

**THE DEAD DAY.**

The urgent and imperial day  
For all his wealth was made to yield.  
He passed his gates of palms and lay  
Far out upon his battered shield;  
Lay calm and king-like, with red garments  
rolled  
In blood, and gleaming burnishments of  
gold.

Then queenly night came down and swathed  
The king in comber vestments now.  
She bowed her face above and bathed  
Her eyes in darkness and in dew.  
And closed and kissed them softly as she  
slid  
Aside the dead king's silvered coffin lid.

Some star-tipt candles foot and head;  
Sweet perfumes of the perfumed sea,  
And then above her coffin dead  
She drew great curtains lovingly;  
And as she hooked them on the bent moon's  
horn,  
Unloosed her hair, and mourned and  
mourned till morn.

—Joaquin Miller.

**LOVE OR MONEY?**

BY R. L. KETCHUM.

ARTHUR FERRIS was tall, blonde, handsome, and twenty-eight. He was also the possessor of a long head, inherited from the maternal side of the house. He was likewise a dutiful son.

It was the two latter circumstances that had, on more than one occasion, saved him from making a triumphant as of himself. If it had not been for his long head, it is more than likely that he would have fallen despatchedly in love with that bewitching governess of the Hastings, with whom he had spent several weeks in the mountains one summer five years ago. But he had given himself time to think, and had died between two days, much to his later satisfaction.

Then there was that dear little Miss Dixon, whom he had met at the seaside. It had been a glorious evening—that last. They were sitting on the veranda, where they might see and yet be unseen. The soft, dreamy strains of a Strauss waltz floated out from the ball-room. There was the pale, silver light of the moon, the murmuring ripple of the waves on the beach—and all that sort of thing, which you have read about so many times that you have learned to skip it in the novels.

Well, Elsie was going away—too, too soon. They had talked in sighs and murmurs for half an hour; Arthur's left hand clasped Elsie's dimpled right one, his right arm was about her waist; both hearts beat vigorously, as hearts will on such occasions, and Arthur had just opened his mouth to tell Elsie what she had been waiting for for two weeks, when there was a step close at hand, a rustle of skirts, and the cooing voice of the maternal Ferris said:

"I beg your pardon, but will you please excuse Arthur a few moments? There are those miserable business affairs that must be attended to in time for the late mail."

And thus he saved a second time, for Elsie had not a cent, and neither had he—at least, not many of them. There were several other occasions when his own long head, or his mamma's, had helped him out—for Arthur was somewhat susceptible. But it is not of these I have to tell.

His time had come. The in-very-way-desirable young person had presented herself. True, she was not so young as she had been; but, then, that was a mere trifle. She was just his own age, or as good as his own, and an heiress of considerable degree. She was not—well not exactly handsome, and was rather inclined to what is politely called plumpness; but Arthur's mamma and Arthur's long head gave their approval—and Arthur did not care who she might be, so long as she possessed the above qualifications, particularly the one involving a very neat fortune in her own right.

Besides, Arthur was getting a bit desperate. In fact, he had so far exceeded his own salary and the maternal allowance (which, by the way, was as large as Mrs. Ferris could afford), that nothing short of a miracle, or a matrimonial alliance such as he had been so long seeking, could save him from getting into very deep water.

And thus it came to pass that this winter found him engaged to Miss Bernice Field, much to the satisfaction of his mother, who was visiting in New York, and to whom he had, like the dutiful son he was, sent the gratifying news at once.

He was disappointed, however, on one point. He had pleaded artfully for an early wedding, but Miss Field had set her foot down with much firmness and said he must go through a long probationary period—all of which Arthur failed to understand. He had always been noted for his persuasive powers, and had flattered himself that Bernice, with her gentle, clinging, bird-like ways, would succumb at once.

Now, be it known that Miss Bernice Field had not arrived at years of discretion for nothing. Neither had she, a not unimpressive young person, with nearly a half-million in her own right, passed through the experiences of ten seasons without gathering unto herself much knowledge of the ways and wiles of wicked man. She had had, as might have been expected, offers to a high number; but, thus far, the gentlemen concerned had failed—by reason of their unanimous desire to touch her purse—to touch, in the first place, the all-important key to it, which was hidden away in her bosom. And Miss Bernice Field was worldly-wise in her day and generation.

She was certainly in love with Ferris—there could be no doubt of that. It

is quite as certain that she was very seriously in love with him; but with the wisdom born of experience, she did not let him know one-half of what she felt for him.

If any one had told Ferris that he was just now in a very shaky position, he would have scoffed. His chum, Ed Cross, who was spending the winter at the house during Mrs. Ferris's absence, had once suggested that "there's many a slip," but Arthur merely shed a shoe at him, and whistled serenely.

It was in this frame of mind that, one evening in February, he ran lightly up the steps of the Field mansion to call on her whom Cross unfeelingly referred to as his "little lady-love." It was warm, and the front door stood ajar. The little footman was not in his accustomed place, so Ferris, with the air of one who knew just where he was going, stepped inside. From the open door of Papa Field's study came the sound of voices in earnest discussion, and one of them spoke his own name.

He halted, irresolute, as would any one else under like circumstances. Papa Field was speaking:

"Of course, my dear, you are your own mistress, and I can only advise you. It seems to me, however, that you have done a very foolish thing to engage yourself to this young Ferris. True, he seems an exemplary young fellow, and he comes of an excellent family; but it is well known that he has only a small allowance from the estate in addition to a beggarly two thousand dollars' salary. How do you know it is you, and not your money that he wants? It is a brutal question, I know, but it is one you have probably asked of yourself a half-dozen times, concerning other young men."

Arthur, out in the hall, standing in much the same attitude a child assumes when speaking his first "pieces" in school, winced, but waited for the answer. It came, in serious, thoughtful tones, which indicated plainly that Miss Bernice, also, had considered this very matter.

"N-no, I am sure you misjudge him, papa. Of course I understand how he is situated financially, and—and all that. But I am sure he is honest and honorable, and that he—he cares for me very much. There is a thousand ways by which I can learn much that you cannot, and—"

"Yes, yes, I understand. But suppose you should put him to the test; do you think he would come through—ah—er—unscathed, as it were? Suppose you should tell him that I had lost all your money and mine in unfortunate speculation—that we were beggars, and had not a dollar we could call our own? Are you afraid to try him?"

There was a brief silence. Then:

"I don't like to tell a falsehood, papa; but it would be only a 'white lie,' and perhaps for the best. Yes, I'll try him to-morrow night."

"That's my dutiful girl. Now run along and let me weep."

There was the sound of a kiss, and the perspiring young man in the hall hastened to get out of the house. He wanted time to think, but the first thing that entered his head, as he reached the sidewalk, was a fanciful picture of the petite Miss Field, with her one hundred and sixty pounds of avoirdupois "running along," and he smiled broadly. Then he walked rapidly over to the next street to catch a cab to his club, there to hold a pow-wow with Cross.

On the steps he hesitated a moment.

"Had I better go back now?" he thought. "No; she won't have her little tale of woe ready, and might be put out if I call to-night. I might give myself away too. Better have time to get my speech prepared." And this astute young man went in and proceeded to make himself comfortable.

The next evening, with his usual light heart and good spirits, he rang the door bell of the Field mansion. Yes, Miss Field was in, Peter said. Ferris went into the drawing-room and sat down, running rapidly over in his mind the various tender speeches he had prepared for the emergency. Bernice was a long time coming, he thought, for one who expected him.

Presently she entered—slowly—heavily. Her head bent low over her bosom, and her breath came short and fast. Ferris went forward to meet her, his arms outstretched. He was something of an actor himself, and he knew it.

"Bernice! Darling! What is the trouble with my little girl?" (Another good stroke. Miss Field liked to be called "little.")

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur! I don't know how to tell you. It is so dreadful! Papa—"

"What! Has your father been—?"

"Oh, no, not that; but—but worse! Arthur, we are—beggars!"

And Miss Field, delivering these last words with wonderful impressiveness, hung her head and sobbed bitterly behind her lace handkerchief.

Then it was that Ferris, like the young man of action that he was, put his arm as far round his tearful fiancée as possible, and, with some difficulty led her to a seat and pulled her head down on his glossy shirt front.

He was very, very sorry, as she must know. But it was nothing. Her father would recoup himself—he had many influential friends. As for her, had she not him—her Arthur? He would not, he once interrupted her to say, permit her, through a sense of false pride, to cast him off now, when she most needed him. No, never!

He had three thousand a year. It was not much, he knew, but they could live on it. And did she suppose, for one instance, that he had expected to live on his wife's money? No! A thousand times, no!

"We will have a real quiet, little wedding, dearest, and after it is over, we will go quietly to our own little cottage in the suburbs, which you and I will get ready in the meantime, and there we will be the happiest couple in the world. What! Bernice, am I to understand that you laugh at my cherished plans?"

For Bernice had leaped to her feet and was laughing heartily.

"Why, you foolish boy, I was only teasing you a bit. Don't you think I'd

make a good actress? Papa and I haven't lost—"

Here was Mr. Ferris's opportunity. She had doubted him; oh, cruel blow. If she could not trust him now, how could she have any faith in him after they were married? Perhaps, after all, it were best—

And he strode haughtily to the door. But this was not part of Miss Field's programme, and she did what any very-much-in-love female would do under like circumstances, so that, in a very few seconds, two people were sitting on a divan in a very lover-like attitude, indeed.

An hour or so later, a young man, walking briskly down the street, was reflecting on the vagaries of chance and his own good luck.

If Peter had been at the door—if he had been ten minutes later—if he had sneezed in the hall—if—

"It was an awfully close shave," he reflected, and he stopped and shook hands with himself, much to the amazement of the policeman on the corner.—The Argonaut.

**In an Indian School.**

Some of the Indian parents are very proud of their children's progress, and on best-issue days visit the schools, and listen with great satisfaction to their children speaking in the unknown tongue. There were several in one of the school-rooms while I was there, and the teachers turned them out of their chairs to make room for us, remarking pleasantly that the Indians were accustomed to sitting around on the ground. She afterwards added to this by telling us that there was no sentiment in her, and that she taught Indians for the fifty dollars there was in it. The mother of one of the little boys was already crouching on the floor as we came in, or squatting on her heels, as they seem to be able to do without fatigue for any length of time. During the half hour we were there she never changed her position or turned her head to look at us, but kept her eyes fixed only on her son sitting on the bench above her. He was a very plump, clean, and excited little Indian, with his hair cut short, and dressed in a very fine pair of trousers and jacket, and with shoes and stockings. He was very keen to show the white visitors how well he knew their talk, and read his book with a masterful shaking of the head, as though it had no terrors for him. His mother kneeling at his side on the floor wore a single garment, and over that a dirty blanket strapped around her waist with a beaded belt. Her feet were bare, and her coarse hair hung down over her face and down her back almost to her waist in an unkempt mass. She supported her chin on one hand, and with the other hand, black and wrinkled, and with nails broken by cutting wood, and harnessing horses, and plowing in the fields, brushed her hair back from before her eyes, and then touched her son's arm wistfully, as a dog tries to draw his master's eyes, and as though he were something fragile and fine. But he paid no attention to her whatsoever; he was very much interested in the lesson. She was the only thing I saw in the school-room. I wondered if she was thinking of the days when she carried his weight on her back as she went about her cooking or foraging for wood, or swung him from a limb of a tree, and of the first leather leggings she made for him when he was able to walk, and of the necklace of elk teeth, and the arrows which he used to fire bravely at the prairie-dogs. He was a very different child now, and so very far away from the doglike figure crouching by his side and gazing up patiently into his face, as if looking for something she had lost.—Harper's Weekly.

**Why It is Called "Key West."**

Unlike too many of our American cities, Key West has a history and its name a meaning. The first I will not rehearse, for some version of it, false or true, may be found in any encyclopedia, but the latter I will give in order to correct a common error. Many people imagine that the name has something to do with the geographical position of the island. On the contrary it is a corruption of the words Cayo Hueso (Bone Islands) and was so called because the Indians of the coast islands and those of the mainland were of different tribes and constantly fighting, and the Island men having been driven from one Key to another, finally made a desperate stand here, but it was of no avail, and their bones were left to whiten on the sands and give a name to the Key.

Ever since Florida came into the possession of the United States Key West has been looked upon as a point of some strategic importance, and there have been desultory attempts to fortify and occupy it as a military post. Troops were first stationed here in 1824, and in 1843 work on Fort Taylor was begun, but never completed. The fort, however, was occupied, in its incomplete condition, from 1861 to 1865. At present the lonely echoes of the immense structure respond only to the footsteps of its solitary keeper, or to the inquiring voice of some wandering tourist.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

**Strange Guatemala Indians.**

"Speaking of the peculiar customs of the people of Guatemala," Vice-Consul Chandler remarked, "almost all the freight is carried on the backs of Indians with a pack, and a day's journey for one of these natives thus loaded about twelve leagues or thirty-six miles. The strange thing about it is that on the return journey, if the porter cannot get a load to carry back, he fills his pack or sling with stones. This is to keep his balance, for, having become used to a forward leaning position under his usual load, he cannot make such rapid progress without some burden. Furthermore, so safe is the country down there that a bag containing \$1000 in silver can be sent with absolute security on the backs of these Indians from one place to another."—Chicago News.

**THE REALM OF FASHION.**

**WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO MAKE IT.**

**An Outing Coat—Reception Dress—Indoor Gown—Ribbon Corset—And a Group of Costumes.**

**HOWEVER** objectionable to some, it is certainly the case that the tendency toward mannish costumes is still strong. In our initial illustration you see such a make-up. It is extremely becoming to a young woman with high color, but should as a rule be avoided by delicate feminine types. These should give preference to silk skirts made full and set off with some lace ornament at the throat. Over these full blouses the sleeveless Eton jacket makes a very pretty effect, giving the requisite touch of color. In some cases, the Eton jacket is made with a vest, but this is a matter of taste. Yoked bodices, too, are very modish, and with them you may wear a sash with the long Japanese bows, which you fasten up again the figure with fancy pins.

**AN OUTING COAT.**

At the seaside and in the mountains, the evenings are very apt to be quite cool and hence arise the necessity of being muffled up at times. For this purpose nothing can be more practical and more stylish than the plaited sacque such as is shown in the illustration. It looks very well in gray blue cloth with large, mother-of-pearl buttons, which, may, if you are an admirer of outdoor sports, have some appropriate emblem in steel on their faces, such as a horseshoe, tennis racket, or crossed oars. The pockets, sleeves, lapels and bottom of this useful garment should have several rows of stitching and be lined with silk.

**RECEPTION DRESS.**

A PRETTY INDOOR GOWN.—This illustration presents a pretty indoor gown, with a bell shaped skirt. The Swiss belt may be embroidered either with gold or black braid. Its ends cross at the back. The plastron is in colored embroidery, but a very pretty effect may be attained with pleated sash. The revers start from the shoulder seam.

**RIBBON CORSELET.**

Many outdoor costumes are made with bodices consisting entirely of yoke-wise, below which there are alternate bands of ribbons of different colors. For instance, if the lace be white the ribbon corselet may be white moire and gray satin. In the costume shown in the illustration you see one of these ribbon corselets, clasping a puffed silk corsage with yoke outlined with a broad band of passementerie.

**DAINTY NIGHT DRESS.**

The prettiest thing in the way of a robe de nuit that we have seen in some time is a dainty combination of white silk, Valenciennes lace and pale pink ribbon.

It is more in the nature of a charming negligee rather than a dream robe. Princess in shape, it is made with a slight train, a tiny ruffle of the silk, and two puffs just above it adorn the edge. The back is made with a Watteau plait, and a wide shirred yoke and high collar give it a very graceful, swan-like appearance, even minus the fair wearer. The sleeves are full and finished with two puffs and a tiny ruffle, the same as on the skirt. Down the front a full jabot of the lace falls in graceful folds, and here and there the delicately tinted ribbon nestles in the filmy trimming. Bows of the same are on the inside of the sleeves, and a sash effect is produced by long ends starting from the plait in the back and lying in large, graceful loops in front.

**LEMONTULLI.**

Lemon tulle is made into a charming little evening bonnet with gold and mother-of-pearl butterflies, poised amid a cluster of yellow daffodils.

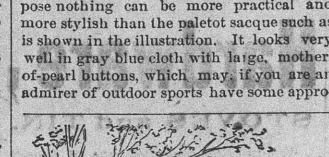
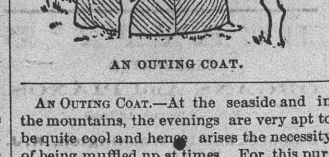
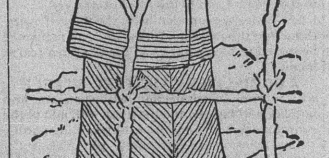
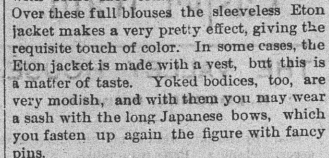
**LONG TIME TO WAIT.**

According to theosophists, 360 days and nights of Brahma make one year of Brahma, and 100 years of Brahma make the great Kalpa, a period of 311,040,000,000 years, after which the entire solar system passes into its night, and everything in it is destroyed on the objective plane.

**A GRAVE TRAFFIC.**

There is a brisk trade in second-hand tombstones in London. Still stranger is the custom of selling family vaults partly filled.

**An Outing Coat—Reception Dress—Indoor Gown—Ribbon Corset—And a Group of Costumes.**



tured as shown by a ruche and two rows of lace. The corsage has but one dart and is gathered at the waist. There is a lace bertha and lace ruche for the collar. The princess gown of the standing figure is a



**WHAT CLEVELAND CLAIMS.**

An Estimate by States of His Strength in the Chicago Convention.

NEW YORK, June 18.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger telegraphs that he has obtained two Cleveland estimates of the standing of the delegates. One of these comes from one of Mr. Cleveland's most intimate friends. He claims 575 delegates for Cleveland and declares that there are only 225 delegates opposed to him. This leaves Cleveland only 25 votes less than the necessary two-thirds, with 100 doubtful delegates. This would mean Cleveland's nomination. The other estimate comes from one of the ex-President's most active and confidential managers, and is still more favorable. He claims 638 votes for Cleveland—38 more than the necessary two-thirds—leaving 232 opposed and doubtful. The more conservative of the two estimates is as follows:

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Yield in convention.	Cleveland.	Doubtful.	Opposed.
Alabama.....	22	22	.....	.....
Arkansas.....	16	16	.....	.....
California.....	18	18	.....	.....
Colorado.....	12	12	.....	.....
Connecticut.....	6	6	.....	.....
Delaware.....	6	6	.....	.....
Florida.....	8	8	.....	.....
Georgia.....	6	6	.....	.....
Idaho.....	6	6	.....	.....
Illinois.....	48	48	.....	.....
Indiana.....	30	15	.....	15
Iowa.....	20	20	.....	.....
Kansas.....	20	20	.....	.....
Kentucky.....	26	.....	.....	26
Louisiana.....	16	8	.....	8
Maine.....	16	.....	.....	16
Maryland.....	16	.....	.....	16
Massachusetts.....	30	27	.....	3
Michigan.....	28	28	.....	.....
Minnesota.....	18	18	.....	.....
Mississippi.....	18	18	.....	.....
Missouri.....	34	34	.....	.....
Montana.....	6	.....	.....	6
Nebraska.....	16	.....	.....	16
Nevada.....	6	.....	.....	6
New Hampshire.....	8	.....	.....	8
New Jersey.....	20	20	.....	.....
New York.....	25	.....	.....	72
North Carolina.....	22	15	.....	7
North Dakota.....	6	.....	.....	6
Ohio.....	46	23	.....	23
Oregon.....	26	.....	.....	26
Pennsylvania.....	64	64	.....	.....
Rhode Island.....	8	.....	.....	8
South Carolina.....	18	.....	.....	17
South Dakota.....	8	.....	.....	8
Tennessee.....	24	24	.....	.....
Texas.....	30	16	.....	14
Vermont.....	8	.....	.....	8
Virginia.....	24	.....	.....	12
Washington.....	8	.....	.....	16
West Virginia.....	12	.....	.....	4
Wisconsin.....	24	24	.....	.....
Wyoming.....	6	.....	.....	6
Alaska.....	2	.....	.....	2
Arizona.....	2	.....	.....	2
Dis. of Columbia.....	2	.....	.....	2
New Mexico.....	2	.....	.....	2
Oklahoma.....	2	.....	.....	2
Utah.....	2	.....	.....	2
Total.....	900	575	100	225

**OHIO DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.**

**Election of Delegates to Chicago. Nomination of State Ticket. The Platform in Full.**

COLUMBUS, O.—On calling the convention to order Chairman James A. Norton of the central committee referred to the work of the convention, which was the selection of delegates to Chicago and which he said should be done with the greatest fairness. His mention of the name of Cleveland was received with much enthusiasm, which grew as he reached the names of Hill, Whitney, Gorman and others. When the speaker reached the name of Gov. Campbell in the list of Ohio candidates the convention assumed a wild scene of demonstration. The applause continued for several minutes, giving stormy evidence that the ex-governor had a big following in the convention.

After routine business, the convention selected four delegates-at-large to the Chicago convention. Ex-Governor Campbell, Senator Brice, Robert Blevins, of Cleveland, and Lawrence T. Neal were those agreed upon, the first two almost unanimously, and the latter after a close contest.

The following is the ticket nominated: For Secretary of State, W. A. Taylor, Franklin county; for Judge Supreme Court, (long term) Judge John S. Briggs, Monroe; (short term.) Judge Thomas Green, Crawford; for Clerk of Supreme Court, William H. Wolf, Fairfield county; for member State Board of Public Works, Captain J. N. Meyers, Hamilton; Presidential electors-at-large, H. S. Sternerberger, Miami; James P. Seward, Richland.

**WHAT CLEVELAND CLAIMS.**

An Estimate by States of His Strength in the Chicago Convention.

NEW YORK, June 18.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger telegraphs that he has obtained two Cleveland estimates of the standing of the delegates. One of these comes from one of Mr. Cleveland's most intimate friends. He claims 575 delegates for Cleveland and declares that there are only 225 delegates opposed to him. This leaves Cleveland only 25 votes less than the necessary two-thirds, with 100 doubtful delegates. This would mean Cleveland's nomination. The other estimate comes from one of the ex-President's most active and confidential managers, and is still more favorable. He claims 638 votes for Cleveland—38 more than the necessary two-thirds—leaving 232 opposed and doubtful. The more conservative of the two estimates is as follows:

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Yield in convention.	Cleveland.	Doubtful.	Opposed.
Alabama.....	22	22	.....	.....
Arkansas.....	16	16	.....	.....
California.....	18	18	.....	.....
Colorado.....	12	12	.....	.....
Connecticut.....	6	6	.....	.....
Delaware.....	6	6	.....	.....
Florida.....	8	8	.....	.....
Georgia.....	6	6	.....	.....
Idaho.....	6	6	.....	.....
Illinois.....	48	48	.....	.....
Indiana.....	30	15	.....	15
Iowa.....	20	20	.....	.....
Kansas.....	20	20	.....	.....
Kentucky.....	26	.....	.....	26
Louisiana.....	16	8	.....	8
Maine.....	16	.....	.....	16
Maryland.....	16	.....	.....	16
Massachusetts.....	30	27	.....	3
Michigan.....	28	28	.....	.....
Minnesota.....	18	18	.....	.....
Mississippi.....	18	18	.....	.....
Missouri.....	34	34	.....	.....
Montana.....	6	.....	.....	6
Nebraska.....	16	.....	.....	16
Nevada.....	6	.....	.....	6
New Hampshire.....	8	.....	.....	8
New Jersey.....	20	20	.....	.....
New York.....	25	.....	.....	72
North Carolina.....	22	15	.....	7
North Dakota.....	6	.....	.....	6
Ohio.....	46	23	.....	23
Oregon.....	26	.....	.....	26
Pennsylvania.....	64	64	.....	.....
Rhode Island.....	8	.....	.....	8
South Carolina.....	18	.....	.....	17
South Dakota.....	8	.....	.....	8
Tennessee.....	24	24	.....	.....
Texas.....	30	16	.....	14
Vermont.....	8	.....	.....	8
Virginia.....	24	.....	.....	12
Washington.....	8	.....	.....	16
West Virginia.....	12	.....	.....	4
Wisconsin.....	24	24	.....	.....
Wyoming.....	6	.....	.....	6
Alaska.....	2	.....	.....	2
Arizona.....	2	.....	.....	2
Dis. of Columbia.....	2	.....	.....	2
New Mexico.....	2	.....	.....	2
Oklahoma.....	2	.....	.....	2
Utah.....	2	.....	.....	2
Total.....	900	575	100	225

**James S. Rutan is Dead.**

Ex-Senator J. S. Rutan died Saturday morning at his home in Allegheny. His death was due to nervous prostration, brought on by his work during a vigorous recent political campaign.

Mr. Rutan was born in Carroll county, Ohio, May 29, 1838, and was educated in the common schools, at Richmond college, Ohio, and at Beaver Academy, Pa., to which place he moved in the latter city. He studied law with the late Sam B. Wilson of Beaver and was admitted to the bar in 1861. In 1862 he was elected district attorney of Beaver county, and re-elected in 1865. In 1868 he was a presidential elector for Grant. In 1869 he was elected a State Senator from Beaver and Washington counties and re-elected in 1872. He was speaker of the senate in the session of 1872. He was appointed counsel to Carlisle and Florence in 1873, but declined. President Hayes appointed him collector of the port of Pittsburgh in 1877. He served until June, 1881. In May, 1882, he was appointed United States marshal of the Western district of Pennsylvania, and was removed by President Cleveland in November, 1885. He was elected to the State senate from Allegheny county November, 1886, and has been prominent in politics ever since.

**Russia's Budget.**

The Russian naval estimates for 1892 amount to 17,882,233 rubles, or 2,991,961 rubles more than last year, which sum is to be spent upon the building of new ships. By order of the czar a large ironclad cruiser, of the same type as the Kurick, of 10,923 tons and 15,000 horse power, is to be put upon the stocks at St. Petersburg shortly, in addition to three ironclads of 11,000 tons and several ironclad coast vessels of from 4,000 to 5,000 tons.

**The Business-like Way.**

"For years," observed the verbose caller to the busy editor, "I have been endeavoring to discover the lost tribes of Israel."

"Has it ever occurred to you to advertise for them?" asked the editor with deep concern.—Indianapolis Journal.

**A Large number of Japanese are preparing to emigrate to the United States. About 1000 will colonize in the Sandwich Islands.**