PRESS AND PRESIDENT.

The American Newspapers on the Result.

(New York Herald—Dem.)

Honesty and common decency have triumphed. Governor Cleveland is chosen the next President of the United States.

(N. Y. Post—Rep.)

The great fact which stands out in all the election returns is that the independent Republicans have saved the country from the disgrace of Blaine's election.

(N. Y. Graphic—Ind.)

The people of this country yesterday vindicated the political system under which they live against the greatest danger it has encountered since its inauguration.

(Boston Globe—Ind.)

Massachusetts did nobly. In reducing the majority of four years ago from 55,000 to the pitiable Blaine plurality of this year the Old Bay State very handsomely set the seal of condemnation upon the trickster, Blaine.

(Albany Argus—Dem.)

Let the obligations to the free Reputlicans be here and now and everywhere and always acknowledged. Neither political party, as a party, has gained or could gain this election. The independent reinforcements held the balance of power. They awarded it to Cleveland, because his election was an insurance against a reversal or a suspension of the reforms on which the virtue and culture of Americans are resolved.

(Chicago Tribune—Rep.)

With defeat staring them in the face neither Mr. Blaine nor his party can be reproached with justice. Blaine did not seek the nomination this year. He was the choice of the masses of his party, represented more intimately and accurately in the Chicago Convention than in any previous National Convention ever held in the country. He has make a brilliant campaign, which has added lustre to his fame as a statesman.

(Boston Post—Ind.)

We mean Ben. Butler, the man of "crooked ways and distorted mind." Yesterday he appeared in his favoite *role* of the "Traitor and Fraud," and made what we suppose his Republican friends will call a success. He prevented Massachusetts from giving its electoral vote to Cleveland and Hendricks; but it was a narrow squeak for him. He has earned the hatred of thousands of men who stood by him last year and the year before, not one of whom would ever again vote for him.

(Albany Argus—Dem.)

The victory in New York for Cleveland carries lessons to rash and passionate men, which reflection may be relied on to impress on their minds. It gives answer to vile and venal men which the contempt of the human race may be trusted to administer. It supplies a commentary on Mr. Blaine's canvass in this Commonwealth, which the decency and the cleanliness of the State will appreciate, because they made it.

(New Haven Palladium—Rep)

At the present writing it appears as if the failure of the Republican electoral ticket in this State is due to the prohibition vote, which, according to the returns so far received, is larger than the plurality for the Cleveland ticket. In other words, the prohibitionists have succeeded in turning the State over to the Democrats on the national issue—a result of which they can hardly be proud.

(Brooklyn Union—Rep.)

The phenomenon is as remarka it is regrettable of a division so close in a vote of a million and a quarter, that nothing short of a careful count can place the result beyond question. But so far as Brooklyn's share of the contest is concerned, she has nothing to be ashamed of. Her rebuke to Blaineism is as emphatic as the demonstration it affords that with such a candidate as all Republicans could support without doing violence to their conscience or self-respect, the Democratic majority in the city would have been wiped out.

(Boston Herald—Ind.)

Governor Cleveland was a model candidate. Through all the long and bitter campaign he conducted himself with modesty, propriety and dignity. He constantly attended, with but two or three brief interruptions, to the exacting duties of the Executive of the Imperial State of New York, not saying or writing a single word that was not correct in taste and judgment. He has made upon his countrymen the impression of a level-headed, clear-eyed, reticent, man, not brilliant, but weighing well his words and speaking to the purpose. The desperate warfare made upon him was the lowest and dirtiest ever made upon a candidate for President.

(N. Y. World.)

We congratulate the Republic on the election of Grover Cleveland as its President. The democracy is again in ascendency in the nation. After twenty-four years of exclusion from power the party of Jefferson and Jackson once more places a firm grasp on the reins of government, with the determination, by God's help, to guide the Republic back into the straight path of democratic simplicity, economy and honesty, and to reestablish firmly and permanently the constitutional rights which have been gradually stolen from the States and the people.

(Detroit Free Press—Dem.)

The next President of the United States is Grover Cleveland. It is the most glorious triumph ever achieved in a Presidential election in this Republic. It is a triumph of sterling patriotism and a lofty sense of duty over the arts of the politician and the corrupting power of lavishly expended money. It is a triumph of the people over the demoralizing influences which have been so long at work undermining popular government.

At the hearing in the case of Frederick J Allen, charged with treason-felony at Dublin yesterday, the evidence showed that the rules governing the action of the executive of Fenian circles had been discovered at Allen's lodgings. The rules specified the duties of the members and the penalties for violating them. If the member proved unfaithful, his appearance and character were to be published throughout the globe, so that wherever a vestige of the Fenian organization existed he would be disgraced.

THE PRESIDENTS.

An Historical Review—Facts New and Old.

It is doubtful if more deep-seated, widespread, and intense interest in a Presidential campaign has ever been felt or manifested than in the contest which has just closed. The hearty and enthusiastic hard cider campaign of 1840, resulting in the triumph of Gen. Harrison ("Old Tippecanoe") over Martin Van Buren (Little "Matty Van"), and the more notable and better remembered campaign of 1860, when Abraham Lincoln (Father Abraham—Uncle Abe—Honest Old Abe—The Rail Splitter of the West) became the choice of the people as their chief in the dark and troublous days of doubt and uncertainty that foreshadowed the storm of secession and treason, so soon to burst in its fury upon the land—though both were campaigns of remarkable interest and historical importance—are yet surpassed by the one now closing, both in intensity of feeling and partisan bitterness.

The close of President Arthur's term of office on the 4th of March next will complete the twenty-fourth Presidential term of four years each since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. During this period of ninety-six years twenty-one different persons have occupied that high office. Of these seventeen were elected and four succeeded to its honors from the Vice-Presidency upon the death of the President. Of the seventeen elected, two—viz., Thomas Jefferson (for his first term) and John Quincy Adams—were elected by the House of Representatives in accordance with the constitution, the electoral colleges in these two instances having failed to make a choice, and one—viz, Rutherford B. Hayes—was declared elected upon the ascertained results as declared by an electoral commission specially created to adjudicate the disputed and memorable election of 1876. Seven Presidents were re-elected to a second term—viz., Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant—and ten to but a single term—viz., John Adams, his son, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Hayes and Garfield. The contingent Presidents have been John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson and Chester A. Arthur, they succeeding to the Presidency upon the death of Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln and Garfield, respectively. But two ex-Presidents are now living—Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and Rutherford B. Hayes. When ——(?) is inaugurated, March 4th next, Chester A. Arthur will make the third, should neither be removed by death before that time. During the eight years of Gen. Grant's Presidency, beginning March 4th, 1869, ex-Presidents Pierce, Fillmore and Johnson died in the order named. Gen. Grant was, therefore, upon his retirement from the White House in 1877, the only living ex-President, this being the only instance of the kind since President Washington retired to private life in 1797.

Washington's first inauguration took place in the city of New York; his second in Philadelphia, where John Adams was also inaugurated. Jefferson was the first President inaugurated at Washington, where all subsequent inaugurations have taken place, with the possible exception of that of President Arthur. The Vice-President being in New York city at the time of the President's death, the oath of office was administered to him at his residence in that city by Judge Brady.

Gen. Grant was the youngest of the Presidents when inaugurated, being 47; Pierce and Garfield were 49; Polk and Fillmore, 50; Tyler, 51; Lincoln, 52; Van Buren and Taylor, 55; Washington and Johnson, 57; Jefferson, Madison and John Quincy Adams, 58; Monroe, 59; John Adams and Jackson, 62; Buchanan, 66; Harrison, 68.

Garfield died the youngest, not having reached his 50th birthday. Polk was 54 at his death; Lincoln, 56; Pierce, 65; Taylor, 66; Washington and Johnson, 67; Harrison, 68; Tyler and Monroe, 73; Fillmore, 74; Buchanan, 77; Jackson, 78; Van Buren, 80; John Quincy Adams, 81; Jefferson, 83; Madison, 85; John Adams, 91.

Nine States of the Union have thus far furnished all the Presidents, and from ten States have come all the Vice-Presidents. The following table gives the names of the States that have supplied the Presidents, and the number of years each has had this honor:

	Years.
Virginia	36
Massachusetts	8
Tennessee	16
New York	10½
Ohio	4½
Louisiana	1
New Hampshire	4
Pennsylvania	4
Illinois	12
Total—1789 to 1885	96

Attention has been called to the fact, more than once alluded to, that no aspirant to Presidential honors whose name begins with C has been successful. The fact is more noticeable, perhaps, when we remember that such men as George Clinton, De Witt Clinton, William H. Crawford, John C. Calhoun, Lewiss Cass, Henry Clay and Salmon P. Chase have at different times either been candidates for the Presidency or their names seriously considered by their countrymen for that high office. The probable result of the present election is not likely to lessen the significance of this rather singular fact.

Another tradition that has frequently been mentioned, and that will not be disturbed whatever may be the result of the present struggle, is that no candidate has ever yet entered the White House from the Senate. Gen. Garfield, although a senator-elect, was actually a member of the house when elected president—that being the only instance where a citizen while holding a seat in the House of Representatives has been elected to the Senate and a little further on selected by the whole people as their chief magistrate. We have had presidents who have served in the Senate, but no one has been chosen to that office who was a senator at the time of his election. This is a noticeable fact, because the United States Senate is our highest deliberative body, and its rolls embrace largely the illustrious names in our political history.

The people seem to have turned to the army for a president whenever distinguished success in the field has given them the opportunity to so show their gratitude for valor—and perhaps more wise and sagacious statemen in the senate have been bidden to wait. Leaving out of the list Washington, soldier and statesman both, for he was "first in war and first in peace," we have only to mention the names of Jackson, Harrison, Taylor and Grant to prove the assertion. Gen. Scott was really the only conspicuous and distinguished soldier of the country who has not been thus honored, and even his successful opponent was Gen. Franklin Pierce of (more or less) Mexican war fame. Hayes' modest but creditable war record undoubtedly aided him in his lucky strike, and the more valuable military services of Garfield, although not of the highest rank, beyond doubt largely endeared him to the people. But for this hearty and enthusiastic feeling of gratitude to our military heroes—which is quite natural and pardonable—it would be difficult to understand why the claims of such eminent and sagacious men as have adorned the Senate of the United States in years gone by have been repeatedly ignored or passed by for men confessedly not their superiors—alas! in more than one instance not their equals in the wisdom, sagacity and experience necessary to preside over a great nation at peace with all the world.

Of the sixteen elected Presidents, but seven occupied seats in the Senate before their election, and of the contingent or accidental Presidents but two. Andrew Johnson was a Senator from Tennessee both previous to his election to the Presidency and after the expiration of his term of office—recalling the fact that John Quincy Adams served in the House of Representatives after having been President. These two notable instances are the only ones in our history where ex-Presidents have re-entered public life.—*Buffalo Express.*

After the Rebellion of 1641.

It is an instructive lesson in national history, says the "British Quarterly Review," to mark the terrible retribution that followed the insurrection of 1641. It led to nine bloody and distracted years, in which the country was devastated from end to end, and its population reduced by more than one-third. Cromwell came as the messenger of doom in 1649. The Drogheda and Wexford massacres, the execution of the 1,641 murderers in due course of law, the confiscation of the land of three provinces, and the transplantation of all the Catholics of Ireland to the bleak bogs and mountains of Connaught, tell their own impressive story. Most of the native landlords were swept away to make room for a new Protestant proprietary, who have since securely held their ground for two centuries. Before the rebellion the Irish possessed two-thirds of the land; in ten years they held only one-third. The native races sank down into poverty and insignificance. Twice again they made a desperate effort to shake off the dominion of England—once at the revolution, and again in the rebellion of 1798, when they were warmly supported by Protestant allies; but the only effect of the first struggle was the penal laws, and the effect of the second was the long delay of Catholic emancipation. But, worse than all, the events of 1641 still act with a living force upon the political relations of Irishmen, and are the true explanation of the deep and apparently incurable animosity which animates alike the Nationalists and the Orangemen of the country.

He Didn't Bet.

The man who didn't bet on the election is the most sorrowful chap in the country. He firmly realized three months ago just how it would turn out, and he meant to put up at least a hundred dollars in money, six hats, four canes, five boxes of cigars and gloves enough to last him ten years. For some reason he didn't do it. He knew that delays were dangerous, but he kept letting go to get a better hold, and the ballot-boxes closed without his having made a wager. There was still time Tuesday evening before the returns began to show up. He knew exactly how every State had gone, and he could figure the general result to a dot, but when men shoot greenbacks under his nose and tenderly advised him to put up or shut up he didn't go down into his pocket. He felt sorry for 'em. All the weather prophets predict a hard winter, and he didn't want to feel that his winning a wager would take the shoes off of children's feet and bread out of their mouths. And thus it came about that the far-seeing, sons-of-seventh-sons chaps, who could have told any of us four weeks ago how to win a Jersey cow or a trotting-horse, are about the only men in this country who won't win or lose a cent's worth. They might as well have made a cool hundred thousand apiece, but they couldn't bring themselves to do it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Governor's Elected.

Governors were elected in sixteen States on Tuesday, and below is given the results, showing ten Republicans, five Democrats and one (Indiana) yet in doubt:

Colorado—Benj. H. Eaton, Rep.
Connecticut—No choice by the people, but the Legislature will elect H. H. Harrison, Rep.
Florida—E. A. Perry, Dem.
Illinois—Richard J. Oglesby, Rep.
Indiana—Probably Isaac M. Gray, Dem.
Kansas—John A Martin, Rep.
Massachusetts—George O. Robinson, Rep.
Michigan—Russell A. Alger, Rep.
Missouri—John S. Marmaduke, Rep.
Nebraska—James E. Dawes, Rep.
New Hampshire—No election by the people, but Moody Currier, Rep., will be elected by the Legislature.
North Carolina—Alfred M. Scales, Dem.
South Carolina—S. T. Thomson, Dem.
Tennessee—W. B. Bate, Dem.
Texas—John Ireland, Dem.
Wisconsin—Jeremiah M. Rusk, Rep.

A Tatooed Princess.

At a fancy ball at the Hotel d'Albe, the Princess Mathilde was, I hear, dressed as an Indian, and had her skin dyed brown. Her dress was of the scantiest, very *decollete*, her arms bare up to the shoulders, with a narrow band by way of sleeve, fastened with a brooch. The body was slit under the arm to the waist, showing the skin. The drapery behind was transparent, which she was probably not aware of, as she had not died her skin in that particular place, and the effect was awful.—*From "Memoirs of an ex-Minister," by Lord Malmesbury.*

Vermont has two women acting as mail-carriers.

Rev. Joseph Cooke is going to spend the winter among the Nova Scotia blue noses.

Count Bismarck abhors steel pens and uses a goose quill.

DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

A Dynamite Factory Blown to Pieces—All the Workmen Killed—A Furnace Stack, Ten Miles Distant, Destroyed by the Shock and Six Men Burned to Death.

A last (Thursday) night's Reading, Pa., despatch says: The dynamite works of H. W. Stumps & Co., near Stumpsburg, blew up this afternoon, shaking up the country for a distance of ten to twenty miles. The works consisted of five buildings, the timbers of which were sent flying in all directions, nothing remaining but the foundations. All the men in the buildings were killed, so the cause of the explosion can never be known. The buildings contained an unusual quantity of dynamite, and the terrific shock was heard at Reading, twenty miles away. Windows were broken in many houses in Stouchesburg, three-quarters of a mile distant. People were knocked off their feet, mirrors and pictures were shaken off the walls, a church and several houses were unroofed. The victims were literally blown to atoms. At Robesonia, ten miles from Stouchesburg, a number of masons were working at the bottom of Ferguson & Co.'s furnace smoke-stack, which they were relining with new fire brick. The stack was probably a hundred feet high, and was nearly completed. Ten or fifteen men were in the stack, some at the bottom, others on scaffolding above. Just as the shock of the dynamite explosion was felt, the stack quivered, there was a rumbling noise, followed immediately by a great deluge of bricks, completely burying six men in the bottom of the stack. If not instantly killed they will be burned to death, as the scaffolding is burning and they cannot be reached. The names of the burned are Jas. Reed, David Beckley, Henry Spangler, David M. Parsons, Monroe Peiffer, Fred Foreman. Henry Putt and four or five others are wounded. The excitement is intense, crowds of people, including relatives of the unfortunate men, surrounding the stack. Up to 11 o'clock but two bodies were recovered. It is thought the others were burned to a crisp. The damage to the furnace is estimated at $35,000. The names of the men in the exploded buildings are Frank Statz, Joseph Kraus and Frank Kapp.

Creation of New Cardinals.

A Rome cablegram says: Pope Leo XIII. held a Consistory yesterday, at which His Holiness created the following Cardinals: Monsignor Ganglbauer, Archbishop of Vienna, Austrian; Monsignor Gonzalez y Diaz Tunon, Archbishop of Seville, Spaniard; Monsignor Celesia, Archbishop of Palermo; Monsignor Massaia, the venerable African missionary; Monsignor Merosi-Gori, Secretary of the Consistorial Legislation; Monsignor Laurenzi, Assessor of the Holy Office; Monsignor Masotti, Secretary of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and Monsignor Verga, Secretary of the Congregation of the Council. There are still seven vacancies in the Sacred College, exclusive of one creation reserved *in petto* since the 13th December, 1880. In his allocution the Pope referred to the painful position in which the head of the Church was placed, and the trials through which the Church is now passing. He dwelt with fervent thankfulness on the progress that the Catholic faith was making throughout the world, and especially in the United States.

Great Floods in Spain.

A Madrid cablegram says: The destruction, both of life and property, in the eastern and southeastern Provinces has been very great. Reports of a most distressing nature have been received from Alicante, Almeria and Valencia. In the last Province the town of Sueca suffered fearfully. The recent rains caused the River Magro to overflow its banks, inundating all the low-lying country around. Farms have been destroyed, buildings swept away, and several lives lost. Sorbas, in Almeria, was also a severe sufferer. The mountain streams, swollen by rains, have swept the low lands, and in an adjacent village a very distressing loss of life is reported. A farmer, while endeavoring to save some cattle, was washed into the river, and was carried along struggling some distance. A soldier swam out to his rescue, but was dashed against a rock and drowned, and the farmer shortly after sank, in the presence of a large number of persons, who were powerless to rescue him. Great distress will prevail from the extensive destruction of property.

A Grant to Royalty.

A London cablegram says: During the present session of Parliament an annual grant of £15,000 will be asked for Prince Edward, son of the Prince of Wales, who will attain his majority next January. Mr. Labouchere will without doubt quote his usual statistics about the Prince of Wales receiving £40,000 a year from the consolidated fund and from the Duchy of Cornwall £63,000, and that he should support his own children, ignoring the fac that the Prince for many years back has been socially filling the place of the Sovereign without the Royal revenues at his back. The Radical opposition will be very small, for his Royal Highness was never more popular with all ranks of society than he is at present, and any niggardly policy towards him would run counter to public sentiment.

The Tichborne Claimant.

A London cablegram says: A new and curious phase of the Tichborne case is presenting itself. At a meeting of the South Stoneham Board of Guardians the question of the chargeability of the claimant's wife to the Union was discussed. The woman, with two illegitimate children, born during her husband's imprisonment, has been an inmate of the workhouse for some years, and the question as to the husband's liability will be raised. The claimant repudiates his responsibility, and will not be sorry to see the matter brought before the courts to revive public interest, which has fallen very flat, lacking the advocacy of the late Messrs. Whalley and Guildford Onslow.

The *Glass Ware Reporter* says that tempered glass may now take its rank among valuable inventions, subject, however, to many defects in its present state.

The territories of New Mexico and Arizona are in danger of becoming speedily overstocked with large droves of young breeding stock from Texas.

LIFE IN A MONASTERY

A Monotonous Existence—The Daily Routine.

A monk's day begins at 4.30 a. m., and that breakfast is a very light and hasty matter, taken without formality somewhere between 8 and 9, no one will be surprised to hear that English stomachs are ready for the principal meal at 12 30. Let us go through a day: At 4.55 precisely—for punctuality is a great matter—the big bell begins tolling for matins. This is the modern equivalent of what used to be called the midnight office. In the thirteenth century the hour was 2 a. m., now it is 5; in some monasteries on the continent it is 4. But in those days they went to bed at sundown or soon after 6, while we moderns think 9 o'clock early. When the tower clock has ceased striking 5 all rise, at a signal given by the Superior, from the places where they have been kneeling and waiting in the chancel, and the matin service begins. On ordinary days it lasts an hour and a quarter, and has not much about it of ceremony or ritual that could catch the eye of an onlooker. But on festivals it is an almost gay scene, and must begin earlier on account of its greater protraction. On such occasions a large number are arrayed in alb and cope; the organ accompanies the chant, and sometimes the voices of the boys mingle with the heavier tones of the monks. These little choristers are selected from the abbey school. "Prime" is chatned at 7.30; the conventical mass—that is, the public mass of the day—is sung at 9 o'clock, and at this the whole school assists. On festivals, this is the great celebration of the day, and is more or less solemn in proportion to the greatness of the feast; a sermon often accompanies it. The next time that the community are called to the church is for the office of "none," and after this, at 4.30 comes the evening office, or vespers. This, like the mass, is sung with organ accompaniment, and these two, with matins, make up the more solemn of the daily services, at which all are more stringently bound to be present. The office of "compline," the closing prayer of the day, recited at 8.30, makes the sixth and last time that the monks assemble in the church. They spend at least three hours and a half every day in this choral duty—on festivals much more; it is one of the principal employments of monastic life. The order of the day never varies, with the single exception that on Sundays and very great festivals the high mass takes place at 10 o'clock, for the convenience of those "outsiders" who frequent the abbey church, and who might think 9 o'clock rather early. The remainder of the day is filled up in divers ways, in the discharge of the various occupations which each has assigned to him. From the end of compline till the end of prime of the following morning is a time of the strictest silence and recollection; not a word must be spoken for anything short of the gravest necessity, and no work or business is done. It is the time for the nightly rest, and for meditation and private prayer. But when prime is finished the active work of the day begins. Foremost among this is the work of teaching; for the monks of these days still maintain their ancient tradition of education, and the school is an almost integral part of a monastic establishment. —*The Nineteenth Century.*

LOTTERY OF PLAY-WRITING.

Teachers, Lawyers and Clerks Deluge Managers with Manuscripts.

An acquaintance of mine, who is in and out of Eastern magazine editorial rooms a good deal, tells me that only a small proportion of the cords of manuscripts each receives comes from Chicago, says the *Inter-Ocean*, fewer, in fact, than from any great city in the country. When plays are mentioned almost the reverse is to be said. Nobody knows, nobody can guess, how many masculine and feminine Chicago minds have struggled and are struggling to produce "works for the stage;" but if one takes the word of every popular actor who comes to town, the number of aspiring dramatists must be appalling. One of the Union Square Theatre managers told me his house received an average of about ten pieces a week, and every other stock theatre in New York about the same. "We religiously read them," he said, "for the chance of finding a piece of merit is just as alluring to a manager as is the possibility of having his work accepted stimulating to a young writer. Very few, indeed, have any merit, or can any possibility be adapted to the stage. Still the hunt for another 'Two Orphans' goes on, with the fortune a successful piece is sure to coin glowing in the distance. Play-writing is a lottery, with 20,000 blanks for one prize. And when everybody who wants to can find out by asking that Sims makes $150,000 a year writing plays, that Gilbert has grown rich, and Boucicault, also, by the same means, that Marsden, Maeder, Belasco and Campbell live in elegance on their royalties, that Bronson Howard made $35,000 by the 'Banker's Daughter' and sipped besides, and indeed they all do, the cup of intoxicating adulation a delightful public holds out—when that is known, can you wonder country schoolmasters, struggling lawyers, needy clerks, men and women, write on for the one prize among so many blanks?"

Cost of Railroad Equipment.

The average life of a railway car is ten years. It is estimated that there are 500,000 cars in the country; hence 50,000 a year must be built to keep up the supply. Three thousand feet of lumber for each car equals 150,000,000 feet a year. The ties for the 121,782 miles of track at 2,600 to the mile, which on the average last six years, require 1,635,377,056 feet, board measure, every year. Thus, to keep the roadbed and cars in repair, to say nothing of new work, calls for 1,785,377,056 feet of wood, which is nearly one-fourth the entire output of the mills of the Northwest, and almost one-twelfth that of all the mills in the United States. When we add the vast amount used in building locomotives, depots, fences, cattle pens, etc., and on many roads as fuel, to say nothing of the forest fires kindled by sparks from the engines, we can see that the railroads make a heavy draught on our timber.

Clifton W. Tayleure, theatrical manager gave bail yesterday to answer on an indictment charging him with assault and battery, committed in September upon A. K. Fulton, of the Baltimore *American.*