

SENSATION IN A CHURCH.

Catholic Children of St. Louis to be Kept Out of the Public Schools.

St. Louis dispatch: The Rev. Father James McCaffrey, of St. Patrick Catholic church, in this city, created a sensation Monday morning by announcing from the pulpit that the Catholic children of his parish who attend the public schools will hereafter be barred from the celebration of the holy communion. "What I mean is," said the priest when questioned, "that we have no time to prepare children who attend public schools for their first communion. We have a large school here and all the teachers necessary. We can teach every child that is brought to us, and no one can get away on the plea of poverty, for we will teach them free. They must be taught in the parish schools if they are to become Catholics. They are in no way prepared to receive the sacrament in the public schools. Now we don't propose to permit our children to attend the public schools and then come here and get a special preparation for their communion. The children who go to public schools are not fit to receive their first communion. They have received no religious training at all, and what I say now is that they shall not be given their first communion in this church." Vice General Brady has been appealed to, and seems to side with Father McCaffrey. Father Joyce, a leading priest, says: "We are doing all that we can to prevent our children from going to the public schools. This evil is great. There is a large number of every parish in St. Louis. The evil is not confined to St. Louis. It is in every large city of the country. The Catholic clergy must do everything they can to overcome it. We must educate our own children. They are educated in the public schools merely as an animal would be educated. Their souls are not attended to."

THE POLITICAL WORLD.

The Colorado republicans nominated Hon. Samuel H. Elbert, of Denver, for judge of the supreme court. Resolutions were adopted endorsing the resolutions of the Denver silver convention of last January; denouncing the importation of contract labor; favoring arbitration in labor troubles; and demanding a strict enforcement of the civil service laws. Ex-Secretary Teller made a speech advocating the unlimited coinage of silver and defended his administration of the interior department.

In the Dakota constitutional convention blanks of election in the form provided by the schedule report, were filled in with the names of the state executive committee. The convention then took a half-hour recess for the republican members to hold a caucus to decide upon putting a state ticket in the field, and to elect county boards. Hon. A. C. Millet, chairman of the territorial republican central committee, was instructed to issue a call for a state convention for the purpose of nominating a state ticket.

In the New York democratic state convention Roswell P. Flower was nominated by acclamation for lieutenant governor; Frederick Cook, of Rochester, was nominated on the first ballot for secretary of state; A. A. Chapin, present incumbent, was renominated by acclamation for comptroller; Dennis O'Brien, present attorney general, was renominated; Lawrence J. Fitzgerald, of Cleveland, was nominated for state treasurer by acclamation; Nathan Sweet, of Albany, was renominated for state engineer and surveyor.

The Special Delivery System.

The postmaster general is about to issue an additional circular of instruction to postmasters where the special delivery service has been established. Among other things the circular will advise postmasters to impress upon the senders of letters bearing a special delivery stamp the necessity of an accurate address, giving the name of the street and number of houses wherever practicable, or failing in that respect, an indication of the business of the person addressed. This last precaution is deemed necessary in small towns where no system of numbering houses prevails, and where there may be two or more individuals bearing similar names. The public will also be reminded of the advantage to be derived from writing requests for returns of non-delivered matter upon the envelopes.

CHACHIM PASHA, formerly Minister of War in Egypt, has been naturalized in Italy, thus transferring his immense property, generally supposed to belong to the dissolute ex-Khedive, to the protection of that power. There is great disgust in official circles at Cairo over this piece of sharp practice, and the Khedive has emphasized his wrath by degrading Chachim and forbidding his return to Egypt.

He that has no charity merits no mercy.

A CENTURY plant—The burial of a centenarian.

THE MARKETS.		
OMAHA.		
WHEAT—No. 2.....	67	67 1/2
RAILWAY—No. 2.....	67 1/2	68
RYE—No. 2.....	28	28 1/2
COB—No. 2 mixed.....	28	28 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	18	18 1/2
EGGS—Fresh.....	12	12 1/2
BUTTER—Choice dairy.....	12	12 1/2
BUTTER—Best country.....	12	12 1/2
EGGS—Fresh.....	12	12 1/2
CHICKENS—Per doz.....	2 00	2 25
LEMONS—Choice.....	7 50	8 00
HASKANS—Choice.....	7 50	8 00
ORANGES—Mottled.....	2 50	3 00
ONIONS—Per bu.....	4 00	4 75
POTATOES—New.....	8 25	8 50
GREEN APPLES—Per bu.....	8 25	8 50
SEEDS—Timothy.....	2 10	2 25
SEEDS—Blue Grass.....	1 25	1 40
HAY—Blind, per ton.....	16 50	17 00
HAY—In bulk.....	6 00	7 00
HOGS—Mixed packing.....	3 50	4 25
CATTLE—Butcher's stock.....	2 50	2 75
NEW YORK.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	95	96
WHEAT—Untraded red.....	78	79
COB—No. 2.....	28	28 1/2
OATS—Mixed western.....	11 25	11 50
POB.....	6 45	6 46
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—Choice Winter.....	4 50	5 25
FLOUR—Spring extra.....	5 50	6 25
WHEAT—Per bushel.....	84	85 1/2
COB—Per bushel.....	47 1/2	48 1/2
OATS—Per bushel.....	6 50	6 70
POB.....	6 45	6 47
HAY.....	2 50	3 00
HOGS—Packing and shipping.....	2 50	3 00
CATTLE—Stockers.....	2 00	2 25
SHEEP—Medium to good.....	2 00	2 25
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	92 1/2	93 1/2
COB—Per bushel.....	41 1/2	42 1/2
OATS—Per bushel.....	24 1/2	25 1/2
CATTLE—Stockers and feeders.....	2 50	3 00
SHEEP—Western.....	2 00	2 50
KANSAS CITY.		
WHEAT—Per bushel.....	75 1/2	76
COB—Per bushel.....	21 1/2	22
OATS—Per bushel.....	6 50	6 50
HOGS—Mixed packing.....	4 50	5 00
SHEEP—Common to good.....	1 50	1 50

CONFEDERATE BATTERY.

The Boy Cannoniers of Richmond.

The Parker Battery (Confederate) Association, of Richmond, Va., have made a good selection of a historian. The battery was largely composed of boys, who required written permission from their parents to enlist. It was organized in the spring of 1862, and after service, East and West, saw the last of the war at Appomattox. Its story is given to the world in a book in which the lights and shades of war are genuinely mingled. The realities of fighting and marching with a battery are doubtless as graphically pictured here as in any volume to be found. The author was not a secessionist, and his mother wept when she saw the flag of the United States hoisted down in Richmond. He enlisted, however, because he was a Virginian, a distinction that in turn would have given trouble to the Southern Confederacy if it had succeeded in its war of separation. The boy battery had its baptism by fire at the second battle of Manassas, where it was posted in a line of eighteen guns between Jackson and Longstreet. The guns broke one of the most dangerous of the Union infantry charges, that of Porter with about five thousand men. The fight at this point lasted half an hour. Lee had placed the guns so thickly there that the cannoniers almost eluded each other. "Every man was at his post. No talking; no ducking of heads. All was intense earnestness. The face was flushed; the eyes full; and the arm stronger than is wont. It was a struggle for life. It seemed that the very heavens were ablaze; or that two clouds, surcharged with electricity and wafted by opposing winds, had met in terrific struggle."

The battery had several men wounded in that battle. At Antietam it passed through a fearful ordeal, losing twenty-one men in killed and wounded. When the Confederate army fell back across the Potomac at Shepherdstown the author, getting General Lee standing at the ford giving directions even to teamsters. Soon after that campaign the living in the Confederate army became less elaborate. Only commissioned officers had servants. The commissary issued little except fresh beef.

The battery had but one man wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. During the following winter, the Confederates had many amusements in their winter-camp. The private soldiers fought snow-battle; but one of their most relished diversions, was to yell at citizens in tall hats: "Come down out of that tall hat, and join the soldier-boys, and help whip the Yanks," was the cry. A hundred voices would take up the shout with "come down! come down! I know you are up there. I see your legs."

The author was captured, with about a third of his company, by Sedgwick's charge at Chancellorsville. The prisoners were treated well, and in three weeks, having been exchanged, were back at the front.

At Gettysburg, Parker's battery was among the seventy-five guns with which Lee raised iron upon the Union position as a prelude to Pickett's great charge upon the heights. Lee's artillery suffered heavily, during this bombardment, and expended nearly all their ammunition. Parker's battery alone fired 1,142 rounds. Its loss was three killed, and ten wounded. The retreat from Gettysburg was begun in torrents of rain, but Lee's army was held well in hand, and pursuit if it had been pushed rapidly.

When Longstreet was ordered to Georgia, Parker's Battery went with the two divisions, but did not arrive in time to take part in the battle of Chickamauga. The battery was posted on Lookout Mountain for a time. A Union picket in front of them was heard one night to remark that things went wrong at Chickamauga, but "as soon as Longstreet goes away will give you the d—dest whapping you ever had in your life." The battery moved with Longstreet to East Tennessee, where the living was hard and the fighting without tangible results. More than that, the Confederates were for the first time hostile. The men of the region were either hidden in the mountains or were in the Union army. The women were spirited, not to say saucy. During an engagement near Bean's Station a woman came out of a house and ordered the Parker gunners to "move them things out of my yard." At this moment a gunner's leg was struck by a piece of shell, and his pocket book thrown out upon the ground. He said: "Well, I always thought the Yankees were mighty smart fellows, but I didn't think they could pick a fellow's pocket a mile off." It was not considered safe for a Confederate to sleep in an East Tennessee cabin about that time. The battery returned to Lee on the Rapidan and remained with him to the close of the war. In the Wilderness, artillery could not be used, and the battery was not engaged. "During this campaign, when the incessant fighting and marching had turned night into day, and we had hardly time to eat, we were joined by the battalion of heavy infantry which had been stationed for a long time in the defense line of Richmond. They had seen no active service, and one of our boys asked a private of this battalion how long they would stay with us. 'I don't know,' was the sincere reply; 'but we can't stay over Sunday anyhow, for we didn't bring any clean clothes with us.'"

General Lee, roused from his reverie, looked up, and, in a kindly sad voice, answered, 'Howdy do, my man?' and rode on."

In the campaign around Petersburg the Confederacy ordered out the last reserves. They came in citizens' clothes, and looked so meek that their presence was discouraging. Food for me was scarce, and the horses gnawed the trees in their hunger and died by hundreds. On the night of April 2, 1865, the battery cautiously moved away from the work it had occupied so long, and plodded west in the darkness along melancholy swamp roads. In the morning it reached Chesterfield Courthouse. Explosions in the rear told that Richmond had fallen. After an hour's rest the battery toiled on again. That night some of the company was missing, and the Captain made a speech urging his men to be true to the last. The Union cavalry swooped in like Cossacks here and there in the retreating lines, taking each time a few men and wagons, and perhaps a gun. In one of these dashes the author was captured before he or his comrades had a chance to pull a bayonet.

This faithful little history abounds in sentiment, descriptive passages and anecdotes, as well as purely military facts. The author, though not a preacher, had a pious training, and sometimes acted as chaplain. Before a battle soldiers often came to him to talk religion, and to tell him they had just been converted. At Gettysburg, during a lull in the firing, one of his battery comrades informed him that he had felt a spiritual change. There was a marked reform in this convert "until we were pleasantly encamped somewhat remote from the enemy, but not longer. Laugh as we may after the war about the noisy artillery, and how little it was feared compared with the cold gleam of the infantry bayonet and the deadly whiz of the mine, I confess that to my ear there was something mournfully suggestive in the booming of cannon and shrieking of shell. The mine may hit, and the object of its wrath may live to tell the tale; but when the solid shot or bursting shells find their victim, it generally leaves him a disordered mass of quivering flesh."

The author at the end is able to avow his belief in the indestructibility of the right, and to say, "Perish the wrong, whether he hid beneath Southern gray or Northern blue." The book has nine heliotype portraits of officers.

ARKELL'S STRANGE STORY.

Going Through a Sea of Fire But Not Killed.

Saratoga Correspondence New York World. One of the most active of the men darting in and out of various conferences was W. J. Arkell, the publisher of the Albany Journal, and a new force in Mohawk Valley politics. He is very earnest in his advocacy of the claims of Joseph W. Drexel, Mr. Arkell, who is only 31 years of age, has a most remarkable history. He is the son of Senator Arkell. He was in his father's factory when he was 17 years of age, at the moment of a terrible gasoline explosion. The workman who was with young Arkell was blown out of sight. Not enough was left of him to be gathered together for identification. Young Arkell, who did not lose consciousness, covered his mouth and eyes and made a dash for the door. The building in which this explosion took place became filled at once with a black smoke. The boy butted his way with his head through five doors, going literally through fire. In this passage he became frightfully burned. The time of the accident was winter. When he finally reached the outer air he rolled in the snow and left in the snow the front and back of both his hands and the covering of much of the lower part of his face. He was burned so hopelessly that the doctor for a long time despaired of him. Senator Arkell, who was on one of the upper floors of the building when the explosion took place, escaped by dropping from a window down a fall of twenty-five feet upon a strip of bare rock. His son was in bed for two years. His face was so badly burned that it was impossible for the natural skin to recover it. His hands were equally afflicted. Senator Arkell discovered in his readings experiments in the way of transplanting skin from one person to another. He asked the surgeons in charge of his son to try this experiment. The result was one of the most interesting known in the history of surgery. Upon the face of young Mr. Arkell there were transplanted 856 pieces of skin from the arms of various people. The result is that his face was entirely built up, so that to-day, while he bears very heavy scars, he yet looks very well considering what he has been through. He has indomitable courage and pluck, and aspires to a high position as a publisher of newspapers.

A Sierra Volcano.

From the Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle. News reached Candelaria from Bishop Creek that a volcano had burst forth in the mountains sixty miles southwest of Bishop Creek. A party of frightened sheep-herders rode into the latter place. They were covered with dust and ashes and had numerous holes burned in their clothing. They reported that they were startled by an unusual rumbling noise and trembling of the ground. At first they mistook the noise and rumbling for thunder, but it was quickly followed by a tremendous explosion, and on looking up they were appalled at seeing a mountain not far away belching forth a column of flames and smoke several hundred feet in height. The air was soon filled with fiery cinders and hot ashes which came down upon them in clouds. The frightened men immediately drove their sheep to a place of safety and rode to the nearest settlement with the startling news. Several parties have started from Candelaria and Bishop Creek for the scene of the eruption, which is near the deserted town of Mammoth, recently described in the Chronicle. The bright pink glow ob-

servable in the southwestern horizon the past two nights doubtless has been caused by the eruption.

SHERMAN'S PROSE POEM.

And How It has Been Rendered Into Verse.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS, CAMPION Big Black River, August 8, 1863.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

Sir—I take the liberty of asking through you that something be done for a lad named Arion P. Howe, of Waukegan, Ill., who belongs to the Fifty-fifth Illinois, but at present at home wounded. I think he is too young for West Point, but would be the very thing for a midshipman. When the assault at Vicksburg was at its height, on the 19th of May, and I was in front near the road which formed my line of attack, this young lad came up to me, wounded and bleeding, with a good healthy boy's cry. "General Sherman, send some cartridges to Col. Malmborg; the men are nearly out." "What is the matter, my boy?" "They shot me in the leg, sir, but I can go to the hospital. Send the cartridges right away." Even when we stood the shot fell thick, and I told him to go to the rear at once, I would attend to the cartridges; and off he limped. Just before he disappeared on the hill he turned, and called as loud as he could "Calibre 54." I have not seen the lad since, and his colonel (Malmborg) on inquiry, gives me the address as above, and says he is a bright, intelligent boy, with a fair preliminary education.

What arrested my attention then was—and what renewed my memory of the fact now is—that this young, carrying a musket ball through his leg, should have found his way to me on that fatal spot, and delivered his message, not forgetting the very important part even of the calibre of his musket—54—which you know is an unusual one.

I'll warrant that the boy has in him the elements of the man, and I commend him to the Government as one worthy the fostering care of some of its national institutions. I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, Major General Commanding.

CALIBRE FIFTY-FOUR.

"Say, General, say!" the courier said (A boy of thirteen years). "Our regiment's scant of powder and lead; most out, the Colonel fears. The men, they have held the ground, while I— This message swiftly bore. Be quick, and send 'em a fresh supply! It's a calibre fifty-four." "Now you are young!" the General said. "To run so stern a race; Some older man might come instead, Through such a dangerous place." "They couldn't be spared," the boy began; "In the youngest of the corps; And so—but say, be quick old man! It's a calibre fifty-four." "Now your turn," the General said; "There's blood here on your breast. Go back to the rear and take ly bed, And have some needful rest." "Not much!" said the boy, with half-hid sneer; "I can't be spared no more, My regiment's nowhere near the rear— It's a calibre fifty-four." "But where's your horse?" the General said; "About you cannot be?" "Oh, a cannon ball tore off his head, And didn't come far from me; And bullets whizzed round, you bet (One through my right arm tore); But I'm a horse, and colt to let! I'm a calibre fifty-four." "Your parents, boy?" the General said; "Where are they?—dead it seems?" "Oh, they are what the world calls dead, But come to me in dreams; They tell me to be brave away, As father was before. Then mother kisses me—but, say! It's a calibre fifty-four." "They'll soon be here," the General said, "Those cartridges you claim; My staff's best horse you'll ride, instead Of that on which you came." Away the boy, his spurs sharp set, Across the field of gore, Still shouting back, "Now don't forget! It's a calibre fifty-four." —Will Carleton in Harper's Weekly.

A Powerful Lecture on Temperance.

From the Foxboro Reporter. Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a young one. The young one took off his apron and started out of the door. "Yo's gwon to get a drink, Jim?" asked the elder. "Dat's what I's gwon to do." "Go and get yo' drink. I yoost ter do de same ting when I wuz young. When I wuz married dah was a gin-mill next door to the shop wha' I wuzked, and I spent in it fifty and seventy cents a day out de dollah an' a half fanned. Well, one maw'nin' I went into de butchah shop, and who should come in but de man wat kep' de likker shop." "Gib me ten or twelve pounds po'terhouse steak," he said. "He got it and went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see wat money I had left." "Wat do you wan'?" said the butchah. "Gib me 10 cents wuf of libber, wuz my remark." "It wuz all I could pay fur. Now yo' go and get yo' drink. You'll eat libber, but de man wat sells yo' de stuff will have his po'terhouse steak. De man behin' de bar eats po'terhouse—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched the stuff in thirty years, an' I am eatin' po'terhouse myself." Of the seven Presidents who have held the office in the last 28 years five are dead; two—Hayes and Arthur—are alive; while of the seven candidates for the different terms in those 28 years five—McClellan, McClellan, Seymour, Tilden and Hancock—are alive, and only two—Dix and Greely—are dead.

AN IRISH JIG.

A correspondent of the Rockland (Me.) Courier-Gazette visited Ireland recently, and writes home in the following amusing style:

"Can you direct me to Mrs. Kelleher's?" I said, accosting a bareheaded woman, who had just picked up a bundle of baby that had rolled out of an open door.

"Tich beyant, sir," she cheerfully responded, unceremoniously tucking the baby under one arm, that she might the more freely point with the other.

On the corner of two streets opposite a public pump stood a small two-story structure, built of stone, of course, and plastered over with mortar of yellow line. Above the door appeared the name we were searching for. We pushed into a low, small shop, whose stock in trade consisted of baker's bread, milk, and other domestic necessities, to which was added the dispensing of such liquors as the thirsty population might require and pay for. Behind a sort of bar were congregated a number of men and women, whom I took to be friends of the house, and one of these, a stout, proportioned lady, with her hair combed very close about her head, stepped forward and wanted to know what we would have.

"Is this Mrs. Kelleher?" I asked. (Instant attention on the part of the people behind the bar.)

"It is, sir," she replied respectfully. "Well," I continued, "can I find Mrs. Mahoney here?"

(Attention of people behind the bar visibly increasing.)

"You cannot, sir," was the reply, in rather less of a brogue than we had yet encountered.

"Mrs. Mahoney, the old country, pronunciation of Mahoney, Mrs. Mahoney, who is my cousin, sir, is not living here now, but at Mr. Jones' the comfortable—an' a decent place it is, too. Would ye be after wanting to see her, sir?"

"Very much," I said. (Voice behind the bar getting almost too impatient to wait. A bare-headed woman starts forward.)

"Place, sir," the bare-headed woman exclaimed, "I can run and fetch her." "In how long a time?"

"Oh, sir, not above fifteen minutes jist."

"All right," I said, "start along and tell her," I added, "that a gentleman from America wants to see her who comes direct from her daughter Norah."

"What!" the woman screamed, while here eyes stood straight out from her head, from Norah Mahoney?"

"Aye." "Then sure," she exclaimed, while her face stretched and wreathed with joy, "it's myself that won't be gone a jiffy."

And with that she was off like a shot, while the people behind the bar have by this time fairly exploded with excitement. As we started out the door the proprietress hailed us.

"Hold on, gentlemen, hold on!" she called, while she made speed to get through the little half-door leading behind the bar and for which she was a very snug fit.

"She's going to hug you," whispered the judge, as he stooped; and faith I thought she was—but she stooped on the very verge of that demonstration, and fervently ejaculated:

"An' sure you don't mean to say that Norah is after living at service wid yer own blessed self?"

"She certainly is," I replied with a North American smile.

"The likes of that!" shrieked, looking alternately from me to the now completely petrified observers behind the bar. "Well, it's right glad her mother will be to meet ye!"

Hereupon, after several interchanges of like remarks, the judge and I passed out, promising to return directly, which promise, after a short walk along the narrow, crooked streets, we fulfilled. A fine looking old lady, in a white cap and the prevailing long black cape and hood, met us at the shop door.

She was trembling violently with emotion, and as she was introduced as Norah's mother and we shook hands she burst into tears. I fail utterly to bring the scene before you—the curious little shop, the interested and sympathizing knot of Irish people at the background, and here the judge and I and this old woman, handsome still in spite of her years of struggling toil, quite broken down at this unexpected meeting with one so short a time from her girl beyond the sea.

"Your health gentlemen, an' God bless ye!" heartily cried the hostess, and with loud acclamation the toast was drunk, while the judge and I bowed our acknowledgements courteously.

At this juncture a singular looking individual hugging a bagpipe of sordid appearance under his arm, trotted in at the open door and hobbled slowly across the uneven floor.

"It's Blind Jerry, the piper," whispered a woman who sat on a bench next the judge.

"An' it's noble piper yez is, I'm certain of it," the blind piper ejaculated as he ambled past and sought out a stool—"Noble gentleman here's yez health, and God's blessins on ye!"

As we both turned to curiously regard this singular accession to our number, the woman next the judge intimated with many a nod and wink that Mrs. Kelleher could turn a reel with the best of them. The judge imparting this valuable information to me, I promptly called for a display, then and there, of that lady's terpsichorean accomplishments.

Ah, be off wid ye, Mrs. Fitzgerald, for suggestin' it! Mrs. Kelleher reproachfully said: "Why, I haven't flung a step this ten year—an' it's not for me, old as I am and 180 pounds, to be dancin'!"

who had dropped in to see what was going on, being prevailed on to stand up as a partner, and the blind piper having, after a tremendous deal of backing and filling, got his asthmatic bagpipe to wheezing, at it they went amid unbounded applause.

"Arrah! then, but how they did go it—arms akimbo—now heel—now toe—now shuffle—whist but never was there anything to equal it. Step it up there, Jerry! Faster! man! Now they're at it strong! Whoop! how the floor shakes!—how the very rafters rattle! Muslin! but was there ever a reel like into this one, with the weighty Mrs. Kelleher, burdened by her size, but warning to the work mightily, looking her opponent square in the eye with the sternness and gravity that the occasion demanded. Jerry, man; are your pipes a-shi-pin'! Faster, ye spalpeen! do you hear? Ah! this! rattle it out with the heels—now cross—now swing—tare an' hounds, but what may could stand up before it!—and all in a heat the reel was finished—and the crowd applauding, and Mrs. Kelleher panting. Blind Jerry, who had followed every note of his pipes, with grotesque contortions of his mouth, wiped the perspiration from his sun-browned brow, and drank to us again with the utmost satisfaction.

A Double Execution in Paris.

PARIS, Aug. 10.—The two notorious criminals—Gaspard, who murdered the old man Delaunay in the Rue d'Angouleme, and Marchandon, who cut the throat of the Creole lady, whose service he had entered, according to his custom, for the purpose of plunder—were guillotined shortly after daybreak this morning. It was expected that the wretches would be relieved, as Gaspard had had an accomplice, and Marchandon's friends had made energetic efforts to save him from the guillotine. Their appeals, however, were rejected, and both the criminals were handed over this morning to the common executioner, M. Grevy, having signed their sentences before his departure for the country on Saturday.

At 1 o'clock this morning the Place de la Roquette, outside the prison of the condemned, was full of people, who, as is customary on such occasions, had remained up all night to witness what, in the annals of recent sensation, was an exceptional sight, namely, a double execution.

At 1 o'clock a moving light was seen approaching. It preceded a large dark mass scarcely discernible through the enveloping darkness. This was the car conveying the terrible bonis de justice, or guillotine, which had once more been removed from its resting place in the vicinity of the prison. It was followed by Deibler and his assistants, and was well guarded by policemen. Turning the corner of the Rue Folie Regoulant, the ghastly caravan lumbered heavily into the Palace de la Roquette, and stopped before the door of the jail.

The guillotine was promptly dismounted, and by 2 o'clock everything was ready. Deibler, having superintended the preparatory measures, went into the jail with two of his men, and there was then a long spell of waiting and expectation, during which the day dawned on the impatient and chattering crowd that filled the Place de la Roquette. At 4 o'clock the numbers were increased by workmen and others who were obliged to be up early, and barricades were put up by the police to prevent the people from filling up the approaches to the place of execution.

A long, narrow basket was now placed near the block of the guillotine, and at ten minutes to 5 the huge, heavy, and gloomy doors of the prison swung open amid a deadly silence, only broken by the sharp rattling of the gendarmes' swords as they were drawn from their scabbards. Jaspard was the first of the felons led to death. Tall and muscular, he walked firmly between two priests, whose ministrations he had rejected until the approach of his term.

His face was pale and his features contracted convulsively as he neared the guillotine. Here he stooped toward the prison chaplain, the Abbe Faure, and embraced first the priest and then a crucifix held by the latter in his hand. He was now seized by the executioners, his head was placed in the lunette, and, after an awkward pause, during which Deibler seemed to have lost momentary control of his instrument, the knife descended, and the headless trunk of the criminal fell away from the bascule. The head was then put into the basket.

The guillotine was now washed, and everything set in order for the next execution. After an interval of seventeen minutes, during which the clamorous crowd seemed to have lost its grotesque gaiety, the doors of the prison again opened, and Marchandon, looking like a pale boy of 17, tottered feebly out, supported by the Abbe Faure and the other priest who had assisted Gaspard.

The criminal was evidently more dead than alive. He still wore the patent leather boots with pointed toe caps which he had on when arrested in his country house at Compiègne. After having convulsively embraced the priests he was caught sharply by Deibler and thrust into the lunette. The knife again refused to work, and nearly four seconds elapsed before it fell on the criminal's neck. When it did so a double jet of blood spurted out for nearly two yards, and sprinkled the adjacent ground. The bodies were then taken, escorted by mounted gendarmes, to the Irvy Cemetery for mock burial, after which they were handed over to the School of Medicine for the usual experimental purposes.

Mr. Dorrick A. Rauphorn, a wealthy farmer of Orange county, Indiana, was taken ill several days ago of rheumatism. Shortly after the two physicians who were in attendance pronounced him dead, and arrangements were being made to prepare the remains for the coffin, when all at once the corpse started up in bed and asked for a glass of water. Mr. Rauphorn breathed freely, and is now declared out of danger.