

WANTS THE JOB NO LONGER.

Mr. Thomas of the Civil Service Commission stands the President His Resignation. The spoils system of distributing patronage...

DELEGATE GINFORO, of Dakota, in an interview, said: "We want to make a state of Dakota and I am here to do all I can to that end."

Dr. James P. Kimball, director of the mint, has submitted to the secretary his annual report of the operation of the mints and assay offices of the United States for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1885.

The total coinage value of gold and silver deposited and purchased at the mints was \$94,830,976 against \$87,955,154 in the previous year.

CRIME IN IRELAND.

A Remarkable Case in Court at Cork. London dispatch: A most remarkable case is on the docket of the Cork assizes, the winter term of which has just opened.

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SOME POLITICAL CONFAB.

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Private Secretary Lamont receives about as many callers daily as the president. He takes the gentlemen to the window overlooking the lawn and talks in a low tone.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market data for OMAHA, CHICAGO, and ST. LOUIS, listing various commodities like wheat, corn, and flour with their respective prices.

HORROR AT A MICHIGAN FIERE.

A Bridge Foot-Walk Falls and Sixty Persons Go Down with it. A dispatch from East Saginaw, Mich., gives the particulars of a horror attending a fire in that city on the evening of Oct. 28th.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Mr. R. B. Hayes' beard is as white as a hen's egg. Riel will not be able to tackle turkey on Thanksgiving day.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton has passed the three-score-and-ten milestone in the journey of life.

Count Von Moltke is in very poor health. He will not live till winter, it is said.

Gen. Sherman is said by a Washington paper to regret having taken up his residence in St. Louis and to wish himself in Washington again.

You may call a woman "a little duck," or even "a little goose," with perfect impunity.

Mary Anderson is much grieved that the New Yorkers do not applaud her Rosalind. A western editor says it is not to be wondered at, as the man who will pay \$2.50 for a seat is a greenhorn who does not know enough to applaud.

Hundreds of women who would like to teach school while and then marry write to Leadville to inquire as to their chances in Colorado.

Congressman Hatch, of Missouri, is a believer in the hot water cure. So are some of his constituents who failed to get an office.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood and President Cleveland had a private interview the other day. The lady is said to have left the room with a smile.

"Offensive partisanship" has entirely disappeared from the list of charges made against republican officials.

A man named Macomber, of Buffalo, an intimate acquaintance of the president, has been in Washington seven months seeking an office in the customs service.

The president has made the following appointments: United States attorneys, J. W. House, of Arkansas, for eastern district of Arkansas; H. Sandals for western district of Arkansas.

Opera Hall to its utmost capacity. Arions have created a most favorable impression, and should they again this way, a crowded house is a nty.

"Hard and soft coal, best quality, Black & Howard's lumber yard."

Wheat-No. 2 red, 98 1/2 @ 99; Wheat-Improved red, 92 @ 1 02; Corn-No. 2, 37 1/2 @ 38; Oats-Mixed western, 34 @ 40; Pork, 8 85 @ 10 00; Lard, 6 20 @ 6 22.

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If anger arise in thy breast, instantly seal up thy lips, and let it not forth, for, like fire, when it wants vent, it will suppress itself.

GAMBLING ON THE OCEAN.

Land Sharks on the Deep Blue Sea—Landies Who Take a Hand.

From the New York Mail and Express. An importer engaged in business in White street, this city, who has crossed the ocean at least twice a year for the last quarter of a century, was met during the past few days on his return from Europe.

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Bound to Celebrate.

"I've got that mortgage off'n my farm at last, Bill," said one farmer to another, as they met in the road.

"Well I'm downright glad to hear it, Sam. You've had som'at of a hard time a doin' it. An' so you've wiped it out, have you?"

"Yes; I paid the last note this mornin', an' now I'm goin' home to have bond-fire; but you're right, Bill, I have had a tarnal hard time of it. You know as well as anybody what tough scratchin' I've had to git that farm paid for."

"Yes, you have had a hard time, Sam, I know that."

"Well, I should say so. Why, dern it all, Bill, I've wore out two wives—as good workers, too, as you could find anywhere—to say nothin' of havin' right smart o' sickness myself, brought on by hard work in the field an' slim pickin' in the house; but, owing to that last woman o' mine bein' as tough as a pennyrite steer, an' not breakin' down an' throwin' her funeral expenses, an' the time I'd a lost in courtin' an' marryin' agin in a bad crop year, for I tell you, Bill, times ain't like they was when I first come into this country, for, to git a widdar now, that's got any sight of hard work left in her yit, you've got to fool away more or less money on new clothes an' do right smart o' taffyin' to git her. But, as I was sayin', Peggy stuck in her corks an' kep' a goin' with her end of the double tree till I got on the top o' the hill with the load, an' now, that I'm thar at last, with signs of an easy grade ahead, I tell you what I'm a goin' to do, Bill."

"What's that, Sam?"

"I'm a goin' to have a time of it, an' kill a suckin' pig."

"Yes, I do. I'm goin' to have a celebration an' a regular rip-snoartin' time."

"Hurra for you."

"That's what I'm goin' to do, Bill, I ain't been on a spree for thirty year, but I'm goin' to cut loose to-night, if I have to chaw dogwood bark therest of my day's an' I want you to come over and help me make the woods howl this evenin' after you get your milkin' done. What d'ye say?"

"All right, I'm agreeable. What's the programme?"

"We'll get on a high, an' beat the bass drum till midnight, if it sprins the rafters, Bill. I've got six bottles o' pop an' two cigars in the wagon here, and that'll be a whole bottle apiece for us all round, not countin' your wife—for I don't's'pose she'd care to drink nothin' now,—an' we'll go to the whole dose if it makes us desperate. This here pop is somethin' they've got up sence I've been stranglin' with the mor'gage, an' I've been famishin' for 25 year, Bill, every time I've seen it zip an' sizzle in a tumbler at a picnic, to know what it tastes like an' I'm goin' to know this very night. Come over middlin' airly, Bill, an' you may let every last one of them corks loose, an' we'll make the Scratch Gravel people b'liev thar's a tiger loose along the Wabash."—Chicago Ledger.

A Printer's Tale of Gen. Sherman.

Speaking of Gen. Sherman's recent reflections on the war correspondents, a newspaper man tells the Washington Sunday Capital this:

"I had an interview with him during the first week of his occupation of Savannah. The newspapers then made aim prime hero of the war. Grant appeared to be baffled before Petersburg. The march through Georgia was the theme of all praise, and Sherman appeared to be the man who would end it all. I had a printing office and very complete press, where, for two years, I had printed an army paper at Beaufort, S. C. I obtained letters from Generals Forster and Saxton recommending me to favorable consideration. These I took to Sherman in Savannah, asking for permission to bring my material to Savannah and there turn out a national union newspaper. The printing offices of the city had been rendered almost useless by the departing rebels, and the need of a new press was particularly evident. Gen. Sherman received me pleasantly until I mentioned a newspaper. Then the storm broke from a clear sky:

"I would like to know what the dence an army wants with a newspaper, or what anybody wants with them, for that matter. This war was brought on by newspapers and preachers, and it would have ended long ago but for them—and the women," said he. Then pausing, he said:

"Less than three years ago you newspapermen, especially a Cincinnati newspaper, put me down as a crazy man, fit only for a lunatic asylum, because I said it would take 200,000 men to do what I have done. I was exiled to St. Louis on recruiting service for that opinion. What do you think now?"

"I tried to stop this flow of reminiscences, but in vain.

"What does an army want with newspapers, I'd like to know? They are little better than spies. We hang spies, or ought to, and it would have saved thousands of lives if we had hanged a dozen newspaper correspondents. No, sir, you cannot publish a paper in Savannah with my permission. I suppose you are a decent man, because these officers say you are a good soldier and a discreet editor, but I will not have any newspapers about my army if I can help it."

A unferal notice in a recent issue of a Brooklyn paper closed with the sentence: "He has bequeathed his young widow \$25,000." Did you ever see so much important information so tersely stated? The sorrowing widow informs the public that she is "young" and that she is worth \$25,000, all in a little, unassuming funeral notice. She also shows that she believes in advertising.

SAILOR WOMEN.

Ancient Pirates of the Female Persuasion, and Modern Heroines.

An old sailor, spinning a yarn over the ear of a Boston Commercial Bulletin reporter, says: There have been cases, though not very many of them, where women have shown themselves to be first-class. Maybe you have seen a big schooner yacht cruising about the lower bay with a handsome gray-haired woman standing at the wheel and keeping her full and by with one spoke. I have, anyhow, and I am told that there are half a dozen ladies whose husbands belong to the New York Yacht Club who are as handy about decks as their husbands are.

Shipowners have a castron, case-hardened rule which forbids skippers to take their wives to sea, the theory being that a captain will be looking after his wife when he ought to be looking after his ship. There is the case of the cargo ship Eiger, home-bound from Senegal to London. The fever broke out, and all the crew were prostrated except the captain and the mate. These two men went into the engine-room, and the captain's wife steered. But for her grit the ship would have been lost.

Then there was the heroic Mary Patten, who was with her husband in a voyage around the Horn in the early days of the California gold excitement. Her husband was taken sick off the Horn, and she took his place on the quarter-deck. The crew were a lot of swabs, and none of them knew a sextant from a spudbag, not even the mate; but Mrs. Patten kept the log and took the sun and navigated the ship into San Francisco, caring for her husband when it was her watch below.

Another case where a woman served as skipper is that of the British brig Cleotus, Miss Betsy Miller, master. Her father was a shipowner of Salt-coats. He had no sons, and took his daughter into his office and about the docks as a companion. She gradually picked up knowledge of ships and navigation. Finally she became so much enamored with a life at sea that her father put her in command of the Cleotus, which he built especially for her. For more than twenty years she sailed the Cleotus about the stormy coasts of Great Britain and the continent, resisting the wooings of the many gallant sailor boys who were fascinated by her bravery, and when her father died she succeeded to and conducted his business successfully.

Not the least interesting of the stories of women at sea are the tales of the female pirates. Some of them are historical as well as romantic. Alwilda, the daughter of Syrnardus, a Gothic king, was betrothed by her father to Alf, the heir to the throne of Denmark. The proposed marriage was so disagreeable to Alwilda that she gathered a troop of young amazons, dressed them in the garb of sailors, left her home and put to sea as a viking. She was exceedingly courageous and successful. Finally, she one day found a crowd of pirates who were heaving the loss of their commander. She proposed that they sail under her command. The men were pleased with her bearing and readily accepted. With this addition of forces she became a terror to the coast and rapidly increased her fleet and the number of her sailors. It finally became necessary to exterminate this new band of pirates under an unknown and handsome commander, and Alf, the rejected lover, was placed in command of the naval fleet that was ordered to search for her. The two fleets met in the Gulf of Finland. Alwilda laid her ship alongside the admiral's, and in the battle that ensued half of her crew was killed outright, and she was overpowered by the Admiral himself. She wore a casque over her head, and was not recognized until she was disarmed and the casque was removed. The astonishment of the prospective king was great when he saw the runaway girl. His valor in action had meantime won the respect of the fair pirate, and she married the man who had conquered her.

Scarcely less romantic were the careers of a number of women who by privation have been lead to assume the dress of men and to take to the sea for a living. The case of Mary Reed, an English girl, is in point. Her mother raised her in a boy's dress, so that she should have less trouble rising above the privations which she endured as a child. She was first a footman and then a cadet in the Guards. Finally she fell in love with a brother cadet, revealed her sex and the two were married in the presence of their regiment. The husband died after a year or two, and then Mary dressed up as a man again and went to sea. She eventually was captured by and joined a pirate. Here she again fell in love. The object of her passion having become involved in a quarrel, with a shipmate, she was very fearful lest he should be killed. It was impossible that he should refuse to fight, and so she picked a quarrel with his antagonist, forced a fight, and came out victorious two hours before the timeset for the duel of her lover, to whom, meantime, she had revealed her sex. They were married by an island priest. He was eventually killed, and she became a sailor on the brigantine of the famous pirate Captain Rachman, who had as a consort another female who had been a sailor and a pirate, Anne Bonney. Mary preserved the secret of her sex, and by her bravery and skill secured a high position in the estimate of her shipmates. The vessel was finally captured and taken into Port Royal, Jamaica, by Captain Rogers of the British navy, where the crew were all condemned to be hung. Mary, however, revealed her sex, and would have escaped punishment, but she died of a fever before her pardon arrived. Rachman and eight of his crew were hanged, but the fate of Anne Bonney is unknown.