

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Washington News.

Postoffices established: Iowa—Calhoun, Appanoose county. Postmasters commissioned—O. Oneson, Edinburg, Dak.; Irene Pool, Anador, Minn.; Thomas F. Calhoun, Appanoose county, Iowa.

A bricklayer on the new pension building at Washington, fell sixty-three feet from a scaffolding to the ground, and strangely enough was not killed. One arm was broken, but he bids fair to recover.

The president has pardoned ex-paymaster Maj. James R. Wasson. Owing to good behavior his term had been so lessened that he would have been entitled to discharge on the 8th inst. Maj. Wasson is an Iowa man.

The United States supreme court decides that an unnaturalized Indian has no right to vote. Also that in patent cases an appeal does not lie from the commissioner of patents to the secretary of the interior. Also that a city cannot tax coastwise steamers.

It will be remembered that while Guitteau was on trial for the murder of President Garfield, a young butcher named Bill Jones, shot at the assassin while he was being conducted in the prison van from the court house to the jail. Jones rode on horseback behind the van until it reached the open ground surrounding the capitol building, when he suddenly rode up alongside of the vehicle and fired into it, the ball from his pistol passing through the left sleeve of Guitteau's coat and grazing his arm. As soon as he fired the shot Jones galloped away, eluding the guard attending the prison van and avoiding arrest for several days. When apprehended he was sent to jail, but he was shortly thereafter released on bail. This incident occurred in November, 1881—three years ago. On Monday last Jones was called for trial on the charge of assault and battery with the intent to kill Charles J. Guitteau. The witnesses for the prosecution, who were the officials attending the van, fully identified the prisoner, and testified to the shooting as herein related. The jury, after an absence of twenty minutes, found a verdict of not guilty.

Rail and River Notes.

George Hills, formerly cashier of the Sioux City & Pacific road at Sioux City, who was arrested on a charge of embezzlement, has been released, the grand jury having failed to find an indictment.

Train No. 1 on the Baltimore & Ohio road, a passenger train, jumped a frog near Alta, Ohio, while going at the rate of forty miles an hour. Two cars were not damaged. The third car struck a freight engine on a siding, and the cars following were totally demolished. No one was killed, but a large number were injured. A telegram from Mrs. Nind, whose name is included in the list of injured, was received in Minneapolis stating that she had not been badly injured, and was able to continue her journey.

Casualties of the Week.

A fire at Louisiana, Mo., consumed a frame block belonging to Dr. Hardin. Loss, \$25,000; well insured.

T. V. Higley, living near Groton, Dak., was shot and killed by drawing a gun out of a wagon, mazzle first.

A still at the Chester (Pa.) oil works exploded, burning three men, two of them, Alex Smith and Martin Ryan, probably fatally, and damaging the place by fire over \$5,000.

Mr. Darlinghouse of Sauk Center, Minn., was walking on the railroad track at West Union; the west-bound freight train ran over him and injured him so severely that he soon after died.

Ernest Plingston, of the town of Hull, Marathon county, Wis., while chopping timber, fell face downward into a shallow puddle and drowned. He had long been subject to epileptic fits.

Crimes and Criminals.

At Texarkana Charles Mitchell, negro ravisher, was lynched.

The defalcation of George Jackson, president of the Enterprise factory, Augusta, Ga., amounts to \$122,000.

Incendiarists burned seven stacks of oats owned by L. S. Washington, living near Lancaster, Wis. Loss \$1,200.

Mrs. Minnie Schuler was arrested at Michigott, Wis., for making the best whisky in Manitowish county without government permission.

At Flandrau, Dak., Judge Palmer sentenced Soren Christenson to the penitentiary in Sioux Falls for the term of twenty-four years and eight months for the murder of Nels Jensen in June.

A boarding house kept by the Misses Olson and Anslin, Anoka, Minn., was entered by burglars recently and about \$100 was stolen from the boarders in sums ranging from \$2 to \$25.

The defalcation of president Jackson, of the Enterprise Cotton factory, Augusta, Ga., is now known to be \$122,000. Probably the misappropriation of funds covered a period of several years.

Fred Baumann, Jr., convicted in Winona of election frauds, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. Oscar McCamley, for the murder of James Rippen, was sentenced to five years hard labor.

At Salt Lake, Judge Zane sentenced Rudger Clawson, convicted a week ago of polygamy, to four years in the penitentiary and \$800 fine. An appeal will be taken, pending which his counsel moved that he be released on bail, which was refused and Clawson remanded to the custody of the United States marshal.

Mary McGuigan, wife of James McGuigan, a prominent merchant and real estate owner of Millville, Minn., was sent to the asylum for insane at Rochester recently by order of Hon. E. F. Collier, judge of probate. Her insanity is supposed to have been produced by religious excitement. She has made several attempts recently to set buildings on fire.

The Ada (Minn.) Index gives an account of the doings of William Olson, who, after successfully victimizing the various storekeepers of that vicinity to the extent of several hundred dollars, by means of forged notes, fled across the line to Manitoba. A reward of \$100 is offered for the capture of Olson, who owned a mill at Henderson which is heavily overcharged.

Personal News Notes.

The venerable Gen. Spinner and his three brothers live at Mohawk, N. Y. The brothers are all old men with very young wives.

The old friends and neighbors of William Allen Bryant commemorated the anniversary of his birth by the planting of trees on the

public ground facing the postoffice in Roslyn, L. I., recently.

Dr. Frank Powell (White Beaver) of La Crosse has established himself in St. Paul, and devotes Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week to a very large and constantly growing medical practice in that city.

Hon. James Faulkner died at his home in Martinsburg, W. Va., Saturday morning, aged seventy-eight. He served several terms in congress from Virginia, was minister to France under President Buchanan, and was chief staff officer of Gen. Stonewall Jackson in the late war.

At the chapel of the Ursuline convent in Lake City, Minn., recently four young ladies were invested with the religious habit and entered upon the novitiate, their family names and the religious ones assumed being as follows: (Rosemary Dunn (Sister Stanislaus), Julia Bowe, (Sister Joseph), Bridget Campion (Sister Angela), and Ellen Quinn, (Sister Gonzaga). On the same occasion Sarah A. Quinn, having reached the end of her novitiate term, made her vows.

Dr. Parot, just elected Episcopal bishop of Maryland, was born in New York city in 1836, and is of French extraction, though his parents were born in this country. He graduated at Hobart college, and was ordained to the diaconate at Geneva, N. Y., in 1852. His first parish was at Clyde, N. Y., and the next was Pierpont manor, in the same state, where he was from 1854 to 1864. Then he was rector in East Saginaw, Mich., for two years. In 1866 he went to Elmira, N. Y., and had a parish there for two years. Next he went to Williamsport, Pa., for eight years, and for the past eight years he has been in Baltimore. Ecclesiastically Dr. Parot describes himself as an old-fashioned high churchman who observes the very letter of the prayer-book but does not go beyond it into ritualism.

General News Items.

St. Paul's total registration is 18,500. The public debt was decreased \$8,307,102 during October.

The Manufacturers Bank of Minneapolis has been merged with the Nicolet National Bank. Murphy, the temperance orator, bade farewell to St. Paul on Sunday. His converts to temperance are very numerous.

Collector Bickel's report for October shows the following collections at the St. Paul custom house: Penalties, \$23,353; sale of beer stamps, \$22,565.15; cigar and tobacco stamps, \$9,670.65; special taxes, \$2,063.00. Total, \$58,651.80.

In view of the craze for roller skating a corset maker has patented a corset intended to give freedom to the hips for those taking part in this sport. To make it perfect there should be a posterior arrangement of springs to prevent concussion of the brain when the beginner lets go of the floor with her feet.

The repeal of the Scott law deprives Cincinnati of \$500,000 annual revenue and precipitates the city finances, already straightened, into the most serious condition. Employees of the city departments have not been paid since July 15, and there has been serious talk of banding the entire police force, though this will hardly be done except as a last resort.

A review of the weather had at St. Paul during the last month shows an unusually high temperature for the first twenty days, and an average October temperature for the rest of the month. Light "hoar frost" occurred on the morning of the 9th. It was the first of the season, and was not destructive to vegetation. A killing frost occurred on the 22d. This was the first since the 21st of last April, a lapse of six months.

Foreign Flashes.

Fredrick J. Allen, vice president of the Young Ireland society, is under arrest at Dublin, charged with treason.

Mrs. Merry of Compton, Canada, has been made the happy mother of twins for the third time in five years. Mr. Merry has serious thoughts of asking the legislature to change his name.

Coal in Dakota.

Huron (Dak.) Times: Bailey Willis, the government geologist, who, with a corps of assistants, has been since the 1st of September making a survey of the great Sioux reservation west of the Missouri and Grand rivers, in search of coal, will, in his report to the interior department, state that there is a continuous coal field between the Grand river on the north to a point sixty miles south, known as Fox ridge, and extending from the Black Hills on the west to within fifty or sixty miles of the Missouri river. Mr. Willis pronounces this the same strata of coal as that found in the Black Hills, which in quality is only excelled by the anthracite of Pennsylvania; and in quantity sufficient to supply the whole Northwest.

The Chicago Markets.

Wheat, Chicago spring, 73@78 1/2c; No. 3, Chicago spring, 62c; No. 2 red, 78c; No. 3 red, 67c. Corn, cash, 55 1/2@56c. Oats, cash, 27c. Rye, 53 1/2c. Barley, 62c. Pork, cash, \$16.75. Lard, cash, \$7.25@7.30.

Milwaukee Markets.

Wheat, No. 2, 73 1/2c. Corn, No. 2, 52c. Oats, No. 2 white, 30 1/2c. Rye No. 1, 55c; No. 3 53c. Barley, No. 2, 55 1/2c; extra, No. 3, 47c. Mess Pork, \$16 cash. Lard—Prime steam, \$7.40. Butter, choice creamery, 36@20c; fair to good 34@20c; best dairy, 19@21c.

Minneapolis Markets.

WHEAT, No. 1 hard, 76 1/2c; No. 2 hard, 72c; No. 1, 67c. Corn, No. 2, 55c; rejected, 45@46c; condemned 35@36c. Oats, No. 2 old, white, 25@26c; No. 2, new, 25 1/2c; rejected, 22@24c; condemned, 22@23c. Barley, No. 2, 58@60c. Mixed Feed, No. 1, \$11.50@18; No. 2, \$16.50@17. Corn Meal, unbolting, \$17@18; bolted, \$21@23. Hay, timothy, \$16@19.50; wild, choice, \$9@9.50; No. 2 wild, \$5.50@9.75.

St. Paul Markets.

WHEAT—No. 1 hard, new, 76c; No. 2 hard, 75c; No. 3, 66c. Corn, No. 2, 53c; No. 3, 50c. Oats, No. 2 mixed, 24c; No. 3 white, 25c; No. 3 extra, 21c. Rye, No. 2, 41c. Barley, No. 2, 52c; No. 3, 45c. Ground Feed, \$18.50. Baled Hay, \$8; timothy hay, \$10.00@10.50. Flax Seed, \$1.18. Timothy seed, \$1.30. Potatoes, 25c. Eggs, 19 1/2c. Butter, dairy fair, 12 1/2c; choice, 15c; creamery, 18c.

EQUIVOCATION.

We lingered, in the act to part, The last word still unspoken, By the quick beating of my heart The silence faintly broken. So beautiful she seemed and pure— Ah! how I should miss her. Unable longer to endure My wish, I asked to kiss her. A blush of deepest rose o'erspread Her face, as if to mask it, As with a woman's art, she said, "Why, Frank, you should not ask it!" C. SooySmith in September Century.

BRAVE IN ADVERSITY.

At Mr. Lonsdale's aristocratic mansion the earliest letters were brought in with the rolls and coffee, so that Mrs. Lonsdale was languidly eating orange marmalade when her husband read out the contents of the letter with a black edge which had just come from Moon Mountain.

"Left a widow!" echoed Mrs. Lonsdale. "And with six daughters. What a very unpleasant circumstance!"

"She was my favorite cousin," said Mr. Lonsdale. "As bright a girl as I ever saw. I suppose, Naomi—with a little hesitation—we couldn't take her in here?"

"Take her in here?" repeated Mrs. Lonsdale almost in a scream. "Why, where could we put a widow and six young women? We actually haven't space enough to accommodate ourselves."

"Well, well, I'm sorry for poor Mary," said Mr. Lonsdale, "I think she had the bluest eyes I ever saw. Six daughters, and we never had one. Perhaps, Naomi—with the old hesitating formula—"you wouldn't like to adopt one?"

"Thank you," satirically observed his wife. "When I do receive an adopted child into my house, it will not be the country article."

At the solitary little farm on Moon Mountain, however, the same topic was being discussed while Mrs. Drix was sewing on the simple mourning which the bereaved family could afford.

Helen was washing the dishes, Rosie was darning the carpet with a piece of woolen yarn of the same color, and Lizzie was trimming seven plain straw hats with bands of crape, as inexpensively as possible. Susy was picking over a shining tin-pan of dandelion greens for dinner. Esther, the youngest and rosiest of all, was feeding a little flock of downy chickens, and Sarah, the eldest, was absent at a neighbor's, helping to make up the spring outfit of half a dozen boys.

"Sarah was always so handy with the needle," said Mrs. Drix with pardonable pride.

"But mother," said Rosie, looking up from her work with a troubled countenance, "what are we to do?"

"Mother," said Lizzie, "our Lonsdale cousins are rich. Couldn't we go to them?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Drix with a sparkle of the eye which had not yet lost their forget-me-not blue. "I wrote to them, telling them of our affliction, and they sent back a letter full of commonplaces, without ever offering to help us."

"But they are rich and we are poor." "Yes, and they live in splendid style, Hattie Cooley says," added Susy.

"Very likely," said Mrs. Drix, "but as long as there are seven pairs of hands in this family, and God spares our health, I do not propose to turn genteel beggar!"

"But mother," began Rosa who was the caretaking member of the family. "I think—"

"I've settled it all in my own mind," said Mrs. Drix, stitching away until her needle looked like a gleam of steel lightning. "The house is large, although it isn't built after the latest fashion. The air is wholesome, and there is the Black Spring, where people come to get the water for ten miles around. I mean to keep boarders!"

"Hurrh! for the little mother!" cried Essie, clapping her plump hands. "And I may help you make custards and do up preserves, mayn't I mamma."

"Susy and Esther shall help me," declared Mrs. Drix. "Sarah can always earn her living at tailoring work. Helen shall go into the glove factory; I'm told they need new hands there. Lizzie can help Mrs. Dart, the milliner, and Rosie is to be nursery governess at Mrs. Millingham's. And if, between us, we can't earn a decent livelihood, it will be very strange."

Susy and Essie were delighted. Rosie naturally regarded her position as a decided promotion. Helen, however, dropped a tear into the pan of hot water which she had just poured out.

"The glove factory, mother?" she repeated. "But it will be such a strange lonesome place. I don't think I shall like it."

"We must all of us try to like our duty child," said the brisk little widow.

"Mary is going to open a boarding house," said Mr. Lonsdale again to his wife. "She has requested me to insert an advertisement in the dailies for her."

"Very laudible of her, I am sure," said Mrs. Lonsdale, with a yawn.

"Suppose you were to go there a few weeks before the Saratoga season opens?" suggested Mr. Lonsdale. You can't very well stay here while the painting and repairs are going on."

"I don't know that I can endure that sort of living," said Mrs. Lonsdale dubiously.

"Mary Drix used to be the best housekeeper I ever knew," answered her husband.

"Do you suppose she will take me cheap?"

"I should imagine so." So Mrs. Lonsdale wrote a patronizing letter to her husband's cousin, bespeaking the best room.

But when she got to Moon Mountain there was only one little square room left. The fame of the Black Spring had gone forth in all directions, and a newspaper editor had promulgated an article praising the delicious, pine scented air and well populated trout brooks of the mountain, and the consequence was that the farm house was full.

"But this room is too small," said Mrs. Lonsdale, fretfully, as she looked around.

"It's all I have left," said Mrs. Drix, "and I could have let it half a dozen times over if it hadn't been reserved for you, Cousin Naomi."

"You'll take me at a reduction from the usual prices, I suppose?" said Mrs. Lonsdale.

"I shall charge you just what I charge everybody else, neither more or less," answered Mrs. Drix.

"But I'm a relative," pleaded Mrs. Lonsdale.

"What good does that do me?" said the widow, fixing her blue eyes full on Mrs. Lonsdale. My terms for a room of this size are thirty shillings a week."

"But that is too much," whined Mrs. Lonsdale.

"How much did you expect to pay?" asked Mrs. Drix, with a curious sparkle in her eyes.

"In this wilderness here," said Mrs. Lonsdale, "twelve shillings would be—"

"If those are your ideas we never shall come to terms," said Mrs. Drix. "But if you are really cramped for money—"

"My dear Mrs. Drix," said the rich man's wife, "you have no idea of the perpetual demands on us for money."

"I will take you for twenty-five shillings." Mrs. Drix completed her sentence as if the other had not spoken. And the bargain was completed.

Mrs. Lonsdale had not been in the house a week before she took her husband's cousin severely to task.

"That horrid old man in the faded olive-green suit has the best room in the house," said she. "The very best."

"Yes," said Mrs. Drix, "he is my mother's uncle. He was always very good to my poor husband."

"But I'm told he only pays half-price."

"That is my affair," said Mrs. Drix. "But is it true?" insisted Mrs. Lonsdale.

"Yes, it is true," confessed the widow. "He is very old, and can't go up and down stairs, so of course he must have the first-floor room?"

"But he hasn't any property?"

"He owns Carragee Farm, across the mountains," said Mrs. Drix, "but nobody will rent it of him, because the land is so rocky, and the farmhouse was burned down last fall, when there were so many fires in the woods. Beyond that he has nothing."

Mrs. Lonsdale curled her lip. "Such impudence," said she. "Nobody has any right to live to be seventy years of age without having laid up some little provision for the future."

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Drix, "that perhaps Cousin Mortimer Lonsdale would contribute a little something to his support, as we are equally related."

"You may be sure that he will not," said Mrs. Lonsdale with emphasis.

"Very well," said Mrs. Drix calmly. "He shall never want while I can help him."

The very next week, however, old Mr. Darrow was found dead in his arm chair. And by will he had left everything he possessed to his grand-niece, Mary Drix!

"I wish you joy of Carragee Farm!" chuckled Mrs. Lonsdale. "Of course you'll have to pay taxes on it, so it will absolutely be money out of pocket."

"It was all he had to give," said Mrs. Drix.

Meanwhile the family was prospering. Sarah was engaged to marry a thrifty young farmer of the neighborhood. Helen was earning a good living.

Lizzie was contemplating the setting up of a small milliner's shop on her own account—and Rosie was in high favor at Millingham place.

Even Mrs. Lonsdale admitted that her grave French cook could not excel the syllabus, creams, delicate cakes and delicious puddings which these young damsels compounded, with the help of new laid eggs and country cream.

"I'm almost sorry our rooms are engaged at Saratoga," said the city lady. "I am getting rather to like Moon Mountain. And your table is decidedly good Mary."

But just as she was packing her big trunks for the removal to the Mecca of modern fashions, Mr. Lonsdale himself came down.

"Well?" said the lady airily, "what is the news Mortimer?"

"Bad news," said Mortimer, in a hoarse accent. "We are ruined! The business has gone to wreck—the cashier has fled to Belgium—and we haven't a cent to call our own."

"Whereupon, naturally enough, Mrs. Lonsdale went into hysterics.

When Mrs. Drix came in, Naomi was wildly loading her husband with reproaches. Mortimer Lonsdale stood leaning against the mantel, with something glittering in his hand. Mrs. Drix went up to him and took it away with gentle authority.

"Give me that pistol, Mortimer," said she. "Get up Naomi, and leave off crying and sobbing. If ever you need to be a woman, you need it now!"

"We are ruined!—we are ruined!" shrieked Naomi, tearing her hair.

"I never can redeem myself!" said Mortimer, huskily. "You had better have let me shoot myself, Mary."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Drix, curtly. "Suicide is the last resort of a coward. Don't you know, Mortimer, that it is always darkest just before daylight."

"I don't know what you mean," said he.

"Then listen to me. The old lawyer has just come over from the Carragee Farm. He says that they have struck a rich vein of iron on the rocky hills there. A stock company want to buy it of me for £5,000, and I've agreed to sell it. Uncle Darrow was as much your granduncle as he was mine. We'll divide the money, Mortimer, you and I."

"But I've no right to it, Mary," faltered he.

"Not by law, perhaps," said the widow, "but you have by equity—at all events, half of it shall be yours. What do I want of £5,000? Half will be great riches for me. The girls are doing well, and I like to lead a busy life. Nay, Mortimer, you must take it!"

He turned away his face.

"Mary," said he, "you have heaped coals of fire on our heads!"

So Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale settled on a pretty farm on Moon Mountain, and, strange to relate, their only son, Geoffrey, eventually married pretty Essie Drix.

"So that you have to adopt one of Mary Drix's girls, after all," jocosely said her husband.

"She's a perfect little darling!" said Mrs. Lonsdale, who had softened strangely of late.

And, in spite of the discouraging prophecies of the world, the Widow Drix and her family had succeeded in maintaining their independence.

The Hebrew Girl.

The Hebrew girl, except among the wealthy and most thoroughly Americanized families, lives in a state of semi-oriental seclusion. When she is acquiring her education, it is true, she may go to the public school, but even there the teachings of home are strong upon her, and she is not so free with her boy companions as is her Christian contemporary. Her school days once over she becomes a home bird to a very great extent. It is not proper, according to Jewish etiquette, for her to accept an invitation to a theater from a young man to whom she is not engaged. If she does it is immediately taken for granted that the couple are engaged. If she goes to a sociable or party her brother or some other member of her family is almost invariably her escort, though, once arrived at the place of merriment, she mixes as freely with those about her as do Christian girls. Her jollity on such occasions is unconfined, and sometimes smacks of old time Methodist heartiness. The kissing games of our ancestors are occasionally introduced with effect, and she proves herself one of the most lively and charming of girls, a perfect romp in fact. The party over, however, away she goes home in charge of her brother, whose place no young man can usurp unless he engages himself to her.

A Timbuctoo Slave on Sale.

This girl was brought in by the Morocco gate, on the road from the City of Morocco. She was comely of face and figure, with large, dreamy, lovely eyes, and streaming, long, black hair. Her color was of the olivian type, which showed the red blood coursing in the veins. She was of medium height, and aged about 16 years. Four old Arab "dealers" garbed in all the glitter and tinsel of the Orient, guarded this girl as if she were an Amazon of strength and prowess. One old Arab in a loud voice cried out her merits and nationality as the group passed on to the center of the town. Halting, the whole party were suddenly surrounded by intending buyers, both Christian and Pagan. They came up to the crouching girl, pulled her arms to and fro, opened her mouth and looked at her teeth, made her stand erect and then haggled over the price. "She worth \$100," say the Arab dealers in one simultaneous cry, "but will let her go for \$90 if you take her now." Our dragoman translates and tells how she will go to Egypt and fetch \$200 at a first bid.—From a Morocco letter.

Hurt His Good Name.

"Yer moult offer me er hunderd dollars ter vote fur yer in de convention an' it would'n hab no 'fluence wid me," said an old negro in reply to a candidate who had asked for his support.

"Oh, I wouldn't offer you money," rejoined the candidate. "I believe in conducting a campaign fairly and squarely. Corruption in office-seeking has cast a dark cloud over our institutions. I wouldn't think of offering you a hundred dollars. I haven't that amount of money, anyway."

"Yer ain't? Well, den, dar ain't no usen talkin' ter me. How much is yer got, nohow?"

"I've got five dollars."

"Uh, huh, no usen talkin' ter me. I ain't gwine ter sell myself ter no white man."

"Of course not."

"Look heah, whut yer gwine to do wid dat five dollars?"

"I'll make good use of it."

"Heah, lemme hab it. Dem folks thinks dat I see dun sold out. I clare ter goodness, white man, it hurts er pusson's good name ter be seed er talkin' ter yer."—Arkansas Traveler.