MADISON TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE WELFARE OF MAIDSON PARISH.

VOL. II—NO. 21. TALLULAH MADISON PARISH LA SATURDAY. JULY 4, 1885 TERMS $2.00 PER YEAR

GAY TENOR OF HIS WAYS.

Signor Cardinali Won Hearts and Lost Diamonds.

He Disappoints a San Francisco Sweetheart and Leaves About the Time Another Lady Threatens Suit.

When Colonel Mapleson last ransacked Europe for singers for her Majesty's Opera Company, he found Signor Cardinali and engaged him. Signor Cardinali is a tenor. He sang the part Rhadames in "Aida." When the Signor was not behind the footlights or running his vocal scales, he busied himself either in paying attention to the ladies or in polishing up the many diamonds he possessed.

His enemies whispered that the Signor made a great show of his care for diamonds to make people believe they had some value. When the whispers came to Cardinali's ears he only shrugged his shoulders in fine Italian scorn and paid no more attention to them.

The Signor traveled with Her Majesty's Opera Company all over this broad land, and he sang Rhadames in the big cities. He came back to New York when the season ended, and two weeks before he was to sail for Europe he asked his friends, operatic and otherwise, to a dinner at Riccadonna's cafe. He gave Riccadonna carte blanche and he personally impressed upon Riccadonna's head cook the necessity of making the dinner worthy of an Italian gentleman's hospitality.

The night of the dinner came and the guests crowded Riccadonna's brilliant dining rooms. Signor Cardinali was not there to receive them. The waiting minutes grew into an hour and he did not appear. In vain did Cardinali's brother in opera, Cherubini, sing to them. They could not dine on an air however well rendered. In vain did Vicini and Giannani sound their sweetest notes. Some of the guests had fasted since morning so as to do full justice to the dinner, and they refused to be comforted.

The guests went away hungry and wondered where Cardinali was. They learned that he had suddenly sailed for Europe the day before that set for his dinner. They heard, it seems, that a suit for $30,000 damages was about to be brought against the tenor and then went searching for the cause.

When Cardinali was in Philadelphia last April with the opera troupe he put up at the Lafayette Hotel, on Broad street near Chestnut. He left his room to go to the Academy of Music a couple of blocks away and he left the door of his room unlocked. His biggest diamond was on his dressing-table. When Cardinali returned the diamond was gone. He tore his hair out by the handful and swore in choice Sicilian that every one in the hotel should be searched. He engaged detectives. They were over-zealous and searched a number of New York ladies who had rooms near Cardinali, despite their protests. One of the ladies thought her fair name injured and threatened the suit that, it is said, drove the tenor so suddenly abroad and robbed his waiting guests of their dinners.

Other stories of the Italian singer have circulated since his hurried trip. It is reported that when he was in San Francisco a most estimable lady fell in love with him. Her friends congratulated both of them. When the San Francisco season ended Cardinali bade the lady good-by, and told her that his engagement ended with the company's. The lady, it is said, took to her bed, prostrated by disappointment. New York Journal.

Tourist's Idea of Texas.

For shooting, a shotgun and rifle are requisite, and English ammunition is far better and cheaper than American. There are no game laws except as to close seasons, which are little regarded in that vast wild country. For protection a six shooter may be carried, except in the towns, but should never be shown unless for immediate use, when "'twere well 'twere done quickly," or the other fellow will get the drop on you. But if a stranger avoids saloons and speaks civilly, he need never get into a "muss," and if you treat the boys "white" they will treat you "right square, you bet your sweet life," and "will dearly love to make you comfortable," as a Texan landlady remarked to us. They will share their "chuck" (food) and their last quid of tobacco, and they may accept ammunition or tobacco or a shooter in return for services rendered, but do not offer them money unless you wish to have your hair parted; and, above all, remember that in Texas as throughout America Jack is as good as his master. A person who cannot help swaggering about British superiority had much better keep the broad Atlantic between himself and Texas, while another person with his mouth shut and his eyes open will thoroughly enjoy that country London Field.

A Narrow Escape.

I knew a man once who got into a bad scrape. He has the same name as another well known man in our town, and one day he received a letter from New York signed "Mary," recalling to his mind a flirtation he had forgotten all about it, but he had had so many flirtations that it did not occur to him the letter was intended for his namesake. He answered the letter as vaguely as he could. He got a reply. The lady was not quite sure about him. He had made several bad breaks in his recollections and there was a suspicion in her mind that he was not the man she alluded to. She was married and well off, so he felt that the fun should not be missed.

One day he got a note to say she had arrived in town and would meet him in the parlor of one of our hotels next afternoon. He bethought himself of his namesake and he went down and interviewed him. He found that he had been dealing with an old sweetheart of his friend's who was quite willing to post him on certain details that would establish identity. He kept the appointment. The lady was closely veiled.

"You are much changed," she said.

"Yes. I have altered very much of late years."

"I don't think that you are the gentleman I know."

"O yes, I am. Don't you remember"—and he ran over some of the incidents he had learned.

"Yes, yes; that's so. I am so glad to meet you. My husband is very ill and he has been an invalid for a long time. He is not likely to live."

"I am so sorry."

"But I would like to have a long talk with you."

So they made another appointment for lunch and parted. Next day he saw the cloak, hat and feathers walking in front of him on Kearney street. He walked up, prepared to renew the acquaintance. An observer might have noticed the acute angle at which he struck off the side walk and plunged across the street. She was gray haired, 54 years old, and homely as a hedge fence. He left town—at least he wrote to her he had—and he wandered through unfrequented allays and dark streets for a week, till she had departed for other climes. He doesn't feel safe even now. San Francisco Chronicle.

DEATH OF THE EMPEROR.

A Horse Which Carried Many Grand Marshals in Military Parades.

When the military procession formed in Fifth avenue on the morning of Decoration Day, General Green, chief of cavalry, looked gloomy. In answer to an inquiry of a friend he said that Emperor had sprained his leg and there was no horse to take his place. Yesterday Emperor died and General Green is gloomier still.

Every soldier and Grand Army man who ever served on the staff of a grand marshal has known the proud, intelligent Emperor, but there were out few who could ride him. General Shaler, however, at the head of his National Guard division, knew exactly how to handle him. He had virtually to be left alone. Any one who tried to control him to any extent would soon find himself on the pavement. Prouder than the commanding general Emperor let even his own rider know that he knew his business thoroughly. Standing perfectly still when the various divisions were forming in side streets, watching them until the time for marching arrived, when the bugle sounded he would begin to prance. Then, without any orders, he marched along, changing his step whenever the drum corps relieved the music of the bands. When passing the reviewing stand he made his salute by gracefully prancing before the reviewing officer, but immediately returned to his ordinary step when the reviewing stand had been passed. New York Sun.

Buying Exercise.

The appliances of modern civilization are so multiform and perfect that the New York belle actually can buy exercise as easily as she can purchase wearing apparel. I know a girl, writes a correspondent, whose health was hurt by last winter's social dissipations. Her doctor told her that she could only live by means of a persistent and thorough course of physical training.

"Oh, but I can't be expected to work like a prize fighter," she replied; "I guess I'd rather die, if you please."

But the physician said that she could have her exercise done for her so long as she was able and willing to pay for it, the only personal inconvenience being a loss of time. She is following his directions. Early every morning she takes a long ride on horseback, and thereby gets as much exercise as would be obtained by walking for the same time. Then she goes to a Russian bath establishment and is steamed nearly to a pulp, laid on a slab to be kneaded and rubbed by a stalwart woman, and finally goes into the hands of another attendant, who puts her through the "Swedish movement cure," which consists of the bending and stretching of pretty nearly every muscle and joint, the subject remaining lazily limp and submissive. Thus it is a fact, that without a particle of exertion on her own account, she can buy as much exercise in two or three hours as she could get by the most arduous and exhausting labor during the same period.

A FAIRY TALE.

"On court, helas! apres la verite;
Ah! croyez-moi, l'erreur a son merite."

Curled in a maze of dolls and bricks,
I find Miss Mary, ætat, six,
Blonde, blue-eyed, frank, capricious,
Absorbed in her first fairy-book,
From which she scarce can pause to look
Because it's "so delicious."

She marvels, too. A crystal Boat
In which they cross a magic Moat,
That's smooth as glass to row on—
A cat that brings all sorts of things;
And see, the Queen has angel wings—
Then Ogre comes—and so on.

What trash it is! How sad to find
(Dear Moralist!) the childish mind
So active and so pliant,
Rejecting themes in which you mix
Fond truths and pleasing facts, to fix
On tales of Dwarf and Giant.

In merest prudence men should teach
That cats mellifluous in speech
Are painful contradictions;
That science ranks as monstrous things
Two pairs of upper limbs; so wings—
E'en angels' wings!—are fictions;

That there's no giant now but steam;
That life, although "an empty dream,"
Is scarce a "land of Fairy."
'Of course I said all this?" Why, no;
I did a thing far wiser, though—
I read the tale with Mary.

Banker Fish threatens to give Fred Ward "a black eye and a broken neck." It might be well to let Mr. Fish and Mr. Ward come together soon. Louisville Courier Journal.

HE KNEW SHE WOULD DIE.

And Had a Presentiment of the Drowning of His Son.

Remarkable Story Told by Mr. August Glassmier—A Man who Read the Inscription of His Wife's Coffin-lid a Week Before She Was Dead.

St. Louis Sunday Sayings.

"You saw the article in the papers about John Ryder, the farmer in New York State, who foretold the day of his death?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't take much stock in such things, but my brother had a more remarkable experience than that."

"Let's have it," said the reporter, and August Glassmeyer, the well-known lumberman, leaned back in his comfortable office chair and lit his pipe before beginning.

"I don't know," he said, "what Frank would think about it. He's living over in Belleville now, and I haven't seen him for some time. But he used to talk very freely of his experiences and I often wondered that they did not get into the papers.

"Frank was something of a Spiritualist, I believe, although I don't know as that is what he would call it. He lived for a good many years on McNair avenue near Gravois, and had a family of two daughters and one son. The boy, Jim his name was, was

PRETTY WILD

and left home when he was about fifteen.

"Well, my brother came into my office one Sunday night, I think it was about nine o'clock, I know I had just come in from church, and he said to me, 'Gus, they're sending home that boy to me.'

"'What?' says I.

"'They're sending home my boy,' he replied, the tears starting in his eyes. 'I saw him this afternoon as I was sitting at dinner. He was laid out all white and cold, and his clothes were dripping wet. They're sending him home to me. Because a little later I saw some men lifting a long box into a baggage car, and I know that my poor boy's body was in that box.'

"I laughed at him and ventured that Jim was a pretty lively boy and probably abundantly able to take care of himself. But he shook his head sadly and said:

"'No, Gus, I know what I say; the boy is dead and they're sending his body home.'

"The next afternoon the body of Frank's son was brought to his house. He had been

DROWNED WHILE SWIMMING

in the lake at Cleveland.

"Well," continued Mr. Glassmeyer, as he relit his pipe, which had gone out while he was telling his story. "It must have been two years after this, that of a Sunday night, just about nine o'clock again, Frank came into this office, and I was sitting here smoking after church. He was very white in the face when he came in and I knew that he had something unusual to say.

"'Gus,' he said to me abruptly, 'I'm going to lose my wife.'

"'Is she sick?' I asked.

"'Never was better.'

"'What makes you think so then?'

"'Well, this afternoon I was sitting in the parlor and all of a sudden it grew dark; all around me. I was in the parlor all alone. As soon as my eyes got accustomed to the darkness I could see there was something in the middle of the room. Just enough light from the street lamp crept in through the blind to flash upon something light upon its surface. I went up to it. The dark object was a coffin, and the light just touched a coffin plate. I could read my wife's name on it.'

"'And the date?'

"'Yes, the date. It was Died June 3, 1883. That will be next Sunday.'

"'WAS IT A DREAM?'

I asked him.

"'I think it was, for in a little while the room was all light again. But I believe, Gus, that I shall lose my wife.'

"I tried to convince him that it was only a dream and that there was nothing in it, but he left me that night fully impressed with the belief that his wife would die on the following Sunday night.

"Just a week from that time I was summoned to his house. His wife lay dead in the parlor, the victim of heart disease."

Mr. Glassmeyer again relit his pipe and smoked in silence for a few minutes.

"The next thing I expect," he said, taking his pipe from his mouth, "is that Frank will walk in here and frighten me to death by announcing the day and date of his own death."

Hugo's Love for Children.

A hitherto unpublished anecdote of Victor Hugo will at the present moment be of interest to many.

During the days of the poet's exile in Guernsey an English lady, who had for some time been living with her family at St. Savior, near the center of the island, missed her youngest son, an intelligent child of about 5 years old. The boy, it afterward appeared, had strayed from his nurse, and, wandering aimlessly about, had grown weary, and had quite contentedly gone to sleep in the open air Victor Hugo, on one of his solitary rambles, found the child just awaking, and recognized him as the son of a lady whom he knew by sight. He hoisted him on his back, and, greatly delighted, cantered with him across the country to his own house. A storm came on, and it was decided that the youngster could not be sent back that night. A message, however, allayed the mother's anxieties and next morning the boy was returned, together with profuse apologies, many thanks, and a huge basket of flowers and fruits.

Upon being asked how he enjoyed his unpremeditated visit, the child said, "Very much, indeed! M. Hugo played at lions with me all the evening. He was the lion—under the table. And, do you know, once when he came out of his den and growled, he pulled off the tablecloth and broke ever so many glasses. It was such fun!" It is not given to every one to have played at lions with the author of "Les Miserables."

Another anecdote—also unpublished—is equally eloquent of Hugo's love for children. Some months later the little daughter of the same English lady fell sick of scarlet fever. The poet heard of it, and, after bringing several offerings of grapes, he one day, although he was still a comparative stranger, begged as a great favor to be allowed to see the patient, who was by this time beginning to mend. He laughed at the idea of infection; and, upon being led to the sick room, he sat down by the bedside, and, gently taking one of the child's hands in his, was soon inventing for her benefit a most enchanting fairy tale. He came again on the next day, and on several subsequent days, always with a new story, and always in the best of spirits. When the child was well he came no more; but each year since, on his birthday, he has sent to her—she now has children of her own—some little token of his kindly recollection of her. St. James Gazette.

DRESS REFORM.

Women and Women's Dress—No Trousers Wanted.

It is useless to preach trousers to the civilized woman under the name of the divided skirt or any other. She will have none of them unless they are put out of sight. The "divided" does not present any just claim to the suffrages of women, apart from the prejudice existing against trousers in the place of skirts. It is simply an ugly and shapeless kind of drawers and when it tries to be pretty it is by adding ruffles, piling on weakness, the last effort of imbecility.

Skirts present difficulties which might be remedied. The even suit of fine summer gauze or heavier wool, the corset bodice, which shapes but does not necessarily compress the waist; the silk, linen or cotton combination—all these have been accomplished facts for the past ten years at least, thus providing for all who chose to avail of them garments which do not unduly restrain and which distribute the warmth over the surface of the body. Add to these drawers reaching barely to the tops of the boots made of the material of the dress and lined or unlined according to the season and the weight of material, and a skirt in addition to a lined or heavy woolen dress would be entirely unnecessary.

The drawers in this case would be out of sight. They would be as protective and save the weight of skirts as well as the divided skirt; but they would not present an obnoxious appearance, would not flap about the legs or leave an unnecessary amount of material lying about loose and in the way. Such a dress as this would not be adapted to the drawing room, where the long gown is an element of essential grace and beauty, but it would greatly facilitate many kinds of work and out-door exercise and render school and business dress more easy and adaptable. New York Letter Hartford Times.

Dartmouth's College Bell.

A new college bell has been procured to replace the one which became cracked this winter. It was cast at Troy, and weighs 300 pounds. Engraved on its rim is the college motto, Vox clamantis in deserto," with "ora et labora."

Some of the devices made use of to take the place of a bell, since the college was founded in 1769, are very curious. Eleazer Wheelock, the first president, endeavored to obtain a bell from England, but was unsuccessful, and during his life the call to prayers and other exercises was made by a horn or conch shell, which, according to the college records, was blown by one of the native Indians, for whose benefit the college was founded. Some of the irreverent students of that day are said to have been guilty of playing upon the words of the college motto in reference to the shell which called them to their duties, pronouncing the words, "vox clam aulis in deserto."

A bell weighing less than 100 pounds was finally got from some source, and served for about ten years. During the interim between the breaking and procuring of another, the college exercises were timed to the tap of a bass drum. The second bell was brought from Hartford, Conn., in a carriage. Once afterward the horn was made use of. The college has had in all seven bells, not mentioning the drums and trumpets. The bell has to undergo a large amount of ringing in the course of twenty four hours to meet the requirements of church, chapel and recitations, so that it is not strange that it soon gives out. Cor. Boston Globe.

How to Call Birds.

A sportsman at Baxley, Ga., has a cute trick about calling birds. He says that the whistle of the male and female differ materially. At this season of the year the male birds are easily called up by giving the call of the female. The male seems to say, "bob white," and the female, "boy see." The editor of the local paper tells how this trick works: "By the time he had given us the dots we were out in the woods. Having secreted ourselves he gave the female call and here one came right straight for us. Sometimes they will come flying and pitch close at your feet. We were out but a short time and we killed five. Mr. Barnes tells us that he generally goes out in his buggy, calls them to him and kills them at short range. He never kills a female for they will not come to the call. Boston Journal.

The Salubrious Air of Liberty.

A broker, who went out of Wall street with scarcely money enough to pay his ferriage to Jersey City, has made a new start in Arizona. He has formed a partnership with three men. One discovers rich silver and gold deposits. A second is a soft talker, who organizes stock companies and sells shares. The third is judge of the court in which suits are likely to be brought, and the broker himself has a dead sure thing of being drawn on the jury. As the broker explained to a New Yorker who met him a few weeks ago:

"There is something about the air of liberty in this great west which just agrees with me—verdict for our side to the tune of $30,000." Wall Street News.

Oh! why do they rave at us bald-headed men?
We're an innocent lot; I am sure,
And I venture to say there's not one out of ten
But what has his cares to endure.
When he looks at his pate,
Sees his hairless estate,
And glances o'er what might have been,
He sighs for an heir,
As well as some hair—
We poor, single bald-headed men!

Chicago Sun.

THE SPECTER.

When I first took orders, I went to serve a curacy of one of my friends in a wild and remote part of Donegal. The village was not far from the sea, and the church stood half way between them, in a dismal place, which even in summer is exceedingly dreary, but in winter it was bleak and deserted.

In the village lodged a medical student who pretended to possess the faculty of foretelling the death of his neighbors. He often exercised his powers of divination for revenge, but he carried on his practices with so much skill and cunning that the simple villagers feared as much as they hated him. His predictions sometimes happened to be true, but they might have been very safely made without the intervention of any supernatural agency. The rogue thought fit to call in the aid of a superstitious tradition, and for this purpose used to pass Allhallows Eve alone in the church porch, where, he said, he beheld the shadowy forms of those who were doomed to die passing in weird processions along the churchyard path.

Among others, he declared he had seen the specter of a young man who was serving with his regiment in South Africa; and he declared that to his belief and certain knowledge the young lieutenant would die in the course of the year. This mischievous prediction was likely to have very serious consequences. Lieutenant Nevill was betrothed to a beautiful and innocent girl who lived in the village, and they were to be married on his return. Eveleen Verschoyle was at this time about 18 years of age, lovely, accomplished and refined. She had borne up for a long time against the apprehensions and anxieties which Musgrave's dreadful prophecies had aroused; but now her health rapidly declined, her spirits failed, and it seemed but too probable that she would form one of the grim troop, who on Allhallows Eve were to make their terrible journey through the church gate.

The cause of her illness was well known. The matter was talked of everywhere, and had spread a panic through the place, which had greatly vexed my friend, Lord O'Grady. He told me that Harold Musgrave entertained for Eveleen Verschoyle a love as violent as it was hopeless, and he had been heard to swear that if not his, she should be no other man's.

Lord O'Grady now visited me, to consult as to what could be done to put a stop to this daring imposture, and to restore peace to the mind of this unhappy girl. He might have compelled Musgrave to leave the place; but this would not have remedied the past evil, and he wished first to convince the people that the pretended vision was false. He therefore proposed to me that I should pass the fatal eve in the church porch, and that I should publicly proclaim the result of my observations during this terrible hour to my credulous parishioners.

Allhallows Eve arrived. I dined with Lord O'Grady, and spent a delightful evening with him and his family until within half an hour of midnight, when I left them, with great reluctance, I confess; and, protected by a warm and capacious great coat, I walked rapidly towards the church.

I took my seat in the porch of the ancient building, the appearance of which, in the moonlight, was at least as strange as the times in which it was erected. The wind moaned and blew with mournful force from the sea across the flat highlands which lay between. It shrieked through the old church tower with wild and fitful sound, and rushed round the corners of the building with swift and hurrying blasts.

I had not sat there long before I began to wish with an exceeding great desire that the hour of my lonely watch had expired. I was chilled to the very bone by the keen wind, and I could no longer control a painful shudder which ran through my overstrained nerves. I at last had only a few minutes to stay.

I began to pace quickly across the small porch, hoping to warm my shivering frame, when I distinctly heard the creaking of the churchyard gate. I turned instantly toward the place whence the sound proceeded, and looking down, I saw in the now clear moonlight a figure advancing up the path that runs through the churchyard.

At this moment I must confess that terror got the better of reason, and that my shivering increased with alarming violence as I continued to gaze on the approaching object. I could imagine no natural cause for which it was possible that any one could be traversing that path at such an hour.

The figure suddenly stopped, and stood with his back towards me. I saw that it was dressed in a soldier's uniform. The scarlet clothes showed in the moonlight; the glittering buttons and the sword hanging from the belt, all convinced me that the apparition wore the dress of an officer in the army.

Musgrave's prediction rushed back to my mind, and in the confusion of the moment I was almost inclined to admit its truth. It is true that I had never seen the young soldier who had been the subject of it, but the coincidence was so strong as to stagger me. Moonlight always gives a strange pallor to the human face, and this, aided perhaps by my excited fancy, gave to that of the silent figure before me a pallid, deathlike appearance.

I suddenly remembered the duty which I had consented to perform, and subduing with a strong effort the panic which had seized me, I stepped forward and called out, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied the figure in a hoarse but certainly natural voice.

"What do you seek here at this hour of the night?" I asked.

"Before I answer you," replied the apparition, "let me ask what right you have to question me?"

"I am," I said, "the curate of this place."

"Well, sir," it replied, with a cheery laugh, "my name is Nevill, and I am a lieutenant in the army; you are probably acquainted with my mother, who lives in the village yonder, and I am now on my way to surprise her with a visit, as my regiment has been ordered home so suddenly that I arrived almost as soon as a letter would have done."

I was so overcome with surprise that for a few moments I could not answer. At last I found voice to explain to the young officer the reason of my strange vigil, and the critical condition of his lovely and interesting betrothed.

He at once declared that jealousy had prompted Musgrave's horrid scheme, and I had difficulty in preventing him from rushing to his lodgings and taking summary revenge upon him.

We proceeded at once to the house of Lord O'Grady, who was still sitting up, anxiously waiting my report. He added his persuasions to mine, and we induced the young man to remain there for the night, and to allow me to break to his mother and his bride the joyful news of his arrival on the following morning. I shall not attempt to describe their delight.

Sweet Eveleen soon recovered when her anxiety and terror were dissipated, and a few weeks after his return I had the pleasure of uniting her for life to her frank and handsome lover, who was well worthy of even this priceless treasure.

Musgrave left the village some days before the marriage, to the great pleasure and comfort of the inhabitants.

CRUISING FOR ROOSHINS.

A Bold Adventure Ends Disastrously in Boston Harbor.

"Say, fellers," cried little George Morris, "what do you say if we go cruising for the Rooshins? I'm sick of this landlubber life, and shiver my timbers if I don't think I can reef a main tops'l with any tar afloat."

The speaker, says the Boston Globe, was one of a number of six boys whose ages averaged 12 years. His familiarity with nautical terms had doubtless been due to his reading some recent mariner's story.

"I don't believe in fightin' 'gainst the Rooshins," responded Patsey O'Brien, his eyes flashing as if ready to emit dynamite. "I'm wid Roosha and agin the English. I'm a jolly sea dog, I am."

"I'm wid ye," shouted Johnnie Murray. "And me," yelled Johnnie Finn. "Me too," vociferated Jimmie Welsh. "Down wid the Enghsh," cried Jimmie Watson, striking an O'Donovan Rossa attitude.

Being in such an obvious minority young Morris was forced to yield, and with his companions concluded to fight under the Russian eagles. Forthwith they procured a sailboat from one Samuel Warren, and laid in a stock of dough nuts, seedcakes, and gingerbread. Patsey O'Brien was chosen captain, with almost autocratic powers. He was also delegated to have exclusive charge of whatever correspondence the crew might have with the czar. Every one of the crew was ordered to hold himself in readiness to sail with sealed orders at any moment. Saturday night the news flashed o'er the cables assumed a more warlike tone, and when the crew of the Dynamite, as their craft was called, retired after reading the latest dispatches, they were fully prepared to quit their warm beds at any moment and embark.

Patsey's ultimatum arrived, and in accordance with his commands the crew and their chief put off from Lewis wharf a few hours later. By a chance arrangement of the sheet, they were carried out into the harbor all right, but reaching there, the nautical neophytes became ready victims to their youthful ignorance. In this crisis, Captain O'Brien who had been below dictating a dispatch to his private secretary, coming on deck, ordered all sail to be furled as the safest way of avoiding great peril. In this condition the craft drifted alongside the Bird's Island's flats, when, after the holding of a council of war, a signal of distress was improvised out of Jimmie Welsh's shirt. The latter attracted the attention of Patrolman Russell aboard the police boat Protector, who steamed up to the stranded crew and then took them aboard. The Dynamite was put in the dry dock.

A Famous Man's Birthplace.

A man ought not to criticise his birthplace, I presume, and yet, if I were to do it all over again, I do not know whether I would select that particular spot or not. Sometimes I think I would not. And yet, what memories cluster about that old house! There was the place where I first met my parents. It was at that time that an acquaintance sprang up which has ripened in later years into mutual respect and esteem. Here, amid the barren and inhospitable waste of rocks and cold, the last place in the world that a great man would naturally select to be born in, began the life of one who, by his own unaided effort, in after years rose to the proud hight of postmaster at Laramie City, Wy. T., and with an estimate of the future that seemed almost prophetic, resigned before he could be characterized as an offensive partisan. Here on the banks of the raging Piscataquis, where winter lingers in the lap of spring till it occasions a good deal of talk, there began a career which has been the wonder and admiration of every vigilance committee west of the turbulent Missouri. There on the spot, with no inheritance but a predisposition to premature baldness and a bitter hatred to rum; with no personal property but a misfit suspender and a stone bruise, began a life history which has never ceased to be a warning to people who sell groceries on credit. Bill Nye.

The walls of several of the British war ships are constructed of paper.

TIMELY PORTRAITS.

MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.

The elevation of the Marquis of Salisbury to the premiership of England makes the Marchioness the foremost lady in the land. Already exclusively fashionable, the present state of affairs will render her more so and her house will become more than ever, the political center of the Tory world. She is a daughter of the late Sir Edward Hall and a niece of Mrs. Otis, who acheived distinction in literature in the early part of this century.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES.

The "Red Prince" was born March 20th 1828 and has been an important figure in the Prussian army since the Schleswig-Holstein war in 1848. He was the ideal German military commander, bred and educated for war alone. He was in command of the Second German army during the Franco-Prussian war; captured Metz with 150,000 prisoners; re-captured Orleans and drove General Chanzy to the north. He was made a Field Marshal for his brilliant services during this campaign.

Ranking Above Their Fathers.

"When I was Secretary of the Navy," says Robeson, "and Grant was President, some hundreds of the sailors of the better class came to me and asked to have some rank given them. They didn't care about an increase of pay, but they wanted relative rank.

"I couldn't do anything for them, but they came several times, and were rather importunate and I finally led a delegation of them over to the White House and let them present their petition to President Grant in person. They told him what they wanted, and argued for a redress of their grievances, plainly but forcibly.

At last an old boatswain came to the front, and hitching up his trousers and turning over his incumbent quid, he said: Mr. President, I can put this 'ere matter so's you can see it plain. Now here I be—a parent; in fact, a father. My son is a midshipman. He outranks me, don't you observe? That ain't right don't you see?'

"'Indeed,' said Grant; 'who appointed him a middy?'

"'The Secretary here,' the bo'sun said, and encouraged by the question, he went on: 'It ain't right, don't you see, that I should be beneath 'im? Ef I was to go on his ship the boy I brought up to obejence would boss his own father! Jes think of that! An' he has better quarters 'n me, an' better grub, nice furn'ture, an' all that; sleeps in a nice soft bed 'n' all that. See?'

"'Yes, the President said; 'yes; the world is full of inequalities. I know of a case quite similar to yours.'

"The old bo'sun chuckled quietly, and gave another hitch to his lower gear.

"'I know of an old fellow,' said Gen. Grant, 'who is postmaster of a little town in Kentucky. He lives in a plain way, in a small house. He is a nice old man, but he isn't much in rank. His son outranks him more than your son does you. His son lives in Washington, in the biggest house there, and he is surrounded by the nicest of furniture, and eats and drinks anything he takes a notion to. He could remove his father from office in a minute if he wanted to. But he doesn't want to. And the old man—that is Jesse Grant, you know—doesn't seem to care about the inequality in rank. I suppose he is glad to see his boy get along in the world.'

"The old bo'sun looked down at the carpet and tried to bore a hole in it with his toe, and his comrades all laughed at him joyously, and slapped him on the back and filed out in great glee. It was the last I ever heard of the petition or the petitioners. The old bo'sun flung his cud into a cuspidor as he left. Probably he had concluded to give up thinking."

That boiled cabbage is much sweeter when the water is changed in boiling.