out handfuls of white cloud upon the clear, blue sky, or, striking the embankments, tossed cart-loads of sand into the air.

Going up, now, to the Confederate line, we see Gen. Cobb's Brigade in the sunken road, the men lying down close behind the stone wall, fully protected. They wait for the given signal.

Up from the shelter of the bank on the western verge of the meadow rises the advancing brigades. I see the men drop—a whole platoon—where a shell does its fearful work. The green grass is dotted with men in blue suddenly stricken down, but onward rolls the wave towards the hights. I behold a line of light, and a white sulphurous cloud bursts out from the base of the hill. Every musket in Cobb's Brigade has flamed. It is a fearful slaughter. The men in blue come to a standstill. The men on the right gain the shelter of a house and barn, but those on the left are in the open field, with more than 100 cannon on the right, the left and in front, all raining shells upon them, and the thousands of muskets blazing in their faces.

ANDREWS'S AND PALMER'S BRIGADES.

The brigade commanded by Col. Andrews, of the 1st Del., formed behind Kimball's. It was composed of the 4th and 10th N. Y. and the 13th Pa. Palmer's brigade was composed of the 14th Conn., 108th N. Y. and 108th Pa.

The cannon, which had secured the exact range of the bridges, opened upon each regiment successively, but with the same steadiness that had marked those preceding them, they deployed in the meadow; they moved over the field and advanced almost to the base of the hill, only to be driven back with fearful loss to the shelter of the ridge.

HANCOCK'S ATTACK.

Gen. Sumner had obeyed Burnside's order by sending out a division. It had inflicted little damage upon the enemy. He now ordered Hancock's Division to advance. There were three brigades—Zook's, Meagher's and Caldwell's. It was mid-afternoon before the troops could be gotten into position. All the while Confederate shells were bursting in the air above the men lying close upon the ground beneath the bank.

Out from the two streets came Hancock's columns, to be cut through while crossing the canal. To cover in part their advance, Gen. Sumner directed all the batteries which could obtain the range of the Confederate position to open fire, but it was very little they could do. Again they advance. Again Maryes, Taylor's and Lee's Hills are all aflame. Once more the cannon on Stafford Hills thundered—some of the Union shells falling short and bursting above the Union troops. It is a brave advance. Out on the left the men in blue are almost up to the sunken road, standing there and delivering their fire with deliberate aim. In the conflict the Confederate commander, Gen. Cobb, is killed while rallying his men. On the Union side Gen. Kimball has been borne to the rear. Nearly all the commanders of brigades have been wounded. Gen. Caldwell is disabled. Sixty-two of his officers and 932 men are killed and wounded. Col. Cross, of the 5th N. H., is wounded. The next in rank takes command, to be wounded the next moment, followed by the third and the fourth officer in seniority. One hundred and sixty-five men are cut from the ranks, yet the survivors stand in line and deliver their fire, but are compelled to retire. A little over 5,000 men marched up the slope, but in the few minutes 2,013 are stricken from the ranks.

Across the bridges gallop the horses of Hazard's R. I. and Frank's N. Y. batteries, unlimbering in the field and opening fire.

HOWARD'S DIVISION.

Gen. Sumner ordered Howard's Division to advance. The troops were in the fight when the streets were cleared. They have been under arms through the day with nothing to eat, but they advance with the same intrepidity that drove Barksdale from the streets. It is a futile effort. The volleys which they fire do little harm to the Confederates, while their own ranks are decimated by the continuous fire of the Confederates. Gen. Ransom, commanding a Confederate division, respects the bravery of the men who exhibit such endurance. "They advanced with the utmost determination," he said.

THE 9TH CORPS.

Two divisions of the Ninth Corps—Getty's and Sturgis's—advanced on the left of the Second, between the Telegraph road and the unfinished railroad, but only to be forced back.

Gen. Burnside was at his headquarters on the north side of the river. From its chamber windows he could see with his telescope the dark masses advance and retreat, the green grass strewn with prostrate forms. He was disappointed. The battle was not going as he hoped it would. "That crest must be carried to-night," he said, and ordered Gen. Hooker to cross with his Grand Division.

HUMPHREYS'S ATTACK.

Hooker's troops marched across the bridge, Gen. Humphreys's Division leading. Gen. Hooker reconnoitered the ground and saw how vain would be any attempt he might make. "I do not think that we can carry it," he said, reporting in person to Gen. Burnside.

"The attempt must be made," was the reply.

Gen. Humphreys's Division crossed the bridges of the canal.

"You are to charge bayonets and drive them from the sunken road," was the order.

The men fixed their bayonets. I beheld them as they leaped up the bank on the western edge of the meadow. It was a rapid movement, which quickened to a run. They are almost up to the Confederate lines, when again the line of light gleams along the brow of the hill. The front line melts instantly away. Fifteen minutes, and what is left of them are back beneath the ridge. Of the 4,000 that advanced 1,700 have fallen.

NIGHT.

The sun is setting. At this hour a great number of fugitives seeing the railroad excavation, flee to it for shelter, but a battery on Lee's Hill sweeps it with a direct fire. The Confederate artillerymen bide their time, waiting till it is crowded with men in blue; then the shells burst among them. Gen. Lee beholds the slaughter.

"It is well that this is so terrible; we should grow too fond of it if it were not," he said to one of his officers.

In battle there is little pity for those whom you are fighting; you are there to kill men. The Confederates were fighting for an idea,—for what they believed to be just and right,—as were the Union men. They knew that a half dozen Union men were going down to one Confederate; knew that they had an impregnable position, and wondered at the attempt to take it.

Gen. Burnside determined to renew the attempt in the morning with the Ninth Corps. He would lead it in person. He issued his orders, but Gen. Sumner, Gen. Hooker and Gen. Franklin remonstrated. It would be a terrible and useless sacrifice of men.

SUNDAY.

Sunday morning dawned beautiful and clear. Gen. Burnside was thinking what he would do. On the left, where Meade had fought, and in front of the hights were thousands of wounded. Humanity demanded that fighting should cease, and that they should be cared for. White flags were displayed; the soldiers on both sides stacked their guns and talked with each other, the Confederates trading tobacco for coffee.

"I am tired of fighting, and this war would soon be over if it were not for our officers," said a Confederate.

Twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-one Union soldiers had been killed and wounded; 5,300 Confederates.

What should Gen. Burnside do? There was but one thing he could hope to accomplish—withdraw his army. It must be done at night and in silence. No sign of withdrawal must be made till darkness came.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S PLAN.

On the left there had been no fighting since the repulse of Meade and Gibbon. Stonewall Jackson was chafing like a tiger in his cage.

"We will make a night attack and drive them into the river," he said. He issued his orders. At dark his troops began to move into position. He sent word to Gen. Lee of what he intended to do, but Gen. Lee sent back word that he must not attempt it.

Little did Gen. Lee mistrust what was going on in the Union lines—that the artillerymen were winding wisps of straw around the wheels of the cannon so that they would make no rumbling; that the divisions were moving rapidly away—no soldiers speaking, the officers issuing their orders in a whisper. The wind is blowing from the south; the clouds are hanging low; a storm is approaching.

It is just midnight when an officer reaches Col. Williams, in command of the pickets on the left.

"Call in your pickets. We are to take a new position. Make no noise," are the orders.

The whisper runs along the line. The men steal away, march over the field, reach the pontoons. "We are all here," is the report.

"Cut loose the pontoons!" The ropes which hold the bridge of boats to the southern shore are untied, the boats swing into the stream.

The day dawns and the Confederates, looking down from Maryes's Hights, behold, in astonishment, Fredericksburg deserted, and the Union army, with all its artillery, ammunition trains and its wounded, back once more upon Stafford Hills.

[To be continued.]

The Dying Tramp.

[From the Chicago Herald.]

"I'll tell you what I'd like to see," remarked a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy conductor, "and that is all the professional tramps in this country tied down to the rails right in front of the fast mail."

"What's the matter with you and the tramps now?"

"Matter enough. The other day, down near Galesburg, a passenger pulled the bell rope and stopped the train. He said he had seen the body of a man by the side of the track. We pulled back aways, and, sure enough, in the ditch lay a tramp. He seemed to be dead. We examined him, when he showed signs of life. Then we carried him into the baggage car and fixed up a bed for him. Pretty soon he opened his eyes and gasped: 'Fell—off—train. Badly hurt.' There was a doctor on the train, and he said the fellow was injured internally, probably fatally. He prescribed stimulants. So we skirmished around and got a bottle or two of whisky. He drank it like water, all the time rolling his eyes and groaning. He emptied that bottle and asked for more. The kind-hearted baggageman brought a quart flask out of his chest and told us to give him some of that. When we pulled into Galesburg he was sleeping, and I was afraid, dying. The baggageman went to lunch and I to telephone for the police. When we came back our patient had recovered and disappeared. The quart bottle of whisky, a good suit of clothes, and a nickel-plated seven-shooter had gone with him.

Retrenchment Necessary.

[From the Middletown Transcript.]

"John," said the proprietor of a railroad restaurant to his head pie-carver, "John, we must cut down expenses in some way. We must retrench or I shall not be able to buy a brown-stone block out of his year's profits. How can we reduce our outlay?"

"I really don't see how we can squeeze down our expenses any further," answered John, after a moment of thought. "We are cutting our pies in seven 10 cent pieces now."

"Seven 10 cent pieces!" thundered the proprietor, while his face flushed with anger; "no wonder my profits are falling off. You mean to ruin me, I suppose. Remember, man, that those pies cost 60 cents a dozen. We've got to have a little profit in this business. After this hour don't let me hear of a pie being cut in less than nine 10 cent pieces."

And the proprietor went out to buy a cheap ham to make up the semi-annual batch of 50,000 sandwiches.

For a Rainy Day.

[From the Philadelphia Call.]

Mrs. Winks—Did you notice in the Arctic reports that the exploring party, after running out of food, kept themselves alive on seal-skin?

Mr. Winks—Yes. It is strange that it should contain so much nutriment. But speaking of starvation reminds me that we have not saved a penny this year. It wouldn't do to go on that way, you know.

Mrs. Winks—Certainly not, and that is what I was going to speak about. We must lay up something for a rainy day. We don't know how soon we may meet with misfortune.

Mr. Winks—True, and as Uncle Jake has promised to send me a present of $500 in the Fall I think that would be a good starter; don't you?

Mrs. Winks—Just the thing, dear. Buy me a $500 seal-skin sacque for a Christmas present, and if the worst comes to the worst—we can eat it, you know.

Another Case in Point.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

A good story comes up from the County of Carroll, which points a moral, and is worth repeating. A highly respectable and prosperous farmer of that county discovered that his corn cribs showed signs of nocturnal depletion. As this occurred with considerable regularity his suspicions became aroused, and he rigged out a trap-gun, which was recommended as infallible, and watched for results. The first night following, along in the small hours, he heard the report of the gun, and hastening to the spot, found a "dead nigger." The next morning he notified the coroner, which official summoned a jury and proceeded forthwith to view the remains. After a full investigation of the case the coroner gazed solemnly at the jury, and remarked that, while he was not entirely aware of the conclusions reached by them, he would suggest a verdict of "involuntary suicide." And that was the verdict.

The Borrowing Family.

[From The Detroit Free Press.]

The borrowing family sent their boy Jack over to Mrs. Murphy's to borrow some tea and sugar and a plate of butter. Mrs. Murphy was busy and had no inclination to lend to neighbors who never returned any thing they borrowed. At the same time she did not care to entirely offend them.

"I'd be glad to accommodate yees," she said, politely, "but oim in a hurry and haven't the time to wait on ye. I've other fish to fry just now."

The boy went home and reported that Mrs. Murphy was too busy to attend to him, and had other fish to fry, etc.

"And why didn't ye wait," asked his mother breathlessly. "Go back and take another plate with you and till Mistress Murphy you're in no hurry, and mother'd be much obliged to her for a plate of the fried fish!"

His Flock.

[New York Tribune.]

A Methodist minister tried to start a church in a Western town, but from lack of support had to give up the project. This was the peroration of his farewell sermon: "At the last day the Lord will say to Saint Peter, 'Where is your flock?' and Saint Peter will answer, 'Here, Lord;' he will say to Calvin, 'And where are your sheep?' and Calvin will reply, 'Here Lord;' and so all of the shepherds can answer. But when he asks me, 'Where are your sheep?' how will you feel when I am compelled to reply, 'Lord, I haven't any; mine were all hogs.'"

Business is Dull.

[From the Merchant Traveler.]

A country merchant caught a thief going through his cash drawer.

"Hello, there," he sung out; "what do you want in that drawer?"

"Oh, nothing," said the man sheepishly, backing off and trying to get away.

"Well, don't let me disturb you. Just go right ahead; you'll find exactly what you say you want. I've found the same thing there for the past six weeks."

Not Sensitive.

[Texas Siftings.]

"Molly, I wish you would be a better girl," said an Austin father to his little daughter; "You have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you all the time." "Don't worry about it, pa," was the reply of the little angel; "I am not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."

A Warning to Coachmen.

[New York Herald.]

Unless coachmen abandon their occasional pastime of eloping with the daughters of their rich employers—no coachman ever elopes with a poor girl—they will soon find their department of labor so overstocked that there will not be situations enough for all of them, nor rich girls enough, either.

She Sunk, Sure.

[New York World.]

The Tallapoosa investigation so far seems to be devoted to discovering whether or not she was sunk. Most of the testimony as yet elicited goes to show that she was.

French Grape Brandy, distilled Extract of Water Pepper or Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as combined in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, is the best possible remedy for colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux; also, to break up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks. 50 cts. Keep it on hand. Good for man or beast.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

"Rough on Corns," for Corns, Bunions. 15c.

A MEAN REVENGE.

A Rascally Lawyer Gets Even With His Murderer After Death.

As it is now no longer doubtful that to-morrow I must pay with my life the last penalty of the law, I am moved in justice to myself to place on record a simple statement of the circumstances which have brought me to so lamentable a pass. I shall endeavor to write only that which is in entire accordance with truth, setting down the facts without prejudice or favor; and it will then, I think, be clear to all that, whatever my misdeeds—or, as I should prefer to call them, my errors of judgment—have been, I am wholly innocent of the horrible crime imputed to me.

I am, or perhaps I ought to say I was, a gentleman of independent means, with a strong love for the study of chemistry. The better to gratify this I recently caused to be erected at the rear of my house, which stands apart from the road in its own grounds, a commodious laboratory. This I had furnished with every appliance which modern science could require, and there it has been my custom to pass, undisturbed, the greater part of each day.

Although of a cheerful and gentle disposition, I have never courted society—a fact which has earned for me, most unwarrantably, be it said, the reputation of possessing a churlish and cynical nature. My household comprises only myself and an old man who acts in the treble capacity of cook, chambermaid and butler; and so simple are my habits that it would be hard to find, except perhaps in my own sitting and sleeping apartments, any article even suggestive of luxury or ease. I need only add here, for the proper comprehension of what follows, that the laboratory of which I have spoken is connected by a short covered passage with the library in which I generally spend my evenings either in study or meditating some of those deep problems which engage my attention.

I am no man of business, and with a view to do a kindly turn to one of my fellow-creatures, and in less degree to save myself trouble, I placed my affairs a few years ago in the hands of a Mr. Sugg, a solicitor of some standing, depositing with him all my shares and stocks, and receiving, as it fell due, the interest accruing on each. For some time the arrangement worked admirably. I am the least suspicious of mortals, and certainly it would never have occurred to me to doubt the probity of Mr. Sugg, from whom, moreover, I had exacted a substantial guarantee sufficient to cover the value of the securities intrusted to him. Great, accordingly, was my regret to learn that the confidence I had put in that gentleman was wholly misplaced.

The truth reached me from an old acquaintance, Director of a company in which I had a considerable interest. It appeared that in the usual course a certificate of transfer had been presented to him for signature. The circumstance would probably have passed unnoticed but for the fact that these were founders' shares, of which only a limited number existed. Prompted by curiosity, my friend made inquiry as to the original holder's name, and discovered to his surprise that it was mine. Without loss of time he wrote, asking if I had any objection to state my reasons for parting with what was really a first-class property.

I replied briefly that my motives were sufficient, and by the same post dispatched a note to Mr. Sugg begging that he would call and bring with him the stock in question. At the moment I was occupied with an experiment which could best be carried out in daylight. I offered this as an excuse for asking him to come after office hours.

Two days later he made his appearance. I had dined at five, somewhat earlier than usual, but Joseph, the servant, had requested leave of absence for an hour or two in the evening, a demand which, with my never-failing considerateness, I had at once granted.

It was striking seven as Mr. Sugg knocked at the door, which I hastened to open in person. As I preceded him to the study I explained the absence of my only domestic, and then, throwing myself into a chair, begged him to be seated.

My solicitor was a man of some 50 years of age, of slight but wiry build, and in other respects rather ordinary looking. To this exception must be made in favor of his eyes, which were small, gray in color, and extraordinarily sharp. The difficulty one had in following the quick movements of these organs was increased by their owner's habit of wearing colored spectacles; to which must be added a trick of carrying a hand to his eyes as if to adjust these glasses whenever a disconcerting question was put to him. By such means he was able to conceal the expression of his face and at the same time to gain leisure in which to frame a suitable reply. He had been recommended to me as a clever, if not over-scrupulous, lawyer, but in engaging him I had reckoned on having these qualities on my side.

In order to disarm suspicion I offered him a cigar and proceeded to chat upon indifferent topics. When a quarter of an hour had been consumed in this way I suddenly asked:

"By the bye, Mr. Sugg, did you bring those shares with you.

His hand flew to his spectacles, and then, affecting surprise, he exclaimed: "Bless my soul, how very careless! I must have left them on the desk. I had them in my hand a moment before leaving the office."

I think I liked Mr. Sugg at that moment better than I had ever done. Of course my moral sense was deeply shocked by the falsehood he had just uttered, but his simulation of astonishment was so natural as to extort my admiration. I felt that such excellent fooling deserved encouragement, and smiled back reassuringly.

"The best of us will make a slip," I said graciously. "I had almost forgotten what amount I hold, and was, moreover, anxious to consult you on the subject of realizing them."

"My *dear* Sir," he rejoined, with the special emphasis on the word "dear" affected by lawyers on such occasions, "have you seriously considered the step you propose taking? Part with an investment that's yielding you 13 per cent., and whose value increases every day!"

"Yes, I returned, "it does seem foolish; I suppose there's not another man in London would do such a thing."

Mr. Sugg let the smoke curl slowly from between his lips, and, relapsing into a professional smile, shook his head: "Positively, I don't think there is another who would act as you suggest."

For the moment I was almost deceived by his seeming sincerity. If Mr. Sugg had been dealing with a harmless but stubborn lunatic he could not have assumed a more pitiful air. Even with the knowledge I possessed, the feeling that in opposing this worthy gentleman I was showing a most unreasonable spirit was uppermost in my mind.

"Well," I answered, "I dare say you're right; still, the money is of importance to me just at present."

Mr. Sugg leaned back in his chair with a pained expression. "My dear Sir," he repeated, "nay, if you will pardon the liberty, my dear friend, pray do not allude to such a thing; if it be only a question of money I shall be happy to send you a check for whatever you require to-morrow morning."

The generosity of his proposal, I admit, touched me; nor was it until I had reflected that in so doing he would merely be paying me out of my own capital and doubtless charging for the operation that I succeeded in stifling my sense of gratitude. "No," I replied, "you must allow me to decline the offer; I would not be indebted to even you. But to avoid the chance of a sacrifice I think it will be prudent in giving the broker instructions to place a limit upon the shares. Now, what would you say they were worth?"

The business instincts of the man were at once aroused. "Let me see," he said, reflectively, pressing the points of his fingers together; "the last were done, I think, at 28."

I smiled blandly. "Then there have been some as foolish as myself," I remarked.

"No, no," he quickly answered, forgetting politeness in his anxiety to clear himself, "you misunderstand me; it must be considered that they bought in at a higher price and so reap less benefit than yourself."

The irrelevancy of the explanation was apparent; besides, I was growing weary of playing my fish, and hastened to bring matters to a climax. "Come, Mr. Sugg," I said, "you seem to have some motive for wishing me to retain these shares. What is it?"

Again the hand sought his spectacles. "Merely in your own interests, my dear Sir," he replied at last, in a tone of assumed indifference, "purely in your own interests."

"I imagine I am the best judge of what these are," I rejoined more sternly, "and I begin to suspect they might be in better keeping than Mr. Sugg's hands."

"What do you mean?" he asked in a sharp manner.

"What I have said," I returned. "Are the words not plain? I have it in my power to make them clearer, if you wish."

He laughed uneasily. "Thank you," he said, "there is no need; but as to the shares, when do you require them?"

"The first thing to-morrow morning."

"I fear I can't oblige you," he returned. "I fancy they are deposited with my banker, and there may be a slight delay in obtaining them; but you shall certainly have them on the following day."

If Mr. Sugg's want of sincerity had pained me before, this new proof of it shocked me still more inexpressibly; that so shrewd a man, having once told a lie, should relapse into such glaring inconsistency, gave me a poor opinion of his mental powers. The grief I experienced probably betrayed itself in my voice as I replied:

"It may be my mistake, but I understood that you left them on your desk."

I regret to record that Mr. Sugg's answer was couched in language which I shrink from reproducing here. I sat calmly waiting till the storm should subside. When at length he found that his words had no effect upon me, he asked:

"What do you want with me? I presume you didn't bring me here for your pleasure?"

"No," I said, with a faint smile, "that was certainly not my object. I wish to inform you that I am about to transfer my affairs to another solicitor, and shall, therefore, require from you a full and immediate statement as to how we stand."

He started to his feet, throwing what remained of his cigar into the fire. "You have some reason for this step?"

"A good one," I answered, in a placid voice.

"What is it?" he returned.

"Simply that I find my present agent has been disposing of my property without authority."

Mr. Sugg began to walk about the room excitedly. Suddenly he stopped, and, placing his hands on the table at which I sat, looked across at me. "Mr. Cliffe," he said, "you do not know what a dangerous game you are playing. I am a desperate man."

"Yes," I said in an encouraging way, as if so interesting a statement deserved elaboration.

"You know that I have parted with these shares; but there is much of which you are still ignorant. If you insist on doing as you propose you will be my destruction."

"Tit for tat," I rejoined playfully. "You forget that you have just been trying your utmost to ruin me."

"Give me a little time," he pleaded, "and I swear you shall not lose a penny."

"Come, come," I answered, "as a lawyer you must know that an accessory after the crime is equally guilty with the actual perpetrator. Collect your thoughts, my dear fellow, collect your thoughts."

His face grew livid with passion. "So you refuse to show me any mercy," he said.

His pertinacity wearied me. "I don't know what you mean by mercy," I remarked; "I asked for a statement, and a statement I'll have."

"Very good," said Sugg, becoming calmer. "I think I understand; you are determined to ruin me. Now listen; you and I are alone in this house." I nodded. "I also have made my decision; if you persist in your resolve, only one of us shall leave this room alive."

He was facing me as he spoke; there could be no doubt that he meant what he said. For my own part, I had no fear; in my table is a drawer, and in that drawer I keep a loaded pistol, ready for emergencies; my hand was on it as I replied:

"You have quite made up your mind on that point?"

"Perfectly."

"And nothing I can urge will move you from the position?"

"Nothing."

"Then," I continued, "it seems there is but one solution to the difficulty. As the originator of the scheme, I take it that you have well considered its feasibility; under the circumstances, therefore, you are clearly the better fitted of us two to carry it into effect." Then, before he could say a word in reply, I drew out the pistol and, rapidly taking aim, pulled the trigger. The next moment he dropped dead on the carpet, shot through the heart.

[To be continued.]

His Campaign Ended.

[From the Pittsburg Times.]

About 10 o'clock Tuesday night the telegraph operator in the *Times* editorial room was receiving over our special wires the United Press report of the opening of the Republican campaign at Burlington, Vt. Among the other papers in the same circuit receiving the messages simultaneously by the same wire was the Petersburg *Index-Appeal*. The message ticked out at a slow and steady pace, which seemed to add dignity to the names of the prominent orators present. The operator in the *Index-Appeal* office had said to the sending operator in New York at the beginning:

"Not feeling very well to-night—been spitting blood—take it easy."

New York was sending slowly:

T-h-e e-x-e-r-c-i-s-e-s w-e-r-e h-e-ld i-n t-h-e C-i-t-y H-a-l-l, w-h-i-c-h w-a-s d-e-n-s-e-l-y c-r-o-w-d-e-d. A-d-d-r-e-s-s-e-s w-e-r-e m-a-d-e b-y C-o-n-g-r-e-s-s-m-a-n H-o-r-r o-f M-i-c-h-i-g-a-n, S-t-e-w-a-r-t o-f V-e-r-m-o-n-t, a-n-d F-r-o-s-t o-f M-a-i-n-e. S-e-n-a-t-o-r E-d-m-u-n-d-s p-r-e-s-i-d-e-d. T-h-e f-o-l-l-o-w-i-n-g i-s a v-e-r-b-a-t-i-m r-e-p-o-r-t o-f h-i-s a-d-d-r-e-s-s:

Suddenly from the *Index-Appeal*: "Bk—— Bk—— Bk——," and left his key open, interrupting the message. New York had to stop sending. Washington cut the repeaters, and the different offices gossiped with each other over the wire, exchanging guesses as to what was the matter with Petersburg. Ten minutes passed. They began to call Petersburg hard names. Fifteen minutes. New York was getting impatient and was just about to cut Petersburg out and continue the report to the other papers, when the interfering key was suddenly closed. Washington put the repeater through, and then this from the *Index-Appeal*:

"Cummins, regular press operator, just died. Hemorrhage. I'm his sub. Go ahead address."

And Senator Edmunds's speech went on, while the body of Ned Cummins, the great campaign ended for him, was carried out.

The Original Grandfather's Clock.

[From the Hawkinsville (Ga.) Gazette.]

We have in our parlor an old-fasnioned clock which is a great curiosity. Its history dates back at least a century, and perhaps it came over in the Mayflower. It was made in Winchester, England. It has been an heirloom in the Clifton family since the days of Ezekiel Clifton, one of the first settlers of Tatnall County. The works are all of wood and are in a remarkable state of preservation; in fact, it is an excellent time-keeper, giving the day of the month, the hour, minute, and second, and striking off the hours with a silvery ring, which can be heard all over the place. The frame is made of Georgia pine, and was constructed long after the clock had been used. It is seven and a half feet high. "Grandfather's clock" is not for sale.

A Poisoned Leg Exhumed and Reburied.

[From the Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.]

Last May a San Francisco lady suffered an operation of having a leg amputated, owing to blood poisoning. The limb was buried with proper pomp in Mountain View Cemetery, in a plot purchased for the purpose. Last July the lady died, and the coffin containing the limb was dug up, the limb transferred to another coffin, and the body and all buried together. This strange ceremony is a matter of record on the books of the Health Officer of San Francisco.

Accidentally Overheard.

[From the Philadelphia Call.]

"Oh! ma, I am so happy since I said yes to dear George."

"I am glad to hear it, my dear."

"I never shall forget his first kiss. He put his left arm around me; drew me quickly up to him; placed his right hand lovingly on my hair and pressed my lips so gently."

"See here, child, you better break with that young man."

"Why, what for, ma?"

"He has had too much experience."

"My wife for years has been troubled with a disease of the kidneys; physicians pronounced it diabetes, but she received no benefit from their treatment. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has made a wonderful change in her condition. Her health is good."—O. M. Hubbell, 344 Prospect Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., June 18, '83.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

—Black walnut sawdust, formerly thrown away, is now mixed with linseed gum and moulded into heads and flower pieces for the ornamentation of furniture. When dried and varnished it is as handsome and much stronger and more durable than carved work.

—The latest telephone dispenses with electricity altogether. Its diaphragm is split willow or other wood closely woven, dried and varnished. The drying contracts the fibers and produces a very high tension. In the center of the diaphragm is a strong copper plate, to which the wire is attached. For distances less than two miles the new telephone conveys sound better and more distinctly than the Bell. The difficulty in "switching" the wires, however, limits its use.

—A French physician has discovered a new disease called "atremia." The most pronounced symptom of the disease, he says, is an unconquerable aversion to getting out of bed in the morning. The French physician must be joking. That disease, if disease it be, is as old as the hills in this country.

—The amount of chrystallizable sugar in the juice of mature sorghum varies between 14 and 16 per cent.; there are also present about one or two per cent. of uncrystallizable sugar—"glucose"—and two or three per cent. of other solids, part of which are removed from the juice by the purifying processes employed in sugar-making. When well purified, sorghum, cane and beet sugar are identical in composition and properties.

—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says that a locomotive engine has been so perfected that perfect combustion is secured. Jets of steam play through the flames ascending in the fire-box from the burning coal, and as a result it is entirely consumed. Nothing escapes from the smokestack except a long, thin trail of steam; no smoke, no cinders. For passenger travel these engines must come into universal use; possibly, also, for freight trains, as no more fuel is consumed than in the old-fashioned locomotive.

—Dr. Felix Bremont has written an article for the *Journal d'Hygiene*, in which he gives tobacco smokers this good advice: Cigar smokers should always use a long holder and renew it frequently. Havana cigars are by far the least hurtful. Dry cigars contain less nicotine than damp ones. It is better to smoke slowly than quickly. Cigaret smoking is the most pernicious form of smoking; while the smoking of pure dry tobacco from a porous pipe, frequently renewed, is the nearest possible approach to hygienic excellence.

—The faces of Europeans, as a rule, are broader than those of Americans. The common distance in this country between the center of the eyes is three and three-eighths inches, but among foreigners it is three and a half. Sometimes this is increased from one to three-eights of an inch more. If spectacles are worn with the frames too narrow, the focus of one eye conflicts with that of the other and an effect is produced very similar to that of being cross-eyed.

—The French inventors of a steerable balloon are not unlikely to be forestalled by German competitors in the same field. According to a letter from Kiel, a Dr. Woelfert has just accomplished there two successful experiments in aerial navigation. The balloon, like that of Capt. Renard, is cigar-shaped. One of the voyages lasted two and a half hours, during which Woelfert is said to have navigated against a northeast breeze. A special motor of five-horse power is in course of construction, with which he feels confident of being able to navigate in the face of strong winds.

—The burrasbuita, a carnivorous fly heretofore confined to South America, has made its appearance in Florida. Its bite, though not poisonous, is very painful, and the loss of blood is comparatively great.

FOR THE LADIES.

—The English ladies who accompany the British scientists in this country appear to better advantage than the men. Their chief physical characteristic is their fine, healthy glow of color, betokening good health and outdoor life. They are, with few exceptions, taller and larger than American women ordinarily, and have a more vigorous look and carriage. If their faces show less delicacy of expression and fewer refinements of feature, and if their voices are noticeably of greater volume, their erect figures, strong coloring, and vigorous gait are compensating advantages. Their voices are seldom low and musical, and, although not pitched high, are loud and strong. They are good walkers, taking a pace in the streets which would leave their American sisters, at least those who are city-bred, far in the rear.

—A leading society lady at the Catskills boasts of 172 different costumes, 11 trunks, two poodles and three maids. She has a husband.

—It is no joke that the Mayor of Brainerd, Minn., has issued an order prohibiting Mother Hubbard costumes in the streets. The girls wore them scant and thin, he says, and, as a guardian of public morals, he felt bound to interfere.

—In subduing a thousand women convicts in a Spanish prison, of which they had gained possession by open revolt, the troops were ordered to use none but blank cartriges, and while a noise of musketry was being made at the main entrance, a hole was battered in the wall at another point, thus affording ingress.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

—The cricket mania in England has developed a match between the smokers and non-smokers.

—Isaac Clarke, a negro, who has passed the last half century in the New Haven almshouse, is beyond a doubt the oldest person in Connecticut. He was born at Montauk Point, Long Island, in 1784, and is now 99 years old. He was a sailor and whaleman for 56 years, and then, broken physically, he entered the almshouse, where he has outlived two generations.

—A Ceylon journalist makes the startling suggestion that the young Englishmen who now go to the tropical climates should always be accompanied by their sisters. The men would thereby be kept from whisky and would soon exchange sisters.

—Hua Qua, a Canton banker, is reputed to be worth $1,400,000,000. He is the richest man in the world.

—China is a paradise to the man who has money to lend. There nearly every banker is a pawnbroker, and legal interest is 20 per cent. Banker's interest runs as high as 35 per cent. a year.

SEPTEMBER SILLINESS.

—Mrs. Belva Lockwood accepted with avidity and without loss of time. This wasn't Belva's first experience in the accepting business.—*Utica Observer.*

—The small prices obtained at the Liverpool sale of wild beasts have created something like a panic on the Continent. The *Monde Illustre* announces it as a new horror—"le krasch des faunes." What seems to have specially alarmed the French financial mind is the fact that a tiger which had eaten two keepers was sold for 1,200 francs—"only 600 francs a keeper!"

—An individual who represented himself as a "scientist" has been amusing the medical journals with descriptions of his method for the cure of all diseases. It consists of no less formidable a process than the complete filtering of the patient's blood—in a vacuum—and thereby removing all deleterious substances. He applies one mouth of the machine to an artery and the other to a vein, and, as he remarks, "the blood's got to go through my filter or the man'll die." The doctors are kind to him, his language is good, he asks for nothing, and he believes he is going to save the human race.

—They have abrupt hygienic principles in Boston. A prominent physician of the Hub is quoted as saying, "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." Boiled children is evidently the latest Boston craze, but will never become popular.—*The Hoosier.*

—"Do you know," said a Sunday-school teacher to a boy in her class, "that you are a sinner?" Naw," was the laconic answer. "I am surprised," said the teacher in reply. "Perhaps you can at least tell me what a sinner is?" "Oh, yes," said the boy with quick intelligence; "sinners is strings in turkeys' legs." The teacher at once changed the course of instruction from strong meat for men to milk for babes.

—A California man, whose life was insured, recently thought that he was dying. Wishing to get as much satisfaction as possible out of the insurance money, he gave orders for a funeral that would use it nearly all up. This scheme put him in such good humor that he began to get better at once, and is now as well as ever.

A Safe Bet.

[Life.]

Scene 1—Tailor shop. Two gentlemen looking at patterns.

Mr. Brooks. Well, Mr. Grandige, we will each of us order a suit. But we have made a little bet, and the loser will pay for both suits when the bet is decided Do you agree?

Grandige (rubbing his hands). Certainly, sir, as you please, sir.

Scene 2—(Lapse of 10 years, during which Grandige has sent bills and awaited payment for the long worn-out suits). Scene—Same shops and dramatis personæ.

Grandige. I beg your pardon, Mr. Brooks, but that little matter of the suits of clothes which you and Mr. Mufflin ordered 10 years ago has not been settled yet.

Mr. Brooks. Of course not; the bet has not yet been decided.

Grandige. But would you mind telling me, sir, what was the bet.

Mr. B. Certainly not; I wonder that you have not asked before. You see, Mr. Mufflin wagered that when Bunker Hill Monument was blown over it would fall to the north, and I bet that it would fall to the south.

AN OVERTASKED BRAIN.

A clergyman in Iowa, after a few weeks' use of our Treatment, says:

"Your Compound Oxygen *has worked like a charm.* I have no special ailment except from an overtasked brain. Wakefulness, nervous irritability, and tendency to paralysis were the most marked troubles. Now, after three weeks' use, *increase of weight, clear mental horizon, freedom from incipient paralytic attacks, and good rest.* What more could I ask?"

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen,*" containing history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be *sent free.* Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philada.

"Buchu-paiba," Great Kidney and Urinary cure.

PRACTICAL PUSHING.

How it is Proposed to Settle and Make Profitable Large Sections of Country Now Unproductive—The Men Who Have Taken it in Hand—The Money and the Powerful Corporation Behind the Movement.

Every year witnesses an increase in the volume of emigration westward, and thousands upon thousands of sturdy men and women have gone on through a territory vastly superior to that in which they finally located, with no more care or observation *en route* than if in balloons and sailing through clouds. They have gone on and on, often far beyond available markets, and out into the wild lands with no company other than their own frequently home-sick selves. Others will follow, and the throng will not perceptibly lessen for years to come. Meantime not a few of those already settled are anything but satisfied—the rigors of a severe climate, the frequency of terrific storms, long hauls to market, and other disadvantages naturally creating desires to get back into a country where these things do not operate against general prosperity. At no time possibly have matters appeared in more propitious shape for Eastern lines to enter into emigration measures than now, and, as usual, the Baltimore & Ohio takes the initiative. The corporation has among its principal stockholders and officials energetic and far-seeing men who, realizing the importance of the situation, have associated themselves in the organization of an emigration company with other gentlemen of undoubted prominence in business circles, whose success in great commercial undertakings stands as the strongest possible guarantee of the future of the new enterprise. It has already been incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and with a capital stock of $1,000,000 the "Baltimore & Ohio Emigration Company" will be in a grand position not only to advance its own interests but those of the railroad company and the States through which it runs. The Board of Directors is a strong one indeed, comprising Mr. John W. Garrett, Mr. Robert Garrett and Mr. Samuel Spencer, President, Vice-President and 2d Vice President respectively of the B. & O. R. R.; ex-U. S. Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, President W. Va. Central & Pittsburg R. R