

JUST LAZY.

I'm the laziest man, I reckon, that a mortal ever seed.
 "Nary money? Nary dollar! I wasn't built fer work."
 "Fer graspin' an' fer gripin' where the revenue is found;
 I'm what you'd call a lazy 'un—jes' built fer lyin' round!"

Contented? Mighty right I am. When spring winds whisper sweet,
 In the meadows where the daisies make a carpet for your feet,
 Where the nestin' birds are chirpin', where the brook, in wistlin' play,
 Goes laughin' on, a-pushin' all the lilies out his way,

"You'll find me almost any time, a-lyin' at my ease,
 With the lull-song o' the locust and the drowsy drone o' bees
 Above me an' aroun' me. I'm a poet in my way,
 An' I'd rather hear the birds sing 'an to shoot 'em any day!"

"Jes' laziness," they tell me, an' I reckon they are right;
 But the world's so full of beauty, an' you can't see much at night!
 But different folks has different minds, nor drink from the same cup—
 When I'm talkin' to the lilies, they're a-plowin' 'em up!"

My field's a pasture for the cows, an' though it never
 Is a source of pleasure to me jes' ter see the creatures graze!
 The tinkie-tinkle of the bells is such a pleasur' sound!
 But I'm a lazy chap, you know, jes' built fer lyin' round!"

—F. L. Stanton, in Washington Critic.



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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Wonder if one of these self-same peculiarities is an interesting habit of listening at the doors?" he mused. "One would fancy so from the cautious way she lowers her voice. By Jove! I wish I were well out of this! What will come next, in the way of startling developments?"

"You know," Mrs. Maynard continued, in the same sweet, guarded tone, breaking in upon North's meditations, "how persistently he has opposed me all through this affair. He has a perfectly unreasonable horror of litigation, as well as a strong desire to thwart and annoy me, and he tried in every way to prevent me from urging my claim in the first place. Of course, I am not in the habit of allowing myself to be guided by Maj. Maynard's advice in matters of any personal interest or importance; still, harmony in the household is something that one is willing to purchase at almost any cost, and in this case, really, Mr. North, if it had not been for your professional advice, and your resolutely taking affairs into your own hands and assuming the whole legal responsibility for me, I have no doubt that I should have yielded to his prejudices and allowed my interests to be sacrificed, just to preserve the peace!"

She sighed faintly as she spoke, leaning back in her chair with her eyes downcast.

North's countenance wore a disturbed expression during the interval of silence that ensued.

"This looks alarmingly like the domestic skeleton!" he thought, almost shuddering at his own disquiet. "With what charming naïveté she alludes to her differences with the major! If I could have foreseen that I should have to play the role of sympathizing friend in a cast in which a tyrannical husband and a beautiful injured wife were the other leading characters, I should scarcely have had the temerity to come here at all. With what a matter-of-course air she refers to this delicate subject, as if she had frequently discussed it with me. I don't understand it. A lady might possibly make her spiritual adviser the confidant of such troubles, but does she also pour them into the sympathetic ear of her lawyer? If such be the general custom,



"AH, MRS. HUNTINGDON."

then the fates preserve me from becoming that most unhappy of all luckless mortals, some fair lady's confidential legal adviser!"

At this point in his reflections the door-bell rang, and a gay murmur of ladies' voices was heard in the hall.

Mrs. Maynard started up with a little gesture of annoyance, and North, perceiving his opportunity, rose at once to take leave of her.

"I fear that I am encroaching on your time, Mrs. Maynard," he said. "I had no idea that I was staying so long." Alas for North's veracity! He had never before endured a period of time that seemed so interminable.

"It is really provoking, Mr. North," said Mrs. Maynard, "after you have taken the trouble to call at this hour, that we should have so little time to talk."

"Oh, it was no trouble at all, Mrs. Maynard," protested North with an air of light gallantry, "I esteem it a great honor and privilege to see you even for this brief time."

He imagined that this flippant speech would be accepted with the same light-

ness with which it was uttered. Instead of this he perceived that as he spoke a shadow of displeasure clouded Mrs. Maynard's face and something like disdain curved the proud lips. Only for an instant; she recovered herself quickly and rejoined with a gay little laugh:

"Ah, you wretched flatterer! How often have you made that pretty speech? Good-by! No, wait! I had almost forgotten; I have found that missing letter of which I told you once. You know you urged me yesterday to renew my search for it, as it might prove to be of some value as evidence. Don't stop to read it now, but examine it at your leisure and then tell me the result of your deliberations. Ah, Mrs. Huntingdon—pray excuse me, Mr. North—I am so delighted to see you! No, the library, dear; this way, please."

And Mrs. Maynard had vanished, leaving North standing at the drawing-room door with the letter that she had given him still in his hand. He was looking at it with almost as much dismay as if it had been a package of dynamite. Finally, in a mechanical way, as if he were acting more from the pressure of circumstances than from any clear purpose in his own mind, he put the envelope into his pocket and made his escape somewhat precipitately from the house.

CHAPTER IV.

Brutus—Oh that a man might know
 The end of this day's business ere it
 Come,
 But it is such that the day will end,
 And then the end is known.

—Julius Caesar.

Absorbed in his mental review of this call on Mrs. Maynard, Allan North, instead of retracing his steps over the route by which he had come, turned aimlessly into an intersecting business street; and by the time he awakened to this fact he was a long distance from Delaplaine street or any other locality with which he was in the slightest degree familiar.

"Well, where am I?" he asked himself, as he paused irresolutely on a corner and looked about him in every direction. "I have not the slightest idea how I am to find my hotel. I never was more completely lost in my life. It was very stupid in me to wander away from Delaplaine street; but if my confused recollection of the past few moments is at all correct, I have been turning corners with a reckless persistency that deprives me of all hope of ever finding my way back to that aristocratic thoroughfare. As I cannot stand here all night, I really see no alternative but to keep moving."

He started on slowly, and his mind wandered back to his interrupted train of meditations.

"She quite interests me," he mused, perhaps for the fiftieth time, while his brows contracted with a puzzled frown. "Maynard—Mrs. Maynard; why is it that the name seems so familiar to me? It has been half suggesting something to me ever since I read her note. It appears that she has become entangled in a lawsuit. I wonder what is nature of the difficulty? It furthermore appears that the major (Query: Who is the major?) is inclined to make trouble, and the lady and her lawyer are consequently obliged to circumvent the old fellow. Rather interesting situation—for the lawyer! She's quite young, and very beautiful. I wonder if she is likewise in love with me? It looks tremendously like it. Pshaw! Of course I mean with the other fellow. By the way, I ought to be hunting up Dennis O'Reilly. As a matter of fact, that is what I am here for. I wonder if his name is in the directory? Just like a blundering idiot to forget to give his address! Now, suppose I step into this drug store—there's an accommodating-looking man in the door—and glance over their directory. And then if it should so chance that the man doesn't know me, though that is almost too much to expect, I can venture to inquire the way to the Clement house, without exposing myself to disagreeable insinuations and ridicule."

Accordingly he stepped up to the drug store and lifting his hat to the man who was lounging on the steps, he ventured the observation that "it was a fine day."

"Very fine," assented the man addressed, with amiable brevity, as he gave North a glance that plainly said: "I've seen you before, but who in the world are you, anyway?" Then moving a little aside to enable North to enter the store, he relapsed into his own silent meditations as he idly watched the passers-by.

Lounging amid the colored lights in the great front window was a discontented looking youth whose utter idleness and general appearance of ennui appealed to North's sympathy at once. The depressed and languishing state of business was painfully apparent in the solitude and leisure that pervaded the place.

North smiled affably at the youth as he turned to the counter. What magical influence there is in a smile! Hope, expectation, renewed faith in his fellow-men, even a faint interest in life became apparent in that sad youth's countenance, only to be succeeded by a melancholy far surpassing his original gloom, when North inquired for a directory.

Indicating by a silent gesture the dingy old volume that was chained to the counter in full view, the youth returned with a sad reproachful air to his post of observation in the window and vouchsafed no further notice of the man whose interest soared no higher than the pages of the local directory.

Turning the leaves rapidly until he came to the right initial, North commenced to scan the pages carefully in the hope of discovering the name and local habitation of Dennis O'Reilly. He found the family well represented. There was Jem and Bridget and Patrick and Ann and Terrence and John; but nowhere Dennis. Over and over again he read the names, but to no purpose; for, lacking the ingenuity of the Irishman who unlawfully appropriated an army blanket and then proved property to his own satisfaction, at least, by the fact that his initials were on it—U for Patrick and S for O'Rafferty—he could not make John or Bridget or any of the

other names read Dennis, and he finally gave up the attempt in despair.

As he was turning back listlessly, the name "Maynard" caught his eye. There it was—"Maj. Charles Maynard, No. 38 Delaplaine street."

"Her husband," reflected North, with a vague feeling of having satisfactorily settled one point. "I suspected so from the way she referred to him. A crotchety old fellow who has to be humored. I wonder if he makes her very unhappy? And if—?" The thread of his reflections was suddenly broken. His glance had wandered from the open book to a newspaper on the counter, and this, among other professional cards displayed in the advertising columns, had arrested his attention: "North & Wescott, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Offices 3 and 5 Market Square."

"North & Wescott—a partner, by Jove!" was the first comment that flashed through his mind; "3 and 5 Market square; if I ever can find the place, I think I must call at my office and see how things look there. North—North—h'm! Not in the directory," he added after a hasty search for the name. "But then, it's an old edition, and probably doesn't contain the names of one-half the present population. And now, about this O'Reilly; it's perfectly evident that he isn't here either. How shall I go to work to find him? Perhaps this boy can tell me something about him. At least I can inquire."

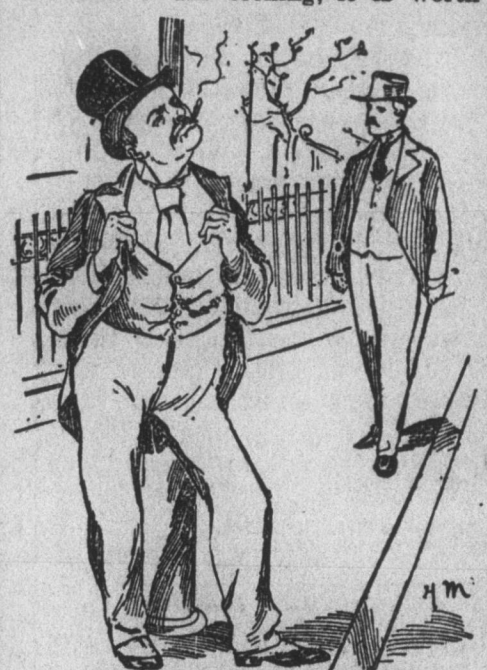
And closing the book, North began jocosely:

"Young man, what sort of a directory do you call this, anyway?"

The youth just turned his head toward North on being thus suddenly and familiarly addressed.

"Good enough," was his laconic response, given with an intonation that strongly suggested the additional words: "For you!"

"Oh," rejoined North, "I am perfectly willing to concede that it is good enough so far as it goes; but inasmuch as it fails to give the precise information that I am seeking, it is worth



nothing at all to me. I am in search of one Dennis O'Reilly, who professes to be a resident of this city. Can you give me any information concerning him?"

"Dennis O'Reilly?" said the boy with a blank look, as he thrust his elbows on the shelf directly behind him and slowly turned himself around until he was facing North. "Dennis O'Reilly?" he repeated in the strongly disparaging tone by which people frequently attempt to justify the ignorance that they are compelled to confess. "Never heard of him before!"

"Ah, not a very prominent citizen, then? I fear I shall have great difficulty in finding him. Who would be likely to know something about him? Can you suggest anyone at all?"

The boy shook his head as if giving it up at the outset, but nevertheless reflecting seriously for a moment. Glancing idly into the street, he saw a gentleman standing on the opposite corner. Instantly the youth's countenance lightened up with that peculiar illumination which is the unmistakable indication of a new idea.

"There's Mr. Wymer, over there on the corner," he said, with a nod toward the gentleman. "Ask him. He's a ward politician, and he knows all such people. He's better'n a d'r'eck'y, Mr. Wymer is. If anyone can tell you, he can."

Such an opportunity was not to be lost. With thanks for the suggestion North left the store and hurried across the street.

A gentleman, richly dressed in black broadcloth, with a glossy silk hat and a dazzling gold watch chain, was leaning against the corner lamp post, gazing about him with an air of supreme satisfaction. It required only a practiced glance to discover the cause of this complacency.

"A ward politician! He looks like it," thought North; then lifting his hat he addressed the gentleman:

"Mr. Wymer, I believe?"

"Blessed if tain't!" was the graceful response, as Mr. Wymer turned his smiling gaze upon North without changing his attitude in the least. "Jack Wymer, Esq., workin' man's friend; here's er ticket for you, gentlemen. Pratt for may'r, Brown for treasurer, Wymer, Jack Wymer—booray! that's me—for city 'orney! What's matter with Wymer?"

"Ah, indeed?" rejoined North, with an air of interest. "City attorney? So you aspire to that office? Do you think you'll get it?"

"Get it? D'y'e mean to shay I won't get it? Come on, now, and back it up if you dare!" cried Mr. Wymer, suddenly assuming a pugilistic attitude; then, as this brief paroxysm of resentment passed off and his overpowering good-humor returned, he subsided into his former attitude of repose and inquired, stupidly but amiably: "Get what?"

North did not wish to pursue the subject, so he merely responded in an equally stupid and amiable way: "Ah! yes, very true, Mr. Wymer," which the latter, in his sadly befogged state of mind, looked upon as not only a very elegant, comprehensive and satisfactory, but likewise a genial and friendly style of rejoinder, and peace was immediately reestablished.

"It is useless to ask him any questions," thought North, despairingly. "If Dennis O'Reilly were his own brother he would scarcely know it in his present condition, so I might as well pass on. It is a fortunate thing that he doesn't know me!"

With this self-congratulation he had turned away when he was electrified by hearing his name pronounced by Mr. Wymer in tones loud enough to attract general attention.

"North! I shay, North, hold on! Lemme speak to you—dic'lar bish-nush!"

North paused irresolutely and looked back at Wymer; then, deciding to pay no attention to the man, he turned away again and started down the street at a slightly accelerated pace.

Instantly Mr. Wymer, without stirring from his careless, lounging attitude, raised his voice higher and called more vociferously:

"I shay! Hoory there, North, d'y'e hear? Lemme speak t' you just minute—dic'lar bish-nush, North, d'y'e hear?"

North heard, and so did everyone else. Gentlemen in the surrounding business places lounged up to the doors and windows and looked smilingly out; passers-by turned their heads curiously to see what was going on; small boys walked backward very nearly off the curbstone in their anxiety to witness the finale; and, to add to North's discomfort, everyone whose eye he met as he retraced his steps nodded in a familiar, friendly way.

Wymer watched his return with a smile of stupid satisfaction.

"Now, Wymer," said North, as he stepped up close to his tormentor, "let me warn you not to waste any words. If you have anything to say to me say it at once, in the shortest possible time. Do you hear?"

"North, are you my friend?" inquired Mr. Wymer, in reproachful tones, as he regarded North with blinking eyes.

North's first impulse was to respond with a slightly italicized negative, but fearing that such a course would only exasperate Wymer and make matters worse he conciliated instead.

"Now, see here, Wymer," he said, "I'm perfectly willing to use all my influence to elect you city attorney, and doesn't that prove that I'm your friend?"

As he spoke a shout of laughter arose from every side. He could not imagine what it was that gave such point to his remarks, but he saw that it was at once perceived and appreciated.

Wymer apparently did not heed the laughter; he noticed only North, to whom he immediately addressed the imperious inquiry:

"Why do you run, then, if you're friend or mine?"

"I'm not running!" returned North, amazed.

"You are," said Mr. Wymer, with the ready and fearless spirit of contradiction that a heated political campaign usually develops. "What have they got you on their dude ticket for, if you ain't runnin'? I tell you, North, your party's a played-out set er thieves an' scoundrels, an' you're 'nother, an' you'll never be 'lected city 'orney while er worl' stands! D'y'e hear?" And, starting up energetically, Mr. Wymer emphasized these statements with some violent gestures, bringing his clenched fists into an altogether disagreeable proximity to North's face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SULTAN'S BODYGUARD.

Half of Them Black, the Other Half White, and All Ruthless.

For greater safety the sultan is always protected by both Nubians (blacks) and Albanians (whites), for these two regiments execrate each other, and in their divisions the padisha feels secure, says the New York Herald. The "black guards" are his favorites, for they are so exceedingly fierce when they have cutting down work to do, and they are also less rapacious than the Albanians, whose claws are always being extended for backsheesh. Taking them all round, however, the two corps of pretorians, black and white, form a gang of unmitigated scoundrels. They are superb-looking ruffians, magnificently dressed, overfed, overpaid and enjoying practical immunity for every offense they may commit except that of being negligent on duty. They are the terror of the whole quarter surrounding the palace, and the sultan himself is so afraid of them that he is constantly trying to bribe them into loyalty by gifts of money.

While the half-starved Turkish soldiers in Macedonia, Armenia and Anatolia often remain for weeks without pay, the Nubians and Albanians are capriciously regaled with "tips," which sometimes amount to \$45 a man. The two corps have only to quarrel and the sultan immediately sets himself to smooth matters by pouring down a golden shower into their miscreant paws. On the other hand, if a soldier of one corps misbehaves by showing himself insubordinate or by going to sleep on guard a dozen soldiers of the other corps are called in to operate upon him. Then there is a private strangling or a private bastinadoing, as the case may be. But in either event the work is executed with dispatch and gusto.

A Broken Thread.

There is a good story of George William Curtis, which seems never to have been published. He was lecturing on a Buffalo stage once, when suddenly a heavy rope somehow broke loose from its moorings in the flies above and dropped with a tremendous thud to the floor behind the speaker. Mr. Curtis looked around in mild surprise to see what had happened, then, turning to the alarmed audience again, said, with a twinkle in his eye: "Ah, that must have been the thread of my discourse." Somebody on a front seat caught the joke first and broke out in a chuckle, which instantly developed into a roar of laughter from the whole house. It was a good many minutes before the thread of that discourse could be resumed.—Buffalo Express.

HASKETT SMITH is the name of the first English "publican" in Palestine.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

LYNN GRIFFITHS, aged 32, and employed as a farm hand for John Norville, two miles east of Fairland, was found dead in his bed. His head was injured from a fall out of a wagon three months ago.

ULYSES BRUNSON, whose residence, in Anderson, was recently wrecked by an explosion, his wife dying from injuries sustained, and the children seriously hurt, has brought suit for \$10,000 damages.

The body of a colored woman, who disappeared from South Bend last December, was discovered in the west race, at that city, the other day. It is supposed she jumped from the bridge a short distance up the river.

A REAR-END collision occurred on the Lake Shore railroad, about eighteen miles from Laporte, between two west-bound freight trains, one, a fast-running special, crashing into the caboose of the other, scattering the debris in all directions. An east-bound freight crashing into the debris and piling up the cars in a frightful manner. The crews saved themselves by jumping. The cars ignited, making a terrific fire. The accident is attributed to defective signal lights. The loss is placed at \$50,000.

ABSALOM BIGGERSTAFF, an affluent merchant of Center Point, became frantically insane the other day, and is now under guard at his home.

The shop and yard men of the Clover Leaf road, in Frankfort, quit work and refuse to return until more satisfactory arrangements are made by the company as to their monthly pay.

The grand jury now in session delivered to its balliffs the names of fifty of the most prominent society ladies and church members at Columbus and ordered that they be brought into its presence to tell what they know about the playing of progressive euchre for prizes. There is great excitement in the city.

The Indiana legislative apportionment bill was passed by the house, as was also the building and loan association bill providing that all foreign building and loan associations doing business in Indiana shall deposit \$50,000 in cash with the auditor. The effect of the latter, it is thought, will be to drive all foreign building and loan associations out of the state.

ED. LOWE, a boy of Batesville, is mysteriously missing from his home. It is believed that he has run away for the wild west.

MRS. ALICE COX has been elected a member on the school board at Darlington.

ZENO FETTY's saloon was burned at Muncie. Loss, \$1,300; insurance, \$600. The booze was saved.

MRS. J. H. WILLIAMSON, aged 82, died near Columbus, leaving a husband aged 84.

The police of Marion have been on the alert with a view of bringing offenders of the liquor law to justice. Although the wide-open policy does not prevail there, still the law requiring saloons to be closed on Sundays is only in name. The other morning Mrs. Hattie Linard, proprietress of the American house, was arrested for violating the liquor law. Five separate charges were made against her for selling liquor on Sunday, amounting in all to \$10.25, which was paid.

Geo. JONES, the boy horse-thief, was captured at Montpelier, south of Bluffton. He acknowledged having stolen the horse, but claimed his brother was, by a previous agreement, also connected with the stealing. The two brothers agreed that each should steal a horse. George, the youngest brother, lived up to his part of the agreement to his sorrow.

ALBERT RAY, the son of prominent and wealthy people, was arrested at Logansport on the charge of forgery and lodged in jail.

JOHN M. HART, aged 72, was found dead at his residence, six miles west of Boonville, the other morning. He was a brother of ex-Senator Thompson J. Hart, who was found dead two weeks before.

JOHN M. COULTER, president of Indiana university, has been offered the chair of botany in the new Chicago university at an annual salary of \$7,000. He is president of the Botanical Society of America, and one of the country's leading botanists. He is about 40 years old and is very popular among the students of Indiana university.

ANDREW PEARSON, whose son was killed by an icicle which fell from the opera house, Kokomo, has sued the owners for \$5,000 damages.

A MAD dog created havoc on the farm of Adam Nussel, near Hoosiersville, Clay county. The animal was a massive dog belonging to Mr. Nussel, who noticed it acting strangely of late. The other evening it became vicious, frothed at the mouth and ran wildly about. It attacked a drove of hogs and bit twenty-one before they could escape. The mad-dened beast then sprang upon Willie, Mr. Nussel's 13-year-old son, and tore his arm in a horrible manner. The dog was finally shot, as were the hogs that were bitten, to prevent hydrophobia, from which the dog suffered, from spreading. The boy was taken to the madstone at Terre Haute.

The mounters at the Wells stove foundry, the other day, in Greenfield, went out on a strike, owing to a cut of 15 cents on the day from the price they had been working for.

JAS. SCOTT, of Washington county, met Mrs. Sarah Watts, of Wilkinson. He courted her three hours, and then the twain were made one.

At Mitchell, Curtis Bass, sentenced for shooting away the jaw of Henry Tow, his father-in-law, over a year ago, and Lawson B. Moore, convicted by a different jury for manslaughter in killing Henry Tow last September, were both taken to prison south to serve out four and seven years respectively. Both belong to good families.

The Indiana house of representatives, the other day, passed a bill taxing sleeping car, telegraph, telephone, express and freight dispatch companies.

A HOME which had been through the war and which was owned by George M. Barnett, of Stewartsville, died the other day at the great age of 37 years.

LITTLE FREE GOLD.

Ex-Secretary Foster Thinks That His Successor Will Issue Bonds to Meet the Necessities of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—Mr. Cleveland's administration will give a sign shortly whether it proposes to issue bonds or not. The gold reserve in the treasury is now about \$102,000,000. During his former administration Mr. Cleveland held that the hundred million was a sacred reserve—not to be touched under any circumstances. If he stands by this position, and it is intimated that he will, there is nothing ahead except to issue bonds or to demand payment of customs duties in gold. The utterances of his inaugural address were taken to mean that he would issue bonds.

When Mr. Foster turned over his office to Mr. Carlisle Tuesday there was in the treasury of free gold—that is, of gold above the legal reserve of \$100,000,000—only \$1,350,000. As this narrow margin is likely to be wiped out almost immediately by the exportation of gold already engaged or about to be engaged for shipment, it is possible that Secretary Carlisle will be compelled, perhaps within a day or two, to make an issue of bonds. He will have the less difficulty in doing this because it is an open secret that ex-Secretary Foster, anticipating the situation which now confronts his successor, weeks ago had the bonds printed ready for issuance, and \$50,000,000 of the prospective bonds had been practically engaged by London bankers.

Mr. Foster, after he had ceased to be secretary of the treasury, expressed the utmost confidence in Mr. Carlisle's ability to put himself in a position to meet all demands for gold. Without saying it in so many words, he intimated that Mr. Carlisle would have to trench upon the \$100,000,000 gold reserve or else issue bonds. When asked if he did not think bonds would have to be issued he replied that Mr. Carlisle might instead of that use some of the reserve. He did not want to make any predictions as to what his successor would do, but he was confident that he would be able by some means to preserve the gold basis by meeting all demands for gold made upon the department. He said that Mr. Carlisle undoubtedly had a right to use a part of the gold reserve if he needed to do so. Besides the gold reserve, Mr. Foster said, he would turn over to the new secretary about \$29,000,000, consisting of national bank reserve and subsidiary coins and disbursing officers' balances. Against this are all the outstanding drafts, covering most of it, but not liable to be presented for payment at once.

NEW YORK, March 8.—The shipments of gold by Tuesday's steamer aggregate \$2,300,000. In spite of the tight money arrangements are in progress to export \$2,000,000 more by Saturday's steamer and \$1,000,000 next Tuesday.

READY FOR WORK.

The Members of the New Cabinet Take the Oath of Office—Their First Session.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The induction into office of the members of President Cleveland's cabinet, save Secretary Gresham, who was sworn in Monday, was an historic event at the state department just before noon. For the first time in the history of the government the heads of the departments assembled in the diplomatic parlor and together took the oath of office. On the occasion of Mr. Cleveland's first inauguration, all the cabinet officers assembled at the Arlington hotel, and accompanied by Associate Justice Field, the only democratic justice then on the supreme bench, drove to each executive department in turn, beginning with the state department.

There were present to witness the ceremony about fifty spectators. The new cabinet officers grouped themselves about the table at the east end of the parlor, Justice Field and Secretary Gresham at the head. The venerable jurist then calling the secretaries to his left hand, in turn administered the statutory oath which he read without glasses to Messrs. Carlisle, Lamont, Smith, Herbert Olney, Bissell and Morton, and each signed. The Bible used was a new one procured for the occasion. The ceremony being ended, a few minutes spent in exchanging salutations and making introductions of the strangers to one another and then the new secretaries departed for their several departments to enter upon the discharge of their duties.

Secretary Carlisle, when he assumed charge of the treasury department, had on hand \$1,250,000 of free gold and a net balance of \$25,500,000, of which \$11,500,000 is in national bank deposits and \$11,000,000 in subsidiary coin, and \$500,000 in minor coins.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—President Cleveland called together his new cabinet for the first time Tuesday afternoon.

There was no formality or ceremony observed in opening the meeting. The session was devoted to a discussion of matters of current public importance, including Hawaiian annexation and the financial situation. The greater part of the time was taken up, however, with a consideration of the question of appointments, particularly those of assistants to the various cabinet officers. The necessity for filling these positions without delay was taken as a self-evident fact, but Mr. Cleveland impressed upon his official family the necessity of going slowly in making selections.

GIBBONS WHIPS DALY.

The Bangor Man Lasted Thirty-One Rounds at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, March 8.—Austin Gibbons, of Paterson, N. J., whipped Mike Daly, of Bangor, Me., in the Crescent City Athletic club arena Tuesday night. It was a bloody fight of thirty-one rounds, lasting two hours and six minutes. Daly was not knocked out, but was too exhausted to rise, and his seconds gave up the battle. The men fought for a stake of \$20,000 and a purse of \$3,500, \$500 of which went to the loser.