

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Private advices received in San Francisco report the cholera still ravaging Corea. In Seoul, a city of 200,000 inhabitants, the death rate has reached the frightful average of 1000 per day. The task of attempting to bury the dead has been abandoned.

—The schooner *Emeline*, with a captain and crew of six men, was lost in Hermitage Bay, Newfoundland on the night of the 15th.

—There were two deaths from malignant fever at Biloxi and one at Mississippi City on the 16th. One of the victims was the wife of a physician who treated the fever cases at Biloxi in August last.

—The propeller *John Pridgen* was seized by the United States Marshal at Chicago on the 16th, and libelled for \$65,000, the value of the *Seah* Chamberlain, run into and sunk by the *Pridgen* on the evening of the 13th.

—The steamer *Black Diamond* blew out her steam chest packing at Isbell, Missouri, about two o'clock on the morning of the 17th. Three colored roustabouts, becoming panic stricken, jumped overboard and were drowned. James Oscar Ward, of Cornwall, New York, one of the well-known family of oarsmen and watermen, fell from a dock in the North river, at New York, on the 16th, and was drowned. His head struck against the side of a schooner as he fell overboard. He was 60 years of age.

—Henry Souder, 24 years of age, was found shot dead in his room in Toledo, Ohio, on the 15th. Henry Buschacker, roommate of the murdered man, was at once arrested, and on examining his trunk a revolver with one of the chambers empty was found. No cause can be assigned for the deed, as the men were "the best of friends." Souder's parents live near Reading, Penna. Buschacker refuses to say anything, except that he is "innocent." Patrick Erskine was stabbed in a disreputable house in Americus, Georgia, on the night of the 16th, and died on the morning of the 17th. The keeper of the den and a prominent young man are suspected of committing the deed. Some time ago the murdered body of Lucius Mottley was found in North Danville, Virginia. Not long afterward John J. McIntyre was killed by a negro at night. John D. Robinson, a merchant of North Danville, was the chief instrument in working up the case against Mottley's supposed murderers, and a week ago he received an anonymous letter from a negro reminding him of the death of Mottley and McIntyre, and warning him to look out for himself.

—On the morning of the 17th, about 4 o'clock, Robinson's store was burned, and the belief is that it was fired by an incendiary.

—The fire at Salisbury, Maryland, burned until nine o'clock on the morning of the 18th. More than 200 buildings were consumed, half of them dwellings. The loss is estimated at \$900,000. The Juvet & Co. Time Globe Works, at Canajoharie, New York, were burned on the 18th. Loss, \$35,000; insurance, \$18,000. A telegram from Salt Lake City reports the burning of the eastern portion of the village of Stockton, Utah. Loss, \$20,000. The fire is supposed to have been started by a woman named Provost, "who had threatened a few days before to burn the town."

—A fire in Greenwich, New York, on the night of the 18th, destroyed six factory buildings owned by ex-Alderman Kehr, and the five-story brick workshop of Kehr's American Desk Manufacturing Company. The other buildings were occupied by Othmann & Co., table manufacturers, and Sternberger & Unger, cigar box makers. Loss \$200,000.

—It is estimated by prominent grape-growers of Hammondsport, New York, that 500 tons of grapes were frozen on the vines on the night of the 16th. The mercury went down to 20 degrees. The varieties frozen were principally Catawba, Concord and Diana.

—A telegram from Biloxi says: "There have been a number of cases of fever, mostly of a very mild sort, during the last seven or eight weeks, and since the 27th of August there have been eighteen deaths from all causes, not more than thirteen of which are attributed to fever (these chiefly children). At present there are not more than twenty-five cases under treatment, all reported doing well, and no new cases since the 16th." The New Orleans and Mobile health authorities have established a quarantine against Biloxi.

—Jacob Sharp, James Richmond, President of the Broadway Railroad, and James W. Foskey, ex-President of the road, were arrested in New York on the 19th, on indictments charging them with bribing the "hoodle" Aldermen. Sharp and Foskey were held each in \$50,000 bail, and Richmond, who is already under that amount of bonds, was held in \$25,000 additional.

—John F. Drikemler, for fifteen years book-keeper for Burdett, Young & Ingalls, clothiers, of Boston, disappeared some days ago, and is supposed to be in Canada. His accounts are "short" to an amount "not exceeding \$40,000."

—Thomas M. Carnegie, one of the members of the firm of Carnegie Brothers & Co., died on the 19th, in Pittsburg after a few days' illness, aged 40 years. His brother Andrew, the famous millionaire, is ill at Cresson of pneumonia, and his condition was such on the 19th, that it was deemed inadvisable to inform him of the death of Thomas.

—General Bacon Montgomery accidentally killed himself while hunting at Lomula, Mexico, a few days ago. He was 43 years of age. During the war he served in the Sixth Missouri Cavalry, first as private and then as Lieutenant Colonel Commanding.

—A forest fire is raging in the Copley swamps, five miles west of Akron, Ohio. Several hundred acres of timber, large tracts of pasture and miles of fences have been destroyed, and many

dwellings are threatened. The fire was started by a "young man who ignited the leaves just for fun."

—The dry goods store of Converse, Collins, Berrill & Co., in Troy, New York, was burned on the 19th. The loss is about \$100,000, partly insured. The greater part of the business section of Oakland, Illinois, was destroyed by fire on the 18th. About twenty business places were consumed, and the loss is estimated at \$300,000, which is insured about one-third. The Sterling Mills at Augusta, Georgia, were burned. Loss, \$20,000. They were owned by Coates & Co., of Philadelphia, and manufactured yarns. The loss is covered by insurance.

—In the case of William G. Hoffman, who shot his wife a year ago, a plea of manslaughter was accepted in the Criminal Court at Newark, New Jersey, on the 19th, and Hoffman was sentenced to ten years imprisonment. John Burke, Jr., and James Kennedy were on the 19th indicted and arraigned in Baltimore for the murder of John Curran on the 16th.

—A heavy snow-storm prevailed on the 19th west of Ogden, Utah, seriously interfering with the telegraph lines.

—The Rev. Dr. Charles W. Rankin, rector emeritus of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church in Baltimore, died on the 19th, aged 67 years. He was noted for his scholarship and ritualistic ideas. Rev. Father Joseph Gustiniani, Rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Baltimore, died on the 20th, aged 75 years. He was a native of Italy, but came to this country in 1835. Two years later he was ordained priest in St. Louis. He spent fifteen years on the Louisiana mission, and was twenty-two years in the parish in which he died. Rev. Frederick Bramburg, S. J., Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Woodstock College, died on the 20th. He was one of the priests who left Germany at the breaking out of Bismark's "Cultenkampf" war against the Church.

—The boiler of a saw mill at Citronville, Alabama, burst on the 19th, killing two men and injuring three other employes.

—A train on the Asheville and Spartanburg Railroad was derailed on the morning of the 20th, near Asheville, North Carolina, by the spreading of the rails, and the smoking car tumbled down an embankment. Several passengers were dangerously if not fatally injured.

—John Holmes and his two eldest sons, aged respectively 12 and 14 years, were drowned in consequence of the upsetting of a boat at Blue Rapids, Kansas, on the 19th.

—Mrs. James March, aged 70 years, and her daughter, Mrs. Edward Dutton, aged 50, were killed on the 20th, while driving across the railroad track near Randolph, Vermont.

—A man who murdered his neighbor's wife near Palmer Rapids, Ontario, a few days ago, has been arrested. He went to a shanty where she lived, of which he was landlord, and ordered her to vacate. Being sick and alone with two small children, she refused to obey. He thereupon nailed up the door from the outside and set fire to the shanty. The mother managed to break out with her children, whereupon the fiend beat her to death with a club and threw her body back into the burning building.

—The Secretary of War has directed General Sheridan to send Genorimo and fourteen of his band to Fort Pickens, Florida, to be kept in close custody for further orders. The other Apaches captured at the same time are to be taken to Fort Marion, Florida.

—The wholesale drug store of Elliott & Co., of Toronto, was destroyed by fire on the 20th. Loss, \$100,000; insurance, \$80,000. A fireman was blown from a ladder by an explosion and severely injured. The Pioneer Mills at the North Carolina phosphate factory adjoining in Raleigh, North Carolina, were burned on the 20th. Loss, \$35,000; insurance, \$21,400. Early on the 20th, the barn of John Christman, near Pughtown, Chester county, Pennsylvania, was destroyed by an incendiary fire. Loss, \$12,000. The out-buildings of Dr. Henry Bobb, near Herefordville, Berks county, was also destroyed by incendiarism.

—A man named Wilds, of Union Falls, Maine, on the 19th, sold a cask of new cider to Winfield S. Dennett, of Saco. The latter's son James, aged 19 years, drank a third of a glass of the cider. Dennett took a teaspoonful and his wife tasted it. All were taken sick and the son died on the 20th. Mrs. Dennett is very sick, but the physicians think she will recover. On the head of the cask was branded the word "Poison." The cask was purchased from a Biddeford undertaker, and originally contained embalming fluid.

—The District Attorney of Arizona recently represented to the Attorney General that sufficient evidence was obtainable to convict Genorimo and his braves of murder before a civil tribunal and that, in view of that fact, Governor Sulzick, of Arizona, had requested the President to cause the military officers to surrender the hostiles to the civil authorities of the Territory for trial. Notwithstanding this request, the action of the President in ordering the confinement of the Indians at Fort Pickens, Florida, is accepted at the War Department as conclusive evidence of the intention of the Government to treat them as prisoners of war and not as ordinary marauders amenable to civil jurisdiction.

—The schooner *George L. Smith*, which sailed from Gloucester, Massachusetts, with a crew of 14 men, for the Grand Banks, on August 14th, is given up for lost. This makes 27 vessels of the Gloucester fleet lost of the total value of \$173,000, and 116 lives so far this year, by which 23 wives were made widows, and 50 children rendered fatherless.

—The schooner *E. W. Rathbun*, laden with coal, went ashore near Goderick, Ontario, in a gale on the night of the 20th. The captain and crew clung to the rigging until daylight, when they were rescued by a Government lifeboat. The vessel went to pieces soon afterwards.

—Leutenant William M. Metcalfe and an ordnance soldier were killed on the 21st at Sandy Hook by the explosion of a shell, which burst while being loaded. While firing a salute during the passage of President Cleveland through Fredericksburg, Virginia, on the 21st, the cannon was prematurely discharged, and James Wheeler, a young man, was fatally wounded.

—While David Evans, aged 50 years, and his son William, aged 14, were crossing a tunnel, at Slatington, Penna., on the 21st, it caved in. They went down one hundred feet, and their bodies were covered with a huge mass of earth.

—The wheel and chair shops in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus were burned early on the morning of the 21st. Loss \$40,000, of which about half falls upon the State. A fire at Grand Lodge, Michigan, on the morning of the 21st, destroyed a curtain roller factory, saw mill, planing mill, chair factory and other buildings. Loss, \$30,000. Forty men are thrown out of work. Sutton's saw mill and lumber yard at Aurora, Ohio, were burned on the 21st. Loss, \$20,000.

—A masked mob in Pickens county, Alabama, on the night of the 20th took from the jail three negroes accused of arson and hanged them to a tree.

—A cyclone passed over the southeastern portion of Cuba on the 21st.

—The mixing mill of the Miami Powder Works, near Xenia, Ohio, blew up on the evening of the 22d. One man—Armel Miller—was killed.

—More earthquake shocks were felt on the 22d in South Carolina, North Carolina and Georgia. There were two great shocks, the first about five o'clock in the morning, the second about half-past two in the afternoon. The shocks at two points in the Carolinas and Georgia appear to have been the severest since the great quake of August 31st. In Charleston, and other places in South Carolina, the shocks "were enough to shake buildings, bring down loose plastering and widen the cracks made in houses by previous shocks." The Custom House in Charleston had its western wing cracked, and the walls supporting the western roof gave way slightly. At Columbus "a loud rumbling," accompanied the first shock, and "loud detonations" the second. At Savannah, the morning shock woke people up from sleep, and the afternoon shock was accompanied by a subterranean noise. The shocks were also severely felt at Wilmington, North Carolina. At Charlotte, North Carolina, the shock in the evening awoke people from sleep, and the one in the afternoon made them run out of their houses into the streets. Telegrams from Chattanooga, Tennessee; Richmond, Virginia; Columbus, Ohio; Jacksonville, Florida; and Washington, Cincinnati and Louisville, show that shocks were felt at these places.

—The Canada Paper Company's Works at Windsor, Canada, was burned on the 21st. Loss \$200,000. Three of the workmen were badly scorched by the flames. The contents of Jacobs' lumber yard and the warehouse of the American Varnish Co., in Chicago were damaged by fire to the extent of \$35,000 on the 22d. Three employes of the varnish company were dangerously injured. The large barn of Sylvester Kennedy, in Salisbury township, Lancaster county, Penna., was burned on the 22d, with a horse, three cows and all the season's crops. Loss, \$7,000. The fire was of incendiary origin. Calkins & Co.'s planing mill at Tomawanda, New York, was burned on the 21st. Eight cars of lumber on adjacent railway sidings were also destroyed. The loss on the mill is \$25,000. The Binkley House, at Sherman, Texas, was destroyed on the morning of the 21st, before daylight, by an incendiary fire. The flames broke out simultaneously in the second and third stories. There were over three hundred boarders in the house all of whom escaped alive, but four of them were injured, and one of the latter, George Sheppard, of Chicago, died in a few years. The loss on the building and furniture is \$70,000; insurance, \$52,000.

—John S. Kerr and W. P. Kerr, brothers, quarrelled at Elk Mountain, Wyoming, on the 21st. W. P. shot John in the leg, and John returned the fire, causing a mortal wound. W. P. Kerr had betrayed his brother's wife. The wives of two Bohemian farmers, who lived nine miles from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, were murdered on the 21st, by a Bohemian, who cut open their heads with an axe.

—It is estimated at the Treasury Department that the ultimate issue of the new one and two dollar certificates may aggregate \$50,000,000, and of the five dollar silver certificates \$60,000,000.

What constitutes the noble man? And fitly measures life's brief span? The breath of fame? A titled name? Some creed believed? Some deed achieved? The idle pomp of kingly power? The empty trappings of an hour?

Let those who prize the crowd's behest Stand slaves to folly's train confessed, Enjoy a day Of sordid way, Or glory won On Marathon, Or Burnah's gold with ease attained, Or widened realms ignobly gained.

But grander far than power or pelf The soul's dominion over self, A heart aglow, For others' weal, The high born thought, The grandly wrought Resolve attuned to exalted end; These noble manhood's e'er attend.

Who thus fulfills his Maker's trust, In simple love of virtue, must, His name enshrined, By all his kind, Enwreathed upon The escutcheon

Of true renown, complete his days, 'Mid earth and heaven's conspiring praise.

A BIT OF DRIFT.

"Brutus Cassius Danks! Are you going after that water, or do you expect the spring to come to you?"

The man thus pointedly addressed slid slowly down from the fence where he was sitting whittling, closed his huge jack knife by pressing its point against the rail, and shuffled toward the house.

The woman in the doorway watched his leisurely approach with an expression curiously mingled of indifference and irritation.

A small, stooping figure, with a weak slope to the chin and shoulders; his placid face with a fringe of bay-colored beard, and surmounted by a sunburned hat; the loose, unshapely clothes which seemed to have adapted themselves to the wearer's habit of mind—was this the pink-cheeked, trim young fellow who courted her fifteen years ago?

"I was a thinkin', Malviny," he said taking the pail from her outstretched hand, "that a ketch of fish would taste kinder good. We've had mush pretty steady lately."

"It ain't my fault," said the woman, shortly.

"No! I s'pose it ain't," he rejoined slowly, as though the fact occurred to him for the first time.

Just then a little tow-headed girl ran round the corner of the house.

"Where are you goin', daddy?" she called.

"Down to the spring. Want to go, Capitola?" he answered.

She looked lovingly at him with her china-blue eyes, slipped her grimy little hand into his, and trudged off beside him.

The woman stood on the doorstep looking after them. "They are well mated," she thought bitterly. "One has about as much idea of getting a living as the other."

She had not lacked warnings years ago; for Malviny, with her slim straight figure and snapping black eyes was the likeliest girl in town; and mothers of marriageable sons had not hesitated to enlarge in her hearing upon the "Danks' shiftlessness," reinforcing their own opinions by sundry old proverbs, such as "What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh," and "Like father, like son." But Malviny only tossed her black curls, and went her own way.

So one June they were married, and went to housekeeping in a little house on the bank of the Ohio; and Malviny, in the strength of her youth and love, felt able to move mountains, but she found the gravitation of inherited shiftlessness too much for her.

He had done well for a time. The little cottage was neatly fixed up, and when, a year after, the first baby came the young father, with his own hands, fashioned for it a cradle that was the wonder and envy of the neighborhood. But heredity was too strong for him, and though the cradle had six successive occupants, its first coat of paint was never renewed. Mrs. Danks had never heard of Sappho. If she had she would have found her talk very much like his, with the exception that hers was infinitely harder and more hopeless.

What was it? Mental, or moral, or physical weakness, or all three? Or an evil fate, that whatever he turned his hand to at immediately failed? Even his name seemed an unkind fling of fortune. His mother having attended, shortly before his birth, the performance of some strolling actors, was so much impressed that the name of Brutus Cassius was waiting for him when he arrived upon the stage where he was to play so insignificant a part. It was seldom, however, that he had the benefit of his full name, for the community in which he grew up delighted in abbreviations. But even their rough familiarity hesitated to call a man "Brute" to his face, so he was dubbed "Cash," a perpetual satire upon him who rarely had any cash in his pocket.

Against all these odds Mrs. Danks fought a good fight; but in the struggle her straight back had been bent, and the snap had gone from her eyes to her voice.

Somehow the load pressed heavier

than ever this morning. It might have been because it was early spring, and the air was full of that indefinable sense of expectancy, that vague hint of rejuvenation that would touch everything except the Danks fortunes. And perhaps it was because the flour barrel was empty; but, whatever the cause, Mrs. Danks turned from the doorway thoroughly wretched.

Half an hour later Mr. Danks sauntered in with the water, the child followed with a string of two or three fish. Setting the pail down, he said a deprecating way: "I have about concluded to take with Badger's offer, and go up to Cooperville."

She made no answer, and he continued: "Ef anythin' sh'd happen, I could come home."

"O, yes!" she answered, "you could come home easy enough."

The man winced, and his sallow face reddened.

"I don't s'pose I'm a master hand at gettin' a livin', but I tell ye, Malviny, fate is ag'in' me. Just as I got a job across the river that felon come on my finger, and when I had a chance on the bridge, out of twenty men I was the only one the derrick hit when it fell. You didn't ought to be castin' it up agin me that I had to come home; it's fate."

"Call it by what name you like," she answered bitterly, "it's made an old woman of me before my time."

He made no reply, but went out on the doorstep, where the little girl joined him, and presently his wife heard him say:

"Daddy's goin' away. Is Capitola sorry?"

"Real sorry!" said the child; adding, "What'll you bring me, daddy?"

"How sh'd ye like a string of beads?" he asked after some deliberation.

"Blue beads?" cried the child, then —with the unconscious selfishness of childhood—"will you go right off?"

Apparently he was hurt, for his voice quavered as he asked: "Which would ye rather hev—daddy or the beads?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the child, throwing her arms round his neck and pressing her little face to his. So the hurt was healed, and they chattered quietly together until supper time, at which meal there appeared five black eyed boys, the pattern of their mother. People said the Danks blood had taken a turn in the boys, for they were as keen, tough-limbed, energetic boys as could be found in the county.

The following Monday Mr. Danks started for Cooperville. As he took up his limp carpet-bag he said, by way of feeble joke: "Ain't ye sorry to see me goin', Malviny?"

She looked at him a moment and then said coldly: "You'll be back soon enough!"

He straightened himself and said, with an air of decision quite unlike himself: "You'll not see me again until my work is finished; and so departed, followed only by Capitola, who went to the road with him, and called after him not to forget the beads.

Mrs. Danks from her wash tub watched him going slowly up the muddy road and as she looked her heart relented a trifle toward him—the weak, kind-hearted, exasperating little man. Hastily taking her hands from the suds she took a bottle from the kitchen shelf and went to the door.

"Johnny!" she called to the tangle of boys before the door, "your pa's forgot his liniment. Run after him with it, for he'll be sure to get a lame back."

With a parting thrust toward his brothers the boy snatched the bottle and sped away like a young athlete, chin up and elbows back, as he had seen pictures of runners.

When he overtook his father and delivered his message the latter seemed really touched. Though indifferent, apparently, whether his house fell to pieces or not, he was homesick outside his own gate, and now was going away sore hearted at the evident willingness of his family to part with him. The unexpected attention quite overcame him, and he looked round for something to return in acknowledgement, but the fields were bare.

Suddenly he spied by the roadside some pussy willows with their silvery fuzzy buds, and cutting off a branch gave it to the boy saying: "Give that to your ma and tell her she's the best woman in Meigs County."

"Law!" said Mrs. Danks when the boy burst in with his branch and message: "Your pa's getting silly in his old age. I don't want such truck in the house." But after the boy had gone she put it carefully in water and set it on the kitchen shelf, and several times she looked up at it with a look on her face which Mr. Danks would scarcely have recognized.

That gentleman's absence made very little difference with his family, except to Capitola. His wife scolded a little less, and the boys, who looked upon him very much as another boy—only one who very liked to sit in the same place too long—pursued their works and sport as usual.

But the Thursday after his leave their outdoor fun was cut short by a persistent rain. How it did pour! Hour after hour, all day and night. Friday morning dawned upon sweeping mists of gray, and an angry, boiling flood that crept inch by inch up its yellow banks, and night closed in on the same picture. Saturday morning

the sun shone out bright and clear, but on what a scene of destruction! What had been a river was a rushing sea, which had blotted out field after field, and stopped just at their own gate, and which carried on its heaving surface trees torn up bodily, great timbers, buildings and cattle. Toward night a large barn came floating down, and lodging just above the house, made a breakwater, round which the waters whirled, bringing into the harbor thus formed all manner of wreckage. The boys watched eagerly, speculating at the amount of firewood thus laid at their door.

"Hi! That's a good one," cried one of them, as just at dusk something like a log appeared around the corner of the barn, balanced a moment as though undecided, and then swept around into the little harbor. But it was getting too dark to see anything more, so they went laughing and scuffling to bed.

All night long mother and children slept quietly in the little water, lulled by the rush of swift waters. All night long in the little harbor the log swayed and turned, now swept away from the shore, now drawn toward it, as though reluctant to go.

In the morning, with the whoop and shout, the boys burst from the house, but in a moment were back again with white cheeks and chattering teeth, and clinging to their mother could utter but one word—"Father."

Yes! Fate had again been too strong for him. Mr. Danks had come home. They took up the poor body, bruised and battered, but invested for the first time in the eyes of those who knew it with dignity, and as they bore it across the threshold there fell from the pocket a string of discolored blue beads.

A little later they knew all there was to know of the pitiful story. His fellow workmen had gathered on the wharf Saturday afternoon after work to watch the freshet. One by one they scattered to their homes up and down the river, and a neighbor seeing Mr. Danks called to him to come; but he shook his head, saying he was not going home till his work was finished. So they left him there looking down the river toward his home. One hour later the wharf was swept away. No one knew what had become of the solitary figure—save One. And as the poor body, without volition of its own, was guided through flood and darkness to its home, who can deny that the spirit—tox worn to shape its own course—was born on infinite pity into the eternal home.

A Tiger's Strength.

Nothing shows more the marvelous strength possessed by the tiger than the way he carries his victim away. I remember the first time I was shown where a tiger had dragged a full-grown bullock. I could not believe it possible; and it was not until after we had killed the hero—only an ordinary sized tiger—and I had carefully gone over on foot the ground where she had dragged her prey, that I found that she had not only dragged the dead bullock—an animal I should think, considerably beyond her own weight—over very rough ground and through a dense cane brake; but that in some places, as the mags showed, she must actually have lifted the fore quarters of the bullock off the ground in her mouth, and have walked several yards with it in that position. When the victim has been dragged to what the tiger considers a position of security, it will sit down and make a good meal, and then retire a short distance from its prey to some particularly thick bush or tuft of grass, and there remain until the following night, and then return for another meal. In consequence of this well known habit, "a kill," as it is called, is its best of all kubber, and in such case, if the tiger has not been disturbed, the sportsman is almost sure to find him lying somewhere close to the carcass; and if his arrangements are well made, is pretty sure to get a shot at him.

Empires Under Female Control.

Those who believe in the necessary and heaven-ordained dominance of man in this subliminary sphere must be somewhat puzzled to reconcile with their theory the fact that for the last quarter of a century the two greatest empires in the world have been under female control. Never, save in the days of another great woman-queen, has the British empire flourished so marvelously as in the reign of Queen Victoria, and the only phenomenon large enough to be comparable to the expansion of England—the revival of China—has also been accomplished under the regis of a woman. The empress-regent of China, who for more than twenty years, has filled the supreme position in the most populous of empires, has, however, decided upon resigning the regency next February, when the young emperol, now fifteen years old will begin the administration of affairs. The Chinese woman of fifty, who has impressed every one with her wisdom, disclain and moderation; will disappear from her exalted post; and it remains to be seen whether her successor will demonstrate the truth of the cry of the equality of the sexes. That she will prove the superiority of the male is hardly to be hoped for, even by such confessed misogynists as Mrs. Lynn Lister herself.

THE MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA.			
Beef	8 00	5 1/2	
Hogs	6 00	7 1/2	
Sheep	5 00	6 1/2	
Cotton	2 1/2	10	
Four Westerns	2 25	18 5 00	
do Pennsylvania	2 25	4 25	
Wheat	0 52	0 85 1/2	
do Pennsylvania	0 51 1/2	0 85 1/2	
Rye	30	36	
do Indiana	30	35	
do Pennsylvania	45 1/2	48 1/2	
Potatoes	8 00	8 1/2	
do Ireland	8 00	8 1/2	
Butter	13 00	33	
Cheese	25 00	40	
Wool	10 00	35	
do N. Y. and Westerns	20 00	44	
do Canada	18 00	35	
Hops	12 00	30	
Provisions—For per bul.	19 00	14 00	
do do	19 00	12 00	
Lard	6 00	7 1/2	
do refined	9 00	14	
Sugar	6 00	6 1/2	
do refined	6 00	6 1/2	
Rice	5 00	5 00	
Fish—Mackerel	25 00	30 00	
do bay	35 00	38 00	
Codfish	3 00	5 00	
Herring	10 00	12 00	
do fresh	12 00	15 00	
do salt	7 00	8 00	
Hay			