

**THE BRITISH NAVY.**

**The Ship of the Future Lined by a Poetic Eye.**

A London cablegram says the following appears in this week's *Punch*:

**THE SHIP OF THE FUTURE.**

Sir William Armstrong, speaking on nautical defence, advocated light, swift ships, only partially armored, with very heavy guns, which he considered to be far superior to ironclads.

It was a gallant captain,  
And he sailed upon the sea;  
Quoth he: "The lumbering ironclads  
Can never get hold of me.  
I steam much faster than them all,  
So in the time of war,  
I'll simply pour a broadside in  
And then fly off afar.  
I can carry heavy metal, too,  
The newest of new guns,  
The playthings that are rated  
A simple hundred tons.  
They'll go through every armor plate  
Like paper, such their power,  
And having fired, we'll steam away  
At sixteen knots an hour.  
And should the enemy hit me  
It's easy to divine—  
With engines and with boilers placed  
Below my water line,  
They'll hardly touch a vital part  
Constructed as I am.  
While I am free to charge at them  
And use my deadly ram,  
I'm light and I'm unarmored,  
Save just where my guns are placed;  
For like a lady, I am well  
Protected at the waist.  
Before me shall each iron-clad  
In flight give up the ghost,  
And England's wooden walls again  
Shall be the standing toast."

**HER BOY AT LAST.  
A SOCIETY NOVEL.**

By the author of "Edith Lyle," "Mildred," "Forrest House," "Chateau d'Or," etc.

**CHAPTER I.**

**THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE.**

Twenty-five years ago the people of Devonshire, a little town among the New England hills, had the reputation of being rather quarrelsome. Sometimes about meek, gentle Mrs. Tiverton, the minister's wife, whose manner of housekeeping, or style of dress, did not exactly suit them; sometimes about the minister himself, who vainly imagined that if he preached three sermons a week, attended the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, the Thursday evening sewing society, visited all the sick, and gave to every beggar that called at his door, besides superintending the Sunday School he was earning his salary of six hundred per year.

Sometimes, and that was not rarely, the quarrel crept into the choir, and then for two or three Sundays it was all in vain that Mr. Tiverton read the psalm and hymn, and cast troubled glances toward the vacant seats of his refractory singers. There was no one to respond, except poor Mr. Hodges, who usually selected something in a minor key, and pitched it so high that few could follow him; while Mrs. Captain Simpson—whose daughter was the organist—rolled her eyes at her next neighbor, or fanned herself furiously in token of her disgust.

Latterly, however, there had arisen a new cause for quarrel, before which everything else sank into insignificance. Now, though the village of Devonshire could boast but one public school-house, said house being divided into two departments, the upper and lower divisions, there were in the town several district-schools; and for the last few years a committee of three had been annually appointed to examine and decide upon the merits of the various candidates for teaching, giving to each, if the decision were favorable, a slip of paper certifying his or her qualification to teach a common school. It was strange that over such an office so fierce a feud should have arisen; but when Mr. Tiverton, Squire Lamb and Lawyer Whittemore, in the full conviction that they were doing right, refused a certificate of scholarship to a niece of Mrs. Judge Tisdale, and awarded it to one whose earnings in a factory had procured for her a thorough English education, the villagers were aroused as they had never been before—the aristocracy abusing and the democracy upholding the dismayed trio, who at last quietly resigned their office, and Devonshire was without a school committee.

In this emergency something must be done, and as the two belligerent parties could only unite on a stranger, it seemed a matter of special providence that only two months before the quarrel began, young Dr. Holbrook, a native of Boston, had rented a pleasant little office on the village common, formerly occupied by old Dr. Carey, whose days of practice were over. Besides being handsome, and skilful, and quite as familiar with the poor as the rich, the young doctor was descended from the aristocratic line of Boston Holbrooks, facts which tended to make him a favorite with both classes; and, greatly to his surprise, he found himself unanimously elected to the responsible office of sole Inspector of Common Schools in Devonshire. It was in vain that he remonstrated, saying he knew nothing whatever of the qualifications requisite for a teacher; that he could not talk to girls unless they happened to be sick; that he should make a miserable failure, and be turned out of office in less than a month. The people would not listen. Somebody must examine the teachers, and that somebody might as well be Dr. Holbrook as any one.

"Only be strict with 'em and draw the reins tight; find out to your satisfaction whether a gal knows her P's and Q's before you give her a stiff neck; we've had enough of your ignoramuses," said Colonel Lewis, the democratic potentate to whom Dr. Holbrook was expressing his fears that he should not give satisfaction. Then, as a bright idea suggested itself to the old gentleman, he added: "I tell you what, just cut one or two at first; that'll give you a name for being particular, which is just the thing."

Accordingly, with no definite idea as to what was expected of him, except that he was to find out "whether a gal knew her P's and Q's," and was also to "cut one or two of the first candidates," Dr. Holbrook accepted the situation, and then, waited rather nervously his initiation. He was never at his ease in the society of ladies, unless they stood in need of his professional services, when he lost sight of them at once, and thought only of their disease. His patient eye, however, he became nervously shy and embarrassed, retreating as soon as possible from her presence to the shelter of his friendly office, where, with his boots upon his table, and his head thrown back in a most comfortable position, he sat one April morning, in happy oblivion

of the boy of girls who were ere long to invade his sanctum.

"Something for you, sir. The lady will wait for an answer," said his office boy, passing to his master a little note, and nodding toward the street.

Following the direction indicated, the doctor saw near his door an old-fashioned one-horse waggon, such as is still occasionally seen in New England among the farmers who till the barren soil and rarely indulge in anything new. On this occasion it was a square-boxed dark-green waggon, drawn by a sorrel horse, sometimes called by the genuine Yankee "yellow," and driven by a white-haired man, whose silvery locks, falling around his wrinkled face, gave him a pleasing, patriarchal appearance, which interested the doctor far more than did the flutter of the blue ribbon beside him, even though the bonnet that ribbon tied shaded the face of a young girl.

The note was from her, and tearing it open, the doctor read, in a pretty, girlish handwriting:

"Dr. Holbrook."

Here it was plainly visible that a "D" had been written as if she would have said "Dear." Then, evidently changing her mind, she had with her finger blotted out the "D," and made it into an oddly-shaped "S," so that it read:

"Dr. HOLBROOK—SIR: Will you be at leisure to examine me on Monday afternoon, at three o'clock?"

MADLINE A. CLYDE.

"P. S.—For particular reasons I hope you can attend to me as early as Monday, M. A. C."

Dr. Holbrook knew very little of girls and their peculiarities, but he thought this note, with its P. S., decidedly girlish. Still he made no comment, either verbal or mental, so flurried was he with the thought that the evil he so much dreaded had come upon him at last. Had it been left to his choice, he would far rather have extracted every one of Madeline Clyde's teeth, than have set himself up before her as some horrid ogre, asking what she knew and what she did not know. But the choice was not his, and, turning at last to the boy, he said shortly, "Tell her to come."

Most men would have sought for a glimpse of the face under the bonnet tied with blue, but Dr. Holbrook did not care a picayune whether it were ugly or fair, though it did strike him that the voice was singularly sweet, which, after the boy had delivered the message, said to the old man, "Oh, I am so glad; now, grandpa, we'll go home. I know you must be tired."

Very slowly Sorrel trotted down the street, the blue ribbons fluttering in the wind, and one little ungloved hand carefully adjusting about the old man's shoulders the ancient camel coat which had done duty for many a year, and was needed on this chill April day. The doctor saw all this, and the impression left upon his mind was, that Candidate No. 1 was probably a nice kind of a girl, and very good to her grandfather. But what should he ask her, and how demean himself towards her, and would it be well to "cut her," as Colonel Lewis had advised him to do to one or two of the first? Monday afternoon was frightfully near, he thought, as this was only Saturday; and then, feeling that he must be prepared, he brought out from the trunk, where since his arrival in Devonshire they had been quietly lying, books enough to have frightened an older person than poor little Madeline Clyde, riding slowly home and wishing so much that she had a glimpse of Dr. Holbrook, so as to know what he was like, and hoping he would give her a chance to repeat some of the many pages of geography and history which she knew by heart. How she would have trembled could she have seen the formidable volumes heaped upon the doctor's table and waiting for her. There were French and Latin grammars, Hamilton's Metaphysics, Olmstead's Philosophy, Day's Algebra, Butler's Analogy and many other books, into which poor Madeline had never so much as looked. Arranging them in a row, and half wishing himself back again in the days when he had studied them, the doctor went out to visit his patients, of which there were so many that Madeline Clyde entirely escaped his mind, nor did she trouble him again until the dreaded Monday came, and the hands of his watch pointed to two.

"One hour more," he said to himself, just as the roll of wheels and a cloud of dust announced the arrival of some one.

"Can it be Sorrel and the square waggon?" Dr. Holbrook thought. But far different from Grandfather Clyde's turnout was the stylish carriage and the spirited bays which the colored coachman stopped in front of the white cottage in the same yard with the office, the house where Dr. Holbrook boarded, and where, if he married while in Devonshire, he would most likely bring his wife.

"Guy Remington, the very chap of all others whom I'd rather see, and, as I live, there's Agnes, with Jessie. Who knew she was in these parts?" was the doctor's mental exclamation, as, running his fingers through his hair and making a feint of pulling up the corners of his rather limp collar, he hurried out to the carriage, from which a dashing-looking lady of 30, or thereabouts, was alighting.

"Why, Agnes—I beg your pardon Mrs. Remington—when did you come?" he asked, offering his hand to the lady, who, coquettishly shaking back from her pretty, dollish face a profusion of light brown curls, gave him the tips of her lavender kids, while she told him she had come to Aikenside the Saturday before; and hearing from Guy that the lady with whom he boarded was an old friend of hers, she had driven over to call, and brought Jessie with her. "Here, Jessie, speak to the doctor. He was poor dear papa's friend," and something which was intended as a sigh of regret for "poor dear papa," escaped Agnes Remington's lips as she pushed a little curly-haired girl toward Dr. Holbrook.

Mrs. Conner, the lady of the house, had seen them by this time, and came running down the walk to meet her distinguished visitor, wondering a little to what she was indebted for this call from one who, since her marriage with the aristocratic Dr. Remington, had somewhat ignored her former acquaintances. Agnes was delighted to see her, and as Guy declined entering the cottage just then, the two friends disappeared within the door while the doctor and Guy repaired to the office, the latter sitting down in the chair intended for Madeline Clyde. This reminded the doctor of his perplexity, and also brought the comforting thought that Guy, who had

never failed him yet, could surely offer some suggestions. But he would not speak of it just now, he had other matters to talk about; and so, jamming his pen-knife into a pine table covered with similar jams, he said, "Agnes, it seems, has come to Aikenside, notwithstanding she declared she never would, when she found that the whole of the Remington property belonged to your mother, and not your father."

"Oh, yes. She recovered from her pique as soon as I settled a handsome little income on Jessie, and, in fact, on her too, until she is foolish enough to marry again, when it will cease, of course, as I do not feel it my duty to support any man's wife unless it be my own," was Guy Remington's reply; whereupon the pen-knife went again into the table, and this time with so much force that the point was broken off; but the doctor did not mind it, and with the jagged end continued to make jagged marks, while he said: "She'll hardly marry again, though she may. She's young—not over 26—"

"Thirty, if the family Bible does not lie," said Guy; "but she'd never forgive me if she knew I told you that. So let it pass that she's twenty-eight. She certainly is not more than two years your senior, a mere nothing, if you wish to make her Mrs. Holbrook;" and Guy's dark eyes scanned curiously the doctor's face, as if seeking there for the secret of his proud young step-mother's anxiety to visit plain Mrs. Conner the moment she heard that Dr. Holbrook was her boarder. But the doctor only laughed merrily at the idea of his being father to Guy, who was his college chum and long-tryed friend.

Agnes Remington, who was reclining languidly in Mrs. Conner's easy-chair, and overhearing her former friend with descriptions of the gay parties she had attended in Boston, and the fine sights she saw in Europe, whither her gay-haired husband had taken her for a wedding tour—would not have felt particularly flattered, could she have seen that smile, or heard how easily, from talking of her, Dr. Holbrook turned to Madeline Clyde, whom he expected every moment. There was a merry laugh on Guy's part, as he listened to the doctor's story; and when it was finished, he said: "Why, I see nothing so very distasteful in examining a pretty girl, and puzzling her, to see her blush. I half wish I were in your place. I should enjoy the novelty of the thing."

"Oh, take it, then; take my place," the doctor exclaimed, eagerly. "She does not know me from Adam. She never saw me in her life. Here are books, all you will need. You went to a district school a whole week that summer when you were staying in the country, with your grandmother. You surely have some idea what they do there, while I have not the slightest. Will you, Guy?" he persisted more earnestly, as he heard wheels in the street, and was sure old Sorrel had come again.

Guy Remington liked anything savoring of a frolic, but in his mind there were certain conscientious scruples touching the justice of the thing, and so at first he demurred; while the doctor still insisted, until at last he laughingly consented to commence the examination, provided the doctor would sit by, and occasionally come to his aid.

"You must write the certificate, of course," he said, "testifying that she is qualified to teach."

"Yes, certainly, Guy, if she is; but maybe she won't be, and my orders are to be strict—very strict at first, and out one or two. You have no idea what a row the town is in."

"How did the girl look?" Guy asked, and the doctor replied: "Saw nothing but her bonnet and a blue ribbon. Come in a queer old go-giggle of a waggon, such as your country farmers drive. There was an old man with her in a camel coat. Guess she won't be likely to impress either of us, particularly as I am bullet-proof, and you have been engaged for years. By the way, when do you cross the sea again for the fair Lucy? Rumor says, this summer."

"Rumor is wrong, as usual, then," was Guy's reply, a soft light stealing into his handsome eyes. Then after a moment, he added: "Miss Atherstone's health is far too delicate for her to incur the risk of a climate like ours. If she were here I should be glad, for it is terrible lonely at Aikenside, and I must stay there you know. It would be a shame to let the place run down."

"And do you really think a wife would make it pleasanter?" Dr. Holbrook asked, the tone of his voice indicating a little doubt as to a man's being happier for having a helpmate to share his joys and sorrows.

But no such doubts dwelt in the mind of Guy Remington. Eminently fitted for domestic happiness, he looked forward anxiously to the time when Lucy Atherstone, the fair English girl to whom he had become engaged when he visited Europe, four years ago, should be strong enough to bear transplanting to American soil. Twice since his engagement he had visited her, finding her always loving and sweet, but never quite ready to come with him to his home in America. He must wait a little longer; and he was waiting, satisfied that the girl was worth the sacrifice, as indeed she was, for a fairer, sweeter flower never bloomed than Lucy Atherstone, his affianced bride. Guy loved to think of her, and as the doctor's remarks brought her to his mind, he went off into a reverie concerning her, becoming so lost in thought, that until the doctor's hand was laid upon his shoulder, by way of rousing him, he did not see that what his friend designated as a go-giggle was stopping in front of the office, and that from it a young lady was alighting.

Naturally polite, Guy's first impulse was to go to her assistance, but she did not need it, as was proven by the light spring with which she reached the ground. The white-haired man was with her again, but he evidently did not intend to stop, and a close observer might have detected a shade of sadness and anxiety upon his face as Madeline called cheerily out to him, "Good-by, grandpa. Don't fear for me, and I hope you will have good luck;" then, as he drove away, she ran a step after him and said, "Don't look so sorry, please, for if Mr. Remington won't let you have the money, there's my pony, Beauty. I am willing to give him up."

"Never, Maddy, it's all the little fortin' you've got. I'll let the old place go first; and chipping to Sorrel, the old man drove on, while Madeline walked, with a beating heart, to the office door, where she knocked timidly.

Glancing involuntarily at each other, the young men exchanged meaning smiles, while the doctor whispered softly, "Verdant—that's sure."

As Guy sat nearest the door, it was he who opened it, while Madeline came in, her soft brown eyes glistening with something like a tear, and her cheeks burning with excitement as she took the chair indicated by Guy Remington, who unconsciously found himself master of ceremonies, and whom she naturally mistook for Dr. Holbrook, whom she had never seen.

**CHAPTER II.  
MADLINE CLYDE.**

Maddy, her grandfather and grandmother called her, and there was a world of unutterable tenderness in the voices of the old couple when they spoke that name, while their dim eyes lighted up with pride and joy whenever they rested upon the young girl who made the sunlight of their home. She was the child of their only daughter, and had lived with them since her mother's death, for her father was a sea captain, who never returned from his last voyage to China, made two months before she was born.

For forty years the aged couple had lived in the old red farm-house, tilling the barren soil of the rocky homestead, and, save on the sad night when they heard that Richard Clyde was lost at sea, and the far sadder morning when their daughter died, they had been tolerably free from sorrow; and, truly thankful for the blessings so long vouchsafed them, they had retired each night in peace with God and man, and risen each morning to pray. But a change was coming over them. In an evil hour grandpa Markham had signed a note for a neighbor and friend, who failed to pay, and so it fell upon Mr. Markham, who, to meet the demand, had been compelled to mortgage his homestead; the recreant neighbor still insisting that long before the mortgage was due he should be able himself to meet it. This, however, he had not done, and after twice begging of a foreclosing, poor old Grandfather Markham found himself at the mercy of a grasping remorseless man, into whose hands the mortgage had passed. It was vain to hope for mercy from a man like Silas Slocum. The money must either be forthcoming, or the red farm-house be sold, with its few acres of land; and as among his neighbors there was not one who had the money to spare, even if they had been willing to do so, he must look for it among strangers.

"If I could only help," Madeline said one evening when they sat talking over their troubles; "but there's nothing I can do, unless I apply for our school this summer. Mr. Green is the committeeman; he likes us, and I don't believe but what he'll let me have it. I mean to go and see," and before the old people had recovered from their astonishment, Madeline had caught her bonnet and shawl, and was flying down the road.

Madeline was a favorite with all, especially with Mr. Green, and as the school would be smaller that summer, the plan struck him favorably. Her age, however, was an objection, and he must take time to inquire what others thought of a child like her becoming school-mistress. The people thought well of it, and before the close of the next day it was generally known through Honedale, as the southern part of Devonshire was called, that pretty little Maddy Clyde had been engaged as teacher, and was to receive three dollars a week, with the understanding that she must board herself. It did not take Madeline long to calculate that twelve times three dollars was thirty-six dollars, more than a tenth of what her grandfather must borrow. It seemed like a little fortune, and blithe as a singing bird she flitted about the house, now stopping a moment to fondle her pet kitten, while she whispered the good news in its very appreciative ear, and then stroking her grandfather's silvery hair, as she said:

"You can tell them that you are sure of paying thirty-six dollars in the fall, and if I do well, maybe they'll hire me longer. I mean to try my very best. I wonder if anybody before me taught school when they were only 14. Do I look as young as that?" and for an instant the bright, childish face scanned itself eagerly in the old-fashioned mirror, with the figure of an eagle on the top.

She did look very young, and yet there was something womanly too in the expression of the face, something which said that life's realities were already beginning to be understood by her.

"If my hair were not short I should do better. What a pity I cut it the last time! It would have been so long and splendid now," she continued, giving a kind of contemptuous pull at the thick, beautiful brown hair, on which there was in certain lights a reddish tinge, which added to its richness and beauty.

"Never mind the hair, Maddy," the old man said, gazing fondly at her with a half sigh as he remembered another brown head, pillowed now beneath the grave-yard turf. "Maybe you won't pass muster, and then the hair will make no differ. There's a new committeeman, that Dr. Holbrook, from Boston, and new ones are apt to be mighty strict, and especially young ones like him. They say he is mighty larned, and can speak in furrin tongues."

Instantly Maddy's face flushed with nervous dread, as she thought, "What if I should fail?" fancying that to do so would be an eternal disgrace. But she should not fail. She was called by everybody the very best scholar in the Honedale school, the one whom the teachers always put forward when desirous of showing off, the one who Mr. Tiverton, and Squire Lamb, and Lawyer Whittemore always noticed and praised so much. Of course she should not fail, though she did dread Dr. Holbrook, wondering much what he would ask her first, and hoping it would be something in arithmetic, provided he did not stumble upon decimals, where she was apt to get bewildered. She had no fears of grammar. She could pick out the most obscure sentences and dissect a double relative with perfect ease; then as to geography, she could repeat whole pages of that; while in the spelling-book, the foundation of a thorough education, as she had been taught, she had no superiors, and but few equals. Still she would be very glad when it was over, and she appointed Monday, both because it was close at hand, and because that was the day her grandfather had set in which to ride to Aikenside, in an adjoin-

ing town, and ask its young master for the loan of three hundred dollars.

He could hardly tell why he had thought of applying to Guy Remington for help, unless it were that he once had saved the life of Guy's father, who, as long as he lived, had evinced a great regard for his benefactor, frequently asserting that he meant to do something for him. But the something was never done, the father was dead, and in his strait the old man turned to the son, whom he knew to be very rich, and who, he had been told, was exceedingly generous.

"How I wish I could go with you clear up to Aikenside! They say it's so beautiful," Madeline had said, as on Saturday evening they sat discussing the expected events of the following Monday. "Mrs. Noah, the housekeeper, had Sarah Jones there once, to sew, and she told me all about it. There are gravelled walks, and nice green lawns, and big, tall trees, and flowers—oh! so many!—and marble fountains, with gold fishes in the basin; and statues, big as folks, all over the yard, with two brass lions on the gate-posts. But the house is finest of all. There's a drawing-room bigger than a ball-room, with carpets that let your feet sink in so far; pictures and mirrors clear to the floor—think of that, grandpa! a looking glass so tall that one can see the very bottom of her dress and know just how it hangs. Oh, I do so wish I could have a peep at it! There are two in one room, and the windows are like doors, with lace curtains; but what is queerest of all, the chairs and sofas are covered with real silk, just like that funny gored gown of grandpa's up in the oak chest. Dear me! I wonder if I'll ever live in such a place as Aikenside?"

"No, no, Maddy, no. Be satisfied with the lot where God has put you and don't be longing after something higher. Our Father in Heaven knows just what is best for us; as He didn't see fit to put you up at Aikenside, 'tain't no ways likely you'll ever live in the like of it."

"Not unless I should happen to marry a rich man. Poor girls like me have sometimes done that, haven't they?" was Maddy's demure reply.

Grandpa Markham shook his head.

"They have, but its mostly their ruination; so don't build castles in the air about this Guy Remington."

(To be continued.)

**Beecher on Christ's Appearance.**

A despatch from New York says: At the last service in the lecture-room of Plymouth Church, Henry Ward Beecher spoke of the human conception of Christ to be found in the Scriptures," said he. "The only matter in this connection that any of the evangelists seem to have specially referred to was His eyes, and of these some of them speak in such a manner as to lead one to infer that there was a wondrous magnetism in His gaze. All the pictures of Christ are, therefore, humbings from a historical point of view. There was an impression of Christ's face taken by some Greek artists, it is true, but this impression is not to be trusted, as it presents to us a Greek head, and Christ was not a Greek, but a Jew. Probably if we could see a picture of Christ as He really was, we should be shocked, as all previous impressions we had formed with regard to His appearance would in all likelihood be entirely destroyed. Christ was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and he probably had a strong Jewish cast of countenance, for no race has ever existed which has had more marked personal characteristics than the Jewish race. As far as conceiving Christ in everyday life goes," continued Mr. Beecher, "I must admit that I cannot picture Him as standing over a wash-tub, but were I to imagine Him as making bread, for instance—if I were to imagine Him in this manner, at all—I should certainly think of Him as making the best bread that was possible to be made, and exercising due moderation when it came to eating it."

**Difference Between Burglars and Savings Banks.**

"The fact is," said old Mrs. Phipps, who is down to Frisco on a visit, "the fact is, my dear Mrs. Skidmore, I had the narrowest escape from being ruined the other day you ever heard of."

"Oh, how nice," said Mrs. S., pouring out another cup. "How was it?"

"Why, you know I sold our house and lot last month, and had the money all ready to deposit in the savings bank the next morning, which was the very day of its failure."

"Good gracious!

"I slept with the money under my pillow, and the next morning when I got ready to start for the bank the money was gone. Some burglars had taken it during the night. An hour afterward the bank burst. Did you ever hear of such a piece of good luck?"

"Luck? Why, you lost your coin all the same."

"Yes, but don't you see they caught the burglars, and on condition of my not prosecuting them, they returned me fifty cents on a dollar. The bank paid only twenty-two. There's no use talking, Hannah; between savings banks and robbers, I'll take my chances with the burglars every time.—San Francisco Post.

A New York despatch says Commissioner Fink states that the agreement between the trunk lines contemplates a reference of the question of differential rates to a Commission of three prominent men not identified in any way with seaboard cities or railroads. Before this Commission the Chamber of Commerce or other interested parties on whom the Commission may call for information will be heard. Meanwhile the tariff of June 15th, 1881, will be again put in force, which is on a basis of 20 cents per 100 lbs. on grain from Chicago to New York. West bound rates will be restored to the tariff of August 6th, 1881, viz., 45 cents per 100 lbs. first-class, New York to Chicago. All other questions, such as the method of maintaining rates hereafter, will be immediately arranged. Each of the trunk lines is to deposit a sum as a guarantee for the maintenance of agreement. Hereafter all questions of difference arising under the agreement will be arbitrated. The new tariff goes into effect on Monday.

Dr. Woelk, member of the German Reichstag, and one of the founders of the Liberal group, is dead.