A MOB OF ORANGEMEN.

Mr. O'Brien and Friends Attached With Stones and Clubs in Toronto.

He Takes Refuge in a Store, Which the Mob Wrecks and Destroys.

The Brave Irish Editor Struggles Against the Mob Until Rescued.

A New York Reporter and Several of the O'Brien Party Injured.

At Midnight the Streets of Toronto in the Hands of the Mob.

O'Brien Denounces Lansdowne and the Police—Acknowledging His Narrow Escape From Death—Disgraceful Details.

MOBBED BY THE ORANGEMEN.

Mr. O'Brie and His Party Attacked in the Streets of Toronto.

TORONTO, May 18.—The incursion of O'Brien, the Irish agitator, seems to have changed the whole face of Canadian politics, and it is thought will have an important bearing on the future of parties and politics in the Dominion. The extreme sensitiveness shown at the outset, to criticism of any sort, whether of Canadian institutions generally, or of Lord Lansdowne's landlordism, particularly where the critic happened not to be resident in the country has given way, and now men have taken sides and in the hotels, on the streets and in newspaper offices comparisons are being made, and a battle is being fought over the relative advantages of being American citizens or Canadian subjects of Her Majesty. The Catholics who spoke regretfully in regard to the Fenian invasion of twenty years ago don't speak so now, and the Orangemen who talked in a determined manner about Mr. O'Brien's "invasion" say that if he attempted to speak here again he would probably pay the penalty with his life. The Orangemen seem to feel that they have committed a blunder, not in having attacked the speakers and disturbed the meeting, but in not having done so half well enough. They now express disappointment because they allowed the meeting to take place at all. As evidence that the Orangemen are not solid against him, Mr. O'Brien furnishes the following for publication to-day, with the remark: "Look at that, boys; the most powerful indictment that has yet been drawn up against Lansdowne and his rowdy defenders, and the most complete vindication of my action in this matter." The letter was as follows:

"FENLON FALLS, Ont., May 13, 1886.

"To William O'Brien, Toronto:

"DEAR SIR—As one Orangeman of good standing in Canada I welcome you to our shores and wish you success in advocating the rights of poor, distressed, evicted tenants in Ireland. I despise the man, high or low, who will uphold Lansdown in his cruel evictions. I am sorry to see so little sympathy in Canaday for your cause. It is a good cause, and after you are gone will have its effect. If Lansdowne is a good Governor-General that is no reason why the people should uphold him in his tyranical eviction career. I have no doubt all you say is right, as I happen to know French, Lord Lansdowne's agent. Being a landlord's son, born and brought up in Ireland, I take a deep interest in Ireland's affairs and the progress of the home rule movement, which I hope will soon be riumphant. I think I may safely say that Burke's English Peerage gives my father, Henry Lucas, of older family than either Lord Lansdowne or French. Again wishing you and your cause success, I am yours faithfully,

"ACHESON,
"Hotel St. George."

A deputation of newsboys waited on Mr. O'Brien to-day and presented him with a bunch of roses and a briefly written address, wishing him success. A deputation came here to-day from St. Catherines. They pressed the editor of United Ireland very hard to attend a meeting there. Mr. O'Brien said he would try to do so. He has added Hamilton to his list, where riotous demonstrations are certain to occur, speaking there Monday, May 23. He will speak in Ottawa to-morrow and in Kingston Friday. Mr. O'Brien spent the day visiting several Catholic institutions in this city. He declares to-night that he will certainly go to St. Catherines, and that the more the Orangemen oppose him the longer he will stay in Canada.

At 8:30 o'clock President J. A. Mulligan, of the local branch of the National League, called at the hotel and asked Mr. O'Brien go out and have a walk. D. P. Cahill, Dennis Kilbride, the evicted tenant, and J. M. Wall, special correspondent of the New York Tribune, were present, and suggested that it would not be prudent to venture out, as darkness had fallen, and a crowd of about 200 rowdies had gathered around the the hotel, hissing, hooting and groaning.

Mr. O'Brien, however, persisted in going. "I have a right to go out," he said, in a determined manner, "and I will go out," and he did so, the gentlemen before mentioned accompanying him. A few steps lead from the main entrance of the Rossin House, on York street, to the sidewalk. For more than two minutes neither Mr. O'Brien or his companions could step from the door. The crowd grew in numbers and turbulence, and surged up to the very spot where Mr. O'Brien and tenant Kilbride were standing. They groaned and hissed into Mr. O'Brien's face, such cries as "Awaw, traitor," "Down with the dynamiter" and "God save the Queen."

"Come on," said Mr. O'Brien, "these men don't own the street," and the three pushed their way through the crowd with Mr. Mullin and R. B. Tefey bringing up the rear. A riot seemed imminent, as the Orangemen were armed with stout sticks just as they were at the meeting in Queen's Park. They came up to Mr. O'Brien as he strode along York street with his friends, and shoved him and jostled against him, making several atiempts to strike him on the head with their sticks. He dodged the blows, however, and his friends rallied around him, but they were as one to fifty. The faithful body guard was broken again and again, and Mr. O'Brien driven up against the wall. Here with Kilbride, Wall, Mulligan and Cahill, the little party stood at bay, Mr. O'Brien shouting at the top of his voice: "You cowardly dogs, don't you see we are not armed. Let us alone."

Hisses and cries of "God Save the Queen," and groans for the dynamiters greeted this appeal. Two policemen stood near by, but made no effort to disperse the mob. The party then turned into King street, while the crowd increased. From the windows of some of the houses in this street banana stalks and broken bricks were dropped down on the crowd, Mr. O'Brien and his party, however, escaping injury so far. As the party turned into Bay street, D. P. Cahill, the secretary of the local branch of the League, had his hat knocked off by a stone. Now the Orangemen began their real attack for Bay street furnished a good opportunity, being covered all over with clay, broken bricks and cobble stones. Mr. O'Brien had on a tall hat which furnished a good target. Mr. Wall was on his right and Kilbride and Mulligan on his left. "Look out, O'Brien" shouted Wall, "the stones are coming, it's Belfast over again."

"Oh, it's all right," replied O'Brien. "It would be better for Lansdowne if they let us alone"

As he spoke a volley of bricks and cobble-stones came flying from the center of the Orangemen, missing their heads, but knocking the plastering off an adjacent wall. Shouts of "To hell with the Pope," "Kill the traitor," and so on rose high above the din. The O'Brien party were still on the sidewalk and the Orangemen thronged the streets. D. T. Kellogg, a reporter of the New York Sun, now rushed behind O'Brien and was about to warn him when a stone struck O'Brien's hat and knocked it off. O'Brien stooped his head and J. M. Wall, who was standing by his side, lifted his head to look in the direction whence the missiles came, when a huge stone struck him on the side of the head and tumbled him heels over head. He reeled into Johnson's Lane, a little alley running off Bay street, and fell upon a heap of stones. Dennis Kilbride, Mr. Teefey, treasurer of the National League, and Mr. Mann, the Telegram reporter, lifted him up and carried him into Hooper's drug store where his wounds were dressed, and he was then helped to the Rossin House. The cut made by the stone is two inches long and slightly above left temple.

"Take care of this man," said Mr. Teefy, addressing a policeman, "he is wounded."

"Let him take care of himself," returned the policeman." What do they want here?"

Mr. O'Brien and his friends then turned into Wellington street, the stones still flying and the yells and groans louder, if possible, than ever. Mr. O'Brien attempted to take refuge in Sharp's laundry, and failing in that, rushed into the bicycle store of Mr. Laylor, Jr., adjoining. A volley of stones shattered the windows and the mob burst into the store, yelling like demons and showering missiles in the direction which Mr. O'Brien had taken toward the end of the store. Some ladies and old men screamed and fainted, while the mob tumbled helter-skelter over bicycles and other machinery, smashing them one against the other in their savage fury and amid cries of "Kill the traitor," "hang him," "Landsdowne forever." O'Brien, however, was safely led away by an Irishman, an official of the Crown Land Department, and reached the hotel in safety. D. P. Cahill was knocked down and received two dangerous cuts from broken bottles, and more than a score of other persons were more or less seriously injured.

The mob seemed satiated. Mr. Laior's store was completely wrecked and several hundred dollars' worth of his property destroyed. Two more policemen appeared, making four in all in the presence of a crowd of fully 1,000 rioters, who had possession of the streets for at least half an hour, throwing bricks and cobble stones at the group of unarmed men.

Treasurer Teefy, of the local branch of the league, sent out the following telegram to the leaders of the league in New York and Chicago:

"O'Brien mobbed in the streets of Toronto by Orangemen; J. M. Wall, of the New York Tribune, seriously wounded."

Police Sergeant Adair got a cut in the head, and when his three comrades saw this they moved away to a respectful distance and let the mob do as they pleased. Up to midnight the neighborhood of the Rossin House was filled with the mob, who groaned and yelled to their heart's content, but as there was not at any time an opposing mob, the rioters grew tired and hoarse, began to abuse each other and fight among themselves, and dispersed at last with cries of "Hang O'Brien!" "Away with the traitor!" and "God save the Queen!"

Mr. O'Brien said to the Associated Press representative: "Lansdowne has now done his worst. His policemen absolutely surrendered us to the mob, and had we not taken refuge in the bicycle shop, we would have been killed."

A SHOP-GIRLS' HOTEL.

How Three Plucky Shop Girls Established a Home for Seventy Other Girls.

[Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.]

Notwithstanding the failure of Stewart's Hotel for women, it appears that there is now in successful operation in New York City an institution of that kind which might well be copied in other cities. It was started, and is now carried on by three shop girls, whose father died, leaving them $500 each. They went to the city and into a store where their wages were not sufficient to feed and cloth them without encroaching on their capital. Finally the idea occurred to one of them that they might benefit themselves and other girls in like positions by starting a hotel especially for them. We quote from the story as told by the most active of the energetic trio:

"There were 700 women about the establishment where I worked, and we talked the matter up mornings and nights with every one that we knew. There were plenty of girls who lived at home with their parents, but we found fifty or more who jumped at the chance we offered them and were continually urging us to go ahead with the scheme. Finally we began house-hunting. We were staggered by the city rents, as a matter of course, and more than once gave up the whole plan in despair. We had staked our all on a desperate chance, and the longer we looked at it the more certain appeared the prospect of our loss. It was a woman of whom we hired the place, and she put the figures as low as she could afford, and promised us consideration in any difficulty, so long as there seemed a chance in our final success. There wasn't money enough left to furnish very extensively, but we got together the needfuls for the kitchen and the dining-room and put up as many beds as our last lingering dollars would buy. The girls who had promised to board were eager to come, and most of them had woman's knick-knacks of one sort or another—tables or chairs or pictures or bits of fancy work—that brightened up the bare place wonderfully and made it look from the first week almost like a home. It was because it felt like a home that we did not fail. There were fifty of us the day the house opened, and the dining-room and the big sitting-room and the hallway opened running over with a flock of delighted children. To have a house to themselves where they could do as they pleased was a luxury that went to their hearts. They ran upstairs and downstairs, and the homelier a nook or corner was the better they liked it. It was a camping-out frolic, and picnics were rare enough with them all. They laughed because I forgot towels in ordering the linen, and they laughed when the milkman went by without leaving the milk. They sat up till past midnight sewing the long seams of the sheets. They unpacked their trunks and settled the furniture and bustled about in that first week of confusion, in the firm conviction that the whole experiment was the most delightful of jokes that had ever exploded in their prosaic lives. Nothing discouraged them and nothing daunted them. No matter what went wrong, they were determined to be pleased and to find in every mishap only the material for a jest. I put the board as low as I dared, after I had calculated the rent and the coal, the gas and the table bills. I left the store, of course, and my sisters did the same. The three of us undertook to manage the house, and once things got into running order we found no great difficulty with the scheme. I interviewed the grocer and the butcher and the fish dealer, and have been experimenting from the start with simple meals of wholesome variety and material. Seventy boarders was the utmost number we had room to accommodate, and seventy boarders were on our list before the first three weeks had gone by. When the first month of our experiment was over we had money in hand for a second month's rent and more in our pockets than if we had stayed in the store. After looking at that four week's balance-sheet I put aside the last thought of disaster to my plan. It would work; it was working, and patience and good health could not help carrying it forward without fail."

The building in which this cheerful paragraph of the city's history is being written is a double brick house, abounding in a multiplicity of small rooms, in a quiet by street. It is not over furnished, but it never groans at a sewing machine, nor frowns on a canary bird, nor tangles a woman in rules and regulations till she strangles for fresh air. It has a reading room and a germ of a library, and it supplies home comfort and home rest at a charge not exceeding from $3 to $4.50 per week. The latest project now under discussion is to put this working-girls' enterprise on a more permanent and substantial basis by making the whole institution a co-operative scheme. Low-priced shares of a few dollars each will be bought by the women out of their savings, and if it seems expedient, a fund will be established for the purchase of the house.

PAYNE'S SWEETHEART.

Death of Miss Mary Harden, the Affianced of the Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

[Atlanta, Ga., Special.]

Miss Mary Harden, the fiance of John Howard Payne, and the lady for whom he wrote his "Home, Sweet Home," died in Athens last night, and was buried there to-day. It is claimed that the original copy of "Home, Sweet Home" was buried with her, as it was interlined with love declarations from Payne, which the lady did not wish to have fall under the eyes of the public. She had been offered large sums for the manuscript but always declined to part with it. Miss Harden passed her seventy-eighth year on her last birthday. Probably not half a dozen persons outside of Athens knew that the quiet little home on Hancock avenue had this remarkable lady, and many residents of Athens even had lost sight of this aged and unobtrusive person.

Her father was General Harden, of Savannah. He was wealthy and influential, and prominent in social circles and in politics. He gave his daughter every advantage; particularly was she versed in French, a language which she maintained with many of the graces of that life and literature while a girl. She was reared in a French family, and subsequently even learned the use of the rapier, practicing regularly in fencing exercises. She spent several years in Europe, completing her education in Paris and supplementing a fine training with the fullness and breadth of travel. While still quite young her father, General Harden, was appointed Commissioner to treat with the Cherokee Indians, and resided in Rome, Ga. It was here that a romance entered her life, which gave it an interesting coloring toward the close of her days, but which did not affect her at the time. One of the agents or assistants in this Indian transaction, was John Howard Payne, a young man from New England. He went to Athens with General Harden, and met and loved his daughter Mary. Payne was ardent and pathetic, but the young girl was not touched by his wooing. She was clear-headed, sensible, practical, and does not seem to have cared much for society or to have allowed her thoughts to turn to love.

Payne loved on. He wrote to her. Sometimes his appeals were in verse; always ardent. It was to her that his soul, troubled-rocked and tempest-tossed, indited those beautiful words: "Home, Sweet Home." The manuscript Miss Harden preserved and prized.

When General Harden died in Atlanta it was found that his estate was involved, and much of his property swept away. His daughter went bravely to work with her French translation and made a living. She did much work of this sort for large business houses and translating diplomatic matters. The French Legation in Washington used to keep her constantly employed. The purity of her French and the elegance of her English made her invaluable.

In this way Miss Hardin soon acquired enough to buy back much of her father's property. The house in which she died was one of the pieces reclaimed by her indomitable work. She accumulated a competency which sustained her through life. She was worth about $25,000, and leaves besides city property, stocks, bonds and valuable jewelry. Among the latter treasures in a city bank are some costly trinkets, presented her by persons of title and station when she went to Europe. It is said that she made a will some time ago giving this property to her nephew in Quitman County. He has since died and her money will probably be divided among her other relatives.

Several of these now live in Quitman. Mrs. Reese and Mrs. Asa M. Jackson, of Athens, are cousins of Miss Harden. She lived very economically and saved most of her income.

FATHER M'FLYNN'S DEFIANCE

Cardinal Simeoni's Order to Return to Rome Treated With Contempt.

[Globe-Democrat.]

Father Edward McGlynn arrived in the city last night, and is stopping at the Southern. A Globe-Democrat reporter called upon him shortly after his arrival, and was cordially received by the reverend gentleman. After a short conversation concerning the principles of the Henry George party, a telegram was shown Father McGlynn, which stated that the Pope would at once communicate with Archbishop Corrigan, approving his course as regards Father McGlynn, and ordering him to appear before the supreme ecclesiacal authority at Rome within forty days, on pain of formal excommunication.

"I saw that telegram in a Pittsburg newspaper last night," said Father McGlynn, "and know nothing whatever of its authenticity. What my course will be, if the information contained in it proves to be accurate, I must decline to state. But I have stated, and will state again, that I refuse to recognize the authority of Cardinal Simeoni, or anyone else to call me to account before an ecclesiastical court for anything I have said or done. I am as good a Catholic as any man in the world, and will unhesitatingly obey any mandate of the Church, or any doctrinal matter. But I have not offended against Catholic doctrine or philosophy in any manner, shape or form. On the contrary, I have acted in the true spirit of Catholicism in aiding the poor and weak to escape from their unjust oppressors. I took the vows of obedience in good faith when I entered the priesthood, and still consider those vows as absolutely binding. But I took no vows which make me a slave, or which would prevent me from holding any political opinions not contrary to right reason and true Catholicism. I stated this fully in my published statement, and denied then, and deny to-day, the right of the ecclesiastical courts to try me for opinions which are purely political, and have never been condemned by the Church."

"Would the fact that you were ordered by the Pope personally to appear in Rome, and not by a subordinate dignitary of the Church, alter your position in the matter?"

"Not in the least. I take my religion from Rome, not my politics. As Daniel O'Connell well said, he would as soon go to Constantinople for his politics as to Rome, and my feeling is much the same. I do not say that I will not go, as sometimes it is better to yield to oppression to a certain extent than to resist it. But I do say most emphatically that nothing I have ever done subjects me to ecclesiastical indictment. This whole matter grows out of Land League speeches made by me three years ago. Cardinal Simeoni took up a prejudice against me at that time, and warned Archbishop Corrigan against me. I have been subjected to continual persecution, have been turned out of the place I have occupied for years, and have been wrongfully ordered to cross the ocean for trial before a tribunal without jurisdiction in the case, and when I was physically unable to attend. As I said before, I am a good Catholic, but have always opposed the idea that the Catholic Church was a despotism. The Catholic Church works for freedom, not for slavery, and no Cardinal Simeoni can alter that."

"What would be your attitude toward the Church should the Pope excommunicate you for the course of action you have pursued?"

"It is scarcely a supposable case. A man can only be excommunicated for a wrong done by him, and I have done no wrong in the matter in question. The Pope is infallible in spiritual matters, not in scientific or moral matters. Galileo was condemned for stating a truth, but that did not make it less a truth. This is a political matter, and people should always bear in mind that the spiritual infallibility of the Pope does not prove his political infallibility. While I decline to state what my course will be, should I be ordered to appear in Rome by the Pope himself, I most emphatically say that if he should excommunicate me for an action which violates no catholic principle, or doctrine, a supposable although an improbable case, I would in spite of his excommunication remain as good, possibly a better, Catholic than the Pope himself. I can only be expelled from the church on account of guilt; as long as I am innocent the Pope can not, by his excommunication, cast me out of the Holy Catholic Church."

Father McGlynn spoke freely and without evidences of passion, except when he referred to the conduct of Cardinal Simeoni. He will lecture this evening, and probably leave the city to-morrow.

FLEECED OUT OF $300,000.

A Wyoming Cattle King the Victim of a Gigantic Confidence Game.

OMAHA, May 18.—A somewhat sensational account of the recent failure of A. W. Swann, the Wyoming cattle king, was given by a prominent cattle man in this city last night. It is to the effect that Mr. Swann was made the victim of a gigantic confidence game, whereby he lost $300,000 at one sweep. Not long ago Mr. Swann and a number of the leading Western cattle men formed a partnership for the purpose of buying cattle for foreign shipment. Mr. Swann had made arrangements with a rich Scotch syndicate, which was to buy the cattle at a handsome advance above their value in the American market. After $1,000,000 worth of cattle had been bought, the deal, for some reason, fell through. Mr. Swann went to New York City in the hope of making some other arrangement for the disposal of the cattle. While there he received a cablegram purporting to be signed by the agent of the Scotch syndicate, offering him a large advance beyond the price at which the cattle had originally been contracted for. Mr. Swann at once cabled his acceptance of the offer. He then telegraphed to his partners offering them the price which was originally to be paid by the syndicate. They accepted the proposition, and all the cattle came into his possession. Then he notified the syndicate that he was ready to deliver the cattle at the price offered by their agent, and received a reply saying they had made no such offer, and knew nothing of the existence of the agent named. Diligent search failed to reveal his whereabouts, and Mr Swann was obliged to dispose of the cattle at a heavy loss.

Bright's Disease Increasing.

[Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.]

So many obituary notices of the day contain the phrase "Bright's disease" that the general impression is that the malady is more common than in former years. Recent statistics would appear to justify this belief. In 1881, according to the New York Bureau of Vital Statistics, Bright's disease was seventh in order of fatality. In 1885 it ranked fifth. Laborers are most subject to the disease, female domestics come next, clerks, salesmen, merchants and housekeepers follow. These furnish one-tenth of the victims. The rest are distributed with no special significance among the other occupations. In sex the males are in excess of the females, and three-quarters of all the deaths occur between twenty-five and sixty-five. The foreign-born population supply nearly twice as many cases as native-born. Dr. John T. Nagle, deputy registrar of vital statistics, says dampnes is a prominent cause of it. Infections diseases, or anything that inflames the kidneys, are causes direct or remote. It often accompanies heart disease. Albuminuria does not always indicate the disease.

A Cordial Invitation.

[Life.]

Head of the house (to young man at front door)—Haven't I told you, sir, never to call here again?

Young man—Yes, sir; but I haven't called to see Miss Clara this time. I have a two months' gas bill to collect.

Head of the house (in a milder tone)—I see. You will please call again.

Citron Pie—The yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two heaping ones of preserves, one-half teacup of melted butter, one-half teacup of buttermilk, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Stir in a very little flour. Bake in puff paste. This makes two pies.

IT IS WONDERFUL

how easily rheumatism begins, and how insidiously it grows in the system, until one is startled to find himself its victim in either the acute or chronic form. He then learns the fearful tenacity of its grip and the utter powerlessness of the ordinary remedies to give relief,

Probably to no disease have physicians given more study, and none has more completely baffled their efforts to provide a specific; and until Athlophoros was discovered there was no medicine which would surely cure rheumatism, neuralgia and nervous or sick headache. Thousands of testimonials like the following prove beyond question that Athlophoros is the only reliable remedy, and that it will do all that is claimed for it.

Madison, Ind.

Some 16 months ago I had inflammatory rheumatism, and after trying domestic and physicians' prescriptions without getting any relief, I was induced to try Athlophoros. After using seven bottles I was restored to good health, and to this day have been clear of the disease, and have been able to work at my trade regularly.

C. W. WYKOFF.

One year ago I was taken down with sciatica, suffering severely, requiring the most powerful and active medicine which partially restored me, but did not cure me. I saw soon after getting out of my bed an advertisement of Athlophoros. Went and bought a bottle of it, and from the first two or three doses experienced relief. I took about three-quarters of the contents of the bottle, which seems to have cured me entirely, not having the least symptoms of sciatica or rheumatism since.

A. E. CROCKER.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they can not be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Company, 112 Wall street, New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50 cents for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, etc., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled.

KNOTTY PROBLEMS.

Our readers are invited to furnish original enigmas, charades, riddles, rebusses and other "knotty problems," addressing all communications relative to this department to E. B. Chedbourn, Lewiston Maine.

No. 1,962.—An Easy Name to Find.

What is long I longer make,
Short grows shorter for my sake;
Black is blacker by my aid,
White to whiter still doth fade.
Of the letter R I make,
What implies a big mistake;
And from E I should not sever
Since the union means forever.
Given broth, that preparation
Is through me some one's relation;
And each gay moth that appears
Must assume maternal fears.
Now of you my name I ask;
Finding it's an easy task.

J. A.

No. 1,963.—Beheadment.

When looking round some good to find,
Some field to "all" that we've in mind,
Some road to fortune, short and straight,
Which others "last" pursue, though late,
Some new thing out for us to seize,
And rise to greatness at our ease,
'Tis well that we should not forget
The best thing out, is out of debt.

ASPIRO.

No. 1,864.—Syncopations.

FIVE-LETTER WORDS.

1. Syncopate a letter from a subterraneous canal and leave a prophet.
2. Syncopate a letter from enslave and leave a part of the head.
3. Syncopate a letter from glass in a state of fusion and leave a repast.
4. Syncopate a letter from a precipice and leave to erect.
5. Syncopate a letter from a Scottish poet and leave small sweet cakes.
6. Syncopate a letter from governed and leave lamented.
7. Syncopate a letter from wide and leave a small nail.
8. Syncopate a letter from an Irish poet and leave in addition.

The syncopated letters, which are all centrals, taken in order, form the name of a decisive battle.

BEE.

No. 1,965.—A Numerical V

Awake your wit that slumbers,
And go and count the numbers
Upon the clock's round face;
For one of them resembles
A vine that twines and trembles,
And drapes its shaded place.

Upon the old church pillars,
Or where the graveyard willows
Bend o'er the tomb—it grows
In bowers dark;
And thence the bats go flying,
And there the owl sits crying,
And the glow-worm shows
His little ghostly spark.

J. A.

No. 1,966—An Anagram.

"LA! CAPITAL STORIES," but nothing but lies,
These fishermen tell of their casting of flies.
We all know how proudly they hie home at night
With a basket (and conscience) which is not at all light.
But the knowing ones say, with a wink and a grin,
That the market-place, now, not the river, is thin.

ANISE LANG.

No. 1,967.—A Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. An earthy oxide of manganese. 3. Cold. 4. Having good symmetry of parts. 5. A transfer. 6. A genus of worms. 7. Accounts. 8. A drink. 9. A letter.

REX.

No. 1,968—The Banquet.

At a Bohemian supper,
Not many years ago,
Some lovers of "one" were gathered,
And wit and wine did flow.

For a relish we had "totals,"
Fresh dug from out the earth,
With a menu choice, inviting,
Mingled with songs and mirth.

"Hold," cried Dick, "Do stop your laughing
Or 'two' shall surely 'three;'
For no one can eat a morsel—
You'll be the death of me."

"Well spoken, Dick," our leader said,
"'Twould be ingiorious death
If we by 'lasting' with a 'whole'
Sh ould lose our precious breath."

M. C. W.

No. 1,969—A Palindrome.

I am a kind of drink,
I often cause distress;
I'll make you poor, I think,
If indulged in to excess.

T. P. BILL.

A Prize.

The sender of the best lot of answers during May will receive a Waterbury watch.

Answers.

1,944—Zero. (0).
1,945—Pirate, irate, rate, ate.
1,946—One cent, 700 transactions. D pays one cent. The cent circulates among the four 100 times, stopping with D; when A steps out, after 400 separate transactions, D now pays the cent to B. The cent circulates among the three 160 times, stopping with D; when B and C step out, leaving the cent finally with D after 300 additional transactions.
1,947—Bobolink, rice-bird.
1,948—1. Decoration. 2. Ulceration.
1,949—Checkers.
1,950—Part, (pea-oh-are-tea).
1,951—Kit.

Parliamentary Language.

[Punch.]

You may say that a man is not wedded to the truth;
Or sometimes suffers from a spirit of exaggeration;
Or occasionally finds it difficult to confine himself strictly to actualities;
Or is unfettered by the four corners of hard matter-of-fact;
Or is a past master in the pleasing art of realistically romancing;
Or is partial, in describing nature, to borrowing from the pages of romance;
Or is much given to an artificial recollection of misleading statistics;
Or can not distinguish the false from the true, with a bias toward the former;
Or has a distinct liking for the utterance of statements of a misleading character;
But you must not! No, you must not! You really must not! Call him a liar.

Two for a Nickel.

[New York Tribune.]

The following has often been told as a joke, but it really happened in a downtown cigar store the other day. A gentleman whom we will call Smith was buying a 10-cent cigar when a seedy acquaintance who may be call Brown came in and was invited by Smith to have a cigar. He, of course, accepted the cigar and Smith laid down 20 cents in payment. At this point Brown got in his fine work. Turning to the dealer he asked if the cigars just bought were not sold at the rate of three for a quarter. On the dealer replying that they were, he fished out a nickel, and laying it on the counter remarked: "Well, then, I'll take the third cigar, if it is all the same to you." And he did, to the unspeakable astonishment of Smith and the dealer.

The Future Emperor and Bismarck.

In Berlin, recently, there was a birthday party in honor of the eldest son of Prince William, eldest son of the Crown Prince. Among the presents was a small barrel-organ from Prince Bismarck. A few days later the five-year-old heir of the imperial throne complained to Prince Bismarck that it tired him very much to play the organ, and asked him to play something. The Chancellor complied and at once began turning the handle, and with so much energy that the sounds of the instrument drew the other members of the imperial family to the room. The children, delighted, began to dance. Thereupon Prince William, looking at his eldest son, observed: "There is a future Emperor who already dances to your piping"

Sam Small Attacks Bernhardt.

Sam Small, in the course of a sermon at Minneapolis, fired hot shot at the divine Sarah. The following extract is taken from the Minneapolis Journal:

"S'posin' you knew two of your neighbors who had two tickets for Bernhardt tonight, how would you go to work to get them to give them up and go to the Exposition to-night? And how about the ones you've got in your pocket yourselves? Don't you know that ticket endangers your salvation? Now can you give up your $3 and the privilege of telling your neighbor that you saw Bernhardt and go the Exposition to-night and pray for the salvation of your son and daughter? Common decency should keep everybody from that opera-house to-night—to see a woman whose only notoriety is filthiness, and yet thousands will pay $3 to $10 to see filthiness. Out of all who see her there aren't a dozen who would allow that woman in her infamy to cross their thresholds! Yet she goes around this country flaunting her skirts of infamy in the faces of decent people. S'posin' the paper to morrow says Dr. Van Anda and wife occupied a box at the theater last night. Yet he has got as much right there as you have. He took no stronger oath than you did when he joined the church. God won't send you to hell for going to the theater, but he will for perjuring yourself before him, for you said you would honor him and serve him."

Where the Bandits Have Gone.

[Omaha World.]

Brother Jonathan—Well, Miss Mexico, how does a republic work by this time?

Miss Mexico—Very nicely. The bandits are disappearing.

"Where have they gone?"

"That I can't explain, because no one knew them. They may be in the country yet, but there's no knowing."

"Are people being taxed pretty heavily now for public improvement?"

"O yes; that's necessary."

"And do the improvements seem to cost about five times as much as they ought to?"

"Yes, they do."

"I guess you'll find that the bandits have reformed and gone into politics."

He Did Not.

[San Francisco Post.]

Officer McNamara (discussing the latest stabbing case)—The chief tould me in case of danger to take the plaintiff's post-mortem statement.

Officer McGungle—Faith, an' did yez do it?

Officer McNamara—Indude an' Oi did not. Sure the doctor down there said Oi'd better not. Ye see, he's been telling every wan that the man would die, and the last time Oi took a post-mortem the man got well, and he's afraid Oi'll ruin his reputation.

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