

FACE TO FACE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Sad mortal! couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonian
schools,
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the bubble of mightiest foam
Ere the morning of truth be born:
But I, earth's maddest above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of death.

■ Tell thee his face is fair
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his shadowy hair
Like the flush of a thousand Springs;
His smile is the fathomless beam
Of the star-shine's sacred light,
When the Summers of Southland dream
In the lap of the holy Night:
For I, earth's blindness above,
In a kingdom of haleen breath—
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—
But they hold few mysteries now—
And his pity for earth's farewells
Half furrows that shining brow;
Souls taken from Time's cold tide
He folds to his fostering breast,
And the tears of his grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest;
And still, earth's maddest above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on a light that is love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars impaled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world,
With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone others, unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of Death grow sweet,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his winged retreat:
And I, earth's maddest above,
Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the luster of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gulls are won
In the calm of the central day.
Far voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Uncloses the goal of goals:
And from heaven above
God speaketh with batless breath—
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!

NELLIE'S NOBLE DEEDS.

BY ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

"Thimble Alley! Oh, what a dreadful place; but there's no one can mend my laces equal to Mrs. Smith. Little boy, does Mrs. Rachel Smith live here?"

"Yes'm, fifth story, first door to your right, and the ragged urchin eyed the fine lady with wide, open eyes.

"Lor, ain't she some?" he said, to a near companion, "all shiny-like and soft. Whoopee! if mammy had some o' her finery we'd have a holiday dinner well as Biddy O'Brien."

"Hel' he! Tim," roared the other, "the idee of a dinner out o' finery."

"I meant to sell it, you know well enough. I wonder who she is?"

But in the meantime Nellie Strong had reached the fifth floor and stood, almost out of breath, gazing about the wretched hallway where poverty held sway.

"How can they live so?" she thought. "What horrid odors, and there's a half dozen babies crying below. Poor little things!" then she knocked on the door before her.

"Come in," called out a woman's voice. Nellie pushed the creaking door open and entered the small, bare chamber.

At its one window a woman sat mending some costly lace. In a corner on a cot reclined a pale, young girl. There was no fire in the room, although the air was keen and frosty.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith. I called with some work; I wanted this lace mended particularly before the ball, and so I sought you out myself."

"Yes, Miss Strong; be seated, pray. Let me look at the lace, please?"

Nellie took the one vacant chair and turned her bright eyes upon the pale young girl on the cot.

"Are you an invalid?" she gently inquired.

"Oh, yes; I have been one always. I never could walk, but I do not suffer much now."

"You don't mean to tell me that you have lain here all your life?" cried Nellie, "and never saw anything but these bare walls?"

"Almost all my life. It isn't so bad for me as you would think. The neighbors are kind, and mother brings me a flower now and then, and we talk of what might be if I could grow stronger. Talk is cheap," smiled the invalid.

"I don't think I could do this before Wednesday. Will that answer, Miss Strong?"

"Oh, yes," said Nellie, carelessly, "it does not matter at all. But tell me, Mrs. Smith, have you ever consulted a good physician about your daughter?"

"I have often wished to do so, but could not afford it."

Just then a little tow-headed, dirty-faced girl of five or six years thrust her head in the doorway.

"Please, Miss Smith, the baby's worse. Mother thinks it's dyin'."

"Oh!" exclaimed Nellie, "whose baby?"

"An Irish woman's down stairs. An attack of croup; the weather has been cool, and the little fellow caught cold. Yes, Mary, I'll come. You'll excuse me a moment, Miss Strong."

"Yes; but may not I go, too—poor little baby?"

And timidly drawing her silken skirts about her, she followed Mrs. Smith into the room of the Irish washerwoman, where upon a straw bed lay a little six-months-old baby dying, as was evident at a glance.

"He's the third one," sobbed the poor mother. "I've only four left, and his father couldn't stop work long enough to see him die, his boss is that hard on him. My baby! oh, my baby!"

Nellie drew out a bill from her purse and placed it in the poor mother's hand.

"You'll need things for—the funeral," she said, softly, "take it. I'll come and see you again."

"Lord love your sweet face," cried the woman, with a wild fit of weeping. "You're that kind, mum, I don't know how to thank you. It'll be the first dead child that I could ever pay for its coffin. Oh, how sweet he'll look all in white!"

As they passed out of the room of death a party of men came up the stairs bearing a limp form between them.

"What is it?" asked Nellie, of Mrs. Smith, drawing closer to her.

"Some accident, evidently. What has happened, Pete?" she inquired of one of the men.

"Mr. Swisher fell from the building, a matter of twenty feet, and we think both

his legs are broken. There comes the doctor."

"Poor man," sighed Mrs. Smith. "I don't know what will become of his family; he was their only support. You look inexpressibly pained. These things are common enough to all large tenements. We see sorrow and suffering around us continually."

And she wondered why the lady followed her up to her room again.

"I wish," said Nellie to the invalid girl, "you would allow me to send you our family physician; he is one of the best in the city. I think he can help you."

"Oh, if you only would!" exclaimed the mother. "Lulu might be helped, I have always believed."

"Yes; and, Mrs. Smith, you need not hurry about the lace. I don't think I'll need it, but I'll pay you for the work now. And—you ought to have a fire—good-day."

Before Mrs. Smith could get her glasses on to examine the bill in her lap, her visitor had gone.

"Oh, Lulu!" she exclaimed, "it's a twenty-dollar bill; she's made a mistake."

But Lulu wiped away a tear from her wan cheek, and smiled up in her mother's face.

"No mistake, mother; the beautiful lady meant it for us. I saw her eyes were full of tears. Heaven bless her tender heart!"

"I presume the birthday party and so on is being rushed along," said Mr. Strong, as his daughter entered the dining-room. "How big a check is to be called for, pet? Don't be too hard on your old father."

Nellie did not reply at once; she took her place at the table, glanced over the dainty appointments, the snowy damask silken fine, the costly silver, the beautiful flowers, the rare fruits, and all the luxuries that wealth can give. Then her eyes wandered to her two fair young sisters, and her mother's face behind the tray, and lastly to her father's face, who just now was regarding her with smiling, quizzical eyes.

"Papa," she said, flushing slightly, "I—I want a generous check, true enough, but I think I'll rearrange my programme."

"I thought so," smiled her father. "What a tell-tale face you possess. What's the latest frock? out with it."

"Oh, Nellie, everything was perfect; invitations all ready to send out. You're not going to spoil our party," cried her sisters.

"I hope not," said Nellie; "but first I want to tell you all about my visit to Thimble Alley."

She told it as it was, and at its close the youngest of the girls exclaimed:

"I know now, Nellie; you thought what a big sensation your party would make in Thimble Alley."

"Yes," said Nellie, "if papa is willing."

"My eldest born," said her father fondly, "your papa's purse has a long string, still it might be stretched too far. I always did dislike the fuss of a party, and I guess I can trust your prudent head to control your tender heart. Give the Thimble-Alleyites a generous dinner on your birthday and what you will. I'll see that Dr. Moore calls upon the lace-mender's daughter."

Not fair hands, oh, no! but human, loving hands that did the work; some of them rough and black that shoveled in the coal into the empty boxes; some of them small and chapped that helped along their dinner. But when the stars shone out, not one in that large tenement building went to sleep cold or hungry on that holiday night.

"Mother," said Lulu softly, "the doctor says I will soon be well enough to wheel my chair all around, and that possibly, some day, I may walk about with the help of crutches."

"Yes, my darling, I know."

"And when I told him all about Miss Strong's noble deeds, and praised her tender heart, he smiled and looked so pleased I read his secret. May Heaven bless them both."

"Amen," breathed her mother tearfully.

Short Sermons.

I long ago dun made up my mind dat aiverage humanity expects too much on dis airth, an' dat we am all too selfish to really enjoy ourselves.

If we plan ur a huckleberry excursion we look fur dry weather, no matter how much our naybur's co'n an' taters want rain.

If dar am any danger of spring frosts we expek dey will fly ober our garden an' light down on somebody else's truck-patch.

We expek cyclones now an' den in de nat'ral order of fings, but we doan' expek 'em to hit our eand of de county. We am sorry fur sich people as was in de way, but dey orter bin som'ers else, you know.

If we take in a tramp over night we expect him to be honest an' grateful. If anybody else takes n one an' gits beat, our vardiect am dat it sarved 'em right.

We expect to git de big eand of de trade when we swap hosses wid a man, but if we diskliver dat we hev been cheated we want de law to punish him for a swindler.

Moas' of us am willin' to de gal our chances on matrimony, if to take an good-lookin' or de young man has cash, but when de rollin'-pins begin to fly we blame our friends dat dey didn't warn us.

If we lose our pocket-book we argy dat de pusson who find it am as bad as a thief if he doan' return it. If we find some one else's pocket-book we—well, it comes like pullin' teeth to let go.

We respect our naybur, but we want our beets an' cabbage an' onions to keep about a week ahead of his.

We doan' know of any pertickler reason why lightnin' should strike our ba'n, but we kin furnish half a do en reasons why it should burn ba'ns all around us.

We begin in October to predict a mild winter, an' if we happen to git one we kick like a steer de nex' summer becase we hev to pay mo' fur ice.

I tell ve, my frens, when I come to realize jist what a queer piece of clay we am, an' how much workin' ober we need to come out perfect, I can't wonder ober de shoutin' and hurrahin' in Heaben when one of us grown folks finds his way in.—Detroit Free Press.

AN exchange tells of a woman so cross-eyed that tears from her left eye fall on her right cheek.

DEATH OF H. M. HOXIE.

A Man Who, from a Hostler, Came to Be a Power in the Railroad World.

[New York special.]

Mr. H. M. Hoxie died at his rooms in the Metropolitan Opera House in this city on Tuesday. The cause of his death was exhaustion consequent on an operation performed on him at Saratoga in June last by removing stones from his bladder. He had also suffered from kidney disease for the last thirty-five years. Mrs. Hoxie and Capt. Hayes were with him when he expired.

Shortly after the troubles on the Wabash system of railroads and the Southwestern roads last May Mr. Hoxie began to complain of pains in his loins. Finally he became so much worse that he was compelled to give up his work and take a much-needed rest. The trouble with the strikers worried him very much. He left St. Louis in the latter part of May and came East to Saratoga. After consultation with a physician he concluded to have the operation performed which resulted in his death. After the operation Mr. Hoxie was relieved, and felt better for a time than he had for years. He hoped that by taking a rest he would regain his health entirely.

Mr. Hoxie, in company with his wife, took a trip to Montreal Aug. 25. From there they went to Quebec and the White Mountains. He came to New York Sept. 10, and took apartments in the Broadway flats in the Metropolitan Opera House block. His physicians, Drs. Metcalfe and Ward, were called. He was still weak from the effects of the operation. Any excitement was deleterious. He failed rapidly, but suffered little.

Mr. Hoxie's youth was spent in Polk County, Iowa. He came of a poor family, and his first occupation was that of a hostler in a country hotel. There he became acquainted with many prominent men. At the outbreak of the war he entered politics. In 1864-5 he was chairman of the Iowa Republican State Committee and was afterward appointed United States Marshal. After the war he removed to Palestine, Texas, and became connected with the management of the International Railroad, holding the positions of Superintendent and General Superintendent. When Mr. Gould organized the Wabash system he chose Mr. Hoxie for First Vice President, and his headquarters was established at St. Louis. Mr. Hoxie was Third Vice President of the Missouri Pacific, and for several years General Manager of the road. He was one of Mr. Gould's most trusted lieutenants, and at the time of the recent Southwestern strike so great was Gould's confidence in him that when it was proposed to settle the strike by arbitration the matter was placed in Mr. Hoxie's charge.

PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Queen Victoria's Newest Grandson.

A cable dispatch from London announces that Prince Beatrice, wife of Prince Henry of Battenberg and youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, has given birth to a son. The mother and son are doing well. Lord



Randolph Churchill was the Minister in attendance at the accouchement. We present an excellent likeness of the Princess, from a photograph taken just before her marriage.

EDMUNDS AND BLAINE.

The Vermont Senator Snubbed by the Man from Maine.

[New York telegram.]

Mr. Blaine's refusal to take Senator Edmunds' proffered hand when they met in the house of the dead ex-President has created a sensation in political circles. Many of Mr. Blaine's friends regret the occurrence, and say that it was unfortunate. Others say that Mr. Blaine acted perfectly right, and that Mr. Edmunds' conduct justified the rebuke. Mr. Blaine refused to be interviewed on the subject, but talked quite freely to several intimate friends. One of them said:

"Mr. Blaine made no response whatever to Mr. Edmunds' greeting. This is what happened: Mr. Edmunds was seated on a sofa when Mr. Blaine entered the parlor. Mr. Blaine bowed to Colonel McMichael, and Mr. Edmunds advanced to greet Mr. Blaine with his right hand extended, saying: 'Good morning, Mr. Blaine.' Mr. Blaine was in the act of drawing off his gloves. He gave the Vermont a quick glance out of the corners of his eyes, and without any show of recognition, stepped forward to shake hands with Colonel McMichael. Mr. Edmunds appeared surprised. His face flushed slightly, and he retired to his seat on the sofa. Mr. Blaine expressed his regret at the occurrence to Colonel McMichael, and shortly afterward left the house."

Frank Hatton, who was Mr. Arthur's Postmaster General, in commenting on the affair, said: "Blaine knew perfectly well whom he was likely to meet at Gen. Arthur's house, and if he did not care to meet them he should have remained away. If he had met Mr. Edmunds on the street or at a public reception and refused to speak to him, it would have been another matter; but under the circumstances I think his conduct indefensible from the standpoint of decency."

THE CURRENCY.

Report of Comptroller Trenholm—Important Changes Suggested—Interesting Statistics.

The annual report of the Hon. William L. Trenholm, Comptroller of the Currency, contains suggestions for the amendment of the national-bank laws in about a dozen instances, including the contingent liability of shareholders, requirements as to reserve, the limit of loans to individuals, more thorough examination of banks, and their protection against unequal State taxation. The specific character of these suggestions is withheld for the present. Three thousand five hundred and eighty national banks have been organized in all, of which 2,858 are now in operation. Of these 174 have been organized during the last year, with a capital of \$21,000,000; circulation, \$2,900,000. Twenty-four banks went into voluntary liquidation during the year, one ceased to exist by expiration of charter, and eight failed. Since the beginning of the system in 1863, only 112 national banks have failed. Of these, sixty-three have paid their creditors in full, and twenty have paid interest besides—fifteen in full and five in part. Over 90 per cent. of all national bank stocks is held by the residents of the State in which the bank is located, more than 91 per cent. is held by natural persons, and 95 per cent. of the number of shareholders are natural persons. The total number of shareholders is 223,000; the total number of shares over 7,000,000. The effect of the reduction of the public debt and the high premium on bonds upon the volume of national bank circulation is very fully illustrated in the report. The contraction in national bank circulation during the year exceeds \$56,000,000.

Besides the usual tables showing the condition of national banks at various dates, the report this year contains an abstract which specifies each item of their resources and liabilities. The banks in the several States, reserve cities, and Territories, have their condition stated separately. A large diagram exhibiting the many features of the national banking system and its variations during the last twenty-one years accompanies the report. From this it appears that the aggregate deposits in the banks has increased from \$522,000,000 in January, 1886, to \$1,173,000,000 in October, 1886, while loans and discounts have risen from \$500,000,000 to \$1,443,000,000.

The specie held by the national banks in 1886 was \$19,000,000; in October, 1875, it was only \$8,000,000; while in July, 1883, it was \$177,000,000, and is now \$156,000,000.

Mr. Trenholm declines to say whether his report contains any specific recommendations in regard to a modification of the law making United States bonds the basis of the national bank currency, but it is understood at the department that he has presented a strong array of facts and figures to show how valuable the system has become to the entire country, and how important it is that it should be made adaptable to the needs of communities in the West and South, where vast natural resources await development by the aid of outside capital.

NAVAL AFFAIRS.

How to Promote the Efficiency of the Navy—Admiral Porter's Suggestions.

Admiral Porter has submitted to the Secretary of the Navy a report embodying suggestions for promoting the efficiency of the navy. He says that in rehabilitating the navy there is no subject worthy of more consideration than that of home defense, and regrets that the ironclads now laid up at City Point, which are so well adapted for this purpose, should be left in the condition they are to-day. He says the new cruisers have given no evidence of great speed, and it is feared by those most interested that they never will, which will render them useless as commerce-destroyers. The Admiral says we require for the navy the following classes of vessels:

The first-class should be represented by vessels of not less than 6,000 nor more than 8,000 tons, and able to make for a few hours a speed of nineteen and one-half knots. The second-class, to serve as flagships on foreign stations, should be vessels of not less than 4,500 nor more than 5,000 tons, able to make for a few hours a speed of nineteen knots. The third-class should be vessels of 3,000 tons, able to make for a few hours a speed of eighteen knots.

The Admiral remarks that the proposed thirteen-knot gunboat with four guns could not overtake anything, and a powerful Chinese gunboat would be more than a match for her.

The United States is making the same mistakes as European powers have made in building so many different classes of vessels at the outset, without knowing whether any of them will meet the requirements of a cruiser of the present day. No nation, he says, can dispense with ironclads, but it is better to depend upon a navy to protect our coasts. Instead of maintaining so small a force of ironclads as we have at present, every year we should construct three or four double-turreted monitors, no matter if we do not build any cruisers in the meantime.

Admiral Porter says that he has seen enough of torpedoes to know that two or three hundred pounds of gun-cotton exploded under a ship—no matter what her size—is bound to sink her or place her hors de combat. Yankee ingenuity, if stimulated by the prospect of a sufficient reward, would no doubt soon give us a superior torpedo. He commends the Ericsson torpedo, and says what we require to fire such a torpedo is the fastest vessel in the world—something that torpedo destroyers can not overtake.

The report treats of the reorganization of the different branches of the navy, and especially of the Navy Department. The Admiral takes strong ground in favor of the Government encouraging the private shipyards of the country by giving them all the work possible to enable them to improve the plants so that in time of war they can aid the Government in building and repairing vessels. He also advocates a Government iron shipbuilding yard.

THE CASE OF STONE.

The Suspended District Attorney of Western Pennsylvania Will Not Be Reinstated.

[Washington telegram.]

The President makes public the following correspondence:

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 18.
The Hon. A. H. Garland, Attorney General:
SIR—I have read the correspondence between the President and the Hon. M. E. Benton, United States Attorney, connected with his restoration to office in which it appears that he was suspended from office for his apparent neglect of official duties in making campaign speeches. Presumably my suggestion was ordered for the same reason. I desire, therefore, to state the facts in which I made but two speeches prior to the receipt of the order of suspension—one at Butler in an adjoining county the evening of Oct. 1, and one at Kittanning, a town near Pittsburgh, the evening of Oct. 2. I did not leave Pittsburgh for Butler until nearly 4 o'clock, Oct. 1, and returned the morning of the 2d about 9 o'clock. I left Pittsburgh for Kittanning, Saturday, Oct. 2, about 5 o'clock p. m., and returned the same night. Both of the above dates the United States District Court was in session, except a short time in the morning of each day for ordinary motions. I was in attendance upon the courts during their sittings and did not leave the city upon either occasion until long after the courts had adjourned. Oct. 18 the United States District Court held a session at Pittsburgh for the trial of jury causes, a Petit and Grand Jury being in attendance. From Oct. 2 until Oct. 18 I was engaged in the preparation of causes for trial, and from Oct. 18 until Oct. 27, the date of the receipt of the order of suspension, I was engaged in the trial of these causes. Neither during this period from Oct. 2 to Oct. 27 nor at any other time did I in any particular neglect the duties of my office. These statements may be verified by inquiry of any officer of our courts. I feel it my duty after a reading of our correspondence to state to you the facts in the correspondence between the President and Mr. Benton to state these facts in justice to myself, and respectfully request that this communication be referred to the President. I may also add that I did not think that making an occasional campaign speech during this period, while not neglecting the duties of my office, would be a violation of the President's order of July 10, 1886. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WM. A. STONE.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Nov. 23.

DEAR SIR—I have read the letter of the 18th inst., written to you by William A. Stone, lately suspended from office as District Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania, and the subject matter to which it is referred, and received my careful consideration. I shall not impute to the writer any mischievous motive in his plainly erroneous assumption that his case and that of Mr. Benton, recently suspended and reinstated, rest upon the same state of facts, but prefer to regard his letter as containing a candid and honest statement of the facts of his case, and a best statement possible upon the question of his reinstatement. You remember, of course, that soon after the present administration was installed, and I think nearly a year and a half ago, I considered with you certain charges which were made against Mr. Stone as a Federal official. You remember, too, that the action then contemplated was withheld by reason of the excuses and explanations of his friends. These excuses and explanations induced me to believe that Mr. Stone's retention would insure a faithful performance of official duty, and that whatever offensive partisanship he had deemed justifiable in other circumstances he would, during his continuance in office at his request, under an administration opposed to him in political views and policy, content himself with a quiet and unobtrusive enjoyment of his political privileges. I certainly supposed that his sense of propriety would cause him to refrain from pursuing such a partisan course as would wantonly offend and irritate the friends of the administration, who insisted that he should not be retained in office, either because of his personal merit or in adherence to the methods which have for a long time prevailed in the distribution of Federal offices. In the light of a letter system, and without considering his political affiliations, Mr. Stone, when permitted to remain in office, became a part of the business organization of the present administration, bound by every obligation of honor to assist within his sphere in the efficient operation. This obligation involved not only the proper performance of official duty, but a certain good faith and fidelity, which, while not exacting the least sacrifice of political principle, forbade active participation in purely partisan demonstrations of a pronounced type, undertaken for the purpose of advancing partisan interests, and conducted upon the avowed theory that the administration of the Government was not entitled to the confidence and respect of the people. There is no dispute whatever concerning the fact that Mr. Stone, during others who were campaigning the State of Pennsylvania in opposition to the administration. It appears, too, that he was active and prominent with noisy enthusiasm in attendance upon at least two large public meetings where the speeches were largely devoted to abuse and misrepresentation of the administration; that he approved all this, and actually addressed the meetings himself in somewhat the same manner; that he attended such meetings away from his home for the purpose of making addresses; and that he was advertised as one of the speakers at each of said meetings. I shall accept as true the statement of Mr. Stone that the time spent by him in thus demonstrating his willingness to be trusted in a public office at the hands of an administration which he endeavored to discredit with the people, and which had overlooked his previous offenses, did not result in the neglect of ordinary official duty; but his conduct has brought to light such an unfriendly attitude toward the administration which he pretends to serve, and of which he is nominally a part, and such a consequent lack of loyal interest in its success, that the safest and surest guaranty of his faithful service is, in my opinion, his removal from office. In itself, such as should not have been entered upon while maintaining official relations to the administration, also renews and revives, with unmistakable interpretation of their character and intent, the charges of offensive partisanship, heretofore made, and up to this time held in abeyance. Mr. Stone and others of like disposition are not to suppose that party lines are so far obliterated that the administration of the Government is to be trusted, in places high or low, to those who aggressively and constantly endeavor unfairly to destroy the confidence of the people in the party responsible for such administration. While vicious partisan methods should not be allowed for partisan purposes to degrade or injure the public service, it is my belief that nothing tends so much to discredit our efforts, in the interest of such service, to treat fairly and generously the official incumbency of political opponents as conduct such as a hostile disposition made. The people of this country certainly do not require the best results of administrative endeavor to be reached with such agencies as these. Upon a full consideration of all I have before me, I am constrained to decline the application of Mr. Stone for his reinstatement. I inclose his letter with this, and desire you to acquaint him with my decision. Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 24, 1886.

The Hon. William A. Stone, Pittsburgh, Pa.:
SIR—I am directed by the President to say to you that, after consideration of your letter of the 18th inst., he will not revoke or change the order heretofore made suspending you as District Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania. Very respectfully,
A. H. GARLAND, Attorney General.

Enough of a Good Thing.

"Papa, just see my new dress," said a young society girl, as she presented herself attired for her first grand ball. "Isn't it too sweet for anything?"

"Does it suit you, my dear?"

"I just adore it."

"If that is so, I should think that you would have had more of it," said pater familias, after taking a sharp glance at the décolleté costume.—Chicago Ledger.