

The Daily Reporter.

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Hon. Addison C. Gibbs.

The death of Gov. Gibbs in London must have been very sudden. Only a few days previous he wrote to Mrs. Gibbs, in very cheerful spirit; spoke encouragingly of how prosperously his business prospects looked and said he expected to send for his wife very soon and have her join him in the world's great metropolis. He complained in his letter of suffering from the effects of a severe cold, but there was no intimation of anything serious. Nothing more was heard from him until the sudden and startling news of his death was received by the family. The grief and shock caused by the unexpected intelligence to his wife and children can be very readily imagined. Gov. Gibbs had been residing in London for more than a year and was in constant and frequent correspondence with his family in Portland. The bar of Portland will hold a meeting to-day to take suitable action in the matter of perpetuating his memory.

Some of those fine workers at Indianapolis are beginning to wish that they hadn't monkeyed with the judicial buzz saw, nor tampered with the election returns.

The general tenor of democratic press comment on Mr. Reagan would seem to imply that a statesman of the democratic faith can make no greater mistake than to take a bath.

It is worthy of conspicuous mention as indicating the liberality of the Hebrews that the fair recently held in New York in aid of the Montefiore home for invalids realized \$160,000. On the opening evening of the fair the receipts were \$53,000.

Six women are practicing dentistry in Philadelphia, one of whom has been in the profession twenty-six years. They have a good practice, are careful and painstaking and each earns as much as ten times the number of ordinary working women.

The Charm of Music.

Thos. S. Cluverius, a condemned murderer, awaiting the sentence of death at Richmond, Va., for the first time since his trial and incarceration, exhibited emotion on the 17th. A favorite tenor singer of Richmond, Frank Cunningham, whose great forte is in singing tender religious songs, received a message from Cluverius begging him to come to his cell. Mr. Cunningham complied. He found the prisoner reading his Bible, but still maintaining that cool, imperturbable demeanor which neither the sentence of the court, the refusal of pardon by the governor nor the sight of a gallows has been able to disturb. It is suspected that the religious counselor of Cluverius, finding all other means of softening the apparently hard nature of the man of know avail, suggested to him to get Cunningham to sing, and complied. He conversed pleasantly with the singer for a while, and then, more out of deference, probably, to the wishes of his minister than for any other reason asked for a song. The singer, feeling the solemnity of the occasion, selected the song, *The Home of the Soul*, and began it with a voice more than usually vibrant from emotion. The prisoner had a slightly listless air as he listened to the opening lines:

I'll sing you a song of a beautiful land,

The far-away home of the soul.

But as soon as these words were finished his attitude changed, and he grew interested. When the pure and sweet notes of the singer, who eyes were growing moist, took up the musical story and told how the harpers were playing heavenly music in that far-way home of the soul, how the sinner who repented might enter there, and how all the danger and suffering would be past when once within its haven of rest, the condemned man, unable longer to preserve his air of indifference, leaned his head on his hand and sobbed aloud. The death-watch, looking through the grated iron door, turned away, touched by the scene, and the prisoners in all parts of the jail paused and listened, and as they caught the words: "The home of the soul," and knew whence they proceeded, they, too, became quiet. The episode made a great impression at the jail.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

John Roach is said to be upon his death bed.

O.P. Mason and wife have purchased the New Northwest of the Duniways.

Independent journalism in New York stretches a point when it undertakes to bulldoze the courts.

The seventy farmers of the Arkansas legislature are trying to hold the railroads of the state down.

An interesting communication from S. C. Adams, informs us that he is in the art business at Marysville, Ohio.

It is said two-thirds of the brains of the British cabinet departed with the withdrawal of Sir George Randolph Churchill.

It has turned out as we predicted. Minister Manning has been more sinned against than sinning; in fact, so much sinned against that he proposes to put the full penalty of the law upon those who have attempted to tarnish his good name by circulating malicious reports concerning his conduct at the Mexican capital. Let no guilty man escape.

The failure of Mr. Reagan to vote on the Morrison revenue bill because of his absence in order to take a bath, has been harshly commented upon. His colleague, Mr. Mills, of Texas, remarks that it will kill him for the senatorship. To this a member of the ways and means committee responded: "What will kill him in Texas,—the bath or the vote?" Mr. Mills did not deign to reply, though the question was apparently asked in good faith.

The best after dinner speakers in New York are light eaters and light drinkers, says the New York Times. Chauncey M. Depew occasionally takes a sip or two of champagne with his partridge or canvass-back, but the most observing veteran in Delmonico's corps of waiters has never yet seen Henry Ward Beecher drink anything but Apollinaris water. Wm. M. Evarts drink a glass or two of wine with apparent relish, but he always stops with his second glass. The witty Horace Porter partakes sparingly of each wine as it is served with the different courses. Roscoe Conkling seldom raises a glass of wine to his lips in public, and the polished Joseph H. Choate rarely empties his first glass.

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