

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A small row boat was upset on Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, during a storm on the 21st. Robert T. Hubert, W. B. Jackson, Jr., and his hired man were drowned.

Boyd C. Caldwell, cashier of the City National Bank of Williamsport, Penna., was on the 23d placed in jail in default of \$20,000 bail, on the charge of embezzling, falsifying the books, etc.

William H. Rutledge, an alleged professional confidence man, has been arrested at Cross Keys, Maryland, on the charge of impersonating a special examiner of the Pension Bureau, and thereby defrauding pensioners and applicants for pensions out of various sums of money.

Frank Wood, of Milledgeville, Illinois, on the 23d, placed his arm around his wife's neck and shot her through the head. He then sent a bullet through his own brain, dying instantly. His wife lived about an hour. Jealousy was the cause.

James A. McElbaine, 20 years old, after a day of dissipation, returned to his home in New York on the 23d, and cut and beat his mother so that she will likely die. His only reason for the dastardly attack was that his mother remonstrated with him for his idleness and drunkenness. He hurled a knife at her which struck her on the forehead, and then flung a plate which fractured her skull.

The total loss to Texas, as far as now known, by the great gulf storm last week is estimated as follows: Human lives lost, 38; loss to crops, \$1,000,000; loss to city and town property, \$3,400,000; loss to shipping and harbor improvements, \$900,000.

The rear coach of a passenger train on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railroad jumped the track near Lyons, on the 24th, and went down a ten-foot embankment. It was reported that a Mrs. Lockett, was killed, and about fifteen others more or less injured. On the morning of the 24th a freight and passenger train collided on the Michigan Central Railroad, six miles west of Battle Creek. Two porters were badly injured and a number of cars destroyed. Defective air brakes caused the accident. As a New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad train was running fifty miles an hour near Hiram station, Ohio, on the 24th, the locomotive jumped the track and plumed down the embankment. The coupling broke, and the remainder of the train kept the track. Engineer Richard Shane and his fireman escaped with few bruises.

The recent storm proved very destructive to small villages of the Texas coast, and it will doubtless be months before the full list of casualties are known. Sloop Katie G. went to pieces off Pelican Island. The crew were saved. Lying near her, bottom up, is the sloop Elisa. Her crew of two men are supposed to be drowned. An unknown vessel is reported bottomed up at Red Fish Bar. The schooner Lottie Mayo is reported ashore near Indianola. All hands are supposed to have been lost. The schooner Lake Austin is near her, but the crew of the latter were saved. All the small craft in the bay from the Shoal to Edwards Point are reported to have been lost. The village of Quinlana, at the mouth of the Brazos river, was entirely swept away, and the schooners Rosa Lee and Nettie were driven ashore. No lives were lost so far as is known. Indianola is a complete wreck, having escaped destruction. Beattie Meade, a negro woman, and two children, were drowned. Nearly all the sheep and cattle on the island were probably perish for want of food. Orders have been issued to remove the office of the collector of customs of the Saluria District from Indianola to Victoria, and the transfer will be made immediately.

A despatch from San Antonio, Texas, says about five o'clock on the evening of the 24th a funnel shaped cloud made its appearance in the north-west and in a few seconds swept diagonally across the city. The storm lasted about fifty minutes and was accompanied by heavy hail the size of marbles. Among the buildings damaged were Adams' boarding house, Weaver's livery stables, Southern Hotel and the police headquarters, which had the roof torn off.

Frank Rinehart, 42 years old, was run over and killed on the 24th, while shifting cars on the Eckhard Railroad, in Cumberland, Maryland. A despatch from Charleston, South Carolina, says E. E. Ludenka, of Aiken, and E. T. Shaw, of Charleston, were drowned while bathing at Sullivan's Island on the 24th.

A despatch from Shanopin, Penna., says the Marks oil well, after being drilled twelve feet in the sand, started to flow at the rate of 2500 barrels a day. Shanopin is sixteen miles below Pittsburgh, and this is said to be the largest well ever struck in the vicinity.

A despatch from Calgary, Manitoba, says the Edinonton stage was stopped by two masked men 18 miles from Calgary. The men carried a carbine and two heavy revolvers each. The party descended and were marched to one side, when their pockets were rifled. Mr. Burns, of Winnipeg, lost \$70; Mr. Massey lost \$30; a Frenchman lost \$135, and the stage driver lost \$200. The robbers then went through the luggage and opened the mail bags. The horses were then taken out and driven away, and the highwaymen disappeared.

Frank B. Campbell, a discharged clerk of James Carruthers, provision exporter in Chicago, recently went to the office of his late employer, and at the point of a revolver obliged him to sign a check payable to bearer for \$150, and deliver it to him. The check was subsequently cashed by a firm who recognized Campbell as Carruthers' clerk. Campbell was arrested on the 25th.

A. W. Harrison, 66 years of age, of Germantown, Penna., a saloon passenger on the steamship The Queen, which arrived at New York on the 25th from Liverpool, died on August 22d of natural causes, and was buried

at sea. General R. P. Ransom, a prominent citizen of Lexington, Kentucky, died on the 24th. It is supposed he committed suicide by taking a large amount of morphia. No cause is assigned.

Rev. James C. Beecher, of Coscob, Connecticut, brother of Henry Ward Beecher and Thomas K. Beecher, committed suicide at the Water Cure in Elmira, New York, on the 25th, by shooting himself through the head with a small rifle. He had been suffering under severe mental troubles for a number of years and for a time was under treatment in the Middletown Hospital. He was about 50 years old.

On the 25th, part of a construction train on the Asheville and Spartanburg Railroad, while ascending a heavy grade on the mountain section, between Tryon City and Saluda, North Carolina, broke loose, flying down the mountain with frightful speed. Over seven Swift and four convicts were hurled from the flat cars and killed. A guard was seriously injured and seven convicts were wounded. The cars did not leave the track, but did not stop until they reached Tryon City.

The acting Comptroller of the Currency on the 24th, authorized the National Bank of Poyser's Ford, Penna., to begin business, with a capital of \$100,000.

General Miles says Geronimo and his band are much worn down and tired. Captain Lawton's command is in good condition, and he believes he can kill, capture or force the Indians to surrender, and General Miles has every confidence in his ability and untiring energy.

Shortly after an express left Davis station, about fifty miles from Chicago, on the evening of the 24th, it was stoned by unknown parties. Windows in all the cars were broken, but, fortunately, no person was hurt. It is thought the stones were thrown by tramps.

An armed mob entered the town of Magnolia, Louisiana, on the 24th, and taking John and Leander Nelson, colored, charged with the murder of a negro named Collins, from the jail, hanged them from a bridge.

Cora Cooper, 11 years of age, accidentally shot and killed herself in Georgetown, Delaware, on the 25th, while handling a shot gun. She is the daughter of Milton Cooper, residing near Milton, Delaware.

Editor Cutting has published an address to the people of the United States, in which he thanks the citizens of El Paso, the press of Texas and Consul Brigham for the interest taken in his case and the assistance rendered him. He ends by abusing Mexico and her institutions, and hopes the United States will invade and conquer the whole country.

A carriage containing Senator Everts, of New York, Charles C. Perkins, of Boston, and Miss Matthews, daughter of Judge Stanley Matthews, of Ohio, was overturned in Windsor, Vermont, on the evening of the 25th. Mr. Perkins was instantly killed, and Senator Everts and Miss Matthews were severely injured.

A despatch from Jackson, Mississippi, says that Thomas H. Johnston, who killed Joseph Bolton at Brandon, on June 29th, and who was recently indicted by the Grand Jury, was on the 25th pardoned by Governor Lowry. The testimony showed that Bolton had betrayed Johnston's daughter. A despatch from Osage Mission, Kansas, says Willie Sells, the murderer of his family, was on the 25th, sentenced to be hanged, "which, under the custom of Kansas, means imprisonment for life." Nathaniel Stillman Bates was hanged at Richmond, Indiana, on the 26th. He murdered his wife in March last. He made a speech saying he was guilty, and was glad and ready to die. The jury in the case of John E. Duffy, for the murder of Edward Gardner, in New Orleans, on the 25th, returned a verdict of guilty without capital punishment. This was the third trial, the jury in the previous trials having failed to agree.

On the farm of W. K. Gandy, near Fort Worth, Texas, a rabid dog bit Walter Gandy, four years old, in the face. A madstone was applied but it would not adhere, and it was said that no virus had entered the system. Not satisfied, the father had another madstone applied, with like result. On the 25th a little playmate went to see him, and Walter bit him slightly in the face. The physicians fear this boy has also been inoculated with the poison. On the 25th night Walter barked like a dog, bent himself nearly double, gnashed his teeth, and blood and foam gushed from his mouth. He died the same night.

Fire in the freight house of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railroad, at Saratoga, New York, on the 25th, caused a loss of \$33,000.

A despatch from Eagle Pass says R. P. Allen, superintendent of the Coahuila Mines syndicate, has complained to Consul Lynn of the constant annoyances inflicted upon the mining company by Mexican officers at Cuatro Ciencugas and San Pablo, imposing unjust fines for floating the American flag on American property without obtaining permission from the authorities at San Pablo, for which offence the company was fined \$20, and stopping mining operations on several occasions for trivial causes.

The Prohibition Convention reconvened in Harrisburg, Penna., on the 26th and nominated Charles S. Wolfe, for Governor; A. A. Barker, for Lieutenant Governor; Charles L. Hawley, for Auditor General; John N. Emery, for Secretary of Internal Affairs; and Rev. John M. Palmer, colored, for Congressman-at-Large.

John L. Schenck, living three miles from Freehold, N. J., who has led a hermit's life for a number of years, is dying of paralysis. At the request of his brother, his property has been inventoried by Judge Spader, and money and notes amounting to \$30,000 have been found in his house. Nearly thirty rifles and shot guns were found. One old rifle was fired to the muzzle

with half-eagles, and stockings and caps were found filled with gold, silver and copper coins. A bundle of promissory notes, aggregating \$9000, was also found. Mr. Schenck is over eighty years of age. The house in which he lives is shingled all over, and has narrow windows and doors, seven inches thick. It has not been opened for eight years.

As a number of children were playing on a pile of lumber in the rear of several new houses in Lancaster, Penna., on the evening of the 26th, the pile suddenly gave way, burying several of the children under it. Harry Reimer, aged 6 years, had his neck broken and died instantly, and Harry Shade, of Reading, aged 10 years, was seriously and probably fatally injured. The other children were only slightly injured.

A despatch from Carter county, Tennessee, says John Ransom and James G. Gaines have been courting the same girl. A few nights ago they met at her house, and in her presence Gaines shot his rival dead.

A fire broke out at the Nottingham Coal Mine, at Plymouth, Penna., on the 27th. It is about 1500 feet above the surface. The fire was caused by sparks from a donkey engine. Over five hundred men will be thrown out of employment. Bayou Sara, in the upper portion of the town of St. Francisville, Louisiana, was burned on the 27th. The total loss is estimated at over \$118,000. The principal sufferers are Frahan & Co., loss on stock and building \$100,000, insurance \$75,000; William Jones, dwelling and store destroyed; Mrs. L. Well, three stores burned. A fire broke out in Crandall's toy factory, at Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penna., on the 27th, which extended and destroyed thirteen business houses and two residences. Loss, \$75,000.

A despatch from Galveston, Texas, says that Captain William Moore and party, who were supposed to have been lost in the recent storm off Indianola, reached their destination in safety. The discovery of their boat bottom upward in Matagorda bay gave rise to the belief that they were lost. Captain Bailey, who was also reported as lost, managed to save himself by clinging to a plank.

A skiff containing six young men upset in the Ohio river, at Cincinnati, on the 27th, and Frank Wilson, George Glover and two brothers, named Guy, were drowned.

A despatch from Madison, Indiana, says hog cholera in that and adjacent counties, will entail a loss to farmers of many thousands of dollars. No remedy prescribed appears to have any effect in checking the disease. Numerous individual losses of more than one hundred head are reported.

It is reported that the Halifax Sugar Refinery Company in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is in financial difficulties. The concern has a capital of \$1,000,000, and has been in operation only a few days. The company is composed entirely of English capitalists. About 3000 tons of raw sugar are in store, and a bark and a brig with full cargoes, are in port awaiting discharge. T. F. Brown & Co., furniture manufacturers of Boston, have gone into insolvency. Their liabilities are \$75,000, and their assets about \$5000. The general assignment of M. M. Babie, boot and shoe dealer of Buffalo, New York, was filed on the 27th. The preferences aggregate \$23,000. No schedule has been filed.

William Foules, the well-known ship builder of Greenpoint, died on the 27th at his home in Brooklyn, in the 75th year of his age. Col. Chatfield Hardway, of Washington, D. C., died in Troy, New York, on the 27th. He was war correspondent and Washington correspondent for newspapers in St. Louis and other cities. Augustus G. Holladay, a prominent lawyer of Portsmouth, Virginia, died suddenly on the 27th. Professor Thomas J. Girardeau, formerly editor of the Houston (Texas) Post, died in Galveston on the 26th. He was born in 1820. State Senator Hugh McNeill died at his home in Allegheny City last night. He had represented the Forty-second District in the Senate since 1875.

Captain William Cook, who served creditably in the war and suffered in Libby prison, and who since has been a professor at Harvard College and the Institute of Technology in Boston, accidentally shot himself at Chatham, Massachusetts, on the 27th, and died the same evening.

R. Champollion, of Paris, France, committed suicide at the Corbin Farm, at Newport, R. I., on the 26th. He was married to the youngest daughter of Austin Corbin, of New York. The deed is attributed to mental aberration, induced by an attack of rheumatism and crystals.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for Philadelphia and New York. Columns include item names (Wheat, Corn, etc.) and prices in dollars and cents.

The Work of Years.

The years but make thee fairer, love, As by us they are rolled; Thy charms are but the rarer, love, Thou never wilt grow old. Thy brow is but the whiter, love, As swift the days go by; And yearly growth brighter, love, The sweet light in the eye. More delicate carnation, love, Thy rounded cheek doth woo; And it's no revelation, love, Thy lips have found more hue. And wouldst thou know the wherefore love? The secret's no surprise, Yet one that thou wilt care for love: My heart is in my eyes.

AN IRISH ELOPEMENT.

"Arden Hill, my dear old chapple, of all others I was most anxious to see you to-day." The speaker was rather a good looking young fellow, who wore the cap and gown of a student of Trinity college, Dublin, and as he spoke he laid his hand familiarly on the shoulder of a friend standing at a book-stall by the college wall, and absorbed in the pages of a volume picked up haphazardly. "Well, Dillon, what is it?" "I think you will do me a service, which, while it will not entail a great deal of trouble on you, may help to secure my future happiness."

"Of course it goes without saying that I will. But what makes Maurice Dillon look as solemn as an undertaker at his wife's funeral?" "This is not the place to tell you, Hill. Come across to the 'Star and Garter,' and over a chop and a glass of bitter beer you can hear the story." Seated in a quiet corner of that snug old hostelry Mr. Dillon commenced: "You are a Kings county man, Hill—Tullamore, I believe."

His companion nodded an affirmative, and Dillon went on: "A dirty little hole of a town, built in a bog, isn't it? In fact, I may take it you are a bog-trotter." "You may take it that I am a genuine bog-trotter, but, Dillon, if you please, you will cast no aspersions on my native town."

"Oh! I mean no offence, I assure you," Dillon explained, with a laugh. "But I was thinking of the saying that Charles Lever has left on record. He says that among Irish towns Tullamore is only remarkable for the superlative ugliness of its female natives. There, now, don't get your back up. I'm willing not to believe a word of it. But tell me, am I safe in assuming that you know the country within a radius of a dozen miles of Tullamore?" "Every inch of it; but what is this leading up to?"

"Will you have patience—two weeks ago, when you and Watkins and I saw Irving as Hamlet in the Theatre Royal, where Arthur Watkins had promised to see home, in company with her; but he found our discussion on the relative merits of Irving and Barry Sullivan so very interesting that the lady was forgotten."

"Indeed; but, anyway, Watkins is the last man in the university to allow a woman's eyes to distract his thoughts from sober studies; and now let me ask you again, what is this all leading up to? For a Trinity college man you have, I must say, a particularly lucid style in telling a story."

"Arthur Watkins' father and the father of this young lady are very anxious to make a match between them, and the young people with proverbial perversity, are adverse to entering into any such arrangement. Watkins would regard a wife simply as a nuisance and a bore."

"And the lady?" "The lady, I believe—or, rather, I sincerely hope, loves another." "A very friendly aspiration, upon my soul, Dillon." "You will scarcely blame me when I say that Lucy and I are—"

and Watkins has an invitation to visit there this week. He is going reluctantly he tells me, and if he does it is easy to anticipate the result. No man, not even Arthur Watkins, and should she be coerced into accepting him as a suitor, it would simply drive me to the devil."

Dillon rose from his chair, and paced the room a minute or two in silence. Then he said abruptly: "I am going down there to-night, Hill, and I want you to come with me."

"It's two years since I have been at home, and honestly I don't care to go in that direction just now; but, anyway, how could I serve you?" "Lucy is going to elope with me. Now, don't look so horrified, man. Her father, Parson Damer, apprehends something of the kind, and as a consequence she is as jealously guarded as a political suspect in Kilmannham. I shall tell you our plans on the way down. A train leaves Kingsbridge at 3.30. We shall reach Geashell at 6, and if all goes well—and much depends on you—we shall catch the 7.30 up-train at the same station."

"Are you sure you are acting squarely by this young girl, Dillon? She loves you, or believes she loves you, which amounts to the same thing, I suppose. She is willing to leave home and father for your sake, and what will you give her in return? Why, you will scarcely have a shilling of your own to commence housekeeping with, and her father is reported as poor as a churchmouse."

"Don't ding any more of your infernal homilies at my head. I must have Lucy if we begged together. She is willing to take the risks, and Hill, you have promised to stand by me."

It was a cold, wet night when Dillon and his friend reached the little station where their journey by rail terminated. As they emerged from the gate they found a solitary car on the roadside and Hill at once recognized the driver.

"Hello! Mickey Laddy; a wet night, isn't it?" "Arrah! Mr. Hill, is id yerself that's in it? Yis, glory be 't' God! Id's a wet night, surely, an' I suppose ye'll have a sate home wid me."

"No, I'm not going home, Mickey, but if you're disengaged you might try this gentleman and me over to Raheenbeg."

"Fatz, an' sure I will. Jump up on the other side and I'll have ye there in a jiffy."

"How fortunate to find this car here, Hill," said Dillon, as they started down the road.

"Yes, my friend, it is wonderful what opportunities are afforded to man when he is bent on going to the devil headlong. You will drop me at the churchyard wall, Mickey. Don't you know it?"

"Do I know id, is id, Measha, sure ye haven't forgot the day we wor at the coorin' match, when Joe Cololille's greyhound Mabel took two turns out of the hare in Odium's forty-acre field that's up against id. An' be the same token we had a glass of spirits aich in Nancy Kelly's shebeen at the Meentans on the way home that Joe said was the best that he ever tasted, an' ye know he ought to be a judge."

Five minutes' walk from the place of rendezvous brought Hill to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Damer. A female servant admitted him to the hall, and in response to the question, was Mr. Damer at home, that gentleman made his appearance from a room in the rear of the house.

"I regret sir," said Hill, with great gravity, "to be the bearer of unpleasant tidings. Mr. Watkins—you know Arthur Watkins, of Trinity—has met with an accident of a serious nature within half a mile of your house." Before the clergyman could utter a word Hill went on with nervous rapidity, "I met him by accident at Partarlinton station, and as I was driving over to Killeigh I induced him to accept a seat as far as your residence, and I fear poor Arthur is seriously hurt. Then as the vehicle is badly smashed, I came on here to seek assistance."

"This is, indeed, lamentable news; but come outside, sir, while I give directions to have my own car got ready, Barbara, you will go to Miss Damer's room and tell her I wish to speak to her."

was wondering at his friend's blindness until she raised her eyes to his—

Too expressive to be blind, Too lovely to be gray.

And which certainly gave a singular charm to her face.

"I have told my daughter, sir, and since we cannot start for a quarter of an hour or so, you will take some refreshments."

"Couldn't hear of it, sir," Hill said hurriedly. "I must return to my poor friend at once, and I am sure you will make all haste possible." Before the clergyman could reply Mr. Hill was out of the room, and as he descended the steps he muttered with a sigh of relief: "Heaven be thanked for this lucky escape from an ugly predicament."

At 10.30 that night Maurice Dillon, with Lucy clinging to his arm, entered the parlor of a cottage in a Dublin suburb. A gray-haired lady was reading by the fire, whom Dillon addressed as follows: "Aunt Mary, this is Lucy Damer, whom you know I have long loved. Since the powers that be were against us, we've taken the law into our own hands, and I ran away with her to-night."

Aunt Mary looked at the trembling girl for a moment, and said with calm severity: "In my younger days, Miss Damer, an Irish girl had the reputation for modesty for which her countrymen were very proud. And you, sir, an Irish gentleman, have dared to compromise the honor of this young lady by your criminal recklessness."

"I've only followed the example of an ancestor of ours, who is your own particular hero, Aunt Mary. That Capt. Maurice Dillon, who fought with Lord Clare at Fontenoy, ran away with as pure and true a girl as ever bore the name of wife."

"I'm not going to split logical straws with you, sir. You will return to your college immediately, and 'twill be a miracle if they don't expel you yet. Come over to the fire, Miss Damer, you are positively shivering with the cold, and you will give me your papa's address. I shall telegraph to him in the morning."

"Oh! Miss Dillon, please." "Yes, Aunt Mary is right, as she always is, I shall go into town, of course, and don't cry, Lucy. Aunt Mary will be very kind to you, for didn't I tell you on our way up that she's a thousand bricks?"

"Young man, how often have I told you not to use slang in my presence?" And by way of answer he threw his arms around her neck and gave her a resounding kiss; but it was almost timidly he took Lucy's hand in his to say good night, although he looked yearningly into the eyes that long ago had made him captive. Perhaps Aunt Mary saw that yearning glance and the look of love that answered it. I only know that as her nephew left the room she said in gentle tones: "Miss Damer, that careless boy always leaves the hall door open. Will you kindly close it after him?"

Which of my fair readers has not already arrived at the conclusion that Maurice and Lucy were married? He is now a physician of respectable practice in a country town, and in Lucy's home and his there is a little toddler who has learned to love the gentle, gray-haired lady who often visits that happy home, and who, he would tell you, is his own Aunt Mary.

A Lion Tamer's Wedding.

A Paris correspondent reports a remarkable wedding which took place at St. Maude. The bride was Mademoiselle Maria Pezon, the daughter of Baptist Pezon, the famous lion tamer, and the bridegroom, Alexander Pezon, her cousin, also a tamer. A banquet of 100 covers was given by the father to the bride, to which the Paris press were invited. The company included lion tamers, menagerie directors, strolling players and others whose vocation is to furnish amusement at fairs. According to the menu handed round the wedding fare consisted of "potage de lezard, saucisson de lion, bombes siberiennes, elephant rot, poulets a leopard," and such dishes. The guests, however, believe that their partook of nothing but good roast beef, ducks, and the like. The banquet hall was adorned with stuffed lions and similar trophies. Above the bridal pair was a group of superb tigers. A good round sum as dowry was handed by the bride's father to his son-in-law. The festivities closed with the customary ball.

Elderly Ladies in Germany.

In England elderly ladies are often laughed at behind their backs for dressing in too youthful a manner. The Germans go to the other extreme; no sooner do they marry or reach the age of 25 than they think it necessary to wear unbecoming bonnets, dark silk dresses, old-fashioned mantles, and to assume all the other signs of a lady advancing in years.

—Bonnie McGregor is lying up for the Hartford \$10,000 purse.

—Surah, pongee and foulard silk are combined with woolen lace and with open-work materials. —Sherwood Robinson, a young man who went to Chicago from Sheffield, Penna., on August 11th, is missing. He had \$3000 in his possession and intended to locate in Chicago. He left his satchel and an unpaid bill at the St. James Hotel. Detectives are at work on the case.