

AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Atonement,
by Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER I.

A quaint, old-fashioned, large, gray stone house, irregularly built, with a green, sloping lawn that led to the banks of the River Thames—a house that had once been the resort of the gay, the young, and the beautiful, but had now lost its prestige. Courtly dames in rich brocades no longer rustled through the stately rooms and the broad corridors. Knights with plumed casques no longer rode from among the trees. King's Court was deserted—it had fallen upon evil days, and was now known only as "The Ladies' College, Kew."

No bright flowers with gorgeous colors smiled on the lawn; no tame white doves fluttered around the fountain. Miss Templeton, the conductor of "The Ladies' College," considered birds and flowers as "necessary parts of creation," but she did not care to cultivate them.

The windows of the house were all closed, the blinds were carefully drawn. Sunshine was all very well in its way, but as it caused carpets and curtains to fade, besides causing young eyes to brighten and young hearts to beat, it was most carefully shut out. Hence gray shadow and white silent gloom reigned within King's Court, while the large rooms were all quiet and dull, and the ticking of clocks and the creaking of doors could be distinctly heard.

At the back there was another picture. First came a large playground—it had once been a court-yard—then a quaint old-fashioned garden, and an orchard where the trees in autumn drooped under the burden of ripe, red fruit; and there the domain of Miss Templeton ended. The indication of this was a little gate, always carefully locked, which led into a kind of copse that opened out into broad, beautiful woodland.

A pretty brook ran between low banks—a brook that came from far away, and ran into the river—a brook that would have made a poet's heart leap for joy, so clear, limpid, and rapid was it, washing over many-colored stones with a musical murmur that told of bright, far-off scenes. A cluster of alder trees bent over it, and a young girl sat under their shade. If Grouse had painted her with the glimmering sunlight falling upon her through the green foliage, the picture would have been immortal.

The brook ripples, the birds sing, the sun shines, and the flowers send up soft streams of fragrance—all seem in harmony with the fair fresh loveliness of the girl, who cannot yet have seen eighteen summers. Lovely though it be, the face is not a very happy one; there is sunshine around it, but not in it.

The girl looked like a young princess, she was so charming, so dainty, so fair. Yet life was all wrong with her, empty, dreary and dull. There was passionate upbraiding in the bright, proud eyes as she raised them to the blue heaven.

"Some sigh for genius, for fame," she murmured; "I ask for love and money. Let me taste some of the pleasures of the world; the warm life within me cries out for them. What is it that I cannot stand before me and tell me whatever I wished for should be mine? What should be my first request? Make me a lady of title and wealth, I would say."

Suddenly she paused—there certainly was a voice calling.

"Miss Rayner, where are you?"

For one moment, remembering her thoughts, she was half-frightened, and then she smiled.

"It's only John. Why are all servants named John, I wonder? And, as this is the last day of the holidays, and therefore the last day that I can have peace or quiet, what can John want me for?"

She was soon to know.

CHAPTER II.

Leonie Rayner rose from her pretty nook at the water side, and turned to find the old servant standing near her.

"Miss Rayner," he said, "you are wanted at once."

"Considering that I know no one in the wide world, John," she rejoined, with a lovely smile playing round her lips, "I may ask, who wants me?"

"Two gentlemen, and they both look like lawyers; they asked for Miss Leonie Rayner, and said their business was very important."

"I will come," she said, with a deep sigh—"some message from Miss Templeton, I suppose."

She walked slowly to the house, and as she left the picturesque spot where she had lingered through the sunny June morning, the poetry died out of her face, and a hard, tired expression came into it. She looked up at the closed windows and drawn blinds. "It is unfortunate that the sun does not pay school fees," she said, "then Miss Templeton would admit it."

She entered the bare, lonely, deserted school-rooms, where the very goddess of dulness seemed to have taken up her abode. A stern-faced, prim maid-servant met her.

"Miss Rayner, have you been told that you are wanted? It's very awkward, gentlemen sitting in the drawing-room, and we waiting to arrange it. Miss Templeton will be here by seven."

It was only a servant's insolence, yet it stung her until the fair face flushed crimson. She passed on without reply. There was an innate nobility and refinement in Leonie Rayner that forbade her to enter into a contest of words; she went into the drawing-room.

"How different it would be," she thought, "if I were a lady-boarder, and these my visitors!"

She opened the door, and her wondering glance fell on two gentlemen seated, evidently very much at their ease, in Miss Templeton's drawing-room. They looked at her in astonishment. The elder of the two spoke to her first.

himself and, seeing the young girl evidently at a loss what to do, he placed a seat for her.

"If Miss Templeton could but see this," she thought, with quiet amusement—"a governess-pupil receiving gentlemen visitors in the drawing-room!"

"My business with you, Miss Rayner, is very important," continued the speaker. "Perhaps I should introduce myself—I am Mr. Clements, of the firm of Clements & Matthews, of Lincoln's Inn. We are lawyers," he added with a smile at her simplicity.

"Not knowing what to say, she bowed. "Allow me, Miss Rayner, to introduce Mr. Duncombe to you. He has been for some years past the manager of the Charnleigh estates."

She bowed again, still more bewildered. What should lawyers and managers of estates want with her?

"I must ask you, Miss Rayner, to answer my questions as fully as you can," said Mr. Clements, "and not to conceal anything from me."

"I have nothing to conceal and nothing to tell," she remarked. "My life has been an uneventful one."

"The future may have much in store," said Mr. Clements, smiling and bowing. "Now, Miss Rayner, will you tell me, first, the name of your father?"

"Captain Albert Rayner," she replied, promptly.

"And your mother's?"

"Her maiden name was Alida Clements. She was a French lady, born at Rheims."

"You say, as briefly as you can, tell us all you know of your parents, their lives and deaths?"

The girl was too simple and inexperienced to imagine that there could be any mystery behind these questions.

"My father," she said, "was of a good English family. He was a gentleman, but not rich; indeed, he had no money except his income as captain. My mother was a lady; she was descended from an old Royalist family that was ruined when she was a child—the Clements of Rheims."

"Mr. Clements bowed again, as though each word corroborated something he had heard before.

"My mother was very young when she had to go into the world as a governess. She was in a situation at Leamington when my father, Captain Rayner, met her, loved her, and married her."

"And thereby," interrupted Mr. Clements, "lost the only chance he had in life. He was well known—a perfect gentleman—handsome, refined; he might have married an heiress."

"He loved my mother," interrupted Leonie, her beautiful face flushing.

"Yes, certainly; but that was the only chance he held for him. Will you continue, Miss Rayner?"

"If I do," she said, "you must spare me any further criticisms on either my father or my mother."

"I really beg your pardon," returned Mr. Clements. "I rather admire Captain Rayner for what he did."

"They were married at Leamington, for my mother had no home and no friends. Despite poverty, my parents lived happily enough until my father's regiment was ordered abroad. My mother, for pecuniary reasons, was obliged to remain in England; my father died a hero's death far from his native land."

"He did," said Mr. Clements. "And then?"

"After that my mother came to London and lived by teaching French. She taught here at King's Court, and when she died Miss Templeton took charge of me on condition that I should teach when I was able. I have lived here ever since."

"And that is the story of your life?" interrogated the lawyer.

"Yes; I remember no incident in it save my mother's death; the rest has been a dreary blank."

"Have you any papers corroborative of what you say, Miss Rayner?" he asked, and again an expression of suppressed excitement appeared on the lawyer's face.

"Yes, a small packet. There is a copy of my father's marriage register, and one of my birth and of my mother's death—that is all, I think."

"Will you let me see them?"

She rose and went to her own room, where they were kept. There was little wonder in her mind—her life had been too uneventful for that; she thought there was some business on hand relating to her father's death. She found the papers and returned with them; she laid them before Mr. Clements, who looked attentively at them.

"Nothing could be more straightforward," he remarked to Mr. Duncombe; "it is the same story word for word."

"Yes, there is no mistake," observed his friend; and then they both looked earnestly at the young girl before them.

CHAPTER III.

The words sounded plainly and clearly in the silence—so clearly that the young girl looked up at him bewildered, lost, dazed with wonder.

"I do not understand," she said faintly.

"Lawyers are not accustomed to romance, my dear young lady," remarked Mr. Clements, smiling; "neither do we deal in poetry; the plain, hard fact is, that I believe you to be Leonie, Countess of Charnleigh."

"Will you explain?" she asked, with a faint tremble in her voice; her face had grown pale as death, and her lips quivered.

"The full explanation would occupy a whole bench of lawyers for many hours," he replied. "I may tell you, briefly, that your father, the late Capt. Rayner, was one of the younger branch of the family of Charnleigh. The late Earl of Charnleigh was a strange, moody, eccentric man; he died without making any will, and left all his affairs in confusion. Titles and estates are not entailed in the male line; they descend simply to the next of kin, whether that be male or female. That is one strange law in the family; another is, that the possessor of the estate can leave it by will to which of his kinsmen he chooses, provided he has no sons of his own to succeed him."

You understand?" continued the lawyer, noting the great agitation of the girl. "If the late earl had been married, one of his sons—of course the eldest—must have succeeded him; that is clear enough."

"Yes," she replied, faintly, "that is clear."

"But he never married. And he might have left all to any member of the family whom he chose, to succeed him; that also is plain enough. Try to follow me. For he saw a film come over the young girl's brilliant eyes, as though she were losing consciousness.

"I follow you closely," she said, but her voice was a faint, hoarse whisper.

"But he died without making a will. He was a moody, strange man, who was not associated with any of his family. I hardly think he knew them. When such an event as that which I have just mentioned occurs in the Charnleigh family, the next of kin, whether male or female, succeeds. A long, careful, conscientious examination of all claims leads us to decide that you are the nearest relative of the deceased earl."

"Do you really believe it?" she asked, trying to conceal the quivering of her features and the trembling of her hands. "Is there no mistake?"

"We do not make such mistakes in our profession," was the reply; "we would be fatal."

She buried her face in her hand and wept. The two men looked at her kindly sympathy, evidently understanding her emotion.

"But what shall I do?" she inquired. "I have never had any money; I am unused to wealth and comfort; my life has been hard and lonely, dreary and dull—how shall I bear this great change?"

She pushed back the golden-brown hair from her white brow, and appeared bewildered with the thoughts that crowded upon her.

"A countless in my own right—it is utterly impossible—I cannot believe it." "Nevertheless, it is true. I am not surprised that you should be agitated—perhaps no young lady ever had more cause; but you must bear adversity as well as you have borne adversity. You come of a race that has always held honor first and courage next."

"Dare I believe it? Dare I assure my heart of the truth of all you have told me?" She had risen from her chair by this time, and was walking hastily up and down the room. "Is there any fear of disappointment afterward? I could not bear that." She continued passionately. "I can go on living as I am, but to find all that I am ready to believe now an empty, idle dream, would kill me."

THE WORLD'S BEER.

The Total Amount Brewed Is a Little Short of 4,000,000,000 Gallons.

The total quantity of beer brewed in Europe, assuming an average for the last five years, is 3,105,000,000 gallons, Germany coming first with a production of 1,071,000,165 gallons of which 644,732,535 gallons are brewed in Bavaria, 79,563,750 gallons in Wurtemberg, 56,445,840 gallons in Prussia, 47,262,305 gallons in Alsace-Lorraine. Great Britain comes next with a total of 1,184,275 gallons, while Austria-Hungary is third with a total of 308,888 gallons; while France follows with about 225,000,000 gallons. These are the only countries in which the production reaches 100,000,000 gallons, and relatively to their population Denmark, with 49,165,000 gallons brewed, and Norway with 38,304,990, have a much larger production than most of the others. But Russia, with its vast area and large population, produces only 65,892,870 gallons, while the quantity of beer produced in other countries is: Switzerland, 26,694,486 gallons; Spain, 23,062,500 gallons; Turkey, 3,150,000 gallons; Italy, 3,099,665 gallons; Roumania, 2,225,000 gallons; Luxemburg and Serbia, 2,092,500 gallons each, and Greece, 15,345 gallons. The average quantity of beer brewed out of Europe is 839,668,815 in the United States, 36,258,940 in Australia and 4,966,020 in Japan. From the foregoing it is seen that Germany and Great Britain alone brew a larger quantity of beer annually than the United States.

Where Girls Never Go to School.

Girls in Iceland receive no educational advantages. Everything that that sort of lavished on the boys. The question of providing for the girls has of late years engrossed much attention, but owing to the poverty of the people and the miserable means of communication slight progress has been made. The mother has been the universal school-mistress in Iceland as far as the girls are concerned. Instruction in reading and religion is compulsory. In the fall the clergyman visits every house in the parish for the purpose of examining the children in reading and the catechism, and if satisfied with their progress he invites the parents to send the children of 12 and 14 years of age to him during Lent for further instruction in preparation for confirmation, which is compulsory at the ages of 14 and 16.

Beware the Bite of Anger.

A Vienna scientist has made a series of interesting experiments with the virus of such insects as bees and wasps, and comes to the conclusion that the effectiveness of the irritating substance depends largely upon the mood of the insect. A drop of the venom taken from the poison bag of a dead hornet, for instance, produces a slight itching, but nothing resembling the inflammation caused by a hornet sting with a much smaller quantity of the same virus. The theory is supported by the curious fact that under the influence of rage the saliva of all sorts of otherwise harmless animals can become virulent enough to produce alarming and even fatal symptoms. Death by blood poisoning has more than once resulted from the bite of a wounded squirrel, a chipmunk, or a caged rat.

A Railroad to South America.

Some years ago a commission was appointed to inquire into the possibility of building a railroad between the country and South America. The commission has just reported that the scheme is perfectly feasible, but that the cost will be about \$50,000 a mile it scarcely seems likely that even the most venturesome capitalist will go into it. If the proposed line were built it would be possible to reach Rio Janeiro in a fortnight's time.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

Redemption in Christ.

The lesson for Sunday, Oct. 8 may be found in Romans 13: 19-26.

INTRODUCTORY.

Here is a very practical lesson, "Redemption in Christ." And we may be very sure it will prove a very popular lesson, as we take it up and teach it aright. For all men need salvation. It is our common need. And as we bring men to a consciousness of their human oneness and impotence, and then declare the divine restitution and rescue that is in Jesus Christ we are presenting of all themes the one nearest and dearest to the troubled heart of man. There at Montreal they were discussing, it will be recalled, the methods available for bringing out and interesting the masses. At last some one said, in light but suggestive parlance, "What is the matter with preaching the gospel?" Sure enough, they all instinctively felt. Sure enough, we say here and now with this lesson before us: Would not the freshest and best theme for church and Sunday-school, the strongest inducement to attendance, the largest attraction to hold those who come, be the simple, faithful presentation of the old gospel?

POINTS IN THE LESSON.

The subject of Romans is Jesus our justifier. Paul is here proving that the gospel and not the law saves.

But the law does something. Yes, it is the attendant holding a light to show where are the wounds and bruises and putrefying sores. But Jesus himself is the Great Physician and Healer, and this gospel is the balm.

All the world guilty before God. The word means, literally, under-sentence (underdo). At God's great tribunal the question is not put, "Guilty or not guilty." There is the evidence, clear and plain. The only question is, "What have you done in view of your guilty state? Have you accepted the great redemption provided?"

But now the righteousness of God without the law, or rather as in the Revision, "Apart from the law a righteousness of God." That is to say, turning aside from that righteousness of a perfectly fulfilled law, which no man has attained unto, we see a righteousness that is attainable and which is, at the same time, a godly righteousness—is acceptable to God—namely, the righteousness of faith. Take that.

And all may take it. For it is unto all them that believe, and there is no difference (distinction). Simple faith in Jesus Christ. And notice it is faith in Jesus Christ as offered to all and given to all. He who lives in this kind of a Saviour, a Saviour that saves, and saves me, to that man is given at once, but for largest culture and development, the gift of God's righteousness ones.

Yes, we have "come short." Behind is the word; behind in our payments and verily insolvent. But put along side of this the other word, "redemption." We are justified through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Redemption signifies in its origin to pay a ransom and set free. So Christ finds us behind in our payments and he makes it up, brings us up to the line and level of God's requirement: in righteousness.

So then it is a free salvation, without price, "being justified freely by a free gift." And it is a full salvation, for it is "by his grace" and that is really ample and sufficient to make up all our deficiencies. Yes, and more, "where sin abounded grace did yet more abound." Trust his grace. Trust by taking, trying.

HINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Begin early in the week with the Sunday-school lesson. Let it get lodgment in the mind while the mind is fresh and untrammelled. Make it the subject of conversation at the table, and at church meetings. Why not make it a serviceable topic for socials and for Christian calls? Certainly its influence will be felt in the prayer-room, in the pulpits. The Saturday study of the lesson may be a good expedient, but it is by no means the best plan. To-morrow night is the teachers' meeting. Suppose we go there and propose that Monday afternoon or evening be made the hour for the study of the lesson. If such a time is chosen, and some leader of experience in the work is available, invite in the other schools of the neighborhood to such an early parousal. Would not a large number be grateful for the opportunity? Try it.

And this, "that every mouth may be stopped and all the world may become guilty before God." It is a high day for the Unitarian, the Universalist, the Liberalist. Every mouth is wide open with exiles for the carnal mind. All the world is being proven innocent! Away with such rubbish! And let God's word as given in to-day's lesson be lifted in solemn denial and protest. "And have sinned and come short; and there is but one hope—the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." Thank God for a religion that comes down from the skies instead of lifting itself, forsooth, from the earth. "So you expect to make an impression on the great Chinese Empire?" said the haughty sea captain to his missionary passenger, William Morrison. "No, sir," said that devoted servant of the cross, straightening up and looking his insolent interlocutor in the eye. "No, sir; but God does!"

Next Lesson—"Justification by Faith," Rom. 5: 1-11.

Physiognomy.

A DRY eye means a hard heart. BROWN eyes are the most kindly. VOLTAIRE had the typical fox face. ITALIANS have the best mouths and chins.

A POUTING upper lip indicates timidity. VERY large, thick lips are a sign of sensuality.

BLACK eyes are the most rash and impetuous. LIKE countenances indicate like characters.

ONLY A TRAMP.

But There Were Tears, and Bitter Ones, Shed for Him.

"It's only one of them pesky tramps, Bill," said a brakeman to his companion, as the lights from two lanterns fell on the form of a man mangled as only a railroad train can mangle. "I suppose we will have to get him into the caboose and leave him at the station."

They gathered up the remains as best they could, and after getting them aboard the train, gave the signal to go ahead.

Yes, he was only a tramp. The brakeman addressed as Bill had seen the man fall between two cars while stepping from one to another. The train had been stopped, and the two roadrunners went back to see what damage had been done. In the caboose they made a search of the dead man's clothes. They didn't find much; no money, not even a knife. In the inside pocket of the ragged vest was a greasy-looking envelope. In taking out the letter a tiny band of gold fell to the floor. While one picked up the ring the other read the letter. It had been well fingered, and there were unmistakable spots that only tears could have caused. The handwriting was a woman's, and read as follows:

"Dear Jim: Mary is dead and in her last will she inquired for papa. She missed you so much, and never seemed to be well after you went. I am sorry, Jim, for what I said that night, and if you will come back I will never complain and worry you any more. I send you Mary's ring; you remember when you got it for her. Please come back to your wife."

That was all. The wife had heard in some way where her husband was and had sent him the letter. It occurred to one of the brakemen to look at the postmark, and with difficulty it was seen that it was a month old, and that it was that of the very place at which they had decided to leave the dead body.

Jim must have met with misfortune, and was stealing his way home, which he reached only to be carried out and laid beside little Mary.

Peculiarities of Burros.

The burro has many peculiarities, which heshares with his half-brother, the mule. Burdened with a heavy pack, he may travel for hours patiently and without complaint. He approaches a little stream of sluggish water not more than an inch or two deep, or it may be a dry ravine which has water only in the rainy season. He sets foot in it with the utmost reluctance, and after having been fairly pulled in, he may deliberately lie down and refuse to go further. He knows how easy it is for his little feet to sink into the wet sand, and the recollection that just such an innocent-looking place once upon a time proved to be a quagmire still survives in his mind.

This same instinct of self-preservation, what makes him so sure-footed. He will carefully pick his way over ice, and when he is unable to be impassable to a horse and would make a man dizzy. I once saw a burro with a good-sized pack on his back try to pass along a trail that led through a narrow cleft in a rock. The cleft was too narrow, and, when half-way through, the pack stuck fast. Being unable to go forward, the burro backed, but was equally unsuccessful in getting out. He then tried his last resource—lying down. When he couldn't do this, his groans and lamentations filled the air, and continued during the hour it took us to free him. I thought he must have been injured internally, but no sooner was he at liberty than he went a few yards forward on the trail and quietly began to graze.

But it is when kept behind his comrades, if only a few moments, that his agony is greatest. Then such struggles to be free! Such brays! One wonders how so small an animal can make so great a noise.—St. Nicholas.

Always Young.

That one is as old as he feels is an aphorism that is receiving constant exemplification. Sir Julius Benedict once played so admirably in public that a listener rushed up to him and declared, enthusiastically:

"I am amazed and delighted. You never played better. This has really been a most remarkable performance."

"Well," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "to tell the truth, I don't think it was at all bad for a young man who is within a few months of eighty years of age!"

On the day when Deacon John Hitchcock of Springfield, was seventy years old, he said to his wife:

"When we were first married, you know I used to take my hat down from the peg with my toes. I wonder if I could do it now!"

He jumped from the floor, took his hat on the toe of his boot, and came down safely on his feet. Then he said grace and ate his breakfast as if nothing unusual had happened.

A cheery and courageous spirit of one's own, and the love of other people—these are the best aids toward attaining a youthful old age.

Prudent Investments.

It is a great blessing to have a cheerful confidence in the future. Two eminent French gentlemen who were great friends used to relate an amusing story of their impecunious days.

Neither fame nor fortune had come to them, but they were always hopeful. The years had weighed heavily enough upon Jules, however, for him to have become entirely bald.

One day Alphonse met him with a beaming countenance, and cried gaily:

"What do you think, Jules! I have been buying a strong box!"

UPROAR IN THE HOUSE

ANGRY WORDS AND SCURRILOUS OBSERVATIONS USED.

Excitement Caused by a Sharp Exchange of Words Between Congressmen Fithian and Morse—Arrest of a Crank in the White House.

The Lie Is Passed.

Washington special: The lie was passed at the opening of the session of the House this morning between Mr. Morse, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Fithian, of Illinois, but no blows were struck and no blood was spilled. The altercation was an outgrowth of Mr. Morse's filibustering course. Mr. Morse, in a five-minute speech this morning, tried to justify his action, during the course of which he charged Mr. Fithian with being solely responsible for the refusal of the House to permit him to print in the Record some newspaper extracts attacking Commissioner Lochren. Mr. Fithian, rising to reply, said in as much as Mr. Morse had seen fit to criticize him that he had desired to call the attention of the House to a rather dubious proposition made by Mr. Morse to him. He said Mr. Morse, when he (Fithian) objected to his leave to print, came to him with honeyed words and informed him that he was a member of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds and intimated that he (Fithian) had a public building bill he (Morse) might be able to help him if the Illinois Congressman could see his way clear to withdraw his objection.

"That is absolutely false!" shouted Mr. Morse, striding in a warlike manner toward Mr. Fithian.

"If the gentleman from Massachusetts denies this statement, I have proof to adduce that will satisfy any member of the House. My colleague, Mr. Goldzier, heard the conversation."

As Mr. Fithian said this, Mr. Morse backed against the rails and replied meekly: "What the gentleman says has the color of truth, but the construction he places on it is unqualifiably false."

"If the gentleman denies my statement," shouted Mr. Fithian, shaking his fist angrily at the Massachusetts Congressman, "he is fully lying himself."

In a minute the House was in an uproar. The Speaker quelled the impending riot by pounding his desk vigorously with the gavel and declaring both gentlemen out of order. This closed the incident.

CRANK IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

A Man Who Declared President Cleveland Was His Father.

Police Officer Heller had a violent struggle to-day with an insane man who in some mysterious manner got into the White House, and was looking for President Cleveland. The appearance of the officer probably saved the President from an assault. How the fellow got inside the building no one knows. "I want to see my father," he said, "who is your father?" the cook asked him. "Mr. Cleveland, of course," was his response.

Just then Policeman Heller appeared upon the scene and asked what was the matter. The man, who was not altogether right, and arrested him after a struggle. At the station the crank gave the name of Joseph Washington, but refused to tell where he lived. No one at the station remembered of ever having seen him before. When asked what he wanted at the White House he replied: "I wanted that chair." "What chair?" "The President's chair."

"Don't you think the President fills it satisfactorily?" "No, I don't," was the reply, "and I intend to get it by fair means or foul. Give me a pistol and I'll show you who will get it quick."

HEAVY WAR CLAIM SUBMITTED.

Uncle Sam Asked to Repay Money Because of Damages by Troops.

Washington special: Private war claims are the order of the day here both in House and Senate. In addition to many private claims, Mr. McKaig has introduced bills providing for the payment of \$200,000 to the city of Frederick, \$30,000 to Hagerstown, and \$1,500 to Middletown. All of these claims grew out of the raids of Gen. Jubal Early, who levied the above sums on the several towns after their invasion. Mr. Beltzhoover, of Pennsylvania, has succeeded in having reported favorably by the War Claims Committee, of which he is Chairman, a bill for the payment of \$3,447,815.94 to residents of Southern Pennsylvania for damages sustained because of the invasion of Confederate and the presence of Union forces during the late war.

Tammany the Victor.

At New York, the great race between Lamplighter and Tammany for