

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Samuel W. Miller, Cashier of the American Bank, in Findlay, Ohio, was staked, probably fatally, by W. Stokes, his father-in-law, on the evening of the 27th. Stokes has been acting strangely for some time, and it is thought that he was out of his mind.

The great dam near Rockaway, Morris county, New Jersey, has been declared unsafe by engineers. The owners are endeavoring to strengthen the dam, but the residents in the vicinity demand that the water be drawn off and the necessary alterations be made in a substantial manner.

Edward Blunt, a well-known young lawyer and owner of racehorses, was on the afternoon of the 28th shot and seriously wounded in a saloon in Washington by George Mantz, a political worker in Maryland.

Beyond the washing away of the Cambria Iron Company's railroad bridge no damage has yet been done by the flood at Johnston.

A train bearing the Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts collided with another going in the same direction, near Ballardsville, on the 28th.

A fast freight train on the Pennsylvania Railroad jumped the track in Rahway, New Jersey, on the evening of the 28th.

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A freight train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad ran into the rear of the Chicago limited express on the evening of the 30th ult.

In 1883, on May 9, a widow named Foreman, aged 75 years and her daughter, aged 58, were found murdered near Traders' Point, ten miles from Indianapolis.

A limited vestibule train on the Lake Shore road was wrecked at Wawaka, Indiana, on the morning of the 30th ult.

The whole train was thrown on its side and had all the trucks torn off. The St. Joseph 'cannon ball' train on the Rock Island Road, ran into the rear of the Denver express, at Seneca, Illinois, on the evening of the 29th ult.

Two passengers and an engineer were hurt. One of the boilers of the Bellevue blast furnace, at Bellair, Ohio, exploded on the morning of the 30th ult.

For three weeks past the woman has been ill. She was too poor to engage a physician and too busy to spare the time to go to a free dispensary.

It is reported from Pineville, Kentucky, that Judge Lewis came up with the Howard gang on the 30th ult.

William Boston and William McCreey had a fight near Homesville Chester county, Pa., on the evening of the 30th ult.

At Belle Vernon, Pa., on the evening of the 28th, Jesse M. Bowells had his skull fractured by a stone thrown by Captain Decatur Adams.

The bank of Abilene, in Abilene, Kan., which closed its doors on the 28th ult., has begun to make settlement of its affairs.

A passenger train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad collided with a freight train, near Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the evening of the 28th.

The Indiana State Board of Agriculture had advices from many of the northern and northwestern counties saying that hog cholera is spreading, and that hundreds of hogs are dying daily.

George Koch kept a bakery on River street, in Paterson, New Jersey, passing the shop of a rival on the morning of the 30th ult.

A telegram from Birmingham, Alabama, says: "The result of the chase after Rube Burrows and his party in Blount county is two dead deputies and one dead bloodhound."

A 6-year-old daughter of Mrs. Sullivan was choked to death by swallowing a toy balloon in Cincinnati on the morning of the 31st ult.

A large brick dwelling in course of erection in Passaic City, New Jersey, tumbled down on the afternoon of the 31st ult.

Richard Cormick, John Nash, Jno. Ellison, Louis Fordridge, of Washington, and Simon Macketts, of Baltimore, Cormick's recovery is doubtful.

Rice was killed and Heck probably fatally injured. George A. Brackett, who has just returned to Minneapolis from an extended trip in Ramsey county, North Dakota, says that he failed to find a family that was really in need of the necessities of life.

Alexander Harris, the absconder from Milford, Delaware, was taken before Justice Prindiville, in Chicago, on the morning of the 31st ult.

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My Lady Sweet. Oh you should see her whom I love My Lady Sweet, Such loveliness her face doth wear, I know it is beyond compare, To me she seems one from above. Rare Lady Sweet.

And you should see her dear one, My Lady Sweet, Such music from her soul doth swell, To learn its tone, from sky and dell, Come song birds, charmed, of rapid wing, To Lady Sweet.

And oh, so gracious is her mien, My Lady Sweet, She knows my heart is all her own, Yet so serene doth wear her crown; She doth disdain she is My Queen, Dear Lady Sweet.

HOW MISS STRONG KEPT THANKSGIVING. MRS. A. M. PATNE.

Miss Matilda Strong sat in her prim little parlor one afternoon in late October, knitting. It was quite a warm day, and the window was open, and Miss Strong, was enjoying the spicy air which seemed filled with odors of ripe fruit and late flowers.

She had secured a tenant for the best part of the old home stead but still kept three rooms on the South side. In her cupboard there stood a plate and cup and saucer, which were used by her at her daily meals.

But when the sick had been ministered to, the brides dressed, or the dead buried, Miss Strong, came back to her home by herself, and sometimes she was very lonely indeed.

Thanksgiving is almost here, sure enough, she said, half aloud, "and I must gather some maple leaves before they are quite gone. How I wish I could have a good old-fashioned Thanksgiving."

"Turkey and cranberry sauce would be out of place here with no one to eat it." There was another sigh as she rolled up her knitting, and put on her shawl hat to go out and collect the leaves.

They were so bright and tempting, golden and red and brown, and the air was so wonderfully fresh, that as often happens, circumstances began to look brighter. After a few minutes Miss Strong was thinking how much she had to be thankful for, and that it was her duty to express this thankfulness in some way.

"I would like to make a real happy Thanksgiving, for somebody," she said to herself, and then there was a sudden whirl of bright leaves which made her forget everything in a chase after them, and half an hour later she came into her house with her apron full.

A few days after this, she went over to the widow Lane's to see her son, who had been ill, and she found the boy sitting in an arm chair by the window, "the first time in six weeks," his mother explained.

The mother's face was radiant. You cannot think how thankful I am Miss Strong, "she said, to see him sitting there. It was bad enough to have Mary so far away, working herself to death in a factory, and sending me half her wages; but when John took sick I pretty near broke down.

But when her oven was not large enough for anything else, and she did not eat mince pie, so on Thanksgiving morning she put her little chicken in the stove, and went off to church.

But she was waylaid by Mrs. Lane at the end of the street, who was holding her apron up to her eyes and crying for joy—the way all women do—for Mary Lane, had just got home, and they would never forget it, and Jim was so bright this morning, and as the weather was mild he was going to try to walk a short distance with Mary, and Mary was so happy.

But Miss Strong could not stop for more as the bell had ceased to ring, but she took a warm heart with her into church. No sooner had she taken her seat, than a hand was slipped into hers, and she found the happy eyes of Jenny looking into hers.

"You are a dear, good woman," "Nobody else would have cared." "Hush," she said, for the minister was beginning the service, but she found that the happy face beside her hid her as much good as the sermon.

"Now," said Jennie, as they rose to leave the church, "you are going with us."

money enclosed and an invitation to spend Thanksgiving at home. How happy she was!

The din of the machinery which she thought was never absent from her ears, was unheard, and she sat down to her solitary supper of bread and milk with a light heart.

One day a week later, Miss Strong, had a call from Jennie Adam's, the minister's young daughter. Jennie was always a welcome visitor for she was merry and lovable, but to-day she had very little to say.

"What's happened in your world, Jennie?" asked Miss Strong. "Oh, nothing much, but I don't see the use of living sometimes. Papa would say that was wicked, but if you can't have what you need, what is the good?"

Miss Strong, with her kindly tact, soon discovered the great difficulty—a stumbling block, which to Jennie's young feet was as tremendous as a more serious difficulty to older people.

It seems she had been taking a few lessons in painting, and now her teacher had told her that with a proper collection of materials, she would develop into an artist if she gave her whole attention to patient study.

But it is no use, sighed Jennie, papa says it is quite impossible, to get the first outfit which will be two dollars and a half. He says, after he has bought Johnny's shoes and Mand's school-books, and Lizzie's water-proof, there will not be money enough to have meat for breakfast, and yet "Miss Strong," went on the girl excitedly, "I enjoy books and papers, nice silver and table linen, and warm furs, just as much as Judge Williams' on the hill, who says papa's salary is too big. What is the reason ministers' tastes are so large, and their salaries so small?"

Miss Strong smiled, and then she said quietly, "The Lord want His messengers to be of the highest type of manhood."

There was no reply to be made to this, of course Jennie thought a little bitterly, that after all Miss Strong did not sympathize with her; but if she could have seen her the next day turning over catalogues of painting materials, she would have changed her mind.

They proved a great puzzle, however, and finally she concluded that the merchant knew better how to choose, than she did, so she sent the two dollars and a half to a distant city, for a "beginners outfit of oil materials."

There were still three shining dollars left, and they remained in their hiding place until a day or two before Thanksgiving. Miss Strong, had been to the regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, which was quite as important as its long name seemed to imply, and she was hurrying home in the early twilight with her shawl drawn closely about her, when her face was arrested by two boys in front of her who were walking slowly with their hands thrust into their pockets.

"I think ma might have got a chicken, anyhow," said the younger of the two. "Well Bob, it can't be helped. I'm jolly glad the strike is over and pa at work again."

"Yes, but Joe, if the strike had not been we would have had a turkey, and pa did not cause the strike. Things are not right somehow."

"Well, it cannot be helped. I am going to work next week. I cannot stay in school any longer," I heard somebody say. "There goes Jim Larkin's; what a lazy fellow!" They shut't say it any more.

Miss Strong knew the speaker. She knew that the tired looking woman she had seen in the corner grocery was the mother who had cried, and she saw an opportunity for another Thanksgiving.

So it came to pass that, Miss Strong's purchases at the corner store the next day were so extensive, that one clerk winked to another and asked him if he had a "bid" to Miss Strong's party. But when the basket full was ordered to the Larkin's house, he changed his tone and told Miss Strong in a very deferential way, that it should be sent immediately, and everything should be according to her order including the cranberries and mince-meat for a pie.

There was just enough money left for a little chicken for Miss Strong's own dinner. But then her oven was not large enough for anything else, and she did not eat mince pie, so on Thanksgiving morning she put her little chicken in the stove, and went off to church.

From recent experiments it appears that the use of wetted coal causes a loss of 14 per cent. This is contrary to current supposition that wetting increases the heating power of coal.

"Nobody else would have cared." "Hush," she said, for the minister was beginning the service, but she found that the happy face beside her hid her as much good as the sermon.

"Now," said Jennie, as they rose to leave the church, "you are going with us."

"Going where?" demanded Miss Strong. "Home to dinner of course; mother sent you a note."

"I did not receive it Jennie, and my chicken is roasting said Miss Strong. "Then I will go and take it out, while you walk over to our house."

But Miss Strong wished to do this herself, and Jennie went with her. When she reached the door Joe Larkin stood there.

"Please, Miss Strong," he said, "mother does not know what to say, she is so glad."

"Never mind, Joe, it is all right," replied Miss Strong laughing, "go home and get your dinner."

"But please, Miss Strong, mother says if she can do anything for you any time, to let her know."

"All right Joe, I am glad you are pleased. Tell your mother she deserves her dinner—now Jennie."

But Jennie stood still. "How many people have you made happy to-day, Miss Strong," she said, "I met Mary Lane this morning coming home for a holiday through your generosity, and there is my precious painting outfit, and now it is the Larkin's."

"It did not take much money to make the happiness Jennie," said Miss Strong. "It took lots of heart," replied Jennie.

Miss Strong, dined with the minister's family on turkey and cranberry sauce, and because she did not eat mince-pie, she had a banana.

Girls Who Paint. I was the other afternoon in the park, and was looking at the ladies driving in their carriages. A considerable number of them had endeavored to "improve" their complexions, and what is more curious, the young ones seem to have done so even more than the elderly ones.

Now, admitting that to paint the face be desirable, it ought at least to be well done, particularly when the painting has to stand the test of sunlight. I never saw faces worse painted.

An American girl paints from her childhood upward, and by the time that she goes over to London to be presented at court and to take part in such other functions so dear to the young republican, she has acquired a mastery of her art.

So again with French women. They know how to paint. But English girls know as little about it as savages. The white that they dab on their faces looks blue in daylight; their rouge becomes a pale magenta; the black line that they draw round their eyes gives their orbs a bead like expression; the red that they put on their lips assumes a brownish tint and darkens their teeth, and their attempts to better their eyebrows generally end in making one different from the other.

His Own Surgeon. An old man in Biddeford, Me., has suffered much from what seemed to be an outgrowth from a bad corn on the bottom of his foot, but which the physicians say was dry gangrene. The foot would have been amputated long ago had the doctors not feared that the sufferer, who is 80 years old, would die under the operation.

The pain, however, became so intolerable that the gritty old gentleman decided to do the amputating himself. Accordingly, while alone in the house, he took out his knife and cut four of the toes off. Later, finding that the remaining toes bothered him in bandaging his foot, he cut that off also.