A COLLISION.

Two freight trains on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Road collided at Spring Mills, O., on the 23d inst., badly wrecking both engines and several cars. Engineer Graham, and man, J. Quinlan, both of Alliance. The balance of the crew escaped by jumping.

WORKING STRAIGHT.

The work of pumping out the Diamond mine in Bradford, Pa., is being carried on energetically, but the best that can be done the water can only be lowered about two feet per day. The water stood on the 26th inst. 40 feet below the surface. The relief fund has reached $5,900.

THANKFUL PEOPLE.

Both Houses of the Montana Legislature have passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Gov. Crosby, General Sheridan and Senator Vest for the important assistance rendered by them in protecting the Yellowstone Park.

BROKEN UP.

Late advices from the Creek Nation say the rebellion there is pretty well broken up. Spiechee, the leader, is in exile at the Cheyenne agency, and Chief Isparhecher, under the government party, has captured a lot of other rebel leaders and is taking active measures to prevent any further manifestation of the opposition forces.

ALMOST EPIDEMIC.

Notwithstanding strenuous efforts to throttle it, small-pox appears to be getting the upper hand of the authorities in Cincinnati, Ohio. The Leadville public schools are closed. A new hospital has been opened. The alarm is becoming general, also reaching the towns surrounding towns. Some of them are establishing quarantine lines. Governor Lowder of the government party, has captured a lot of other rebel leaders and is taking active measures to prevent any further manifestation of the opposition forces.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

Judge Barrett in the superior court chambers at New York on the 26th inst., decided in favor of the application of Jay Gould and Wm. N. Carnegie, the receivers of the Wabash road, for leave to bring an action in the name of the people of the state of New York to annul the charter of the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia company because of alleged fraudulent issue of stock. The application was made because of the allegations of the proposed complaint be true, and the court, upon the hearing of the motion, the company's charter should be annulled and the attorney general would be directed to bring suit in the name of the people. Not only can the action be maintained upon the allegations of the petition, but the court commands that it shall be prosecuted. The action is sanctioned, and the receivers, none the less because the relators may desire to be appointed for reasons of their own. It follows that the action should be prosecuted by the receivers, not because the relators request it, but because the law justify it and the court has the right to demand it. The only effect of the relation is to indemnify the people against the cost and expense of the litigation, and the receivers refusing to assume that burden, so much the better for the state. The application is granted."

SCHEILER INDICTED FOR ARSON.

The grand jury in the Newhall house case have returned a true bill against Scheiler, the former lessee of the bar room in the hotel, indicting him for arson. The indictment contains three counts. The first charges the prisoner with willfully and maliciously feloniously setting fire to and burning the Newhall house, during the night of January 13, causing the death of Thos. E. Elliott, David G. Burnett, Ed. Howie, Kate Connors, Lizzie Anglin and Lillie Clark. No other victims were mentioned in the count. The second repeats the first, and adds that the building was owned by the Newhall House Block Company. The third is identical and existing by and under the laws of Illinois, and that the latter was the property of the second, with the addition that the building contained the Newhall House. The Newhall House was leased to and occupied by one John F. Antisdel. Scheiler's counsel was at once notified, and admitted bail in the immediate straightmont, which was granted. After the reading of the indictment the prisoner was asked the usual question "not guilty, sir," in a firm, steady voice. Bail has been fixed at $10,000. The trial has been set for March.

NATHEN SENSATIONAL.

Sensational reports are current in Boston that Jennie Cramer, believed to be a sister of Annie Nathen of the Haven, has been found alive.

UNCERTAIN.

Henry Kellogg, a mining speculator of Leadville, has illegally sold 1,000 shares of Chrysolite that city.

The relief committee of New Albany, Ind., announces that no further contributions from abroad are needed for flood sufferers.

A Visit to Wendell Phillips.

Chicago Advance.

A little plain house in a narrow street, whose unfashionable vicinity has been chiefly surrendered to city traffic, a painted doorway, a worn sill, admitting to a narrow, dingy hall and a steep, dark stairway, all these impressions followed rapidly before I was admitted to a reception room! Happily, no. Mr. Phillips' study.

"He is in, and will see you shortly."

Meanwhile I have opportunity for a quick walk and glance of inspection, during my thought and my interest amid the scenes of the last generation. Nothing else was possible in that room. The furniture, books, crowding the walls, and barring the rich but neutral rug on the floor, suggests the past. A capacious old sofa, with faded brush cushions and afghan speaks of infinite comfort. Two hospitable arm-chairs of carved mahogany proclaim their indifference to the upholsterer's art.

An elaborately carved table occupying the whole center of the room is piled with books, manuscripts, papers, reports. Other tables similarly pile on, against the wall. On the mantel stands a bust of Elizabeth Fry, the tireless English philanthropist. Jesse Smith, another bust, that of Theodore Parker. Opposite the center table, on a small stand, is a statuette in plaster, the model submitted by Miss Hosmer for the design of the construction of a certain statue for the Public Gardens was under consideration. There are several fine engravings offered, but it was nevertheless declined in favor of a poorer, on the ground that a woman could not make a statue. Its subject is a seated Venus. Venus is not yet gentle; across the base is the name which I think the proudest in all Massachusetts annals—Charles Sumner.

Before Mr. Phillips entered I began to know him. He spoke of ante-bellum days; of the time when he was mobbed in this his native city; of the mobbers, even dangerous, reception accorded him in Cincinnati during the war, when after speaking an hour and a half in fears and tones and a running salute of eggs and missiles, the owner of the hall, fearing for his property, desired his withdrawal. He spoke of ex-Governor Andrew and nearly all of whom have passed away before him. Cheerfully, yet with a little pathos: "I'm the old abolitionists now, I suppose. I'll do all I can, and give place to younger men." "Are you writing any reminiscences of those days?" I suggested. "I should like to, but I have not the time. It ought to be done. Garrison was the man to do it. He meant to, but he was always given to 'putting off things.'" Then, pointing to a retired study 'for the purpose, moved his books and papers into it, planning to work at the quiet there daily, and never entered the room again."

I asked some questions about current political topics. He replied with a courteous interest, but not the enthusiasm with which he had previously spoken. "I have withdrawn from public life altogether. The last speech I made was with drawn from the platform, and I have not mentioned. I left with somewhat of the same reference for him personally that I have always felt for his work.

GENTLEMEN ARE RARE.—Thackeray.

In his "Virginians," and pleasingly says: "A gentleman is a rarer thing than some of us think for. Which of us can point to one in any such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose temper is constant and elevated, who can look the world honestly in the face with equal inanity and courage, great and small? All know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners, but of gentlemen, how many? Let us each take a scrap of paper, and make his list."

The Queen of England sent a lifesized bust of herself by Mr. Boehm as a silver-gilt wedding present to her daughter, the Crown Princess of Germany.

LIKE A NOVEL.

The Story a "Prominent Citizen" told an Atlanta Reporter.

Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

"In ante-war times there lived in Meriwether county a don't-care sort of a negro named Jack Wilson, who could neither read nor write. He had gained his freedom in some way or other, and gained his livelihood by acting as a sort of director-general to famous horses in his neighborhood. Jack became attached to a servant girl who was owned by a man named Estes, one of the wealthiest men in Georgia, who owned thousands of acres of land, and with his family lived in lordly style. The servant girl was a bright mulatto, and Jack was a shade darker. They made a match of it, and were married under the order of things that existed in war times. At the same time Jack had a slave-time wife in Virginia, but she was as black as coal. When the war closed Jack moved down to Georgia, took to his Georgia wife to be his partner for life, and by living with her for a stated period she became his wife according to law. At the time of which I write Jack showed a sudden spirit of industry that astonished everybody. His careless habits were thrown aside, and he went to work with a will.

"The wealthy Gates, his master, died, and the broad acres fell to the possession of Miss Lou Gates, a wild, reckless girl of the period, who was living and caring. The Gates family had lost everything except their home. Their slaves were freed by the new order of things, and the vast and princely fortune was gone. The heirs could not adapt themselves to the situation. Finally, however, they sold 50 acres of land to Jack; then they wanted more money, and Jack went to Atlanta and got a big loan from a bank, and when they were unable to pay he would take up the notes at bank and trade for a piece of the Gates plantation. He is dead with a fortune, and all his family worked. Old man Jack became a noted and honored citizen of Meriwether. He was industrious and prospered. In the meantime the old master's children continued to sell him parts of the old homestead. Finally all was sold but the house. Some years ago he decided that it was his duty to provide for his old Virginia wife, and he sent for her, and she, with her children, came to him. He gave them a house on the plantation, and is well provided for. Jack owns now the magnificent palace of about 1,000 acres, and in three miles of White Sulphur Springs, in Meriwether County. He is sixty years old, and his children are settled around him, all are married, and they are rich and industrious. He owns fifteen or sixteen mules, and is noted for keeping the best horses in the county. He stands at the La Grange Bank is good, and he can borrow all the money he wants on his simple note of hand."

"How much is he worth?"

"I should say about $80,000, and every cent of it has been made since the war. He is a shrewd old fellow, and how a slave succeeds his master in the ownership of a vast landed estate, and passed the place a few months, and the master come to the door and Jack gave me a drink of water. Everything was neat and clean about the place, the yard was nicely swept, the barns appeared filled, and in the lots a few piles upon piles of manure carefully sheltered. It is a model plantation. Why, I have seen on Jack's place 100 acres of corn under one fence.

"Is he educating his children?"

"Yes, although he can not read and write, he sees the advantage of an education, and is giving his children the benefit of schooling. The story is true one, and shows what can be done right here in Georgia by pluck and industry. The old adage is true. 'There is more in the man than there is in the land.'"

"Grand Bumper Degree."

"Say, are you a Mason, or a noffell low, or a Hoodlum?" asked the bad boy of the grocery man.

"Why, yes, of course I am."

"Well, do the goats butt when you initiate a fresh candidate?"

"No, of course not. The goats are cheap ones, that have no life, and we nibble them to death with pencils with rubber heads, so they can't hurt anybody," says the grocery man, as he winked at a brother noffellow who was seated on a super chair, looking mysterious. "But why do you ask?"

"Oh, nuthin, only I was thinking about you Masons huddled our goat with a pillow. P'a would have stuffed him bending a member of our lodge better. You see, pa had been telling us how much good the Masons do in the world, and said we ought to try and grow up good so we could jine the lodges when we got big, and I asked pa if it would do any hurt for us to play goat with you in my room, and purtend to nibiate, and pa said it wouldn't do you any hurt for us to practice on our minds, and learn us to be men. So pa left me and me borried a goat that lives in the livery stable.

"You see my chum and me had to carry the goat up to my room when pa and ma was out riding, and he blatted so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a racket on the floor that we put some baby's socks on his feet. Gosh, how frowny a goat smells, don't it? I should think you Masons must have strong stummix.

"Well, sir, my chum and me practiced with that goat until he could butt the picture of a goat every time. We borried a buck beer sign from a saloon man, and hung it on the back of a chair, and the goat would hit it every time. That night pa wanted to know what we had been doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge, and improving our minds, and pa said that was right, there was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to associate with men, and store useful knowledge. Then my chum asked pa if he didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and pa laffed and said he didn't know if he did just to encourage the boys in innocens pastime, that was so improving to our intellect. We had the goat up in a corner in my room, and he had got over blatting, so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars and slate pencils. We went upstairs and told pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we asked him to come he must say, 'a pilgarlic who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat.' Ma wanted to come up too, but we told her she could in it would bring bad luck to lodge, cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have any side-saddle for the goat. Say, if you never tried it the next time you initiate a man in to your mason's lodge, you sprinkle a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just before you turn him loose. You can get three times as much fun to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well, we got all fixed, and pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blind-folded, and he got on his knees a-laffing, and I tied a towel around his eyes, and then I turned him around and made him get down on his hands also, and then his buck was right towards the ancient order, and I put the buck beer sign right against pa's clothes. He was laffing all the time, and said you fellers were an awful lot of fun to carry mash on, and we told him it was solem occasion, and we wouldn't permit no levity, and if he didn't stop laffing we couldn't give him the grand bumper degree. Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door, and some kyan pepper in his other hand, and I asked pa in low base tones if he was ready, though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve enough to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers, as the goat was loaded for beer, and told him he yet had time to retrace his step if he wanted to. He said he wanted the whole business, and we could go ahead with the menagerie. Then I said to pa that if he had decided to go ahead, and not blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following: 'Bring forth the royal bumper, and let him bump!' Pa repeated the words, and my chum sprinkled the kyan pepper on the goat's mustache, and he sneezed once and looked saucy, and then he seen the lager beer goat raring up, and he started for it, just like a cow catcher, and he butted. It was fat, but he knew he got hit, and grunted, and said, 'Hello fire, what you boys doing?' and then the goat gave him another degree, and pa pulled off the towel, and got up and started for the stairs, and we did the goat, and was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters pa and ma was yelling murder, and ma was screaming fire, and the goat was blatting and sneezing and bunting pa and ma. Then we hired a hack and loaded the goat took after them and chased herself just as the goat struck her and said, 'Howly mother, what's that?' and went down also, and the way the boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat blatted, and pa and ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The last time I seen the goat was ma every three times a week, was just ringing the bell, and the goat thought you wanted to be nibishted too, and gave him one, for luck, and then went down the sidewalk, blatting and sneezing, and the minister came into the parlor and pa and ma went down on their knees, and ma went down and said the weather was propitious for a revival, and in the midst of the solem outpouring of the spirit was about to be vouchsafed to his people, and none of them sot down but pa, for pa couldn't sit down, and while they were talking religion with their mouths, and kussin' the goat inwardly, my chum and me adjourned the lodge, and I went quietly and stayed with him all night and I hain't been home since. But I don't believe pa will lick me, because I think he would not hold us responsible for the consequences, as he ordered the goat himself and we filled the order, don't you see? Well, I guess I will go and get supper in the back way and find out from the hired girl how the land lays. She won't go back on me, cause the goat was not loaded for hired girls. She is just happening to be in the wrong time. Good bye, sir. Remember and give your goat kyan pepper in the mustache."

The boy went away and whistled over the back fence.

Old Hickory's Wife.

When General Jackson was a candidate for the presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him and his wife, but they did it in unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject for reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville, was placed upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it he sent for his trusty old servant, Dunwoodie.

"Saddle my horse," said he to him in a whisper, and "put my holsters on him."

Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few moments, then she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the south gate of the Hermitage by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few minutes before the General rode up with his countenance of a mad man. She placed herself before the horse and cried out:

"Oh, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live."

"Let me alone," he replied. "How came you to know what I was going for?"

She answered: "I saw it in the paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back."

He replied furiously: "But I will go get out of my way."

Instead of this, she grasped his bridle with both hands.

Heedful he cried: "I say let go my horse! The villain that reviles my wife shall not live!"

She grasped the reins the tighter and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, prayed for them—that he should forgive if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties and her tears, she worked upon his better nature, that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying:

"No, General, you shall not take the life of my reviler—dare not do it; dare not do it; for it is written 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!'"

The picture of a goat every time. We before the pleading of his beloved wife, and replied:

"I yield to you; but had it not been for you and the words of the Almighty the wretch should not have lived an hour."

How Gambetta Lost an Eye.

From the March Century.

His father, who had no provision of the boy's fortune to worry, wanted to secure him against military service by keeping him an Italian. Immunity from soldiering was brought about accidentally. Gambetta was playing with a knife-grinder operate on a wheel. the blade of a knife got detached from the handle and flew into the boy's eye and blinded it. He was very much petted in consequence, and the mother was emboldened by her increased tenderness to insist upon Leon being sent to the Petit Seminaire of Montfaucon to receive a classical education. Her husband was an enemy to higher instruction and thought the communal school sufficient for a boy whose destiny it was to be a provincial grocer.

A few weeks ago the office of a business man in a Pennsylvania village was destroyed by fire, and among his papers were the notes of hand of several of his fellow citizens for various amounts. Each one gave a new note as fast as taken up, until a day came when upon the last—a steady old deacon, who was supposed to be strictly honest. The case was explained and he was asked to make another note. "Suppose I won't do," he asked. "Oh, you won't refuse." "Suppose I declare that the note which you hold was for only $50, instead of $250?" "I'll trust you, deacon, to do the right thing." "Well, I guess I will, I guess you can," mused the old man, "for I see that he struck me for two witnesses in the office the day we made out the note."—*Wall Street News.*

A Cincinnati clergyman thought he would raise his own pork. So he bought five pigs and fattened them. Now that they are fit to kill he hesitates. He says they appear so much like his own children that he hasn't the heart to kill them. The pigs are in good luck, but what a commentary on the good parson's progeny.

A Wonderful Memory.

Boston Globe.

In came a gentleman and sat down and says to the man waiter, very nice and genteel:

"Have you any nice Providence River oysters?"

"O! yes," says the waiter.

"Read nice ones, now?" says the gentleman.

"O, why, certainly," says the waiter. "Well, I wish you would open for me a dozen, please."

"All right, sir," says the waiter, and he was coming away.

"Wait a bit," says the gentleman: "is the butter nice and sweet?"

"We have some powerful fresh butter," says the waiter.

"Do you have nice fresh milk?" says the gentleman.

"Well, it's generally so considered," says the waiter.

"Well, how are your crackers, nice and fresh?" says the gentleman.

"Never had no fault found with our crackers," says the waiter.

"Then, if you'll take and make me up a nice little stew, John, I'll be much obliged," said the gentleman.

Then he let him go. When I saw him coming, I says to myself, says I: "How dare Sue—My case was an acute form of bronchitis, with a hard cough and a half years duration. I employed the best medical aid possible, but failed rapidly, and all the doctors said I would die—that my case was incurable. Thrown up by my resources, I got a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. In six hours felt a decided relief. In three days was decidedly better. In two weeks the chances of life are good for many years, I have recommended the above to every sufferer of lung or throat disease.

C. G. LATHROP.

We hope we shall not be accused of exaggeration when we say we have received 1880 calendars.

Important Proclamation.

The Hon. Peter Bowe is Sheriff of the City and County of New York. Recently, it was announced, one of his deputy reporters, Mrs. Bowe proclaimed the following fact:

"I consider St. Jacobs Oil the best remedy, and one that ought certainly to find its way into every household. Mrs. Bowe always has a bottle of it there, and always has a remedy of it."—*New York Evening Telegram.*

Important

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, have just been added to the present list of first-class accommodations for guests. Rates, one dollar per day, European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best the market affords. Horse cars and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

When Peggy saw a train on the dress of an old and honorable discharges procured. Write for and send stamp for instructions and bounty table. E. B. GRIFFITH & ALLEN, Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C.

PERE CHAMPION OIL made from selected livers of the cod, caught in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, North America. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have taken it prefer it to any other oil in the market. It has decided it superior to any of the other oils in use.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE PIMPLES, and ROUGHNESS OF SKIN are instantly relieved by using ZUTPHEN'S TAR SOAP, made by LAMPERT, ZUTPHEN & CO., New York.

In pocket-picking as in almost everything else, a man never succeeds until he gets his hand in.

Chrolithion collars and cuffs for gentlemen are easily washed, and do not require ironing.

DR. SCHAUFFLER'S Wild Cherry and Tar Pectoral Heal Stubborn Coughs, Colds, and Lung Troubles. Sold by druggists at 50 cents, 1 dollar and $1.75 per bottle.

"Here lies my wife, 'waist better could she do For her repose, and for Lie' husband's too!"

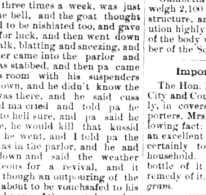
Free of Charge.

An elegant, new book free of charge containing plain, practical information about Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Errors of Youth, Impotency, Old Complaints, in their open air concerts. Hamlin Garland, Will Carleton, Bill Nye, Opie Read, Chas. Shuman, lame back, sprains, bruises, burns, scalds, chilblains, frosted feet, inflammation of the kidneys, neuralgia, headache, toothache, earache, sciatica, asthma, bronchitis, lumbago, pains and weakness in the chest, and all kindred pains, aches and weakness, and for curing sick and nervous headache. Sold by druggists at 50 cents, dollar. Dr. Bull's Pain Killer will furnish all sure to cure and certain to benefit.

Many a man has no genuine faith who never in his life denied or doubted the gospel.

What we charitably forgive will be remembered as well as what we charitably give.

STRICTLY PURE. HARMLESS to the MOST DELICATE.



This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.

THE CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, And Other Throat and Lung Affections.

It Contains No Opium in Any Form.

Recommended by Physicians, Ministers and Nurses. Used in Hospitals. Where all else has given it a good wind. It never fails to bring relief.

Creation will live Allen's Lung Balsam, and shun the use of all remedies without merit.

It's an Expectorant! It Has No Equal. It's For All Asthmatic Troubles.

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It brings SPEEDY RELIEF in all cases of SPRAINS and BRUISES.

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