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SUMERS.

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E OR RELIEVE DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

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VOL. 8.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1886.

NO. 28

THE SONG OF THE CARBONS. (From the Home Journal)

A weird, sweet melody, faint and far, A humming murmur, a rhythmic ring, Floats down from the tower where the lenses Can you bear the song which the carbons

Millions of æ ms have rolled away

In the grand chora'e which the stars rehearse, Since the note, so sweet in our song today, Was atruck in the chord of the universe.

The vast vibration went floating on
Through the dispason of space and time,
Till the impulse swelled to a desper tone,
And mellowed and thrilled with a finer

Backward and forward the atoms go
In the surging tide of that soundless sea,
Whose billows from nowhere to nowhere flow,
As they break on the sands of eternity. Yet, through all the coasts of the endless All,

In the ages to come, as in ages gone, We feel but the throb of that mystic thrall Which binds responsive the whole in one. We feel but the pulse of that viewless hand Which ever has been and still shall be.
In the stell ar orb and the grain of sand,
Through nature's endless paternity.

The smile which plays in the maiden glance,
Or stire in the best of an insect's wing,
Is of kin with the north lights spectral

Or the dazz'ing zone of the planet's ring. From our lonely tower aloft in air, free, When the storm rack pales in the lightning's

glare, Or the tt srlight sleeps in the sleeping sea. We send our greeting through breathles space,
To our distant cousins, the nebu'æ,
And catch in the comet's misty trace,
But a drifting leaf from the tribal tree.

The song we hum is but one faint sound In the hymn which echoes from pole pole, Which fills the domes of creation's round,

And when it ceases all life shall fail, Time's metronome shall arrested stand;
Al voice be voiceless, the stars turn pale,
And the great conductor shall drop

THE SENTIS.

Left were the busy quays, the street, The alleys where the lindens meet, The lilies on the convent pond, The convent vanes that soared beyond.

High up the towering hill we stand, Round us the hush of fairy land; Sheer down beneath our feet outlay The town, the cape, the crescent bay

The sombre haze of Baden wood, The brimming lake's broad gleaming flood, Bavaria's long, low, purple line, The gentle inflow of the Rhine; And bosky Austrian headlands steep

That pushed into the rippling deep; While southward far swelled high o'er all The Vorarlberg's gray battered wall.

Then on we parted, keen to gain
The goal that drowns the climber's pain;
An opening in the pines, and lo!
The Sentis, with its cone of snow! Across deep leagues of limpid air, How close it looked! how ghostly fair!

A silent vision to bring tears
Of rapture through the ebbing years.

The pink flush fades as bace we go, And cold winds from the glaciers blow. We parted: I passed on in haste, 'Neath roaring fall and frozen waste. Through valleys bleached with apple blo

By Thusis, and the gorge of gloom, Swept *ladge-borne o'er the Splungen wild, To lake sides where the myrtle smiled; And breathed at last in gales of balm

Where by the blue wave dreams the palm,

And sighed, sixty miles away, Peter's white peak in Corsica. Yet ever with me, snow-besprent, The phantom of the mountain went, Loftv and sad, a giant lone, Spell-bound upon his stony throne.

I see it (as I saw it then), Here by the burn in Sannox glen; Scarce sharper showed it that clear morn, 'Mid the weird realm of alp and horn.

REACTION.

O, bird of mine, with drooping wing, Whence all these notes of sorrow?
Thy song but yesterday was glad,
And 'twill be gay tomorrow.

Know'st thou not that woe and bliss Hold each slike attraction? That souls as well as matter bow One needs must grieve, nor knows the while,

That every note of sadness, Has hidden in his being's depth Its counterpart of gladness. O, human soul, in darkness now,
All hope and comfort scorning,
But wait, and lo! within thy sight,
The golden bars of morning!

Champe Carter in St. Louis Magazine. AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Go labor on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at your side, Without a hope to cheer the tomb; Take up the torch, and wave it wide, The torch that lights Time's thickest gloom

Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray, Be wise the erring soul to win; Go forth into the world's highway, Compel the wanderer to come in.

BONAR The United States fish commissioners' car, in charge of J. Frank Davis, arrived at Portland, Ore., Saturday. Itstarted with 1,000,000 shad, of which about 300,000 died en route. Half a million were placed in the Columbia river at Wallula Junction, and the remainder will be placed in the Willamette river at Albany. At attempt was made to hatch shad in the car while en route, and was a complete success. On the work of the work of the work of the most exculsite music. Rose, to my while en route, and was a complete success. On the 6th and 7th insts. 600,000 eggs were taken into the car at Havre de Grace, and placed in feur MacDonald jars. A pump was kept at work moving the water to keep it fresh, and the result was that fully 95 per cent. of the eggs

EYES TO THE BLIND.

BY LOUISA LANE.

After leaving college I was many years absent from my native country. Shortly who had been my most intimate friend at school and college. In the course of the long conversation in which we mutually enlightened each other as to the long conversation in which we mutually enlightened each other as to the events of the
past, he related to me the following story of his marriage:-

I have never yet told you that I was I have never yet told you that I was totally blind some time before my marriage.

I was travelling in Switzerland, alone, when one summer evening I found myself in the neighborhood of Bale. I had walked the of anguish. A bandage was placed over my

pedestrian under my window, and imagined that the sun had risen, but could perceive nothing but profound darkness. Then I heard the birds singing, and asked myself with some alarm, 'Do the birds sing in the

Quitting my bed, I groped along the wall and presently touched the window panes. I opened the casement, and the warm, flower-laden breeze fanned my face. Again I said to myself, with terror, 'Flowers, trees, grass do not give out such perfumes at night.' I pressed my trembling hand around the window frame, and felt the wall on one side was warm to the touch, and mith increasing terror I said. 'One cannot with increasing terror I said, 'One cannot feel the sunshine in the night! What time Just then the clock of the village church

answered me by striking twelve. At the same time a servant knocked at the door,

same time a servant knocked at the door, saying,—
'Are you coming to breakfast, sir? It is already twelve c'clock.,
At these words I staggered like a drunken man. I could see nobody; nothing but thick darkness was around me. I hid my face in my hands; tears and groans escaped me; could I be totally blind.' Broken by the terrible emotions which shook my frame, I fell to the ground insensible.

When I recovered my senses, I found my-

When I recovered my senses, I found my-self in a carriage, rapidly rolling along the highway; a hand soft and small as a woman's, was gently placed in mine. It was evident that I had a travelling companion whom I could not see, so I asked,—
'Where are you taking me?'

She answered me in the sweetest voice. 'We are on the road to Germany.'
And to what charitable friend have I the 'To the Countess Rose de Morny.'

'What induced you to take pity on my

nisfortune, madame? 'The fact that you were unhappy and alone?' 'That was showing great benevolence to an unknown traveller.'
'I remembered you sufficiently well to re-

cognize you at the first glance. I saw you very often last winter at our ambassador's in Paris. Your name is Frederick Dorsay. By your passport I felt sure it was your intention to visit Austria. I was on my way tention to visit Austria. I was on my way to Vienna to join my family, and thought we might as well travel together.'

But what can I see instravelling'? 'Will you let me see for you, Frederick?' At first I imagined I must still be dreaming in the hotel room; but as I realized my position and the terrible reality, I wept as I kissed the hand of this woman, who was young, rich and pretty, and yet willing to give up her time to an unfortunate invalid, to be literally eyes unte the blind.

We travelled by short stages; the Countwhat I was like?,

We travelled by short stages; the Countess Rose was truly a rare, a marvellous companion. Not satisfied by being only my friend and protector, she endeavored to console, to enliven me by the charms of her imagination, wit and conversation. The generality of friends in this world bring us their own troubles without being willing to share ours—but not so with my protector. If she was ever wearled by this tete a tete with a blind man, not a word of reproach or wearlness ever escaped her lips. I knew by a sort of second sight that Rose always smiled upon me. I seemed to see the smiles in her words, and she gave sight to my darkened eyes by the accuracy with which she described the beautiful scenery through darkened eyes by the accuracy with which she described the beautiful scenery through which we were travelling. As we were did for my eyes; as he protects them from nearing the end of our journey, I dared to the light till perfectly restored, so you hid

say to my friend and protector,—
'Rose, since invalids are only spoiled children, who must be indulged and not punished, let me ask you a question which

is almost impertinence.'
'I don't think so,' said Rose. I went on impatiently, pressing the hand of the Countess, which I held in mine,—
"Rose, I know you are clever, for you amuse and divert me all day long; I know you are noble, for you bear one of the most aristo-cratic names in Austria; I know you are good, benevolent, for your devotion to me is sublime. I even know that you are a widow, for you have spoken of the death of your husband. But what I do not know and should like to find out—for I am very inquisitive and indiscreet—can you not guess what it is, Rose?' Yes, I understand, I guess; but I advise

you to wait for a woman's confidence when t is a question of age.' But when it is a question of beauty? 'Then look at her.'
'But when one is blind?'

'Then you must try to see without look-'I am going to try.'

My inquisitive hand, guided by instinct, was placed on her head. Rose's forehead was as smooth and polished as marble, and I felt that it would be beautifully white and transparent. The hair I thought must be black; it was thick and silky, and it became clear to me that my Antigone was a bru-nette. Passing my hand slowly over the face, I felt sure that Rose was perfectly lovely; it only remained to guess her age, and from her lively manner of talking and

the most exquisite music. Rose, to my blinded eyes, was younger and prettier every day. To complete my happiness I needed

ly, like an old man, and approached my chair without speaking; they looked at me, and I felt sure they were compassionating

amine your eyes and cure you; do not speak, Frederick, and do not move under the doctor's hand.

neighborhoed of Bale. I had walked the entire day, and was absolutely broked down by fatigue; my eyes were dazzled with gazing at the magnificent mountain scenery. I entered the first hotel, went to bed and to sleep at once, and my dreams were most delightful.

I was awakened by the merry sog of a pedeatrian under my window, and imagined that the sun had risen, but could perceive nothing but profound darkness. Then I nize Rose at the first glance. 'Let me see and admire her, that I may remember her beauty, if I should again return to eternal

darkness,' was my heart's cry.

A voice, whose familiar sound made me start, seemed to answer my thought. Frederick, said the Countess, after God, who has protected you, you must thank Dr. Muldorff, who has restored you.'
Why should I thank the doctor? *He might have restored me, but it was Rose who had really saved me. My first glance belonged to Rose by right, and I wished by it to express the gratitude of my eyes to their saviour. But what a fearful surprise and disappointment! Rose so charming, so beloved, looked faded and rankled, looked

fifty years of age! I confess I almost fainted with vexation as I knelt at her feet. I willingly covered my eyes and became blind again by the doctor's orders. In the depths of my heart I found the portrait I had imagined of the woman I loved, and all

had imagined of the woman I loved, and all the illusions of my dream.

Every evening they accustomed me by degress to the candle light; then a lamp replaced the candle, and I waited impatiently for the day when I might face the sunshine. It was a strange thing, but every evening, when looking at her closely. I seemed to discover under the old age of my protectress arms green that was not old, some charming some grace that was not old, some charming smile, some glance that was almost coquet-ish, some graces that love had left behind ish, some graces that love had left behind when youth departed. Every evening they increased the light, and every evening Rose's noble countenance looked younger and mere charming. A still voice in my heart seemed to say, 'Another magic delay, a few more finishing touches to this ever changing portrait, and the metamorphosis will be complete, and the countess of fifty will disappear forever, and my Rose of twenty-live will return!'

At last the doctor gave me permission to prove the engaging of the counters and the counters of the count

enjoy the sunshine. When I returned home after a delightful walk in the open air, I approached Rose, who was sitting alone, probably expecting me, and as I seated myself by her side I cast down my eyes, fearing to look at her, and yet I lorged as much as

feared to see her once more.

'Frederick,' said the countess' 'do you remember an amusing scene which occurred between us in the travelling carriage? You were blind, and for that very reason anxious to see the face of your guide; is it not true?

Every one desires the impossible.'
'I remember it, and apologize for my boldness and curiosity.'
'I forgave yeu. It was not easy for

what I was like?,
'I remember well.'
'You said to me with singular persistency,

that you did for my heart what the doctor

the brilliancy of your great beauty till my love could bear it. Now you know the whole story of my niefortune, my marriage, and my happiness, and the secret of our preference in charity is explained. You know the mystery of the alms which Ross and I give to the blind

the other end of the rope in their hands to government to have exclusive control of all one day, after dinner, the counters led hoist him up. While he was in the act of missions in China.

me to my room and placed me in a deep chair. Presently two persons entered the room; one walked like Rose, the other slow-nearest the culprit knew it almost he was signal to hoist, and before those who were nearest the culprit knew it almost he was kicking in the air. After happing five or ten minutes some one in the crowd seized BUFFALO, May 15 .- Miss Frances C. Fol-

hold of Baker's legs and pulled them down with all his might. As he then hung motionless it was assumed that he was dead, and the lynchers feeling that they had done a good job and saved the county considerable expense, separated, and were soon distributed about the various salogue. They had hardly vanished arated, and were soon distributed about the various saloons. They had hardly vanished when the jailer appeared on the scene, with three or four citizens, whom he had hastly summoned, and the body of Barker was quickly cut down and conveyed back to the jail. It had been hasging for fifteen minutes, and a physician who was summoned pronounced the man dead. There was no

reveal any movement of the heart.

Nothing daunted by the unfavorable report of the doctor, the jailer insisted on trying his hand at resuscitation. O dering a liberal supply of Springer whiskey, he began liberal supply of Springer whiskey, he began is first term and passed creditable examinations. It were an examinations to the carry a book to or from school, so devoted on the carry a book to or from school, so devoted on the mane John J. Astor, the other war. On the inside each of the borthers has a private office and plenty of clerks to do the work. The place oulse, and repeated examinations failed to ing his hand at resuscitation. O dering a liberal supply of Springer whiskey, be began work on the body. First he poured about a pint down Baker's throat. Then he rubbed him, rolled him over and over and tried to walk him up and down. Several citizens who dropped in began to take an interest in the matter, and when one man got tired another took the subject in hand. Daybreak found all of the toilers nearly exhansted and Baker apparently as dead as ever. One by one the men came to the conclusion that it was a useless task, and finally all sat down, convinced that the prisoner had gone beyond recall. After talk-ing a while, and before separating, the men ocnoluded to try it once more, and they gave of the term her marks were so low that she the remains a furious shaking up. More was not allowed to try the examinations in the remains a furious shaking up. More whiskey was poured down the swollen threat, and the body, now nearly nude, was rubbed more vigorously than ever. After half an hour's work the jailer was overjoyed by the discovery that Baker had opened his to imaginary relative to the second of the term ner mer hard a period of the term ner ner mer hard a geometry, chemistry composition average by the discovery that Baker had opened his to imaginary relative to the highest mark. eyes. Color began to appear in his face and a slight warmth was noticeable all over his body. More whiskey and more rubbing had a beneficial effect, and at nine o'clock in the

forencon, more than eight hours after the lynching, Baker was able to move and to mutter a few half-audible words. Physicians were then called, and under their treatment the man who had been lynched was presently able to indicate his wishes. As soon as Baker was strong enough to be moved, the Springer authorities brought him here for safe-keeping. When he ar-rived here he was suffering terribly, and itwas not until several weeks had elapsed that he grew strong enough to sit up. Even then he was subject to spasms of unconscious-

to a question as to how it felt to be hanged:

"You don't have time to think much about it. I know that they pulled me up before I was ready, and the first sensation of surprise was followed quickly by one of suffocation and pain. I could appreciate the fact that I was hanging by the neck, and I now remember that, I was conscious of kicking, and I thought quicker than a flash how disgraceful a thing it was for a man to die in that fashion. Just then my head seemed to puff up enormously, and I thought I could see a thousand men around me. There was a buzzing in my ears, a dry, choking sensation in the throat, and frightful shooting pains in the back. My toes and fingers tingled as they do when they are 'asleep, and different colors fiashed before me. I could hear words now and then, but could not proposite the washes. I could hear words now and then, but could not redognize the voices, which seemed to come from a great distance. After a little I remember that I began to atruggle harder remember that I began to struggle narder than ever, and then came a sudden weight on my feet which almost jerked my eyes out of my head and nearly broke my back, I guess. I lost myself after that, and remember nothing more until I heard the men in the jall at Springer talking eight hours afterward." Baker now has spells of seeing things double, and he says that this sensation and that of the buzzing in his ears are the most that of the buzzing in his ears are the most unpleasant ones that he experiences. He thinks that if he is not hanged again he will outgrow these afflictions in time.

Great Sale of Thoroughbreds. FIFTY-ONE HEAD OF KENTUCKY YRABLINGS

BOLD FOR \$65,510, SPRING STATION, Ky., May 13.-The great est sale of thoroughbred yearlings held this season was that of A. J. Alexander of this

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S CHOICE. School Life of Miss Folsom at Buffalo and Aurora.

om, President Cleveland's bride-elect, graduated from Wells college, at Aurora, N. Y. last June, and previous to entering that institution passed two years of school life at the high school in this city. She was only fifteen years old when she entered "the Central." as the high school was then called, central," as the high school was then called, and lived with her widowed mother at No. 118 Niagara street, just four blooks from the school. She became at once a great favorite with teachers and scholars and her beauty made her the belie of the school at ence. The big boys in the senior class vied with one another in their attentions to the little beauty, and it is said that she never had to carry a book to or from school, so devoted ations in all three at the close of the term. Her weekly average was 79 25 out of a possible 90. Frankle's second term at the Central commenced in February, 1880, and that winter and spring saw the young girl fully established as the queen of beauty in the younger society set in which she moved. She was a brilliant conversationalist, a graceful dancer and so fond of gayety that very few of the numerous invitations she received to parties and theatres were refused. The result of too much attention to society was evident in her school work, and at the end was not allowed to try the examinations in geometry, chemistry and "Casar." Her composition average was 75, but several of her effactors, in the form of letters written to imaginary relatives and friends, received

A CHARMING CORRESPONDENT. Frankie's reputation as a letter writer has always been of the highest, and those of her friends who have been favored with letters during her stay in Europe speak enthusias-cally of their interest and their very clever bits of description of scenes and places

visited. During the first term of her second year at the Central Frankle reviewed geometry and 'Cæsar' and took up the study of physical geography, in place of chemistry. She passed all three examinations with an average of 81. She studied rhetoric, advanced geometry and Virgil during the second term, and her average was 80.

neart, sour and narrow. Miss Elizabeth, her nlece, was nineteen, sunny in disposition, tall and gracefulin carriage, but withal not pretty. Miss Cynthia adhered to the custom in all things; Miss Elizabeth did not. She desired a personality of her own—to act for herself. She would not do things just because other people did, and she was wont to remind her

could do with a young woman so original as "to abhor bangs, snub Anglo-American young men and have views on education, politics and even on temperance." wrote a despairing letter to her cousin in New York, Robert McGregor, begging him to help her out of the predicament, and he helped her by marrying Miss Elizabeth.

Many years later two gentlemen are talkplace. The Senatorial party and turf men ing together in the conservatory of a fashion-from all parts of the country were here. This able New York lady. The subject under morning's train from Louisville had two discussion was Mrs. Robert McGregor, who and the secree of our preference in charity is explained. You know the mystery of the data with the conservatory of a fashional explained. You know the mystery of the memory bestows our gifts, while gratitude in the second of the sale of the s

tire party will leave via the Northern Central railway for Buffalo, the friends of the president refused to say.

THE ASTORS' MILLIONS.

A Great Fortune that has been Accumulated in Real Estate.

NEW YORK, May 16 .- Looking out of my window last evening I saw the Astor brothers passing down Twenty-sixth street. They were coming from their business office, just below Broadway on the street they were is a singular little institution. It wears an air of repose entirely foreign to a business establishment, yet within its walls there are more transactions of importance yearly than in many a pretentious financial institution. in many a pretentious financial institution. The score or more of clerks with their big books are kept busy looking after the real estate which belongs to the Astors. It is said that this establishment collects in rentals more than \$1,000,000 a year. It takes as much time and attention to keep track of the property belonging to this noted family as it would to conduct an extensive banking house.

GROWN RICH IN REAL ESTATE The Astors are not speculators. They de not go upon the streets for business or invest money in ordinary business affairs. They confine their operations to real estate. It was the foundation of their great fortune which was left to them by the ahrewd and miserly old parent who made it. John Jacob Astor, the elder, was a singular old person. He labored and saved; all the money ne accumulated went into land and its be longings. The most glowing business ven-ture could not coax money out of his pocket. He believed in land and invested his fortune in it. His life was anything but a happy one, and his family don't seem to have improved much upon it. They live in good shape, that is about all. They cut no figure in the general life of the metropolis except as large property owners and purchasers. The two Astors are old men. Wm. W. is a tall, robust citizen, near sixty, I should think. He has a round, full face, a little inclined to be red, and a sandy complexion His brother is fully as tall, but not as stout, nor as cheerful looking. Both of them pass along the street without attracting any attention or scarcely a passing notice

THE ASTORS MANY MILLIONS. In dollars and cen's I suppose they are by far the largest real estate owners in the United States. They are adding to their possessions every day. Their present ventures, I believe, are in the direction of the new property about Harlem, that is just now attracting the state of the Vander. so much attention. Next to the Vander-bilts, I suppose this is the richest family in America. How many millions they have no one seems to know, yet in 1860 it was her-alded ever the United States that John Jacob Astor was the richest man in the country. He had a million of dollars then. Just think of the great fortunes that have been accumulated since. The Vanderbilt estate has been built up since those days, while Astor's real estate, then valued at a million, has increased to more than a hun-dred millions. The fortune he left to his family is one of the very few in New York that has been kept intact and built upon by the slow increase in the value of houses and land.

Another Tornado in Ohio.

HOUSES AND TREFS BLOWN DOWN-THREE WO-

people did, and she was wont to remind her aunt that Mr. Mill said, "The despotism of customs is everywhere the standing hindrance to human growth;" and that George Eliot found the "strongest principles of growth in human choice." She wanted contract with the world and gladly accepted an invitation from an Albany cousin to spend a winter with her. The cousin, Miss Annie Vau Vieet, much perplexed as to what she could do with a young woman so original as could do with a young woman so original as MEN KILLED BY LIGHTNING. borhood of Celina, the county seat of Mercer county, which town is on the west bank of this ten-mi e pond, the damage done by the storm is great. Three women were killed by lightning near Celins, and at Neptune, three miles north, two men and one child were injured so badly by a falling house that they died in a short time. Some fifteen other persons were more or less injured, and the destruction of farm property all through that region has been very great. Hundreds of barns, houses, and farm buildings have either been entirely deemolished or unroofed, and the orchards torn up. Large forest trees were uprooted and carried great distances, some of which in the king, were driven ten to fifteen feet in the ground. Vehicles and farm implements were scattered broadcast over the county. The buildings and houses on a Mr. Piper's farm were all more or less damaged, and some were carried away. less damaged, and some were carried away. Not a rod of board fencing remains on the en-

tire farm.

A school house on this place was blown to pieces, and the boards and timbers were splintered and carried before the wind like so much chaff. The door of this school hou e was found on a farm two miles away, and a heavy iron heating stove was carried several hundred yards. The storm took a zigzag course, and ropped down and put in its work in sp ts

Socialists at San Francisco.

ADVOCATING THE SACKING OF RESIDENCES OF SAN FRANCISCO, May 17.-Five socialists, while engaged yesterday in haranguing a crowd, were arrested and charged with a misdemeanor. The most prominent of them is J. P. Rudeizky, a Pole, who in his speech advo-P. Rudeizky, a Pole, who in his speech advo-cated going to Nob Hill and sacking the resi-dences of Messrs. Stanford, Crocker and Flood and distributing what money and valuables they found among themselves. On Rudeizsky's person were found two phamphlets written by John Most of Chicago, entitled The Beast of Property, and Total Annihilation Proposed as the Only Infallible Remedy. The prisoners resisted and the officers had to use their clubs. One prisoner, A. J. Warren, was rescued from the policemen by the mob, but was recaptured. The prisoners were much excited over their ar-rest, but disclaim the idea that they were in-citing a riot.

Reports from the Northwest for the past week, with a few exceptions, are of the most favorable character. Frequent rains have been followed by cool weather, and vegetation has a Whether the marriage ceremony will be quietly performed there, or whether the en-