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Semi-Weekly Miner

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FROM THE FRONT.

Incidents of the Front. LONDON, June 12.—The Times correspondent, writing about yesterday's bombardment, says the gun-boats played an active part, occupying close to the fort and obliterating several guns. The Infanterie made splendid practice. The Tannenberg was shelled some time, but failed subsequently.

The Standard's correspondent sends the following: One of the officers from Danish Fash, who brought a letter from the Ministry to Seymour, offering to dismount the guns, informed, so that he and many others were not any hostilities were begun, as it was the only way in which the end could be reached, and the fate of the two parties, viz: the one in favor of the Khedive, and the other of Abd el Bey and anarchy, could be decided. The offer was conveyed to Seymour by the Danish officer, but he decided in writing.

Rescued Encouraged - Why France did not Join England. WASHINGTON, July 12.—The war news has given encouragement to recruiting. The young are coming forward in considerable numbers. The Times correspondent at Paris reports that M. Goblet, replying to Gambetta in regard to Egyptian affairs, said: "France did not co-operate in the bombardment because England's conduct did not seem to her to justify it, and because France did not desire to emerge from European concert of action." The correspondent adds: "It is at least three weeks since England proposed to France to join in the occupation of the Suez Canal, but as France was unable to do so, England gave up the idea of French co-operation in that direction and turned her attention to Alexandria. Since then she constantly urged France to keep her company, and until the last moment she had not given up hope."

A Flag of Truce Hoisted. ALEXANDRIA, July 12.—A flag of truce is also displayed from the tower. Bulletin. LONDON, 12.—A dispatch from Gen. Buller says no more than 1000 men were sent during the last forty-eight hours. All ships including the Indian mail steamer are in the roadstead. The whole European population is absent. The British Consul in possession of Admiral Seymour's last dispatch has handed down his flag and gone aboard a gun boat.

How the Ships Fought. LONDON, July 12.—A correspondent at Alexandria describing yesterday's bombardment particularly mentions the deadly effect of the electric torpedoes from the ships which attacked the French and Russian forts. The Infanterie being further forward was able to shell the fort with one turret and the Russian fleet with the other. After all the cannon's guns were silenced the men of war continued shelling the fortifications, and used shrapnel, probably, at the retreating soldiers.

Testing the Endurance of Horsem. The Miller Wheelwright, organ of the German General staff, reports Lieutenant Roden's ride with his current, from Strassburg to Grimsdorf, 1200 miles, in fifty-three days, including eight days of rest, the aim being to discover how far it was possible to draw, under certain conditions upon the strength of man. Lieutenant Roden was no more than an ordinary middle-aged man, and was accompanied by a Frenchman, an Englishman and a Prussian, and went at a quick walk or brisk trot, and the animals arrived in such fair condition as to be sold to advantage.

Losses in the Fight. LONDON, July 12.—A correspondent on board the Helios sends the following: The loss of the Egyptians must be dreadful. Numbers of shells repeatedly struck the works just above the gun and threw up vast volumes of yellow dust. It was often thought the guns must have been demolished, but they appeared undamaged when the smoke had cleared. The funeral of the Sultan is planned and the plot before the funeral train away. One of the boats of the Infanterie is missing and the other badly damaged.

AMATORY.

The Body as an Inhabitation-In France-work, covering and Furniture-the Functions of Bones and Muscles. The human habitacle is a center about which cluster all that is valuable in life, and from which is to radiate the sweet and beautiful influence of a home. Hence it is very proper that we should make our home a study in all its details, and let each feature receive its due share of consideration. It is very proper that we should spend time and effort equally to appreciate the importance of the home of flesh we live in, and to avoid gain and impulsive error. These dwellings of flesh and bone are designed by an architect whose plans are above criticism, to the end that the dwelling therein may enjoy the happiness which belongs to perfect equilibrium. The frame of the body is composed of 211 bones, no two of which are alike in shape, but each adapted for the purpose for which it was designed, and working in perfect harmony with its fellows. Thus is formed the skeleton, which fills a triple use, as the frame-work of the body, as its mechanism of motion, and as the protection to vital parts within. Nature, here as always economical, has provided that bones should be made of two substances, one as hard as ivory, one soft and spongy, thus combining strength and lightness. In harmony the outer and in age the harder ingredient predominates, so that children are stout, without broken bones, much tumbled and rolling about.

The framework of the body is held together firmly by cartilages and ligaments, fitted so as to give great strength and uniformity of motion. The joints of the body are in motion from the cradle to the grave, but do not refuse to rest for want of lubrication, because each joint is provided with a gland which keeps the joint forever oiled. Diseases of the joints are painful from the friction involved. Thus, in gout, a deposit of a fine-grained acid is spread over the surface of the bone, making insupportable pains for hours. The spinal column is the connecting link between the upper and lower parts of the body, formed of twenty-six pieces in adults. The three curves which occur in it serve to break the force of jolt or fall. It is the spinal column and its constituent vertebrae which marks man's superiority over the brute of the lower order. Along the line of the vertebrae, in a well-protected cavity, lies the spinal cord, which may be described as the nerve telegraph between brain and body. From the brain go forth and radiate to all parts of the body the nerves, formed of like material, which convey bodily sensations, including those of sight, taste, hearing, smell and voice, to the conscious mind. There is no portion of the body that is not touched by the nerves in their countless ramifications. When you strike a foot against a stone the foot is not conscious of it, but the nerves carry the message to the brain, the brain orders, and is obeyed by the muscles. The nerves are nature's wise provision to keep bodies from harm. Even over the involuntary processes of the interior organs the nerves exercise control, regulating the motions of the heart and lungs without our will being called into requisition. The bony frame of the body is covered with muscles, serving the double purpose of concealing and managing the ugly but useful skeleton. About each muscle clusters a mass of blood vessels of similar composition uniting it with the bone upon which it is designed to rest. By the checking and lengthening of muscular motion is brought about. They require education just as much as the mind. A mind cultivated at the expense of the body gives the gain, cheap, sickly-looking specimens sometimes seen in public, while a body cultivated at the mind's expense is to be seen in the ascetic. The true balance should be sought between these extremes. The skin is the covering of the home we live in. Its outer surface has no nerves, is worn off daily by friction, and is daily replaced by growth from beneath. The true skin underneath is exceedingly sensitive and delicate. The condition of the skin is important to health inasmuch as it plays in the vital economy, by riding the system of waste. Within the body are the brain, the heart, the lungs and the various organs of digestion.

How Sunstroke Can be Cured. For an effective cure of sunstroke the following is especially commended: Remove the patient to a shaded spot of shade. Place the body in a sitting posture, with the back resting against the wall and the feet and legs upon the sidewalk and extending in front of the body. Get ice water and a bottle of some strong essence of ginger. Pour the ice water over the head, especially over the neck and the chest. Then pour two or three tablespoonfuls of ginger in a half tumbler of water and make the patient swallow it quickly. Keep the head cool by using a little of the ice water, and in one hour is not much of a glow upon the body give more ginger. If the directions are followed there will be no occasion for the services of an undertaker. Ginger is fit for the best use, but where it cannot be had quickly, two or three good drinks of brandy will answer.

ROBINSON'S MINE. A Hole in the Ground Which Has Not Proved a Bonanza. There is nothing more interesting in Washington just now than the mine of the Ivanhoe mine, and I may as well tell you about it. The Ivanhoe mine is Bob Ingersoll's mine. That is, Robert is the heaviest owner in it at present, and it begins to look as if he was the heaviest loser in it also. The principal mover was Ingersoll and a firm of lawyers, Gilbert E. Payne & Griffin, and Robert F. Smith, of Kansas. A Washington banking firm was also interested. The property is said to have cost \$200,000, and therefore the shares of stock cost the original holders and buyers, thereof thirty cents apiece. The company was formed about a year and a half ago, and soon after it was formed the most astounding stories of the wealth of the mine began to circulate all over Washington. I fought how many million dollars worth of ore were always in sight in the mine. None of it was ever taken out, but it was stated to be there, and a good many honest people got to believe it was there. After awhile the able originator of the mine began to let some of their friends into the good and beautiful thing at the rate of about \$2 a share. The company held a meeting and set apart a quantity of stock to be sold at \$5 a share to develop the mine. The reported fresh millions of ore having in sight as the experts advanced rapidly underneath the surface, continued to arrive in Washington, and some of the originators of this mine put faith in them. Mr. Ingersoll himself became convinced that the mine was a bonanza that he thought it a great pity that the company's stock should go off at the low rate of \$2 a share. So he went and put all the money he could make and scrape into it, and his friends generally did the same. One gentleman I know, who had nothing but his faith in Ingersoll to guide him, invested \$20,000 in the stock at \$2 and \$3 a share. Some how there seemed to be a good deal of stock floating about, and after awhile it began to sink a little, and then it sank a good deal, and last week I heard of a fellow buying a thousand shares at ten cents a share. Ingersoll has paid something over \$20,000 for what he could now buy for about \$2,000. He is able to bear the loss, because he can get \$1,000 a night whenever he chooses to lecture in Chicago, New York, or Boston, but some of the other sufferers are not so well able to bear it; in fact, the Ivanhoe mine has become a sort of season of poverty over Washington.

There was a regular case about the stock last year, and people who had no much ready money even mortgaged their houses to buy it at \$5 a share. The secret of the little affair was, of course, that while Ingersoll and his friends were buying, Frank, Griffin and their friends were selling. Boston Herald.

So Could Tell. "Is it not beautiful, sweetheart?" "What?" asked George W. Simpson, looking triumphantly into the deep blue eyes of Daphne McCarthy, as they were raised to his, and glancing around in a nervous, steer-catch-in-the-corn way. "Why the sweet perfume that is being wafted to us on the summer air," said the girl, shifting her chewing gum, as she spoke. "Do you not feel the delicious languor that is all about us—the subtle perfume that seems to have kissed the air with dewy fragrances?" The vivacious, fair-haired look came again into the man's face. He sniffed the air in several directions, and there came upon the perfect features of his Wabash-avenue face a smile of calm content. "Yes, darling," he said, bending over the girl, "I tumbled now."

A Concert of Possiveness. London World, June 21. The concert of lady Fortington for the College of Music Fund, to be given in the Duke of Sutherland's fairy palace, Stafford house, distinguishes itself from other concerts given for the same purpose, for lady Fortington has, with her wonted cleverness and energy, brought together elements most likely to draw a big audience. Twenty-two ladies of the greatest names form a band of strings, a feature quite novel. A whole cove of ladies, possessors of the reams, will give their fine voices, their fine dresses, their fine appearance altogether.

Having Rest.

An exchange has the following paragraph on the question of the American eating so much beef: The high price of beef is now attracting the serious attention of housewives. Not only has the price of beef, but all other kinds of meat gone up to an extraordinary figure. Is it not well for us at this time to ask the question if we are not in the habit in this country of depending too exclusively upon beef, and especially beef? The fact of the matter is, the American people are insatiable beef-eaters. During the summer season beef is not all that is wanted in the family. It could be readily dispensed with. In our circumstances, too, we do not make all the use of our forebrain that ought to be made of it, and most people do not understand the value of matter at all. We have in the United States a wealth of fruit and vegetables such as no other land on earth is blessed with. A fruit that grows here will make the most of them. Its food will be adapted to the season and be prepared with regard to the varied requirements of civilized life. If this plan is followed by housewives the high price of beef will be but little felt for the reason that it will be but one item and a subordinate one at that in summer diet. Summer vegetables are now coming in great abundance, wheat, flour and rice are plenty at reasonable prices. Many families could do without the butcher, but now almost exclusively depend upon him. It is safe to say the American people consume four times as much meat as is necessary. Its exclusive and excessive use is short, downright extravagant.

A Georgia Bonanza. It is said a rich strike has just been made in the famous old Ingersoll mine, in Lincoln county, Georgia, in the shape of a four and a half foot vein of silver, amounting \$100 to the ton. The vein bears unmistakable evidence of being a true silver and the owners of the mine are very happy over their good fortune. The crop ore in these mines is like most of the Georgia ore, of the rotten variety, and easily worked. The mines have not been idle in recent years, but a lack of capital has prevented the owners from developing them in an vigorous manner so they would like to do. With this new strike, however, they will have no difficulty in obtaining the money necessary to work the property thoroughly. The Ingersoll mine are an old and famous property. Before the war they were worked for gold only, and yielded a profit of \$1,000 per week, a profit which would be duplicated at the present time if they were vigorously worked.—North Georgia Citizen.

Deadly Weapons. A detective frightened a young man nearly to death yesterday. The young man was standing on the corner when the detective tapped him on the shoulder and said: "I shall have to arrest you for carrying deadly weapons." The young man turned pale, and his lip quivered, and he stammered out that he never carried a revolver or a knife in his life. "Yes," said the detective, "that may be all right, but look at your shoes." The young man looked at his pointed, toothpiked shoes, and asked what was the matter with them. Then the detective told him that his shoes were so sharp at the toes that if he should get mad and kick a man he would split him wide open. Then the detective winked and said: "You may go this time, but don't let it occur again."—Advocate Sun.

Baptizing Some in Georgia. One of the most important events in the history of the colored church in this section was the big baptizing at Watkinsville, Georgia, recently, when 100 persons were immersed, nearly every day for miles around witnessed the ceremony, besides a good sprinkling of whites. A pond had been dammed up in a branch, over a muddy bottom, and after a few pretexts had stirred up the soil the water was a perfect loblolly and needed straining to render it even partially clear. Converts who went in robes in spots white came out dripping with mud and slime. All sins and ages were immersed ranging from the pious old man tottering on the brink of the grave. The remains of the converts were stolidly amusing, as everyone went under the water shouting and exhorting. One old woman yelled out: "I've waded now through the gate of heaven. You sinful niggers cut dar on go to hell if you want to!" One darky discovered his employer looking on, when he sang out: "Mass Babe, hell's your portion, but I is sated for a crown of glory." A negro woman, as she was being led into the water, noticed some white ladies on the bank, when she yelled out: "Dar am de white folks wid all de spangles and silks and golden dippers, but dey am goin' to de devil, while me poor dirty nigger is safe in heaven." One of the last converts, seeing the condition of the mud-hole, refused to go in, but a delegation of church members ran him down and he was dragged into the pond and baptized by force.—Columbian Enquirer.

THE MAN BEHIND YOUR CURTAIN.

The Qualifications of a Waiter in an Up-Town Club House. A first-class, well appearing man servant, was advertised for recently by the Turf Club. A spruce young man there was full of information, and was willing to impart it. "The wages are \$85 a month," he said. "What do you have to do for that?" "In the first place you must know your business. A man can't be a head waiter unless he has had a good deal of experience. The very first thing they will ask you is who you have been employed by. There are a great many things to learn. One of the most difficult and perplexing is to remember the name of the man who has been to the club and to know them by sight. There are always a lot of men who get the run of a club and try to use it. The experienced waiter recognizes them at once, and bounces them in the most gentlemanly way. He is particular also to call the members by their right names. There is nothing that fathers most men as much as to call them by their right names on short acquaintance. Many men get furious when misnamed, and I have known some very serious results to come out of a waiter giving a letter to the wrong person. One was that of a jealous husband." "Does a man appearing man get any more pay than an ordinary one?" "No more pay, but his fine appearance will secure him a situation where he would otherwise not get one. But a waiter must not be of too fine appearance, because that sometimes leads to complications in a home. In clubs it is best to look well, no man likes to have a disagreeable object about while he is trying to enjoy himself. Then a waiter must have a great deal of self-control. He must be able to resist the temptation to empty many a half-filled glass that will pass through his hands. He must be willing to take a great deal of unmerited abuse; and consider that it all goes in his \$85 a month." "How about their being married?" "There are many waiters who are married and they keep their place for years. A man who is usually polite has a great advantage over one who has to put it on because there are a great many club men who know what good manners are." "How about competition? Is there enough to keep wages down?" "No. There is always a demand for first-class servants." "Anything else?" "Oh, yes, many things. A waiter must know how to set a table, to take care of the silver, to fold napkins, to see after more than one guest at a time, to be cool and collected when others are excited, to be respectful, obedient, shrewd, expert, capable, kind, honest, good looking, clean, industrious and sober, and all this for \$85 a month." "Any extras?" "Well, that depends on where you are. Sometimes you will get a place where your extras will amount to more than your regular wages."—New York Sun.

Hint to Candidates. A citizen who lately built himself a residence, was the other day showing a friend through it, and when everything had been noticed and discussed, he asked: "Well, do you see any place where you could improve it?" "Yes, I noticed a bad error right at the start," was the reply. Being asked to explain, he continued: "You have no balcony in front." "But I didn't want one." "Well, perhaps not, but when you are running for office and the band comes up to serenade you, and the populace call for a speech, you will either have to go to the roof or come down to the ground to respond. A balcony is a sort of middle ground—just high enough to escape making pledges, and not too high to promise all sorts of reforms. Ought to have a balcony, sir—regret it if you don't."—Austin (Tex.) Siftings.

Oysters in Italy. From the report of Consul Dupuis the Italians would appear to have solved the problem of how to obtain a cheap supply of native oysters. The most extensive ground of all, and that from which most of the oysters consumed in Southern Italy are obtained is known as the "Mare Piccolo," or little sea, near Taranto, at the land's-end of the peninsula, familiarly known as the "heel of the boot." An immense number is said to be reared here, and the consumption of the produce of these beds alone is estimated to average 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 annually, the price from 2d. 6d. to 1s. a hundred. The system of cultivation appears to be as successful as it is simple. From April to November, bundles of brushwood are submerged in the outer sea, and to these the spawn is found to readily attach itself. They are afterwards raised, and those on which the tiny oysters have settled are submerged in the "Mare Piccolo," where in about two years they attain their full size.—London Post, May 21.

Cremona in Europe. [Full Ball Gazette.] The cremation of Garibaldi, which is to be carried out according to his last will and testament, will tend to revive public interest in a controversy of which little has been heard for some time. At present the practice is not popular; for the most of us it is not even possible. Even at Milan the number of cremations does not exceed 100 per annum. The report of M. George Martinien, "The Propagation Cadet," submitted to the Municipal Council of Paris, contains the latest and most trustworthy information on the subject of cremation. M. Martinien agrees with M. Cadet that cremation in a short time will be regarded as the only possible solution of a problem which, in great cities, is ever increasing in urgency; but he contents himself with proposing that, for the present, cremation should be optional. The crematory, however, is as yet but in an early stage of development. Under the stimulus of competition it is probable a much nearer approach to perfection may be made than has yet been attained. The regenerative furnace of M. Hemes at Dresden only cost \$250, and is one of the best yet invented. Combustion is effected by heated air, and the process is very rapid. The Brunetti crematory is complicated and slow. It takes four hours to consume a body, and necessitates a consumption of a hundred weight of wood. The most ghastly of the apparatus of cremation is the Kuborn, which is devised for use on the field of battle. In this dreadful machine as many as twelve bodies can be burned at one time, the operation lasting from an hour to an hour and a half. A dozen Kuborn working day and night could dispose of twenty-five hundred corpses in twenty-four hours. Thirty years ago it was proposed to dispose of bodies by passing them into gas retorts, and since then many inventors have sought to use gas as an agent for reducing them to their elements. The apparatus of MM. Pollock and Clericotti, in which many cremations have taken place, is one of those in which gas is used, much on the prin-

The Murders in the Phoenix.

London World, June 21. A curious opinion is very prevalent among the lower classes in Dublin about the Phoenix Park murders; and it is worth a thing, perhaps, by those who look upon the whole affair as inexplicable. I have it from one who was a patient in Stevens Hospital when the bodies of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were brought in; and one of the lower classes himself says it is the belief of a very large number of the masses. When Lord Harrington was Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1871, it may be remembered that the Phoenix Park was visited by Dublin, and that there was a very serious disturbance in the Phoenix Park. The police made a furious and as some say, a very unprovoked assault upon the mob, near the Wellington Memorial, and a vast number of people were badly beaten, including I think, Mr. T. D. Sullivan. Mr. F. Lord Harrington was present, and saw the whole affair, which created a tremendous sensation and resulted in the celebrated case of "O'Beirne vs. Harrington." Now, the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish is put down by the Dublin lower orders as an act of private revenge upon the Cavendish family. Mr. Burke's fate is believed to have been only incidental. The grudge engendered by the police batons and Lord Harrington's presence consenting to the occurrence was to be at "last wiped out, and directly it was heard that Lord Frederick was coming over as Chief Secretary, the private vendetta was resumed and the account finally closed. This is common talk in the Dublin streets. Moreover, the Stevens Hospital patient heard it first from some members of the Royal Irish Constabulary the night of the murders, and hence it is evident that there was an idea in that quarter that Lord Frederick was in some danger from his relationship to Lord Harrington. All this may be mere idle talk, but it makes the affair more nearly resemble the Felton-Buckingham business.

How a Plot Was Betrayed. London World, June 21. It rather startled Sir Charles Dilke about a month ago when a couple of ladies arrived at his house very late one night, and insisted on seeing him to give important information which was nothing less than an accidental circumstance having revealed to one of them an intention to blow up the yard at Purfleet. By the timely warning this was frustrated; and report says that the way the plot became known was by one of those extraordinary trifles in human lives which, apparently of no moment, have often been the turning point of some great event. A window left open, a watcher sitting alone without a light, waiting the return of one of the family from a late dinner; two men standing upon the steps, conversing in low tones, little thinking they were overheard, or that the words they spoke could have betrayed to that listener the intended scheme of destruction.

A Love Affair Wound up. "I should smile." So Bertha Redengote spoke these words she lay coquetically in a hammock that had been swung between two giant oaks that reared their tall heads aloft in the broad lawn, at the edge of which stood her father's stately residence. A little foot, enmeshed in a silken stocking, whose delicate texture displayed to advantage the trim ankle within, peeped out from beneath a fleecy-white drape, while the laughing eyes and fair forehead of the girl were surmounted by a coronal of sunnily-poled tresses of which any hair cream night have been proud. "So you like ice-cream?" said Harold Mortuary, leaning over the hammock and looking tenderly into Bertha's blue eyes. "I should smile," said the girl again, getting ready to put on her slipper and start. "You are right," said Harold. "Ice-cream is a good thing. Perhaps some day next week I will buy you some."

Setting His Mark High. Soon after the late Horace Maynard entered Amherst College he put on the door of his room a large letter V. Its presence exposed him to questions and ridicule, but paying no attention to either he kept the letter in its place. At the end of four years graduation day came, and Mr. Maynard was appointed to deliver the valedictory. After having received the compliments of the faculty and students of the college for the honor he had received, Mr. Maynard called the attention of his fellow-graduates to the letter V over the door of his room, and asked if they then understood what was meant by the letter V. After short reflection they answered, "Yes, Valedictory." He replied, "You are right." His fellows then asked if he had the valedictory on his mind when he pasted the letter over his door. Mr. Maynard replied, "Assuredly I had."—Boston Journal.

New Orleans has to pay one of its lawyers in the famous Gaines suit \$57,000 for losing its suit. By the time Myra and the lawyers get through with the Crescent City there won't be enough of it left for the dualists and the yellow fever. Don't ask the man whose "old wound" hurts him every time the wind changes to let you look at his honorable discharge. Don't you know the Confederates took it away from him when he was in Libby prison? Don't say where you get this, but they do say that Sarah Bernhardt's present husband is trying to get a title from his predecessor to quiet his title.

THE MURDERS IN THE PHOENIX.

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