crawis
In serpent wreathed coils through craggy rifts.
Ocrosining west wind, dost thou bear to me
Ko greeting from one loved and far away?
Is there no message in thy whispering
To me awaite, waiting to hear from thee
One tender prayer that her dear lips might say

alumber shadowed her with drowsy wing? -George L. Moore in Chambers' Journal.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

Just on the divide of a Tennessee mountain the hind wheels of the buck- in this way " board dropped into a rut, the axle broke with a smash, and after spending ten minutes in solemn thought the driver

"Well I'll have to get the consarned thing down to Tompkinsville for repairs, and you'd better stay all night at you

"Perhaps they can't accommodate me." "There's no perhaps about it. Folks as has got a house are bound to keep folks as has broke down."

went over to the cabin, which was a rude log structure, and the only one within four miles The woman saw me coming and stood in the open door Her husband saw me coming and sat down on a log The five or six children saw me oming and arranged themselves along the opening in the brush fence which answered for a gate. As I came up I approached the man and explained the natere of the accident and asked to stay all

"Stranger, If it depended on me. I'd say yes," he replied as he crossed his legs and tried to put on an injured look. "But it don't depend on me, I don't amount to shucks around yere no mo'."

Now, Zekiel, what d've talk like that fur?" demanded the barefooted wife as she came down to the log "Who's said you wasn't boss! Who's tried to take the lead over you?"

"You hev, an' right afore the children, too! You said I wasn't fitten to drive

"Shoo, Zekiell you began it by saying I was extravagant "Oh, yes I begun it! I allus begin

everything! Nobody else never begins nuthin', and nobody else is never to blame!" "But this 'ere stranger wants to stay

all night. It's comin' night and we can't say no. Well, I calkerlate he kin stay. A

month ago I could hev taken him by the hand and told him to make my house his home, but now I hain't got no more rights around yere I'm only a sighpher now." The wife took my sachel into the cabin

and I sat down on the log with Zeke and offered him a cigar. At the same time the seven children came and stood in a row before us, and called out as in one voice "The feller has dun gin pap a cigar!"

"Yes, children," said the old man, as he scratched a match on his starboard quarter and lit the weed, "pap has got a gar It's the fust cheerin' thing that has come to him fur twenty-one years, and it's proof that he hain't quite forgot ten by all the world. What are ye standin' here lookin' at? Whar's yer man-

"Hain't got none!" called three of them

any father can't be s'pected to hev ners Whar' ye from, stranger?" Bristol "

"Right smart huddle, I've heard, but I've never bin thar'. Hear 'em say any thing about me?"

"No? Well, I s'pose they've heard of me, but didn't want to say anything to a stranger I'm the man who had forty-two biles on his back in one winter." "You did!"

'Yes, and I never got the least sympathy from my family I've also had rheu matism, lung fever, lame back, fever sore, consumption and valler fever. Not one of the family shed a tear."

"Is it possible?" "And I broke my leg, lost a \$200 mule by pizen, hed my barn burn up, lost a farm on a mortgage and buried two chil dren."

"Well, you have suffered." "Suffered? Stranger, excuse these tears but yours are the first kind words I've beard since the war closed."

"Pap is bellering, mal" shouted the children, as they ran for the house, and the woman presently rushed out and

"Now thar', Zekiel, you git, and you thar', stranger, come in to smack!" "Didn't I tell you so!" exclaimed Zekiel as he made a bolt for the woods "Pm the discouragedest, downtroddenest, unfor

tunatest man in all creation, and I'm go ing to hang myself!" "You dass'n't, and you know you dass'n't!" shouted the wife.

"You dass'n't hang nuthing," added the children. While I was eating "smack" the woman

stood before me, arms akimbo, and the children completed the circle around the "From fur?" queried the woman as

starter "From Bristol."

"Hear 'em say anything about me?" "I don't think so ' "You orter, fer I'm known all over the

state as the distressedest woman in it." "And hain't we distressed, too?" indignantly demanded the children in chorus. "Of course, but I'm the distressedest, being a wife and mother." "Any particular cause?" I asked.

"More'n ten millyon particular causes. stranger! No human being will ever

know what I have suffered in body and "And we've suffered, too!" chorused the children. "Yes, some, but nothing in comparison.

I've had toothache, earache, pleurisy. quinsy chills, fever, shakes, isumface and bilious fever, and through the bull of it there has not been one human being to feel sorry for me " "Is it possible!"

"And I haven't a relashun as will speak to me, on account of my marrying Zekiel, and if I was dying to morrow not one of em would come to lay me out for my

"That is indeed sad." "Stranger, them is the first kind words I've heard for twenty years, and you must

"And mam is bellering, too!" shouted he children, as she held her apron to her

Presently Zekiel came creeping in. try.

Niss Dearborn (of Chicage ing to look careless and indufferent, but Is it so sudden?—America. he had scarcely entered the deor when the

wife jumped up and said

"Didn't I say you dassn't hang yerself?" 'And hain't you threatened to pizen perself a dozen times over?" "And we want to die, too!" howled the ehildren.

"Stranger," said the wife, as she began to clear up the table, "take a good look as that thing over there as calls bisself a man You'll never set eyes on such an onery shiftless good for nothing specimen of manhood He bain't fit fur bears to chaw on."

"Give it back to her, pap!" shouted the oldest girl

"Stranger," replied Zekiel, as be ents out the bark he was che ving. you hant blind. You kin see us well as ne, and you kin now realize why I am'the downtroddenest, mournfullest man in Tennessee I've either got to hang myself ar go

"Don't you believe him" appeared the wife "It's at. swing to him, and I tru prove it. If anybody is downtroddeness

"They dasn't pull har and daw, ' observed the girl to me in strict condience. I was about to try and affect a reconstilation when the 'eams'er returned us "ing hired a vehicle a souple of viles away and as I teft the house Zekiel left

with me "No you don"!" exclaimed the wife You want to take advantage of me, ous you can't.

She put in her bonnet and walked jus with us, and the six chudren brought up the fail end of the procession. to I got into the "chicle, Zekiel began "Stranger, I'm sorry ve hadri't sunthin

better, but as I told you at the start, I'm the mournfullest, downtrodderest"-"Don't /ou believe him, stranger," in terrupted his wife "If anybody has suffered more'n another, ms"-

"They dasn't fight!" yelled the children. And as we mored away over the rocky road Zekie. made another bolt for the woods to bang himself, and the children were clapping their bands and shouting: "Come back bere, pap, and be a man!" -M Quad in Detroit Free Press.

Experiments with the Cigarette Science describes some experiments made on the cigarette by Professor W. L. Dudley, of Vanderbilt university, as

The fact that cigarette smoking produces physiological effects differing in some extent from those of the cigar led him to make his experiments. The fre-quently ascribed causes of the difference that of the adulteration of cigarette tobacco with opium and other drugs, and also the presence of arsonic in the paper -are for many reasons unsatisfactory and insufficient. It is true, no doubt, that the tobacco in many of the less expensive brands is adulterated with cheap drugs and artificial flavors, and that in the more expensive grades opium may be used; but it is equally true that many cigarettes are made of tobacco which is free from sophistication. The presence of arsenic in the paper is entirely out of the question. There is a difference in the methods of smoking a cigarette and

a cigar or pipe.

In the two last mentioned the smoke is simply drawn into the month and expelled directly therefrom or through the nose, while the experienced cigarette smoker will inhale the smoke, that is, draw it to a greater or less extent into the air passages, and in some cases to the greatest depth of the lungs, and thus the absorption of the carbonic exide and other gases will take pince very mpidly, causing more or less deoxidation of the blood, and thereby impairing its power to build up the wasting tissues of the body. 1. That carbonic oxide is the most poisonous constituent of tobacco "No. I s'pose not, and I can't blame ye smoke: 2. That more injury results from -not a bit Children as come up without | cigarette than cigar or pipe smoking, because, as a rule, the smoke of the former is inhaled; 3. That cigarette smoking without inhaling is no more injurious than pipe or cigar smoking; 4. That the smoke of a cigar for pipe, if inhaled, is as injurious as cigarette anoke inhaled; 5. That the smoke from a Turkish pipe, if inhaled, is as injurious as that of a

cigarette inhaled.

To Treat Colds. Wear woolen or silk underclothing (wool is decidedly the better, as it is porous), strong boots, rubbers always in wet weather. In regard to cold curing, nearly every one has his own treatment. A few suggestions, however, may not be amiss. The "nightcap" treatment is often successful. Another efficacious remedy is hot onion gruel, and eat-ing a quantity of highly salted food is good. Glycerine, with cream or whisky, will relieve a paroxysm of coughing. Another excellent remedy, on the first symptoms of cold, is to take, on retiring. four grains of Dover's powder and two grains of quinine in pill form. If this is not successful, repeat the dose next

Failing, the next best thing is to consult a good physician, remembering an "ounce of prevention." Children may be given a few drops of sweet spirits of niter, bathing the feet, in hot mustard water and copious drinks of warm lemonade. Those unsightly things, "herpes, or cold sores, should never be rubbed, as the vesicles burst and crusts form. The application of a little "camphor ice" or fresh cold cream will be found very soothing.—"Family Physician" in Her-ald of Health.

A Sermon in Little.

We had been out walking in the cool of the day, says a letter about Tolstoi. and we had come upon a squad of 100 navvies who were employed at the rail-way. They were finishing their supper, and were on the point of turning into their sod built huts, in which they slept, ten on each side, on a rade plank plat-form, without mattresses, without even straw. Count Tolstoi premised to send them some straw, at which they seemed very pleased. Honest, kindly looking fellows they were: not so stalwart as our navvies, but full of pleasant courtesy and frank talk. The visit to their buts naturally ied to a discussion upon the social question. 'We have forgotten social question. "We have forgotten Christ, said the count; "we will not obey him. And what is the result! there you have 100 men, each earning lifty copecks a day, without even straw lo lie on at night. How can you and I sleep on mattresses and feather beds when these hardworking men have not even straw? If you were Christian you What right have you to too much when your brother has not even enough? The next step in Christianity, the very first step, is for those who have wealth and lands to part with all that they have, and let it go to the poor."

A carbuncle somewhat resembles a boil, but is much larger and more painful. It tends to spread and has several openings. It produces a great disturbance of the whole system, and is very dangerous in its tendency. The consti-tutional symptoms of boils are slight, though in some cases there mays be considerable feverishness.

Miss Shawsgarden (of St. Louisyes, I am proud of our city., We have changed the saving about N aples to "See St. Louis and die." Miss Dearborn (of Chicago)-Is-deed?

THE GAME OF "HOP."

IT EXCELS POKER AND IS EQUAL. TO THE FASCINATING FARO.

New Short Card Game That Has Taken Paris and London by Storm, and Promises to Become Popular in America-How It Is Played and the Rules for It.

People of Paris who gamble are devoting all of their spare time to a new game that has supplanted all of the other games played for money. The new game is called "hop," and it is described as being the most fascinat-

ing game that has ever been played-not even excepting the alluring game of

Paris is so infatuated with "hop" that millions of francs are lost and won at it every night.

The game of "hop" has been intro-duced into the clubs of London, and it is being played there with a zeal worthy of a better cause. So far as known rame has not as yet been attempted in the United States, but it is only a matter of time when it will become as popular there as in Paris and London, for the reason that it is so enticing that it is impossible for card players to withstand its temptations. All that is required to render it a go there is to explain the

rules governing the play.
"Hop" is an extremely simple game Any person of ordinary mental caliber can play it if once told how to proceed. Here is a description of the game Four persons are necessary to make up a game. Take four decks of cards, up a game. Take four decks of cards, from which throw out all of the cards below the sevens. That leaves the aces, kings, queens, jacks, tens, nines, eights and sevens to play with.

FOUR DECES IN ONE. All four of the decks are shuffled to gether as though they were one deck. This done, and, the cards having been cut, one person makes the deal, giving one card at a time to the other players until he has dealt them three cards apiece, but taking no cards himself. After the deal those who have been supplied with cards look at their hands and bet or stay out, as their judgment dictates.

The matter of betting having been settled, the dealer turns a card from the top of the deck and proceeds to pay and take, according to the exigencies of the

Losers and winners are determined thus: If the dealer turns an aco he makes a sweep, or, in other words, wins all of the bets that are made, regardless of the cards held by the other players. If he turns a king, and there are any kings in the hands out, they "stand off" the dealer. All cards below the king lose on that hand or deal. All aces out

whom the cards are dealt take chances, after looking at their cards, and before seeing the turn up, of their cards being either higher in denomination than the card that will be turned up or as high. The ace is the dealer's percentage. A king or a seven will stand off a king or a seven, and there is nothing lost nor won on such a stand off, but nothing will

It is merely this: The persons

stand off an ace when turned by a dealer. Even if there are three aces in a hand against the dealer, he wins if he turn an ace. When the cards have all been dealt by one dealer he passes them to the player on his left, and they are shuffled and dealt by that person until they are again

exhausted, and so on as long as the game lasts. They are not shuffled between the hands as in poker or euchre, but after each hand is played the cards employed in that hand are thrown aside, not to be used until another grand shuffle has been A limit is placed on bets to be made

which is determined, of course, by the purse of the players. A SAMPLE GAME.

Imagine a game. Say the players are Blackie Edwards, Tem Meade, Dick Holland and Bill Bolander.

They sit in the order named, with Blackie on Meade's right. It's Blackie's He shuffles the cards and hands them to Bolander to cut. Then he deals one card at a time, helping Meade first, until he deals three cards from the top

of the deck to each of the players.

Meade looks at his hand and finds a king, a ten and a seven. The limit is \$25. Meade bets \$1. He signifies his willingness to bet by declaring that it's a "go," that being the technical phrase. Holland finds in his hand a jack, a nine and an eight spot. He bets the

Bolander discovers a queen and a pair

of tens. He bets 86.25.

Blackie then turns up a jack.

Meade's king, being higher than the jack turned by the dealer, wins \$1, but the ten and seven both being below the lack, cause him to lose \$1 each, which lorest him to pay the dealer \$1.

Holland's jack is a stand off for Black-

ith jack turned up, and there is no action so far as that card is concerned. lesses on the ten and the seven, they both being below the jack in value, so he owes Blackie twice \$25 until he can see Bill

Bolander wins one bet and loses two, having a queen and two tens.

The next hand, all of the outsiders, The next hand, all of the outsiders, that is, those other than the dealer, have average cards and bet well up to the limit, but, notwithstanding the fact that Meade has three aces, Blackie wins everything in sight when he turns up his card, for it is an ace. Remember, aces in the hand of the outsider do not stand off an ace turned by the dealer. When off an ace turned by the dealer. the dealer turns an ace there is but one thing to be done on that deal, and that is to take everything-if you are the

If an outsider hold three cards corresponding to any card—except an ace-turned by the dealer, there is nothing lost or won on the hand, for they are all a stand off. If an outsider have three a stand off. If an outsider nive three cards that prove to be higher than the one turned by the dealer, the person holding the cards in question wins three times the amount of the money he bet. If he hold three cards that are lower than the one turned he loses three times

Those who play cards for money like to get quick action, and for that reason the game of "hop" is bound to become popular in the States when once started there. The action in "hop" is as rapid as in faro. In fact, it is little short of being furious.-Paris Letter to Cincin-

nati Enquirer.

The process of embalming is as follows, and is called the "Brunelli process": The circulatory system is cleansed by washing with cold water till it issues quite clear from the body. This may occupy from two to five hours. Alcohol is injusted. jected so as to abstract as much water as possible. This occupies about a quar-ter of an hour. Ether is then injected to abstract the fatty matter. This occupies from two to ten hours. A strong solu-tion of tannin is then injected. This oc-cupies for imbibition from two to ten hours. The body is then dried in a current of warm air passed over heated chloride of calcium. This may occupy two to five hours. The body is then per-fectly preserved, and resists decay. The Italians exhibit specimens which are as hard as stone, retain the shape perfectly and are equal to the best wax models. It will be observed in this process that those substances most prone to decay are removed, and the remaining portions are converted by the tannin into a sub-stance resembling leather.—The Casket. AN OLD TRICKSTER

A Philanthropist Catches a Tartar in the Street Car Service.

"Shame! shame!" cried a benevolent gentleman, as a car driver snapped a whip lustily around the heels of a horse that was being led from the big stable of the crosstown lines in Christopher, near West street, to a waiting car. animal was so lame in both front that the old frame quivered as if it were going to unhinge every time he cautiously put his foot on the pavement. It did eem hard to force an old animal like this to work, and a crowd of people, who had speedily gathered, were heartily glad when the benevolent man seized the driver's arm, and, showing a badge of Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, threatened to arrest him if he persisted in mauling the beast. "Show Billy some kindness" said the

"Show Bitly some kindness: said the driver in response to the stranger's sug-gestion. "Shure that's what alls him. He's had too much of it. Why he'll swallow kindness quicker than a mouthful of oats and show his gratitude by sleeping twenty-four hours out of a day. He's the biggest rogue in New York, and I'll prove it to you. Whoa there, Billy! Hi! Yi! Whoopla!" Up went the horse's ears as if he had heard the voice of an old friend. The

driver patted him on the back and whispered: "You won't have to work today, Billy." The change was magical. The old nag was a 2-year-old again. He started toward his stall without a trace of lameness. He was turned about face toward the car quickly, the lameness re-turned in a jiffy, and he looked as if he was going to shake off his skin and die. "This is an every day occurrence," said Mr. Parker, the superintendent of the stable. "Billy is an old trick horse and used to travel with a circus. He has

an innate hatred for work, and becomes lame every time that he is taken from his stall to take a turn with a car. He fooled us all at first, and I had thought I had been badly stuck in buying him, but I soon found out he was shamming. The lameness disappears as soon as he is hitched up, and he goes on his journey at good speed. "Have you any other horses with

peculiar antics?"
"Yes, plenty of them. We get many well bred animals, runners, trotters and jumpers, that have had their day. Every ast of degree has a weakness of some sort that gives us trouble, but we don't have time to pay attention to their whims and they soon find it out and become old stagers. The car stable is the last station to the boneyard, and we get a hack at all the broken down plugs going in that direction. They are fed well and carefully looked after for the sake of economy, and a driver who is caught abusing a horse will be instantly discharged. Horses have to be trained for this work, and it takes several months to get them into shape to stand pavement the wear and tear of rough and exposure to all sorts of weather. green borse that is not handled with care will wind up in the hospital after a week's steady work."-New York Tri-

The numerical position of Buddhism in the world will be found, says Monier Williams, to be very much below that with which it is commonly credited. It has entirely died out of India proper, the place of its origin, and is rapidly dying out in other Asiastic countries. My own out in other Asiastic countries. My own belief is that 100,000,000 Budhists (monks

Numerical Strength of Religious.

and laymen) for the whole world would be a liberal estimate in the present day. It seems to me too that owing to exag-gerated ideas in regard to the population of China, and to a forgetfulness of the millions who worship no one but their ancestors, the number of Confucianists is generally overstated. On the whole I have no hesitation in affirming that even in numbers Christianity now stands at the head of all the religions of the world. Next to it I am inclined to place Hinduism (including Brahminism, Jainism, demon and fetich worship), while perhaps Confucianism should placed third, Mohammedanism fourth, Buddhism fifth, Taoism sixth, Judaism seventh and Zoroastrianism eighth.-New York Home Journal.

Besides black, the following are used as a sign of grief for the dead. Black and white striped to express sorrow and hope among the South Sea Islanders. Grayish brown, the color of the earth to which the dead return, in Ethiopia Pale brown, the color of withered leaves, is the mourning of Persia. Sky blue to express the assured hope that the de-ceased has gone to heaven. This is the mourning of Syria, Cappadocia and Ar-menia. Deep blue in Bokhara. Purple menia. Deep blue in Bokhara. Purple and violet to express "kings and queens to god." The color of mourning for cardinals and kings of France. The color of mourning in Turkey is violet. White (emblem of hope), the color of mourning in China. Henry VIII wore white for Anne Boleyn. The ladies of ancient Rome and Sparta wore white It was the color of mourning in Spain till 1498. Yellow (the sear and yellow leaf), the color of mourning in Egypt and in Burmah. Anne Boleyn wore yellow mourning for Catharine of Ara-gon.—Notes and Queries.

Don't Bandage Sore Eyes. The custom, prevalent among physicians as well as the laity, of tightly bandaging or tying up the eye as soon as it becomes inflamed or sore is a bad one. The effect upon the eye is a bad. It pre-cludes the free access and beneficial effects of the cool air, and at the same time prevents or greatly retards the free egress of the hot tears and morbid secre egress of the not tears and more secre-tions of the inflamed conjunctiva or cornea, or both. In those cases, too, where a foreign substance has got into the eye, the bandage (which is usually clapped on the first thing) presses the lids more closely against the ball and thus increases the pain and disconfert thus increases the pain and discomfort by augmenting the lacerations caused by the foreign body. This cannot fail to be harmful. In those cases where the light is painful adjust over the organ a neatly

fitting shade, which, while it excludes the light, allows the free access of air.-

A Fight with an Eagle. L. C. Brinkman, a clerk in the supply department of the Burlington and Missouri in this city, while hunting shot a large eagle. The shot broke the bird wing, but left it otherwise unharmed, and when he went to a second or the short to be shown to be second or the same transfer. and when he went to capture his prize it made a spring at his face, and had he not warded it off with his arm his eyes not warded it off with his arm his eyes would have been put out by the savage bird. As it was it gripped his arm, and despite his efforts to free himself he could not shake the eagle off. Calling to his friends, a short distance away, they came and killed the bird and ther pried its claws out of the flesh of his forearm and leg, which were badly lacerated. He was helped home by his friends and medical assistance summoned. His arm was badly swollen. The eagle measured eight feet from tip to tip.—Des Moines Register.

Pleased with the Compliment.

Stranger (perforce obliged to take dinner at Aunt Dinah's)—Aunty, these pies are not the kind my mother used to make.

Aunt Dinah (very much pleased)—No, indeed, sah, I spec's not. Will yo' hab anudder piece?—New York Sun.

An Unusual War Relie.

Dr. Hall, the popular druggist, has quite a curiosity in the shape of an old, rusty relic of the late war. It is one of

A resident of this city said today: "I have bought apples of farmers that were of the best class—good all the way to the bottom of the barrel. Today I found that a barrel of apples I purchased of a farmer who is a pillar in a church contains a foot of straw. It is not good straw either. He actually sold me buckwheat straw at the rate of \$1.59 per barrel."—Kingston Freeman.

DEATH OF PAT O'NEIL.

A THRILLING CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

The Great Riot of 1854, in Which the Students Were Attacked by a Crowd of Town Boys Cannon Brought Out, but Disabled by the Police Officers.

On Thursday evening, March 16, 1854, party of Yale college students visited Ioman's atheneum, at the corner of hapel and Church steeets. While there hey became involved in an altercation with some men of the town. After the performance the students were assaulted by a large number of the town boys and roughly handled. The following evening, March 17, about fifty of the students went to the same theatre in a body. During the performance no diffiulty occurred, but outside about 1,500 town boys had assembled. A note was passed around among the students acquainting them with the situation. A false alarm of fire was raised outside, which served to augment the number of the rioters. When the performance was over the students remained in the theatre. Presently they formed in line, two by two, and, proceeding to the door, were met met by Maj. Bissell. He told them to proceed quietly to the college. The students in line crossed over to the south side of Chapel street and proceeded toward the college. The mob followed.
When Trinity church was reached a
volley of stones and brickbats were
hurled by the mob. Several hurled by the mob. Several of the students were struck and knocked in-

A MOB OF OVER 500. Proceeding a short distance farther the college men received a second volley. Directly after this a portion of the mob, which had hitherto occupied the street, made a rush for the sidewalk. Immedi-ately four or five pistol shots were heard, fired, it was afterward asserted, by the students. Within two minutes of this time a cry arose that a man had been shot. Maj. Bissell observed a man near him fall to the ground. He raised been shot. the body from the ground with the as sistance of the bystanders. Upon exam-ination at the police station, where it was taken, the body proved to be that of Patrick O'Neil. He had received two stabs from a large dirk knife, and lived but a few moments after the wounds had been inflicted upon him. He was one of the ringleaders of the mob upon both

Thursday and Friday evenings.

When the mob learned of his death it became frenzied. About 500 or 600 men rushed for the arsenal, broke into it and dragged out two cannon. They loaded these to the muzzle with powder, stones and brickbats and dragged them to the city green. Another portion of the rioters broke into the churches and rang a general alarm of fire, which brough immense numbers of the people to the scene. While at the corner of Chapel and Church streets Maj. Bissell mounted and Church streets Maj. Bissell mounted an ordnance carriage and addressed the mob, ordering it to disperse. The rioters replied that they respected the chief of police, but must have blood for blood. Maj. Bissell remained on the gun as the mob dragged it toward the college. While on the way up the street the rioters, in on the way up the street the rioters, in their eagerness to get at their student enemies, failed to keep a close watch upon Maj. Bissell's movements. Before the college campus was reached both cannon had been spiked by the police, under the leadership of Maj. Bissell, without the crowd being aware of it. The police, during the transaction of these events, had surrounded the churches and prevented the further ringing of balls. ing of bells.

THE MAYOR RESTORES ORDER. At 1:30 o'clock on Saturday morning the cannon were brought into position and trained to bear on South college, where the students had intrenched themselves. When it was discovered that the guns were useless an attack was made upon the building with paving stones and brickbats. The structure was badly damaged. The students lay low and made no response. Cries of "Bring out the murderer!" resounded in every direc-tion. At this juncture the mayor of the city arrived and addressed the infuriated crowd. He pleaded long and earnestly for the cause of order, and promised that the city authorities would immediately take the matter in hand and bring the take the matter in hand and bring the perpetrator or perpetrators of the crime to justice. His words proved effective, and the crowd began slowly and sullenly to disperse. By 3 o'clock Maj. Bissell was able to convey the cannon to the jail, and by 4 o'clock the city was quiet.

A court of inquiry was held on March 20, 1854. No witness from the town was called who was near enough to O'Neil when he was stabbed to be able to testify anything of value concerning the identity of the perpetrator of the act. The jury finally came to the conclusion, as expressed in their verdict, that "Patrick O'Neil came to his death Friday evening, the 17th of March, A. D. 1854, from the 17th of March, A. D. 1854, from wounds received by him at the hands of some person or persons to us unknown— the said Patrick O'Neil being at the time engaged in, and leading, aiding and abetting a riot."

Investigation was not pursued further, inasmuch as O'Neil belonged to the lowest class of society, and no one seemed to care very much for him. Public sentiment seems to have been with the students.—New York Times.

Miss Brady's Elopement. Here is the true story of the Brady-Harris elopement. Immediately after the marriage of her sister to Mr. Stevens, Miss Kitty Brady went up to her mother and said: "Now, mother, I am going to be married." Mrs. Brady, after slowly recovering from the effects of this unrecovering from the effects of this unexpected announcement, replied that
such a thing would be out of the
question for at least two years; but
Miss Kitty replied that it would
not be out of the question in two
hours. At this stage of proceeding the
learned judge appeared upon the scene
and Miss Kitty continued: "I have taken
all the preliminary steps and everything and Miss Kitty continued: "I have taken all the preliminary steps and everything is arranged, but I have only \$5 and Sidney hasn't a cent, so just lend me \$25 to go on the honeymoon with." The learned judge, however, as might be expected, refused point blank to advance his daughter a cent, but Miss Kitty managed somehow to raise the necessary \$30, upon which "the happy pair"—to use a time honored and time worn phrasespent two days in Philadelphia.—The Epoch.

rusty relic of the late war. It is one of the old pikes known as the Joe Brown pike, which were used by the Confed-A resident of this city said today: "I erates at the beginning and by some of

TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY.

To marry or not to marry that is the question Whether 'tis wiser in the man to suffer The jeers and taunts of outrageous relatives. Or to eache with sea of troubles, And by so doing 'scape them? To love; to marry; Ah me: and by one's marriage to say he weds The heartache and the thou-and awful woes A Benedict's beir to, 'the a consummation 'two

Seem One should avoid. To love; to marry: To marry, perchance to me it. Aye, there's the

For in that marriage hate may com-Then one has taken on this fatal noose, He cannot hope escape from, save through door. That makes enlamity of all one's life:

For who would bear the stigma of the dr The pangs of despined love, the law's delay, The insolence of wife, perchance of child, That all too quickly from its mother 'd learn, When he binuself a life of peace may take With a brier pipe? Who would the fires make, To grunt and sweat with furnace grate, But that the dread of thousands of tongues, By which the Bay State's men outn Rebukes us, puzzles the will, And makes us leave the ills we have To fly to others that we know not of? Shall sensitive souls be thus made cowards all? And shall our peace of mind Be shaken—mayhap broken, And single blessedness—happy state— With this regard be ever turned awry And lost in blas of living? Boft you now; Be all pros and cons remembered. -Boston Transcript.

ALWAYS SOME ONE BELOW.

On the lowest round of the ladder I drmly planted my feet.

And looked up at the dim. vast distance
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my brain was on fire, I planted each footstep with wisdom Yet I never seemed to get higher. For this round was glazed with indifference And that one was gilded with score, And when I grasped firmly another I found, under velvet, a thorn.

I climbed till my vision grew weary,

And my heart strength began to fail, And the flush of the morning's excitem

But just when my hands were unclasping Their hold on the lest gained round, When my hopes, coming back from the future. Were sinking again to the ground—

One who had climbed near to the summit Reached backward a helping hand; And, refreshed, encouraged and strengthened, I took once again my stand. And I wish-oh, I wish-that the climbers

Would never forget as they go
That, though weary may seem their climbing.
There is always some one below.

—Ella Higginson.

Dreams and Coincideenes. While staying in your good city last week I read in The Globe-Democrat an account of curious coincidences connected with dreams. Strangely enough, a night or two afterwards, as I was coming east on a sleeping car, I dreamt of meeting a friend, a lady, whom I had necting a friend, a lady, whom I had not seen for seventeen years, and in the morning I sat directly opposite this very lady in the dining car. I had not thought of her, but who will say that her presence in the next car did not have some sulting influence. have some subtle influence over my

dream the night before? Speaking of dreams, I will tell you of another one, of a ludicrous nature, not many weeks ago. I dreamt that I was a boy again, and was engaged in the rather common juvenile diversion in the country of robbing a farmer's water-melon patch. Just us I was in the act of melon patch. Just us I was in the act of the fivest melons. making off with one of the finest melous in the patch I saw the farmer approach ing, with dog and gun. In vain did I tug at the melon, hoping to get over the fence ahead of the advancing dog. The barking of the brute awoke me, and I found myself pulling with all the energy at my command at the head of my 15-months-old baby, which I had mis-taken for a watermelon, and whose cry had filled my dull cars with sounds like the barking of a dog. had been dreadfully abused, and I re-solved never again to sleep in bed with a baby.—A. M. Hesten in St. Louis Globe-

Bornele Acid as a Preservative. Boracic acid only acts when present in large quantity. It prevents the growth and multiplication of germs, but does no and multiplication of germs, but does not kill them even in a 1 per cent, solution. Experiments with milk gave very unsatisfactory results, as an addition of 4 per cent, boracic acid only preserved the milk for four days. Horsefiesh may be preserved for six weeks by the use of 3 per cent, of the acid. Boracic acid is supposed to be harmless, but recent investigators, including the author, prove it to be dangerous, as it strongly sets it to be dangerous, as it strongly sets upon the mucous membrane of the large intestine. A dose of four grammes killed a large rabbit, two grammes made a dog

very sick.

The acid is much used in Sweden for preserving fish and milk, but cases of poisoning have already occurred in that country. Long continued use of the acid is not favorable to good health, and at all events its addition to milk should be prohibited.—Emmerich, Chem. Zeitung. No. 76; L. De K., The Analyst.

Looking Ahead.

A story is related of the late F. R. De lano which is quite characteristic. When the veteran milroad man was lying at the point of death he made a dying request. He said to the attendants at his bedside that he wished them to see that atrips of oak be mailed to the bottom of the pine her that would contain his constrips of oak be nailed to the bottom of the pine box that would contain his coffin. "I realize," remarked the dying man, "that Oakland cemetery will have to be abandoned as a place of burial some day, and all the bodies will be taken up and moved away. Now, I don't want my bones dropping out of the box all over the city while they are carrying them off to another cemetery, and so I'd like to have you make the box strong enough to hold them." It is understood that the somewhat odd request was complied with.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Wrong Boy. A Sunday school teacher in a back-

A Sunday school teacher in a back-woods settlement had a new class of young scholars, the parents of which had neglected to give them any instructions whatever in their catechism. Coming to the first boy in the class she asked him who made him. He did not know. She who made him. He did not know. She told him God, and urged him to remember it. Of the next boy she asked who was the oldest man. He did not know, and the teacher told him Methuselah. So she went on down the class, asking each a question and giving them the answer. While she was thus engaged the first boy went to the bucket after some water. The teacher returned to the head of the class, and not knowing that one was absent, she asked the first who made him. class, and not knowing that one was ab-sent, she asked the first who made him. Without hesitation the boy quickly re-plied, "Methuselah!" "No," exclaimed the teacher in astonishment, "God made you!" "No, he didn't," persisted the ur-chin with confidence; "the boy God made is after water." The teacher gave up the class.—Chicago Journal

Miss Berg—You surely didn't shoot that poor, little, half starved rabbit?

Mr. Nerve—Why, no: I wouldn't do a thing like that. He was coming out from under a wall, and I simply clubbed him with the butt of my gun, stamped on him, and, to make sure he was mine, banged his head against a tree.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A most unique relic of the late war is possessed by George Clutch, of Columbus, Ind. It is a button off a private soldier's uniform. During the latter part of the war Mr. Clutch's brother-in-law, J F Gallaher, whose home is in Ohio, had the misfortune to be captured by the Confederates and confined in Libby prison. After Mr. Gallaher had been there some time he began to feel the need of money, which would enhance his prospect of reaching the Union lines about the success in making his essential. should be succeed in making his escape. A surgeon of his regiment, who was in the prison, was about to be exchanged. He cut off one of the large brass buttons from his uniform, and separating the two parts of it, made a cavity by taking out the filling. He then wrote on a slip of blank paper, in a small but distinct hand, the following note to his wife, which he inclosed in the cavity and again scaled the button together:

LIBBY PHIROM. DEAR WIFE—If we are not exchanged by the lat of December and me \$10 in greenbacks. Put in a vial cannel up in a can of tomatoes or blackborries. Send it in a tox of previsions.

This note is well preserved, and was still resting saugly in its place in the batton when shown today by Mr. Clutch. To continue the story, the button was made to take the place of another on the uniform of the exchanged surgeon, who reached home and delivered it to Mrs. Gallaber in due time. It could not have escaped the close scrutiny of the officers had it been conveyed out of the prison in any other manner, as the officers were particular to search all of the exchanged prisoners, including the surgeon, most minutely. Mr. Gallaher did not have much hope that his scheme would suc-ceed, even should the note reach his wife, but he was surprised, for the fruit arbut he was surprised, for the fruit arrived in a short time, and although closely inspected by the prison officials they failed to discover the vial containing the money concealed in one of the jars of thick preserves. Soon after receiving the money Mr. Gallaher succeeded in making his escape from the prison, being one of the chief participants in the great tunnel expedition. He pants in the great tunnel expedition. He found the \$50 obtained in so novel a manner to be of great service to him in reaching the Union lines.—Chicago Her-

Profitable Organ Grinding. The business of grinding hand organs is rapidly earning a fortune for an Ital-ian family here in Boston, which owns ian family here in Boston, which owns several very superior instruments of the "piano" variety, such as are operated on light running hand carts. These are pushed about the city by pairs of young and pretty maidens, dressed in the pict-uresque costumes of the Roman peas-antry, who serve as performers. One of antry, who serve as performers. One of the two in each case turns the crank of the huge music box, while the other ma-nipulates with deft fingers the sweetly jingling tambourines. The girls are all sisters, daughters of an ancient brigand called Grosse—a mender of fiddles and things by profession—and the tunes they render, a majority of them, from light things by profession—and the tunes they render, a majority of them from light French operas, are so melodiously given as to set the most unmusical person a-dancing in spite of himself. And when one of the said organs, on its winding way through the business quarter of the town, pauses to strike up in a side street or alley, all the cierks, counter hoppers, office boys and other employes in the neighboring blocks quit work at once to skip around and throw pennies out of the windows. So it is not surprising to skip around and throw pennies out of the windows. So it is not surprising to learn from the players themselves that they average about \$10 per day apiece for their work. This is a trifle more than \$4,000 a year, excluding Sundays, for each machine and its brace of at-tendants. Pretty good pay, is it not?— Boston Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Archimedes at the Lever.

We apologize for mistakes made in all former issues and say they were inexcusable, as all an editor has to do is to hunt news, and clean the rollers, and set type, and sweep the floor, and pen short items, and fold papers, and write wrappapers, and talk to visitors, and distrib-ute type, and carry water, and saw wood, and read the proofs, and correct the mistakes, and hunt the shears to write editorials, and dodge the bills, and dun delinquents, and take cussings from the whole force, and tell our subscribers that we need money. We say that we've no business to make mistakes while at-tending to these little matters, and getting our living on gopher tail sour flavored with imagination, and wearing old shoes and no collar, and a patch on our pants, obliged to turn a smiling countenance to the man who tells us our paper isn't worth \$1 anyhow, and that he could make a better one with his eyes shut.—Leman (lowa) Globe.

Oldest House in Chleage.

The oldest building in the city, which stands at the corner of Jefferson and Jackson streets, has been sold, and is to be moved to a lot on Ownsco street, east of California avenue. The building is a two story frame, and as near as its history can be traced was built in 1838, when the land thereabouts was either a swamp or under cultivation. It was owned by old Dr. Ingalls for a number of years, but at the time of its sale belonged to Arthur Farrar. It was sold through McAuley & Elliott, the real estate dealers, and came about in the regular course of their business. They had sold a lot to a Mr. Carpenter, and in looking for a house to put on it found the structure in question, which was bought for a mere song, neither they nor the purchaser knowing anything of its history at the time. It had been unoccupied for several years, but beyond the windows and doors being broken was in a remarkable state of preservation.—Chicago Times.

An Infallible Coin Tester. The Siamese ape is said to be in great request among Siamese merchants as a cashier in their counting houses. Vast quantities of base coin obtain circulation in Siam, and the faculty of discriminain Siam, and the faculty of discrimina-tion between good money and bad would appear to be possessed by these gifted monkeys in such an extraordinary de-gree of development that no human be-ing, however carefully trained, can compete with them. The cashier ape meditatively puts into his mouth each coin presented to him in business pay-ments, and tests it with great delibera-tion. His method of testing is regarded in commercial circles as infallible; and, as a matter of fact, his decision is uni-formly accepted by all parties interested formly accepted by all parties interes in the transaction.—London Tid Bits.

Frank R. Stockton, the author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" is a small wiry man with electric eyes and a swarthy complexion. He measures you in his mind's eye much as a tailor does from tip fotoe. He seldom speaks above a subdued conversational whisper and ne er until spoken to. His copy is legible as print and singularly free from erasions. In his library, at Madison, N. J., he has a hammock in which he thinks out his ideas and he will, if necessary, spend three days in writing 200 words, hence the mosaic perfection of his works. He will not write a short story for less than \$1,000.—Cor. The Epoch. Frank R. Stockton, the author of "The

A Book for Gentlemen of the Road. First Trump-1 say, pard, there's book in this window that we ought

Second Tramp—What's der title? First Tramp—It's "Hints on Gentle nen's Dress."—Boston Courier.