

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A railroad train ran off the track near Milford, Kansas, on the 5th, fatally injuring W. W. Walton, proprietor of the Clay City Dispatch and ex-Speaker of the Kansas House.

The 6th was observed as "Labor Day" in the principal cities by parade of working men, picnics and other festivities.

Mrs. Belle Blake was killed at her home in Mitchell county, Kansas, on the 4th. Aaron Blake, her father-in-law, who was the only person at the house at the time, said she was trampled to death by her horse.

There has been no rain in Jones and Stonewall counties, Texas, for fourteen months, and most of the settlers have left.

E. P. Hammond, a "Professor" in Cornwallis, Oregon, "foretells" terrific cyclones, earthquakes and tornadoes for September 26, 27 and 28.

During a shooting affray at a local option election, at Daleyville, Texas, on the 6th, three men were killed, one of them the Sheriff, and six others were wounded.

Frank Farnsworth, a merchant, was shot and fatally wounded by "Frank" Meade, a newspaper man, in a quarrel in St. Paul on the 7th.

Mrs. Emma Malloy, a well-known revivalist and total abstinence lecturer, attempted to drown herself on the 3d, at South Bend, Indiana.

There was a light snow in Helena, Montana, on the evening of the 5th, with the temperature at 31 degrees.

There was a very slight earthquake shock at Charleston on the 7th, but its weakness confirmed the belief that "the subterranean disturbances are working themselves out."

Giles Miller, a Missouri stockman, was robbed of \$800 and mortally wounded by three unknown highwaymen in Stone county, Arkansas, on the 7th.

By the falling of two large pieces of wrought-iron plate in the shops of the Kerr-Murray Manufacturing Company, at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 8th, Frederick Schurst, aged 24 years, was killed, and two other men were dangerously injured.

An earthquake shock, lasting six seconds, was felt in Charleston at five minutes past one o'clock Thursday morning the 9th.

A cable dispatch received in Boston reports that a terrible hail storm, accompanied by high wind, recently prevailed in Paris and its environs.

A train going from Farnham to Longueuil in Quebec, on the 6th, being too heavy to control, ran on a switch and shoved five cars which were already there out to and across the main line, and through a wooden house occupied by two families, into a five-foot ditch on the other side of the house.

Lee Riley, aged 18 years, died on the 7th, in Williamsport, Penna., from the effects of a wound received by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting on the 4th.

At Rochester, New York, on the 6th, a driver on a canal boat attempted to push the bridge on the boat to the towpath, but could not hold it.

A safe in J. G. Harrison's commission store in Newark, New Jersey, was robbed on the 6th, of over \$30,000.

John Enright and his wife, married last Sunday, the 5th, were found dead in bed at their room in New York on the 8th.

The house of L. L. Matthews, of Montour, Penna., was destroyed by fire on the 8th, and his wife and two-year-old child were fatally burned.

Three ruffians called at the house of James McDermid, a wealthy farmer, near Pekin, Illinois, on the evening of the 6th, savagely beat McDermid and his mother and tortured him into revealing the whereabouts of \$600 concealed in the house.

It is reported from Havana that the springs which recently appeared near the village of Ceibaldegua "continue to flow in undiminished volume, and, in spite of efforts to deviate the water from its course, the inundation is increasing."

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During the last two months repeated attempts have been made to burn the National Stock Yards in East St. Louis, and two of the incendiary fires caused much damage to the sheds and pens.

Lightning struck a house in Watertown, New York, on the 10th, killing Edwin Potts, Jr., aged 24 years, and injuring his sister.

News has just been received at Point Pleasant, W. Va., from the southern part of Jackson county, that during the earthquake on the 31st ult., a great rock, known as the "Bald Rock," was loosened by the shock and tumbled down.

A violent type of flux has prevailed at Berea, Kentucky, for a month, and more than fifty children have died of it.

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part of an embankment on the North Carolina Railroad.

William Huber, a young married man, was killed on the 9th in Harrisburg by the caving in of an embankment.

A man named McKeehan quarreled with and shot his wife and father-in-law at Touganoxie, Kansas, on the 9th. The father-in-law is dead, but McKeehan's wife is still alive.

Miss Lulu Bates went up in a gas balloon from the Fair grounds at Crawfordsville, Indiana, on the 10th. After going a distance of five miles, at an elevation of about half a mile above the earth, she attempted to descend.

Two masked robbers broke into a house near Ada, Minnesota, on the 9th, gagged the colored servant girl, who was alone in the house, and robbed the house of over \$400.

At Reading, Penna., on the 10th, John Frachman, aged 12 years, "playfully" pointed a revolver at his brother, Francis, aged 18 years.

Mrs. Frank Comfer, a widow, 25 years of age, on the 10th administered corrosive sublimate to her two children, aged respectively 7 months and 2 years, and took some of the poison herself.

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Yates' Dam, on Walnut Creek, near Raleigh, North Carolina, broke on the 9th. Two mills, another dam and several bridges were wrecked, and the loss is estimated at nearly \$15,000.

A September Violet. For days the peaks wore hoods of cloud, The sops were veiled in chilly rain; We said: It is the summer's shroud, And with the brooks we moaned aloud,— Will sunshine never come again?

At last the west wind brought us one Serene, warm, cloudless, crystal day, As though September, having blown A blast of tempest, now had blown A gauntlet to the favored May.

Backward to Spring our fancies flow, And, careless of the course of time, The bloomy days began anew, Then, as a happy dream comes true, Or as a poet finds his rhyme— Half wondered at, half unbeliever— I found thee, friendliest of the flowers! Then Summer's joys came back, green-leaved And its doomed dead, awhile revived, First learned how truly they were ours.

ROMANCE OF A GLOVE.

I have seen many fellows "doing their spoons," but Bill Harker against the world—"bar none"—for going the extreme pace.

It would have mattered little if Bill could have kept his courtship to himself; he might have worshipped in secret all his days, and no one have been any the wiser.

But the extravagant rush into polish betrayed the poor clerk. The dyed hair and abstracted air combined; his deep blushes whenever the subject of love was mentioned, however casually; the romantic air that sat so ill upon him; his visits to the theatres, in hopes of a chance glimpse of his idol; the hours he moaned about listlessly—all helped to make him a target for the jokes of his friends, and a fund of amusement for the "office."

Ab, the joy of standing by the area railings of an evening, when she had vanished from his enraptured sight, and he knew her to be in the drawing-room—could see, at rare intervals, her shadow flit across the blind!

The irascible landlady frightened Mr. Harker out of his seven senses nearly by sending a grim servant one evening to ask him "to be kind enough to just step in, if he would be so kind, and just speak to the lady of the house."

In no condition to face the fiery-looking female he caught a glimpse of, standing ready, in full battle array, on the door-mat in the hall, the startled lover no sooner heard the message than he booted, as if he had purloined the boarding-house plate. It would be, he argued, impossible to return after such an inglorious escape, except in disguise; and to call and boldly ask to see a lady whose name he could not give was an achievement the timid clerk could not venture on.

What a stupid fellow Fipkins, one of the other clerks at Old B.'s, was! At least Bill thought so, and he disliked him!

"The enormous impudence of that fellow," he would murmur to himself, "I would give him a quarter's salary, poor as I am, to be like him. There is nothing he would stick at. It is disgusting. But what a blessing it must be to live on such comfortable terms with oneself!"

Fipkins was very slovenly; no one would have tolerated a clerk with such a shock head of hair except Old B.

But just as Bill Harker had begun to persuade himself that his love suit was in vain, and that his best plan was to try and forget a passion that appeared so hopeless, this brassy Fipkins was suddenly seized with the fever he was recovering from.

There was no mistaking the symptoms. Other motives might have induced Fipkins to have had his hair cut; but only love could have induced him to curl it. Those paper cuffs, clean even on a Saturday, were conclusive. If not, that reckless disregard of office hours in the morning, that restless cooking at the clock in the evening, could not be mistaken.

Flowers, too! When did Fipkins care for flowers before—while now the street Arabs watched for his coming.

Harker noted him narrowly. Would this cad be successful in the thorny, mazy paths of love?

He half despised himself for ever loving, if so vulgar a creature as this Fipkins could be smitten or could smite.

assurance of a frequent or of an expected guest. Poor Harker paced the street in agony. What could he do? To think of having his loved one snapped off in this atrocious manner galled him to the quick.

Wandering distractedly about, Bill Harker unfortunately did not see his rival leave the boarding-house, or he might probably have relieved his feelings by putting Fipkins's head in "Chancery." As it was, he walked and watched till he was weary, as well as drenched to the skin by rain, which had been falling for some time. Then he raised the siege and wearily trailed off to Camden Town, reaching the lodgings a little before daybreak.

"Is this yours?" said old B. next day, as he carelessly picked up a lady's glove and threw it on Bill Harker's desk.

Had he dropped a bombshell over the old-fashioned railings it would scarcely have disconcerted the clerk more than this simple article did. He quietly answered his employer in the negative, but the color mounted to his pale cheeks and a wild light irradiated his glaring eyes.

"Mr. Fipkins, perhaps, has dropped it," he said, with more bitterness and meaning than so simple a suggestion appeared to call for.

Strange to say, Fipkins blushed too as he repudiated all knowledge of it.

"Liar!" thought and nearly said Bill Harker as he heard him speak.

Old B. toddled off to his specifications, and the glove was left lying unheeded, apparently, on Harker's desk, while he wrote on furiously.

Not until he was left alone in the office, nearly two hours after, did he touch the glove; but then he pressed it to his burning lips, he noted its dainty size—unused as he had once been to remark such matters—and observed that, though now redolent of tobacco, it had been scented. But, with a joy only to be appreciated by a lover, there in this glove, flung as it were in his path by a secret rival, seemed to be the very clue he had been vainly seeking. The name was written in it, or a name. Whose should it be but hers—Foussi? That, coupled with the half legible F on the blotting pad, he accepted as conclusive, poor fellow, little dreaming in how many other gloves he could have found the same name. So now then he could write to her. And write he did, that same evening, at Camden, Town, a manly though passionate letter, detailing his love, his trials, his hopes, and last, if not so fully, his position.

This, duly addressed to "Miss Foussi," he posted, and waited with what fortitude he could muster for an answer.

He had need of patience. It was a week before he knew anything, and then his own letter came as a returned paid one from the dead letter office, the envelope playfully annotated with "Try Fishy," "Not known," "Fussy," "Try Leicester street," "Rd."—and so on.

Harker groaned. So near his object, yet so strangely baffled.

Oh, the agony of that week of suspense! A whole week gone—lost! And that horrid Fipkins so jubilant; day by day growing so luxurious in his habits; living on the fat of the land; if his lunches were a fair sample; talking so vulgar about letting out his waistcoat—triumphing in such coarse fashion over him perpetually. Bah! he would hear it no longer. He would fly from the neighborhood before he was tempted to do something desperate.

Bill Harker took a commission on the road. He visited the west of England. It was three months or more before he ventured to set his foot in London again.

The first time he did so he encountered Fipkins by accident, in Grove road, Stockwell.

The rivals started. Their meeting was like the traditional one of the strange cats in the garret.

Fipkins' brass, for once, stood him in good stead. He was the first to speak. He held out his hand cordially.

"How are you, old fellow?" he said frankly, as if nothing was the matter. "Whoever would have thought of seeing you in this part of the world?" Harker did not strike him, did not repel his friendly advances. In truth, time had smoothed off the raw edges of his wound. And then Fipkins looked so happy he didn't have the heart to distress him.

He found it hard to realize, after Fipkins had left him, that he had actually promised to be his "best man at the wedding. But it was so; there was an entry in his own order book—in an unsteady hand—that Fipkins had insisted on his writing at the bar. He had not the courage to decline it, and, as he had promised honor and curiosity both prompted him to see the drama to the end.

As the two ex-clerks stood waiting for the bride's arrival on the auspicious morning one might have heard Harker's heart throbbing; it beat like a drum with intense excitement.

But astonishment overpowered every other feeling when, as the bride entered the church, a perfect mountain of finery, he recognized in her the dragon-like, fiery-faced boarding-house proprietress, and knew that it was she Fipkins had chosen from "property considerations."

Confused as he felt, Harker could understand that in her case, weighty as she was, something in the shape of a bonus would be acceptable.

He had little time to think of all this, however, for the first bridesmaid, he found to his great joy, was the nameless one!

Her white-gloved little hand rested on his trembling arm as they walked down the aisle after the ceremony, in the wake of Mr. and Mrs. Fipkins; and before they reached the hotel where breakfast was laid, he discovered, among other things, that his fair companion's name was not Foussi, but Castleton.

Harker still calls his model of a wife Foussi; but the glove he had treasured did not fit her. Old B., who had picked it up, might first have dropped it. One thing is certain—he astonished everyone by marrying before the year was out, a mere child; and her hand, as it rested in his on the wedding day, looked small enough to have been his daughter's.

Jewel Frauds.

There is consternation just now in the Palais Royal, and the jewelers of Paris have not yet been pronounced to be a fraud. Last year they were the victims of a diamond fraud. The gems found at the Cape were more plentiful and of inferior quality to the genuine diamond of fifty years ago. The fire was less brilliant, and the stones had a yellow tinge. An ingenious manipulator steeped them in a violet dye, and by some chemical process they came forth from the ordeal a pure and brilliant white. This industrious investigator received as a reward of his research a recompense of six months' imprisonment and the Palais Royal jewelers were for the moment comforted. But now things are going wrong again. There are some splendid rubies in the market whose genesis is very difficult to account for. Tested chemically they answer the true definition of the oriental ruby; analysis shows them to consist of all its constituents—and nothing else. The chemist is satisfied, but the expert has his doubts. The fire is not so brilliant, and there are certain yellow tones which the true gem has escaped. It is suspected that a difficult problem has been solved, especially since it has been found that these gems when broken up do not follow a regular line of cleavage, as a crystal should, but split in all directions. It is suspected that Swiss artificers have learned how to melt a number of small rubies and consolidate them into one. Ten carats' worth of ruby sparks would be worth about ten shillings. One ruby of ten carats would be worth some hundreds of pounds. The subject is a serious one, and there are both chemical and legal difficulties in its treatment. Experts are now employed to ascertain how the thing is done, and then the judges will decide whether the process or sale amounts to fraud.

Emperor William in His Youth.

This is how the veteran German Emperor appeared many years ago when he was merely Prince of Prussia. It was Captain Chamier, of the British navy, who gave him the description: "On my return to Melleray," he wrote, "I found a miserable-looking, dirty vehicle driving to the door, from which descended a young man, with another of more mature age. There was a servant who looked nearly as poor as his masters, and who handed out a carpet-bag which seemed the working material of the trio. The first two went into the modest public room, and at one end of the long table were soon enjoying what in England is called a substantial tea; the servant swaggered and of course, was better fed. He was not disposed to disguise himself or the master he served; he was evidently somebody, this servant—and very soon, unable to contain within himself the honor of his position, informed my courier that his master, the young man, was the Prince of Prussia. I never saw a more modest and agreeable looking young man in my life. At 4 in the morning, without in the slightest manner disturbing the inhabitants of the inn, and paying a bill of about fifteen francs, this active Prince continued his journey. Here was an example well worthy of being followed. There was no foolish ostentation, no encouragement for plunder, no overbearing impertinence, but the manner and conduct of a thorough nobleman and careful gentleman.