is handsome,"
I return, rather absently; "but you
know, whatever he is like, I shall have
to marry him. My father and my
mother have arranged it all."

"Poor Gertrude!" and Letty began
to cry, like the little goose she is.

"What are you crying for?" I ask,
with a smile. "Why, Letty, I shall be
the envy of all the women when I marry
Reginald Dacre."

"But will you be happy, dear?" and
Letty lifts her dark eyes to my face.

"Happy—of course I shall be happy,"
I say, almost impatiently; "I shall have
everything to make me so. Of course,
people can always be miserable if they
choose to brood over imaginary woes
like that girl we read about the other
day."

Letty says no more, and presently a
bell rings, and we go in to tea, and sit
for the last time at the large well-spread
table.

When the meal is over, the girls
gather round me and express their re-
grets at my departure; but very few of
them take the trouble to tell Letty they
are sorry, and the omission makes her
feel a little bit unhappy.

She is sensitive. If I were in her
place, I should not feel the slight so
keenly as she does.

Letty and I go to bed very early, for
we are to rise at five the next morning.
And I fall asleep directly my head
touches the pillow. But Letty has
been awake all night, she tells me, as
we dress ourselves for our journey.

"One would think it was you that
was going to meet your fate," I say
lightly.

Letty looks at her little white face in
the mirror and sighs.

I ask her why, and she answers that
she is sighing because no one will ever
love her as she wants to be loved.

little friend quite expands in the genial
atmosphere of my mother's presence.
Mamma has the happy knack of put-
ting people at their ease.

"Thank you, mamma," I whisper as
we enter the carriage.

"For what, my dear?" she asks in
surprise.

"For being so kind to my friend."
"Any one would be kind to her,"
mamma says warmly; "she has such
pleasant ways, and is such a pretty
child."

"Pretty! Letty pretty! I stare at my
mother in astonishment; but she really
means it. Well, it is the first time that
anyone has ever called Letty pretty.

When we are in the train I catch my-
self looking at her speculatively. She
has rather nice eyes, and the little pale
face is a perfect oval. Still one could
scarcely call her pretty—interesting,
lady-like, perhaps, but scarcely pretty.

We are not allowed to remain in un-
disturbed possession of our first-class
compartment long, for just as the train
moves out of the next station, a gentle-
man jumps in at the risk of breaking
his neck.

I am nearest the window, and as he
sits down opposite me, he gives me a
quick glance of admiration.

One can see by his dress that he is a
clergyman; but he is not a bit like the
curate of St. Ann's, our old rector at
home, who, by the way, must be seventy
at least.

What girl does not like to be admired
—no matter if the eyes that gaze at her
are handsome or otherwise? But my
vis-a-vis happens to have the brightest
eyes I have ever seen, and they tell me
as plainly as eyes can, that I have made
a favorable impression on their owner.

He does not stare obtrusively, and yet
I feel embarrassed, and color. How
stupid it is, and especially in me, for I
have always prided myself on my self-
possession. If it were Letty, now, it
would be excusable, for she changes
color on the slightest provocation; but
I, Gertrude Helmsley, ought to know
better.

He makes some remark to mamma
about the weather, who, glancing at his
clerical dress, responds graciously; and
they gradually drift into quiet and ani-
mated conversation, while I listen in
silence, and Letty turns over the pages
of a magazine.

When we reach our station, to our
surprise the stranger gathers up his
books and papers and alights also. He
lifts his hat to mamma, and gives me
another admiring glance as he walks
away.

"Why, Gertrude," says mamma, "I
believe he is the new curate. I am glad
of it, for indeed I have never had the
pleasure of meeting a more agreeable
young man. Ah, here are your papa
and Mr. Dacre, she adds quickly, and
in another moment I am shaking
hands with my future husband.

I didn't like him. It is foolish to let
such a feeling take possession of me; but
the instant our eyes meet, I feel that it
will be impossible for Reginald Dacre
to make me happy. We could never
agree.

He is fair, and I hate fair men. He
is big and stout, and I admire above
everything, a man with a slight figure.

Besides, his voice is so rough, and
when he laughs, people look round in
surprise.

There is no restraint about him, no
lavish attention to the conveniences of
life.

And this is the husband my parents
have chosen for me.

"Isn't he splendid!" says Letty timidly,
when our long drive from the rail-
way station is over, and we are com-
fortably seated in the room we are to
share together during her stay.

"Who, the curate?" I ask abruptly,
and then color to the eyes. "What in
the world have I been thinking about?"

"The curate," repeats Letty, "the
curate, Gertrude? He is a very pleas-
ant young man, I dare say; but no one
would think of comparing him with Mr.
Dacre."

"I suppose not!" rather drily. "So
you admire Mr. Dacre, Letty?"

"He is very nice," returns Letty, and
she sighs. "You are a lucky girl, Ger-
trude, to have such a home, such par-
ents, and such prospects."

"Oh, my dear!" I say lightly. "I
thought you pitied me. Do you remem-
ber how you cried over me yesterday?"

"I was a fool," Letty cries energeti-
cally. "Since I have seen Mr. Dacre,
I have come to the conclusion that you
will be very happy."

"And since I have seen Mr. Dacre, I
have come to the conclusion that I shall
be very, very miserable." This is what
I feel inclined to say; but I don't say it,
because I know that such a confession
would make my little friend feel un-
happy.

A week glides away. The more I see
of Reginald Dacre, the less I like him.
Not that he is a bad man, or an ill-na-
tured one; but there is no affinity be-
tween us. I am sure he feels this him-
self, for he seems far happier in Letty's
society than in mine.

Poor Reginald! He is almost as much
afflicted as he is like of George Gardiner,
the new curate. I cannot help
laughing to myself when I see them to-
gether; for loud, outspoken Reginald
grows quite nervous and awkward in
Mr. Gardiner's presence.

He likes the parson better in the pulp-
it than he does out of it, he tells Letty.

My little friend would shed more tears
over him than she ever did over her
novels if she could know of the trouble
I am in, for, alas! before we have been
at Drimlea a month, I know that I have
fallen in love with the wrong man.

Does she guess, I wonder—did that
look so grave at times? Is it possible
that I am wearing my heart on my
sleeve? I hope not, for I would not have
any one know the truth for the world.

Mamma has told George of the family
compact, and he never speaks to me of
love. Never? Well, his eyes say a
great deal, but his voice is silent. He
is master of his tongue, if his truant
glances betray him.

A more honorable man than George
Gardiner never lived.

One night, as I lay awake, thinking
of my unhappy attachment, I hear Letty
snooping convulsively. The childish
grief startles me; I take her in my arms,
and beg her to tell me what is the mat-
ter, kissing the pure, tear-stained face,
in sisterly affection.

her grief, and a sudden thought strikes
me—are these tears for her friend?
"Letty," I say, calmly, "there is
nothing to cry about; we cannot have
everything in the world exactly to suit
our wishes, my darling."

"I know that," returns Letty meekly.
"Oh, Gertrude! you must let me go
away, and, when I am no longer here,
he will see how far better you are than
a silly creature like me, and learn to
forget that there was ever such a person
as Letty Ward. Yes! When I am
gone you will be happy."

What an earth is the child talking
about? Has she taken leave of her sen-
sible? I hold her trembling figure more
tightly and say, in soothing tones:

"I don't understand you, dear. Why
should you go away?"

"You think I ought to stay?" she
asks, looking at me in the moonlight
with her large, wistful eyes. "Gertrude,
do you know what you are saying?
You are the best friend I ever had, and
I would die rather than stay here and
ruin your happiness forever!"

I am beginning to understand what
she means now, and a feeling of un-
utterable relief takes possession of me.
Reginald Dacre has fallen in love with
my friend.

"Letty," I say, cheerfully, "I have a
secret to tell you, and when you hear it,
I think you will dry those foolish little
eyes, before your tears have washed all
their beauty away."

It is easy enough to tell Letty my
story, but more difficult to explain mat-
ters to mamma, who at first is deeply
offended with Reginald, Letty, and my-
self for disappointing her, and upsetting
all her plans. But after a time she
calms down and acknowledges that it
is all for the best. How can she help
saying so, when she sees how happy
Reginald and Letty are together.

And so I am not made miserable for
life through falling in love with the
wrong man, for my mother and father
are very fond of their only daughter;
and when they find my heart is set upon
it, they give their consent to my mar-
riage with George, and I am now the
very happiest woman in the world.

Diamonds Dig Up.

News from Newport says on Satur-
day, September 12, the fashionable
quarter of this city was startled by the
discovery that expert burglars had en-
tered "Sung Harbor," the summer
residence of Admiral Glas. H. Bald-
win, U. S. N., and stolen valuables to
the amount of many hundred dollars.

Upon the evening in question, the Ad-
miral was giving a dinner to a large
number of guests, and when Mrs. Bald-
win had dressed and descended to meet
her guests she left her jewel case un-
locked. In a half hour the servants
heard a noise upstairs, and upon inves-
tigating found that Mrs. Baldwin's
bureau had been ransacked. The thief
had departed as he entered, through
the second-story window. The property
stolen comprised two gold watches, one
studded with diamonds, and the other
richly enameled and engraved, and a
valuable lot of rings and costly diamond
pins and hairpins, which were highly
prized. The police made an investiga-
tion, but nothing came of it.

While Admiral and Mrs. Baldwin
were at dinner on the 4th of October,
their butler told them that two farm
hands from out of town demanded to
see them. Admiral Baldwin thought
the request a strange one, but went out
to meet them, and then he had placed
in his hands a box containing every
article that was stolen, save a purse
which contained about \$25. The Ad-
miral's astonishment was only surpass-
ed by his great delight. The men work
on the farm of Mr. Smith of Ports-
mouth, which adjoins the line of the
railroad. They said that on a vacant
Sunday they were out in one of the
meadows and saw a man anxiously
searching for something. They asked
for something. They asked him what
he was doing and he said he was a de-
tective sent down to look for a watch
that had been lost. The farm hands
passed on and later saw the man dig-
ging. This aroused even their dull
minds to suspicion, and upon going to-
wards the man again he walked off and
has not since been seen. The men have
recognized a portrait shown them by
the police as the same man. When he
ran away they continued the search,
and after some time they unearthed a
box containing the jewelry. From the
description they learned that it was Ad-
miral Baldwin's. The Admiral gave
them \$100.

Once upon a time there were no Alps
—indeed, during the whole vast prima-
ry period of geology (embracing in all
probability four-fifths of the duration of
life upon the planet) there is every rea-
son to believe that Central Europe lay
consistently and persistently beneath
the depths of the sea. The German
Ocean was then really continuous
with the whole of Germany, and the
whole of Germany, and the See of
Catholic Europe. It was only at the
opening of the secondary period—the
age of the great marine lizards—that
the first faint embryo of the baby Alps
began to be formed. Now, the origin
of a mountain chain is not really due,
as most people used to imagine, to a
direct, vertical up-thrust from below,
as when you push a handkerchief up
with a pencil—the old lecture illustra-
tion; its causes and conditions are far
more complex and varied than that; it
is, in fact, strange as it may sound to
say so, a result of subsidence rather
than upheaval—a symptom rather of
general shrinkage than of local erup-
tion. For nothing can shrink without
wrinkling and corrugating its surface:
a result which one commonly sees alike
in a withered apple, an old man's hands
and a dry pond cracked and fissured all
over by a hot sun. The Alps are thus
ultimately, due to the shrinkage of the
earth upon its own center; they are dis-
locations of the crust at a weak point
where it finally collapsed, and threw up
in collating a huge heap of tangled
and contorted rubbish.

Energy insures success in business.

The great use of books is to rouse us

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Better free in a foreign land than a
slave at home.

Fancy runs most furiously when con-
science drives it.

Little sticks kindle the fire, but great
ones put it out.

Expect nothing from him who prom-
ises a great deal.

He that lies down with the dogs must
rise with the fleas.

No man can enjoy a success who has
never made a failure.

Do not allow yourself to lose temper
or to speak excitedly.

An obstinate man does not hold opin-
ions; they hold him.

The purse strings are the most com-
mon ties of friendship.

Never take a crooked path when you
can take a straight one.