

Governor Cleveland has issued his letter of acceptance of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency of the United States.

The anniversary of the birth of the Republican party in the United States was celebrated by an immense demonstration at Strong, Maine, Tuesday.

Wilber Plumb, a street car driver in Toledo, was shot and killed Tuesday night by a robber, who intended to secure the money box. The murderer escaped.

Intelligence has been received that a Mormon preacher in Hawkins county has been shot and seriously wounded by a negro. There are several Mormons there, and sentiment is strong against them.

The building 108 to 112 Beach street, Boston, occupied by several firms was damaged by fire to the extent of \$70,000 last week. The roof gave way with Joseph Pierce and James Quigley, firemen. They fell into a seething mass of flames and were burned to death. Pierce was one of the best known members of the force.

### BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The weather in London continues sultry and almost tropical. Many persons have been prostrated with sun strokes, several of which have proved fatal.

A British gunboat has been ordered to Heligoland for the protection of English fisheries.

The sudden death from heart disease of the Duke of Wellington as he was entering a railway train at Brighton has caused a sensation in society circles, and recalls the death of his illustrious father, the Iron Duke, which occurred almost as suddenly, in 1852, at Walmer Castle. The Duke who has just died was 77 years old, and childless.

The Government is pushing the preparation for the relief expedition to Khartoum with a degree of official zeal that is wholly unprecedented in the recent history of Egyptian affairs. At the same time remarkable precautions are being taken to prevent the press and the public from knowing more about the progress of events than it may suit the officials to divulge.

The French Senate to-day voted a credit of five million francs for carrying on operations in Madagascar.

Seventeen workmen were suffocated yesterday at Bray, in France, while employed in an underground canal, intended to connect the rivers Oise and Aisne.

### Tales and Sketches.

#### A TEMPERANCE FANATIC.

Kind friend, put your glass on the table  
Untasted, and listen to me.  
You say I'm a temperance fanatic—  
Mayhap I have reason to be.  
It is years since we parted at college,  
Let us talk over times passed away,  
And see, of companions and classmates,  
Who's dead and who's living to-day.

There were ten of us came off together,  
Here are two, now what of the eight?  
But a few days ago I saw Williams  
He who beat us all in debate.  
He was rich you know; and now he is needy  
I asked where his fortune all went.  
He tipped up a glass as he answered,  
'I drank it down so, every cent.'

Then Ralph, who bore the first honor,  
He took to the bar as you know,  
But another bar claimed his attention,  
And business progressed rather slow.  
He died of the tremens, poor fellow,  
His talents would rank with the first,  
And to think of his dying ere forty,  
A prey to the demon of thirst.

Then Bob, irrepressible Robert,  
Who always took lead in our fun,  
The gayest and wildest of fellows,  
Yet the kindest and best-hearted one.  
Well, he went to prison, life-sentence,  
He took too much liquor one day,  
And a spree that began in good feeling,  
Ended up with a stabbing affray.

'Then there was that young prince of toppers,  
That high-headed Archibald West,  
He never was known to be tipsy,  
Yet he drank more than all of the rest.  
Ah! he is reaping the crop of his sowing,  
His son loves the cup and has not  
A stomach of steel like his father,  
And already the boy is a sot.

I made Tom a visit last summer;  
You remember Tom, quiet and mild,  
Well, he makes the most fretful of husbands,  
I pity his wife and his child.  
He's pleasant enough in the evening,  
As he sips his hot toddy and ale,  
But all the forenoon he's a terror,  
Cross, headachy, snappish and pale.

And George, who was called Claude Adonis,  
Who turned women's heads with a smile,  
That straight-limbed and graceful Apollo,  
Who took a dram 'once in a while.'  
Oh, Charles, you would scarcely believe it,  
But the fellow's a sight to behold,  
His nose is as red as a lobster,  
He's bloated and blear-eyed and old.

Then Herbert, he's travelling somewhere,  
But one more remains, Henry Lee,  
And you know from the deck of a steamer  
He fell, and was lost out at sea.  
A friend who was with him since told me  
That Hank was light-headed from drink,  
And that's how he so lost his balance,  
'Twas the general opinion, I think.

So Charles, when I name o'er our classmates,  
Who all tipped the glass now and then,  
I think what woes might have been saved them  
If they had been temperance men.  
You I own, seem untouched by drink's dangers,  
Yet your future we neither can scan.  
And I really feel safer for being  
A very fanatical man.

—Selected.

#### THERE ARE DOCTORS AND DOCTORS.

Rather more than a year ago, a lady was prevailed upon to sign the total abstinence pledge. She had been in the habit of regularly drinking a little wine daily; so little that she hardly thought that she could do any good by ceasing to take it. But to her surprise she found the influence of her example, as a pledged abstainer, powerful enough to induce more than a hundred persons to sign as she had done.

After a year of happy work as a total abstainer, she was taken ill, and she sent for her medical man. He found her weak and exhausted and altogether out of sorts, and he asked her what she had been doing with herself to bring her down so low.

She confessed that during the last year she had taken no stimulant of any sort; she had become a teetotaler.

"Ha! I thought as much," exclaimed the doctor, "and I assure you that it will not do for you. You must give it up at once. You are just committing suicide. You absolutely require a gentle stimulant. There are constitutions which can do without it, but yours is not one of them. You have always been accustomed to little, and you must take it, just a glass of bitter beer with your luncheon, and a little wine at dinner to assimilate your food. It is absolutely necessary to you."

The lady felt very sorrowful, very unwilling to do what would, she knew, more than nullify the effect of all her endeavors during the past year, and would put a complete stop to her excellent work among her poor neighbors.

After earnest, prayerful thought, she decided to take another opinion. She went up to London to consult Sir Andrew Clarke. He examined into her case, and questioned her very carefully, and at last inquired, "Do you take stimulants at all?"

"No," she replied, timidly, "I was in the habit of taking a little, but for the last year I have taken none at all—and—"

"I am glad to hear it. Never touch stimulant of any sort; it is the very worst thing you can take."

"Oh, doctor!" she exclaimed eagerly, "will you write that down and put your name to it?"

"Very willingly," he replied.