

PIERCED FIGHTING IN BELFAST.

Police and Military Alike Attacked by the Savage Mob.

BELFAST, Sept. 21.—Desultory rioting accompanied by firing continued throughout the city during last night and two policemen were severely wounded and a number of citizens injured. The Catholics evinced a more bitter spirit against the police and soldiers and the appearance of a single constable in one of the troubled districts was greeted with a volley of stones.

Rioting was resumed at dinner time at the junction of Northumberland street and the Falls road by the Catholic mill hands sending the police on duty to keep the Grange Queen's island ship yard men from coming in contact with mill hands. The stoning was so heavy and so furious that the police had to retreat as far as Shank hill. Here they were reinforced and drove the mob back, capturing a number.

An armed regiment attacked. While this battle was going on another mob in a different locality attacked with stones the Black watch regiment of Welshmen, although the soldiers were fully armed and in fighting array. The troops with fixed bayonets charged in double quick time on the mob and drove them from the scene, wounding a great number and arresting two.

Still another mob got into a fight in a tram car station, and surging into the street threw a passing car from the track and overturned it, though it was at the time filled with passengers. The rioters were fighting a purely religious fight, but the locality was infested with rowdies, drawn thither by the riot, and when these leaders saw the car up side and filled with people they consolidated it with stones.

Even a funeral cortege stoned. The funeral cortege of a man named Boyle, who returned from the cemetery to-day, was attacked by a mob, who assailed the mourners with stones. The military charged on the mob and arrested a score of them. In the melee the coffin, in command of the troops was badly hurt. At midnight the city was quiet.

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THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN.

Washington special. President Cleveland returned home to-night at 9 o'clock. He came on the congressional limited from New York, his private car being attached to the train through the kindness of the Pennsylvania railroad. Sinclair, his valet, and Albert, the coachman, were at the depot and received the party. There was the private carriage and the Dayton wagon for the trunks, the stuffed deer, the fish baskets, the tackle, the balsam pillows and all other trappings of vacation. President and Mrs. Cleveland's arrival was expected, and hence there was quite a large crowd at the depot to see them, but as usual, Mr. Cleveland did not give the public much chance to look over him, for he hastily walked to his carriage and he and his wife and Mrs. Folsom were driven home. Notwithstanding the remarks of Colonel Belo, the president has gained flesh, and as the electric light fell upon his face it was very well defined and healthy looking. Colonel Lamont and Mrs. Lamont and their two little children, together with Mrs. Folsom, made up the party. As it was late when the party arrived at the white house, and they were pretty well tired, nothing was done but to get supper. To-morrow the president will take up the runs of his office and the humdrum life of a president will begin again.

AID FOR RELEASED PRISONERS.

Acting Adjutant General Belton has issued an order to carry into effect the provision of congress, approved August 4 last, for clothing and a donation of \$5 in money for each prisoner released from confinement under sentence executed at military posts after discharge from the military service, and announcing that the commandant of the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., is charged with the disbursement of the funds appropriated. The clothing will be similar to that furnished at the Leavenworth prison, and will be procured in the same manner. Commanding officers of posts where there are prisoners to be benefited by the provision will immediately send to the commandant of the Leavenworth prison a list of the names of prisoners who will probably be released at their respective posts in the period between this date and January 1, 1887, and beginning October 1, 1886, will send a similar list in the first week of every quarter for a period covered by the next succeeding quarter. The proper measurements for coat, vest, trousers and sizes for hats, shoes and socks for each prisoner will be furnished with the list of names.

IT IS PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

Chicago special. Dr. Salmon, chief of the national bureau of animal industries, after an examination of the lungs of one of the ailing cows of the Phoenix distillery this afternoon, decided that the disease existing among the cattle there is pleuro-pneumonia. A meeting of the state live stock commission will be held soon, and it will probably be decided to have all the distillery cattle killed and the sheds burned, as there is no other way to prevent the infection.

Dr. Salmon arrived in the city this morning, and met a number of gentlemen interested in pleuro-pneumonia. The club room at the Grand Pacific was filled with authorities on veterinary diseases, among those present being M. McLaughlin, C. M. Taylor, and C. R. Johnson. Of the state live stock commission: State Veterinarian N. T. Atkinson, of Missouri; State Veterinarian Casswell, of Illinois; Veterinary Surgeon Murray, of Delaware; and J. H. Sanders, editor of the Breeders' Gazette.

SOCIALISTIC PICNIC.

New York dispatch. About five thousand people attended the picnic of the socialists at Beaman's Union park to-day. Herr Wilhelm Leibknight and Dr. Edward Aveling and Mrs. Aveling were present and received an ovation. Dr. Aveling and his wife made addresses in English, and Herr Leibknight spoke in German. The addresses were mainly congratulatory and in no way referring to the doctrines of socialism. A large squad of police were present, but there was very little occasion for their services. A drunken man attempted to cheer a speaker, but was promptly arrested. Dr. Bushong, of Boston, was among the speakers. The socialists evaded the excise laws by buying kegs of beer and giving it away to the thirsty crowd.

VICTORIA'S FIFTIETH YEAR.

London special. The Prince of Wales has written to the lord mayor of London, suggesting as a suitable memorial of the completion of the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, the establishment of a permanent imperial colonial and Indian institute. The prince suggests further that the institute be founded upon the lines of the present Indian and Colonial exhibition and that its object be to prompt immigration to the colonies and expand the colonial trade. The lord mayor has replied that he would be pleased to have the people thus attest their love for the queen.

HOW MUCH HE MANIPULATED.

Cashier Gould of the Portland Bank Gets Away With \$145,000.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 21.—Gen. Neal Dow's son-in-law, Wm. E. Gould, cashier of the First National bank of Portland, is alleged to be a defaulter to the amount of \$145,000 and his family and immediate relatives are almost wild over the disgrace. The bank will not be affected by the loss. Gould was looked on as a model man. Recently he built a \$30,000 residence, and indulged in other luxuries of living, but as far as known Gould never speculated and shunned all gambling. Gould was arrested in a civil suit to avoid the action of the Comptroller of the Currency.

It is now thought the defalcations of W. E. Gould will reach \$145,000. The directors think the bank will not lose over \$87,000. Excitement over the affair is intense. Mr. Gould is 35 years old, and has aged 20 years within a week. Besides being cashier of the First National bank he is also president of the National Bankers' association, also the Portland Trust Co., and a trustee of the Maine Savings bank. It is said he began embezzling 10 years ago. Others declare the first stealing was done in 1882. There has been much that was peculiar about his affairs. He first bought a very moderate house on Carleton street for about \$6,500. Later he sold it and purchased an estate in Doering for \$17,000. This he sold and built his present residence, costing \$50,000. He has not been asked to give bond for many years. All of his original bondsmen save his father-in-law, Neal Dow, are dead, and Dow can only be held for \$20,000 of the original \$50,000, if at all. In a similar case last year it was found that the defaulter had not been held. The discovery of the defalcation is said to have come about as follows: About 10 days ago Gould went to New York. During his absence a check discovered a serious crookedness in his affairs. He informed an official, who in turn notified the directors, and they summoned an expert. The latter soon found a \$5,000 shortage. The directors were astounded. As Gould was absent and a large amount of the bank's collateral is gone also, they supposed he had skipped to Canada. Investigation shows that the missing cashier was in New York. Instead of securing his arrest, the directors sent a cautiously worded telegram summoning him home to answer concerning the investment of funds. Gould seemed to have no fear of the possibility of discovery and returned promptly. Gov. Riple met him in Boston and accompanied him to this city to prevent the last opportunity of escape.

After reaching home, and while the investigation was going on, the domed cashier was kept in ignorance that he had reached the end of his rope, and the knowledge which came to him gradually was a blinding surprise. It was then too late to escape and last week came the end. The fallen man had at last the desperate courage that sustains him. He ordered a carriage and gave to the driver the order, "Go direct to the jail." He at that time accepted the resolution of giving himself up and getting relief from suspense. The order was obeyed, but on his way he met a friend to whom he told his story of his fall. The gentleman said to him: "But you can't go to jail, no one has made the slightest charge against you." Mr. Gould then drove about the city for some time and drove to the bank. At the bank he was met by the directors and at the suggestion of one of them he went to the Fairmount hotel, took a room, and was seen and consulted with in regard to the disordered affairs of the bank. All week the directors worked on the accounts, assisted by an expert, but instead of finding an improvement, affairs grew worse, and at last it was plain that close to \$100,000 had been lost. The directors laid the case before Hon. W. S. Putnam, who told them Gould must be arrested, and that a further neglect on their part to secure his arrest would make them liable for the loss. Mr. Gould, the Argus hints, could hardly have carried on such operations as are alleged without an accomplice. This insinuation has attracted some attention.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

Rev. John Brown, of Texas, is soliciting aid in New York.

The French financial deficit is estimated at 74,000,000 francs.

The supreme court of the United States will convene October 15.

Mayor Smith, of Philadelphia, was impeached by the city council.

Douglas Smith, the New York custom house defaulter, has been arrested.

The French chamber of deputies is still bitterly opposed to the American hog.

Natchez voted \$320,000 bonds in aid of the New Orleans & Fort Scott railroad.

Schauborn has resigned the presidency of the Birmingham Liberal association.

Mrs. John Smith, of Sandusky, O., spoiled her hair water by attempting to suicide in it.

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E. P. Wilson has been appointed general passenger agent of the Chicago & North-western railroad.

Nelson Carpenter, a notorious outlaw, was ambushed and killed in Jackson county, Ky., by unknown parties.

T. Harrington, home secretary, writes to Treasurer O'Reilly acknowledging the receipt of \$3,000 for the Parnell fund.

The resignation of Professor William Ferrell, meteorologist of the signal service, has been accepted by the secretary of war.

Since the beginning of the issue of the combined letter sheet and envelope, one month ago, 2,000,000 of these sheets have been sent out to post offices.

Figures compiled in the office of the second assistant postmaster-general show that the cost of the star route service during the fiscal year was \$5,414,804, a decrease of \$62,623, or 1.57 per cent as compared with the preceding fiscal year. The steamboat service was also reduced in cost during the year from \$562,092 to \$446,419, or a little over 20 per cent.

TUGHT SEVERE LESSONS.

LONDON, Sept. 21.—The Australian mail brings the news of a conflict between the German gunboat Albatross and the natives of New Hebrides. It appears that the Albatross opened fire on the natives in revenge for the murder of Klein and Cullen. Twenty were killed and many wounded. The crew of the Albatross then landed, whereupon the natives decamped to Pentecost island, where the Up-hill's mate was murdered. The Germans pursued them and opened fire with Gatling guns, which did terrible execution. Several villages were burned by the Germans.

A COLORED PREACHER HANGED.

MACON, Ga., Sept. 17.—The Rev. Jesse Cook, colored, was hanged to-day in Butler for the murder of his wife last April. The crowd at the execution was estimated at 8,000. Cook made a full confession.

THE REVOLUTION IN SAN DOMINGO.

No Men to Work, Because the Government Wants Them for Fighting.

The contest between Gen. Heureaux and Moya for the presidency of the republic resulted, as was generally foreseen, in revolution. The elections were held about the beginning of July. In some places, where the supporters of the candidates were in nearly equal force, the polling was conducted with fairness; but in other places, where the Heureaux men were in power, the election was a farce. In San Domingo city, for instance, the Moya party, seeing how the polling was conducted, made a protest, and withdrew from the city. Gen. Heureaux was declared elected, and a compromise was attempted with Moya, who, with his friends had withdrawn to La Vega, a town of considerable importance in the interior. President Gill visited him there, but the result of the conference, or what was proposed at La Vega, is not known. Active preparations for war were made.

It is almost impossible to get trustworthy information. The government officials even do not know, and such lies are in circulation that it is difficult to know as to what is being done. It is said that ex-Minister of War Valverde, of the Moya party, who resigned his office shortly before the election, began hostilities by attacking the fort at the important inland position and liberating the governor who had been put in prison on account of his being friendly to Moya. It was reported that Santiago was in the hands of the Moya men. It is certain that Gen. Benito Moncion, governor of the province of Monte Cristo, had sent out troops in command of his son to fight for Moya, and that the road to Santiago from Puerto Plata was in their hands, as government troops had twice been sent out from that place to attack them, and had on each occasion been repulsed with loss.

When the U. S. steamer arrived at San Domingo, it was thought the Heureaux men were proceeding down the coast for Gen. Heureaux, being then in the city organizing his army. On the arrival of the steamer at Azua, the government officials seized eighty four men. Some of them had the appearance of clerks from the town stores, and the majority were laborers taken from their work on the sugar estate of Capt. John Hardy, of Boston. These were all that could be got hold of there, and a few days later the steamer returned to the ship they had proceeded to Barahona; but there they had received notice of what was coming, and the able-bodied took to the woods. The result was that not one man was got. The ship returned to the capital and the next day the impressed men, having got their arms and ammunition, were shipped off with about five hundred others. It is supposed for La Vega, since it was thought the Heureaux men intended to attack Moya at that place. There were not more than six hundred men in the lot, but the report was circulated that there were two thousand.

It is thought from the indistinct manner in which false reports favorable to the government are circulated that the government's position is far more serious than is generally supposed. In San Domingo City, for instance, it was reported that the governor, Benito Plata, had marched upon Monte Cristo and had defeated the governor, Moncion, and had installed a new one in his place, whereas the condition of affairs really was that Gen. Heureaux had taken possession of the city, and that the state of affairs in the interior. It is certain that the whole country is in arms, and that this is by far the most serious revolution that has been seen for years.

Moya is the most distinguished fighting man with him. Pablo Villanueva is one of the most daring generals in the country. He is with Moya in La Vega.

Business is in a frightful state. The owners of sugar estates have had to stop work, and soon as men were collected to work the government snapped them up, gave them guns, and packed them off to fight.—New York News.

Wahwa, the Zuni Priestess.

Wahwa, the Zuni priestess, who passed the winter in Washington with Mrs. Stevenson, has returned to her home in the west, as the climate of Washington had begun to seriously affect her health. Before leaving this city, Wahwa went around to her friends to bid adieu, and to have published the popular craze for the collection of all kinds of old china ornaments, cups, plates, and pitchers, of which she carried away a motley assortment. One of the last visits paid by Wahwa was to President Cleveland, as she said she wished to see the great father and none of the small men. In order to tell him that the Zuni nation wished an American agent, and not a Mexican, to treat with them in future. There is much to be said for her plan, and the hatred of Mexicans which neither time nor circumstances can efface, and Wahwa, in obedience to the instincts of her race, made an earnest appeal to the great father to exercise his power and come to their aid.—Washington Capital.

A DEEL BY COWBOYS.

Denver (Col.) special. Sheriff Nixon, of Bent county, Col., has arrived here with John Millsap, a cattleman of Texas, in custody. About a week ago Millsap, while coming up from Texas with a drove of cattle, had a fight at Trail City with Pokes Bershill, another cattleman who was coming northward with a herd, and knives were freely used. Bershill was terribly cut in a few minutes and his life is in danger. Millsap was arrested by the sheriff of Bent county, who permitted him to come through with a stock market guaranty. On arriving here, Millsap procured \$10,000 bail and was released from custody by his escort. The condition of the wounded man is unknown. He was left at Trail City.

ADPINED TO GO SLOW.

SOFIA, Sept. 20.—The Russian agent has asked the regency to postpone the trial of the kidnapers of Prince Alexander until the popular ferment has been appeased. The German consul has advised the government to await the arrival of General Kaubars before taking action in the matter.

INSURGENTS KILL THEMSELVES.

MADRID, Sept. 21.—A number of insurgents at Toledo shot themselves to avoid being captured. It is stated that all officers implicated in the revolution will be put to death. It is understood that Colonel Melguzo, commander of the Albuera regiment, was dangerously wounded in a skirmish with rebels.

MAINE'S OFFICIAL RETURNS.

The official returns of the recent election for governor, embracing all except a few small towns, are as follows: Bodwell (Republican), 68,837; Edwards (Democrat), 55,987; Clark (prohibitionist), 3,872; Sentering, 20; Bodwell over Edwards, 12,850.

WILLIAMS' FAREWELL.

Emperor William in his farewell ordered to the German army says: "I leave the Fifteenth army corps with a feeling of the liveliest satisfaction, with a firm belief that the corps will always show the world how firmly the German people are united and how all are animated by the same spirit."

EUGENE ORENDORF, of Hebron, while fooling with a pistol that "wasn't loaded," had the first finger of his right hand nearly shot off and received a slight flesh wound in the leg. No serious result is anticipated from the injuries.

JOSEPH BARNETT was arrested at Ashland for selling liquor without a license.

THE NAVIGATION OF THE AIR.

One Mode of Travel that Baffles Human Ingenuity—The Flight of Birds.

Man, with his thirst for knowledge, his increasing desire to pry into nature's laws, and wonderful inventive genius, has been able to accomplish wonders, says *The Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

We can not go to the planets to view them, so by our telescopes we bring the planets to us. With microscopes we observe the daily life of the most minute organisms. The telegraph and telephone enable us to converse with friends who are miles away. Our application of the power of steam takes us to distant places in a day's time which in former years would have required months, but there is yet remaining one mode of travel which seems to baffle human ingenuity. That is the navigation of the air—a problem which will never be solved until some moving power be discovered which is very much lighter than any we now know, and machinery employed which is in accordance with the natural laws which enable birds to fly with such ease.

It is perfectly useless to attempt to navigate the air by means of balloons. A balloon rises because it is lighter than air and floats upon or in it; but for this reason it is wholly at the mercy of the air current; one might as well expect to control the motions of a thistle blow. There is a general idea that birds sustain themselves in the air largely on account of lightness, and on account of their hollow bones being filled with heated air, but it is quite manifest that if they were as light or lighter than the air they could not make any forward motion, as like the thistle blow they would be carried hither and thither by every breath of air.

One of the most potent factors in a bird's flight, therefore, is its weight. The force of gravitation works a constant influence upon the bird to draw it toward the earth, and the force of the stroke of its wings must be enough, and a little more than enough to overcome this force of gravity. In so doing the weight of the body acts as a fulcrum, or in other words, gives it something to push against, and help it, when it has gained momentum, to sail along without any effort, except that expended in keeping the wings stretched.

The amount of force used in flying is very great, much more than is supposed. The constant beating of the air necessary to keep the body from falling to the ground is not all, the bird must also be propelled forward. The muscular force expended by humming-birds and other birds whose wings move rapidly must be enormous. Anyone who has watched a heron knows that they move their wings slowly, and yet they will find, to their surprise, that if the wing-beats are counted they amount to 120 to 150 strokes a minute. A humming-bird's wings move so fast that they can not be seen, only a blur at each side of its body is noticeable, and the number of beats per minute is inconceivably representing a wonderful expenditure of force and energy.

The duke of Argyll, in a very entertaining chapter on the "Contrivance of Nature," speaks of a bird's wings and the mechanism of flight in these words: "No more beautiful example can be found, even in the wide domain of animal mechanics, none of which we can trace more clearly, too, the mode and method in which laws, the most vigorous and exact, are used as the simple instruments of purpose."

The construction of the wing and the bird's delicate and expert use of it are a very interesting subject, and have formed the basis of all attempts of man to construct a device for navigating the air.

There are things about a wing which would be very hard to imitate in any piece of machinery. In the first place, the wing must be of sufficient surface and supplied with sufficient muscular forces so that its strokes upon the air will be able to counteract the force of gravity drawing the body to the earth. But it would seem that the upward stroke would neutralize this completely, just as if, in rowing a boat, the oar should be kept in the water as it recovered for a fresh stroke. The wing, however, is so contrived that the minimum of resistance is encountered. The feathers of the wing underlie each other so that during the downward beat these feathers are forced to be together, thereby preventing the air from passing through, as the vane of one feather lies against the shaft of the next, but during the upper beat these are all opened like so many valves, allowing free passage of the air and not obstructing the wing.

Besides this the general shape of the wing facilitates the motion. All wings are concave below and rounding above. During the downward blow the air is collected and offers resistance, and during the reverse the air flows off the upper side, very well illustrated by anyone who is in a strong wind with an umbrella. The wind will roll off the upper side easy enough, but turn and hold the concave side to the blast and it is nearly pulled out of the hand.

This then will account for the ability of the bird to keep rising, but does not explain the forward motion. A wing, as is well known, is composed of long feathers fastened to the skin or bone in the front of the wing, and at liberty behind. As the bird strikes, the air can not escape through the wing, nor in front, as it meets there with the firm resistance of the bone, so the only place it has is at the back of the wing, turning the feathers up a little there, and giving a forward impulse to the body very much as the wind does which is blowing in a quartering direction upon the sail of a boat, or better still upon a kite. The kite must be held in position by a string, and the weight of the bird's body takes the place of the string. Then the wings being moved at the proper angle the bird is able to ascend, descend or move forward.

The phenomenon of soaring is done by the same mechanism. That is, by a delicate holding of the wings at the precise angle necessary to keep the body moving.

It is impossible for a bird to remain stationary in a perfectly still air without some motion of the wings. The observation is frequently made, especially of sea birds, that they can stand still suspended in the air during the stiffest kind of a wind. The occasions surprise, whereas the fact is that the stronger the wind the better the bird can soar, as it then has to motion whatever to make, but simply to trim the wings to the variations in the velocity of the wind, but it also follows that in soaring the stronger the wind the slower is the bird's progress, because they must get their forward motion by flopping the wings, and the momentum thus acquired is impeded by the gale. Ocean birds can regain velocity by so altering the angle that they rise in the air, and then sail rapidly down toward the sea. This motion is grace itself, and excites the envy and admiration of all beholders.

AN ELOQUENT SERMON.

A Colored Divine Preaches About Earthquakes, Chickens, and Watermills.

The colored Methodists are holding their annual camp-meeting just outside of Washington, and a novel and interesting sight it is to northern eyes. Nothing like it can be seen north of Mason and Dixon's line. To-day there were probably three thousand persons present, with a sprinkling of white people who have been drawn there by curiosity. There are numerous shanties on the ground surrounding a large tent in which services are held all day and frequently all night. The arrangement of the seats is not peculiar. At one end there is a pulpit built high in the air. Directly in front of this square space is left open, with the seats surrounding it on three sides. To-day was the great day of the meeting. In the pulpit were half a dozen colored divines, each of whom discoursed some wonderful theology to the worshippers. An aged colored parson with white wool and beard appeared to be the conductor of the exercises. He preached, and what a sermon it was! Starting off with the earthquake, he wound up with some very pertinent remarks upon the evils of chicken-stealing, which caused quite a number of the brethren to roll their eyes in affected amazement and innocence.

A Thrilling Letter.

The following letter, thrilling in every detail, was written by an Arkansas legislator and was addressed to a friend.

"My Dear Henry: You know when I left Homey Point I was sorter nervous about how I was going to get down here 'mong the big-bugs—havin' never been no place but Gaines' store an' S. M. M. mill, but I an' gettin' the hang o' things putty well down here. At first I thought that I would git run over by the wags but an' all right vit for only one o' them struck me an' as you know yourself, no slouch o' a wagin ken down me. I see the governor nearly every day, an' he speaks to me right along just like he would the secretary o' a state, but he's sorter curus in his notions. I'll tell you why. T'other day Ab Graves sent me a pet 'coon. 'Now,' thinks I, 'this here 'coon will make me solid with the governor,' so I tuk the animal up to the zeekative chamber. 'Governor,' said I, 'allow me to present you with a 'coon.' He looked at me sorter curus an' 'lowed that he wisht I'd take that thing out doers. I thought that he was jokin' an' was about to put the 'coon on his zeekative table when in rushed a dog that belonged to the judge o' the supreme court. The dog grabbed the coon an' the 'coon nailed the dog an' right then an' thar they had it. You know yo'self that the dog what can whup a coon ain't no slouch. Well, sir, I never seed such a row, an' 'fore I could say Jaek Robinson they had dum turned over a jug o' ink an' had spattered the governor in a shameful manner. It was a long time 'fore peace was restored. The governor didn't peer to like it much, for he told me that if I didn't take the 'coon away he would make it one hundred and twenty in the shade for both of us. This is what a man gets by trying to curry favor with high fivers.

"I made my first speech the other day. When I got up I gin to talk about the road law, but I'll be jangled if I know what I talked about. 'Fore I set down. Every fog feller in the house commenced to giggle an' the speaker mauld with his mallet, an' down I went. I got up an' ginter walk about an' the fellers roared. 'Evor time I'd turn around somebody would yell. Aiter while I discovered that some feller had pinned a long red rag on my coat tail. I despise a fool.

"I wish you could see how they cook meat down here. They take a piece o' beef, an' 'stead o' puttin' it in a skillet with a lot o' hog grease, they put it on a hot iron an' sear it. Some folks never will be civilized no how you can fix it. If you ever come down this way drop into the legislature an' see me. Say, I wish you would send me a young fox, an' 'blamed if I don't ketch the governor's t. Let me tell you that a man is foolin' with a good one when he fools with me."—Arkansas Traveller.

Child-Murder in England.

Child-murder has long been an irrepressible crime in this country, and, although faint attempts are from time to time made to prevent the wholesale massacre of innocents that is ever going on in our midst, such efforts have as yet proved futile in checking to any appreciable extent this horrible enormity. The coolness displayed by the murderers in disposing of the remains of their little victims is really remarkable. Yesterday an inquest was held in Camden town on the body of an infant that had been left in an omnibus. A woman, "decently dressed," got into the omnibus, carrying a parcel. After traveling a short distance she quitted the vehicle, leaving the parcel behind her. On its being opened it was found to contain the dead body of a baby. There was no doubt that the child, a girl, had been murdered, for according to the medical evidence its "death resulted from suffocation caused by violence." The jury returned the usual verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown, and, although the police will no doubt make a few inquiries with a view of finding the woman referred to, it may be taken for granted that nothing more will be heard of the matter. Incidents of this nature are so frequent that they now attract no serious attention.—St. James's Gazette.

Who Would Have It.

Mr. Jags and Mr. Cags were talking about religious matters. "It is a great pity that Noah's Ark could not have been preserved," said Mr. Cags. "It would have materially assisted in educating the masses in religion." "I don't know about that," replied Mr. Jags. "If it were in existence Barnum would have it." "Yes, I suppose so," mused Cags. "Either Barnum or the United States Navy."—Merchant Traveller.

Learning to be a Journalist.

"There's a young man starting in the wrong way to attain success in his chosen line." "The one who is talking so earnestly to the corpulent man in the white hat." "What is his profession?" "A journalist. He is practicing the introductory phases of it now." "How so?" "He is trying to borrow fifty cents."—National Weekly.

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A Colored Divine Preaches About Earthquakes, Chickens, and Watermills.

The colored Methodists are holding their annual camp-meeting just outside of Washington, and a novel and interesting sight it is to northern eyes. Nothing like it can be seen north of Mason and Dixon's line. To-day there were probably three thousand persons present, with a sprinkling of white people who have been drawn there by curiosity. There are numerous shanties on the ground surrounding a large tent in which services are held all day and frequently all night. The arrangement of the seats is not peculiar. At one end there is a pulpit built high in the air. Directly in front of this square space is left open, with the seats surrounding it on three sides. To-day was the great day of the meeting. In the pulpit were half a dozen colored divines, each of whom discoursed some wonderful theology to the worshippers. An aged colored parson with white wool and beard appeared to be the conductor of the exercises. He preached, and what a sermon it was! Starting off with the earthquake, he wound up with some very pertinent remarks upon the evils of chicken-stealing, which caused quite a number of the brethren to roll their eyes in affected amazement and innocence.

The preacher said in the course of his remarks on the earthquake: "Now, brudders and sisters, yer all know what an earthquake am. Yer think yer do, but yer don't. There ain't a man an' woman here what can't 'splain just what caused de ole earth ter shake wid de wrath of God. I've studied dis question, and I've found out dat de middle of de earth is red hot. De winter an' crust of de earth is gettin' cooled an' breaks just like yer sometimes sees de ice on de frosty mawmin'. Earthquakes is God's medicine for a wicked world. Now, mind yer, I don't say dat Charleston is wickedder dan Washington, but dere's been somethin' goin' on down dere dat perhaps God only knows. A man what goes out at night and steals his neighbor's chickens and 'propriates his ripest and biggest watermills on Saturday night and then comes into church of a Sunday and hollers louder than everybody else and dodges de contribution hat an' got no relig on. He's got chickens and watermills, but he ain't got no religion. You can't fool God. He knows everything. He tells us that He will separate de goats from de lambs, but you can't tell a chicken-thief 'less you catch him in de act. Dis earthquake business ain't stopped yet. We have got to get God's ear an' pray; dat's de only way we can keep de earth from quiverin'.

"Now, some of you think that God has forgotten Washington, but it's de biggest mistake of your lives. He just gave us a little shock last week so as to forewarn us of what He is going to do. He means to give sinners one more chance, and if they don't come to Him and be saved they must take de consequences. When de time comes He will be able to take care of His own. De man wid feathers on his person just pecked from his neighbor's chickens won't be able to deceive Him by yellin' 'hallemujah' an' all de other words by which we glorify de Savior. No, sir, he'll be set apart wid de goats, noher more will be civilized no how you can fix it. If you ever come down this way drop into the legislature an' see me. Say, I wish you would send me a young fox, an' 'blamed if I don't ketch the governor's t. Let me tell you that a man is foolin' with a good one when he fools with me."—Arkansas Traveller.

He Had to Lie, Too.

He climbed three pairs of stairs to get to an insurance office on Griswold street, and as he came face to face with the occupant, he said:

"I believe you are Mr. Blank?"

"Yes, sir."

"You came down on a Michigan avenue car about half past 8 o'clock this morning?"

"I did, sir."

"So did I. We were all talking about the earthquake. I stated to the occupants of the car, and you were one, that the shock jarred all the glass chandeliers in my residence, and threw down a bust of Patrick Henry which stood on a bracket."

"I remember your statement very clearly."

"And I added that my ormolu clock stopped dead still, and a \$100 mirror in my parlor was cracked across."

"Yes you did."