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Historical Society X

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SIDE DISHES.

A young curate having preached before his vicar for the first time, asked that worthy, at the close of the service which passage in his sermon he thought the best; to which the vicar replied: "Your passage from the vestry to the pulpit was very fine; but commend me to that from the pulpit to the vestry for downright, heart-relieving effect.

A little girl whose mother often talked to her about heaven in such a way that she considered it a glorious shining place above the sky, crept in between the curtain and window one evening, and stood for a long time gazing into the sky. Suddenly she bounded to her mother's side, exclaiming, "Mother! oh, mother! I know now what the stars are! God punches holes in his floor and lets the shine down.

A Washington correspondent says a very good story of back pay is told by ex-Representative Harris, of Virginia. "I voted against the bill," said he, "but I took the money. When I was up for re-election they threw it up at me on the stump. I told them that I had tried to beat the bill, but had taken the money, yet I thought they would forgive me when they heard what I had done with it. 'I took that money down into Virginia,' said I, 'and gave it to a poor woman with seven children, and the thing is not a bit worse because that woman is my wife.' I don't think I lost a vote by that back pay business."

Referring to Queen Victoria's recent visit to Beaumont College, the London *Tablet* (Roman Catholic) says: "The visit is one which will long be remembered at Beaumont and cherished with grateful affection by Beaumont boys. The great kindness of her Majesty in thus honoring a Catholic college, and accepting the heartfelt expression of their loyalty and love, will encourage the Catholic subjects of the Queen in fidelity to the Crown and personal attachment to her."

A missionary village has been started as an experiment near Zaffermal, India. The converts have built for themselves comfortable little houses. They cultivate small farms or patches of ground in the neighborhood in various ways earn their livelihood, and are living in tolerable comfort. They have their own schools, and in these children and old men and old women—fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers—all acquiring together the simplest elements of education.

The following lately appeared in the agony column of the London *Times*: "The person who, contrary to common sense and propriety, is in the habit of sending anonymously valuable presents, with cards and valentines, to a very young lady in the North of England, is requested to discontinue the practice, and is informed that the presents hitherto sent, which have never been accepted or used by the young lady, have been forwarded after a vain attempt to trace them to the sender, for the benefit of a charitable institution."

The Death of a Famous Equestrienne.

A telegram last week announced the death of a well-known equestrienne, Mlle. Emille Loisset, who was crushed to death by her horse in the Cirque d'Hiver. It was her sister Clotilda who three years ago married Prince Henry XX. of Reuss, who was chased by his relatives and creditors to Heligoland. He subsequently gave up his name, rank and arms and was created Baron Von Reichentels, removing with his wife to Bulgaria. Emille Loisset was said a few weeks later to have run away with one of the Hatzfelds, and not a particularly promising scion of the house either. Of late howeve, it was reported that she had "gone in for" solitude, living alone, doing her practicing alone with her five horses and for escort after the evening performance accepting no one but her big white newfoundland dog. The aunt of these sisters was herself a famous rider, admired a little, the daughter of Count Rossi and the cantatrice Henrietta Sontag.

A Wonderful Vase

One of the sights of London just now is a vase which everybody is talking about. It is on exhibition at Salviati's gallery in Regent street, near the Langham Hotel. Imagine a chalice three feet high, of pale smoked glass, standing on the back of a rampant horse, also of glass, the whole so light, so etherial looking, that one feels almost afraid to move near it, lest it should be broken by too sudden a movement on the part of the astonished spectators. This vase is the largest ever blown—at one 'blow'—that is, made one "cast," so to speak, and in one single piece of glass. It weighs thirty grammes, although with the pedestal it is nearly three feet and a half high.

The great educational trouble of the Southern States is the lack of proper elementary instruction. Dr. May says that the academies are compelled either to do the work of an elementary school or to substitute a thin veneering of "accomplishments" for solid instruction and systematic mental training.

New England's Fading Galaxy.

The first decade of the present century witnessed a wonderful outburst of genius in the old state of Massachusetts. For nearly two centuries that commonwealth had been a center of intellectual activity and the fruits of its superior fertility and culture were suddenly manifested in the birth of an extraordinary number of gifted men and women who were destined to make their mark upon the age and shed lustre upon the fame of their country. In the year 1800 Bancroft, the chief historian of the United States, was born in Worcester. In 1802 George Ripley, the founder of the celebrated Brook Farm experiment, and afterward the literary editor of the New York *Tribune*, began his career at Greenfield. The following year was notable for the birth of Emerson at Boston. But little over a twelvemonth passed when Hawthorne was ushered into life in the neighboring city of Salem, and six months later—December, 1804—Garrison, the great philanthropist and emancipator, first saw the light in Newburyport. In 1808 Haverhill gave birth to Whittier, and in 1809 Cambridge numbered among the infant population Oliver Wendell Holmes. The closing year of the decade was signalized by the birth of Margaret Fuller at Combridge, Theodore Parker at Lexington and W. H. Channing at Boston. Extending the period one year longer and the illustrious names of Sumner and Wendell Phillips are added to this notable list, which for lack of space omits many groperly entitled to admission. Longfellow, whose reputation is as dear to Massachusetts as any of her distinguished sons, had his birth in Portland, Me., in 1807, and removed to Cambridge at the age of 28, while Alcott, the teacher and philosopher, who for years has been the friend and neighbor of Emerson in the village of Concord, is a native of Connecticut.

Of this brilliant company, whose talents and labors have effected so much for the advancement of American literature and scholarship, a considerable number yet remain. Bancroft was, up to a very late date studiously engaged in finishing the voluminous history he began over fifty years ago. Alcott, the oldest of the survivors, is, at the age of 82, at the head of the flourishing school of philosophy which meets every summer at Concord. Holmes continues in the practice of his profess on and occupies a medical chair in the university at Cambridge. The songs of Whittier ring out now as sweetly as ever. The fires of Phillips's oratory have grown indeed dim, yet occasionally he pens a Phillipic which has all of the old vigor and causticity.

For several years past the mental and physical powers of Emmerson had been gradually waning. He who had towered so high among his literary peers in America has seemed to have less capacity to withstand the decay of age than his hale living cotemporaries above referred to. Whether it is that he had tasked his intellect more severely and neglected to preserve a saving balance in the activity of the body and mind, it has been noted that his memory and faculty for concentration had for some time failed him. It is painful to see the great struck down by death, but it is more painful to see them overcome by infirmities; surviving their might, their individuality and their very selfhood.

If any instance the mind could retain its kindly rule through all the physical waste and decline of multiplying years, it might have been hoped in the case of Emmerson. He lived so exclusively in the domain of thought, the spiritual in him so dominated the material, that it might be supposed the flesh would fade away and the vital spark give out before the soul should show weakness in any part. "He is a purely intellectual entity," remarked Hawthorne as Emerson parted from him after an interview at the "Old Manse," when both were in the prime of early manhood. "He is like a cup of cold water," said Fredrika Bremer, in narrating her impressions of him while his guest at Concord. "He cares for nothing but the mind—all else is of no account," was the inward conclusion of many a one who found in personal contact with him that it was the intellectual being almost solely that roused his interest.

And yet Emerson was as gentle, modest and kind as he was original and profound, and by those who have known him in any degree he has been equally revered and beloved. The impression which he has produced upon the literature of the age is only second to that effected by Carlyle. More than any man in America he has stimulated and moulded thought. He has not been reckoned a religious teacher, but he has inculcated in all his writings the highest morality—and the moralities are "the vestibule of religion." He has given the example of a spotless life and of an unvarying devotion to the loftiest aims. He had the insight of the genius and the seer, and in his analysis of subjects and characters penetrated to the innermost impulses and qualities. Whoever learned of him, learned to venerate truth above all things, to be reverent toward everything good and great, to be honest and earnest, and to eschew worldly-mindedness.

She Was But a Chicago Girl.

He happened to press the foot of a young lady who was sitting next the door, in getting out of a street car. The damsel, compressing her brows in an awe-inspiring frown, ejaculated: "You clumsy wretch!" Most men would have looked foolish and apologized, but our hero was equal to the occasion. "My dear, young lady," he exclaimed, "you should have feet large enough to be seen, and then they wouldn't be trodden upon." Her brows relaxed, her eyes sparkled, her lips smiled and the injury was forgotten.

Efforts are being made in Belgium to stimulate the study of astronomp there. A recent speech by M. Eolie has done much to farther the movement.

Following Stage Directions.

The facts connected with the miserable experience of young Symonds as an actor were these: He was hired to play in a stock company, and one night was called upon almost at an hour's notice to take a part in a play he had never seen, his services being required in consequence of the illness of the man playing it. So little time did he have to prepare for the performance that a rehearsal was impossible. The part given him to study was in manuscript. The man who had previously played it was an eccentric person and had written in a lot of ridiculous stage directions. Symonds was amazed to find them in a serious part, but supposed them all right, and at evening appeared with his lines and business pretty well learned. A large fashionable audience assembled in the theatre. The curtain was rung up and the play commenced. Soon Symonds went on. His first speech described the misery of his poverty-stricken mother at home. After it he danced a little break. The audience was amazed, and the other actors on the stage dumbfounded. But Symonds knew he was following his stage directions. Presently he had to re'use a proposition to commit crime. He did so in grand style, and then took off his hat and jumped on it. This extraordinary proceeding created a sensation The Manager came and stood in the wings and suffered anguish. After his next speech, a defiance to his tempter, he crawled under the sofa. That just set everybody wild, and the Manager danced up and down in the wings. and swore he'd kill Symonds when he came off. After a touching love scene with the heroine, Symonds proceeded to stand on his head and howl, and the audience howled too, and the Manager shrieked for him to come off. But Symonds didn't hear, and proceeded. He spoke his next speech with such impressiveness and magnificence of manner that the audience was, in spite of itself, hushed into respectful silence, and at its close was about to applaud, when Symonds yanked off a boot and hurled it viciously at the head of the leader of the orchestra. That settled it. The leader, who, was badly hurt on the jaw by the boot, came up over the footlights, and the Manager rushed on from the wings, and the way they bounced Symonds about was fearful. He made a big fight, and was still at it when the curtain was rung down. After they were parted, Symonds explained, and showed his part as a justification for his conduct. But the Manager would accept no excuse, and, going before the curtain, said: "Ladies and gentleman, occasionally a natural-born idiot, with a phenomenal faculty for making an ass of himself, is sent into the world. Such a one has inflicted himself upon us to-night. For my part, I have endured the agony of the damned while watching him. and I presume you've had enough of his donkeyism. Therefore the performance is closed."—*Boston Post.*

Devon Cattle.

Devon cattle are the most ancient of the various English breeds. It is claimed that they were found roaming their particular district of Devonshire at the time of the first invasion of England by the Romans under Julius Cæsar. They have continued to preserve the same characteristics as then, never undergoing any change or admixture down to the present day. They are of medium size, and exquisitely fine in all their points; indeed, compared with other cattle, they are like the Arabian compared with other horses. The horns are cream-colored, with black tips, long and slender, gracefully upturned in the cows and oxen, but much shorter and lower curved from the heads of the bulls. The eyes are like those of the gazelle, with a golden rim around each; the nose a pure orange shade; the skin a rich cream to yellow. The hair is silky in summer, with an undrgrowth of soft fur in the winter, and varies in color from a light to a bright, deep red. The only exception to this is more or less white hair in the switch of the tail, and an occasional white patch on the bag of the cow, particularly in those of the deep milking families. They are almost as round in the body as a barrel; straight in the upper and lower limbs, with deep chest, full brisket, crops, chine and quarters well let down in the twist. They are very hardy and thrifty, mature early, are sure breeders and both large and rich milkers when bred for this purpose, and at all times they make the best of beef. They are the most active and intelligent of any race of cattle, are easily broken to the yoke or harness; can be trained to walk four miles an hour and trot six. The latter pace is as natural to them as to an ordinary horse. The usual live weight of well fatted, full grown oxen varies from 1,200 to 1,600 pounds, though some are still heavier; that of cows from 900 to 1,000 pounds. They are especially well calculated for grazing on light sandy and gravelly soils and rough, stony or hilly grounds. Being of a medium size and so hardy and active, they thrive in such short pastures as could not support a larger or less alert breed.

A Good Shepherd.

He was a young country fellow, a little awkward and bashful, but of sterling worth of character. She was a Cincinnati belle, and had sense enough to appreciate his worth, despite his awkwardness and bashfulness, and was his fiancee. On a gloomy Sunday evening last winter they were standing in front of the window in the parlor of her home on East Walnut Hill, watching the snowflakes rapidly falling outside. He was not up in society small talk, and being hard up for something to say remarked, as he watched the snow falling: "This will be hard on the old man's sheep." "Never mind, dear," said she, slipping her arm around him, "I will take care of one of them."

Gwendolen Mahaffy's Love.

"Do not slug him, papa!"

Gwendolen Mahaffy said these words quickly, and with an earnestness that showed how her heart was wrapped up in the young man in whose behalf they were spoken. It was a beautiful evening in June. At the Castle Mahaffy no sound broke the 7:45 o'clock silence, save the occasional note of a cricket beneath the flagstones, and the low twittering of the swallows as they nestled beneath the leaves and chirped to each other a sleepy good night. Oscar Redingote was Adelbert Mahaffy's adopted son. Years ago, when Gwendolen was but a baby, and the proud father had gone out one evening for another bucket of soothing syrup to keep her from howling the roof of the house off, he had found Oscar, then a boy of seven, trying to rob a blind man. He had taken the little waif home, brought it up as his own child, and now, at five-and-twenty, Oscar was on the Board of Trade. He had resumed the old business.

During all these years that Gwendolen and Oscar had been growing up together there had risen in their hearts a passionate love, almost wicked in its intensity, and not two months agone they had plighted their troth and sealed their vows with a large tooth-starting kiss that made Gwendolen club herself for all she had been missing. It was the avowal of this second compact that had caused grim-visaged old Mr. Mahaffy to rear his horrid front and declare that it should never be.

"So you have given this young man your heart, my lass?" said the old man, in cold, sneering tones.

"Yes, father, I have," was Gwendolen's reply, "and I shall never repent my action."

"You had much better," said her father, while a baleful light shot from his eyes, "have kept your heart and given him your liver, for it's little need you'll have for the latter if you depend upon him to furnish food to keep it going"—and, with a demon-like laugh, he started over town to get full.

* * * * * * *

Two summers have come and gone. Gwendolen, a look of happy contentment in her face, sits in a tapestried room of the Castle Mahaffy singing a mother-song to a babe, whose big blue eyes look wonderingly around the apartment and whose chubby little hands tug heartily at the sides of the cradle in which it is lying. Presently Oscar comes into the room and kisses Gwendolen.

"Do you know, dear, that it is two years to-day since we were married?"

"Yes, sweetie," is the reply.

"And do you remember what your father said that evening, when he first learned of our engagement?"

"Yes, darling."

"We have been living with him ever since our marriage, have we not?

"Yes, my love."

"The old man has a great head, Gwendolen," said Oscar. He sized me up exactly. He is getting old now and we must never leave him."

"You bet we mustn't," was Gwendolen's reply, "if we want anything to eat."

Young Bismarck and the Fans.

An interesting lawsuit is soon to be decided in Hungary. Prince Bismarck's son William spent the summer at the watering place of Mehadia, where he paid some attention to two fair sisters, who desired more tangible proofs of his affection than were contained in compliments. Accordingly they selected a number of articles of jewelry, and asked the jeweler to take them to "Count Bill and say that the young ladies had admired them greatly." The jeweler declined the operation, but another dealer proved more enterprising or less scrupulous, and took two fans to the Count, saying that the price was 80 florins and that the ladies had wished to have the articles in question. The Count replied with diplomatic sarcasm that in the delightfully cool temperature which always characterized that charming health resort, fans were more than superfluous, and subsequently when he met the ladies, asked with his father's cheery frankness if they knew anything about the dealer's mission. The ladies promptly, though not without some criticism, denied ever having said anything to the dealer, and "Count Bill" at once handed the merchant over to the tribunal of commerce on a charge of endeavoring through false pretences, to extort 80 florins from him for a pair of fans barely worth 40. The dealer, in self defense, has summoned the ladies as witnesses, and the trial promises to be an interesting one.

Lots of Fun Ahead.

An old miner was brought up before Judge McDowall one morning for being drunk. The Judge gave the old fellow a good, wholesome lecture on the sin of drunkenness.

"Were you ever drunk, Judge?" asked the old veteran.

"No, sir," said his honor, "I never was."

The old man hung his head for a moment and then ejaculated:

"Well, I'll be d—! But it ain't too late yet, Judge; there's fun ahead for you—heaps of fun."

The old fellow was discharged amid a roar of laughter.—*Leadville Democrat.*

Superintendent Rogers, of New Orleans, says that the public school training given to the colored people has had remarkable results in the direction of industrial orderliness and good manners and morals. In New Orleans both the public and private schools for colored children have constantly increased; and the parents have shown an appreciation of the benefits of education by sending their children to school when they could ill afford to spare their services at home.

Science and Education

Tan-bark, ground, compressed and put up in half-barrel packages, promises to become an important American export to Europe.

Traces of workshops occupied by a flint manufacturer of prehistoric time has been discovered by M. Cavaroz in the Jurd, near Salines. This atelier would appear to belong to the neolithic epoch.

A solution of the chloride of lime, camphor and glycerine is recommended as a disinfectant, but it is difficult to see how it can take the place of other very efficient and cheapor agents now in the market, which leaves no smell whatever.

There are in Louisiana, out of a population of 919,916, illiterates to the number of 318,380; of these 259,429 are colored persons. It is said that the State alone and unaided cannot possibly provide for the instruction of these unfortunates.

The Baptist society has been presented by Mr. R. Arthington. of Leeds, England, with $5,000 to pay a part of the expense of building a steamer to navigate the Upper Congo. He has before distinguished himself in providing the means of support for African missions.

The Democratic Legislators of Kentucky met in caucus last meek and decided to recommend a bill submitting to the people a proposition providing for an additional tax of 3 cents for school purposes. Colored children, as well as as white ones, are to have the benefit of this bill.

The Boston Society of Natural History will open a seaside laboratory for a limited number of women students at Annisquam, Massachusetts, on July 1, the term to end September 1. A windmill will supply running water so that living animals may be studied, and a yacht will take out dredging parties at suitable intervals.

In order to make a good printing-ink, which will not give forth a disagreeable smell, Dr. Blackenbush, of Berlin, dissolves forty-five parts of fine resin in twenty-five parts of of paraffiee oil by heating them to 80 degrees, or by incorporating them mechanically at the ordinary temperature, and when this latter operation is completed fifteen parts of lampblack are added.

Whether American salt meat can convey trichinæ was a question lately discussed in a paper by M. Colin, and read before the French Acadamy of Sciences. The conclusion arrived at was that the meat in question, as now imported into Europe, might in very rare cases transmit trichinosis when the animal was recently killed, the pieces of meat large, and the process of curing imperfectly conducted.

Some strange variations in the movements of herring shoals are well known to fishermen, and these uncertain actions of the fish have had often a disastrous result to the fishery on the Scottish and Norwegian coasts. Mr. Broch has partially investigated the subject. Thus far he thinks that the wandering of the herring into deep or shallow water is due to the movements of the large banks of animalculæ which are the herring's food. What causes the changes of the latter off and on the coasts is something yet to be ascertained.

The Paris correspondent of *Nature* lately inspected at Feil's workshop the large flint glass disc which has been cast for the Lick Observatory in California and purchased by the trustees for $10,000. It is now on its way to Clarke's for polishing. The casting occupied four days, during which eight tons of coal were consumed. The cooling of the mass required thirty days. The optical tests showed that the glass was perfect in all its parts. At the time the correspondent wrote the crown-glass was cast, and the process of cooling was going on.

The critic of the Burlington *Hawkeye* thus geographically describes the cover of the *Century Magazine*, which he says "is an improvement on the old one. The old one, as near as we could understand, was a map representing internal economy of the human system in a state of siege, induced by a sudden attack of cholera morbus. The new design is very unique. In the foreground, a lady, who is running a pretty cash book by leaning on it, has an old-fashioned lard lamp, with a rag wick, with which she is evidently looking for the bridge of her nose, which is gone. She is out doors, the aurora borealis is shining brightly from the northern sky, and her throat and neck are exposed to the night air in such a reckless manner that, if croup has not already marked her for its own, it is because diphtheria has filled a prior claim. In the corner a thinly-clad young man, whose shirt has evidently gone to the pawnshop to look after his trousers, has been fishing and has caught a whole five-gallon jar full of trout, but he is emptying the jar of its finny treasures that he may milk the unsuspecting goat, nibbling the bark of a dog-wood tree near by. It isn't the kind of a goat to milk; but the young man will not find that out until after he has begun operations and made the first assessments.

SIDE DISHES.

"I'll make you dance" said an irate mother, nursing an erring son, slipper in hand, "Then," remarked the juvenile, "we shall have a bawl,"

Definition of a novel: Mr. Swig says that "a novel is the world's truth with a beautiful woman walking through it." Generally, with a man after her,

The Chinaman who thought he was Americanized enough to squeeze a Texas girl's hand on the sly, has departed for some quiet place in the hills, where he can pick sixty bird-shot out of his legs.

"I am no sectarian," said Bob Shuttle, as he grew warm in religious argument. "I believe every man ought to be a strict Presbyterian," and then he looked around in wonder as an audible smile was wafted into the evening air.

SPEAKING FOR HER BROTHER.

Some of the Sharp Remarks Made by Mrs. Scoville in Her Lecture Last Night.

Mrs. Francis M. Scoville, the only sister of Charles J. Guiteau, President Garfield's assassin, lectured last evening at the Criterion Theatre, corner of Thirty-sixth street and Broadway, her subject being "The Guiteau Case, from a Sister's Standpoint." About one hundred persons, half of whom were ladies, constituted the audience. Mr. Thorp, the manager, and Mr. John W. Guiteau sat upon the platform. Mrs. Scoville wore a dress of plain black cloth. A white lace kerchief which surronded her neck was joined in front by a fold of blue ribbon and fastened at the waist by a plain gold pin. Her bountiful gray hair was neatly folded back on either side. Her face was full, but without color, her chin broad, her mouth firmly set, and her keen gray-blue eyes showed much determination. In height Mrs. Scoville is about the average, and in figure plump, without being heavy or unwieldy. She spoke in a clear, pleasing alto voice and held the undivided attention of her audience for almost an hour. She said: "As the sister of the despised Guiteau I stand alone. Even my husband and my children have hated that man, but love for our mother and for our country prompts me to plead for my brother's life and to prevent if possible a blight upon our nation's record in the execution of a man who is partly if not wholly insane. I plead for reason, fairness and an atom of mercy. The case was prejudged from the first, by the court, by the press and by the public. I am the sister of a poor crazy man who, God-commissioned as he thought, committed a horrible deed. What I had long feared had happened. The half crazy boy had grown to a stark mad man. In his ancestors for three generations nothing depraved or criminal can be found, but in every branch of the Guiteau family since they landed in this country have been found cases of incurable insanity and of lesser stages of dementia. Our mother was a true, noble, loving woman. But during almost a year prior to the birth of Guiteau she suffered from an almost fatal attack of brain fever. This man, whom Judge Cox knew to be insane, after a mockery of a trial was convicted and sentenced. If the case for him had been ten times as strong as it was the result would have been the same. As Marshal Henry told me, the people must have a victim. The pressure of the administration upon the court and jury was such that any other issue was impossible. Yet, who was responsible for Guiteau's crime? The bitter faction fight of a year ago was real to him. He believed the end would be war and bloodshed, and in obedience to what was to him a command from God he fired that fatal shot. Who will say that he did not save the country from a civil war? Who can say what would have been the result had opportunity been given to carry out the nefarious schemes of a crafty Blaine?—the man who cabled to London that the act was that of a crazy man and who on the witness-stand denied his own words. I cannot weep; I have not shed a tear for months. Yet in asking for mercy for my brother I can but remember that every criminal is somebody's boy, and in a country like this everybody, in seeking for the well-being of the whole, in righteousness and justice must in a measure be his brother's keeper. Let us leave the dogmas behind, but practice the golden rule instead of the blood for blood doctrine that appears to obtain now, and follow the teaching of Christ. When this is done the world will begin to be saved."

During the lecture, which was delivered in an earnest, pleading tone, several ladies in the theatre were in tears. In reviewing some of the incidents of the Guiteau trial Mrs. Scoville spoke of "Hammond, the profound, antiquated, beastly old New York doctor;" of "Davidge, as the man who held that to talk of not hanging an insane man who had committed murder as nonsense; of Judge Cox, as the man who, to defend his charge against Guiteau, went back to the English law of 100 years ago, when 200 crimes instead of one was punishable by death; of Daly, the lying reporter; Reynolds, the spy; Shaw, the perjured witness; Henry, the bloodthirsty, and Storrs, the unscrupulous." Corkhill, she said, although he knew Guiteau was crazy, wilfully suppressed the official knowledge he had to that effect and created a public feeling against Guiteau which the facts did not warrant. "What the people really want in this matter," she continued, "is the truth. Let the man be confined for life. (Applause.) When in Washington, I was asked if I would sign a petition to have Mason's sentence commuted. I said 'certainly.' His was a dastardly act. But the administration and the press had created such a state of public mind that he thought he had only to shoot Guiteau to become a hero. President Arthur ought to know, if any one, that Guiteau is crazy, and he should in my opinion commute his sentence to imprisonment for life. You can aid me by signing a petition I shall prepare to that effect."—*N. Y. World, May 1.*

Recently at Los Angelos a married woman eloped with her coachman, in consequence of which her husband shot himself. The next day his daughter who was also in love with the coachman, went insane, while the servant-girl, who in turn was gone on the defunct husband, tried to drown herself three times. We shall get out an extra as soon as we learn the course taken by the house dog in the matter.

The Bodie *Free Press* says that "Sometimes editors are compelled to maintain a very delicate position." That is quite true. We once knew one who couldn't sit down for a month after publishing a vigorous attack upon the private character of a prominent citizen.