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A Gray Day.

Forth from a sky of windless gray
Pours down the soft, persistent rain,
And she for whom I sigh in vain,
Who makes my bliss, now makes my pain,
Being far from me this autumn day—
So far away.

Upon the waters void and gray
No floating sail appears in sight—
The dull rain and the humid light
No wind has any heart to spite,
This dreary, weary autumn day,
With love away.

Where she is may skies not be gray,
But sunlight fill the vital air—
Ah, were she here, or were I there,
Skies might be dull, or might be fair,
And I not heed, so she this day
Were not away.

No gull wings out 'twixt gray and gray—
All gray, as far as eye can reach;
The sea too listless seems for speech,
And vaguely frets upon the beach,
As knowing she this autumn day
Is far away.

Ah, like that sea my life looks gray—
Like a forgotten land it lies,
With no light on it from her eyes,
Lovely and changeful as those skies
'Neath which she walks this autumn day
So far away.

But they shall pass, these skies of gray,
And she for whom I sigh in vain,
Who makes my bliss and makes my pain,
Shall turn my gray to gold again,
Being not, as now, that future day,
So far away.

—*Philip Bourke Marston.*

The Sabot and Violin.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF PAGANINI.

Toward the last of September, 1832, the artistic world of Paris was deeply affected upon learning that Paganini, the celebrated artist, was very ill. He was seized with a violent fever at the close of a concert, where he had been the star and only attraction.

Kind friends and warm admirers did all in their power to ameliorate his sufferings, but without avail. Day after day passed, and still the condition of the much-beloved artist did not improve. His physicians became alarmed and urged upon him the necessity of taking a rest of several months.

A beautiful morning in the month of October he bade adieu to the capital he had filled with his merited renown.

At that time there was a celebrated hospital near Paris, which was only frequented by distinguished invalids. It was the Villa Lutetiana, named without doubt in memory of the ancient Lutece. This fine edifice was situated in the center of a pleasure garden which overlooked a charming and heavily-wooded park. There were shady groves and walks for dreamers, public drawing-rooms for the lovers of games and conversations, and private apartments for those who preferred the "chez-soi" in tete-a-tete with the last novel. His days were spent in promenading up and down the most retired part of the garden, and when evening approached he hastened to his room to read and reread a package of letters, yellow with age, to which a fresh one was added from time to time.

Among the inmates of the Villa Lutetiana there were four old ladies who had become warm friends on account of their common love for card playing, and the secluded life which Paganini persisted in leading seemed to cause them much annoyance.

"Indeed," said one of them, "he is not my idea of a great man. I do not perceive anything remarkable in him, in fact, taking him all in all, he is just like other men."

"As for me," said the second lady, "when I heard he was to become one of our number I was in raptures, and flattered myself with the thought that he would frequently enliven our promenades and soirees with his wonderful music, but behold how we are treated. He rarely deigns to recognize us, and whenever he is requested to favor us with a little music he calmly shakes his head and retreats at once. He is a bear—a real savage."

"Ah!" said the third lady, "you do not understand his case yet. Paganini, my friends, is a simple miser. Do you wish the proof? Does he not always refuse to assist in charitable concerts?"

"It is very strange," said the fourth lady, "how great men lose prestige upon acquaintance. I do not doubt but that he is of some account on the stage. But here! I do not know but, as far as sociability is concerned, I would prefer to associate with the gardener."

"Oh! do not hesitate, I pray you," replied the youngest of these ladies. "As for my part I would greatly prefer almost anybody to him. Did you ever see a man manifest so much indifference, yes, even contempt for ladies' society?"

"I am of your opinion; but come, my ladies, I have a scheme to submit to you that has just popped into my head. We must give this sleepy bear a shaking."

The celebrated violinist, however, continued to live in the usual manner, and slowly regained his strength. But one would hardly have believed him to be any better, he looked so very pale and thin. His physicians rigidly forbade his doing any mental work, and the great musician, entirely deprived of his art, passed the autumnal days in a sort of intellectual somnolence, which was most beneficial to his feeble state.

He never became a victim to loneliness. As a wood carver Paganini was without a rival. Hour after hour he sat in his cozy little room and skillfully handled chisels, knives and other sharp-edged instruments.

Although he seemed to be surrounded by enemies instead of friends in his new home, there was one being who studied his comfort and exhibited the most tender regard for him. This devoted creature was a young chambermaid, named Louisette, a charming young girl, with a frank face and smiling countenance, who cordially greeted the distinguished artist every morning as she lightly entered his room with the early breakfast.

While the artist partook of the fragrant coffee, delicious rolls and honey, Louisette endeavored to amuse him by relating some of the incidents which transpired at the hospital. From time to time she succeeded in causing a faint smile to appear on the wan face as she aptly imitated the four eccentric old ladies.

One morning Louisette entered Paganini's room at the customary hour, but the greeting was pronounced in a most doleful tone. Her eyelids were badly swelled, her cheeks void of color, and a very sorrowful expression played around the finely-cut mouth.

"What is the matter, my poor Louisette?" asked Paganini.

"Oh! I am so unhappy!" Then she hesitated, apparently checked by the fast-falling tears and child-like sobs that came in quick succession.

Paganini allowed her to weep undisturbed for a few moments, then said, in a most sympathetic tone: "Tell me your troubles. Perhaps I can devise a way to alleviate them."

"Oh! no, kind sir. No one in the world can help me."

"Tut, tut! I am inclined to believe some lover is the cause of all your grief."

Louisette colored and dropped her head.

"The wretch! Has he broken his vows?" asked Paganini, with a smile.

"No! no!" replied Louisette. "My dear Henri loves me too much to do anything so cruel as that."

She could not continue, and, throwing herself upon a chair, commenced sobbing as if her heart would break.

Paganini stepped to the window where she was seated, took her hand in his, and said, very seriously: "Have you confidence in me, Louisette?"

"Oh! yes, sir," she replied.

"Very well, my dear child. Dry your tears, and we will endeavor to remedy the evil, however serious it may chance to be."

"Henri has drawn an unfortunate number," said Louisette, speaking very rapidly. "He must join the army and leave for Lille on the morning express."

"Can he not procure a substitute?"

"A substitute! How could we ever dream of raising such a sum."

"Would it require very much money?"

"Fifteen hundred francs are demanded, on account of the prospect of war."

"Well, your misfortune is not so serious, after all. Wipe away those tears and let me see your merry face once more. I will exert myself to obtain this formidable sum. I am sure that my efforts will be crowned with success."

Louisette warmly thanked the violinist, dried her tears with the corner of her white apron, and disappeared, with a face radiant with joy and hope.

Winter advanced, and Christmas, with its feathery garb of snow and crown of holly was on the threshhold once more. It gently rapped at the door of every dwelling, and at this signal families assembled around the cheerful hearth, their hearts warm with love and good-will to man. The little children filled their shoes with hay and placed them in the fireplace, that Santa Claus might see them right away when he jumped down the chimney with all the presents they had ordered; and the little homeless ones came and offered a prayer at the door while breathing in their hands, which were blue and stiff with the piercing cold.

At the Villa Lutetiana each one celebrated Christmas according to his pleasure. Our four old ladies enjoyed an animated game of cards; while Paganini, seated in a secluded corner of the room, absorbed in an interesting book, was wholly unconscious of the malicious looks that were given him from time to time.

Suddenly the door opened and Louisette entered.

"Sir," said she, betraying much excitement, "a large box to your address has arrived. The porter is waiting in the vestibule."

"A box?" said Paganini, much astonished. "It must be a mistake. I do not expect anything."

"But, sir, your address is on it."

"It is true, but that is all the same. I cannot conceive—where is the porter?"

"Here he is, sir. He says he is in a hurry."

"Whence comes this box?" asked Paganini, regarding the man with suspicion.

"From the office, sir. I do not know anything more about it, except that it was sent from Lyons or Orleans."

"Stranger and stranger," remarked Paganini. "I have not an acquaintance in either of these cities."

He paid him, however, thanks to the interference of Louisette, who had taken possession of the box.

The porter had hardly turned his back when Louisette, glancing at the box with much curiosity, eagerly said: "I will assist you to take it up to your room, sir."

"No, Louisette," replied Paganini, trying to refrain from smiling. "Leave it there in the corner. To-morrow will be time enough to attend to it."

"And you are not going to open it?" asked Louisette, much disappointed.

"Yes, indeed, I will, since you are so anxious to see its contents. Come, aid me, and we will have it open in a few moments."

They removed two layers of hay, several bundles of brown paper, cut a number of strings, and found at the very bottom of the box an old sabot.

"Well, I am not much surprised," said Paganini, "it is a very nice invention. They have sent me this sabot as an allusion to my avarice, and wish it to say to me that I am like children, who rather receive than give; but they are very much deceived if they think they can wound my feelings by this unkind act. I will say in the presence of all the inmates of the house that before the expiration of two weeks this sabot shall be worth its weight in gold."

Thereupon he retreated, with the wooden shoe, leaving the spectators in amazement easy to comprehend

The old ladies seemed quite embarrassed.

It was they who had sent it, and Paganini was well aware of the fact, and secretly rejoiced that it had not afforded them all the pleasure they had promised themselves.

From this day Paganini was no more to be seen in the salon of the Villa Lutetiana. The faithful Louisette was the only person admitted to his presence. The four old ladies tried their uttermost to persuade her to explain his mysterious disappearance, but she placed her finger on her lips and quite resembled the statue of discretion.

It was true Louisette knew something of his plans; but not all. She did not know that by a remarkable ingenuity and exquisite skillfulness the old sabot was being transformed into a violin, which for tone and finish might have challenged an Amati. Paganini had given more than an ordinary soul to this subject, and the world was to be the judge of it.

Soon large blue posters appeared all around the Villa Letetiana, and were freely distributed in Paris.

They announced that New Year's eve a grand concert would be given in the salon of the Villa Lutetiana, in which Paganini would reappear upon the stage.

It is needless to say that a few hours after the distribution of the posters every ticket was sold.

The programme consisted of ten pieces—five upon an ordinary violin and five upon a sabot.

The most capacious theater of Paris had been too small to accommodate all the admirers of the great artist; but he had determined to play in the salon, consequently had given orders that only a limited number of tickets should be sold.

The anxiously awaited hour arrived, and soon an artistic and aristocratic assembly filled the grand salon.

Finally Paganini appeared, with his instrument, in the midst of silence so profound that the beating of the hearts was almost audible.

Tumultuous applause burst forth from all sides of the audience; then subsided into one grand shout of welcome, which caused a smile of gratitude and pride to appear on the pale face of the celebrated artist.

Paganini gave one stroke with his bow and quiet was soon re-established.

After a short prelude he suddenly strikes out into a brilliant fantasie. He is no longer a man. He is transformed into an angel of harmony. The audience, thrilled with joy, become motionless. They hardly seem to breathe; and as the last note dies away there they sit, still listening intently.

"He will not be able to surpass that! He never played better!" was whispered throughout the assembly.

However prepared for miracles from a man who had accomplished upon the violin what no human hand had ever achieved before him, the amateurs waited with feverish excitement. In a few moments Paganini reappeared, holding the announced sabot in his hand.

Suddenly notes so plaintive and sweet fall from the new violin that every one is moved to tears. The artist seems no longer to belong to the earth. The musical drama he executes could have only one significance. Hear the rolling of the drum; behold the excitement of the military life, the sorrow of the soldier who bids farewell to his companions, the approach to the paternal roof, the meeting of the betrothed, the tears of joy.

Tremendous applause shakes the salon to the very foundation. The ladies throw bouquets and the gentlemen kneel before the illustrious artist. Here and there one is seen drying the tears which the magic power of the music caused to flow.

No one sees a young girl secreted behind a curtain and crying bitterly. It was Louisette, the poor chambermaid, upon whom the return of the conscript had made the deepest impression.

Paganini calls her to him and says: "My dear child, we have been fortunate enough to collect 500 francs more than is required to procure a substitute for your betrothed. Take them. They will be sufficient to defray the expenses of the journey. And now, as I am about to leave this house, I give you a souvenir. Here is the old sabot. Perhaps it merits the name of violin, now."

Louisette was too much affected to speak, and grasping his hands she covered them with tears of joy and gratitude.

The violin was a very fine dowry for the young girl. She sold it to an amateur for 6,000 francs, and it has become, by inheritance, the property of a great Belgian manufacturer, who naturally enough values it at a very high figure, and loves to relate its history.

Washerwomen on a Strike.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes: Paris has been in distress over the strike of the washerwomen of Arcueil-Cachan. This is a more serious matter than may at first be thought. The women, several hundred in number, announced their intention of never washing another shirt or napkin until their daily pay had been raised from two francs and a quarter (forty-five cents) to three francs (sixty cents), and said that all the other members of their profession would soon follow their example. There are no less than 6,000 washerwomen in the immediate neighborhood of Paris. Nearly all the washing of the great city falls into their hands. For the moment a compromise has been made, but the women say that they will carry out their original plan, and are holding meetings every week. A suspension of their humble functions for a fortnight would leave the city in a rather unpleasant predicament, for there is not one family in ten that does its own washing. All the restaurants, hotels, etc., send their linen into the country, whence it is returned clean at the end of eight days.

How They Spend Their Money.

Joe Howard writes from New York to the Philadelphia *Times:* In a conspicuous window on Broadway stands a table covered with blue satin. In its drawers are candies. Price, $250. The wood cost perhaps $1, the satin $5, the work in time and skill $10; total, $16. Profit, $234—when sold. I don't believe any idiot in the world can equal a New York idiot. Once started he beats the deck. For the fun of the thing I watched the shoppers in a great jewelry store one evening. I was amazed. Clocks, with side vases, ranging in price from $500 to $5,000, were easily sold. Pins for scarf or shirt, costing from $10 to $150, were in great demand. But gold watches carried off the honors, and the demand for American makes was noticeable. The larger establishments have tumbled to the fashionable craze for American watches. They import Swiss works, put them in American cases, stamp their own name on them and sell them at fabulous rates. I wish you could see the fobs and fob-chains of the laudy-daws. The entire cigarette size of boys now display the old-fashioned watered ribbon with seals, fancy or plain. Nothing is prettier, nothing more useful. I wear one myself. An old pawnbroker told me to-day that at a recent sale he disposed of over twenty old-time seals, with crests, initials and coats-of-arms, at prices that astonished him. Everything in that line is eagerly caught up, put in shape and quickly sold.

What next?

Well, what next? If the men keep pace with the women it can't be very long before knee breeches, silver buckles and bag wigs are in fashion. The quaintest kind of ornament is now the style. Everybody has to have an old-fashioned clock, you know, and there is already a factory in Connecticut where they are turned out by the hundreds, with rusted chains and five-pound weights, and cases cracked as if with age. In all the great depots of treasure these clocks abound. Generally they have high mahogany cases, some with ornamental figurings, others perfectly plain. Some give the day of the month and the week, signs of the moon and evening star, and mythological data as well. The works are as simple as A B C, the regular old style, wound up by pulling an endless chain and hoisting the heavy iron weight, while the long pendulum slowly ticks and the ferocious bell literally clangs out the hour. I told you I had a fob chain, and I've one of these clocks, too. Some of these days I'll wear knee breeches. That will be funny.

A Desperate Fight With Convicts.

At Graham, Texas, the three McDonald boys, the murderers of a man named Martin, made a desperate effort to escape from jail, which resulted in their death and the death of a deputy sheriff, besides the serious wounding of several other people. About 10 o'clock in the morning the McDonald boys were led from the steel cage to the calaboose, and with Jim Boone and Jack Baldwin, the two other prisoners, were given their breakfast by two deputies. One deputy was testing the cage while it was empty, and the other deputy, Davis Melton, stood in the doorway of a wooden cell opening from the calaboose to the steel cage. He had a pistol in each hand, keeping watch, and presently put both revolvers in one hand to get a match from his pocket, when the McDonalds sprang upon him suddenly and disarmed him. In the struggle Melton was shot in the right hand. His cries brought Murfee, the other deputy, from the cage, but on entering the calaboose he was shot and instantly killed by the prisoners. The prisoners then made a hole through the floor to the room below and, taking Melton with them, began their escape. A bloodhound watches the jail, but by a detour they avoided him and took their flight in a southerly direction. By this time the whole city was excited, and the citizens had gathered all together and followed the fleeing prisoners. The latter placed their hostage, Melton, behind them, and threatened to shoot him dead if they were fired on. Thus the murderers proceeded some 300 yards, when one citizen deliberately took aim and firing mortally wounded one of the fugitives, who fell. Deputy Melton seized the opportunity, broke loose, and ran. A general fusilade was now exchanged between the citizens and the escaping prisoners. The latter entrenched themselves in the weeds and stumps, and the battle raged for some time. When the shooting ceased the three McDonalds were dead, Melton was shot three times, an old man named Wood wounded in the thigh, and a waiter named Joy had a bone of his leg shattered. Baldwin and Boone took no part in the shooting and were recaptured. Graham was a scene of terrible excitement during the bloody affray.

He Pulled the Tooth.

A Hartford (Conn.) dentist discovered that one of his patients, a six-footer, was a mad man. As he approached with his forceps the lunatic raised up in the chair, and, with a ferocious glare in his savage eyes, looking straight at the doctor, said: "Be quick, and if you don't pull it the first time I'll throw you out of the window." The young dentist quickly made up his mind to risk it. The tooth must come, and come the first time. Among the stock of forceps was one big, strong pair which had been discarded on account of their clumsy shape. The doctor selected this pair, and thinking of the unpleasant nature of a certain promised fall, he reached for that tooth, and, with a grip that desperation made sure, he snaked out that molar in a jiffy. The lunatic sprang from the chair, and, with the blood trickling from his mouth, began a musical march up and down the room, striking up the old familiar song: "Oh, it will be joyful, oh, it will be joyful, when we meet to part no more." He kept up this march for about five minutes, and then dashed out of the door and downstairs, still singing his joyful song.

Mother Shipton's Successor Starts in Business.

The world shall come to an end—'tis true,
In 1882.

The world itself shall no longer be,
In 1883.

The world itself shall be no more,
In 1884.

The world itself shall not survive,
In 1885.

The world shall vanish into nix,
In 1886.

The world shall burn in fires from heaven,
In 1887.

The world shall end as sure as fate,
In 1888.

The world shall end, if rhyme is a sign,
In 1889.

The world can't possibly come to an end in 1890, for there is no rhyme to let it die on—

But certainly to an end t'will run,
In 1891.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Always ready to take a hand in conversation—Deaf and dumb people.

What is that which no man wishes to have and no man wishes to lose? A bald head.

There's only a hare's difference between the ears of a rabbit and those of a mule.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A romantic couple out West have named their first-born daughter "Malaria." She'll give some fellow the shake some day.

It will be advisable for such as have any fears of baldness to quit indulging in white grub, since a farmer has discovered that the white grub eats off the roots just below the crown.

"When I was an infant," said Fogg, "the women were forever kissing me. And," he added, "I have done what I could to get square with them since I have grown to years of discretion."—*Boston Transcript.*

A writer on the etiquette of gestures says a smile and an inclination of the head will often convey more meaning than volumes. Dan McGary says that in Austin it means the conveyance of ten cents out of his pocket every time.—*Texas Siftings.*

Smart Aleck met Jones this morning, and after the usual manner of the slang slingers he said: "Hello, Jonesey, old man, what do you know when you don't know anything?" "I know you," replied Jones, calmly and serenely, and Aleck withdrew to a sequestered spot to ruminate.—*Steubenville Herald.*

EDITOR AND POET.

"Here is a sketch," said the poet
Unto the editor gray,
"Which I tossed me off in an idle hour,
To pass the time away."

"Here's a club," was the answer,
In a bland and smiling way,
"With which I frequently toss me off
Six poets in a day."

Wives ought really to be more careful about telling the truth to their husbands. "Why do you start so whenever I come into the room?" asked a brusque man of his better half. "It is only only my nerves, my poor nerves," she replied, "which are so very weak that I am startled by every stupid thing I see."

Laws of Digestion.

The *Sanitary Record* gives the following laws relative to digestion:

1. Food for the supply of the daily wants of the system is most rapidly and thoroughly digested when taken early in the day, ere the nervous and secretive forces are exhausted by toil.

2. Rapid digestion in the early part of the day contributes to the immediate demands of motion and ennervation.

3. Food for the repair of the continuous wear and tear of the tissues is in less immediate request; the completeness of its solution is of more importance than the rapidity, and it is best taken toward the evening, when an opportunity is offered for its leisurely absorption during sleep.

4. The duration of digestion bears a proportion to the quantity of food eaten.

5. In youth the digestion is quicker, and the stomach sooner emptied than in grown-up persons.

6. Rest before meals makes digestion more complete. Exertion immediately before meals retards digestion, and exertion immediately afterward deranges it.

7. Sleep retards digestion, but makes it more complete.

8. Alcohol retards digestion and renders it also incomplete.

9. Earnest preoccupation of mind retards digestion, and may even quite annul it.

10. Water weakens digestion and encourages the absorption of fatty and saccharine matters; but its effect on the complete solution of albumen is doubtful.

A Wasp's Nest in a Letter-Box.

A letter-box was chosen last spring in the Alsatian village of Schwarzbach by a swarm of wasps as their summer residence. The wasps built their nest inside the metal case in such sort that their domicile in no way interfered with the depositing or removal of letters. Throughout the hot summer months they were observed day after day flying in and out of the aperture through which the villagers dropped their letters into the pillar box. As soon as cool weather set in the wasps evacuated their summer quarters and settled themselves underground for a few months in a field hard by.

In giving his name as one of the presidents of the Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform association, the Archbishop of Cauterbury writes that he shall do all he can to promote the success of the movement. The society aims at cheapening, simplifying and Christianizing funeral ceremonial to the discouragement of feasting and treating, and the entire disuse of crape, scarfs, plumes and mourning coaches.

Guiteau's Trial.

Argument on the points of law was begun on the fortieth day of the trial, Mr. Davidge opening for the prosecution. He spoke in support of the rule of legal insanity as laid down by the judges of the English bench in reply to interrogatories from the house of lords. That rule, he contended, had been adhered to in England and in this country ever since. It required the defense to show that the accused person was unable to distinguish between right and wrong, in order to establish his insanity. Mr. Reed replied for the defense, arguing in support of the doctrine that irresponsibility may be inferred from the existence of insanity, and that the jury should be instructed to acquit upon a reasonable doubt of the sanity of the prisoner. Guiteau frequently interrupted Mr. Davidge's remarks, and when the latter cited Judge Davis' charge in the Coleman case, in New York, he shouted that the jury in that case returned a verdict against the charge. He was very abusive, and he announced that he would settle the question by a two hours' speech to the jury. The jury were present during Mr. Davidge's argument, but were absent during the afternoon, when the counsel for the defense were speaking. Mr. Scoville, who followed Mr. Reed, commented upon this fact with some bitterness, and there was a sharp colloquy between counsel in regard to it. During the day Guiteau's interruptions were frequent, and he interrupted counsel for the prosecution with: "I don't pretend to be any more insane than you are. Transitory mania is all I claim," and he ran on in this way until Judge Porter's patience was exhausted. "Your honor," said he, bitterly, "has heard the prisoner long enough. I ask your honor now to hear the late Justice Curtis of the supreme court of the United States." Guiteau worked himself up into a rage here. "God will curse you prosecuting men," said he; "you are trying to get a little lucre." From this point on his interruptions were constant and annoying.

There was no apparent diminution of public interest when the court opened its ninth week and forty-first day of the Guiteau trial. As usual the crowd filled every nook of the chilly room and the ladies were decidedly in the majority. The prisoner arrived at the court-house about half-past 9, and was taken to his waiting-room. He appeared rather nervous and his countenance indicated anxiety. When he had taken his seat in the dock he glanced around stealthily over the audience and immediately began a harangue, evidently intended for the jury. "I have received," he said, "some 800 letters, a great majority of them from ladies. When I get time I shall attend to them. I want to send my greetings to the ladies of America and thank them for their sympathy. They don't want me to be hanged. Public opinion is fast changing. I received Saturday a check for $1,000 from the Stalwarts of Brooklyn, and another for $500 from the Stalwarts of New York. I want this jury to understand how public opinion is on this case." A bailiff here tried to silence him, when he turned upon him in the most vicious manner and snarled out: "You keep quiet and mind your business. Don't interfere with me when I am talking. If you had any sense you would understand your place." Mr. Scoville then resumed his argument for the defense. He objected to the citation of the opinion on insanity expressed by Judge Davis in the Coleman case in New York city, which he attributed to a desire on Judge Davis' part to pander to a reprehensible feeling of revenge against Guiteau, which led him to travel out of the record. This led to a dispute between Mr. Porter and Mr. Scoville, in which the prisoner joined. Guiteau said the Coleman case was not at all parallel to his case. The question of jurisdiction having been touched upon by the defense, District Attorney Corkhill delivered an argument on that subject, and Mr. Davidge followed for the prosecution with a review of the law points. The lawyers were not in good humor, and once Judge Cox had to stop a personal dispute between them. Mr. Scoville found fault because the counsel for the prosecution bowed to the jury every day, and he intimated that it was intended to have an improper effect upon them. On the previous day Mr. Scoville complained because the jury, after listening to the legal arguments for the prosecution, were allowed to go out as soon as the arguments for the defense were begun. On the forty-first day, however, this was reversed, the jury listening to Mr. Scoville's argument during the morning hours, and quitting court in the afternoon when Colonel Corkhill and Mr. Davidge spoke.

Judge Porter concluded the argument for the prosecution upon the law points on the forty-second day of the trial. He took occasion, in closing the legal argument for the prosecution, to strike back at Mr. Scoville, who had excited laughter by imitating and ridiculing Mr. Porter's style of talking. Judge Porter called Guiteau Scoville's pupil, and several times turned stingingly upon the prisoner for his interruptions. Guiteau interrupted Judge Porter frequently. He said that he was ready to suffer the consequences of his act, adding, "I think the Lord has got it fixed so that the consequences will not be very serious." Judge Cox then rendered his decisons in the various prayers of the prosecution and the defense. He decided that the jurisdiction of the court was complete. On the question of the prisoner's responsibility he said the legal test was whether at the time he committed the deed he knew the difference between right and wrong in respect to that particular act. He pointed out the sort of delusion that would relieve the prisoner of responsibility. It must be an insane mental delusion, which was not the result of his own reasoning, but which took possession of his mind independently of his will and reason, and deprived him of the ability to distinguish between right and wrong as to that particular act. On the question whether the prisoner should have the benefit of a reasonable doubt in the minds of the jurors as to his sanity, Judge Cox said he would not instruct the jury to acquit if they felt reasonable doubt about any one fact in issue, but he would explain to them the legal presumptions of innocence and of sanity, and instruct them that if, on the whole evidence and in consideration of both these presumptions they had a reasonable doubt of his guilt, he is entitled to be acquitted. Guiteau once or twice during the delivery of the decision expressed himself gratified with what the judge said, and at the end he exclaimed: 'I am satisfied with the law as laid down by your honor."

The first speech to the jury was made on the forty-third day of the trial by Mr. Davidge, of counsel for the prosecution. Mr. Davidge reviewed the evidence, ridiculed the notion that Guiteau was or is insane, and won the approval of the Italian tragedian Rossi, who was a spectator, by his quotations from Shakespeare. Guiteau followed him closely, interrupted him frequently, and reiterated the assertion that he has never claimed to be insane since July 2. Mr. Davidge argued that the assassin's sanity was proved by the consideration he showed for Mrs. Garfield when he refrained from shooting her husband at her side, by the manner of his preparing for the deed, by the way he executed it, and by the measures he took to secure his own safety, first from the mob and then from justice, by interposing the plea of insanity. There was an exciting scene at the close of the session, when the lawyers were debating the question whether the prisoner shall be permitted to address the jury. Guiteau insisted upon his right to do so, and declared he would not trust the best man in America to close his case for him. Judge Cox said he had no objection to the prisoner making a speech, provided he would confine it to argument on the facts and evidence. District Attorney Corkhill asserted that the prisoner had no right to speak, and strenuously objected to his being permitted to leave the dock. There was a tilt between the lawyers on this subject, and everybody got excited. Guiteau said in reference to the speech he intended making: "The American people will read the speech, and they are greater than this court and jury. Don't forget that, Mr. Court and Mr. Jurymen! The American people are trying this case, and will, I think, do me justice. The American people will get my speech. It reads like an oration of Cicero. It will go thundering down the ages." This closing scene of the day was characterized by considerable excitement on the part of the counsel on both sides and by the exhibition of great passion on the part of the prisoner. His sister, Mrs. Scoville, also manifested a great deal of emotion and wept hysterically. Many women gathered sympathetically around her.

On the forty-fourth day Guiteau, as soon as he had been placed in the dock, made his usual opening speech, as follows: "In justice to the court, to myself and to Mr. Davidge I want to say that I was mistaken in my remarks against him. I received a letter severely denouncing Mr Davidge, but on inquiry I find that Davidge is a high-toned Christian lawyer, and I withdraw any injurious remarks I made against him. I still maintain my opinion of Corkhill. I am told that I am right about Corkhill and wrong about Davidge." Mr. Davidge then rose and proceeded with his address to the jury. He analyzed the testimony of Dr. Rice, Mrs. Scoville, John W. Guiteau and others as to the eccentricities and peculiarities of the prisoner. All this testimony was unimportant. Mr. Davidge said: "The Guiteau family is a respectable family, a family of tone and character. They have made their mark wherever they have gone. The mistake committed by the family is in undertaking to protect and defend this man. All families are liable in the course of nature to produce bad men and wicked women, and the course—the Roman course—that this family ought to pursue would be to denounce this wretch as having sinned against law, against God, against nature itself, and offer him as a sacrifice on the altar of his country." The prisoner here broke in: "That is all said for money." Mr. Davidge continued his review of the testimony, speaking in the same quiet, off-hand, yet dignified way, and very often reading passages of the testimony, while he stood much of the time so close to the jurymen that he could have almost laid his hand on them. He paid no heed to Guiteau's interruptions, which were even more frequent than on the previous day, though less insulting. The assassin talked almost incessantly, almost as much as Mr. Davidge, in fact. When Mr. Davidge quoted testimony which Guiteau had contradicted as it fell from the witnesses' lips, Guiteau again declared that it was untrue. He accused Mr. Davidge of talking only for money, which would burn in his pocket. The court room was densely crowded, and after a woman had fainted Guiteau suggested to the court that fresh air was needed in the room, a suggestion which was acted upon.

A Terrible Railroad Collision.

A frightful accident by which about ten lives were lost, including New York State Senator Webster Wagner, occurred on the Harlem River railroad, near Spuyten Duyvil, in the upper part of New York city. The heavy Atlantic express train on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, due in New York at 7 o'clock P. M., halted to repair a damage to a brake just after having rounded the curve a short distance from Spuyten Duyvil. There were thirteen cars in the train, the last six of which were drawing-room cars. In front were two passenger coaches, two mail cars and an express car. Among the passengers in the drawing-room cars were many members of the New York legislature, including Senator Webster Wagner, and other well-known politicians. While the express train was standing on the track a local train from Tarrytown, running at apparently full speed, crashed into the rear of the standing train. The two rear drawing-room cars were telescoped. They then caught fire and were burned. Among those who perished, besides Senator Wagner, were Park Valentine, of Benningion, Vt., aged twenty-one years, and Mrs. Valentine, aged nineteen, a young couple who had been married the previous evening and were on their wedding trip, accompanied by the groom's father, who escaped unhurt. The following account of the disaster is taken from the New York papers:

The express train, consisting of several ordinary passenger coaches, three drawing-room coaches and baggage cars, passed Spuyten Duyvil station about 7 P. M., and rounded the curve at that point on its way to the Grand Central depot. Soon after getting around the curve and through the cut there was a sudden stoppage of the train. It was learned that the air brakes had given way, and the engineer had stopped to repair the break. Some minutes passed, and while passengers were talking over the delay, the train was struck by a passenger train from Tarrytown, which was following the express. The locomotive engine of the Tarrytown train instantly telescoped the rear coach of the Albany train. This was the Idlewild, a Wagner drawing-room coach. The rear end of the coach was broken in and the coach was thrown upon the next one, the Empire. The roof of the second coach was broken in, and both coaches rolled off the track together.

The coaches took fire immediately. The shock of the collision had been terrific. In all the forward cars of the Albany train the passengers were thrown from their seats, and many of them were injured. In the cars of the Tarrytown train the shock was also great enough to throw passengers out of their seats. One woman with a baby in her arms was hurled against a hot stove in the end of the second car from the engine, and she and her infant were both burned severely. Many other persons on the same train were badly bruised.

From both the trains the passengers rushed to look upon the wreck. A terrible scene confronted them. The two drawing-room cars, the Idlewild and the Empire, lay together broken and in flames. From the Empire a few persons made their way with difficulty, bruised and bleeding. Many of the passengers set to work at once to rescue other persons from the burning cars, but at first their efforts were unavailing. Water was carried from the Harlem river and from the locomotives and dashed upon the flames, but the amount was too small to do any good. The fire burned up brighter and stronger, and it was soon seen that the cars must be destroyed. A few persons were rescued from the burning wreck, and some of the rescuers were burned about the hands and faces. Cries and groans from the injured were heard on every side. The wreck had occured at a distance from any station whence any relief could be obtained. A few farmers living in the neighborhood visited the scene of the collision and offered their homes as places of shelter for the wounded. The forward part of the Albany train at length started for the city, leaving behind the two burning cars. Most of the passengers who had escaped death or serious injury came to the city on the train. The engine of the Tarrytown train was disabled, but the train was drawn back to the Spuyten Duyvil depot and sent to the city at a later hour over the up track.

Senator John W. Browning was found at his house in New York. He bore evidences of the accident. His head was cut and otherwise badly injured, and his left knee was severely cut. He was badly shaken up, and could with difficulty collect his thoughts sufficiently to give a detailed account of his experiences. He said:

"I was in the next to the last car of the train. In that car were Police Commissioner Nichols, Edward Kearney, Senator Grady, Assemblyman Sheehy, P. B. Spinola and others of the Tammany party. A short time before the accident occurred Senator Webster Wagner came through our car and said, laughingly: 'Ah, here are all the Anti-Monopolists.' He added: 'I am opposed to monopolies myself, for sometimes they smash my cars.' The party laughed at this sally, and Senator Wagner passed forward into the coaches. The train slowed up, and was then apparently about to start again when the crash came. I felt the concussion, and saw the end of the car raise up, followed by a shower of broken glass and splinters. I was thrown violently down, and have no very clear idea of how I got out. Every one in the car, together with everything movable, was thrown into a confused heap. It was evident from the groans that several of the party were hurt. Assemblyman Sheehy was badly hurt. Police Commissioner Nichols was cut in the knees."

Senator Wagner was born at Palatine Bridge, N. Y., October 2, 1817, and was of German parentage. He received a common-school education, and was in early youth a farmer, and later a wagon maker. He was appointed as station agent of what was known there as the Utica and Schenectady Railroad company, and was at the time of his death the president and principal owner of the Wagner Sleeping and Drawing-Room Car company, in one of whose coaches he was killed. He was elected Republican member of the assembly in 1870, and was elected to the Senate in 1871. He was elected to the present New York Senate without opposition.

Arkansas grows sorghum stalks twenty-five feet high.