- In dreamland with thee, my darling, In dreamland so pleasant and sweet, Where all shall be peaceful and joyous. In dreamland, all cloudiess, we'll meet
- And our eyes shall forget all their weeping. Our hearts all their throbbing and pain, The lonely love-watch they've been keeping Out in the world's pitiless rain.
- Earth's thorns will be not for our crowning, Earth's roses will bloom fresh and fair; Where the sorrow-cloud late has been frowning The sunlight will fill the sweet air.
- In dreamland—our dreamland, my darling. The smile of my soul shall be thine, And the smile of thy true soul, my sarling. All radiant with love, shall be mine.
- The summer's most sweet, my darling. Bringing glory to earth, sky and sea; But it brings not so lovely an Eden As our beautiful dreamland shall be.
- Blest Love is the sun of our dreamland, And Hope the sweet star of even; And Peace, the clear, gliding river, Plowing to the ocean of Heaven.
- The heights of our beautiful dreamland Are "too lofty for language to reach," And the sweet spirit songs of that region "Never shall float in the speech."
- We shall wait not the coming of summer, With its glad, happy leaves for the tree, But like a long-looked-for comer. I'll wander in dreamland with thee,

### "CUTTING DOWN:"

John Furlong sat at his desk, in the office of Lord & Co. Close application to the duties of his position through a long series of years had driven the color from his face, until it resembled in hue the leaves of the open ledger before him. From bending over his desk his once broad shoulders had become rounded, and what was once a splendid physique had become emaciated, until scarcely sufficient flesh remained to hold his bony frame together.

Ohe by one had the clerks who had been his assistants and companions been discharged, and their duties added to his, until, overtaxed, overweighted, and overworked, his brain threatened to succumb to the unceasing strain which was slowly but surely sapping away his very life. Yet no word of complaint or ex-postulation did he utter, but struggled on with an unwavering will to complete the new tasks which, together, made up the sum of his everyday life.

"We must economize," said Lord & o. "Labor is a drug in the market, everybody is reducing expenses, and we must cut down-cut down-cut down," and as he threw himself composedly into his luxurious office-chair, the trade dollars in his capacious pockets seemed to jingle out an echo, "Cut down

eut down-eut down!"
Wages had been cut down until the employes received scarcely enough compensation for their services to purchase a bare existence, and the working force of Lord & Co. had been reduced until one person was compelled to perform the labor of three. Business was brisk, but day after day would an employe be sum-moned to the private office of the firm, and his pale face, despairing look and quivering lip, when he emerged there-from, plainly indicated that he was another victim to the cutting-down process. A summons from the firm to an employe to visit their office was an inevitable death warrant to the victim.

One day John Furlong sat poring over his ledger. His face, if possible, was paler than ever, and his shoulders seemed rounder than ever. His eyes were deep sunken in his head, and the expression of tion the terrible nervous suffering under

which he was laboring.
"Mr. Furlong," said the office boy,
"Mr. Lord would be pleased to see you

John Furlong instinctively turned pale, He dropped his pen mechanically, and after a moment's hesitation, during which the blood that flowed through his veins seemed to rush back to his heart, walked deliberately but sadly toward the office in which the senior member of the firm sat composedly.

"Ah, Mr. Furlong! Take a seat, Mr. Furlong—take a seat, sir. Glad to see you! Ah, Mr. Furlong, we find we must cut down-we must reduce. Our exour receipts. Economy is our only safeguard, sir-I might say our only salvation. Boy, order me a carriage at four, sure. We have concluded to dispense with your services, Mr. Furlong, we will not need you after to-night."

"But, Mr. Lord, after ten years' service in your house, will you dismiss me in so summary a manner."
"Can't be helped, Mr. Furlong; we

Everybody is cutting must cut down. and we must cut. Can get men to work for

"But I am willing to work for less, Mr.

"Too late-too late. Got a man engaged."
"But, Mr. Lord-"

"Don't detain me, Mr. Furlong. The carriage is waiting and the club will have a champagne supper at five. must cut down, sir.'

The senior member of Lord & Co. carefully adjusting his high hat on his bald head, entered the carriage in waiting, and was driven rapidly away.

"Poor Emily! what will she do now, said John Furlong, as he stood like one paralyzed in the office of Lord & Co. He heard the office door closed, heard the rattle of wheels made by the departing carriage, and yet he stood alone in the office, an impersonation of the statue of

'Poor Emily!" It was all he said; the tears coursed down his palid cheeks and fell upon the richly carpeted floor. With an effort he aroused himself, walked to his desk, closed his books, carefully placed them in the safe, and slowly but

sadly walked into the street. His fellow-clerks saw him depart. He was a favorite with them all, and with a saddened feeling they watched him until

he was lost to sight. Instinctively he turned towards his home. The people passing through the crowded thoroughfare jostled him as they passed, but he felt them not; the vehicles rattled through the badly paved streets, but he heard not a sound. Like wheat before the cradle of the mower, he had been cut down. His thoughts were not of himself, and when between his quivering lips a sound es-caped, only two words could be heard— "Poor Emily!"

Stopping in front of a four-story build-ing in the central portion of the city, he walked into the marble-tiled vestibule, put his night-key into the lock, opened the door, and commenced his weary

ascent up four flights of stairs. When he reached the upper landing he was ex-hausted and almost breathless, yet with the aid of the banisters he reached the door of his apartments, opened it by an effort, and staggered into the room.

"Emily!"

He had fainted. Exhausted nature could no longer bear the terrible strain. Emily Washburn bent over him. a woman's instinct she at once perceived the necessity of immediate action, and proceeded to take measures to resuscitate him. She bathed his temples and chafed him. She bathed his temples and chafed his hands, and her diligence and perse-verence were soon rewarded by signs of returning consciousness: "My poor brother," said Emily, "I feared this, you have been sadly overworked; your brain has been tasked beyond endurance. You need rest sadly, and you must have it." have it." "I shall have all the rest I need now,

my dear sister." "Oh! how kind of Lord & Co.," said

"Yes, very kind," said John, sarcas

"Why, John, what do you mean? Have they out you down again?" "Cut me down again? Oh! if that wa all I would not complain. But worse, far worse than that."

"You do not mean to say that you

"Discharged! Yes, Emily, discharged. Turned out by those whom I have faithfully served for years. I do not care for myself, Emily; I can bear the whips and scorns of life without a murmur, but you, my dear sister-what will become of you and your little children?"

"Never mind us, John. Cheer up! I can battle with the world. I blame myself for being a charge and care upon you, for what would we have done when my husband died but for your kindnesss. You have not only been a brother but a benefactor and savior to us; you gave up your little home and came to us; your hard earnings have been bestowed upon us; you denied us nothing, and now when the dark day of adversity comes, you are without means yourself. Oh! why did I ever permit you to share your hard earned bounty with us?'

John Furlong was now reclining upon the sofa. When he thought of his almost penniless condition and his broken health, his courage seemed to forsake him. He looked around him. The children were playing around in happy ignorance of the fate which seemed hovering over their little heads. Were they to be "cut down," too, in the bright days of their infancy? The end of the month was approaching, and the rent had not been entirely accumulated yet. He knew his landlord well. He was inexorable, and unfeeling, and exacting; and if payment was not promptly made he would be dispossessed and turned into the streets. The very thought seemed to drive him almost to distraction.

Emily Washburn stood by the window. gazing abstractedly, but almost distracted, into the street below. Her eyes were suffused with tears, and her heaving bosom denoted the terrible struggle that was raging within, and she was endeavoring with almost superhuman exertions to suppress. It was not the discharge of her brother from the house of Lord & Co., or any fear for her future welfare, or that of her children, that affected her with a woman's true heroism she had already pain that occasionally flashed across his determined to work for them; but the marble features denoted that his iron condition of her brother, his emaciated frame, and the knowledge that his heroic had caused it all.

The wheels of an approaching carriage were heard. As it neared the house the horses' heads were turned in toward the curb, and it stopped in front of John Furlong's house.
"John! John!" cried Emily, "a car-

riage has stopped in front of our door."
"Perhaps Mr. Lord has relented and sent for me," said John, a faint ray of hope illuminating his pale face.

There is a lady descending from it! exclaimed Emily. "A lady!" echoed John, in a tone of

disappointment. "She is approaching the door, penses are altogether disproportionate to there, John, she has rung our door-bell, as the tingle of the bell was heard in

their hall. "What shall we do?" said John. vainly endeavoring to sit apright upon the sofa, but sadly failing in the effort. "What shall we do?" replied Emily "Why, there's only one thing to do-I

shall go down and admit her. "But, surely, she must have made mistake. Our acquaintances are not in the habit of calling upon us in their car

riages," said John, smiling sadly.
"Well, John," said Emily, "if she has made a mistake it will be very easy to correct it," saying which she descended to the door to meet the caller whose advent had caused such a stir. In a few minutes she returned.

"There is no mistake about it, John The lady has called at the right place,

said Emily.
"And who does she wish to see? asked John. "Mr. John Furlong."

"Me! me! Why, sister, who can it be?" "Here is her card, brother. She is waiting below." John Furlong almost convulsively eized the card and read aloud:

"Miss Florence Packard." "Miss Florence Packard! I cannot see her, Emily-I cannot see her. Tell her I am indisposed. Offer any excuse you think proper, for I cannot-dare

not see her to-day. "I explained your feeble condition to her, John, but, instead of withdrawing, she seemed to be more anxious to see you than before," said Emily.
"Tell her I will be better to-morrow

and will call upon her. Tell her-The door opened gently, and a light footstep glided noiselessly across the carpeted floor toward the sofa on which

John Furlong lay. He saw her, and tried to raise himself to a sitting posture. "Florence!"

The effort had exhausted what little strength remained and he fell back un-

When he revived, Florence Packard sat by his side. Her lace shawl was thrown over the back of a chair, and her dainty little hat occupied another. She kept her little fan busily employed upon his face, and the life-blood was fast returning into its regular channels. In a spirit of gratitude he extended his hand. Sne grasped it, and held it in hers. For a few minutes not a word was spoken on

"John Furlong, said Florence, "I am not a stranger to the nature of your affection for me. I have known it for years. You love me. You have strug-gled on and on in the hope of prospering ing business and bettering your condi-tion before you made your affections known to me. I have watched you, John Furlong. I am rich, and you are poor. Day after day, with a salary that an unprincipled firm was cutting down, you saw your hopes crushed. Still you labored on with an unfaltering zeal. Today you were discharged—I heard it all. Mr. Lord went to the club, and there boasted of his conduct toward you. In the midst of his hilarity he was seen to reel in his chair and fall. A doctor was summoned, but life had fled. He who had 'cut down' others was in turn 'cut down' by the hand of God. When I heard of your misfortune I hastened here. Surrounded by a host of giddy admirers, I saw at once and read their hearts. They loved me for my money. There is one brave man who loves me for myself alone, and that man is John Fur-

"Florence! Florence! you have read my heart aright."
"I know it, John. I know also that your love is returned. I have endeav-ored to disguise the fact from myself, but it is useless. You would not, from a sense of honor, ask me to become your wife-John Furlong, I ask you to be-

main and care for you-make me your wife. "Oh, what joy it would be to me!" said John, in the ecstasy of the moment. "Florence Packard the wife of poor John

Furlong! Never! never!" "Not never, John, but forever," said Florence. "I do not care for what the world says. You are all to me-the world is nothing. You will consent?" She pressed her claims eloquently and fervently, but still he resisted. pleaded for delay.

"I will not leave this house save as the wife of John Furlong," said Florence. He could resist no longer. When he breathed the happy consent, Florence wound her delicate arms around him and kissed the tears from his cheeks. A clergyman was sent for, and before an hour had passed, Miss Florence Packard had become Mrs. John Furlong. When his health permitted, they removed from the apartments on the fourth floor to a brown stone house on Fifth avenue.

The house of Lord & Co. is no longer in existence. The share of the senior member was purchased for our friend, and it is now known as John Furlong & Co.; and when the clerks are summoned to the private office, they always emerge with smiling faces. Their salaries have been increased to the old standard, and "cutting down" is unknown in the firm of John Furlong & Co.

### The Hercules of Reno, Nevada.

The strongest man in the world at the present time, so far as we are able to earn, now lives in Reno, Washoe county. Nevada. A Chronicle reporter recently witnessed the astonishing feats of this remarkable man, and was fully satisfied has been claimed for him. His name is Angelo Cardela, an Italian, aged thirtyeight years; stature, five feet ten inches; weight, one hundred and ninety pounds; occupation, laborer; habits, temperate, though he has no scruples against the moderate use of malt liquors and the light wines of his country. struggles for her and her little family appearance he is not remarkable; merely a good-natured looking son of Italia with a broad, heavy face; a noble development of chest and shoulders, and large, fleshy hands. His strength was born with him, for he has had no athletic training. When "stripped to the buff," however, a marked peculiarity in his spinal column is at once apparent. His backbone is, we might say, double-jointed, with the vertebral articulations unusually large and prominent. Though he is not a man of unusual size, his spinal column is double the ordinary width and his other bones and joints seem made on a similar large and generous scale. After some solicitation he finally consented to favor the reporter with an exhibition of strength, which proved to be such an astonishing exhibition of lifting power as scarcely to be believed. The reporter, whose weight is 150 pounds, stood with one foot on the floor and arms outstretching, his hands being lightly grasped by two friends, one on each side, to preserve the balance of his body. The slight assistance, however, had no tendency to raise his body, being merely to keep him from toppling over. Cardela then stooped down and placed the third finger of his right hand under the hollow of the reporter's foot upon which he was balancing, and with no perceptible effort raised the reporter to a height of four feet, and deposited him, standing, on a table near at hand. This feat he repeated, and then grasped the reporter's ankles with both hands raised him above his head and gently lowered him to the table in a sitting posture. Cardela had a pipe in his mouth while lifting, and continued smoking, as much as to say: "Per Baceho, 'tis nothing; a way we have in our country!" On a former occasion he raised Mr. Lawson, a gentleman connected with the editorial staff of the Reno Gazette, in a similar way, with one finger, carried him across a room and left him standing on a table He has also lifted by the same plan, using only his third finger (which s to be his most reliable one) several Reno heavy-weights, one weighing over 200 pounds. He can strike a blow with his fist with a power of 500 pounds, measured on a register. It is said that two him one night, but concluded to give up the contract, as he grasped one in each hand and beat them together until the life was nearly hammered out of them. Many other tales are told of his extraordinary strength, and there can be no doubt that, in this particular specialty, he is unrivaled, and, indeed, a lusa nature when the peculiarities of his physical "make-up" and his almost limitless power are considered. He states that his father could strike a blow equal in power knowledge of English. He dislikes to the police, in which case His Excellency will no doubt be good enough to intercode for the release of the McNab." hibitions of his wonderful powers he would doubtless be recognized and ac-

## A Marriage of Midgets.

A wedding occurred in the parlors of the Whitcomb house yesterday noon, which, of its nature, we think is unparalleled in the history of Rochester. It was no less than the marriage of two members of the Liliputian opera com-pany, which has just concluded a suc-cessful engagement of three nights at the

Grand Opera House. The fairy lady who deserted the ranks of spinsterhood to assume the cares and responsibilities of a wife, was Rebecca Ann Myers, the second soprano of the company, and who is by actual measurement just thirty-one inches in height. She is a decided blonde, has sparkling blue eyes, a perfect and symmetrical figure, and is upon the whole, as Lilipu-tions go, a decided beauty. She is remarkably intelligent, has a good education, is a brilliant conversationalist, and since her engagement with the Opera Company has made rapid progress in music. She was born near Plymouth Marshall county, Ind., and will be 27 years old the 2d of August.

The bridegroom, Reuben Allen Steere was born in the village of Glocester, R. L, October 19, thirty-three years ago. He is thirty-five inches in height, and of slim build. He is the only one of the Liliputions who has any beard, quite a "killing" mustache and goatee adorning his manly face.

come my husband. You are ill. I can-About two years ago Col. Steere made the acquaintance of a lady who was also acquainted with Miss Myers. She told the Colonel of the little lady, who was then in the West, and the little man apnot leave you. Give me the right to repeared to admire the description. From what he told our reporter, we should judge that this lady, or mutual friend, acted to a considerable extent the part of a matchmaker, for a short time after found the Colonel corresponding with the Western Liliputian beauty. The correspondence between the two was carried on regularly, month after month and last summer when Manager Thomas was organizing his troupe for the present season, the name of Miss Myers was suggested for engagement-we do not say who by-and after some negotiations she was engaged, and met her sweetheart for the first time. They appeared to grow strongly attached to each other, and their marriage was looked forward to as one of the probabilities, although it was supposed the wedding would not come off until the end of the season. But 'love knows no law" and but little reason, and it was decided one day last week that the event should take place in Rochester on Sunday. It was the desire of the Colonel that the ceremony should be performed upon the Opera House stage, in the presence of an audience, but this was found to be impracticable, and so it was finally settled to come off in the Whitcomb house parlors at 12 M.

yesterday.

The affair was kept very quiet, and but few of our citizens were aware of the

event which was to occur. At a few minutes past the midday hour the Rev. Asa Saxe, D. D., of the First Universalist Church, arrived at the hotel, and all those who had been invited remarkable man, and was fully satisfied by what he saw that he is really all that parlor and adjoining hall. Prof. Jackson of the opera troupe was seated at the piano, and immediately struck up the 'Wedding March," and the bridal party entered the parlor. The bride came first upon the arm of the groom, and Miss Jennie Quigley and Admiral Dot, and Miss Saidie Belton and General Totman -all of whom officiated as bridesmaids and groomsmen. They proceeded to the northeast corner of the parlor, where they all stood upon a common-sized parlor-rug, when Dr. Saxe entered. The piano ceased playing, there was dead silence, and the reverend gentleman commenced the ceremony, which was very impressive, and, of course, interesting. The high-contracting parties were perfectly composed, and but for a mischievous smile on General Totman's face and the tear-drops on the cheeks of Saidie Belton, there was nothing to disturb the composure of the service. Jennie Quigley had fully made up her mind to have the first kiss from the newlymade man and wife, and Dr. Saxe had no sooner uttered the last word of the ceremony than she turned like a flash of lightning and had her companions in her arms. Introductions and congratulations then followed, and continued for some time, when dinner was announced. and the party adjourned to the dining-

hall. It is almost an impossibility to describe the toilets of the bride and maids, so in genius were they in construction and style. The dresses of the bride and Miss Quigley were almost similar, and consisted of pale blue gros-grain silk and pleated pale pink satin, with tulle lace more or less handsome uniform; but altrimmings and ornaments of diamonds, the former having under her tiny veil a profusion of orange blossoms. iresses were cut princesse. Miss Belton's dress consisted of plum-colored silk and black velvet, with ornaments of diamonds. The groom wore an English tons. Their pay-so I casually learnedcutaway walking coat, and his best men were in full evening dress.

The husband and wife will continue with the opera company, until the end of train who is "tipped" is the sleeping-car the season, when they go to Coney island for the summer, probably re-joining the troupe again next season-

Rochester Democrat. APING ROYALTY IN THE DOMINION,-The Vice Regal Court at Ottawa, Canwhich divides socie'y into twenty five cars at night in quest of tickets, he is grades, from the Governor-General down to retired judges, the taxpayers being omitted. Twenty-five years ago Sir Ed mund Head, then Governor-General, Irishmen, near Verdi, started in to whip made a similar attemet, but it was killed by ridicule. One of his regulations was that when members of his Cabinet left the capital they should notify him by letter. Sir Allen McNab, a proud old Highlander, complied one day as follows, and the note getting into print, caused such an explosion of laughter that the Governor canceled his order: "The McNab begs leave to inform His Excellency that he has gone down the river as far as Grosse Isle to a cock fight, and, if the McNab does not return to 1000 pounds, so that his strength to town to-morrow or the next day, His seems a direct inheritance. Cardela has Excellency will be just in concluding not much education and an imperfect the McNab has fallen into the hands of

A literary man makes a splendid husband when his wife's grandmother dies knowledged to be the most powerful man in the world in certain lines of strength.—

## Too Much Mother-in-law.

"Captain" Frank Elkington, "of

Her Majesty's Foot," married Ella C. Miles, a niece of Victoria Woodbull and Tennie C. Ciaflin, in January, 1879. Mrs. Margaret Miles objected to him as her son-in law, and chased him in and out of the Civil and Police Justices' Courts in Staten Island for two months. In the course of this chase she charged him with various acts of wrong doing, and he charged her with persistent attempts to abduct his wife from him. Finally, Etkington was orders of arrest issued out of the marine court. He was sued by Frederick L. Graves and Daniel Mul len, both of whom obtained judgments against him on claims for money out of which they alleged he had swindled them. He has ever since been confirmed on executions against his person. His wife visited him every day and supplied him with luxuries until December last, when she ceased her visits. In January she sued him, in the Supreme Court, for an absolute divorce, charging him with wrong-doing in Ludlow street jail. She obtained a judgment and the decree of divorce was entered two weeks ago. Elkington has moved to open the judgment and set aside the decree on the ground of fraud. He has also begun a suit against a person named Welles, whose baptismal titles he is ignorant of, but whom, for the purposes of his action, he designates as Charles S. Welles. In this suit he claims damages on the ground that Welles has alienated the affections of his wife from, and has been living with her as her husband for about three months. He charges that the legal proceedings against him were all directed by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Miles, in order that she might separate her daughter from him, and that as she failed to bring about such a separation, and failed also to induce the plaintiffs in the civil cases to prosecute bim criminally, she procured Welles, as a physician, to deceive Mrs. Elkington with respect to the morality of ner husband. Welles, Elkington says thus precured the confidence of Mrs. Elkington, and afterward took advantage of his opportunities to de-bauch her. On Elkington's averment that "Doctor Welles" was about to go to Europe in the company of Mrs. Elkington, Judge Donohue granted an order of arrest, on which Welles was taken into custody by a deputy Sheriff. He is now in it is probable that a large number of or Ludlow street jail, in the company of readers now hear St. Andre d'Avellin the plaintiff against him .- N. Y. Times, March 10.

# Sala on American Conductors.

over a whole gamut of these officials between morn and dewy eve. They vary considerably, both in a physical and a characteristic aspect. There reforms which he introduced into some is the lean and long conductor, gaunt of the religious communities raised up and full-bearded, and very often as crusty and ill-conditioned as an English toll-taker at a turnpike gate. There is the short and fat conductor, who can be civil and even affectionate in rather a patronizing manner. There is the youthful and beardless conductor on his promotion, who is rather in too much of a hurry to become President of the United States or Collector of the Port of New York-I would rather be a Collectorand who, on slight provocation, is not indisposed to be insolent. In the main I have found these railway conductors to be very good fellows, and very often humorous and obliging fellows to boot. I have met from time to time with absolutely brutal and hoggish types of the species; but they are very few and far between in comparison with the goodnatured specimens who meet you half way in the direction of mutual conciliation and forbearance, and are prone to address you as "Colo-nel," "Judge," or "Doctor," just as their physiological acumen leads them to assign you to a grade in the social scale. Some of these gentlemen are clad in a most invariably their linen is immaculately white, and they wear gorgeous gold watches and chains. Large signet rings are not uncommon on their fingers, and they are especially addicted to showy cameo breast-pins and sleeve-butaverages some \$75, say £16, a month, but they get no "tips" from passengers. The only official on an American Railway porter, who acts as boot-black and bedmaker, and who is usually a negro. He will perform a score of kindly little offices for you, grinning all the while, is quite a Chesterfield with the ladies, and is effusively grateful for a gratuity of the still kneeling Hamburger, said: half a dollar. On the other hand, when not be alarmed, my friend; give me ada, has established a system of etique te the conductor makes his round of the generally accompanied by an attendant a kind of subdued Caliban-who holds a huge lantern, by the light of which the 'boss' inspects, and very narrowly does he inspect, the travelers' credentials .-George Augustus Sala.

"BRACE UP."-We like that slang phrase. We like it because there's lot of soul in it. You never knew a mean, stingy, shrivel-souled man to walk up to a discouraged or afflicted neighbor and slap him on the shoulder and tell him to "brace up." It is the big-hearted, open-handed, whole-souled fellow that comes along when you are cast down and squares off in front of you and tells you, that won't do, old fellow-brace up! It is he that tells you a good story and makes you laugh in spite of yourself; that lifts the curtain that darkens your soul and tells you to look out and see the light. If is he that reminds you that there never was a brilliant sunset without clouds. He may not tell you in just so many and such words, but he will and leaves him enough money to live make you "brace up" and see the silver lining for yourself.

#### The Cow Boys.

This class of men are about as badle abused as any other set of men that we know of, when they really deserve but little of the tongue to reproach. There are many bad men who hover around the cattle ranges for the purpose of stealing and who prey upon the fruits of the labor of cow boys. People at a distance unacquainted with the situation, in facgreen-horns, who hear of the depreda tions and crimes of these parasities the cattle ranges class them as cow boys and condemn the whole. This is a great injustice to that hardy class of men who inhabit the pastoral ranges, and who a from him. Finally, Eskington was locked up in Ludiow street jail on a class have no equals in all manly vir locked up in Ludiow street jail on tues. They are honest, brave, intelligent and generous.

"The bravest and the tender-st, The loving are the daring."

Their outward life is rough, but the are of kindly and manly dispositions. They are not a class of people to be dreaded; but on the contrary their as quaintance is to be sought, for they num ber among such men of high culture an refinements, while integrity and a high sense of honor is a characteristic of the common run of cow boys. Commend a to stock raisers for true men, whose live are not cramped and worried by the petty dealings and chicannery of smal trade, but who grow big under the in fluence of the vast plains and majest nature wherein is cast the lines of the daily life. It is this constant and clos communion with mother nature, the the rector of perverted tastes and tendence which develope manliness in the cow ho and reduces to a minimum every inh rent meanness which may pertain to fra human nature. We favor cow boys, ca tle men, sheep raisers and the whol tribe of people who graze their flocks an herds on all the mesas and plains from the mountains to the Indian territor and will ever be ready to give them hearing when unjustly assailed by ign rance and prejudice.-Las Vegas M.) Gazette.

## A Sure Prevention of Apopiexy. "This is for those persons whose te

peraments predispose them to attacks apoplexy." A sacred notice signed he the cardinal vicar announces that "Triduum" has commenced to-day in Church of St. Andrea della Valle " honor of the glorious St. Andre d'An lino, protector against apoplexy and su den death." The cardinal adds that never was more necessary to comme one's self to St. Andre than at the proent time, because "these fatal attacks at of extraordinary frequency, repeating themselves daily." Our readers at therefore informed in time, that if the wish to be guaranteed against attacks apoplexy they must put themselves u der the protection of St. Andre d'Ave lino. We hear further that Leo XIII has deigned to accord the indulgence seven years to those who attend a day this "Triduum," and plenary indulgen spoken of for the first time, they may de sire to know something of the life of the saint; to oblige them we publish the Each change of proprietary involves a change of conductor, and each new conductor proceeds to demand your ticket. I cal court of Naples, which he forsook consecrate himself entirely to peniten in the brotherhood of 'Theatins.' The great deal of opposition, in the middle which he died, exhausted by fatigue at old age. He was canonized in 1712 b Pope Clement XI." The diction makes no mention of the faculty the saint has of protecting against attacks apoplexy and sudden death those w put themselves under his protection.

Rome L'Italie, Feb. 14th. THE CZAR'S FATHER -- Of the Emper Nicholas, who died a quarter of a cent ago, a characteristic anecdote is told in the diaries of Privy Councilor Bogus Lovsk recently published in St. Petersburg. he was walking one day he heard a Ge man artisan declare he would not quit the spot until he had seen the Emperor. The atter went toward him and demande who he was, and what he wished. T German, who did not know the Czar, as swered that he was an artisan from Han burg, and desired to submit a paper de cribing a new and cheap method of mas ing shoe soles for the army. "Why d you apply direct to the Emperor?" inquir the Czar; "why have you not first addres ed yourself to some one about him?" wished to do so, and called on the chief police for the purpose," returned the ma "but his clerk asked me to pay \$ roubles, which is impossible, as I have a money." "Well, my fine fellow," said th zar, "if you will only transact your b iness with the Emperor in person, sp up, for I am he." At this unexpected re elation the honest Hamburger was terrified that, trembling from head foot/he fell on his knees. In doing his hat dropped from his hand. I Emperor's dog, his almost constant con panion, seizing the hat began playing with it. The Emperor contemplated if scene with characteristic pride, huge relishing the fright of the poor artist At last he pulled the hat from between the dog's teeth and handing it, smiling, not be alarmed, my friend; give me yo paper, I will have it examined. Mes while, come to the palace where you shi have a pecuniary indemnity for the fre you have suffered." The Hamburger hi se'f went mad from fright, but his fami

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received a regular pension. DEATH FROM A "BROKEN HEART." Surgeons and physicians have not be much ahead of others in ability to say it how it was that emotious killed peo without the intervention of any recog able physical malady, and they have rat laughed at the fancy of a broken heart, o scious all the time of the precise nature the facts grouped under that name.
cynical physician, accepting the term by
en heart somewhat literally, has repor his opinion that this remantic trouble always associated with fat," as the fa heart is, in fact, the only one that es bursts. A new theory to account for fatal results of the change known as "broken heart" is given by Dr. Carnock who argues that great mental perturbs and moral distress direct y act in the composition of the blood, in which fibrinous elements of the vital fluid come separated out, congulated, and posited at various points in the circuist system, plorging up the arteries causing death.