# LATEST NEWS SUMMARY

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE

The status of the two independents in the senate has been fixed, Davis with the democrats and Mahone with the republi-

The president has nominated Sanford A. Hudson of Wisconsin associate justice of the supreme court of Dakota, and Clarke Carr postmaster at Galesburg, Ills

A dispatch of the 15th from Kansas idly and has cut away six acres of valuable property on the Kansas City side about three quarters of a mile above the stock exchange. One end of the glue factory has fallen into the stream. Peo ple living in that vicinity are moving our of their houses.

A dodger embellished with a death head, cross bones and a coffin was freely circulated on the streets of St. Louis calling a meeting of the Friends of Progress and the Clildren of the Goddess of Liberty, to assemble at the courthouse to endorse th action of the nihilist society in the assass nation of Emperor Alexander of Russia. Polish exiles specially invited to be pre

The Chicago correspondent of the Cour-The Chicago correspondent of the Courier-Journal learns that the Pacific Railway Co., looking with alarm to Jay Gould's schemes, has arranged to consolidate its vast western interest, including some dozen lines, and to replace the varjous managements with one efficient set of officials. All previous experiments in this line have proved costly and inexpedient. E. A. Ford will be in charge of the western interests of the road. western interests of the road. Wm. E. Chandler is to be solicitor gen

eral of the department of justice. It is thought that Col. Russell, of Texas, will secure the first assistant postmaster generalship. For the second place Don Cr aeron is pushing Wm. A. Grier, of Penr-sylvania, who steadily voted for Garfie d in the Chicago convention. French and Upton will both leave the treasury departinent, and Edward McPherson will take the first place. Hon. Jerry Rusk, of Wisconsin, and Hon. Jonas H. McGowan, of Michigan, want the agricultural bureau. Hannibal Hamlin can have the collectorship at Boston. For the Austrian mission there are four applicants, and for the postoffice at Youngstown, Ohio, no less than 13.

The New York Herald reviewing Mexican affairs characteristically says: It is whispered that vast designs are on foot with reference to the regions whose mineral wealth will soon cause Califorria and Nevada to hide their diministed heads. of any credence can be given to seve of our inspired contemporaries, the new plot against the independence of Mexico far exceeds in magnitude the abortive design of Hayes in 1877, which was so promptly frowned down by our new premier. As, however, Blaine must be supposed to have the courses of coarticions. posed to have the courage of convictions it is soothing to reflect upon the dismay which his appointment as secretary of the state must have carried into the camp of the relentless plotters against the peace of the two great American republics.

The New York Times does not like the nomination of Stanley Matthews to the vacancy on the supreme bench. It says: general hopefulness and good will which the new administration was greeted and which bade fair to grow stronger so long as its record continued free from serious blemish, makes the feel

already committed a sad, inexcee-rror in renewing the appointment of Stanley Matthews for the vacant place on the supreme bench. He has not only receive ted one of the injudicious and objective active or me predecessor, but has the injudicious and in the supreme has the contraction of the injudicious and objective active or me predecessor, but has the injudicious and in the it without his excuse and in the of an expression of public repugnance that predecessor may not have an-

designed to cause the board of trade to take action against American pork were received, consisted of Hargrave, Fowler and Sinclair. The recent action of France and pending question by Hartland to Mundella, vice president of the council, which was answered in the council. which was answered in the commons on the 1st inst., induced the Liverpool protest against hostile action. One of the telegrams, addressed to Hartland, urged him to press his question, asserting that the hog disease was assuming alarming proportions, and that more deaths were rted. The message to Mundella told not to be misled by the deputation, all of whom were heavily interested, and asserted that the disease was assuming alarming proportions. Detectives are endeavoring to discover the sender of the

forged telegrams, but success is doubtful A St. Louis dispatch of March 8th says: pt. Jas. B. Eads, who arrived here sterday, will start for Mexico in a few days to have his Tehauntepec grant con-firmed by the Mexican congress He will then go to Tampico were some of his en-gineers -e surveying the harbor for the wil beed to the Isthmus, where he a month and make a thorough for his ship railway. for San Francisco for the purpose ting the engineer of the state a and to examine the mouth of the Sacramento river. From there he goes to Oregon where he will inspect the onth of the Columbia river and Humortly afterwards visit Toronto will inspect the harbor at the of the British government, h he will sail for England and

Capt, Eads is thoroughly satis-is ship railway scheme will be favorable than he anticipated. ree parties of engineers now at the Isthmus and rapid advance ade in surveys. The Mexican

at is also aiding him in having ight engineers and a gang of seventy laaged in surveying and cutting n a point on the Uspanapan 100 FE 4301 uer on-

The state of the s

ongress a lit give to the legislation.

In fact I am almost sure of it, not in merican will not do this, as the Mexican concession to me names no particular government, I shall carry the grant to gland and see what will be do private enterprise. I have ae situation so thoroughly that this can be done, but I nt to take this last alternative. by the Isthmus is only a thousles longer than the average of the ontinental railway, and this furishes a sure remedy against a carrying nonopoly. But if private enterprise monopoly. But if private enterprise builds the road, there is no guarantee that a syndicate might not get control of the railway as was the case with the Isth-mus route and thus prevent the competi-tion desirable.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Union Pacific railroad elected the following board of directors: Sidney following board of directors: Sidney Dillon of New York, Elisha Atkins of Boston, Fred'k Ames of Boston, Ezra Baker of Boston, S. H. H. Clark of Omaha, T. Gordon Dexter of Boston, David Dows of New York, Greenville W. Dodge of Council Bluffs, T. T. Eckert, Jay Gould, Solon Humphreys and Russell Sage Gould, Solon Humphreys and Russell Sage of New York, Wm. L. Scott of Erie, Pa., John Sharp of Salt Lake City, and Augus-tus Schell of New York. The directors subsequently elected the following officers: President, Sidney Dillon; vice president, Elisha Atkins; secretary and treasurer, Henry McFarland. A dividend of 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> per cent was declared payable. The first an-nual report shows the total earnings of the year to be \$22,455,134; total expense, \$10,545,119; surplus earnings, \$11,910,015. this must be added an income from investments on connecting roads, dividends on stocks and interest on bonds, amounting to \$1,010,152, and premiums on bonds sold, profits on investments, securities sold, etc., \$284,249, making the total sur plus earnings \$13,204,416. The greatest fire known in Kansas City

The greatest fire known in Kansas City for many years occurred on the 10th on Union street, between Mulberry and Santa Fe streets, by which was destroyed part of a magnificent new block of buildings, occupied by Woodward, Faxon & Co., wholesale druggists; Kelly, Wells & Co., wholesale hardware; Ogleby & Co., wholesale grocers. The flame, when first seen, burst from a rear window of Faxon & Co.'s store. By the time the firemen arrived, at 4 o'clock, the roof and windows glared terrifically with the leaping flames. A series of explosions, rumbering not less series of explosions, rumbering not less than 75, took place, caused by cans of gunpowder in the estab ishment of Ogleby & Co., and barrels of coal oil in the drug house of Woodward, Faxon & Co. These explosions were loud enough to be heard throughout the city, and by families two miles from the scene of the fire. The water pressure, which should have been 90 pounds to the square inch, was scarcely sufficient to carry a stream to the second story windows. Woodward, Faxon & Co. loss, \$\$5,000; insured, \$60,000; Ogleby & Co., loss, \$80,000; insurance, \$75,000; Kelly, Wells & Co., loss, \$80,000; fully insured. The building was owned by Leach, Olmstead & Hall, and valued at \$50,000, on which there was an insurance of \$28,000.

Remate Standing Committees
The democratic caucus has agreed upon the following as the standing committees

of the U.S. senate:
Privileges and Elections—Saulsbury,
Hill of Georgia, Vance, Pugh. Hoar, Logan
Sherman, Platt of New York.

Foreign Relations—Johnston, Morgan, Pendleton, Saulsbury, Jackson, Conkling, Finance—Bayard Voorbees, Beck, McPherson, Grover, Morrill, Ferry, Jones

Appropriations—Davis of West Virginia, Beck, Cockrell, Harris, Allison, Sherman,

Hawley, Conger, Ransom. Conmerce—Ransom, Coke, Farley, Vest, Brown, Conkling, McMillan, Jones

of Nevada, Harrison.
Manufactures- William, Grover, McPherson, Rolling, Dawes.
Atriculture—Slater, Johnston, Davis of
West Virginia, Brown of Georgia, Blair, Van Wyck, Sawyer, Mitchell.
Military Affairs—Grover. Cockrell,
Maxey, Hampton, Mahone, Burnside,
Plumb, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Logan.

Naval Affairs-McPherson, Jones of Florida, Vance, Farley, Gorman, Anthony Cameron of Pennsylvania, Ferry, Platt of Judiciary-Davis of Illinois, Garland,

Bayard, Lamar, Hill of Georgia, Pendleton, Edmunds, Conkling, Sherman. Postoffices—Maxey, Saulsbury, Farley, Groome, Pugh, Ferry, Sawyer, Van Wyck.
Public Lands—Jones of Florida, McPherson, Walker, Fair, Camden, Plumb,
Hilt of Colorado, Van Wyck, Miller.

Private Land Claims—Edmunds, Alli-on, Hale, Jones, Call. Indian Affairs — Coke, Pendieton

Walker, Slater, Williams, Allison, Ingalls, Saunders, Logan.
Pensions—Groome, Slater, Jackson

Camden, George, Connecticut, Hawley. Cockrell, Pugh, Jackson, Hoar and A deputation representing the Liver-pool provision trade, which was present in the commons when forged telegrams,

ming senators. District of Columbia-Harris, Butler, Vance, Gorman, Camden, Ingalls, Rollins, McMillan, Conger. Patents—Call, Coke, Williams, Gorman,

Hoar, Platt of Connecticut, Ingalls, Territories—Butler, Garland, Vest, Slater, Saunders, Kellogg, Logan, two vacan-

Railroads—Lamar, Groyer, Williams, Jones, Mahone, Fair, Dawes, Teller, Saunders, Sherman, Harrison.
Mines and Mining—Farley, Hampton,

Vest, Fair, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Plumb, Hill of Colorado. Education and Labor—Brown, Maxey,

Education and Labor—Brown, Maxey, Lamar, George, Mahone, Burnside, Mor-rill, Blair, Hawley. Civil Service—Walker, Butler. Beck, Groome, Teller, Rollins, Conger. Transportation Routes to the Seaboard —Beck, Johnston, Voorhees, Hampton, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Blair, Platt of New York.

Of select committees, Teller goes on the electoral count committee, Hill on the census, Miller on the epidemic diseases, and Pugh on enrolled bills.

### Ravening Wolves in Finland. A correspondent from Finland writes

respecting a terrible evil which is now besetting the country in which he lives, and to suggest a remedy. The woods, about fifty English miles from Hango, are the haunts of a great num-ber of wolves, which of late have been so audacious as not to be contented with tearing cows and sheep, but are now constantly attacking even human beings. In less than two months eleven children have been carried away and eaten by the beasts. Very recently a little boy, aged nine years, was over-His advices from Mexico are taken in the high road by a wolf, and dragged into a neighboring field. The lad escaped with his life only by the approach of a stalwart peasant. Another case, of a very late occurrence, was that of a man while driving a sledge, was attacked by a wolf, which sprang up from the ground and tore his arm. The animals and most populous parts of the country, come down to the very thresholds of the houses, and in some instances children have been carried off under the very eyes of their parents. Seldom more than one wolf is seen at a time, and the belief is that, like the man a will not do this, as the Mexican not ome names no particular ent, I shall carry the grant to and see what will be done there. The be blind to its advantages if the event that I can be blind to its advantages if the event that I can build the private enterprise. I have the private enterprise. I have the enterprise is the belief is that, like the man eating tigers of India, these beasts are either emboldened by hunger or have been rendered daring by impunity and the acquired by impunity and the acquired alive has been fixed by the English government; but the peasantry appear to be incapable of coping with the invaders. be incapable of coping with the in Hunters are now being appointed and sent into the woody districts frequented by the wolves, but hitherto with small Our correspondent is of the opinion that English gentlemen foud of sport and adventure, would if accom panied by a number of bull dogs and shepherd's dogs, and properly equipped for a winter's campaign, do wonders at wolf-stalking for the Finlanders.—
[London Telegraph.

### IN THE FIRELIGHT.

"Are you listening, Donald?" asked

"Do you call that listening, with the back of your head to me?" "As long as it gets through me, does it make any difference whether it goes

through the back or the front of my "I wish you would not talk slang. Jack detests it!" and an impatient hand

rustled the sheet of letter paper.
"Humph! He does? What a fraud he is!" came a cool retort from the fireplace, in front of which was drawn an arm-chair, over the top of which could be seen a dark, motionless head, as if the eyes were fixed upon the grate.

"At least, you might be polite!"
"I will be Chesterfield's ghost, if you will only get on."

An impatient rap of five fingers on the open letter, then the reader began, in a half provoked voice:
"'My Dear Little Woman:—I have

eached my journey's end, and it will be my last, I can assure you. If it had not been for the interest at stake, I would have cut and run at once. I never was so homesick in my life. I long for the sound of your sweet voice, and a glance

"Come cut all that, Essie?" broke in her brother's disgusted voice. "Jack is such an idiot when he is homesick." "Donald Carey, I'll never-" pro-tested the indignant little woman at the center table, provoked to tears.

"Oh, yes, you will. Only skip all that. Jack don't mean it. And I have heard it all so much better elsewhere only I don't remember where."

Mrs. Blayne looked indignantly at the arm-chair, but, the effect being lost upon its padded back, it broke the force of her anger, and reduced her to a submis

"'I found the poor girl terribly cut up, but awful glad to see me, and as pretty as a blush rose—'" "Jack is getting worse!" groaned his brother-in-law. "Do you want to hear this letter, Don-

ald?" severely asked Mrs. Blayne, with the dignity of five feet. "Yes. And when you are finished then tell me what it is all about."

"I will be home almost as soon as you get this. Keep Donald in a good humor. I want him to be good to the poor girl, and if you don't rub him the right

"Who's talking slang now, I'd like to know?" demanded the cool, lazy voice from the fireplace. "I'll give Jack Blayne to understand that I am no poodle to be smothered down!" "I wish you were a poodle!" cried Mrs. Blayne, provoked beyond endur-

ance with his tantalizing mood. "Why so?" with great interest.
"Because then you could be thrashed for your impudence!"

'And this from my only sister?" said the cool voice, as its owner gazed down in the fire, in a reflective mood; "and all because her disreputable husband is mooning over a blush rose, and wants me rubbed down smooth enough to let his little pecadilloes slide off of me." Donald, don't you know who

she is? Her name is-But here an interruption in the shape of a white cap checked Mrs. Blayne's eager declaration, as the door opened, and a French nurse said, gently:

'Madame, la petite-' The sentence was finished outside the drawing room, for the little lady made precipitous dash at the nurse, and headed her out of the room, as visions of fire, croup, and every known ill, flashed through her mind as assailing the only child of the Blayne family.

Left alone, Ponald Carey sank into a reverie, and stared down into the fire for a long while, his face quivering neryously, and a red glow under his eyes. He raised his hand in the firelight, and looked upon the ring upon the third finger; then he began speaking slowly, in a dreamy voice:

ou have often asked me about this ring, Essie, and to-night I mean to tell

"It was the betrothal ring I gave the woman I loved a year ago in France. Yes, I know; I did come back from that trip changed to the morose, variable being I have since been. But, Essie, girl, I had had a blow hard enough to knock every gentle or good emotion out of me. and you and Jack have been dear friends to humor me as you have."
"Where I met her, it matters not; I

loved her—let that suffice. She was poor and industrious, working from sunrise to sunset, to keep a roof over her head and that of the old woman who lived with her as house-servant.

"She sang in the village choir; she taught, embroidered, raised rare redroses, which found a ready sale, and in every way known to her quick mind and ready fingers, strove to make and save

"I was on a walking tour, and met be in her own little town, and, hearing her sing at vespers, loved her at sight. she loved me—then, at least, whatever else befell. I thank her for that much." The steady voice broke, and the grave face grew white in the fire-light. His

hand dropped and he stirred restlessly; then he went on, slowly:
"How well I remember the night I gave her this ring! She wore white, thin and vapory, and on her breast, and low in the black coil on her neck were fastened her jacqueminot roses—purple red against the clear white and black.

"I loved her for her name—Felize. It was so like her—soft, sweet and harmonious; and always her white dress, her dear name and the silent moonlight, reminded me of a lost rhythm that no music could ever again produce. The ring was too large; it slipped from her slim finger, and she sighed as I took it from ber, to carry back to the neighborng town next morning, to have it cut to fit her taper hand.

"She allowed me to kiss her lips for the first time in adieu that night, and clung to me with strange fear, her usual are especially numerous in the southern grave dignity gone beneath the new and most populous parts of the country, spirit that came over her. I should not ee her again until the next night, and she promised to meet me at the gate, just where we parted.

"I went to town the next day, had the ring out a smaller size, and returned in time to keep my interview with her at the time appointed. When I reached the cottage gate, I found she was not there to meet me, nor was old Lisette in her usual seat in the low rocker before

the open door.
"With beating heart I entered the garden in search of Felise, not daring to give way to my fear, lest it should un-'A sound of voices drew me toward

the little summer-house, where we so often had sat, and there I found my love; but mine no longer, for another's arms were around her, and she was saying, as drew near: I give him up for you! Will that

content you?" And before my staring "Donnie," she asked, holding on by eyes I saw her cling to him and kiss him his hair, "Is you goin' to sleep in the with sobbing breath.
"'Feliso' I cried; and never shall I for-

# get the face she

sound of my voice. I was stern and cold in the mounliht, and her eyes

glowed like lamps of ire.
"'Is this true?' I asled. up for this fellow!" for a rapid glance showed me that his hardsome face was dissipated and vulgar, his uniform shab by and worn without military air, and his whole appearance ungentlemanly and

"Yes,' she said, coldly "Yes, she said, told!",
"You love this nan? I demanded.
"Yes, she still replie in that cold, lifeless voice, and her benning eyes never left my face.
"Then the fellow cut in with an oath:

" 'Hasn't she said mough? Why don't ou go?'
"I felt like choking the miserable life

out of him, for my misery was making me desperate; but she came up to me swiftly, and with uplifted face said humbly:
"'I am not worthy of you, Go! I belong to this man and must obey him. I

pray you go!"
"I left her then—for had I stayed I should have killed her-with those words on her lips, and came back on here to you, Essie, as quick as land and water could be traveled over.

"I have borne it for over a year—how,

God knows; for at times I felt as if I must go back, and tear her from that scamp's possession, and crush his evil, handsome face out of all semblance to humanity. I shall bear it in time, I suppose. Others have been as hard hit; but -oh, Felise, Felise! could not such love mine keep you pure and true?'

His voice broke in a sob of pain, and his hand was stretched out eagerly. A violent tugging began at his legs; a lit "Donnie, Donnie! Wake up And, with a great start, he realize that he had been asleep in the firelight, and dreamed that he had told his love

story to bis sister.

Before him, hugging his knees with both arms, stood a small. plump little body, arrayed in white and all the splendor of a red sash, which he recognized as his small niece, whom Jack called his

demestic produce. "Is you never goin' to wake up Donnie?" she gravely questioned, tugging at him again.

He blinked, and rubbed his eyes. 'Was I asleep, young un?" he asked soberly,
"I sinks you were—as tight as nesited for a smile-"as nothin'. Den-

"Was I talking, Pix?" he asked, sud-

Her eyes grew round as blue marbles "Like fits!" she said, energetically, her face aglow. "An' you made me sorry, too," she continued, plaintively, nestling against him. "Donnie was you sick when you—you grunted so?" she sighed, to explain.

"Very sick at heart, darling." She stroked his beard tenderly. "An'-an' wouldn't 'at bad girl nurse

"No, Pix. She broke my heart." And Don. felt the tears drop down on the little, golden head, as the dimpled hand patted his cheek softly, and she

"There, there, there! I love you. Donnie. The door was dashed open violently, by an energetic hand, and a hearty voice

"Essie! Pix! Here, somebody come to And into the room strode a ruddy-faced, tall, stalwart figure, with a slim, dark-robed figure beside it, and Jack Blayne stood revealed, days before he was expected.

A swish of silk, a delightful little cry, and small Mrs. Blayne hurled herself half way up on the breast of her big hus-band, who received the charge with equal delight, and caused her to disap-

young lady. Felise—"
"Felise!" said a harsh, stern voice; and Donald Carey strode up to the darkrebed figure, to whom he had given a chair, while Jack and his wife were going through their connubial pantomine, and whom the dim fire-light and shaded light of the lamp had prevented him from recognizing. "How dare you come

The girl arose swiftly, with clasped hands, and looked at Jack, who stood, with mouth open and eyes fixed, staring "Tell him!" she pleaded, with white

"Oh, do not let him think me so "Certainly not!" gasped Jack. "What

the deuce do you mean by it, sir? This Donald's face flushed and paled rapidly.

"Your niece?" he said, slowly, lookng at her drooping head, with an eager light in his eyes. "Of course. Didn't Essie tell you?

My sister ran away with her music mas ter, and died after Felise was born. fellow wandered all over Europe with the child and finally abandoned when she was sixteen years old. Not for five or six years did he trouble her again, until, by hard work and economy and gotten a little home and saved a little money, and then he turned up as a fiddler in a theater-band, and after rob bing the leader, fled to ber for shelter and help to get out of the country."

Donald raised his hand imperatively,

and stopped him, "It was your father in the garden that

night," he said in a low tone, to the downcast girl.

She raised her head quickly.
"Yes," she said, gently.
"She stuck byhim until he died, a month ago." went on Jack, determined to finish his part of the story. "Before he died his part of the story. "Before he died he informed her for the first time of my existence, and made her write to me. I went to France after her.'

Little Fix was gazing up solemnly in stranger's face. 'Is you the bad girl what broke Donnie's heart?" she asked, with grave indignation.

Yes," was the low answer. "Is you goin'to mend it tight again?" A crimson tide swept up in the pale face, and the sad gray eyes sought

"Will you?" he asked, softly. She came at the bidding of his out stretched arms. "If you will let me, Donald," she

And he did, for his arms were around her, and his lips kept the red color on her lips.

"Let me in, too, Donnie," piped Pix on tiptoe tugging at his arm. you'd never love nobody better nor me, and she swung on reproachfully, until he raised her to his shoulder, with a "Donnie" she asked

parlor some more? "No, Pix," he said softly, "but thank

ned on me at the God for my dream in the footlight, for it brought me happiness at last," his hand clasped Felise's.

"I guess you is happy," sighed Pix. "You is shining all over your face, Don-nie, like the boy in my book, what got all he wanted when he was good."

"Do you remember," the Jester said, "the time we met J. W. Riley, of the Indianapolis Journal, the poet and the humorist of Indiana? Down at Spencer, when we went to Indianapolis with him, sitting in the quiet and airy seclusion of the smoking car?" "Do you ever notice," Riley said,

"how men smoke? There is one type in the middle seat, the man who always smells his cigar suspiciously before he buys it, as though he was afraid it was spoiled by being kept too long."
"And the man," said the sad passenger, "who mellows his cigar between his

fingers, softening the hard places by violent compression, as though he was going to eat it, rather than smoke it?" 'And the man," Riley said, "who always thrusts his eigar clear into his mouth, and carefully licks it with his ongue from end to end, over and over again, before he lights it?"

What does he do that for?" asked the Jester. "Has he any reason for it, or is it some hereditary trait, or old family custom that has been handed down to "Nobody knows," said the tall, thin

passenger, "and then there is the man who always has a broken cigar, never was known to smoke a whole one. Either carries his cigars in his overcoat pockets and so sits upon them, or he breaks them into pieces in his vest pocket by leaning up against the bar. "And he bandages the broken place said the man on the wood-box, carefully

holding his own eigar out of sight be-hind the stove, "he bandages the broken place with a piece of white paper."
"And the man," said Riley, "whose cigar always has a flap of the wrapper eeling off near the putting end, and he requently takes the cigar from his outh to fondle and plaster down this obtrusive flap, stroking it tenderly with his fingers, like a boy nursing a wounded

tnumb. "And the man," said the cross passen ger. "who doesn't smoke a great deal, but spits more than any ten men in the

'And the man," said the Jester, "who always talks his ci ar out, and uses up all the matches in the crowd smoking up one cigar. "And the man," said Riley, "whose

cigar always burns up sideways; a per-fect salamander on one side,, and a conflagration on the other. Gives the smoke an angular, one-sided sort of an 'And the man," said the sad passen

ger, "who always holds the ashe eigar until they break off and fall down "And the man," said the cross passener, "who always holds his eigar at such

acute angle of elevation that he smokes into his eyes all the time. "And the man, said Riley, "who holds his cigar in the middle of his mouth, and works both cheeks like a bellows,"

"And the man," said the fat passenger "who smokes as though he were paid for it, and consequently hated it and wanted to get through as soon as possi-"And the man," said the woman who

talks bass, "who thinks he's the only man in the car who knows how to smoke."
There was a brief silence, which was broken by Riley remarking that the ideal smoker was to be found in the 'squire of a small village. I have seen him" the poet went on, "in the quiet summer evening, when all the male population gathered around the tavern to sit on the long bench by the front door and smoke their pipes. And the 'squire alwaws, and he alone, smokes a cigar.

deliberately he prepares it for smoking. He is never known to bite the end off, he the evasive, mysterious opal, even the cuts it off with one particular blade of his knife. Then he holds the ends in his the topaz, an amethyst with fingers for a second deliberating where to throw it. Finally, he selects a spot on the ground off to the right and tosses it there, not at random but carefully, and with the intent of making it drop just where it does. Then he finds a match and lights it. He holds it in his hand until every possible trace of sulphur is burned away—and his match was never known to blow out, not even if the wind was blowing a gale—then he put the cigar to his mouth, turns it over nce or twice until it settles into exactly the right position, and then he lights it. Then he holds the match in his hand until it burns clear to his finger nails, when he tosses it away, in a direction opposite the discarded cigar end, and then he smokes. Slowly, with chair tilted back against the tavern, one leg thrown over the other, and his judicial eyes fixed on the universe at an indefinite point to his in his immediate front. If there is a dog fight that drags all the other villagers away as eager and excited spectators, it never moves the 'Squire. Calm as a spinx he holds his place and smokes.

# PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

General McClellan is fifty-five. A true republic should be a custard pie-no upper crust.

The only object of a soldier's drill is te make holes in the enemy. Mr. Gladstone is said to have aged at east four years in the past four weeks. A statue of Beethoven is to be erected in Central Park, New York, by the Phil-

harmonic Society. Society never finds out that woman is lovely and accomplished until her husband becomes rich.

Senator Philetus Sawyer, of Wiscon-

sin, is said to have never looked otherwise than smiling and happy all his The Princes George and Albert Victor of Wales, though still boyish enough, have been received with all sorts of

social honors in South America. An amiable youth who when asked by his anxious parents what profession he would prefer, replied that he would like to be a Revolutionary pensioner.

The electric light is making sure and safe progress. Before long the joyous tramp can sit on the currentone all night and read about the stagnation of labor in the finest print.

George Lay, of Parke county, Indiana claims to be the oldest engineer in the United States. He was born in 1804, and ran one of the first engines on the Baltimore and Ohio road.

General Garfield's two eldest boys are described as bright, well-mannered and enthusiastic when their father's name is but not too aggressively conous of his elevation. The General is said to have written to their tutor that

## Simplicity in Dress.

Our young girls in America do not seem to have the sense of beauty of simplicity in dress. No young girl looks as young or as lovely in heavy velvets and oaded trimmings as in simple muslin and soft clinging materials. They deand soft clinging materials. They tract from their own fresh charms calling attention to the adornment. I should be inclined to say that no jewels, unless a single row of pearls around the throat, no lace but simple Valenciennes, should be worn by apy girl younger than 21. A dress perfectly fresh, bright in color (where the complexion permits), beautifully cut and almost entirely untrimmed, cannot be improved upon for a young girl. It is the soft rounded forms, the dewy bloom of the cheeks, the clear young eyes, the soft tender lips, that we want to see. Where silks are worn they should not be of heavy quality, but soft. Our young girls wear

dresses like dowagers. It is a futile waste of money; no beauty is attained.

We would like to call attention to the fact that the style of dressing influences the manners, the carriage of the woman The masculine style of dress has this objection. It is a little difficult to say what we would substitute for the ulster that we have all adopted. It is surely a very convenient garment for our streets, for rain and mud, and snow; but there is a difference in the cut of ulsters, and they should be as little like a very bad overcoat as possible. Where a young girl has side pockets, she is apt so put her hands in them, and, where the adds a Derby hat, how often the

swagger follows.

The Derby hat appears to me to have no excuse. It is unbecoming even to a man, and absolutely hideous upon a woman. It is surprising to see them adopted by well-bred ladies. They have had great countenance, to be sure, but we think that if we should hand over all the younger generation to an exclusive costume of the Derby hat, the ulster, the Jersey, and the short skirt, it would not take more than one generation to make

us lose all grace of manner.

The short skirt deserves to be mended for the street, but in the house it has neither beauty nor elegance. Even to shorten a long skirt in front, for the better display of a pretty foot, is a great mistake. It is neither becoming to the foot nor the figure. It gives an unin-tentional look of display which is unre-fined, and surely the dress that leaves something in the imagination is more co-quetish and dignified.

The scarf for a married women is a fashion that should never die. To wear it well is a proof of grace, and it imparts an elegance, especially to a tall woman that is very distrable. In the old por-traits of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, by Stewart and Copley, and scarf has been elegantly used—the long, straight scarf, drawn tightly across the small of the back, passed over the el-bows and drooping down in front as low as the knees or lower. Nowadays one secs them occasionally worn by ladies who have relatives in the East, who sends them scarfs of crape or camel's hair. Occasionally the French approach the scarf in style of their light wraps for spring or autumn. I think that it would only require half a dozen ladies, whose reputation for good dress is high, to per-sistently adopt the scarf, for others to ecognize its grace and elegance.

The wearing of jewels is not often well understood. One does not see many handsome jewels worn in America, with the exception of diamonds. It is said that the value of the diamond fluctuates less than that of any other precious stone, and that they therefore recommend themselves to the practical masculine mind as an investment, and this is the real reason that our women wear diamonds so exclusively. This is to be regret ted, as the diamond, from its excessive brilliancy and hardness of light is not beequal delight, and caused her to disappear from view within a huge embrace.

"Here, Pix," he shouted, "come kiss your papa! Hello, Don! that you? your papa! Hello, Don! that you? care, and it is always the only one in the woman in flashing diamonds is absurd; "But he woman in flashing diamonds is coming to many women. To the blue-eyed, the saphire, or even the inexpenthe evasive, mysterious opal, even the amethyst with velvet surface for finish the French call defacee) even amber or pale tea-colored coral-all these ornaments are becoming to ninety-nine women where the diomond is becoming

> eautiful as an ornament because it is beautiful in itself, or ornamental in the dress of one person because it is so in the dress of another. We once knew a charming little lady who, being in very moderate circumstances, dressed in such simple materials as she could easily procure—in winter often in soft gray woolens, in summer in light colored muslins, with a white scarf, a straw bonnet, with the plainest pale ribbon neatly tying it down. Her complexion was like the wild rose, and with her soft fair hair and blue eyes, her figure, delicate even to the point of fragility, no dress could have been more coquettish and exquisitely appropriate. Later her husband came into a fortune. She eagerly adopted heavy velvets, beand diamonds of great size and brill-iancy.—| Harper's Bazar.

to the one-hundredth. Let us emanci

pate ourselves from imagining a thing

# Practical Science.

The following correspondence over the telephone wires yesterday is a further proof of the fact that no one but a bald-

eaded man could do without one: 'Hello, Central!" "Hello!

"Is it going to thaw to-day?"

Yes, there are indications.

Connect me with the Signal Bureau. "All right—go ahead." "Hello, Signal!"
"Hello!"

'How's the wind?" 'Getting around to the south Do you think I can safely have my 'Wait a minute, until I can consult

the barometer, thermometer and wind Silence for half a minute.

"Hello!" "Hello!" "Yes, you can go ahead. There won't be any change to speak of for the next twelve hours. There is a cold wave moving up the Ohio river, and a snowstorm is reported at Cheyenne, but if I were you I'd take my chances on the

"All right-much obliged." "Good-bye."- Kansas City Times.

Some time ago an old man in Northern Iowa wrote to relatives in the East asking for aid, as there was to be a hard winter and he was likely to suffer. None responded except a niece, who was a school teacher, and who sent him \$50 and said that she would send him more as soon as she drew her salary. wrote back that she need not send

### Without a Heart.

"A girl without a heart!" exclaimed a lady as she looked after a beautiful de parting guest.

"I have heard of a 'man without a country,' and of a 'man without a shadow,' but I don't think a person could live without a heart!" said the

could live without a heart!" said the niece of the lady. "I don't mean the organ we share in common with the lion and the ox. I used the word 'heart' in a higher sense. I can easily believe that the girl who boasts of the offers she has refused, and the mortification she has inflicted on those who have paid her the highest compliment a man can pay a woman, could play the cruel hoax of which Junie just boasted. If there had been a spark of humanity in her heart she would have spared poor Roy West the fresh disappointment from which he is now suffering—if her mean and cruel letter has reached him!" said the lady.

And what had this rich and beautiful

girl done for which this gentle woman was censuring her so severely?

She had a lovely friend-unlovely girls often have very lovely friends-named Maud Weston. Maud had a boy-ish lover, whose visits her father had for-bidden because of a business feud with his father. Maud's own thoughts were more on her books than on lovers, and like an honest and generous girl, she said so kindly to Roy, who was then prepar-ing for a voyage and a winter in Cuba

for his health.

Unwisely, hut very naturally, Maud told all that had passed to Junie Sewall, the flirt, dwelling with regret on the deep feeling the young fellow had manifested in the matter.

Now, as his time for sailing approach-

ed, it occurred to Junie that she could get some fun out of him, as she had done out of those who had placed themselves at her mercy.
She sat down to her richly carved desk

and wrote: "Mr. West: A friend of Miss Weston feels very sure that she has repented the words she said to you at your last meet-ing. If you have suffered from them, she has suffered more. Pardon her apparent coldness, and do not leave your native land without seeing her. Her father is very severe, but she is true to

vou. Of course this roused hope in the poor fellow's heart, and against the advice of his mother and sister, he insisted and driving out alone that afternoon.

He was not prepased for the look of surprise with which Maud met him. his mother and sister, he insisted on

"I'm sorry you came again, Roy," she said, with a rather stately air. "Father will be displeased—and—blame me—and—and—besides, I did not care to see you again-myself," He drew the note from his pocket, and

"This is why I came, Maud."

said only:

She read it with deepening color; and then, said:
"Roy, this is a cruel hoax and I feel, indignant, both on my own account and yours-for you are my friend yet. I know who wrote this, and I will never her my friend again! I hope you will have a pleasant voyage, Roy, and come home well in the spring. Good

They shook hands and parted kindly.

But there was a look of terrible exhaustion on poor Roy's face as he took the reins and drove towards home. He was nor only disappointed but vexed and chagrined to think that any woman was so mean and cruel as to make spott of what was so sacred to him.

Nor could he relieve his mind by talkirg of the matter at home. No one there

friend; and he was a young man now, and no longer a schoolboy to carry his complaints and grievances to his mother and sisters.

The next day he was restless and feverish; and the family thought he had

knew his feelings towards his school

injured himself by driving when he was "But he would go alone, and no one

could help it." said his mother to the He had had more than one attack of hemorrhage, and his physician feared another. He called in a friead to con-sult with him. He saw only nervous prostration, and felt sure he would rally

before the time for sailing.

While medical skill and family love were doing everything possible to strengthen him, he announced one day that he was not going to Cuba. he dreaded the effort, that he had not strength to take the journey to the steamer; and, besides that, he did not want to go, that Massachusetts climate was native air for him, and that if he could not live here, with all his home comforts, he certainly could not live in-

Havana without them.

His father argued and his mother pleaded; but his purpose was fixed. His only reply to their arguments was: 'Please never say 'Cuba' to me again. but let me stay here in my own room in One night Junie Sewall was rouse

from her healthful sleep by the sound of a horse's feet, and by the pulling of the

doctor's bell opposite her home. She rose and looked out into the clear, calm moonlight, and heard a man say: "They want you to come as soon as possible. Mrs. West thinks he is sinking very fast."
"Oh, dear!" dear!" she said, "I'm afraid that's Roy, Poor fellow! how hard it is for one so young and full of happiness'

No, he isn't happy; but he's young and loves life. How hard to give it up! I do pity him! I wish I hadn't—but that was only fun; I mean't no harm. Poor And "the girl with a heart" went back to her soft pillow, and in five minutes was sleeping as serenely as if there were neither sorrow, nor sickness, nor death

in the world. Next morning the village people were startled by the solemn tolling of the bell -"One, two, three!"-through all the years of infancy, childhood, early youth to manhood; ceasing its solemn clang-ing, which echoed from the hills around

at "Twenty-three!"

Men stopped each other on the street,
or asked in stores and Post Office, "Who did the bell toll for?" and were thus answered-"It's David West's son that was to sail

soon for Cuba. He died of consump He rode out only ten days ago and drove the horse himself."

There is no doubt that Roy was in consumption, and that his life was waning fast when Junie Sewall played that cruel hoax upon bim. That was not the cause of his death, but it surely

hastened it.

Who would care to bear about in her heart the memory of such an act-to feel that she had wounded a dying heart, and marked it with a scar that was carried to the grave.

Moral principal does not pertain alone to matters of business. It seems in the intercourse between brothers he himself had exacted earnest work of them and relied upon him to exact the December the old man died and left the tween pupils and teachers; and between