A BITTER MISANTHROPE.

Railway Adventures Which Have Made Genial Bob Burdette Morose.

People who have met me on the train say that I am of all men most morose, unsociable and unaccomodating; that I never offer to open a window for any one, never close the door after the brakeman has gone out and taken the end of the car and a crashing noise with him, never offer to turn a seat for two ladies who wish to monopolize four sittings with a trip pass and scalper ticket; never, in short, offer any of those little attentions to my fellow travelers which the fresh young man and the simple old one are so ready and so glad to extend. I plead guilty. I never do. I will do any thing I am asked to do, if I have time, and feel just like it, and there seems to be no good reason why I shouldn't, but I won't volunteer to do any thing on the train. I used to, some; I am older now, and know so much less than formerly that both my neighbors of the road and myself get along much more comfortably. Years and years ago I one day picked up a shawl which fell from a lady's lap into the aisle of the car. As I picked it up such a miscellaneous assortment of articles, mostly of an edible nature, fell out of that shawl that I was paralyzed with amazement, and nothing but the lurid language of the owner brought about the reaction that was necessary to save my life. For the largest fee I ever was paid, I never afforded a car full of people so much amusement as I did for nothing by that little act of kindness. With the exception of the lady whose shawl the lunch basket was, and myself, I think every body in the car was pleased. And passengers in the other cars, all the way from the smoker, and the sleepers hearing the sounds of mirth came into our car and asked about it. And the people who had the loudest and clearest voices told the incident, referring to me as "that man" or to avoid tautology, as the story had to be repeated many times in the course of 145 miles, "that fellow" or "that chap," or "that man sittin' there." I sawed wood very conscientiously for a long time after that, but on another evil day I entertained another traveling audience by tugging at a car window which had never been opened since the car was built. I wore a porous plaster on the plinth of my spinal column for a couple of weeks, and reformed again. I burned the old resolutions on the tablets of memory, and engraved them with a pen of iron on my heart. I also made up my mind that I would endeavor to remember them.

Well, a week or two since I was thundering along through the miles of exquisite landscape gardening that mark the suburbs of Philadelphia. A young gentleman sitting just in front of me left the train at a local station, and just as we started again, half a dozen excited female voices shrilled out upon the startled air: "Oh! Oh! Oh! That-young-man-has-left-his-umbrella! Oh! He'll-never-see-it-again! Call-him-quick! Oh-throw-it-out-to-him-do-*do*-*do*-throw-that-young-man-his-umbrella!' And as they pointed at the young man and shrieked at me, I hastily raised the window, the powers of darkness assisting me, yelled at the young man, hurled the umbrella at him like a javelin, and we were gone.

In about two minutes a young man two stories and a mansard taller than any member of my whole family, came down the aisle of that car with a darkened brow, and looked long and earnestly into the vacant seat whence I had just fired a silk umbrella with a hammered silver head. He looked under the seat and then he looked into the rack. Then he looked at me. I didn't look up, but I felt his eyes go clear through me, as I gazed fixedly out of the window and tried hard to think of the form of prayer to be used for a man who expects to spend the rest of the winter in the hospital. Before I could remember it the athletic looking stranger said kindly, but very firmly: "I left an umbrella in this seat a few minutes ago." For one moment the ghastilest silence you ever heard settled down on that car, and then those shrieking women giggled, as though it was a light thing to die when you had a return ticket in your pocket that would be wasted. I tried to tell the stranger that the young man who was sitting in the seat took it with him, but I thought that I had done enough wickedness and folly for one trip. I owned up and told him the truth. He was a magnanimous man, and he spared me. But it was a moment of agony, and to-day there are white hairs on the back of my head that I never saw before, and I never pass through Merion station without a shudder. And I never again will offer to extend the slightest helpful courtesy to a stranger. No; if the train should jump off a bridge 4,000 feet high into a cataract fiercer than 10,000 Nigaras I wouldn't offer to hold a lone woman's baby and get her hand bag out of the rack for her, while she put on her gossamer and hunted for her lost check in case she should want her baggage when we got to the bottom.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

An Inexperienced Practitioner.

Old Doctor—How are you coming on with your first case?

Young Doctor—Well, I haven't got the invalid out of his bed yet.

"Not out of his bed yet! Great Esculapius! Why, man, you ought to have had him in his grave by this time."—Time.

—It is the man who takes but one trip a year who passes down the main street of a town with the largest valise in his hand.—Atchison Globe.

DIAMOND CUTTING.

The Various Processes Which Go to Make a Perfect Gem.

In looking about a diamond cutting establishment one would hardly suspect the precious character of the material in use. The floors are bare, the windows are open, and any one may enter by the door unchallenged. Much is trusted to the honesty of the workmen, but some simple precautions are taken. When a diamond cutter receives an invoice of stones he carefully studies each one, and takes note of its color, size, weight, and shape. The whiter ones look like bits of clear alum, the darker like clouded quartz. The rarest and costliest stones are of sky blue, pink, and black. Ordinarily, however, the pure water-colored diamond without tint or flaw is most sought after.

When the boss cutter has made accurate record of his rough diamonds he divides them into groups of four or five, and gives a group to each workman. From that time forth the man to whom they are intrusted is responsible for the stones. He returns them each night to the boss and the progress of the work is carefully noted. In this way it is made extremely difficult for fraud to be practiced. A cutter is seldom permitted to polish a stone belonging to any one but the boss. Doubtless the workman would be careful to avoid confusion, but mistakes might arise. Now and then a clever substitution is managed, and once in a long while outright theft is committed.

The first work done upon the rough diamond is cleaving. The stone is placed in a peculiar cement that softens easily and hardens quickly. A little notch on the line of cleavage is made with another diamond; the edge of an old razor is placed in this notch, and with a sharp blow of the hammer the diamond is split. Of course when a diamond can be worked whole it is not split. After cleaving comes cutting. The diamond is placed in a little mass of cement on the end of a stick and scraped with another diamond similarly imbedded. The cutter has six points presented to him and he begins with the one that seems most promising. His choice decides which shall be the upper surface of the diamond, for in the "brilliant" cutting, which is the most difficult and the one almost generally practiced here, the exposed surface is slightly flattened, while the underside runs to the apex of a pyramid. In this way eight or ten facets are made.

From the cutter the stone goes to the grinder, or polisher, who patiently turns it and turns it, until the swiftly turning wheel has cut upon the surface fifty-eight tiny facets. These fifty-eight facets appear upon every diamond cut as a brilliant, whether it be a ten-carat stone as broad as your thumb nail, or a tiny spark not bigger than two pinheads. Now and then a stone is spoiled in the polishing; sometimes one is found that can not be made to shape itself into the fifty-eight facets. The wheel on which the stones are polished is a soft iron disk lined with innumerable curved rays running from center to circumference. This is sprinkled with diamond dust and sweet oil. The moment a scratch appear on the wheel the diamond must be removed to some other part of the surface.

The finished stone comes from the wheel covered with gummy oil, but a ten-minute bath in sulphuric acid leaves the surface clean and brilliant. Diamonds pendant from pearly ears, or shining on snowy throats never look so beautiful as they look upset and heaped together upon oiled paper at the diamond cutter's.—N. Y. Sun.

KING OF WATERFALLS.

A Traveler's Description of a Grand New Zealand Cataract.

I must leave to some able writer the work of picturing to the world in suitable language the grandeur of what will soon be known as the highest waterfall in the world. It consists of three leaps in an almost direct line, but when standing about a quarter of a mile away it has the appearance of a straight leap with two breaks. The upper leaps are equidistant and the lower one shorter. The water issues from a narrow defile in the rock at the top of the precipice; it then makes one grand leap of 815 feet in a rocky basin on the face of the cliff; issuing forth once more it makes another fine leap of 751 feet and then goes tumbling headlong into one wild dash of 338 feet into the pool right at the foot of the precipice. It will thus be seen that the total height of the fall is 1,904 feet, thus making it the highest waterfall that has yet been discovered in the world.

Proceeding right on to the pool at the foot—hewn out, we are told, by the heavy fall of water from the mound of stones and debris projecting over in times of flood—at the expense, however, of getting drenched with the spray, a splendid view of the whole is obtained, and when the sun is shining the effect is enhanced by a beautiful rainbow of colors of the most brilliant kind conceivable and nearly a full circle in shape.—Philadelphia Times.

One of His Five Senses Blunted.

Wife (reading letter from her shiftless brother out West)—"Poor Jack! Making a scanty living by boarding a few railroad hands! Used to be so proud and spruce, too! Isn't it touching?"

Husband (casually buttoning up his pocket)—"Not this time, Maria; not this time. He has touched me for about $73.85 already. Nothing new in his letter, I suppose?" [Yawns and goes out.]—Chicago Tribune.

BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

One of the Most Unique Sights to be Witnessed Anywhere in the World.

The great gong striking the hour of five in the morning announces that the salesmen of the market are to begin business, and with a hurry-scurrying rush they reach their desks, surrounding which are a number of low benches or tables, upon which are placed the fish that are put up at auction, sold and speedily cleared away to give place for new stock, this process being repeated over and over again until the sale closes. As fast as the fish arrive in Billingsgate, after the day's sales begin, they are rapidly disposed of at auction, the salesmen using their long account books, instead of a hammer, to knock down the goods. One can not imagine a more novel sight than can be witnessed here in the early morning when business is at its full swing, the porters rushing hither and thither with packages of fish on their heads, quite regardless of whom they may jostle or bedaub, for no one stands on ceremony, and politeness can not be observed in the midst of a pushing, surging crowd, every individual of which seems to think only of the business that he is intent upon. "The only comparison," says Sala, "I can find for the aspect, the sights and sounds of the place is—a rush. A rush hither and thither at helter-skelter speed, apparently blindly, apparently without motive, but really with a business-like and engrossing pre-occupation for fish and all things fishy. Baskets borne on the shoulders of the *facchini* of the place skim through the air with such rapidity that you might take them to be flying-fish. Out of the way! Here is an animated salmon leap. Stand on one side! a shoal of fresh herring will swallow you up else." On all sides may be heard above the general din the stentorian tones of the loud-voiced salesmen, who, perched on their stands, and raised somewhat above the heads of the hurrying crowd around, shout their calls to attract buyers. From one we hear the cry: "Here, ye sole buyers, sole buyers, sole buyers, who'll have this fine trunk of soles?" While a rival calls out: "This way, ye haddock buyers, come on, haddock buyers, give us an offer for this lot of fine haddocks." Others call for "cod buyers," "plaice buyers," etc., through the whole list, perhaps, of edible fishes, until the confusion of sounds is so great that a stranger can scarcely comprehend how business can be conducted under such circumstances, and it would be impossible for one who has not seen it to form any conception of such a scene as may be witnessed on any week-day morning at Billingsgate. One thing is more remarkable, perhaps, than any thing else, namely, the method of bidding, which seems peculiar to the place, for though we tried hard to catch the sound of a buyer's voice, or to detect a sign by which he indicated his bid, we ingloriously failed in every instance, which was rather mortifying when we were made aware that the sharp-eyed or keen-eared salesman had received dozens of offers from persons in the crowd almost at our elbow. As fast as the fish are sold they are removed by porters and the vacant places filled by new material until the sales end for the day. While fish are sold at auction in Billingsgate the system of selling by Dutch auctions generally prevails in the markets of the smaller ports where there are no licensed auctioneers.—Bulletin United States Fish Commission.

THE POET TENNYSON.

A Number of Anecdotes Illustrating His Eccentricity.

A few years ago some enthusiastic admirers of Tennyson gave a large dinner party in his honor, and invited all their choicest friends in the world of literature and art to meet him. Tennyson, who rarely accepts an invitation, did, for a wonder, put in an appearance on this occasion, but during the first half of the dinner caused the greatest disappointment by remaining absolutely silent, and as if lost in the most profound reverie. The guests, who had expected to hang on words falling like pearls of thought from his lips, gazed somewhat wistfully upon him, when, rousing suddenly, he exclaimed in a loud, stentorian voice: "I like my mutton cut in chunks!" It is likely that there was something of malice prepense in this burst of confidence, and that the poor man felt a not unnatural irritation at being gaped at and a corresponding desire to punish the offenders.

An anecdote told not long ago by his daughter-in-law is amusing, in that it shows how the greatest are not incapable of stooping to little weaknesses. Some very dear friends of Tennyson, who had been spending some years in Persia, returned to London, and, anxious to renew old ties, wrote inviting him to their house. But Tennyson mistook the day, and arriving at the domicile found the birds flown. Sitting down to write a note of explanation, he had the misfortune to throw the contents of a well-filled inkbottle all over the beautiful new white Persian carpet. The maid-servant in answer to his summons, appeared with a large jug of new milk, which she poured over the offending ink-stain. "I'll give you five shillings, my good girl, my very good girl," continued Tennyson, in much agitation, "if you will only get rid of that abominable ink before your master and mistress come home." And together, on their hands and knees, poet and servant rubbed and rubbed at the wretched carpet until not a spot remained. The girl earned her five shillings, and when, a few weeks afterward, Tennyson went to dine with his friends, he had every reason to believe that she had told no tales. At any rate his host and hostess displayed their gorgeous carpet without signs of consciousness.—N. Y. Weekly.

DEADLY SAND STORMS.

One of the Dangers of Traveling Across Deserts and Steppes.

"No hot winds *here*, anyhow, to drink up your very life at one gust, and leave you limp as a wet rag," said I, as we sat on deck in the dreamy Mediterranean twilight. "I got caught by them once in Egypt, and a passing Arab howled after me, 'None but a pig and a Christian can face the *khamsin*'" (hot wind). "And I answered, 'So I see, my friend, for *you* and *I* are the only living things abroad!'"

"Well, I'd sooner face that than such a sand storm as we had once in Arizona," said a gaunt, wiry, keen-eyed man beside me, who looked like an old soldier. "All in one moment the whole sky seemed to rush down upon us as if it were a big pepper-box with a lid off, and instantly all was dark as night, and I felt as if forty thousand ants were eating me up at once. You should have seen how the beasts whisked round to get their backs to it, and ducked their heads down! And how the men shut their eyes and pulled their hats down over their faces, and covered their mouths with their hands! But it was no use trying to keep the dust out; it seemed to get inside one's very skin. When it cleared off we all looked as if we'd been bathing in brown sugar, and you might have raked a match on any part of my skin, and it would have lit right away."

"You need not go to Arizona for that," cried his English neighbor. "You can see the same thing on the outskirts of Moscow any summer day you like. The moment the wind rises all your surroundings are clean blotted out, and the whole air is a whirl of hot prickly dust, making you smart and tingle from head to foot. Passing wagons loom dimly through the driving storm; ladies hold down their veils with the grasp of desperation; men shut their eyes and plunge blindly on, like mad bulls; and every time you draw your breath you feel as if you were taking snuff at the rate of half a bushel a second."

"Most Russian towns are like that," said I; "but the worst sand-storm I ever saw was in the Kara-Koom (Black Sand) Desert, between the Ural mountains and the Syr-Daria (Jaxartes), when poor McGahan and I were following the Russian army in its march upon Khiva. It was just about sunset on the third day, and I was half across the desert, when a detachment of mounted Cossacks appeared in the distance, coming slowly from the northward. They had got near enough to be plainly seen, when suddenly one of the largest of the three camels that drew my Tartar wagon stopped short and began to snuff the air uneasily. Its uneasiness seemed shared by my Kirghiz driver, who, with his lean, wolfish face fairly quivering with excitement, goaded the beasts to their full speed with yells and whip cracks up a low ridge in front of us.

"We had hardly reached the top when I saw the advancing Cossacks leap from their horses and fling themselves on the ground, with the grayish-white dust of which their grayish-white dresses mingled so completely that it seemed as if the earth had swallowed them. Just then my camels fell flat to the earth, and the Kirghiz, screaming 'Tebbad!'" (sand-storm) "threw himself beside them. I had just time to notice that the horizon had suddenly grown blurred and dim, as if seen through wet glass, when my Tartar servant dragged me down beside him into the bottom of the wagon, and pulled a heavy shawl tightly over us both. The next moment came a rush and a roar, rocking the huge wagon like a toy, the air grew thick and close, as if we were in an overheated room, and the skirr of the sand against the tilt was like the chirping of a thousand grasshoppers.

"But just as we were almost stifled, the noise began to abate, and we ventured to peep forth. The passing of the storm had left the air bitterly cold, and in the dim moonlight we saw the whole plain lashed into huge ridges, like a stormy sea. My wagons and camels were more than half buried, and the Kirghiz was gone altogether, and when he started up out of the sand, in his long white robe, it was just like a corpse rising from the grave. But for that high ground, which kept the sand from burying us, we should all have been dead men. As for the Cossacks, they got up, shook themselves, and went on as if nothing had happened."—David Kerr, in Harper's Weekly.

Wine at $2,000,000 a Bottle.

Wine at $2,000,000 a bottle is a drink that in expense would rival the luxurious taste of barbaric splendor, when priceless pearls were thrown into the wine-cup to give a rich flavor to its contents; yet in the city of Bremen just such a costly beverage may be found. In the wonderful wine cellar under the Hotel de Ville, in the Rose apartment, there are 12 cases of holy wine, each case inscribed with the name of one of the apostles. This ancient wine was deposited in its present resting place in the year 1624, 265 years ago. One case of this wine, consisting of five oxhofts of 204 bottles, cost 500 rix-dollars in 1624. Including the expense of keeping up the cellar, interest on the original outlay, and interests upon interests, one of those oxhofts would to-day cost 555,657,640 rix-dollars; a single bottle 2,723,812 rix-dollars; a glass, or the eighth part of a bottle, is worth 340,475 rix-dollars, or $272.380; or at the rate of 540 rix-dollars, or $272 per drop!—St. Louis Republic.

—Like many a young man, nature begins her fall by painting things red.—Terre Haute Express.

YELLOWSTONE WONDERS.

Baths Rivaling the Roman and Colors Vieing the Opal.

Even at first sight there appears to be something unusual and peculiar about this little opening in the pines—in the center is a shallow depression that is bare of verdure, the surface white with an incrustation that proved to be salt, while the converging and deeply worn trails leading to it and the numerous game tracks show it to be what in the hunter's vernacular is called a lick. It is the dried bed of an ancient hot spring that is now a shallow alkah pool in the early spring. Crossing this little meadow we found the creek cutting its further edge while the white slopes on the opposite side and the smell of sulphur in the air suggest at once to those familiar with Geyserland the presence of hot springs.

Picketing our horses where they might graze upon the salty grasses that grow about the lick, we descended the bank to the border of the creek and found its waters flowing between smooth white walls of polished marble, and an expansion of the stream bordered by this creamy white rock forms a natural bath reservoir that even the luxuriousness of ancient Rome could not have equalled. In the center the water is boiling furiously, the bubbling mass rising several inches above the surface of the creek, but the water is quite cold, the commotion being due to the copious emission of gas from some vent in the bed of the stream. Over this spring a stranded log reaches from bank to bank and served as a foot bridge, which we crossed with that sure footedness born of the knowledge that our clothes could no longer be spoiled by a wetting should we fall in.

On the further side of the creek we first notice a low mound of red material, evidently iron ochre, and just beyond is a spring now depositing this substance. The water, clear as crystal and icy cold, issues from the center of a little bowl of ochre, surrounded by the brightest of green moss. We were curious enough to taste this water and found it slightly acid, highly charged with gas and tasting like our soda water. But it is the surface of the little basins and pools, filled by the overflow of this spring, that interests us most, for the surface of the water is covered with an ever-varying iridescence whose brilliant tints put to shame the hue of the peacock's tail and surpass the changing fires of an opal.

This feast of color, with its kaleidoscopic changes, fascinated us, and many minutes were spent watching it before ascending to the summit of a little platform overlooking this spring. The slope is formed of a gray rock, whose riffled surface at once suggests the terraces of travertine, the so-called "formation" of the Mammoth Hot Springs. It is, indeed, the same deposit from hot springs, but altered and crystalline, the material nearer the stream resembling a coarse moss, petrified into white, nearly transparent crystals. The lower layers are, however, nearly as dense and hard as flint, and it is this material that forms the marble banks of the creeks, where its surface is polished until it is as smooth as glass, by the stream itself.—U. S. Geographical Survey.

CARRARA MARBLE.

Pieces from the Italian Quarries Still Found in Boston Residences.

There was a time within the memory of middle-aged people when Italian marble was the only kind thought worthy of use in our architecture or sculpture. The white marble mantel-pieces which still survive in old-time Boston houses were from the Carrara quarries. There is one of these old-time mantel-pieces in the Tudor apartment house, where it recalls the brick dwelling on the site in which it was placed by the late Israel Thorndike, who imported it and a number of others from Europe. The Union Club has several white marble mantle-pieces in its house on Park street, which are reminders of its occupancy as a dwelling by Abbott Lawrence. The above-mentioned mantel-pieces are ornamented with tasteful sculpture and are interesting specimens of a kind of work which found favor with the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present generation. As white marble looks rather cold and cheerless in the modern houses with its warmth of decoration, mantel-pieces of this material are seldom seen except in some old-fashioned mansions whose owners like to perpetuate associations of the past. Many occupants of old houses have removed these memorials to make way for the more fashionable wooden articles of this nature, and others have painted them to correspond with the general tone of interior color. In some stately mansions at the West End which have fallen a prey to the boarding and lodging-house keeper, the white marble mantel-piece, somewhat yellow by time, if not discolored by rough usage, is a significant reminder of the primitive richness of those now decrepit abodes of flashy gentility.—Boston Post.

Profit in Silver Dollars.

An ounce of fine silver manufactures $1.29 in silver dollars, consequently the Government makes a profit of the difference between $1.29 and 93 cents, or 36 cents on each ounce of silver made into coin, equivalent to about 28 cents profit on each silver dollar made. The Government is adding to the surplus very rapidly by its coining operations. Last year it coined 26,468,861 ounces, which cost $24,717,853, and on which it realized a profit of over $9,000,000. Since 1878 it has realized about $57,000,000, which represents the profits on 333,502,650 silver dollars.—N. Y. Journal.

TWO NOBLE EXAMPLES.

Men Whose Lives Illustrated the Principle of Common Brotherhood.

Two illustrious examples of self-sacrifice, or rather, self-forgetfulness, in devotion to benevolent work, have given the world cause of late to reflect upon the higher virtues of human character. Father Damien dying among the Sandwich Island lepers, and Mr. Crossett dying among the Chinese seem to us as nearly perfect types of unselfishness as modern civilization has produced.

Mr. Darwin has been reported as saying that for one example of pure unselfishness in human conduct he would surrender his theory of the descent of man. Would not the careers of such men as these respond to his requisition? Possibly, however, the disciple of the eminent naturalist would plead that these men were moved by a moral or religious motive, high and excelent, to be sure, in its nature, yet related to a potent expectation of a future or Heavenly reward; and, therefore, that they could not be said to be altogether free from a kind of selfishness. If such conduct must be rated in the category of self-seeking, then let us have more of it for the sake of the ignorant and suffering millions in the world. Surely his must be a soul despicably mean who would disparage the man who gives himself up to philanthropic work, at nobody's cost but his own.

A few years ago a plain man of quiet demeanor conferred with us on the subject of Chinese and Hindo character. He gave the name of Crossett and intimated that he was preparing to go to the East in the character of a missionary. This man impressed us by his spirit of determination and earnestness, yet there was nothing effusive in language or manner. He was the same man whose death has just been reported, and of whose unremitting devotion to the unfortunate and sick of the common Chinese population the press has taken account very properly.

We rejoice in noting such men. Their lives fill us with respect and admiration for the nobility of human nature. We care not whence they or we have come—by whatsoever lines of "descent" or evolution—the glory of a high consecration to deeds of charity amid circumstances that are repelant to the great majority can not be dimmed by any criticism. They illustrate the grand principle of common brotherhood in man, and bring out into vivid light those exalted elements that are the property of human nature only.—Phrenological Journal.

ELECTRICAL SCIENCE.

Its Principles Were Known Six Hundred Years Before Christ.

In reply to the question by a correspondent, where was electricity first used, and who first sent a telegraph message? the New York Sun makes this reply: Thales, a Greek philosopher, who lived six hundred years before Christ, is said to have known the electrical properties of rubbed amber. Otto von Guericke, in 1647, constructed the first electrical machine. Franklin, in 1748, killed a turkey by electricity, and roasted it on an electric jack before a fire kindled by the electric spark. Perhaps this was the earliest actual use of electricity. As long ago as 1747 electric shocks were sent over short distances. Relson, in 1794, by using thirty-six wires, one for each letter or character, sent messages over small distances. Morse simplified the telegraph, using only one wire, instead of from thirty to thirty-six wires. His first public message was: "What hath God wrought?" This was on May 24, 1844. Two days later the Democratic convention in Baltimore nominated James K. Polk for President and Silas Wright for Vice-President. Mr. Vail, Morse's assistant, telegraphed the news to Morse at the Capitol. Morse told Wright, and the convention was astonished to get a dispatch from him declining the nomination. The convention wouldn't believe it, and sent a committee to Washington to get reliable information. This was doubtless the first news telegram sent.

HE HAD CHARGES.

A Peaceful Citizen Wantonly Assaulted by a Minion of the Law.

He entered the Central station with blood on his ear and an officer holding his arm, and the first words he said were:

"I want to prefer charges against this officer for brutality."

"Very well," replied the sergeant. "Now, then, will you return truthful answers to a few questions?"

"I certainly will."

"What were you doing when arrested?"

"I had just kicked a man."

"What did you say to the officer as he took hold of you?"

"I told him to go to Halifax."

"After he collared you what did you do?"

"Struck at him twice, tore his coat and jerked him to his knees. I can lick him any day in the week!"

"And he tapped you on the ear?"

"Either he or a citizen who mixed in, but I want to prefer charges all the same. If you let these officers have their own way they get too fresh. Just put me down as William Thomas, who wasn't doing a blessed thing, but who was knocked down and brutally beaten by a minion of the law."—Detroit Free Press.

—A Chicago man, who has had the delirium tremens, says he didn't see a single snake or rat. On the contrary, he seemed to be sitting on the limb of an orange tree, and butterflies played around him.