

Sweet voices through the darkness call;  
I cannot tell whose forms they wear,  
And yet I fear that one and all,  
Dear, tender names they used to bear.

They call me through the gathering gloom,  
Onward and upward through the night,  
To where fair flowers immortal bloom,  
That home with endless glories bright.

When the whole world in silence lies,  
Reposing 'neath Night's folded wing,  
I hear their calls and tender sighs,  
In notes as soft as wind-harps bring.

They call me by some spirit name,  
They woo me—soothe my soul to rest,  
Not with those hopes of earthly fame  
With which erewhile my life seemed blest.

They whisper Heaven, and home and peace,  
They cheer my fainting, sinking heart,  
They bid me hope; each day's decrease  
Draws nearer dear ones far apart.

And so the stillness and the gloom  
Of the long night-watch weareth by,  
I am not lonely, for my room  
Holds those unseen by mortal eye.

They cheer, sustain; and day by day  
They soothe my sinking soul that waits,  
Knowing Heaven is not far away,  
And soon shall open its golden gates.

—(Lilla N. Cushman.)

**BELLA'S LOVER.**

"I'll seek her through the whole city until I find her! What a dear girl she must be," said Tom Selden, as he took from his vest pocket a small parcel tied with a blue ribbon, which he proceeded to unloose. There, within the folds of soft tissue paper, lay one of the tiniest of embroidered gloves, redolent of the scent of roses, which he pressed to his lips. "Yes," he continued, "the owner of this glove, if she be heart-free, shall be my wife! I swear it—or I will die a bachelor!"

Tom had spent the evening at a ball given in an old-fashioned house belonging to one of his friends. As he passed down from the dressing-room, through a long corridor, a small object lying on the carpet, under the gaslight attracted his attention and he immediately made it his own. It was the tiny white glove, thrown down there as though the owner had meant it as a challenge to the finder to seek out its fellow. Tom took it up with the most delicate of touches. It was soft as a rose-leaf and still retained the shape of the hand that had worn it. He hid it in the bosom of his vest, where all the evening it had lain against his heart.

Tom proceeded to the dancing apartments, all lighted up with gas jets and glittering with the sheen of satin and diamonds. He stood for a moment at the door, gazing with admiration upon the scene, but the glove within his bosom, like a sentient thing, whispered to him of its owner, and he entered the rooms, not to partake of the amusement, although he was particularly fond of it, but to stand and watch the dancers to discover, if possible, by a symmetry of form or a superior style of beauty the owner of his treasure trove. He went from room to room, and every dancer passed before him, yet he saw none who could have worn that little glove. There were but three ungloved ladies, and their hands could never have worn the toy in his possession. Tom prosecuted his search with untiring vigilance until the rooms were empty, but without success, and the light of day was streaking the horizon as he returned home, pondering as he went over a fascinating picture his fancy was painting of his beautiful unknown.

As soon as Tom awoke the next morning, his thoughts again took up the subject of the lost glove, and hoping to find a name inscribed within it that might guide him to the owner, he attempted to turn a part of the inside outward, when a diamond ring rolled from it and fell upon the floor, where it lay sparkling in a ray of sunlight that found its way through the white drapery of his window.

Tom was struck with consternation. He lifted the ring from the floor and placed it on the tip of his little finger, where it seemed to nestle as it sent out brilliant flashes of all the colors of the rainbow. What should he do? The glove so dear to him was only a bagatelle, but the possession of this costly jewel was quite a different thing. Should he advertise it? No! A thousand times no! What! sacrifice all the fair castles he had been building—sacrifice the prospect of obtaining a precious little wife under such glorious circumstances? He had not so much self-denial. He would wait for further developments.

Tom Selden was a government official, and for the next month his duties called him to Washington. Tom was a handsome young fellow of good address, and a great favorite with the ladies. When he returned to Malden he found his card-receiver filled with pretty enticed notes of invitation to various entertainments. One of these was for that very night, and he determined to accept it at once, as it was for another dancing party at the same house where he had found his precious glove. He felt oppressed with thoughts of the jewel in his hands, and where would he be as likely to hear if anything had transpired concerning it during his absence as there?

Tom made his toilet with great care that evening. He was a long time about it too, for he thought, as he once more caressed the tiny glove and placed it again in his bosom. "Who can tell but that I may meet my fate to-night?"

"How are you old fellow?" cried Harry Evelyn, as he grasped Tom's hand at the door of the dancing room. "I am glad to see you at home again. Do you know you are losing your prestige with all the young ladies of our town? They say you did not dance at our last party, but played the part of looker-on throughout the evening. You will not escape me to-night, though."

He drew Tom's arm within his own as he spoke and led him across the room to a lovely young girl scarcely more than a child in years, Miss Isabelle Tremaine, from Westmoreland, to whom he presented Tom as a partner.

Although Tom's thoughts were so engrossed with his ideal love that other ladies had no charm for him, this little girl won him even from his chimeras. Was it the familiar scent of the roses of her breast-knot lingering about her that so fascinated him? Or was it the diminutive little hand, sparkling with jewels, so warm and soft that lingered in his as he led her to a seat in an alcove after the waltz was over.

"Mamma thinks I am lost, Mr. Selden," said Isabelle, as she drew part of a curtain before her hiding herself in its folds. "See how she is scanning every face to find mine!"

She pointed toward a lady who was approaching them.

"Your mamma, did you say? Why she is an old acquaintance of mine; we spent a delightful summer together at Long Branch. I do hope she still remembers me."

Tom went forward to meet the lady, when a cordial grasp of the hand showed that their friendship was not forgotten on her part.

"You are a good-for-nothing little girl, Belle," Mrs. Tremaine said, as she tapped her daughter on the shoulder with her fan. "You have been running away from me all the evening! Sit down, Mr. Selden; surely the sofa is large enough for three, and I want to chat with you awhile. Bella, where are your gloves? Why do you take them from your hands?"

"Because I do not like to make prisoners of my hands. See the red marks the tight things have made upon them already," and she held them up for inspection.

Tom thought as he looked at the dimpled white hands that he would like very much to kiss them and smooth away the cruel marks.

"It is a breach of etiquette, dear," said Mrs. Tremaine; "a lady should always be gloved in a ball-room. Besides, it is a bad habit. Had you not been guilty of removing your gloves you would not have lost your valuable ring and the pretty Paris glove when you were here before."

Tom gave a great start and his heart began to throb violently.

"It was an exceedingly strange circumstance," said Mrs. Tremaine, as she turned toward Selden. "A very valuable diamond ring was lost here by Belle. We offered large rewards for it and did everything in our power for its recovery, but could never find a trace of it. It must have dropped from her finger when she removed her glove, which she also lost. Both the glove and the ring were sent to her from Paris as a seventeenth year birthday present, and she managed to lose them on the night of the same day on which she received them."

Tom was entirely overcome with this disclosure, and could scarcely summon up courage to get in a word, when to his great relief a gentleman came up and carried off Mrs. Tremaine for the next dance.

Tom was alone with the object of his romantic attachment. What a puerile passion it had been compared with the love that was now tugging at his heart—a love not inspired by the possession of the dainty glove nor of the jeweled ring. He might have worn them next to his heart forever, and yet never have known the exquisite feelings aroused by the half-veiled yet thrilling glance that met his from Bella's soft violet-blue eyes. He could not tear himself away from her, and yet he was afraid to stay, lest he should frighten her by betraying the violence of the passion with which she had inspired him.

And Bella, she felt an indefinable confidence in Tom, a feeling of infinite friendship for him, as if parting from him would be a cruelty. Poor little girl! It was the first dawn of love in her pure young heart.

The evening had passed too quickly away. The ladies were fast disappearing, Mrs. Tremaine, leaning on Mr. Harry Evelyn's arm, came to summon Bella to the dressing-room.

It was with diffidence yet with certain instinctive confidence that Tom drew Bella's arm within his own as she came down from the dressing-room in her wraps to escort her to the waiting carriage; her eyes dropped beneath the intense warmth and love of Tom's gaze as he pressed her hand at parting, and blushes suffused her face as the carriage drove away from the door.

And now, as week succeeded week, Tom Selden was never found at Malden unless business kept him there, for the sweet young Bella Tremaine was so lonesome without him at Westmoreland. The winter passed quickly away, and in the ensuing spring Tom was offered a very lucrative position in Washington, but if he accepted it he would be forced to reside there. Here a difficulty presented itself. Tom and Bella had become so strongly attached to each other that a separation was not to be thought of, and yet the position was too advantageous to be sacrificed. One evening when they were alone in the drawing-room Tom asked Bella how they were to solve this problem. The little maiden blushed and hung down her head, but finally accepted Tom's proposition that they should be married and live in Washington together, in order that they need never again entertain a fear of separation.

Mrs. Tremaine was not willing that her only daughter should be given away without a splendid wedding. Grandpa Tremaine had come home from Paris to be present at the celebration of the nuptials, and everything was progressing famously when Tom drew Bella aside one day and asked her if she had yet the fellow to the embroidered glove she had lost on the evening of her seventeenth birthday. She told him she always preserved it as a memento of her grandfather's love; if he would like to see it she would bring it to him, and she ran off to get it.

Bella soon returned, bearing an ebony glove box in her hand, in which, in folds of blue satin, lay the fellow to the little glove that had so long been Tom's loved companion. On pretense of examining it more closely he lifted it from its resting place and stealthily put his own in the place of it with the diamond ring inserted in one of its fingers.

"It is just lovely," said Bella, as she took it in her hands, "and it is—Oh, Tom, there is something in the

finger that was never there before! What can it be? Do look, dear, and see what it is." And she dropped it into the box again.

"What! are you afraid of your own glove? What a silly little puss you are. Ah! see what the fairies have done for you." And he drew from the glove the long lost ring and placed it on Bella's finger.

Bella looked up in amazement, but it was only for a moment; the truth flashed on her at once. Seizing Tom by the arm, she cried:

"Oh, darling! you cannot deceive me; it was you who found my treasure!"

Tom laughed at her impetuosity.

"Come to me, pussy," he said, as he held out his arms to her, "and sit close beside me while I tell you my fairy tale."

It was a long story, because of the many interruptions. Tom had to be kissed so often, he had to be called by so many pet names, and his hair had to be gently pulled when he talked about the charms of his lady love! Indeed, the narrative took up so much time that the evening was almost spent before the end came.

Bella was as charming a bride as ever stood under a marriage bell. Her bridal robe of white satin was draped with lace point of fabulous value. Her jewelry consisted of the choicest pearls. She wore the celebrated embroidered gloves, and a single diamond glittered upon her finger.

A year has now elapsed since the night of this splendid wedding. Bella is a happy wife and her husband is devoted to her. The gloves and ring are preserved in a casket of gold, and will doubtless serve as heirlooms in the family.

**Henry Clay's Dying Hours.**  
Recollections of Ben Perley Poore.

Henry Clay was forced by ill-health to abandon his visits to the Capitol in the winter of 1851-52 and to remain in his room at the National hotel, hoping that when spring came he might return to Ashland and die in the bosom of his family. "Those who were permitted to see him during that dreary winter say that there was hardly strength enough in his hands to convey food to his mouth, and that he was helped to and from his bed like a feeble child, and like an old forest oak he was beautiful in decay. The lustre of his eye was undimmed and he greeted his friends earnestly and kindly. His voice continued to be all sweetness and melody, except when its tones were moved by that bodily weakness which made it painful for him to speak, and it was always painful for him to speak long. When the last hour came he had at his bedside his eldest son, Thomas Hart Clay, and Rev. Dr. Butler, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, with which he was in full communion. His last moments were disturbed by the music and shouts of the whigs, ratifying the nomination just made at Philadelphia of Winfield Scott.

When his death was known the next day political differences were forgotten in the touching encomiums of the departed statesman and the sincerity of tone in which regret found utterance from every tongue. There could not have been a more sincere demonstration of popular regard. Other men have reached the presidential chair, but no one has ever attained the pose which Henry Clay held in the hearts of his countrymen. Mrs. Clay, who had never been much at Washington City, was at her home in Kentucky and was then in her seventy-first year. She had been the mother of twelve children, four of whom had died in childhood and only three of whom were then alive.

When Mr. Clay left the state department in 1829 he presented all his personal papers to Major-General Jessup, of the army. General Jessup, who was his warm friend, was his second in his duel with John Randolph, and had in his possession all the correspondence and unprinted instances of that celebrated meeting. It is to be regretted that he could not have written his reminiscences of "Harry of the West."

**Sad Episode in Human Life.**  
Eugene Field in Chicago News.

The president of the New York press club has been searching high and low for one J. M. Macdonald, who was supposed to be somewhere in the far west engaged in the newspaper business. The search will be vain; they will never find Macdonald, unless his dead body, which lies up on a hillside near Leadville, will satisfy them. This man Macdonald was a strange, inexplicable character. He never talked about his life, his career, his antecedents. It was known he had been rich at one time, had traveled all over the world, had lost his fortune in South American speculation and had been forced to take to literature for a livelihood. He struck Denver sick, ragged and penniless, and he lay in a hospital for some months. Then for a year he found employment on the local press, but his financial and physical troubles seemed to have affected his mind; he was very irritable, distrustful and moody. About this time he fell in love with a Denver lady, but was rejected. In something like despair, he went up into the mountains, and there, at Leadville, not much more than a year ago, this unhappy, unfortunate and weary man died. The newspaper boys got together, made up a sum of money and had the body of the miserably wanderer respectfully buried. In his last illness he had refused all proffers of pecuniary aid. He was too proud to accept charity. After his death they found he had pawned everything—even his underclothing—to secure the necessities of life. On the heels of this sad episode in human life comes the announcement of the death of a wealthy relative in England and a fortune looking for one John M. Macdonald. But what cares poor Macdonald for their glittering gold now? It was peace and rest he wanted, and he has found them in a narrow grave upon a Colorado mountain side.

The engineer says it is probable that the government of Victoria will repeat the offer of a high premium for a combined reaper and threshing machine suited to Australian requirements.

**UNBELIEF.**  
There is no unbelief:  
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod  
And waits to see it push away the clod,  
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,  
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,"  
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow  
The silent harvest of the future grow,  
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,  
Content to look each sense in slumber deep  
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"  
"The Future," trusts that Power alone  
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,  
And dares to live when life has only woes,  
God's comfort knows.

There is no belief;  
And day by day, and night unconsciously  
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—  
God knoweth why!

**A POLK COUNTY HERMIT.**  
A Case of Mysterious Disappearance at  
Osceola Explained.

Lincoln Journal.

From W. A. Doggett, who came in from the Platte country yesterday, we learn the particulars of a curious sensation which has been the absorbing topic of conversation among the citizens of Osceola and vicinity for a few days past.

About a year ago, in June, a Swede named Frank Johnson, living seven miles west of Osceola, disappeared rather suddenly. His wife said he had left and gone back to Sweden, but it was a curious fact that nobody could be found who had seen him start. It was a matter that no one was particularly interested in, however, and after a little while it passed out of people's memory.

One day about three weeks ago a stepdaughter of Johnson's, who has been working out, made a visit home. While there her mother left the house carrying something, and in such a way as to excite the girl's curiosity. She followed her and was much astonished to see her mother go to a cave some distance from the house, of the existence of which the girl had never known. Her astonishment was increased by seeing at the entrance an uncouth shaggy face, which despite the long beard and unkempt and uncut hair, she recognized as that of her father. He seemed very angry that he had been discovered, and threatened to kill the girl if she told what she had seen.

The girl kept her secret until last Wednesday, when she went to the Lutheran minister, who lived in the neighborhood, and told him the whole affair. He immediately secured the company of a neighbor named Peter Holt, and going to the cave succeeded, with some difficulty, in inducing the hermit to leave his cell.

The man presented a wild and repulsive appearance. Shut up in the cave for a year, he had grown white and thin, while his eyes had acquired an unnatural lustre. His beard, always long, came down to his waist, and his unkempt hair hung in a tangled mass about his ears.

He has shown no inclination to go back to his retreat, and various speculations are indulged in as to the cause of his strange freak. Many of the neighbors believe that there is some one among his countrymen who know of some crime he committed in Sweden, and that he was afraid he would be called to account for it. His wife's story is that he went into the cave at the time of the tornado which swept over that country last summer, and that she had never been able to get him to come out since.

Whatever may be the explanation of the man's curious freak, he is evidently not entirely sound mentally. Whether this state of mind has been brought about by the fear of discovery which has haunted him during the time of his concealment, or whether it was a disordered mind that induced him to indulge in the curious freak, is as yet impossible to determine.

**Pacific Railroads.**  
The house committee on Pacific railroads has concluded consideration of the proposed amendments to the Thurman sinking fund act. They extend the provision of the act to the Kansas Pacific, Sioux City and Pacific and Central Branch of the Union Pacific railroads. The secretary of the treasury is authorized to invest the sinking funds of each of the subsidized companies in first mortgage bonds of said companies or in any bonds or securities of the United States, in his discretion, or he may, with the consent of the companies, apply the same to the extinguishment of the interest on subsidy bonds, the government to refund the same on demand if at any time it becomes necessary in order to meet any debts or obligations of said corporations prior on lien to said interest. The third amendment requires each road to pay 35 per cent. of their net earnings into the sinking fund, instead of 25 per cent., as now required. The percentage was first fixed by the committee at 37 1/2 per cent., but was reconsidered with the above result. The fourth amendment relates to monies due by the government to the roads for transportation, but retained and applied to the payment of interest of the sinking fund, which retention and application the courts have practically decided was illegal. The gross amount thus retained, with interest, is about \$10,000,000. Instead of repaying this money to the companies, the amendment provides it shall remain in the sinking fund and be eventually applied to the extinguishment of debts prior on lien to those due the government, thereby increasing the ability of the companies to pay the debts due the government, which are the second lien upon a portion of this money, estimated at about \$5,000,000, which has gone to the extinguishment of the interest, and which, under these amendments, will be transferred to the sink-

**Washington Irving.**  
Interview with Dr. Peters.

"Can you give me some sketch of Mr. Irving's personal appearance, when you knew him, Dr. Peters?"

"Well, he was not tall, and was rather stout. He had a splendid forehead and beautiful eyes."

"What was the color of his hair, or was he gray when you knew him?"

"That is rather a delicate subject. The truth is he was absolutely bald—so much so that when he was dead it was only by turning back the ears that a few hairs could be found to be cut off as a family memento. He lost his hair when he was very young, and he always wore a wig, but he wore it so carefully that scarcely half a dozen friends knew anything about it. When he went to bed he used to tie a silk handkerchief about his head in the Spanish fashion, and hardly anyone ever saw his head bare until after his death. Mr. Moses H. Grinnell and I went together to look at the body in the ice coffin. It had not been fixed for the funeral yet, and the wig was not on. Mr. Grinnell was his near neighbor and one of his closest friends, and when he saw the body he threw up his hands and exclaimed: 'I never should have known him! I never should have known him!—just like that. For my part I gained, if possible, a greater idea than I had before of his intellect from seeing him in this way. He used to wear the wig so low that no idea could be formed of the size and massiveness of his forehead. His head was altogether one of the finest I have ever seen. I often regret that I omitted to take the measurement of it at the time.'"

Dr. Peters now showed the reporter several portraits of Washington Irving. They all showed the handsome face of a young man. In their general character they agreed with the portraits currently known. At last he showed a photographic negative, which he said was a copy of the only photograph—a daguerreotype—that Mr. Irving ever had taken. It was the face of an elderly man with a wonderfully fine eye. The expression and features denoted humor, benevolence and strong will. Dr. Peters told the story of the picture thus:

"One day Mr. Irving, who had an almost invincible prejudice against sitting for a photograph, yielded to the solicitations of his niece, with whom he was walking on Broadway, and went with her into a gallery and had one picture taken. After his death I obtained the loan of that picture to be copied for private distribution. I told the photographer to whom I took it that it was the portrait of a very sensitive old gentleman, and I wanted to bargain specially that I should receive every printed copy, spoiled and finished alike, and the negative. The man consented, and when I called again he gave me some forty or fifty pictures that I ordered, a dozen or so of spoiled copies, and the negatives. 'Are you sure that is all,' I asked him. He said, 'I think so, but there is the drawer where we throw spoiled pictures and you may look for yourself.' I looked through hundreds of spoiled pictures, and I found two or three more of Mr. Irving which were thrown in by mistake. I put these in my pocket and prepared to go."

"Well, now," said the artist, "may I ask you who this old gentleman is who is so very particular about his pictures?"

"Really I don't mind telling you," said I, "now that I am sure I have every copy. The picture you have just copied is the portrait of the late Washington Irving."

**Prescriptions in English.**  
Pittsburg Dispatch.

The cabalistic character of physicians' prescriptions has for ages impressed the uneducated with awe and aroused the satire of the critical. Charles Reade hit at the practice of surrounding medical directions with the mystery of unclassical Latin terms by making his satirical doctor in "Very Hard Cash" write a prescription in very medical Latin, which directed a young lady patient to "go to a ball and dance with thirteen puppies." The impression seems to be growing that scientific skill receives no important aid by an assumption of classical learning. The Ohio legislature is considering a bill for the regulation of pharmacy, in which there is a provision that all prescriptions shall be written in English, with Arabic figures. Although this provision would abridge the privilege of disguising old toppers' Sunday drinks by prescriptions for "sp. ferri mentii oz.," we can see no reason why this would not be a good measure. The physicians would know just as much in English as in Latin, and there is a strong probability that the druggists and patients would know a great deal more.

Professor Ball, the astronomer royal for Ireland, in an address on comets, considered that the meteoroids seen as shooting stars in 1865 were actually the remains of the tails of comets.

**FASHION NOTES.**

Lace is, after all, the favorite ornament for the richest toilets.

Flowers in the hair are almost exclusively restricted to full dresses.

When a cuff is used on a costume, it is narrow and of simple design.

When an evening toilet is elaborately trimmed jewels are sparsely worn.

The widow's veil, which does not cover the face, but is worn hanging back from the bonnet, reaches below the waist.

Accordion-pleated skirts and shoulder capes, bordered with a deep accordion pleating, are worn together, especially by children and young girls.

It is well to be posted in the French names of some of the brand new shades which fashion has introduced: "Gris" is a drab shade. "Shavette," a shade of drab beige. "Amante," a delicate salmon yellow. "Isard," an ashes of roses or pinkish beige shade. "Champion" is a yellowish soft drab, or, as its name suggests, a mushroom shade.

It is the rule that the hat must match the costume, and every shade of cloth is repeated in the fine Milan braids which form the mass of the season's importations. Over 100 racing shapes are shown in straw. There are hats with high crowns and straight brims short at the back, and hats with square, full English crowns and flaring brims. The "Du Barry" is a high-crowned English hat with rolled brim. The "La Belle" has a full square crown and flaring brim rolled up at one side. "West Point Cadet" and "Young Guard" hats have straight visor fronts.

**How to Propose.**  
On City Derrick.

A bright-eyed girl, who is a skillful angler for hearts, thinks a young man, to be successful, should propose after a very short acquaintance—take the girl by storm as it were, while she is pleased with a new beau, and before she has time to tire of him; then follow the proposal up by a vigorous courtship, lots of flowers, drives, theatres, etc., and, if she consents, insist upon a short engagement by all means.

Another well-known blonde beauty, who has created sad havoc and has had much experience in this line, says the only successful way to propose is when least expected. Allow no time for consideration, and then insist that the acceptance be "now or never." She feels sure that this is the only way she will be captured; but she thinks few men are bold enough to try that game.

A handsome young widow, well known in society circles, who is not so rich as she was, says the only successful way to win her is to offer a fine horse and carriage, with plenty of money to keep it up.

A dark-eyed girl, with a tangle of soft brown hair shading her brow, says:

"If a fellow is desperately in love with a girl, and is persistent in his efforts to win her, he is sure to gain his point. Widowers understand this point, and know exactly how to make love and propose, and you will observe they are always successful." She knows one case where a widower went in and lunged up his hat, announced his intention of remaining until she accepted, and she had to marry him to get rid of him. A widower beau makes her nervous about the result.

One sweet, dreamy-eyed girl, who is just on the threshold of society, says love-making must be so sweet that she would wish her lover to be a long time making the approaches, and she would not shorten the delights of an engagement; if they tire of each other it will be better before than after marriage. She is not particular as to his style, but he must be tall and handsome, and sing and dance well, and above all, he must know how to make love. This girl's name must be kept a secret.

One society belle who has spent several seasons in the "field" says she will give a man all the time he wants to "begin the siege," but when he does begin he must go straight through without showing the "white feather." She detests "skirmishing;" it only gets one wrought up to the "fray;" nothing is accomplished, and it requires all one's nervous force to endure a "campaign" of this nature, to say nothing of the mortification of several defeats.

**Grain Exportation.**

The president sent to the senate a report from the secretary of state in reply to the resolution of the senate, requesting information as to the average production, consumption, exportation and importation of wheat, rye, corn and cotton in foreign countries, their probable requirements for such products from the United States, before the crops of the coming crop year are ready, and other information bearing on the question of demand for grain and cotton products of the United States. The secretary says: "The calculations and estimates submitted prove, as far as statistics can prove under the circumstances, that the stock of wheat on hand in Europe at the close of 1883 did not materially differ from the stock on hand at the close of the previous year; that the wants of Europe are as imperative and as great as they were in 1883, and the demands upon the United States should naturally be as great as they were in 1883. How long Europe may or can draw upon her reserve stocks or what are the exact considerations which control the several countries, especially the United Kingdom, which may be said to regulate the wheat markets of the world, time alone can develop." He also says that the most liberal allowances for the wheat output is necessary for the world's consumption and shows that the United States could be drawn upon the present year for 177,600,000 bushels in round numbers, against 198,000,000 bushels from all other wheat growing countries. It thus appears that the United States, instead of being controlled by should be able to control the foreign markets.

The electric lights at Los Angeles, Cal., can be seen at the Island of San Clemente, eighty miles away.