HAND TO HAND CONFLICT. companies will be allowed to cut timber.

A Disastrous Defeat of the Government Forces in Lima.

Col. Torres Surprised by a Division of Gen. Carceres' Army.

Terrible Scenes of Carnage and Murder.

Late advices from Lima give details of a battle at Canta on the 12th ult. On the morning of that day a detachment of government troops, occupying the town of Canta, sixty miles from Lima, in the valley running parallel to that of Rimae, was surprised by a division of Gen. Carcere's army, and after a sharp action of several hours was forced to fly in disorder. The government troops operating against Canta were 350 men of line with one gatling gun, fifty cavalrymen and fifty wounded gendarmes, the whole force being commanded by Col. Torres. Canta had been occupied for several days by the Monteneros, or irregular revolutionary forces, who retired on the approach of this detachment.

On Friday evening news arrived of the approach of a considerable division of the enemy, and upon Col. Bustamente's advice it was decided to defend the town. On Saturday at 7 a.m. the hills enclosing Canta were occupied by the enemy, apparently 1,500 or 2,000 strong, and with about 200 cavalry. The latter were sta-tioned at the outlets of the valley leading toward the coast and to the interior, so that from the first the government forces were effectually corralled.

Col. Torres had placed his men in a barrack situated in the principal square of the town, having also small outlying squads behind some of the walls in the suburbs. Carceres' artillery, four small field pieces, opened fire from the hills at Huay Chullum at 7:30 a. m., and in a few moments firing became general. The enemy descended the hills and attempted to enter the town, but were repeatedly driven back. For two hours the positions of the combatants were unaltered, firing all the time being very heavy. At midday the defenders began to slacken their fire, for their ammunition was rapidly becoming exhausted, and for an hour they received without reply the volleys of the attacking party. At 2 o'clock a desperate effort was to drive the rebels from the town, which they had entered at the point of the This failed, and their defeat was bayonet. accomplished.

The fight was hand to hand in the streets, no quarter being given, and most dreadful scenes of carnage occurred. Houses, where some of the defeated soldiers had taken refuge, were broken open and all found within murdered, without distinction of age, sex or character, and then were burned. A few of the most de-termined of the government cavalry, headed by Col. Pachas, cut their way through their opponents and made good their escape.

Col. Bustamente, to whose counsel the defeat was due, seeing all was lost, blew his brains out on the field of action. Col. Torres escaped early in the night and the governmenthas named another officer to command the decimated "Cagamaric." Of the 500 or 600 men engaged on the government side probably 200 escaped by flying to the mountains following Pachas. They are still coming in by parties of two or three. Very few prisoners were taken, for, as has been stated, no quarter was given.

The Cacerists were commanded by Col. Morales Bermudas, and it is stated Caceres with his staff arrived at Canta the day after the battle. The losses of the revolutionary forces

are not known. From the fact that the Cagamarica batallion was decidedly the finest in the government service, partisans of Caceres are jubilant over his success, and the 5,000 soldiers in garrison at Lima t all affected by officers are confident of their lovalty in case an attack is made on the city. Energetic precautionary measures are being taken, church towers are occupied at night by strong detachments of riflemen, and the prefect has issued a notice offering from 50 to 1,000 silver soles to any who may denounce the existence of the con-spirators or aid the police in their efforts. The government force has been withdrawn from Chosica, and is now stationed at Santa Clara, fifteen miles from Lima. Nothing positive is known of the where-abouts of Carceres.

The railroad companies are not authorized to sell timber so cut to other companies or individuals. The companies are prohibited from cutting timber on public mineral lands, Indian reservations or public parks. The right of a company to cut timber within the section ceases at the expiration of five years after the definite loca tion of the section. This circular materially modifies the old circular in limiting the territory within which timber can be cut to the immediate vicinity of the line under construction, as it has been the practice to cut timber anywhere within the terminal limits of the road, and another important modification is the limitation of time within which the companies may cut timber.

Not His Deal.

Brooklyn Eagle. "Are you truly sure that we can always be happy and contented to live together, darling? Do you really believe that you can give up all the world and its vanities and settle right down like a model husband should, love? You will never wish to stay out all night 'with the boys,' as they call it. You are quite, quite sure you will not?" and two blue eyes gazed a sweet interrogative into his own.

"You can just put your whole stack on that to win, sis," he murmured.

"You will never, never sigh for some other fairer one than I? You will never read me poetry that you sent to your first love and hint that a man can only love once in a lifetime? You will never call me by some other girl's name in your sleep? Ah, you will never do that, will you, darling ?"

"Well, you just copper any one to lose that says I will," he whispered, throwing his off arm about her more or less supple form and giving her one on the lips for luck.

"You will always tell me everything that passes in your busy life, darling? You will have no secrets from your own little wife? Not a single little tiay one, you are quite sure? You will let me read all your letters, and tell me all about your business? We shall be truly and really one in everything, shall we not, ducky?"

"Well, I'm just taking all they put up, old gal, that we will," he said, giving her another plump upon the lips, with a good hug thrown in by way of interest.

"You will never smoke in bed, or refuse to make calls, or dislike my mother, or compel me to ask you for money. or be cross because I have a headache in the morning, or-

"See here, sis," he chipped in, as his arm relaxed its hold about her form, "I should like to ask you a question before we splice. Just one, and then you may fire 'em in on your side to the end of the last quarter.

"What is it, darling?" she chirped, getting hold of his hand and putting the arm about her once more.

"You'll go your last chirp, you" give it to me straight?" he whispered. "You may trust me always, love," she lisped.

"Well, then, on the dead level, are ou a maid or a widow?"

"Why, you horrid thing. Of course -I-I've never been married?" she sobbed. "How could you ask me such a question?"

"Weil, I kinder thought I dropped to too much knowledge in your questions," he replied. "When did you catch on to so much wisdom, little me:

SWIFT FLY THE HOURS.

Swift fly the hours when thou art nigh-Switt by the neuron when then art in Too swiftly speed away: With rapid stride Time bases by, Though we would have him stay. But when apart—ah, slowly then On leaden wings he'll fly, And ob lurate will be, as when To stay he'd heard our cry.

Nor can we find a remody Save this—'his cense to love! But that's impossible for me— New will then constant prove? Well, we must take as best we may, The stern decrees of fate, And hope not distant is the day We need not separate

AN OLD MAID,

A lowering morning which made one wish for the sunny South or for Italy. for any place which would make one feel happier than could this dismal morning in Wisconsin. And then to think that this train could not make he asked. She besitated and did not connection with the eastward bound train! It is hard enough to stop at such a miserable little junction at any time, but to spend three hours here this dark morning must prove the very refinement of torture. There are a dozen passengers who must wait and who prepare to make the best of their stay here. One couple, evidently just married, find the clouds of a rosy color, and they walk out of the smoky old depot to make atour of the little town, talking cagerly the while. Two young fellows wander uneasily about, reading all the old tattered posters, glowing inducements to go west, and ancient time tables, which invariably decorate the stained walls of a country depot. These young fellows finally utter exclamations of impatiance at the ture. He secured a pleasant seat for dreary monotony, and go across the her and then one for himself at some street to the hotel, hoping to find something there more congenial to them. Two ladies at once take their departure for the hotel, and other people stroll out about the depot, and there are left two persons, a man and woman, who, after a little time, settle themselves to reading to pass away the weary moments. He reads his go to her whilom protector and ask paper, she her book, and, occasionally, woman like, she casts a look at her silent companion, wondering what loved ones are awaiting his arrival as sure of the future as did she. Soon, and whether he is imputient to greet them, or if he feel a man's stoicism in When he reached her protector, as she regard to it; wondering, too, how it is already called him in her inner conthat each woman thinks the mascu- sciousness, that indivdual gave a quick line lives connected with hers so start at some words uttered by the full of manly graces and beauty, and conductor after examination who could find manly beauty in his ticket. A troubled look settled those rugged features? Then she upon the resolute face, and he conturned her gentle eyes toward the versed earnestly with the conductor window and looked out at the dreary a few moments, then glanced at her landscape, looked with eyes which saw and rose and came to her. "I told not outward objects, but were intro-spective solely. An old maid, common-what is right, and then we get punished ly supposed to be the type of discon- by unalterable laws, and here is a it and unrest; but here, evidently, speedy illustration of the fact, only the type failed, for this face expressed that I feel now that I might have the utmost of content. Life had been known the right, if I had taken pains filled with much of sorrow for her, all to inquire. We are on the wrong her bright plans had failed of fruition, one after another she had bidden goodby to them and had turned bravely again to face the coming of a new future, a future to be peopled again by her bright fancies-the old fanexcept as they lingered in memory. An old maid she is, so far as years ago, but no home is happier than her little ideal home. She has filled its rooms with bright little faces eagerly calling to mother and the drea n-father is strong, earnest, helpful and loving. Her dream-home is happier far than many a fine lady's real home, although she has not pictured any grandeur about it. Oh, no, she dreams that the carpets are faded from much sunlight and worn from the tread of many little feet, that there is much planning to "make both selfishness living in the ideal home, and loving unselfishness can make all trials in regard to ways and means seem very slight indeed. Her companion in this depot is an elderly person, a stout, large man, with keen eyes and a mouth at complete odds with the eyes, not belonging to them apparently. Often eyes do not harmonize in coloring with the rest of a face, but generally expressions are strongly akin. This man had a sensitive mouth, one with a mournful droop to it. Those who looked at him caught themselves wondering which would conquer-keen, hard eyes, or sensitive mouth. He read for some time, then gave a quick look at the thoughtful face near him, and said, abruptly: "Not a very pleasant arrang-ment, this." A quick flush passed over the gentle face before him-a flush which his keen eyes noted instantly and understood-a flush which told of the girlishness yet | felt a deep pity for the lonely life that left to this lonely woman. "Not that it matters much to me where I am," he continued. "Life cannot give me anything harder than I've had

dle, " and receiping a look of understanding in response to this sentiment, he went out

"We don't know what is right to do, and yet we're punished by fixed laws if we don't do the right. That doesn't eem just to me. "Oh, but it will come out straight in

next life," she cried eagerly. "I don't know whether it will or not," he responded. "I haven't seen the next life yet, and I don't know what it is like -don't seven know if there will be a next life, I only know that we are hedged in and around in this life.

"But surely the next life will take sway all the rough places of this," she said; it will make us understand all that seems so strange about this and -there must be a future life; God surely would not put us into this life and et so much go out of it incomplete. That seems to me the strongest reason or a future, that so many die with their life-work only just begun."

"Is that a reason or a hope with you?" answer, and just then one of the restess young men who had been a fellowpassenger of theirs came in and glanceed casually at the two.

That glane made her self-conscious, and a blush dyed the delicate face and she turned, in a decided way, the pages of her book, as if she were determined not to let this stranger get possession. of her wandering thoughts again. The oung man passed out of the station, and the elderly one rose and walked restlessly about the room, knitting the sbaggy brows occaionally at some troubled thought. The three hours passed, and I o'clock came, and a train came. "Can I assist you?" he asked gently, reaching out a hard, brown hand for some of the numerous bundles she was carrying. She handed some to him and followed his sturdy footsteps to the train. They wondered a little why their fellow passengers of the morning were not in greater haste, but forgot them presently in the bustle of depardistance from her. A few minutes of waiting, of idle watching of the dark landscape, so soon to be among remembered things, and the train moved slowly out of town, and as it moved away another train steamed in. She looked curiously at the second train, but remembered that this was a junction and did not obey her first nervous impulse, which was to him if he were sure they were on the right train. She forgot the train soon, and watched his stern, set face, and felt sorry for him, and wished he might feel the conductor came, and she watched of

continued earnestly, looking down into the clear eyes lifted so fear-lessly to his: "I feel as if I was looking into the eyes of my wife. Am I mistaken?" The last words were breathed rather than uttored, and then she understood, and the flame solor mounted over the delicate features once more, and she said quietly: "Do I look so much like your wife ?"

He was haffled, and for a moment knew not what to say, then rallied and snid :

"She has gone into the future. I don't know what or where that life may be, and I am lost and lonely without her. I waat that which has gone out of my life, and I believe you can supply that want. You are alone in the world, and I can make your life pleasanter, I am sure."

It was a temptation, such as only nomeless ones can understand; but after a moment, she shook her head, and then, reading the questioning look in those keen gray eyes, she said, while the color deepened in her face :

"I loved once, and have loved ever since, and it would not be right for me to marry uny one, feeling as I do."

The door opened, and the brakeman called out the name of the place where she was to stop, and the next moments were spent in gathering her belongings. He helped her off the train, and grasped her hand heartily as she stood one instant there:

"I shall always remember you and your happy ways of looking at life, and cour faith will help met" and then he swung on to the slowly moving train, and she walked away in the gloaming, a tear or two falling as she thought of the lonely days to come.-The Current.

A Bride's Suicide at Monte Carlo. From the London Daily News.

The curious tale of a recent suicide at Monte Carlo merely illustrates a widespread belief that women are more reckless gamblers than men. At any publie table they may be seen playing high and, as a rule, restraining the expressions of the emotions at least as well as the sex generally thought the sterner. Woman, once started cannot break off, even to break the luck, while she has five frances in her pocket. But on the other hand, women want more starting than mon. Their carefulness in small expenses makes them regard the loss of a few pounds as a

very serious matter. Thus among decent people, ladies very seldom play. though when they begin to losa, they back their bad luck with extraordinary persistence. A clerk of a German counting house, passing his honeymoon on that littus avarum, the Riviera, came to Monte Carlo. He had £1,000, his employers' money, in his possession. Distrusting his own virtue, he did what is generally safe—he gave the sum to his bride to keep for him. Then he left the room for a time, and on returning found that the unhappy girl had played away all the £1,000. It does not take long to get rid of that or any other sum. He also learned that she had drowned herself in the sea at the foot of the rocks. A more dreadful end to a honeymoon can not be imagined : nor can any defender of Monto Carlo

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

A Brief Sketch of the Present Trouble Botween Those Nations.

From th Wouth's Companion. In addition to other perplexities, England has lately been threatened with serious trouble with the Russians. For a long time the English have suspected that Russia covets possession of India; and Russia has given ample reason for this suspicion by her steady. unhalting advance toward India through the vast region known as "Cen-

tral Asia." A glance at the map will make the present situation more clear. It will be seen that along the western frontier of British India lies Afghanistan; that west of Afghanistan is Persia; while along the northern borders of all three of these countries lies the great region vaguely designated as Central Asia,the eastern part under the government of China, the west being the Turkestan provinces of Asiatic Russia.

For a great many years, more particularly and more rapidly within the last twenty years, Russia has been pushing her troops and her control southward from her frontier, through the steppes, deserts and rugged mountain ranges of Central Asia. In 1864 General Tchernieff advanced up the valley of the Jaxartes, which flows into the sea of Aral, and seized Tashkent, the most northerly of the large Central Asian towns.

Four years later Russian troops entered Bokhara, to the southwest, and dethroned its Emir, or prince. In 1873 Russia besieged and took Khiva; and three years after saized Khokand, the third of the great Khanates, or principalities of Central Asia.

At each of these steps England made a protest, and each time Russia promptly assured England that she did not intend to advance any further. Yet, in due time, forward went the Russian columns, and in the wake of the army always followed civil officers, who, as fast as a town or a principality was occupied, set up therein a government in the name of the Czar.

Next England, still vigorously protesting, heard that the Russians had passed the River Oxus. England had threatened that if this was done, she would declare war. But when it was done, she did not carry out her threat. Finally, a few months ago, the Russians entered Merv, a great and formidable fortress near the frontiers of Persia and Afghanistan; and passed on even further, to Sarakhs, which lies at the very junction of the frontiers of the three countries.

Still further south, fully within the limits of Afghanistan, stands a wellnigh impregnable fortress called Herat. Owing to its situation, Herat commands all the great roads leading southward from Central Asia. To hold it is to have military control of Afghanistan.

Herat, on account of its commanding position, has been called the "Gate to India." It has earth and stone walls all around it one hundred and twenty feet high. A small army could hold it against a mighty host for an indefinite period.

England has lately been alarmed by dications that the Russians were paring to advance again, and this time to occupy Herat. It was, therefore, proposed that the English should advance first, and seize the great fortress. An arrangement has consequently been made that neither country shall push its frontier any further. But Russian promises of that sort are more often broken than kept. The English have held a sort of protectorate over Afghanistan. They have subsidized its ruler, Abdurrhaham, whom, indeed, they placed on the throne. But if the Russians take Herat the danger will be that Afghanistan will come under Russian domination. The army of the czar is, as it were, a wedge entering an opening already made between Persia and India, which the vast power of the empire seems determined to drive through to the Arabian sea. Sooner or later, it seems inevitable that war will break out between Russia and England. Russia will hardly fail to pursue her object in Afghanistan. She will continue to threaten India. When the crisis comes England will certainly defend India and the approaches to it with all the might of her wealth and her armies.

IMPORTS FROM COLOMBIA.

A Proclamation by the President in Relation Thereto.

The president has issued the following proclamation: "Whereas, Satisfactory evidence has been

received that upon vessels of the United States arriving at the port of Boca Del Taro, United States of Colombia, no duty is imposed by the ton as tonnage tax or as light money, and that no other equivalent tax on the vessels of the United States is imposed at said port by the Colombian government, and

Whereas, By the provisions of section 14 of an act approved June 26, 1884, to remove certain burdens on American mer chant marine and encourage American foreign carrying trade and for other purposes, the president of the United States is authorized to suspend the collection of customs of the United States from vessels arriving from any port in Central America, down to and including Aspinwall and Panama, of so much of the duty as the rate of 3 cents per ton as may be in excess of the tonnage and lighthouse dues or other equivalent tax imposed on American vessels by the government of a foreign country in which

such port is situated. Now, therefore, I. Grover Cleveland, president of the United States of America, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the act and section hereinbefore mentioned do hereby declare and proclaim that on and after this 9th day of September, 1885, the collection of said tonnage of Sc. per ton shall be suspended as regards all vessels arriving in any part of the United States from the port of Boca del Taro to United States of Colombia.

In testimony whereof I have herewith set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this 9th day of September, 1885, and of the United States of America the one hundred and tenth. GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President: T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.

BAILROAD COMPANY RIGHTS.

A Circular From the Land Office Defining the Same.

A circular has been issued by the land office modifying the former circular issued by that bureau providing rights to railroad companies in cutting timber from public lands. The circular states that timber can be cut only during the construction of the railroad and immediately adjacent to the line of road under con struction. No more timber must be cut than is actually required for the con-struction of the road-bed, bridges, culverts, etc., and such timber cannot be cut for fuel, station houses, sheds and other structures. The trees cut must not be less than eight inches in diameter and none but authorized agents of the railroad

"Oh, mamma told me to ask you-" "That whip-saws me," he said, somebody else can have my chair. There's too much mother-in-law in this deal for me to play it out," and he skipped.

London Cabmen,

Saturday Review.

Cab drivers are usually honest, and even if they do not invariably return an umbrella you leave in their vehicle. hey take it to Scotland Yard. Now, Scotland Yard is an interesting, mysterious place to visit. A journey to the great centre of all the clues that lead to nothing ought to be a pleasure to the curious. The statistician will be pleased by the enormous stacks of umbrellas and bales of great-coats which in Scotland Yard await their owners, and mutely reproach the casualness of man. Cabmen are not usually cruel to their horses, A merciful cab-man will frequently allow his beast to amble at the pace of three miles an hour, especially if you are in a hurry to catch a train. Thus our modern haste is silently rebuked, and a lessot ~n humanity to the lower creation is enforced by example. We never met but one cabman whose horse would not go at all. Did he "wallop it? Oh, no. no. as the ancient chorus sings. He politety confided to us that this was his first day of experience as a cab driver, to which we could only reply that the circumstances was interesting as it appeared to be his horse's last day of experience as a cab horse. Many a cabman has a noble pride in his steed's pedigree and past performances. We are acquainted with the case of a cab horse which has known better days. and actually ran into a place for the C sarewitch. Another horse, almost as distinguished in a different way, ran into a place belonging to a rate-payer, carrying away some yards of a suburban brick wall, and a good deal of the covering of its own knees. Animals of this sort are respected on a stand, and gain a legendary repute, like the horses of Rustom and the Cid.

A New Orleans judge riding in the cars recently, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady by his side, imagined he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was very pleasant. She only remarked: Yes.

"Why do you wear a veil?"

"Lest I attract gentlemen." "It is the provin e of gentleman to

admire,' replied the gallant man of law.

- "Not when they are married." "But I amnot."
- "Indeed!"

since.

"Oh, 10; I am a bachelor." The lady quietly removed her veil. disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law. He has been a raving maniac ever

Those who grow millet, sorghum or broom corn will find the seed the best kind of food for small chicks.

"That is a bad thing to say," she said, in her timid way.

"A true thing, enough," he responded, and the corners of his sensitive mouth drooped a little more. I feel as if I had nothing left to live for. My wife died a year ago and-" here the voice broke. Distress ever calls some souls out from their reserve, and here in was such a one, and she said, quickly: with him? Could she do better than "Ah, but you have all those vanished days and months and years to remember, all the loveliness of her life to think of now."

"How did you know her life was lovely," he queried, a little sharply. She town, and finding she did know a per-Lesitated a moment and then said, simply: "It must have been, or you took his resolution quickly. would not miss her from your living so much," a tribute to the manly worth in said; "one hundred and sixty acres unthe face she saw before her which was der fine improvement, house and outkeenly relished by the owner of the buildings all in fine shape. You can face. He sighed and then looked for find out about me from Mr.a time out of the smoky window, then moment he hesitated as he caw that she

train. She looked deeply troubled, but

said after a moment : "How can we get back?"

"It is of no use to go back to that junction. We might as well go on to cies all dead and gone from her Chicago now and go from there; it will really take not much longer, and as you trusted to my leading in the first place, I will, if you will let me, see you safe out of this trouble."

"I am used to taking care of myself," she said, but her lips trembled a little.

"Where are you going?" he asked and upon receiving her reply added : "I am going beyond there, so it will be no trouble to me to see you safe. I will telegraph your dilemma to your friends at the next station; we shall reach Chicago in two hours, and the conductor ends meet," but she has imagined un- tells me we can immediately take another train back, so that really the worst of it will be the extra four or five hours in the train."

> He remained sitting with her, and chatted lightly for a time, till her mind was diverted from the unpleasantness of her situation. Gradually they wandered to deeper waters, and talked again, as they had earlier in the day, of the problems of life, and into those queries and answers of theirs crept ever and anon, a bit of the personal history of each. He learned what a desolate life hers had seened to be; he learned too, what a sweet, cheery courage must underlie her whole being, that the desolateness should have been so ignored, and he grew ashamed of his own repining over a lot

which had so nuch of brightness in "it. When the train drew into the great depot in Chicago he felt that he had learned to know a pure soul; and she

opened to her view. And as they took the other train, which was to take them rapidly to their destination, each felt a regret that a few hours more would part them.

He sat silent for a long time after this, wondering if he dared to do the thing he wished. He was lonely, set adrift in the great world by the death of his wife, and he wanted a true, womanly heart to sympathize with his. Could he do better than to ask this lonely woman, who had no kith or kin the world, to share his lot take him, she who evidently had summer-land in her heart and could make a bit of brightness wherever she was? Each surely needed the other. He asked her if she knew anyone in his son residing a few miles from him, he

"I have a good farm our there," he said : "After all, life is a strange mud- did not realize what he meant : then he

deny that; but for the temptations so publicly offered, the miserable woman might now be a happy wife.

Sharon's Heart Bowed Down. Chiezgo Herald.

Private advices from San Francisco say that ex-senator Sharon is fast breaking down under the troubles forced upon him by Sarah Althea and her lawyers. The old man was always weak physically, but the mortification and ohagrin, the reproaches of his friends and the coolness of his children, all growing out of his relations with the pestiferous Sarah Althea, are more than human nature can stoically bear. It is said that his daughter Flora, wife of Sir Thomas Hesketh of England, 19 so disgusted with her father that she has had no communication with him since the suit began. Her own social position in England has been cruelly injured. As for Sir Thomas himself, he is mad through and through. Another complication is the marriage of the son, Fred Sharon, a few months ago, under circumstances which set every tongue to wagging. The fair bride is the daughter of a very wealthy gentleman, and the divorced wife of J. W. Breckenridge, son of the late vice president. The marriage was a hastily contrived affair. They were married, and the same night left for Europe. The scandals which have beset his name, the dreadful cost of the Hill litigation, the possibility that he may yet be mulcted in half his fortune and the terrible annoyances of the past year promise to lond the badgered millionaire under the sod in a very short time.

Missed a Golden Opportunity.

The president of a Western railroad was lately waited on by a couple of directors with very solemn countenances, and after the usual salutations had been exchanged one of them said :

"Mr. President, have you the interests

of this road at heart?" "Yes, sir-yes, sir-of course I have,"

was the reply. "If so, why didn't you cut rates last week between Blank and Blank at \$1. and thereby have our road advertised all over the country ?"

"Why, sir, last week we were so snowed under that we didn't movea train between the points named !"

"Of course-I know all about it, and it was a golden opportunity that may never come again. When you are stuck in the snow is the very time to cut rates. We get the advertisement, and the public receives no benefit. Let this be a moral lesson to you, sir-a great moral lesson."

A French magazine article relates how George Washington shot the apple off his son's head at command of the tyrant, and says it happened near St. Louis

Supposed Girl Metamorphosed

Into a Boy.

From the Philadelphia Record.

A subject, apparently a young girl of fifteen, appeared for clinical operation at Jefferson Medical College a short time ago. The patient wore short dresses, looked like a young school miss and had the manners of a girl. The trouble with the patient was an inability to retain secretions of the kidneys. Dr.

W. H. Pancoast made an examination. and discovered two exceedingly interesting facts: First that his subject was not, as the parents had always supposed, a girl, but a boy, and that he had been born without a bladder. Dr. Pancoast explained this to the class before which the operation was performed and then proceeded to supply an artificial bladder, a surgical feat first accomplished by Dr. Pancoast's father many years ago, and now not an uncommon operation. The parents of the supposed girl, now transformed into a handsome boy, at first refused to credit the facts related by the doctor, and would not keep the subject in boy's at-tire, dressed in which the professor had returned him to them. A further operation was made at the request of the parents. This was done, and so fully developed other organs that doubt was no longer possible. Now, in addition to this metamorphosis, the lad has been given a boy's name in exchange for the female one, with which he was christened. Prof. Pancoast has recently also had another case of somewhat the so had about rease of somewhat the same nature, although not quite so in-teresting, the subject being a boy of four years, who had always been sup-posed to be a girl. The operation in each case was about the same, and both patients have recovered.