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All for Nothing. Happy the man whose far remove From business and the giddy throng Fits him in the paternal groove Unquestioning to glide along, Apart from struggle and from strife. Content to live by labor's fruits, And wander down the vale of life In gingham shirt and cowhide boots.

He too is blessed who, from within By strong and lasting impulse stirred, Faces the turmoil and the din Of rushing life; whom hope deferred But more incites; who ever strives, And wants, and works, and waits, until The multitude of other lives Pay glorious tribute to his will.

But he who, greedy of enown, Is too tenacions of his case, Alas for him! Nor busy town Nor country with his mood agrees; Eager to reap, but loth to sow, He longs monstrari digito, And looking on with envious eyes, Lives restless and obscurely dies.

A QUEER THANKSGIVING.

"It's the loneliest old place in Rom, this Palazzo Comparini," said Thor, an American painter, to Giuseppe, the porter. Giuseppe always lounged at a door that led from the court-yard into a darkness and a dampness supposed to be his apartment. Giuseppe was white-haired and bent, and after the fashion of the Italian lower orders, felt almost past work at fifty, but certainly not past the pleasures of conversation.

"Certo, signore, the palace is lonely enough nowadays, but the Comparinis used to be rich, and kept up a great state. No grass in the court then, no mold on those marble steps, no silence, no foreign painters on the top floor (without offense to you, signore). Then the young count—ah, well, he was a rare one "-here the old porter fell to laughing-"and a gay one, and a careless one. He went to Paris, and, whew! away went the money. The villa was sold, the property on the Corso was sold, the palace at Naples was sold, and back came the count, as merry as ever and got married Married a young wife, and then away went her fortune. Paris aga'n; horses, gambling, betting, and worse. Five years ago he died-died merry, too. A pleasant man was the count

"Very pleasant man," said Thorn imly. "Then he equandered everygrimly.

" Except this palace; and that would have gone if he had lived."
"How about his wife?"

Well, her father gave her some thing more, and then here's the palace Wait, signore.

Ginsoppe shi filed off toward a voung lady who had just entered, and who beckoned him from the staircase. She was a Vittle person, with a low brown wonderful liquid Southern eyes and a tally remarked, sweet corn. She had a dimple in one cheek only. You couldn't ask a mate in the other cheek, for such a dimple couldn't possibly be repeated. She had a small straight nose and a full mouth; she was prown, and she vas quick, yet languid. She talked with Giuseppe in lively fashion, yet leaned against a pedestal, like a weary nymph in a picture. All this Thorn noted Then he caught Giuseppe's name as she pronounced it, with that gentle separaion of the syllables, as if for lingering more tenderly on each.

" What a lovely name the old wretch has!" he thought. As the little lady tripped lightly up the stairs he was very glad to ask the old wretch, and right eagerly too, "Who is the signorina?" "The Countess Vittoria Comparini."

" Does she live here ?"

"Of course. On the second floor." "Does she-does anybody-does she have many visitors?" stammered Thorn, adding, to Limself, "Confound this foreign tongue! it won't let a fellow say what he means,

Giuseppe caught the meaning pretty surely, for he answered: "Certainly, signore, the countess sees her own

'You mean the foreigners—that is, the Romans."

"I mean the Romans, not the foreigners. Ladies like herself, and gentlemen like the count, her late husband.

'Like the fellow that spent her

dowry." gentlemen—people who don't work as I do, or as-

"Ha! ha! as I do," laughed Thorn. Well-yes, signore," said Giuseppe, with polite hesitation.

"Here's a genuine old world creature," thought Mr. Thorn, not a little amused, "untouched by republicanism, communism or nihilism. Pray that his mistress is mer moderr and so, access-

A vain prayer it seemed, for in payment of a month of cold sentinel duty on the marble stairs, often an hour at i time, Mr. Thorn had met the Countess Comparini but twice. Once she passed him with a slight bow and downcast eyes as he politely lifted his hat; and morning she looked up with "Grazie, signore," as he restored the prayer-book that she had let fall on returning from early mass. This wasn't the American way of getting on with a lovely woman, so Thorn applied to an Italian fellow at the banker's who talked

Posseeble to know the Countess Comparini, my dear fellow? No. The countessa is of an old house. She likes not the foreigners. Imposseeble, my dear boy.

"Is it?" said Thorn, and shut his teeth in good New Ergland fashion.

Wa'll see. Then he lounged about town for days,

making acquaintances among the nobility. Counts and marquises in plenty he came to know, for Thorn was only pleasing a Bohemian fancy by lodging in an old palace, and could afford to stand dinners for even the hungriest nobles in But no luck. Invariably he the Countess Comparini inapproachable, frequenting a small circle, but not inclined to foreign society.

Sometimes he saw her piquant little face on the Pincian, as she drove alone in an open carriage, and then he went home and laid the maddest schemes. He even knocked some mortar out the solid wall in his apartment, and told Giuseppe that he required, as a tenant, to see the countess about some repairs.

"The signore will go to the agent on the Corso," said Giuseppe. At last Thorn became horribly jealous smile and a pleasant word, or perhaps a had a waxed mustache. little confidential talk, as the countess would come in from her drive. Gloomily pondering Giuseppe's good fortune, an idea struck the American. The countess was out. Giuseppe was something of a connoisseur in wines Now Thorn had a certain flask containing a certain liquid that might easily be called American wine. Giuseppe, without much persuasion, swallowed a good pint of whisky straight, and swore it was better than Montepulciano. Soon he

wishing to be an old serving-man. Then | will fight me, signore. seeing the man's prostrate form, she gave a little cry, and going to him in sweet womanly fashion, turned up his rough face, and said, "Oh, the poor Giuseppe is ill—Teresa!" This last to her maid, who might have heard through If you are her maid, who might have neare through one of the open windows, but did not. lady—"
"I fancy I am to be so favored," re

This was Thorn's time. Advancing, he said: "Pardon me, signora, but I have a little skill. I can help the

"Are you a doctor, signore? I thought von were a-

"A painter," said Thorn, secretly exulting that she had thought of him at all. "So I am, but so poor a one that I've wit enough outside my own craft to treat a simple case like this."

"Ob, he is an old and faithful servant. "Leave him to me, and in a short

time I will let you know his condition,' said Thorn, formally.

Reluctantly she went. Thorn moved he man inside, and in five minutes met he countess' anxious face at the door of her own salon. Be sure Giuseppe's ecovery was delayed; be sure that only Peresa, the maid, who did not understand the symptoms, was allowed to approach him; and be very sure that bulletins were conveyed every few minutes to the countess by a tireless messenger. During the evening the avalid became conscious. Then Mr. Worthington Thorn, with every claim to gratitude, with a year of formal ac quaintance, franchised at one lucky ound, reposed his six feet of American pluck and expedient on an ancient Comparini sofa, and secretly laid down before the lady's dainty little slippers

all his honest New England heart. Now Giuseppe, too, was indebted to Thorn for not mentioning the nature of his illness, and obeying the order to remain indisposed for several days Several days! why, they were more like several weeks, so common had it grown for the countess to say, "A

riverderla, Signor Torn." "Thorn, if you please, signora." Then, with a violent exertion to ful fill the rules of enunciating "th," the troublesome combination would some how slip away in a laugh, and the countess would say, blushing and looking very lovely indeed, "Ah! I can

never say that foreign name of yours. "Try my first name-Worthington. "Vortinton. Is that right?"

"Whatever you say is right." "Ah! your Italian improves.

ean make compliments already. In truth, Thorn got on wonderfully With so much practice, no in Italian. wender. Not only had he much to say on his own account, but the countess was insatiable in her curiosity about

his home and the ways of the American people. " How strange and how foreign! Ah an Italian could never like such things. she would exclaim.

"Then you do not like anything foreign, countess?" A little shrug for answer, and a little elevation of the eyebrows, that might mean polite reluctance to offend, and

might mean bashful hesitancy to speak flattering truth. "And do women speak," the countess asked, "in public in America?"

"Oh. ves: that's common. "And their husbands, what do they

"That if a woman has ideas or opinions, she has a right to express them.' "An Italian wouldn't like that. And

how about a woman's dowry?" "Most women marry without any." "Italians wouldn't like that," laughed

he countess. "But if a wife has property, it is protected so the husband shall not quander it. Would the Italians like

"I-I think the women would," and the countess looked thoughtful. Thorn felt he was striking home and making progress; but the countess seeing him dare to look happy again, started her raillery again, "Now tell

"Nothing much where I live. Some people eat a few eggs or put a few Countess Vittoria, would give rise to flowers in the churches." "How sad! No Easter! But you have a carnival?"

"Not where I live." die without the carnival. Pray what do you have ?"

"We have Fourth of July." "Forterhuli-and what is that?" Thorn explained in few words, add-"We make all the noise possible; send off fireworks all day and all night; but it's very hot and disagreeable. "It must be dreadful. But you have holidays. There's Christmas.'

"Oh yes; we go to church then." "Stand up and hear prayers?"

"Then we have Thanksgiving."

"Tanksgeevin?" -"Yes; that's a great day in late No vember, when we have turkeys.'

"Turkeys! where?" and the countess pened her soft eyes so wide that Thorn quite lost himself in their brown

Where? Oh, on the table, to be

"Turkeys, and little trees, and a great noise on a hot day, and no carnival! I could never like American ways." The countess shook her head with decision, and for the rest of the evening smiled of this old porter, who was sure of a upon a stout, middle-aged marquis, who

For weeks Thorn haunted the old salon, meeting the stout marquis at every call, while Countess Vittoria bestowed her favors evenly. If she admired Thorn's last picture, she admired the marquis' new horse; if she let the mind he could see them both; that marquis play with her fan, she let waxed mustache (how he hated it!); Thorn steal a flower from her bouquet. and Vittoria-from her dainty foot to When she was not present, the marquis | the topmost braid of her little head, he glared at the American, and the American whistled softly to bimself and coquet and bandy compliments with looked over the stout gentleman's head. that detested fat fellow he had knocked that cooing way that always set Thorn very red and short of breath: "You

"Why?" demanded Thorn, quietly.
"You know why. The Countess

"Well?" and Thorn leisurely lighted a cigar. "I don't quite see your point. If you are an accepted suitor of the

plied the marquis, flercely. "Then I esteem the countess too highly to injure her future husband. On the other hand," continued Thorn, with provoking calm and distinctness, "if you are not an accepted suitor—"
"Well, suppose I'm not?" blustered

the marquis, rather betraying weak ness in his haste. "Then, Signor Marchese, you are less than nothing to me. I wouldn't waste the time walking out to a retired spot to shoot you down."

"Then you won't fight?" "No."

The marquis was purple with rage by this time, and exclaimed: "Coward!" At the word Thorn asked: "Have ou pistols?"

"I have;" and a valet was beckoned who presented a pair. "Ha! you will fight, then!" sceered the marquis. Thorn made no reply, but examined

one of the weapons. one of the weapons.

"Do you observe," he said, still smoking, "the forefinger of that statue?" It was a cast filling a niche at the foot of the long flight of stairs. As he spoke he fired, and the finger, shot off, clicked as it fell on the marble stairs. The marquis had just time to note that, when the American said: Now this is for calling me a coward, od delivered a blow right between his nemy's eyes which sent that titled genleman rolling downstairs in a senseless heap. Then Thorn went up to his coms, the cigar still alight.

this scene, and the next day the countess said : " An Italian would have had a duel with that gentleman, Signor

"We don't shoot fools in America. we whip 'em," answered the young man "Your ways are not like ours," sighed he countess, with a mock regret, for a smile was playing in that one unmatch-

" Countess, could you never like ou

"They are so singular," she answered vasively

" Could you never like an American a man who loves you sincerely, who will make of you not a plaything, not a cousehold ornament, but a companion,

friend, a wife?" " It is all too strange;" and she spoke low. "I could never get used to you. You are so-

"Well, so what?" "So tall and so blonde, and-"

" So ugly." " No, but so different from us. And your name—I could never, never pro-nounce it. Vortinton Torn." "I will pronounce it for you; I will

do everything for you." He approached her, and she took fright. "No, no, signore; don't ask me. I couldn't-I couldn't." "Then your answer-" said Thorn,

growing very white. 'My answer is-no.' "Good-right, countess, and good-bye. I have lived at Rome so long only in the hope which you have just blast-

"Do you go soon?" "I shall stay merely for a celebration

that my countrymen enjoy at this sea-son, and which I am pledged to attend." "I know," said the countess. "It is He went off bravely enough, leaving

the little woman standing with her pretty head on one side and her eyes cast down. It ought to be easy for a young fellow

of fortune, of talent, of many resources both within and outside of himself, to shake off the thought of a little woman standing with her eyes cast down. To that end the American occupied himself during the days that intervened before the Thanksgiving dinner. Besides me about your festa days. What do having promised to be present he feared his absence, coupled with breaking off his known intimacy with the

remark and set gossip all agog. One, two, three times twenty four hours went slowly round. It was the eve of Thanksgiving day; it would be "No carnival! But an Italian would his last evening in the Comparini palace, his last but one in Rome, Poor Thorn was seized with a desire to see into the eyes that had banished him-a foolish, inconsistent impulse known only to lovers. Half unconsciously he tramped out into the great hallways and up and down the cold staircases, imperfectly lighted by wretched oil lamps. There was confusion on the floor where the countess lived. People were hurrying in at the doors, and then men seemed carrying in great boxes. He could hear Teresa's shrill voice calling on the Madonna as they stumbled without awkwardly under their burdens. The

noise of arrivals ent on for a long time; then it was hard to hear anything distinctly, the place was so large and the walls so thick. Yet there was the ound of voices and laughter, and at last some serving-men went out in a crowd, and Teresa's shrill whisper called after them : "Bring enough for them all

"Enough for them all to eat." was a party, then. Perhaps more had come than were expected, and the careful Teresa had to make provision duly. In a moment Thorn convinced himself that the stout marquis, who had probablf recovered from his tumble, was being entertained by Countess Vittoria's most winning smiles. In his excited could see her, too-see her smile and lay senseless in the court yard, and then Thorn coolly sauntered into the street waiting for the countess' carriage. Before long it came, and he lounged discreetly in the porte cochere.

"Giuseppe!" called the countess, in followed him out, and on the stairs said, o'clock, he got up to dress for the dinner, heartily wishing it all over. Trying to cogitate some verse, or toast, or epigram for the occasion, he spied among the brushes on the dressing-table a dainty envelope. Evidently Giuseppe had brought it while he slept. "The Countess Comparini's compliments, and she would be happy to see Signor Thorn" (the h very carefully written)

at 5 o'clock.' Thorn vowed he wouldn't go; then, eeing it was already 5 o'clock, hurhis toilet. He whisked out a lean handkerchief, he dashed a little Cologne water about, still swore he wouldn't go and be tortured anew, hastily left his rooms, and marched straight lown to the familiar great door on the second story. He was ushered as far as the little antechamber. The drawing room was closely shut. From another entrance the countess advanced to meet him. She was charmingly dressed, but ery gentle and shy.

She hoped she saw the signore well. "That could hardly be expected," he nswered, all resentment gone, as he ooked down upon the tender, girlish little creature who was so dear to him "I have been," she faltered, "think-ing very seriously since we talked th-other day; and last evening—" Thorn braced himself to hear she had

ecepted the marquis at the party. "-last evening I made up my mind. I-I want you to feel at home, so I arranged a little surprise. I hope you will like it." Here she opened the drawing room door. "They make a dreadful noise, but it pleases me-for your sake."

The tears were in her eyes, she was ready for his arms, yet Thorn stood in mute amazement. The Comparini drawing-room was half filled with tables and on every table was a crowd of gobbling, screeching, flapping, living tureys, some tethered, some cooped, but ing in the dreadful dir

"What is the meaning-" Thorn be an, in wild astonishment. The countess broke down completely It's the custom of your country on iis day-you told me so-turkeys on she sobbed. "I'll try to be a

perfect American." " You're a perfect angel," said Thorn, and all Counters Vittoria's tears, by ome strange law of hydraulics, ran down an American-cut waistcoat. "And do you feel very much a

nome?" she asked, in a happy whisper "I never felt so much at home in my life," he answered, clasping her closely "I knew you would. I'm so glad I did itall right. The men found it bard o fasten so many of them on the tables,

hongh; and the feeding, that was Thorn laughed very much. "For oity's sake, have them taken off," he

"No; they shall stay. I don't mind the noise. Ah! caro, when these things gobbled so frightfully all night long, I said, I will love them, for this is the custom of his country-perhaps a

part of his religion. "Dearest," said Thorn, as well as he could through the flutter and cackle around them, "love has all customs, all religious, and all countries for its own. Nothing is hard, or strange, or foreign to hearts that cling together

like ours. It was not until the next year, when the countess met a party of her husband's compatriots, that she found out the real use of the great American turkey.

A Question of Etiquette.

that the President was introduced to the

If so, it was merely another rendering of the old question of etiquette between President George Washington and Governor John Hancock, of Massachusetts. When the former made his he went into the Confederate army. first visit to Boston after he became President, he accepted an invitation of took him, and the Indians had captured the governor to an informal dinner, but him when nine, baving had him three expected a call from that functionary as | years. He spoke the Comanche lan soon as he arrived, instead of which he | guago perfectly, and I used him as in eccived a message from him pleading that he was too much indisposed to do Washington doubted the sincerity of the apology, as he had been given to understand that the governor wished years. Upon returning from the war to evade making the first call, holding that as governor of a State, and within the bounds of that State, it was a proper north of San Antonio, and from point of ctiquette that he should receive there went to Galveston and thence to once more the face that had cost him so the first visit even from the President | Corpus Christi. While with Captain nuch divine misery, to look once more of the United States. Washington resisted this pretension, so excused himself from the dinner and dined at his the lodgings. The next day the governor's the bank of Davis & Dodridge in Corfriends advised him to wave the point pus Christi, and one of the most respectof etiquette, so he sent his best respects able men of Corpus. He married a to the President, informing him that if Miss Mollie Woodward, and now has at home and at leisure, he would do one boy and two little girls, and the himself the honor to visit him in half an hour, intimating that he would have done it sooner had his arms around my neck and called me health permitted, and that it was not without hazard to his health that he did | thirty-six years of age and is a magni-

"Three Shadows. "I looked and saw your eyes

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In the shadow of your hair, As a traveler sees the stream In the shadow of the wood; And I said, 'My faint heart sighs, Ah me! to linger there, To drink deep and to dream

In that sweet solitude.' "I looked and saw your heart In the shadow of your eyes, As a seeker sees the gold In the shadow of the stream : And I said, 'Ah me! what art Should win the immortal prize; Whose want must make life cold,

And Heaven a hollow dream?" "I looked and saw your love In the shadow of your heart, As a diver sees the pearl In the shadow of the sea : And I murmured, not above My breath, but all apart-'Ah you can love, true girl, And is your love for me?'

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Light work-The incendiary's. The banana skin generally opens the fall business. No philosopher has explained why stones are so scarce when a big dog jumps upon the scene.

Diogenes sought for an honest man, Sought him but couldn't find him; We look as vainly now for a man Who will shut the door behind him.

Whatever you may have to do, do it with your might. Many a lawyer has made his fortune by simply working with a will.-Statesman

You'll find many friends, as you travel life's Who profess to be friends of the heart, Are much like the bad dog that stole the cat's

And then said: "Oh, yes; I'll take your "The same thing," says a philosopher,

often presents itself to us in different That is true. For instance, aspects. it makes all the difference in the world whether you sit down upon the head or point of a carpet tack.—Sommerville Journal.

Charles Dudley Warner has written an article on camping out, in which says nothing about the rapturous ex citement attendant upon stealing tu. nips at moonlight, or getting up in the morning and cutting slices off a ham with a dall hatchet.—Puck.

Story of an Indian Captive,

General John R. Baylor furnishes the San Antonio (Texas) Express with the following incident connected will his late visit to Corpus Christi, where be met a Spaniard by the name of Tite Rivera, whom he rescued from the lomanches a quarter of a century ago

In 1856 I was United States Indian

agent at the Comarche reservation on the

Clear Fork of the Brazos, then Throckmorton county. One day I found a note on my table from a boy, who asked that he be taken from the Indians. Soon following vote for State treasurer: Baily, Reafterward the boy walked into my office with a bunch of turkey feathers fastened to the top of his head, and his face cainted and dressed in the Indian costume, and said he was the boy who left the note on my table. I asked him where he came from, and he said that his father was a Spaniard, and lived in the mining town of Tapio, in he state of Durango, Mexico, Hespoke Spanish and also Comanche. I didn't elieve that he had written the note, and to try him asked him to sit down at my desk and show me how he could write. He wrote a beautiful hand for a boy. Questioning him as to how he came to fall into the hands of the Indians, he said that his father owned pack train, and one day he went out with the mulcs and the men in charge of the mules and camped. The Indians came on them and took him into cap-After hearing his story I sent for the Indian who claimed to own the boy, and when he came I told him I must have Tito. He replied that could not, and I told him I would or we would fight. He said that fight it would be then; the boy could not go. I went to see General Robert E. Lee, who was then lieutenant-colonel of the Second United States cavalry, at Camp Cooper, and who had been stationed there to protect the Comanche camp been sentenced to be hanged in Vermont. While there, Chief Cateman, of the Co manches, who had heard of the object of my visit, came to see me and said that he wanted no trouble between my self and the Indians, and that if I would give up \$100 worth of goods I could get the boy. I gave him an order on the sutler, and he was given the goods, and the boy was turned over to me. I sent Among the humors chronicled of the the little fellow to my house and he Yorktown celebration it was mentioned lived with my children for about two years, being treated as one of the family ter being presented to the President of the United States. Referring to the United States. Referring to the Washington Stor says:

the United States of the United States and the Washington Stor says:

the United States of the United near San Antonio, the United States of the United Afterward I met Major Neighbors, who him he would send him back to his mother. I turned him over to the major, but he didn't send him back to his mother, and the war came on and The boy was twelve years old when terpreter. Major Neighbors left the boy on his ranche on the Salado, near San Antonio, and the boy entered the he stopped with Captain Albert Wallace, on the Cibolo, fifteen miles

Wallace he earned his living as a cow-

boy. I went to Corpus Christi to see

best of my visit was that the little

grandpa. Rivera is a man now about

children came about me threw

ficent-looking man.

boy, Tito Rivera, now cashier of

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eastern and Middle States.

MRS. EDWIN BOOTH, wife of the tragedian, died the other day in New York. THE Massachusetts Paper company, of Springfield, Mass., has failed, with liabilities of \$300,000.

OFFICIAL returns from every county in Pennsylvania give Baily, Republican, for State treasarer, 7,002 plurality over Noble, Democrat.

A SKIFF ferryboat containing nineteen per ns, while crossing the river from Troy, N. Y., to Port Schuyler, was swamped by the swell of passing propellers, and five men were drowned COLONEL J. HOWARD WELLES, a well-con.

nected New Yorker, has been caught in at elaborate scheme to blackmail Jay Gould, the well-known stock operator, by sending him letters threatening death in case the sender was not given "points" regarding the probable rise and fall in stocks. It was learned that all the letters were mailed for station E, and on Sunday fifty detectives and fifty letter carriers watched all the lamppost boxes in that district Presently a letter was posted which a letter carrier found to be directed to Mr. Gould, and at a signal a detective arrested Welles, who had

dropped it in the box. A Boston dispatch save that the commission to investigate the conduct of the Ninth Massachusetts regiment, during its recent visit to Yorktown, has reported to Governor Long that members of the regiment were guilty of gross misconduct in Richmond, some of it of a very grave character. It is recommended that the colonel of the regiment be required to make a searching investigation, so as to discover and discharge the offenders. Governor Long at once directed the issuance of a special order requiring the colonel of the regiment to ascer, tain within thirty days what officers or men had been guilty of improper conduct. Failing to present such names as required, the dispatch says, the entire regiment will be held strictly responsible for the reported misconduct and will be liable to such action as the governor

may direct. Ar the International Labor Congress, hell in Pitraburg; ninety delegates, representing 220,-000 workmen, were present,

THE bark Low Wood arrived in New York few days ago having on board the captain and crew of the barkentine Bend Or, which was wrecked in mid-ocean. In recsning the men a mate and four sailors of the Low Wood were drowned.

Two pugilists, Holden and White, have been having a fight for the "lightweight championship" in the vicinity of Eric, Pa. A large crowd of roughs and "sporting men" were present, but the brutal exhibition was stopped by the police after four rounds had been fought. Hon, John Bright has just celebrated his seventieth birthday.

Advices from Mecca, Arabia, say that 500

ersons are dying daily there from chotera. By an explosion—supposed to be of hidden dynamite—on board the steamer Severn, from Bristol for Gtasgow, nine persons were kille !, several wounded, and a portion of the vessel's deck was blown away. The Severn was towed into Kingston harbor. The official count in Pennsylvania gives

publican, 265,293; Noble, Democrat, 258,387; Wolfe, Independent Republican, 49,969; Jacken, Greenback, 14,946; Wilson, prohibition, 4.512. THE value of personal estate in Massachuetts is \$498 274 149; total value of real estate, \$1,149,965,827; total valuation, \$1,648,239,976.

Total number of dwelling houses in the State, 280,563. Total number of acres of land assessed, 4,487,769. THE Pacific National bank of Boston, Mass., was compelled to suspend payments in consepuence of the failure of Theodore C. Weeks, a tock broker, who had been allowed to overdraw his account. At a meeting of the creditors of the bank it was found that the Pacific National had out about \$500,000 of overdue paper, all of which amount was held by a single concern. Most of this paper consisted of Week's note and when interrogated the Pacific bank people

admitted that they had no money with which to meet them. JOHN REILLY, aged 100 years, died the other day in New York from the effect of burns received by his clothing catching fire from a

pipe which he was smoking. THE Vermont supreme court has sentenced Emeline L. Meeker, the convicted child murderer of Waterbury, Vt., to be confined in the State prison till the last Friday of March, 1883 -the last three months solitary-and then to be hanged. This is the first time a woman has

South and West.

PRAIRIE CREEK broke through into a coa mine at Streator, Ill., doing damage to the extent of about \$100,000. Low water caused an explosion of ten boiles

n a large lumber manufactory near East Saginaw, Mich. Four firemen were killed and property worth \$25,000 was destroyed. Snow has fallen in large quantities in West ern Kanyas, Colorado and New Mexico, and rains have been greatly delayed. In other

ortions of the West very heavy rains hav fallen. A FURIOUS storm on Lake Huron has don great damage to shipping.

THREE men were overtaken by a heavy snowstorm near Gunnison, Col., lost their way and were frozen to death. Two boys, aged respectively ten and four

ears, quarreled at Shelbyville, Ind., over a

game of marbles, and the older stabbed the ounger, inflicting a fatal wound. JESSE BALDWIN, of Boardmas township Onio, who recently created a sensation by ap pearing in the treasury department at Wash agton and demanding gold for \$17,000 in bonds, was robbed of the money by five burglars at 3 o'clock in the morning. Baldwin kept his money in an old-fashioned safe, which was blown open. The robbers were fired upon by Baldwin's son-in-law, and returned the fire, after which they escaped in Baldwin's

two-horse carriage. THE people of Dakots are taking measures to ave that Territory become a State,

A FIRE near Columbus, Ohior destroyed the usane asylum, causing a loss of about \$250,-000. The 764 inmates were all removed in

safety. LEVI SPARKS, a colored man, was hanged at Lumpkin, Ga., for chloroforming and assaulting a sixteen-year-old white girl, and at Hamburg, Ark., Boge Jackson (colored) was hanged for the murder of Reuben Jordan, also colored,

Last July Charles and Milton Coleman, brothers and deputy sheriffs of Dunn county, Wis., attempted to arrest Edward and Lon Maxwell, alias Williams, for horse-stealing. The Maxwell brothers resisted and shot both the Colemans dead. Then the outlaws fled to one of the most impenetrable forests of Northwestern Wisconsin. Large bodies of citizens, a company of militia, Indian scouts and bloodhounds hunted for weeks for the desperadoes, but without success, and it was finally believed they had escaped to another State. Recently the brothers were discovered in Nebraska, and Edward Maxwell was captured and taken back to Durand, Wis. Ou the morning of the day when his examination in court was to occur he was taken away from the officers of the law by the citizens, hundreds of whom had come into town from the surrounding country, and hanged in the court-house yard.

DICK LATTLE, one of the prominent members of the notorious James gang of train robbers,

has been captured in Kansas. A. B. THORNTON, editor of the Boonville (Mo.) News, was shot and instantly killed by Thomas A. McDerman, city marshal of that place. The paper had contained an article severely reflecting on McDerman's official acts; and the two men, meeting in the street, came to blows and then drew pistols, with the result stated.

From Washington.

Dr. J. L. Cabell, president of the National board of health, in his annual report, says that yellow fever appeared in only one locality (Key West) in the United States during last summer. FIFTH AUDITOR ALEXANDER, of the treasury department, reports that the consular service is not only self-sustaining, but contributes in a measure to the support of the diplomatic service, the excess of receipts over expenses last year being \$25,243,65.

Upon the adjournment of the court on the sixth day of Guiteau's trial the jail van started as usual for the jail, having one policeman, Officer Edelin, as a guard, who sat on the seat with the driver. Before reaching the capitol the guard noticed a young man on horseback riding leisurely behind the van. Near the corner of East Capitol and First streets the horseman rode directly up to the rear of the van and peered through the small graving. Guiteau was alone in the van, sitting on the right-hand side. After evidently satisfying himself of the exact location of the prisoner the horseman wheeled suddenly to the left of the van and fired directly through it. He then spurred his horse and rode rapidly away. Officer Edelin fired one shot at the fast-disappearing horseman, and the driver of the van whipped his horses into a gallop and kept in sight of him for several blocks. The would-be avenger was, however, mounted upon a blooded horse and readily escaped out into the count y, The van was then driven on to the jail, and Guiteau was taken out in a state of great excitement. He exclaimed: "I have been shot, Notify Major Brock at once. Tell him to arrest the scoundret and have him dealt with as he deserves." On examination it was found that the ball had just graze! Guiteau's left wrist, inflicting a more scratch. The ball struck the opposite side of the van and fell upon the floor, where it was found on reaching the jail. The man who was supposed to have fired the shot-one Bill Jones, a dissipated farmer living on the outshirts of Washington-was arrested in the evening in an intoxicated conlition and locked up. He denied having shot at Guiteau, and O'lear Edelin said positively that he was not the man. This was the third attempt on Guiteau's life since his arrest.

Foreign News.

Advices from Cape Coast Castle, Africa, state that the king of Ashantee has killed 200 young girls for the purpose of using their blood for mixing mortar for the repair of a state build-

Duning a horse race near Liverpool Macdonald, the English jockey who rode the American horse Foxhall to victory in the race for the Cesarewitch cup, was thrown and had his skull

THE total loss throughout Ontario by bush ites during the past season is estimated at beween \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000. THERE are more than 45,000 cases before the

frish land commission.

FORTY persons have been killed and forty-one sjared in a mine explosion at Gessolunga Italy. A LONDON special says that the English farmers are almost convinced they cannot compote in wheat-growing with American farmers,

and are beginning to turn their attention t grazing and dairy farming. A DUBLIN correspondent says that the experience of extensive land agents is that rents are b ing paid in Sligo, Roscommon, parts of Galway, Limerick, Queen's county and Kilkenny; but that in Wexford, Clare, Kerry, parts of Cork and other counties there is a general

determination not to pay. DIPHTHERIA, scarlet fever and smallpox are tevastating the center and south of Russia. Moony and Sankey, the American evangelists, are holding largely-attended revival

meetings at Durham, England. THE following is the new French cabinet: M. Gambetta, president of the council and minister of foreign affairs; M. Cazot, minister of justice; M. Waldeck-Rosseau, minister of the interior; M. Paul Bert, minister of public instruction; M. Bouvier, minister of commerce; M. Cochery, minister of posts and telegraph; M. Allain-Targe, minister of finance; M. Compenon, minister of war; M. Goujeard, minister of marine; M. Profit, minister of fine arts; M. Deves, minister of agriculture; M. Raynal,

minister of works. ADVICES from Panama state that the town of Manzanillo, containing about 200 dwellings, has been completely destroyed by a storm. Four vessels were wrecked, and every launch and lighter in the bay was driven ashore. The loss is estimated at \$500,000, independent of the value of the shipping destroyed.

I'SINCE BISMARCK read Emperor William's speech at the opening of the German reichstag. Ar the Hatton Garden (London) postoffice registered letters containing diamonds and jewelry to the value of \$200,000 have been

THE custom house at Valparaiso, Chili, has been destroyed by fire, the loss being \$1,000,-

An earthquake shake has been felt in Switz orland and neighboring countries.

Foun Arabs, implicated in the recent massacre of the twelve employes at the Oue i-Zergha (Punis) raitway station, have been exeouted by the French.