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A FULL line of Lundborg's and Lubin's Famous Extracts and French Sachet Powder, at Brooks' Drug Store.

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BUTTER—We keep the celebrated Fox River Creamery; the best in town, at David & Garig's.

RUSSIAN Caviar—Try it and you will find it at David & Garig's.

JUMBLES—The very nicest in the world, are sold by David & Garig.

OAT MEAL—Five pound packages, at David & Garig's.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE!

"FOR THIS ARE WE DOCTORS!"

THE RADICALS WILL SUPPORT THE INDEPENDENTS!

WHAT THE INDEPENDENTS PROMISE TO DO AS AN EQUIVALENT!

DEMOCRATS MUST TOE THE MARK, OR BE BULLDOSED AT THE POLLS

Resolved, That the Republicans of East Baton Rouge, in mass meeting assembled, do hereby endorse the action of their Parish Committee, at a meeting held on Tuesday, October 28th, 1879, in giving their hearty support to the candidates on the Independent ticket, who in turn promise a free ballot and a fair count at the polls for our candidates on the State ticket

Passed at the Beatty mass meeting, Wednesday, Oct. 29, 1879.

Select Miscellany.

A BERLIN MYSTERY

M. Pascal Duvrier, a little old man, high shouldered, thin, and with sunken cheeks and eyes, seen upon the street looked like anything but a detective. He was not a detective professionally, but he had a strange monomania for the solution of the mysteries of crime and hunting down the criminals. The professionals detested him, but the heads of the Police Department of Paris cherished him. He had an income of his own, would never accept reward, and was equally indifferent to praise as to censure for his work.

Occasionally he made excursions to London, to Vienna and to Rome, apparently for pleasure, really in pursuit of his self-imposed avocation.

He happened to be in Berlin on the 28th of August, 1870. On the night after his arrival in the city a terrible crime was perpetrated in the Linden strasse, in the lodgings of a man of leisure known as Johan Schiebel.

Schiebel had ample means, lived only for his own enjoyment, had many friends, several female intimates—one of whom, young, handsome and dashing, being his especial favorite. This one, Lena Nahl by name, was a nightly frequenter of his rooms, and the lovers seemed very happy in their liaison.

On the night previous to the murder, Lena, coming to his apartments, entering suddenly, saw Schiebel caressing one of her rivals somewhat too fondly. In her sudden outburst of rage and jealously she sprang upon the woman, and a struggle, desperate and fierce occurred.

The women tore their dresses into strips and despite Schiebel's endeavors to separate them, each, with her hands firmly fixed in the other's hair, and both anathematizing each other like fishwomen, struggled out into the hallway, when, by a chance, Lena got the better of her antagonist, and by a last vigorous effort threw her down stairs.

The other tenants of the building alarmed, ran out, and with their cries increased the uproar and excitement.

'There,' cried Schiebel to Lena, as he pulled her back by the arm from the stair-case, 'you have killed the girl!'

'No,' she retorted, her eyes blazing with fury as she sprang away from his grasp. 'She is not killed, but I will kill you, you ingrate—kill you—kill you!' and with this threat she ran down the stairs, and giving her rival, who was just rising from her fall, a vicious kick in the side, disappeared into the street.

Schiebel laughed at her threat, but the witnesses standing rounding shook their heads.

'A jealous woman will do anything wicked,' they said.

'Except kill those who give her the most money,' was Schiebel's reply.

The crowd dispersed, and in a few hours the affair was partly if not wholly forgotten as an ordinary squabble.

The next night, at seven o'clock Lena was seen by the storekeeper below, and by two or three of the tenants, to enter the passage and go up to Schiebel's apartments. After she had been there an hour or two they were heard in loud dispute. Her voice being loud and shrill at times in her anger; her utterances could be plainly heard in the passage without.

There is always a listener to every well appointed key-hole—'always an unseen witness to a quarrel between a man and woman.'

'I want the money, and I will have it!' she was heard to exclaim, 'and I will have it. You shall let me have it.'

This was shortly followed by the significant expression:

'It is my knife. Give it to me I say.'

Then again in furious tones, but not so loudly:

'I swear I will kill you some of these days if you treat me in this manner. Give me the money you promised. I'll have it, you miserly, false hearted wretch!'

At last Schiebel was heard to order her out—but not angrily. She refused. Then the sound of a struggle.

Schiebel uttered a low cry, which sounded like a groan, and all was still. Not a sound save the heavy breathing as of an excited but tired woman.

Shetel, the witness, who was listening at the door, could see nothing through the key-hole. He went away, as he afterward stated, impressed with the belief that the quarrel had either been amicably settled or that the woman had killed him by some sudden blow of the knife.

He went up to the next floor, debating what to do over a pipeful of tobacco. Then he went out and in the garten near by, over a schoppe of wine, decided that it might be a murder. Again he crept upstairs and listened at Schiebel's door. There was no sound. The breathing had ceased. The Grave could not have been more silent. He went away to the nearest magistrate and told him his suspicions. A couple of officers were summoned, who accompanied Shetel to the door of Schiebel's front, room.

For a moment the officers listened then knoked. No answer came. One of them turned the knob of the lock: the door was unfastened, and opened readily. It was now past eleven o'clock. They entered the room. All was darkness; but the officer's dark lantern being opened, the light disclosed a horrible spectacle.

There, upon the floor near the bed, which was in a sort of alcove, lay Johann Schiebel, dead, murdered. His coat and vest had been removed, and the bosom of his white shirt was soaked with the blooe which had spouted out from a knife wound in the heart. No weapon was visible. Search being made, it was found that the apartment had been thoroughly and expeditiously plundered—clothing linen and things were thrown about upon the floor. Not a thing was found in the pockets or upon the person of the dead man. He was noted for always having with him a good sum of ready money, rarely less than two or three hundred dollars, but not a cent was there now.

Pascal Duvrier, always an early riser heard of this murder next morning at six—the earlier because his own lodging was in Linden strasse—not so very far from the spot where the crime was perpetrated. Making himself known to the officials permission to inspect the premises of the murdered Schiebel. Meantime the woman, Lena Nahl, whose residence was well known, was arrested, at once charged with the crime, and taken to prison to await a preliminary examination. Pascal Duvrier entered the apartment. His odd appearance excited the derision of the German officials. He paid no heed to them. Nothing escaped the inspection of his sharp but sunken eyes.

'Has anything been removed from the room—nothing taken up from the floor?' he asked.

'Nothing—but there's nothing to detect—there is no need of searching for a clew. We have already arrested the criminal.'

'Ah, perhaps. Who is it?'

'A woman. Schiebel's mistress—Lena Nahl. We are positive.'

'That will not prevent me from gratifying my curiosity. Eh?'

'No; you have the Magistrates order. Search as you please. You will find nothing, and we want nothing,' was the officials self-complacent reply. Inch by inch Duvrier examined the flooor, about the bed, about the door and around the spot where the body lay. Then he closely inspected the wound in the victim's breast as he lay there in the ghastly silence of death. The officials in charge smiled at the 'old fool.' He found nothing apparently to reward his search, or at least he made no sign to that effect then.

At last, with a parting glance at the body and the bed and the room he bade the officials good morning and departed.

The woman, Lena Nahl, protested her innocence amid her tears and fright soon gave way to what seemed stoic indifference. The Berlin Courts of Criminal Justice are speedy in their work of decision, Lena was promptly brought to the bar, and charged with the murder of Johann Schiebel. She, calm and with stoic indifference, pleaded not guilty. The evidence was clear and positive, as given by Shetel and others of the tenants, who had seen the fight between the two women and heard the quarreling the night of the murder.

The most singular point was that no one had seen her depart from the room that night. She had evidently left either while the witness Shetel was deliberating in his room or in the Garten, what to do.

It was a foregone conclusion, however, the woman was the criminal. In her apartment search disclosed a knife, the long bright blade of which exactly fitted the wound, but no blood was found upon it. In a cabinet case a watch was found also, the ownership of which was to Schiebel. To crown all $200 in Berlin bank notes were discovered secreted between the mattresses of her bed.

All this confirmatory evidence seemed overwhelming when added to her own acts, threats and character. As an offset to this, Lena's defense was:

'I did quarrel with him,' she said, 'on that night, and wanted money. We had often quarreled that way, but I only threatened to kill him to anger him, to make him furious; that was all. After we had quarreled an hour, he finally consented to give me the money, and taking the bills, all he had, from his pocket, threw them at me. He was sitting on the side of his bed. I tried to catch them before they reached the floor; in doing so I lost my balance, and to save myself from falling, threw out my hand, and it struck him, as he leaned over, in the eye. He uttered a little cry or groan. Then, to make amends, I said no more, but petted him, and we conversed in whispers. After an hour I left him in good humor, and never saw him again. Except that he was unfaithful, he was always good to me, and I could not have had the heart to do so horrible a crime.'

It had very little weight with the Court or the spectators.

At this moment, and just as judgment was about to be rendered, Pascal Duvrier entered the Court and pushed his way to the bar in front of the Judge, his sunken eyes bright and sparkling.

He whispered to the counsel for the prisoner for a few moments. Then the counsel arose and asked the Court to hear Pascal Duvrier's statement. The Public Prosecutor objected, but the Court over-ruled the objection.

'Let us hear what the statement is—is it not too late. It is no more than right that this unfortunate woman should have all opportunities that justice can afford her for defense.'

Pascal Duvrier in his monotonous husky voice made the following extraordinary statement: I have an irresisible penchant for solving the mysteries of murder. This one interested me, of course. I inspected the apartment; I will tell you what I discovered, I found nothing on the floor but the piece of a match which had been broken possibly in trying to light it. I put it in my pocket. Had it been a crooked pin I should have done the same. I saw that the wound was ragged at the side of the incision. With this pocket microscope, while the officers were laughing at me for my particularity, I examined various spots upon the hard, polished floor about where the body lay, apart from the blood. I saw a speck of grease, a bit of tallow not larger than an ordinary globule of water. With my knife I scraped it from the board, and carefully put it on a bit of paper.

'This piece of match and this bit of grease were all I found. I went to a chemist's. Von Shusten is his name, and told him to analyze that bit of grease. He laughed, but nevertheless obeyed me. The result was his reply: It is of tallow from the fat of a corpse—of a dead man. I paid him for his analysis.

There are but few professional criminals of Paris whom I do not know, and with whose habits I am not familiar. The same day that I arrived in Berlin—the morning of the night of the crime—I met in the streets Pierre Marcot one of the worst criminals of Paris. I knew him at once, though he did not recognize me I said to myself, I will notify the Berlin police, and have him put under superveilance, or he will do mischief; I did so, and laid my information with Her Eriesher, the Magistrate. That night the murder occurred and my investigation followed.

'When I found the specks was from human fat, I said, 'Marcot is the real murderer of this Johnann Schiebel.' Marcott, in Paris, was noted for his ignorance and superstition. He believed in signs and portents. One thing he had infallable faith in—that with a candle made from the fat of human flesh he could remain in the room of a sleeping person undetected, and that its light acted upon sleeping persons as a charm to prevent awaking. Two hours ago I left Marcott arrested at the railroad station. The officials searched him. In his side pocket was found a little tin case, in which was a piece of candle the candle of human fat. I! knew it. In his vest pocket were two or three match es and one broken bit. With my microscope I compared it with the piece I had found; the two pieces fitted exactly. Search of his valise, which he had with him, revealed handkerchiefs with Joahnn Schiebel's name worked in the corner. There were other articles as well, and upon his person was a long three bladed knife.

'He I accuse of the murder of Joahnn Schiebel.'

The result may be briefly told. The proceedings were suspended against Lena, and Marcott arraigned a few days after, and, to the surprise of every one, he pleaded 'Guilty.'

'I am tired of life. Do with me as you please. Since my candle did not save me, I despair.'

He confessed that he entered the room of Schiebel just after the woman had left; found his victim lying upon the bed by the light of his candle, in trying to light which he had broken the match. Schiebel sprang to his feet only to be struck to the heart. He then ransacked the room, and left undisturbed.

Marcott was condemned to death and was executed shortly after.

Crossing Hampstead Heath Erskine saw a ruffianly driver most unmercifully pommelling a miserable bareboned pack-horse, and remonstrating with him received this anwer, "Why, it's my own; mayn't I use it as I plase?" As the fellow spoke he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the beast's raw back. Erskine, much irritated by his brutality, laid two or three sharp strokes of his walking-stick over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

NOW, GENERAL.

[San Francisco Paper.]

Congress Water no doubt is a capital nip,
When taken on board a big passenger ship;
And we're happy to see that wherever he dines
General Grant prefers water to all sorts of wines.

Congress Water, indeed! this sounds dreadfully thin;
Dear General, you can't take Californians in.
We'd wager a trifle that fine Roman nose
Of our general could tell where some good liquor goes.

We drink "Congress" ourselves at the great IXL
Before breakfast—but only when feeling unwell,
For a "pick-me-up" after a night with the boys
It will do to restore one a sound equipose;

And we venture to say that, like us, Grant declines
Congress, wishy-wash Congress, for good generous wines.

COLORED MEN, READ AND REFLECT!

"CONFOUND THE NIGGER ANYHOW."

[Morehouse Clarion.]

This quotation is found in the editorial columns of the Lemar's Iowa, *Sentinel*. It very graphically reflects the sentiment of the whole North toward the colored man, when he fails so subserve their interest in political contests. The Sentinel, which is one of the bitterest and most profane vipers that ever flung poison at the South, advocates the disfranchisement of the negro, because he refuses to vote the Radical ticket any longer. In fact this sentiment is rife throughout the entire North. So long as the Radical party was in the ascendency in the South, and the negro allied himself with that party at the ballot-box, his right to vote no man dared challenge. But as soon as the negro learned that his interest and his friends are in the South, that his home must be among the Southern people, that his country must be ruled by Southern men, and that his welfare and prosperity demand his allegiance to Southern political doctrines, his sycophantic friends of the North cry out, "Confound the nigger, anyhow."

The South is unwilling that the negro should be deprived of his right of suffrage. His vote strengthens her representation in the national legislature and gives her the power to thwart the hellish designs of such blatherskites and man-haters as the editor of the Lemar's Sentinel. That right, which was given the colored man for the purpose of degrading and humiliating the Southern white man, has failed of its purpose, and in their chagrin and disappointment the wild asses of the North cry out: "Confound the nigger, anyhow!"

That is a fact, friend *Clarion*; and still there are a few Radical darkies left in the South. When convinced, however, that the Northern Radicals are not their friends, they will vote solidly for the Democratic candidates. So-called independents here and there are striving to keep their prejudices stirred up with a view to destroying the grand old Democratic party, but this can never be. The whole colored element will soon understand that the Northern Radical is a treacherous fraud, and will spurn their political overtures. Then the Independents will, like Arabs, silently fold their tents and steal into pastures green that know them not. Southern Independents say "Confound the nigger" too, *when talking to Democrats!*

Democrats, tear off the mask!

Colored men, up-turn that half-bushel and see the color of the candle underneath!

Certain men want office, principle or no principle!

HOW MAGGIE FELL.

A young lady gave her roller skating experience as follows:

"You ought to have seen me," said the vivacious young lady to the new minister, "I'd just got the skate on and made a start, when I came down on my—"

"Maggie!" said her mother.

"What? Oh, it was too funny for anything! One foot went one way and the other'n tother way; and down I went on my—"

"Margaret!" reproachfully spoke her father.

"Well, what! They scooted out from under me, and I came down on my—"

"Margaret!" yelled both the parents.

"On my little brother, who had me by the hand, and liked to have smashed him. Now what's the matter?"

The girl's mother emerged from behind the coffee pot, a sigh of relief escaped from the minister, and the old gentleman adroitly turn the conversation in a political nature.

George II. on his first visit to Hanover, after his accession to the throne, met with such weather on his passage to Helvoetshys, that his Majesty and the Duke of Chandos, who accompanied him, were under the necessity of applying to Mr. Rodney for assistance. The king, thinking highly of the obligation, asked what recompense he should make him. Mr. Rodney replied: "I am no courtier, and if I were you have no doubt sufficient claims on me; the only favor, therefore, that I have to ask is that your majesty and the Duke of Chandos will stand Godfather to my son who is just born." The request being instantly complied with the child was baptized George Bridges. The king afterwards took the boy under his protection, sent him to the navy, and ere long the godson of George II became Admiral Rodney.

Mr. Isaac G. Jenkins, a wholesale merchant of Syracuse, New York, while sitting in his library the other evening, was handed a letter, and, on opening it was surprised to find twenty-five hundred dollars, with the simple explanation: "I robbed you of this years ago." Mr. Jenkins has no idea who it was.

A Republican Talks

JUDGE J. R. ALCORN'S SPEECH IN MISSISSIPPI.

HE ADVISES THE DARKIES TO HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE INDEPENDENTS.

A RICH AND RACY SPEECH!

[Jackson (Miss.) Comet.]

At the conclusion of Major Henry's speech Judge Alcorn was called on by the Club for an address. Of course the Club knew that he was a Republican, but at the same time they recognized him as a gentleman and a man of sense and courtesy. At first he declined to respond; but the Club renewed their call, and made it so emphatic that he could not well refuse. He rose to his feet and spoke substantially as follows:

"It would be discourteous gentlemen, to refuse to recognize your repeated calls. I am not insensible to a compliment, and believe this call is intended for one. But I am surprised at it. I cannot understand what a Democratic Club could reasonably expect to get out of me that could further their interests or minister to their wishes; being as I am now, and have been since 1867, a pronounced Republican—never having denied the faith, never having flickered in my steadfast adhesion to a sound conservative Republican doctrine. This being my political status, I do not clearly understand how I can be expected to take any stock in the canvass as it is represented in this county to-day. As a Republican I see no place for me to come in either in the Democratic party proper or the sore-headed Greenback or Independent Democratic party improper. I have no use for either. And my advice to you, COLORED MEN, if you are Republicans, is to STAND ALOOF and see the salvation of the Lord." Next year we propose to organise the grand old Republican party of Mississippi, and to strip from it the obnoxious elements which made it so odious to so many Mississippians in 1875, and then march to victory. Wait till that good time comes, and don't fritter away your strength and get mixed in all sorts of entangling alliances with Democratic scrubs in a wild lust for office.

As for the Greenback party I consider it a fiddle faddle-reformatory-whoop-de-doodle-do concern, without principles, sense, or any hope of power. In this State it simply amounts to a few of the "lost arts" of the Democracy, but worse (if anything can be worse) than unadulterated Democracy. If I was compelled to choose between true Democracy and soaptailism I would take the article straight. And I have the best authority for this decision. The Scripture saith, "He that cometh to the sheepfold by any other way than that of the door, is a thief and robber." The Greenbackers and Independents claim to be Democrats as I understand (certainly they are not Republicans) but they are trying to get into the sheepfold of the Democracy by a strange door, and expect Republicans to aid them. I for one will not do it and my advice to you colored men when you come to vote in the absence of a Republican ticket and Republican candidates, is to vote for men, not for either party. Single out the best man, without reference to the ticket he is running on, and vote for him.

I met an old colored friend the other day, and he told me about a very bad dream he had the night before. "I dreamed," he said "that I died and went to hell."

"Did you find any Republicans there?" I asked.

"Oh no, sir! nary Republican."

"Did you find any Democrats there?"

"Yes, sar, found a few of dem."

"Did you see any Greenbackers and Independents."

"Oh, Lord bress your soul! HELL WAS FULL OF THEM!"

"What were the Greenbackers doing?"

"Well, sar, de flames dey was a lappin' demselves out in every direction, and every Greenbacker he HAD A NIGGER HOLDIN' HIM UP 'TWEEN HISSELF AN' DE FLAMES."

I have no use for the Democratic party, and I have a decided disgust for the side issues developed by the Mississippi Greenbackers and Independents. When we have a Republican ticket in the field as we will have next year, then there will be an object and purpose for me to accomplish by making stump speeches, but I beg to be excused on the present occasion.

A SAGACIOUS NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

A gentleman put a marked shilling under a stone by the wayside, first showing it to his Newfoundland dog. The gentleman then, with his friend, rode forward three miles; and then the dog received his signal from his master to return back for the shilling. The dog turned back; the gentlemen rode home, but to their disappointment and surprise the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day. It appeared he had gone to the spot where the shilling had been deposited, but the stone being too weighty for his strength to remove, he had stayed howling at the place till two horsemen, riding up and attracted by his seeming distress, stopped to look at him, when one of them, alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling put it in his pocket, not conceiving it to be the object of the dog's search. The dog followed their horses for twenty miles, remained undisturbed in the room where they supped, followed the chambermaid into the bedchamber, and secreted himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his trousers upon a nail by the bedside; but when both travelers were asleep the dog took them in his mouth, leaping out of the window, left open on account of the sultry heat, reached his master's home with his prize; when, from memoranda in the pockets, everything but the shilling was enabled to be returned to the owner, and the singular circumstances elucidated.

THE WAR PATH.

LATEST FROM THE UTE COUNTRY.

ST. LOUIS, October 28.—The following dispatch has been received from the agent of the Associated Press at Los Pinos, Colorado:

LOS PINOS, October 24, via DEL NORTE, October 28.—We have just arrived from the Indian camp on Plateau Creek. The women and children are safe at Chief Ouray's house. We left on the morning of the twenty-second. The Indians seemed unwilling to have us leave until they had learned what success General Adams had in stopping the further advance of General Merritt's command. Mr. Meeker's papers were burnt, and what money Mrs. Meeker had was taken from here by Douglas.

Then intentions were to kill the women and children, as the windows of the room in which they first took refuge were riddled with bullets. The instant they left for a more secure place in the milk room, Mrs. Meeker thinks Susan, the squaw wife of Chief Johnson—a sister of Ouray—did more than all others to save their lives. She was as kind to them as a mother, and their parting was very touching. Sacks band fought the troops until Douglas men killed the agent and employes.

Agent Meeker was killed by Antelope and Waupattets. Mrs. Meeker was shot at while running from the house to hide in the sage brush, the ball making a slight flesh wound in her thigh. Arrangements for a fight with Merritt's command were most complete. Two hundred Arrapahoes had joined Jack with many others from neighboring tribes. Had it not been for the timely arrival of Chief Ouray's order to cease fighting the name of Merritt and his command would have passed into history by the side of Custer, with the same epitaph, "Annihilated by Indians." The outbreak may be attributed to four things, viz: Repeated change and lessening of the amount of rations issued to the Indians; there being no head chief, the same as Ouray is here; a Ute Indian for an interpreter, unfriendly to Meeker; and plenty of bad whisky, which was furnished by ranchmen.

REMARKABLE SAGACITY OF DOGS.

An instance of the sagacity of collie dogs is related as follows: 'I was once staying with Lord Linnaird, at his seat in Scotland, when his Lordship expressed a wish that I should see some of his prize sheep which were then feeding with some hundreds more on the brow of a hill, about three miles from the house. Calling his shepherd, he asked him to have a prize sheep fetched up as quickly as he could. The shepherd whistled, when a fine old sheep-dog appeared before him, and seated on his hindquarters, evidently awaited orders. What passed between the shepherd and the dog I know not, but the faithful creature manifestly understood his instructions. 'Do you believe that the dog will bring the sheep to us out of your flock?' I asked. 'Wait a while, and you will see, said his Lordship. The dog now darted off towards the sheep, at the same time giving a significant bark, which immediately called forth two younger, sheep-dogs to join in the mission. Accustomed as I was to the remarkable sagacity of collie dogs, I was amazed at what now took place. On one side of the hill was a river, on the other a dense forest. One of the younger dogs, on arriving at the foot of the hill, turned to the left, while the other darted off to the right hand. The former staioned himself between the sheep and the river, while the latter stood between the sheep and the forest. The old dog now darted into the middle of the flock, when the sheep scampered right and left, but were kept at bay by the two watchers. The old dog speedily singled out the particular sheep desired, and in a few minutes the three dogs were quietly driving them towards us. Within about an hour of receiving the instructions, the dogs brought the sheep up to the door of the mansion.

IRELAND'S WRONGS.

[Courier-Journal.]

During the sixteenth century 1,400,000 acres of land were seized by the crown and sold to English speculators and Scottish colonists. After the Puritans had killed Charles I, they sent Cromwell into Ireland with 10,000 men. He seized 5,000,000 acres of land and sold it, or gave it to English or Scotch colonists, and sold 20,000 Irish as slaves to the West Indies. Under William III, over 1,000,000 acres were distributed among the Protestants, and its Catholic owners were reduced to begary. So goes the story of wrong. It was not until 1829 that Britain began to be just with Ireland, and then it was compulsory. The Catholic emancipation bill then passed Parliament. The principle of self-interest alone should lead England to solve the land question, so as to give the Irish a chance to live on the soil of their fathers.

In giving his experience the other night an old California '49er frankly admitted that his life had been a failure. Said he: "When I left Indeanny to come to Californy my whole ambition was to dig enough gold that I could go back home and buy a tumblin'-shat thrashin' machine and go about the country every fall doin' custom work and livin' on roast chickens. Now, here I am, and nary thrashin' machine yet, an' even ef I had the machine my appertite for chicken is gone. I tell you, boys, my life's been a failure'."

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

Theodore Hoke once saw an exceedingly pompous man walking in a street in London, whom he immediately accosted thus: "Sir, may I inquire if you are anybody in particular?"