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AMONG THE HEATHEN.

Rev. Mr. Morey Talks Entertainingly About Missionary Work Among the Hindoos.

Rev. Mr. Morey yesterday delivered another of his lectures, in continuation of the series. He said, in substance:

Last Sabbath we left you at the city of Calcutta. Before we leave the city, I want to mention a few places of interest. We noticed a large, plain sigh, in English letters, and it read thus: "Reformed Ladies' Missionary Society." So we visited this place; and I must say that one of the greatest blessings in India is the Ladies' Missionary Society. There were ladies to the number of thirty-five. They had about eight hundred scholars, natives, and all girls. The women can reach a class that men cannot, where man is forbidden to go by the laws and customs of the land. In the city of Calcutta not one in fifty of the women can read or write, and no country I ever saw was so poverty-stricken. I mean the civilized part of India. We hired a servant named Chatto. He would black our boots, carry slop, tend to the changing of our linen, etc., but wait upon us at the table—never! He was a man of caste, and it would be a lasting disgrace for a man of caste to be with us at the table. Before we left the city we went to the zoological gardens. Here we saw some of the most wonderful specimens of the animal kingdom. For instance, the barking deer, the water deer, the hog deer and the mouce deer. The mouce deer is a small deer, perfect—even the horns—yet no larger than a rat.

We leave Calcutta for the sacred city of Banuharis. It is situated on thd left bank of the Gangese, the sacred river of India. Here once a year from all the civilized parts of India they come to worship and to plunge in the river. A quarter of a mile from the city the bank runs up to about 500 feet high, and on this there are about a thousand temples, all built in the most wonderful confusion. Among the temples was one of great interest to us; one where more than a century ago a great massacre had taken place and the bodies of the Christians cast into the basement. On entering we found to our astonishment the names of some of notable divines from America, as well as from other parts of the globe, and as it seemed to be the custom, we also inscribed our names on the wall. Banuhari has 300,000 inhabitants. It has a great market place for different medicines and roots that are shipped to different parts of the world.

Here, for the first time, we listened to a Hindoo sermon by a native—or rather interpreted. We felt ourselves perfectly at home to think that we were among Christians, although different in nation, habit and color.

Leaving this place, four or five miles from the city we came to a beautiful garden, laid out by an Englishman many years ago.

Then we struck for the city of Bombay. I think Bombay the finest city in India. I was surprised to see Christianity making such wonderful progress in this city of 500,000 inhabitants. Here the nine missionaries who had crossed the ocean together and traveled together for months were separated.

But I forgot to mention the temple of monkeys at Banuharis. When we came to that temple everything seemed to be swarming with monkeys; there were six or seven hundred of them. We were informed that these monkeys were not allowed to be touched by anybody, consequently they were not the least afraid.

After nine days of tedious and toilsome travel by elephant, I arrived at my station, out to my great astonishment we saw no people; but the guide assured me they were a little further on. I traveled perhaps fourteen miles before I came to a little village of huts, surrounded by a large ditch perhaps twelve feet across, filled with water. This ditch is to protect themselves from the wild beasts that are very numerous and the different kinds of serpents. I ventured across the ditch, and in a few moments the entire village was assembled, standing looking at me—the first white man they had ever looked upon. I was afraid, I confess. I retreated from the village as might approached, and made my bed in a tree—in the wood.

Finally, at the end of the year I had a good sized audience to talk to. I had organized a sabbath school of about one hundred members. I was superintendent, librarian, secretary and all. Sometimes I would sing and they would stand perfectly horrified. In a year and three months I had one hundred converts. My first convert was a boy. He became a speaker at once. He would tell the people what I said. I would give him the sermon and he would deliver it. It takes a heathen to convert the heathen. When I left India I left my charge with him. I have had many encouraging letters from him. There is no people on the face of the earth among whom I would rather labor than the Hindoos.

He then gave a discription of the funeral ceremonies of the Hindoos, and of the condition of the people generally, and ended by translating some English into the Hindoo tongue.

BOIS D'ARC, Mo., April 7.—Haschall Hazeltine, brother of the congressman, attempted to drown his wife owing to a quarrel about the control of some property. He failed and fled. If he returns he will probably be lynched.

TERRITORIAL,

And General Western News.

Gardening in Glendale gulch is a profitable business. A gardener rents ten acres of ground in the gulch, below town, for which he pays $50 per acre, yearly, for rent, but he makes money raising garden stuff although he pays $500 a year for the rent of a small patch of ground.

Among the mines in the Maginnis District may be mentioned the Collar Silver, Florence Ellen and others. The Collar Silver Mine assay shows from $200 to $900.

The Florence Mine assay is $5693,72 in silver and $12,90 in gold.

The Ellen, two assays—the first assay $50,32, the second $102.75.

A new discovery has just been made by J. R. Kemper, one of the oldest prospectors in the camp—that is fabulously rich. Mr. Higley had no assay of this mine, but has seen the assay, which runs up into the thousands. The other assay mentioned were shown to the editor.

The War Eagle is a carbonate mine, and very valuable. Among other good mines mentioned were the Alpine, Black Bull, Mother Green, Junction, Belcher, Keystone, Comet, Kentucky Favorite, Golden Eagle, Eureka, Silver Star, &c.

Maidenville is now the leading camp in the district, and had, a few days since, not less than a dozen saloons, four stores, three restaurants, a good bakery, blacksmith shop, barber shop, livery stable, &c.

Mr. Frank Fisher, of Mr. Grant's Engineering party, came into Bozeman last week. He reports the camp about five miles above Hayden, and the experimental survey of the road to the National Park completed some distance beyond. It is resumed that the next move will be to Mammoth Springs, when an effort will be made find a practicable route to the Geyser Basins by way of Garden river. Mr Fisher says that Mr. Grant thoroughly understands his business, and will select the best route that can be secured through that rugged, mountainous country.

On Thursday, says the Carson *Tribune*, while parties were digging away the snow in order to ascertain if anything was buried in the ruins of the houses caused by the snowslide at Genoa, a little dog was found buried under some timbers and covered with snow; and, strange to say, although it had lain cramped up for fourteen days, the little was still alive and is likely to creature entirely recover.

It is understood that inside of a month or two, says the Ruby Hill *News*, at least two hundred and fifty more miners will be hired in this district. The principal mines on the Hill are not only in condition to warrant the putting on of a largely increased force, but Prospect Mountain, Secret Canyon, Adams Hill and other adjacent districts will call for a large number of miners as soon as spring fairly opens. The putting on of this number of miners means the general employment of at least 400 or 500 more men in the district, and there seems every reason to believe that we will have a very lively summer. We doubt if the mining outlook has ever been better, and business must necessarily be resuscitated to a marked degree before long.

The Eureka *Sentinel* says: "A man is not to be abused any more by being called a Chinaman. The insult is deeper if you tell him he is an Arthur man."

Samuel Word, Esq., attorney for the Utah and Northern, was on the line of the road last week between Deer Lodge and Silver Bow canyon negotiating right of way. On Tuesday he closed contracts with a number of persons between this place and Race Track, whose lands the road crosses. The amount of land taken in crossing a "forty" at right angles is a fraction over three acres and the usual price offered by the company is at the rate of $25 per acre. In addition to this the company obligates itself to put in culverts wherever required for the proper crossing of ditches, to rebuild all ditches destroyed by building the road, to put in cattle guards, and to make proper crossing of their track for established and necessary roads. In some instances where more than ordinary damage results the company will probably pay more than the amount named above. In some instances farmers have been quite liberal and in others ask prices the company will not pay unless compelled to by the courts. As the road is going to be constructed and the damages will be assessed by a disinterested commission at considerable expense if not agreed upon by the parties, it is hoped there will be a mutual effort to agree on reasonable prices without resorting to the courts.—*New Northwest.*

The engineers last week re-established the line from Deer Lodge to Race Track, starting here at a point fifty-five feet east of the old line and running to an apex at Race Track. This gives the line better ground, brings the tangent along A street and does less damage to Stuart, Kohrs and other land owners below town. The engineers also established the depot grounds in Deer Lodge. The depot will be on the west side of the river, directly opposite Sixth street—the street the Collegiate Institute fronts on. Ample grounds for side tracks, etc., have been secured there. While it will be a little inconvenient, unless the river is bridged there, the advantage of having the road at that distance, remote from business houses and residences, and less danger of accidents to children and teams, will more than compensate. Eventually the road will run along the extreme western edge of the town, but as long as this point remains the terminus it is not believed the road will cross the river.—*New Northwest.*

COLUMBUS, O., April 7.—James Dowdall, past grand master and one of the most prominent Odd Fellows of the country, died this morning.

PRESENTIMENTS.

An Investigation of the Causes of Those Dark Forebodings which Make Powerful Men Weak.

Golden Rule.

Much apprehension has been occasioned throughout America from the announcement made by Professor Proctor that the return in nineteen years of the great comet of last summer will cause the destruction of the earth. But while people are becoming so strangely exercised over this announcement, an event of far more serious importance, which is taking place to-day, seems to be almost wholy overlooked. The nature of this most vital subject can be best explained by relating the following experiences:

Bishop E. O. Haven, known to the entire land, was unaccountably awakened one night out of a sound sleep, and lay awake until morning. His mind seemed unusually active, and he not only reviewed his past life, which had been an eventful one, but laid extensive plans for the future. He did not feel especially ill, but could not account for the unusual activity of his brain, nor for the restlessness which seemed to possess him. In the morning he had but little appetite, but was apparently well in other respects. In a few days, however, he began to feel restless and morbid, although he tried earnestly to overcome the feeling which had taken possession of him. But try as he would the shadow of some evil seemed to follow him, and he was conscious of a gradual sinking and wasting away of all his physical faculties. He had been an earnest and diligent worker, and in his zeal frequently overtaxed his strength, and being absorbed in his duties failed to observe the common symptoms with which he was afflicted, thus permitting the work of destruction to go on unheeded. But the end finally came in a most peremptory manner. Shortly before his death he wrote a letter—the last one he ever indited—in which he speaks as follows: "A belief that death is near affects different minds differently, but probably all who are in a fair condition of physical and mental strength instinctively shrink from it with an indefinable dread and horror. A dying man is no more able of himself to foresee his own destiny or the destiny of those he leaves than he was before he began to die."

The recent sad and sudden death of Hon. Clarkson N. Potter is one of the most serious warnings ever given in the long list of innumerable cases of fatal neglect. It is not sufficient to say that many other brilliant men, including Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wood, Wilson, and Carpenter, were swept away by the same fatal trouble. The question is, were these men sufficiently careful of their health, and could they have been saved? The Albany *Argus*, in speaking of Mr. Potter's sudden illness and death says:

"One of the physicians who attended Mr. Potter was interviewed recently. He stated that Mr. Potter's inability to converse had for some time served to baffle the physicians in their efforts to determine the root of his illness. It seems, however, that Mr. Potter some two years ago, suffered a slight attack of kidney disease. Unwise dependence upon a robust constitution and naturally perfect health, and neglect of proper clothing, doubtless sowed the seeds of a disease that needed but some such personal neglect as that of Tuesday morning to develop. From the symptoms at first shown, it was thought that his only trouble was nervous prostration; but his long continuance in a semi-unconscious state led to the belief that his illness was seated in a chronic difficulty more mysterious and dangerous."

Up to the latter part of last year, Mr. Edward F. Rook, a member of the New York stock exchange, was doing business in Wall street, New York. He had everything to encourage him and make life happy, but was the victim of unaccountable uneasiness. His experience, as described by one who knew, was as follows: "At unexpected times, and on occasions when he had the greatest reasons to feel joyous, he was irritable and haunted with strange feelings of discontent. He endeavored to check these feelings and appear pleasant, but it required a great effort to do so; after which he would again relapse into his former morbid mood. This feeling continued for a number of months, when he became conscious of an added sensation of lassitude. He was tired even when resting, and although experiencing no acute pain, had dull, aching sensations in his limbs and various parts of his body. Shortly afterward his head began to ache most frequently and his stomach failed to digest properly. Being told that he was suffering from malaria he consulted an eminent physician, who informed him that his kidneys were affected, and gave him medicine to restore them. But he grew worse instead of better. He then consulted other eminent doctors of another school and was informed that he had a brain difficulty somewhat in the nature of a tumor, but in spite of all efforts to the contrary he continued to grow worse. At this time his condition was terrible. What were at first simple symptoms had developed to terrible troubles. He was flushed and feverish, constantly uneasy, and yet always weary. He had an intense appetite one day, and very little the next. His pulse was irregular, his breathing labored, and every moment of existence was a burden. These disastrous symptoms continued, his face and body became discolored, his heart was irregular in its action, and his breath came in short, convulsive gasps. He grew constantly worse, notwithstanding the precautions of his friends, and finally died in the greatest agony. After his death an examination as to its actual cause was made, when his brain was found to be in a perfect condition, and the reason of his decease was of an entirely different nature."

The experiences which have been cited above all had a common cause and were each the result of one disease. That disease, which so deceitfully, yet so surely removed the people above mentioned, was Bright's disease of the kidneys. In the case of Mr. Rook, the examination after death, while showing the brain to be in perfect condition, revealed the fact that he was the victim of a slight kidney trouble, which had gone on unchecked, until it resulted in acute Bright's disease. The leading physicians and scientists of the world are fast learning that more than one-half the deaths that occur are caused by this monstrous scourge. It is one of the most deceitful maladies ever known to the human race. It manifests itself by symptoms so slight and uncommon as to seem unworthy of attention; and yet these very insignificant symptoms are the first stages of the worst complaint known in the history of the world. Thousands of people have died from troubles that are called heart disease, apoplexy, pneumonia, brain fever, and similar diseases, when it was in fact Bright's disease of the kidneys. The ravages of this disease have been very greatly increased from the fact that until recent years no way was known to prevent its beginning nor check its increase when it had become once fixed upon the system. Within the past two years, however, we have learned of more than four hundred pronounced cases of Bright's disease, many of them much worse than those above described, and most of whom had been given up by prominent physicians, who have been completely cured. The means used to accomplish this end has been Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, manufactured in Rochester, N. Y., a remedy that has won its way into the confidence of the public solely upon the remarkable merits it possesses. As a result it is more widely used and thoroughly praised than any medicine which has ever been before the American public. Indeed there is not a drug store in the entire land where it cannot be found.

Although Bright's disease is so common in cities, it is still more prevalent in the country. When eminent physicians in the largest cities are not able to recognize Bright's disease, it is only natural that in the country, where there are few physicians of any kind, and those few so unacquainted with the disease as to call it by some other name, it should rage terribly and yet unknown to the ones who are suffering with it. Thousands of people can look back and recall the death of friends from what was supposed to be some common complaint, when it was realy Bright's disease, AND NO ONE KNEW IT. The terrible pleuro-pneumonia, which has been so dreaded, is usually the result of uremic or kidney poison. Lung fever can be traced to a similar source. Most cases of paralysis arise from the same difficulty, as well as innumerable fevers, lung, throat, head and bowel troubles. A vast number of ladies have suffered and died from complaints common to their sex called, perhaps, general debility, when, could the real cause have been known, it would have been found to be Bright's disease, masquerading under another name. In marked contrast to the sad cases which have been above described are the experiences of many prominent people who were as low as any of the persons mentioned, but who were remarkably restored to former health and vigor by this same remedy. Among this number were the following prominent names: Col. John C. Whitner, Atlanta, Ga.; B. F. Larrabee, Boston, Mass.; Gen. C. A. Heckman, Phillipsburg, N. J.; Rev. D. D. Buck, D. D., Geneva, N. Y.; Dr. F. A. McManus, Baltimore, Md.; Edwin Fay, Davenport, Iowa; Rev. A. C. Kendrick, LL. D., Rochester, N. Y.; J. S. Matthews, Portland, Mich.; C. W. Eastwood, New York; Dr. A. A. Ramsey, Albia, Iowa; Chancellor C. N. Sims, D. D., Syracuse, N. Y.; Dr. S. P. Jones, Marienette, Wis.; T. S. Ingraham, Cleveland, O.; Henry T. Champney, Boston, Mass.; Elder James S. Prescott, North Union, O., who is a prominent member of the Shaker community, and many others.

To all candid minds the force of the above facts must come with special power. They show the importance of promptness and attention to the first symptoms of disordered health before disease becomes fixed and hope departs. They show how this can successfully be done, and that the dangers which await neglect can only with difficulty be removed.

Specimens of Misplaced Punctuation.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson speaking with difficulty being screwed; in a corner of the platform said "that there was nothing like drink; to cause misery total abstinence was recommended; to insure happiness drunkenness was the best plan to tempt a man to suicide let him be persuaded to 'take the pledge.'" The hearse drawn by four horses entered the corpse; carried be six mutes, the minister, crying bitterly, was lowered into the grave, where was buried the deceased's wife and the mourners; the umbrella with which each seemed to be provided joined in the general exclamation of intense and heartfelt sorrow." "We had just retired when the door slowly opened on its ridiculous hind legs; a poodle entered; my slipper in a moment was sent flying at my wife's head; my pistol hung fire; away said she, and the poodle bolted the stupid housemaid; it was she let that dog in." A lady wants to exchange a mahogany crib: for a baby three months old, strong and in good condition with wooden head and open sides standing on four legs for a month at the seaside."—*Society.*

WASHINGTON, April 7.—The following is a list of this year's appointments to the military academy at West Point from the West: Arizona, Horace K. Appel; California, Cecil O. Siewart, T. G. Hanson, Jas. H. Humphrey, alternate; Montana, John Gibson; Oregon, Edwarp C. Brooks; Wyoming, Albert J. Brackett, Michael Harrington, alternate.

Taking up Clubs.

"Mr. Breezy, I found this precious piece of paper laying on the diningroom floor this morning," said Mrs. Breezy, holding up a slip of paper resembling a check, as she seated herself at the breakfast table.

"Ah, indeed. What is it, dear?" asks Mr. Breezy, as he picked up his napkin.

"You can explain it better than I can," said Mrs. Breezy. "It is headed, 'Breezy, debtor, to Brooklyn Club, $50 for dues up to date.'"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Breezy, nervously twirling his napkin around his finger.

"And you said nothing to me about it," said Mrs. Breezy.

"About what?" asked Mr. Breezy in anything but a confident tone of voice.

"Why, about your belonging to a miserable, odious, selfish club. To think a husband of mine should get so low as to join a club," said Mrs. Breezy twisting the paper up and throwing it upon the floor.

"But, my dear," said Mr. Breezy, stuffing his napkin in his pocket. "There is nothing very terrible about belonging to a good club—"

"A good club!" said Mrs. Breezy. "There isn't any such thing as a good club. They are all horrid. There," and Mrs. Breezy gav her glass a vicious little push which came very near ending its usefulness forever

"But you do not understand, dear," said Mr. Breezy. "Yo must remember that there are clubs and clubs."

"Nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Breezy. "They are all alike. If they are not dreadfully wicked places you would not keep us women out of them as you do. How you men occupy your time in them the devil—or I mean goodness only knows. You a man with a family, Mr. Breezy, to belong to a club! It is just shameful! I'm sure it's bad enough for single men, but in my opinion it is just a crime for a married man to belong to one of them. I'm glad I found it out in time to save you, Mr. Breezy, although heaven only knows how long you have been going to the horrible place."

"My dear, it is not such a bad place as you imagine," said Mr. Breezy. "You women are all mistaken about club life, and I assure you—"

"Oh, we are," said Mrs. Breezy. "I suppose you will say next that it is better to go to a club than to church, Mr. Breezy, and I'm quite sure you would rather go to your club than to church any time. No, Mr. Breezy, when I am dead and gone you can join every club in the world if you like, but until that time you belong to me, Mr. Breezy. I know all about clubs, Mr. Breezy—"

"I thought you said you didn't—"

"Yes, I do," said Mrs. Breezy, jamming her knife into the butter. "They play poker, and billiards, and take a drink every minute, and—and make beasts of themselves generally. Mr. Breezy, you will resign to-morrow."

"But my dear, I meet so many business friends—"

"I thought so," said Mrs. Breezy. "I was just waiting for that, and I'm surprised you did not think of it before. So you meet business friends at your club. Yes, and then you pitch in and spend ten dollars to make one. No, so long as you have your wife and children to support, Mr. Breezy, you can't afford to get business in that way. I know how you mean to get business, as you call it. You go to work and eat and drink until you are stupid as owls and then you get business by going fast to sleep. The proper time to do business is during business hours, Mr. Breezy. I have brought you up in that way and I shan't allow you to overwork yourself at your time of life, so the quicker you get out of the horrid club the better it will please me."

"But I must have a little recreation," said Mr. Breezy in desperation.

"Recreation!" almost cried Mrs. Breezy. "So you confess the truth for once in your life, Mr. Breezy. Recreation! Well, what you men call recreation is just odious. And you talk about recreation, when I have been trying so hard all my married life to amuse you and make your home lively—"

"I grant the lively," said Mr. Breezy.

"I see you are getting into your circus mood, Mr. Breezy, and I shall not stay to be insulted, but remember you resign from that club to-morrow," concluded Mrs. Breezy, sweeping out of the dingroom.

"Not if the bench is cognizant of its individuality," mused Mr. Breezy, as he helped himself to steak.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BOSTON, April 7.—J. S. Morrison, arraigned to-day for larceny in obtaining checks from Charles Francis Adams, waived examination and in default of $24,000 bail was sent to jail to appear at the Superior Court. The defendant's real name is James Fitzgerald, alias "The Kid," and is a professional bunko player. It has been ascertained that the check was given to B. M. Ferrold, a lawyer, for collection, by Norton, who claims to be a real estate dealer. Ferrold suspected the fraud, and on the 29th deposited the check in his own name, thinking if the proceedings were regular the fact would appear on the 1st, when all checks would be sent to Mr. Adams, as it did. Ferrold knows nothing of Norton's character, and the fact of a check on the National bank payable to bearer being brought to him for collection excited his suspician.

CHICAGO, April 7.—The *Evening Journal's* Streaton, Ill, special says the the Streaton window glass factory caught fire at one o'clock this afternoon and was totally destroyed with most of its contents. Loss, $70,000 to $80,000. Insurance in the Home of N. Y., Hartford, Conn., and other companies for $30,000.

PARIS, April 7.—A violent attack by the *Republique Francaise* is made on the Cabinet. The article accuses the ministry of disorganizing the administration, destroying the springs of the government, and falsifying the parliamentary system.

SIDE DISHES.

"Do you speak German?" was asked of one of Gotham's giddy butterflies of fashion the other evening. "No, but I dwance it," was the reply of the maiden.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God." Nothing is said about an honest woman, because she isn't such an astounding variety.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Spanish proverb has it that "Man is the child of his own deeds." The American version should be that "Man is often the slave of his own mortgages."—*Lowell Citizen.*

When Douglas Jerrold heard a society bore speaking of a song that "always carried him away" when he heard it, Jerrold simply asked if some one present would please to sing it.

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a quiet looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet looking boy.

"The chair will not submit to any impertinence," is the modern and more polite rendering of the old negro's ruling: "Dis chair entertains no nonsense, and will shy de inkstand at de head of de fust black rascal dat fools wid it."—*Troy Times.*

Mrs. Smith (emphatically)—"Poor Mrs. Siren! they say she has been ordered to a warmer climate. Do you think she will go?" Mrs. Brown (grimly)—"No," not while she lives."—*Toronto Grip.*

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said, "We fight with our heads at this college." The youth reflected a moment and then replied: "Ah, I see, and you have butted all your hair off."—*Wolf.*

Recent experiments show that the tensile strength of glass is between 2000 and 9000 pounds per square inch. Persons who have been surprised at the fact will not understand why glass is used to contain Maine's favorite beverage.

Lord Y., whose popularity was not excessive in a certain Scotch town, having refused an importunate beggar, she renewed her application, "Now, my lord, if ye'd just gi' me ane little saxpence, I could treat every friend ye have in the toon."—*Quiz.*

Bright little girl: "The robbers can't steal my mamma's diamond ear-rings, 'cause papa's hidden them." Visitor—"Where has he hidden them?" Little Girl—"Why, I heard him say he had put them up the spout, and he expected they would stay there."

A family paper published a long article entitled "Housekeeping hereafter." "Merciful heavens," groaned a distracted mother of five children, and keeper of one husband and two servants, "if I thought there was going to be any housekeeping hereafter, I declare I'd never die."—*Syracuse Herald*

When Filkinsbury moved away from town he was asked if he received anything in the way of a keepsake from the citizens. "No," he replied; "nothing; although I believe there was something said about my receiving the congratulations of the people in my change of residence."

A little boy asks the following question, to which all mamma's answers are not yet recorded:

"Mamma, if a bear should swallow me I would die, wouldn't I?"

"Yes, dear."

"And would I go to heaven?"

"Yes, dear."

"And would the bear have to go, too?"

A certain Chicago attorney, who has been quite zealous in behalf of the gamblers, does not seem to be held in very high regard by Judge Smith. A case came up the other day in which the former was counsel. At the time of the call he was out of the room. So Judge Smith made an exception to his general rule and waited a few minutes. Tired of waiting the judge said: "Does any one know where Mr. D— is?" The clerk responded that "he could not be far away, as his overcoat lay on a chair." "That will do as well as himself; go on with the case," said the judge.

The Latest Swindling Device

At a meeting of the Greenwood Cemetery lot owners in New York city recently, a new device for swindling was exposed. A wealthy family some weeks ago buried an only daughter. She was an estimable young lady, idolized by her parents, and they spared no expense in arranging for her funeral. Two or three days after the funeral, a very genteel, well-dressed young man called on the undertaker. He announced himself as the betrothed lover of the deceased young lady, and said that the object of his visit was to give some token of the extent of his affection for her. "I wish," said he, "to pay her funeral expenses. A few days more and she would have been my wife; now she is dead, and I have given no evidence of the value I placed on her love." In vain the undertaker told him that it was not customary for families to allow such bills to be paid. The young man was so evidently affected by the loss of his loved one, and so anxious to pay the expenses, that he at last persuaded the man of many coffins to make out the bill, which his mourning visitor took with him "just down to his father's office, who would make out the check and send it back at once." No check, however, came. The young man took the bill to the dead girl's father who paid it.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 7.—This morning Joseph Hess an aged man, a saloon keeper of Alleghany, deliberately shot his wife dead and then ineffectually attempted suicide. He refuses to assign any cause. His daughter says it was jealousy.

MADRID, April 7.—The *Correspondencia* states: The naval division arrived at Barcelona, and also three brigades of the army of Basque provinces.