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The Battle of Life.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day,
For the years go out and the years come in
Regardless of those who may loose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet
Going down to the river, where two worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There is a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into line front with a cheerful face,
Be quick or another may take your place
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never can treat again;
Work for the lottiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plow, plane, spindle and pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will walk by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within:
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven might wear
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet and breast-plate and shield
And the sword that the fullest arm may wield
In the cause of right and truth.

And go the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the gospel shod,
And before high heaven do the best you can
For the great reward and the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

JOSIE'S NEW HAT.

The question of a new hat is a serious one to all girls, even to those who have rich papas and full purses.

To Josie Herne it had, alas! always been a serious question, but on a certain momentous occasion, about to be described, its seriousness was beginning to assume appalling proportions.

This was the way of it:

The Newcome girls had gotten up a lawn-party, led on to do so by the example of some friends who had but recently returned from a prolonged residence abroad, and who declared that life in the country was not to be endured without lawn-parties now and then to relieve its tedious mono[illegible]

girls, too, in their way; [illegible] a little loud, a little slangy and somewhat disposed "to put on airs," as they said in Centreville. But, on the whole, good-natured and kind-hearted girls; and little Josie Herne, who was the daughter of their music master, had often found them so. They were constantly inviting her to the house when her father came to give them lessons; they often invited her to tea—more often than Josie could accept, for she had so few dresses, and such as she had were not in a very fine state of preservation, notwithstanding the care she took of them. And in summer, especially, she had often to refuse invitations to tea, when she would very gladly have accepted them, because her summer wardrobe consisted of two cheap muslin gowns, made by her own skillful little hands; and each time she went out anywhere it was necessary to appear in one or other of these gowns, carefully laundried by Josie herself.

And how fresh and pretty they looked, too; and no one ever dreamed how flushed and tired Josie had been after the ironing, or what economy she had practiced to enable her to buy the extra half pound of starch.

But she didn't mind that, not a bit, after the task was accomplished. She was just as happy, and enjoyed herself probably much more than any one of those girls whose dresses were so many that they would have been puzzled to number them as a mere matter of memory.

But sometimes even the strictest economy failed to bring in the extra starch; and as Josie was her father's housekeeper, and did all the laundry work as well as her own dresses, and the cooking, house-cleaning, everything, in short, and kept the tiny cottage as neat and trim as a flower-garden, it happened, occasionally, that she couldn't even afford the time to go up to the Newcome's grand house to enjoy the hospitality that was proffered with such hearty good-will.

However, a lawn party—that was something that could not be refused. Therefore, it was accepted, and gladly, too, for Josie Herne liked the society of young people of her own age, and enjoyed a good time quite as much as any young, bright, happy girl could.

But on! the hours of anxiety that beset Josie after the too tempting invitation had been accepted.

All Centreville would be there, of course; the Newcomes had the finest lawn in the neighborhood, and everybody would be charmingly dressed. Such an opportunity for the diplay of summer toilets did not occur every day, and when it did, of course everyone would take advantage of it.

Josie was not a vain girl, and only moderately fond of dress, but for a lawn party a hat was an absolute necessity, and what in the world was she going to do? for she had been wearing her dark straw, trimmed with a bright winged little bird, all the spring and so far into the summer that only a natural brunette complexion like hers could have stood such close acquaintance with the sun. But that hat with a light muslin dress would never do for a lawn party. Consequently, poor Josie was in despair, at least as nearly so as a bright, hopeful, light-hearted girl of her age could be.

"I must overhaul my wardrobe!" she thought, the day after accepting the invitation; and with a comical little grimace she added, "being so extensive of course I may have forgotten many things—no doubt I shall find just what I want in it."

Next day, accordingly, as soon as her morning's work was over, and after the one hour's practice on the little cottage piano which she never omitted, Josie proceeded to overhaul her wardrobe as she had said, and greatly to her surprise notwithstanding its limited proportions she actually found two articles of which she had been unconscious. They were, first, a leghorn hat, very old, very yellow, and having a very wide brim; and second, a dress of fine India muslin, time-stained and antiquated in style, but so long and wide in the skirt that Josie's quick eye instantly saw it, in the mirror of her mind, ripped, bleached, and remade into an elegant dress of the present day.

Both articles had belonged to the pretty young mother dead so many years ago, that even the memory of her was like a fleeting mist-like dream to Josie Herne. But the warm tears dropped from her eyes, and she kissed the hat and dress as she took them up reverently in her hands.

"Dear little mother!" she murmured, and thought [illegible]

spirit hovered near, anxious that her little girl should enjoy her day of innocent pleasure while she was young and happy.

The hat was broken and worn round the outer edge, but so wide that it could bear with improvement, a couple of inches taken from the brim, and then, when pressed into shape on the post of the old-fashioned bedstead, it looked, as Josie laughingly assured herself, like a "brand new gipsey of the latest style."

What to trim it with became the next momentous question; and after thinking the matter over all day while engaged in her other duties, Josie was obliged to give it up, leaving the hat still poised on the end of the bedpost, consoling herself with the hopeful reflection:

"Well, I'll manage it somehow—something will be sure to turn up in time for the lawn-party."

Meantime the yellow, time-stained India muslin was ripped, and washed, and bleached like the new-fallen snow, and then made into a charming costume with ruffles and knife-plaitings in the newest style; and indeed it made a dress handsome enough for any occasion. But, alas! nothing in the shape of trimming for Josie's hat had yet been found, and in despair she had almost decided on a wreath of wild field flowers and grasses. They would be appropriate and lovely—for an hour, perhaps; but after that they would be faded and withered, and terribly suggestive of a genteel makeshift. But a kind fate, who surely waits on poor young girls, came to the rescue.

On the day before that fixed for the lawn party, Josie was hanging out her few little laces to dry on the rosebush in front of the house; and while she did so, her clear, fresh young voice sang out gaily:

"Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?"

"No, indeed," thought a good-looking youth, who was just passing; "for my own part, I'd be more likely to smile," and he stopped and looked long and [illegible]ringly at the pretty girl [illegible] she turned toward him, he dodged quickly out of sight, and at the same moment a wandering breeze caught the loose silk handkerchief carelessly knotted about his throat, bore it straight toward Josie and dropped it at her feet, while the owner, laughing to himself, passed on, unconscious of his loss.

With a cry of delight Josie caught up the soft brilliant square of silk, with its border of Roman colors, and in her grateful joy pressed it to her lips.

"Where could it have come from?" she asked, aloud. "Surely some good fairy must have dropped it."

And then, without a thought of looking for an owner for it, she flew into the house, upstairs to her little room, and snatched her hat from the bedpost where it still hung, being pressed into shape.

Josie's costume for the lawn-party was a great success; indeed the soft, white India muslin was the prettiest dress there, and the old-fashioned leghorn hat, with its trimming of two half handkerchiefs of brilliant silk wound scarf-wise about it and tied in a bow on the side, was declared to be quite the most becoming headgear that had ever been seen in Centreville.

There was one young gentleman there who scarcely took his eyes from Josie's hat for the first half hour after her appearance on the lawn; then he seemed to discover that her bright, dark young face was even more attractive than her brilliantly trimmed hat.

"By Jove!" thought Arthur Moorland, "it's the pretty little girl who wanted to know if being kissed was a thing to cry about. Upon my word I would like to make a practical demonstration of her feelings on the subject. And that's where I lost my silk handkerchief. Poor, pretty child! how glad I am she found it—perhaps she wouldn't have been here but for that lucky puff of wind that blew it away. The girls say she's as poor as she's charming; and if that be true she must be poor indeed."

Arthur Moorland was a rich, half-spoiled child of fashion; but his heart was in the right place, as even his detractors were obliged to admit. So when he asked for an introduction to Josie, and devoted himself to her for the rest of the day, Kate Newcome said to her sister Bessie:

"Leave Arthur alone—none of us want him; he's too elegant and fine; but he's a splendid fellow. And if he is really smitten with that dear little Josie, what a magnificent thing it will be for her."

So the course of true love was permitted to glide on with almost provoking smoothness; and one day Arthur told Josie that he couldn't live any longer without her, and didn't intend to try.

"Oh, Arthur!" faltered Josie, blushing like a June rose, "what's to be done then? for you know I'm the victim of a rash vow, and I'm afraid it would be wicked to break it."

"A vow! what vow?" questioned Arthur, turning pale.

"Well, the truth is, Arthur, the day before I met you I found a lovely silk handkerchief, and it was such an absolute god-send and rescued me from such a quandary, that I vowed to myself that I would marry none other than the owner of that handkerchief, if I could ever meet him, and he should ask me—"

"And you shall keep that vow, my darling—I am, or was, the owner of that handkerchief," and he caught the blushing girl in both arms.

"You—well, I half suspected it, from the way you looked at my hat that first day—you know you just stared, Arthur; and after that you took to looking at me, you know!"

"Yes, I know," laughed Arthur, and then he made a practical effort to find out Josie's opinion on the subject of being kissed, and that young maiden did not cry.

Law-Abiding Fathers.

The anxiety of our Revolutionary fathers to keep within the law, and to observe legal forms, is shown by the following, published in the Cleveland (Ohio) *Leader*:

When the war of the Revolution was begun the continental congress took measures to show that the British government was the party who first committed illegal acts and provoked a breach of the peace, thus throwing the responsibility of causing the war upon the country.

[illegible] a string of a[illegible] was taken of witnesses of the fight at Concord bridge, showing that the British troops did then and there "commit violent assaults and murder, contrary to the law and peace," and that the people were compelled, in self-defense, to resort to force and arms to repel such unlawful assaults and attempts at murder, etc.

Among the depositions were two taken of witnesses who participated in the fight at Concord.

They testified under oath that they were members of a militia company, and were ordered out for the purpose of protecting the peace and resisting the attempts of a body of lawless men, known as British soldiers, to invade the rights and premises of the people for the purpose of robbery, committing murders, and so on.

That the militia to which they were attached stood in line at one end of Concord bridge, while the unlawful combination opposed to them were drawn up in line at the other end of the bridge.

That the aforesaid combination did, in an illegal manner, and in violation of the peace of the Commonwealth, open a murderous fire of musketry, and fired two volleys, resulting in the death of several members of the aforesaid militia company, and it was not till after these two volleys had been fired that the aforesaid militia company returned the fire.

It was in this manner that the old continental congress proved that the overt act was committed by the English troops.

Wasted Efforts to be Funny.

Take, as a very simple illustration, the case of the young man who had been offered a saucer of delicately salted ice cream by two young ladies, who waited in convulsive glee for the first grimace and its attendant remarks. Not a gesture or word betrayed that he had noticed it at all. Still talking lightly of last night's German and to-morrow's tennis, he finished the entire saucerful, then, bowing slightly, left the room. Was ever "fun" more delicately spoiled?

Take again the case of a certain col[illegible] professor who had almost abolished the faculty, not by [illegible] forfeiting the intended fun of the students. Informed one night that the students were painting the walls of the chapel, "Very well," he said, quietly, "let them paint; but tell me when they are through." Dressing hastily, he went about the town, rousing every painter in the place, and as the last student went out of the chapel a dozen artisans went in. Next morning, when there was an unusually large attendance at prayers, behold the calcimined walls as fair as ever. The dignity of the college had not been allowed to be insulted, yet never a student was ever questioned, blamed marked or expelled. In the same manner, when the tongue of the bell had been removed one night, another was in its place before dawn, and the astonished students were summoned to their devotions at the usual hour. Again, when the wheel of the organ disappeared and the organist had been secretly informed that his services would not be required the next day, one of the very delinquents was called upon to take his place, finding, to his chagrin, that the keys responded dutifully to his touch. If it is the "silent organ" that "loudest chants the master's requiem," in this case it was certainly the organ's music that chanted loudest the humiliation of the guilty. No wonder that the students at that institution have about decided that what may be called hazing the professors does not pay. Said the boys at Rugby: "There's no fun in telling Arnold a lie, for he always believes us!"—*Christian Register.*

A Remarkable Phenomenon.

One of the most remarkable phenomena ever seen in London was witnessed by the passengers on the George Peabody, river steamer, just as Big Ben of Westminster was on the point of striking seven o'clock. This was the appearance of a huge elephant in the sky making straight, as it seemed, for the houses of parliament. There was some little doubt at first as to the precise character of the beast as it charged through the air head first in a direct line for the center of Westminster palace, as though its purpose was to sweep away the halls and passages which connect the commons house with the house of lords. The apparition rapidly descended through the air, and speculations were hazarded as to what it was. Men looked up and trembled, while timid women screamed: "The end of the world is come and we are all lost!" The captain of the George Peabody moored his boat to the pier to give those who desired it the chance of escaping by way of Lambeth palace. In an instant the monster was close upon the boat, and a chorus of startled voices shouted: "A white elephant!" There was no longer any doubt about the fact. It was an elephant, whose trunk was rapidly moving from side to side. With furious speed it passed over the stern of the George Peabody, and dashed into the Thames. The spectators breathed more freely. As soon as the elephant touched the water half a dozen boats dashed from the pier to investigate the phenomenon. One oarsman was far in advance of the others. He was seen to thrust a hand toward the struggling monster, and in an instant it collapsed. It was a gigantic elephant made of laths and paper.

Professor Thurston, testing pieces of the wire cable of the Fairmount suspension bridge, recently taken down at Philadelphia, after being in use about forty years, found the iron to be fully equal in tenacity, elasticity and ductility to the best wire of the same size found in the market. This fact and similar results obtained by another experiment in 1878 led him to the important conclusion that iron subjected to the ordinary strains of properly designed bridges does not deteriorate with age.

First-Class Snake Stories.

"Do you want some [illegible] about snakes?" asked an agricultural-rural-looking gentleman of the *Rapids* city editor the other day.

"If they are fresh and true," responded the editor.

"Exactly," replied the farmer. "These items are both. Nobody knows them but me. I [illegible] down on the island a piece, and there [illegible] lots of snakes on to it. Near the house is a pond about six feet deep. A week ago my little girl jumped into the pond, and would have drowned if it had not been for a snake. The snake swam to and went for her and brought her ashore. The particular point about this item is the way that he did it."

"How was it?" [illegible]

[illegible] around her neck so as [illegible] any water, and swam ashore with his head and tail. Is that a good item?"

"First class."

"You can spread it on, you know. After they got ashore the girl patted the snake on the head, and it went off as pleased as Punch. Evenings he comes to the house regular as mealtimes, and she feeds him on pie. Think you can make anything out of that item?"

"Certainly. Know any more?"

"Yes. I got a baby six months old. He's a boy. We generally sit him out on the grass of a morning, and he hollers like a bull all day. [illegible] used to, but he don't any more. One morning we noticed he was [illegible], and wondered what was [illegible]. When we looked, there was a snake coiled up in front of him staring at his features. The boy was grinning, and the snake was grinning. Bimeby the snake turned his tail to the baby and backed his rattle right into the baby's fist."

"What did the baby do?"

"Why he just rattled his tail so you could hear it three-quarters of a mile, and the snake lay there and grinned. Every morning we found the snake there, until one day a bigger snake came and the baby played with his rattles just the same till the first snake came back. He looked thin and I reckon he had been sick and sent the other to take his place. Will that do for an item?"

"Immensely," replied the city editor.

"You can fill it up with confidence of childhood, and [illegible] that, and you might say something about the blue-eyed cherub. His name is Isaac. Put that in to please my wife."

"I will do it. Any more snake items?"

"Lemme see. You have heard of hoop-snakes?"

"Yes, often."

"Just so. Not long ago we heard a fearful row in the cellar one night. It sounded like a rock-slide, and then there was a hiss and things were quiet. When I looked in the morning the cider barrel had busted. But we didn't lose much cider."

"How did [illegible] out, but before [illegible] hoop-snakes coiled around the barrel and tightened up and held it together until we drew it off in bottles. That's the way we found 'em, [illegible] we kept 'em around the house [illegible]. We're training 'em for shawl straps now. Does that strike you favorably for an item?"

"Enormously," responded the city editor.

"You can fix it up so as to show how quick they were to get there before the staves were blown off. You can word in the details."

"Of course. I'll attend to all that. Do you think of anything more?"

"I don't call any to mind just at present. My wife knows a lot of snake items, but I forget 'em. By the way, though, I've got a regular living curiosity down on my place. One day my oldest boy was sitting on the back stoop doing his sums, and he couldn't get 'em right. He felt something against his face, and there was a little snake coiled up on his shoulder and looking at the slate. In four minutes he had done all the sums. We've taught him so he keeps all our accounts, and he is the lightningest cuss at figures you ever seen. He'll run up a column eight feet long in three seconds. I wouldn't take a reaper for him."

"What kind of a snake is he?" inquired the city editor, curiously.

"The neighbors all call him an adder."

"Oh, yes! yes!" said the city editor, a little disconcerted. "I've heard of the species. When did all these things happen?"

"Along in the fore part of the spring, but I didn't say anything about 'em, 'cause it wasn't the season for snake items. This is about time for that sort of thing to begin, ain't it?"

"Yes," chipped in the exchange editor. "You couldn't have picked out a better time for your snake stories."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Gladstone [illegible]

Mr Gladstone, says the London *Referee* to a curious correspondent, rises at five o'clock in the morning and takes horse exercise in his slippers. He then returns to his residence, where one of his sons, W. H., or Herbert, is in attendance. Father and son then have a few rounds with the gloves, after which the premier has a cold bath and his breakfast. Mr. Gladstone always sits down to breakfast in evening dress, and to this habit he ascribes his remarkable success in life. After breakfast the premier spends an hour in his wife's boudoir, adds up the butcher's book for her, makes out her list for the co-operative store and assists her in painting on china, sticking seaweeds and other innocent amusements. At noon Mr. Gladstone takes off his coat and settles down to work; he is employed with his secretary for two hours, and frequently in one day uses up twelve gross of postal cards, six reams of note paper, 2,000 envelopes, half a ton of sealing wax, forty pounds of steel nibs, four hogsheads of steel pens and twelve hogsheads of ink. Mr. Gladstone lunches at one, and always on cold boiled beef and pickled cabbage. To this habit he attributes his financial success of his budgets. In the afternoon he goes to the house on a bicycle and attends the debates. While speaking Mr. Gladstone always has a popcorn beneath his tongue. It strengthens the voice, and causes that trembling of the period for which he is famous. The premier's dinner always consists of three courses, toad-in-the-hole, cheese and onions and a baked apple. He frequently sits up all night and works in the morning. In private life the premier is as playful as a kitten.

A man born at sea [illegible] his native land.—*Picayune.* [illegible] not to prove [illegible]

THE NEWS.

The debt statement issued shows the decrease of the public debt during the month of September to be $8,974,891 68; cash in the treasury, $199,945,260 49; gold certificates, $7,511,700; silver certificates, 18,521,960; certificates of deposit outstanding, $9,965,000; refunding certificates, $1,083,850; legal tenders outstanding, $346,681,016; fractional currency outstanding, $7,181,940 37. The reduction of the debt since June 30, 1880, has been $26,578,112 68.

The St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, was damaged to the extent of $20,000 by fire. At latest advices, Georgetown, [illegible]

A syndicate is about to be formed in New York to provide working capital for the Cape Cod Ship Canal. The contract for the excavation has been taken at $3,000,000. This does not include a basin at Town Neck, the railroad bridge, nor two ferries that are required by law.

The epizootic epidemic is progressing southward, and two hundred cases are reported at Newark, N. J.

Reports have been published as to the condition of the cotton crop up to October 1. In Louisiana there is a slight falling off in yield, as also in Mississippi, but in the latter State cotton is coming in freely. Alabama and Texas report a slight falling off in several districts, with fine weather in Texas for picking. In Arkansas labor is scarce, and there is a falling off in yield in two centres from last year of 25 per cent.—Georgia reports an increase over last year, due to the use of fertilizers. In Florida an increase of one-third over last year is expected, and in Tennessee the yield will be about two-thirds of a crop.

The Old Dominion Line Steamer, Isaac Bell, burned to the water line at Norfolk. She was loaded with cotton and resin; a total loss of steamer and cargo.

The liabilities of Oliver & Robinson, tobacconists, of Richmond, Va., whose failure has been reported, are stated by the firm to amount to $188,000 and the assets $160,000. The assets are available.

The epizootic which first appeared in Boston among the horses, has reached Philadelphia, and seems to be spreading southward. It is becoming more malignant in its nature every day.

Thirty-eight persons have been indicted at Atlanta, Ga., by the United States grand jury for forcible resistance to and attacks on the revenue agents. Amongst them were twenty who belonged to the gang that burned Deputy Collector [illegible]'s house and wounded his son.

Joseph Morehouse, of Elizabethport, N. J., was bitten three weeks ago by a Spitz dog. He was taken with lockjaw, and is now lying at the point of death, with all the symptoms of hydrophobia.

The extensive pork-packing establishments of Foss and Horner and Paul Gable, at Canton, adjoining Baltimore, were destroyed by fire. Loss considerable; partially insured.

Not less than three hundred and fifty men have been drowned this season at the salmon fisheries at the mouth of the Columbia river, Oregon.

At a meeting of Baptist clergymen in New York, yesterday, November 1 was appointed as a day of prayer for the good of the country.

Dr. W. A. Hallock, the founder of the American Tract Society, and its secretary for forty-five years, died, aged 86.

The largest casting ever made in this country was turned out at the Black Diamond Steel Works, in Pittsburg.—The casting was an anvil block for a 17-ton steam hammer, and its weight was 160 tons.

James Brown, a man at Centreville, N. J., who though at one time a New York broker, is now employed as a hod carrier. The other day, as he was about to ascend a ladder with his hod, a letter was handed to him announcing that he had fallen heir to $54,000, by the death of his father. He told the news to his fellow-workmen, but continued his employment, and was promptly on hand the next day, as usual.

A systematic robbery of the Kansas Pacific road by a system which has existed for several months has just been unearthed by detectives, and the principal conspirators—three conductors and a baggage master—have been arrested. Their scheme was to sell bogus tickets over the Kansas Pacific road, cautioning the purchasers to leave Denver on a certain train, thereby taking them through to Kansas City under the supervision of the three conductors engaged in the conspiracy.

Madame Theirs, a New York milliner who supplies her customers with Paris bonnets, arrived home on the steamer France, but has got into trouble by attempting to smuggle her Paris purchases through as personal baggage. Her baggage and that of two ladies in her company was seized, and it will cost her $2,000 to recover the property.

In Lovilia, a suburb of Jacksonville, Fla., Mrs. Wm. Clarke and her three children were terribly burned by the explosion of a can of gasoline, with which she was in the act of supplying a gasoline stove.

The coinage of silver at the United States mint for the last fiscal year will foot up $28,000,000. About $10,000,000 more were exported and consumed in the arts, etc.

Holmes, Booth & Haydin's extensive machine and tool works at Waterbury, Conn., were burned; loss $30,000; well insured.

A convention to consider shipping interests and devise means to secure inter-State regulation and governmental control of newspapers has been called by the *Western Rural* newspaper, to meet in Chicago on the 14th inst.

There has been no change in the programme for purchasing bonds on account of the sinking fund, and the acting Secretary of the Treasury will issue an order for the purchase of two and a half millions.

The steamer European cleared from Savannah with 7,900 bales of cotton and 100 tons of phosphate rock, the largest cargo of cotton ever cleared from any port in this country.

The official majority against the repudiation amendment in Arkansas now foots up 3,660, and may reach 4,000.

One case of yellow fever at Key West and one at New Orleans, is reported by the National Board of Health.

The epizootic has reached Baltimore, though in a milder form.

The King of the Hawaiian Islands has recalled Mr. Morris, plenipotentiary to the United States, England and [illegible], and has dismissed [illegible] Mr. Morris is now [illegible] son, and his recall is the result [illegible] reign pressure brought to bear [illegible] ing, which [illegible] in the [illegible]

Fires occurred as follows: At Lowell, Mass., the Chase mill, loss $20,000, and the Faulkner mill, loss $100,000; 425 hands are thrown out of employment. At New Hamburg, N. Y., several stores and dwellings; loss $10,000. At Elkton, Ind., the Old Paper mill; loss $38,000.

Professor Walter Q. Scott, who was forced to resign the chair he occupied in the faculty of the University of Wooster, Mass., in consequences of charges of heresy, was completely vindicated by the Central Presbytery of Philadelphia.

James McDowell, a messenger of the Marine National Bank, New York, was robbed of $20,000 in checks, bonds, notes and cash while riding in a Broadway stage. The thieves escaped.

Fifteen truck cars, loaded with oil belonging to the Canton Consolidated Oil Company of Baltimore, caught fire while standing on a Union Railroad switch, corner of First avenue and Ninth street, Canton, and the cars and oil totally destroyed.

The State election in Georgia passed off quietly. Colquitt's (Dem.) majority for Governor is estimated all the way from 25,000 to 40,000. The majority of the next Legislature is conjectured to be in favor of Senator Joseph E. Brown's re-election.

The celebration of the Kings Mountain centennial was concluded by orations, a military parade and the unveiling of the monument.

Father Blum, of the Catholic Church in Sherman, Texas, created an excitement in his congregation by an admonition called forth by a failure to pay his salary. He threatened to enforce payment by refusing to receive delinquents at the confessional, and afford them no spiritual consolation, even in cases of sickness.

Several important motions were offered at the Episcopal Convention, in New York, amongst which was one appealing to the deposition of Bishop McCoskry, of Michigan.

A scheme is announced for a new trunk line to the South, with the new Shenandoah Valley Railroad as the connecting link. The scheme also embraces the outlet for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to New York, which it has so long desired.

Victorio's band is reported in the Pine Mountains, Mexico, opposite Quitman, Texas. General Buell's forces are in pursuit, and an engagement is momentarily expected.

Two fatal cases of supposed yellow fever are reported at Key West, Fla. Both strangers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The allied fleets of Dulcigno have sailed for other ports, where there is less danger from storms. The Sultan must render his final answer in regard to the cession of Dulcigno, and active measures are expected on the part of Great Britain and Russia. Much importance is attached to the visit of Admiral Seymour to the capital of Montenegro. Students and high dignitaries in Constantinople are urging the Sublime Porte to fight rather than submit to the powers, but it is now reported that Turkey will submit a plan of compromise to the ambassadors to-day.—The diplomatic relations between France and Mexico, which have been suspended for fourteen years, will be resumed in January.—In Ireland the social warfare grows in intensity, and the murder of Lord Mountmorres is the subject of general discussion.—Garibaldi's newspaper organ says the Italian government should have no fear of his patriotism.

The leaders of the opposition in the Greek Parliament have decided to support the national armament. There are now 40,000 men under arms, and recruits are flocking in rapidly.—The Emperor of Germany has advised the Sultan to accept the terms of the European powers. The ambassadors of the latter have received the proposition of the crorte.—The London *Times* severely Piticises Mr. Parnell for keeping up the agitation in Ireland.—General Garibaldi arrived at Genoa yesterday, and received an ovation.

The latest communication of the Porte to the powers in relation to the surrender of Dulcigno is another evasion, such as England seems determined to tolerate no longer.—Parnell proposes that the Irish Land League shall open hostilities against the rack-renting landlords.—Italy is anxious to expel the Jesuits who have sought refuge on Italian soil after their expulsion from France but she is proceeding very cautiously in the matter.

In view of the unsatisfactory contents of the Porte's note, England has proposed that a collective embassy be formed by the powers to take possession of certain important points in the Ægean sea and prevent supplies of money and produce reaching Turkey from Asia, and also to compel the fulfilment of the Porte's obligations. All the admirals, except the Austrian, have received new instructions from their governments.—The Russian fleet has been ordered by Admiral Seymour to be in readiness to sail at once. The Montenegrins are holding back in hopes that the powers will land troops to assist them in an attack on the Turks at Dulcigno. Rumors are circulated regarding the deposition of the Sultan.—Troops have been ordered to the west of Ireland to suppress disturbances.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Detroit *Free Press* says apples are so cheap in Ohio it does not pay the wind to blow them down.

Dr. Mary Walker says she is not afraid of cows. We are afraid that the cows cannot say as much [illegible] Mary.

An Indiana editor says "Coal oil rubbed on the neck and head will cure hog cholera; we have tried it." Who can dispute testimony like that?

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear them you must win them. We wish to impress them you [illegible] down heels [illegible] you go into the fight.

Married Life:

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone—
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so, my love," he said, "not so;
But man and wife are one, you know."

The last religious census in France shows that there are 35,347,703 Roman, 467,531 Calvanists, 63,117 Lutherans, and 33,113 of other Protestant denominations. The Jews number about 50,000, and 90,000 are attached to no church.

A man at Calistoga, Cal., got $1.60 worth of fine gold out of two barrels of water from the Hot Springs, and in the neighborhood is excited over the discovery that gold is held in solution in the water of the many neighboring springs.

Henry Herbert Crane lived childless at Grafton, Ohio, until he was 65. Then his young wife gave birth to twins. The joyful father hired a band of music, and marched through the village bearing a banner on which was inscribed the word "Victory."

A remarkable woman, Mrs. Mary Ann Dean, died lately in St. Louis. She was 37 years old and had been married twenty years. She was the mother of twenty-one children, of whom there were three pairs of twins, two sets of triplets, and four were born at one birth. Ten of her children are living.

Texas is a monster state. It has 226 counties covering an area of 274,000 square miles. In 1870 it had a population of 818,579. Returns of the present census indicate that it has nearly doubled in inhabitants in ten years. Instead of six members of Congress, it will hereafter be entitled to eight or nine.

The Rev. David Swing, of Chicago: "As the American can out-chew and out-spit and out-talk the rest of the world, so can he out-swear the residue of humanity. Sitting behind two gentlemen [illegible] on our train, rolled along from St. Paul towards Chicago, the words 'by God' came back to me 700 times, when bedtime made me quit counting."

Dresses quietly: "She dresses quietly," is the comment of one of the fashion journals on a well known belle. It is an absurdity. When a young woman dresses there is more rattling around of shoes and corsets, and banging around of washbowls and pitchers, and calling for this and for that, and slamming doors and breaking off bureau knobs, and—and—and we have often wondered how she stood it so well. We don't believe a woman ever dressed quietly, but of course we don't know. How should we?—*New Haven Register.*

A sewing machine agent in driving through Monroe County, Kentucky, drew up before a cottage and asked a beardless sixteen-year-old boy standing in the yard if his mother was at home. "She is, but she don't live here," he answered. "I'm the head of this house." Finding the boy married, the agent went inside and encountered a child, who said she was the boy's wife, and that when she was married she was not eleven years old. "What on earth did you two marry for?" asked the agent. "What do other folks marry for?" the child replied. The boy said that he intended to buy a sewing machine for his wife when she got old enough to sew. "Come around in three or four years," he said, "and I'll take one."

A discussion has arisen in France as to the costume worn by Charlotte Corday when she stabbed Marat, and some modern ladies have proclaimed her conduct shocking—not in committing a murder, but in killing a man in his bath. Modern modesty need not be shocked. In the latter days of the old French monarchy ladies frequently receive visitors while enjoying a bath. But there was no impropriety. They wore bathing gowns of the finest lawn, trimmed with Valenciennes; and the water in the bath was made opaque by the addition of a bottle of essence, or a jug of milk. But for the name of the thing, they were more decently clad in the bath than in the ballroom.

The white girl who married a negro at Galesburg, Ill., was Nellie Chase. Her grandfather was the first Episcopal Bishop of the West, and her father was a candidate for Bishop of the diocese of Chicago at the time the present incumbent was elected. Miss Chase's brother is Horace Chase, a well-known lawyer of Peoria, and her sister is the wife of the Rev. G. H. Higgins, rector of the most fashionable Episcopal church in Galesburg. Sam Monroe, whom she married, is a coachman and uneducated. On the evening of the elopement Sam took the girl and her satchel out of the house through a window. They hastened to a Justice, who performed the marriage ceremony. On the following day the bride was captured by her relatives and started for California. The bridegroom was arrested, the pretext being that he had stolen the satchel.

The Toilet of Elegance.

For preserving the complexion—Temperance.
For whitening the hands—Honesty.
For sweetening the breath—Truth.
To remove stains—Repentance.
For improving the sight—Observation.
A beautiful ring—The family circle.
For improving the voice—Civility.
The best companion to the toilet—A wife.