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Good Night.

A SONG.

Good night, my love, good night.
The twinkling stars are peeping from the
cloudless sky.
And on the dewy earth the silver moonbeams
are;

His Own Medicine.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton had finished
tiffin, and were discussing some private
theatricals, which, followed by a ball,
were to take place that evening at the
mess-house of the - th. The subject
was a delicate one, for on it they held
decided, but unfortunately divided
opinions. The doctor had a prejudice
against such things, and, though in
most respects very indulgent to his
pretty little wife, objected to her at-
tending them. She, however, was
bent on doing so.

"You know, dear, that it is the very
last of the season, and every one will
be there."

"And you know my rooted objection
to these entertainments, Ada, why do
you urge me?"

"Then when shall I ever have an op-
portunity of showing off that lovely
pink and silver cloak you got from
Madras on my birthday?" pouted the
young wife.

"Ah, that is a deeply important mat-
ter!" laughed the doctor. "We must
see if we can't get up a dance in our
bungalow, little woman," continued the
somewhat consequentially.

"But that won't be a ball and the-
atricals to-night; and by that time
Daddabhy, Bummagee and the other
Parsees will have their shops filled
with the new-fashioned cloak, which as
yet mine is the only one of the canton-
ment. I really do think, William, you
might let me go. I am sure I sit pa-
tiently enough through those solemn
dinners and scientific ruminations of
which you are so fond."

"Well, well, as it is the very last of
the season, I suppose I must be amia-
ble for once; but -"

"Oh, that's a dear, good, disagree-
able old thing!" said his wife, giving
him a kiss; and without waiting to
hear more, in a flutter of delight she
left the room.

When left to himself the doctor pon-
dered their late conversation, and left
by no means satisfied with his share in
it. Still, having consented, he deter-
mined to do so with a good grace, and,
on Mrs. Morton presently re-entering to
look for something, he said, "By the
way, dear, when shall I order the pa-
lanquin for you?"

Still continuing her search she re-
plied rather absently, "Oh, any time,
I shall only want it returning; the
Hills will call for me going."

Dr. Morton was taken aback.
"So," he exclaimed, "you had ar-
ranged to go with—or without—my
consent!"

With a little start, she answered
somewhat confusedly, "Well, I thought
you would be sure to give me leave,
William, and -"

"As you have chosen to act so whol-
ly independently," interrupted her
husband, angrily, "I withdraw the
consent I so unwittingly gave. The
house shall be closed at the usual hour,
and if you do not happen to be at home
at 11 o'clock, we do not sleep under
the same roof this night."

And in high displeasure Dr. Morton left
the house; nor did he return for more than
a couple of hours, during which his
mood had more than once changed.
The first irritation over, he felt that it
was hard upon his pet to deny her the
pleasure to which but the moment be-
fore he had assented. How would he
bear to spend the long evening oppo-
site that disappointed, wistful little
face? It began, too, to dawn upon
him that "the whole cantonment"—
which in India, where private life is
no distinctly public property than in
any other corner of the world, stands
for our esteemed old friend, Mrs.
Grundy—might, as has ever been its
 wont, put an unkind construction on
motives it did not understand; might
hint that he was not so much standing
by his principles—which in fact, he
had yielded—as avenging his own of-
fended dignity. The result of all
which cogitation was that if, on his re-
turn home, he should find that she had
accepted both disappointment and re-
solute in a proper spirit, much, indeed
all, dependent on that—she should go
with their friends to the ball; or even
in the probable event of their having
already called, he would show his mag-
nanimity by taking her himself. Just
then a carriage drove swiftly past his;
he recognized it to be the Hills's, and

in it—could he credit his senses?—all
radiant with smiles, wrapped in her
new cloak, sat his wife, who, in merry
defiance, kissed her hands to him as
they passed.

Both ball and theatricals were de-
lightful, and none enjoyed them more
than the volatile and fascinating Mrs.
Morton. In the gaiety of her spirits
she confided to one after another of
her dearest friends her husband's
threat; and to one or two who ex-
pressed some fear that he might carry
it out she laughingly replied that she
did not think that that would be at all
likely; but in the event of anything so
improbable, she had still her palanquin,
in which she could rest till gun-fire,
when, of course, the house would be
opened.

I am told that nowadays palanquins
are in as little request in India as sedan
chairs in England; but in Dr. and
Mrs. Morton's time—for know, O reader,
that my story is founded on fact—they
were, except in the evening drive, the
most general mode of carriage. In the
veranda of every house one or
more might always be seen, with their
bearers at hand, ready for instant ser-
vice by day or by night.

It was past 2 o'clock when Dr. Mor-
ton heard, coming down the compound,
the moaning monotonous cry of the
bearers who carried their mistress to
her home. Placing the palanquin in
the veranda, they called loudly for
admission, striking the door with their
hands, in no small wonder that it had
not, as usual, been thrown wide at
their approach. Expectation of the
coming triumph had driven sleep from
his pillow; and he now turned his head
with a grim smile, for his revenge was
at hand—the little rebel should learn a
lesson never to be forgotten.

To the bearers' voices was soon ad-
ded that of their mistress's indignation;
cuttingly, coaxingly she called in
turn. She reminded her husband
that their veranda was overlooked
from the road—"Let me in, I beg, I
entreat of you, William. It will be gun
fire in a couple of hours, and if seen
here I shall be the laughing-stock of
the whole station. O William, dear,
do let me in!"

To which her husband answered
sternly, "We shall not rest under the
same roof this night;" and he checked
to himself, for he only intended to keep
her waiting a few minutes.

For a moment Mrs. Morton seemed
irresolute; then having said a few
words to the local bearer, she cried
aloud in a passionate burst of sobs, "I
will sooner die than submit to such hu-
miliation!" and, followed by her ser-
vants, she rushed away.

There was a long waiting cry—a
shriek—a heavy splash. Good heavens!
could it be—could it be possible that
his impetuous wife had thrown her-
self into the well? Hark to those
wild cries as the bearers run hither
and thither with loud exclamations
and calls for help. Paralyzed with
fear, the husband could, with difficulty
open the door; then rushing out he
would have flung himself into the
still rippling water, in a mad attempt
at rescue, had not a bearer hung upon
his arm, as in broken English, he tried
to explain that his mistress was safe.

"Then where is she? What is all
this row about? Who has fallen in?
What are you all yelling for?"

"For Men Sahib tell, throw big
stone down well; then too much hot-
ter make; run this way, that way—
plenty great tamasha. Men Sahib
make big cry, then Men run away."

Dr. Morton knew himself outwitted,
for doubtless his wife had taken ad-
vantage of the door she had thus suc-
ceeded in opening. Ah, well, though
 vexed at the trick, he was by no means
sorry that the conflict was at an end,
and that they should both pass what
remained of the night in peaceful rest.
He dismissed the bearers, and returned
to the house, but to find it shut; the
door was closed, and obstinately re-
sisted all efforts to open it; while a
voice from the window from which he
had himself so lately spoken, said—
"We shall not sleep under the same
roof this night." The doctor, with an
uneasy laugh, first treated the situation
as a silly joke, then expostulated, then
noticed; but all without avail or even
return. He called to the ayah on the
door; but her answer was that she
was locked in Men's room, and Men
had the key under her pillow. He
stamped at first with anger, but soon
with cold, for his night pyjamas offered
slight protection against the chill
morning air. At length seeing the
palanquin, he got into it. The lovely
cloak was lying on the cushions; he
drew the hood over his head, its deli-
cate hues in striking contrast to his
sunburned face and disheveled hair
and dragging it round his broad
shoulders with an angry tug, settled
himself to sleep.

The gun had fired, the "assembly"
sounded, but still the doctor slept on,
not was he roused by the sound of
horses' hoofs, as a boy of ladies, un-

escorted except by servants, rode up
to the door. They would be joined in
their ride by their husbands after par-
ade; and then, after a final round of
the course, assemble at the house of
one other of their party to chata-haz-
zarie and a lively discussion of absent
friends.

In much surprise they waited a min-
ute or so before the closed and silent
house; then, with significant glances,
one after another slid from her saddle,
determined to solve the mystery. Ah,
there it is! A little corner of the cloak
worn the night before by Mrs. Morton
peeped out of the closed door of the
palanquin; 'twas evident that the poor
little thing had been obliged to seek
that shelter. "What a shame!" They
would speak to her, they would com-
fort her, and oh, what a laugh they
would have against her! They groped
themselves round the palanquin, bend-
ing low to peer in; and one on either
side drew back the sliding doors as-
graciously! Dr. Morton, still half-asleep,
slowly opened his eyes. Most effectually
he was awakened by the startling ex-
clamation with which the visitors
hastily retreated to their horses, which
they were just in the act of mounting
as the door was thrown open, and Mrs.
Morton appeared in her riding-habit.
They immediately rode away, to the
infinite satisfaction of the recumbent
but impatient doctor, who was in mortal
fear that fresh complications might
arise through his unexplained absence
from duty bringing message of inquiry.

At the meeting of husband and wife
we would rather not play fly in the
corner, but take for granted that there
was the usual amount of tears, retri-
mation and hysterics, in which—for
this occasion only—a torn and crumpled
fragment of pink and silver took
an active part; the sight of it from
time to time stimulating Mrs.
Morton's grief and eloquence, while
her husband, who, smarting the expose
of the morning, had entered on the
fray with unusual spirit, soon found
himself vanquished, limp and utterly
dismayed, as his own inconsistent,
tyrannical and selfish conduct was
contrasted—not for the first time—with
the patient endurance of his long-
suffering wife.

Neither of this sort of reconciliation
that followed in natural sequence,
shall we make record; but we must of
the pleasing fact that, at the very next
concert, Mrs. Morton, leaning on her
husband's arm, appeared in most ex-
quisite spirits, her cloak, this time of
amber and gold, being admired by all
beholders.—London Society.

Sago and Tapioca.

Sago and tapioca differ in value ma-
terially, as was shown recently in a
lawsuit between merchants of the Pa-
cific coast. The difference is explain-
ed in the plants and in the cost of pro-
duction. The sago tree is a palm,
twenty-five feet high. It grows in the
marshes of Singapore and elsewhere in
China, where plantations of one thou-
sand acres are often seen. A sago palm
is not ripe for its first and only har-
vest till fifteen years from the plant-
ing. Its diameter is then some twenty
inches. The harvester works on a shifting
plank in the swamp, and fells the tree,
close to the ground. The bark being
removed the body of the tree consists
of soft pith, which is broken and
ground in water while the pulp is being
stirred. Transferred to a vat, the
starch is precipitated and the water
drawn off, after which the starch is
dried and ground into the sago
flour of commerce. Chinese tapioca
differs essentially. The plant grows
fifteen feet high, and fruits in two
years; otherwise it is not unlike the
potato. Every motion is the same as
in the potato field. Grasping the plant
in its huge bunch of massive roots is
shaken and taken to mill, where, being
washed and stripped by machinery, the
tapioca of commerce is made as sago is
precisely.

Space in the Universe.

The nearest of the fixed stars is
twenty trillions (20,000,000,000,000)
of miles distant from us. The next in
distance is four times farther removed.
If we attempt to fix an average dis-
tance for the surrounding group of
fixed stars nearest our system, we could
not safely give it a radius of less than
four hundred trillions of miles. Yet
what does this involve? Light, which
reaches us from the sun in eight and a
half minutes, would take seventy years
in its journey across this vast
domain of space. If the volume of
space included within our solar system
were occupied with one huge sphere of
5,600,000,000 miles diameter, even such
a mighty mass would be but as a float-
ing feather in the marvelous spread
of empty space surrounding. This
space would contain twenty-seven hun-
dred trillions of such spheres, and
would contain the material contents of
our solar system a number of times in-
dicated by the figure 5 with twenty-
two ciphers annexed.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Aid For the Suffered.

How would you treat a person taken
out of the water apparently drowned?
Clear out the mouth and stomach,
loosen the clothing and cause artificial
respiration by pressing at intervals on
the back.

How would you treat a case of apo-
plexy? Elevate the head and keep the
person quiet. How would you treat
sunstroke? Use ice on the head and
cold water on the extremities. How
would you treat a burn? Apply equal
parts of lime water and linseed oil.
What would you do if a person were
bitten by a rabid dog? Tie a cord
tightly about the wound, apply warm
water to encourage bleeding, suck the
wound and apply caustics. These in-
structions are only meant to be used
pending the arrival of a surgeon or
physician.

Bemedy For Diptheria.

The editor of the Des Moines Regis-
ter publishes the following letter,
signed, W. A. Scott, M. D. In long
years gone by you published my cure
for diptheria. It attracted wide-
spread attention, and became known
as the "English diptheria cure," and
saved hundreds of lives, as thankful
letters received by me show. The
years of progress and thought have
brought better treatment, because not
so slow in action. I have lately re-
ceived several letters asking for the
treatment as published in the Register,
their much treasured copies containing
the same having been lost, mislaid or
lost. I now give my improved
treatment, which can be had at any
drug-store, and used by any person
without danger. Take ten grains of
permanente of potassium and mix
it with one ounce of cold water. As
soon as dissolved it must be applied
with a rag or sponge mop or swab to
the whitish places in the tonsils, and
other parts that have the diptheria
membrane on. Do this very gently,
but thoroughly, every three hours until
better; then every six hours until well.
It does not give pain, but is rather
numbing to the taste. If the tongue
is coated white I mix one drachm of
hyposulphite of soda and five drops of
oil sassafras in four ounces of syrup
made of sugar and hot water, and give
a tea-spoonful every one to three hours
as needed, when awake. If the
tongue is not coated white I mix
twenty drops of tincture of phyto-
laccin in four ounces of cold water, and
give a tea-spoonful every one to three
hours as needed, when awake. The
phytolaccin is the common poke root
of the South, and as it loses its strength
by drying and age, the tincture should
be from the fresh root or it is worth-
less. It is well to apply a little sweet
oil, or cod-liver oil, to the outside of the
throat to protect it from the action of
the air, as the patient must be pro-
tected from all danger of getting
chilled. In the beginning of the
disease in mild cases, the abso-
lute solution of permanente of potassium
is all I use, and all that is needed, as the
disease is local at first, but rapidly
affects the whole system when seated.
In the stinking form of diptheria
this solution soon destroys all smell,
and in every case it destroys the dip-
theria membrane without leaving any
bad effect behind.

A Scene in the United States Senate.

Interior in intellectual ability to
Webster, Clay, or Calhoun, Thomas
Hart Benton had no superior as a man
of iron will and haughty disposition,
during the twenty-nine years and
seven months he served continu-
ously in the United States Senate.
Aggressive, bold and defiant, he would
occasionally strike out recklessly at
everything and everybody about him,
like the huge wild buffaloes of the
Missouri prairies, trampling his oppo-
nents beneath his feet in his angry
rush. His greatest display of ungov-
erned rage in the Senate chamber, was
when, in an angry debate, he advanced
with threatening gestures toward
Senator Foote, of Mississippi, who,
fearing that he was to be attacked,
drew a small pocket-pistol. The sight
of this weapon made Benton uncon-
trollable, and endeavoring to shake off
the grasp of friends who seized him,
he shouted: "The cowardly assassin,
let him shoot me if he dares. I never
carry arms, and he knows it. Let the
assassin fire." After quiet was some-
what restored, Clay suggested that
both senators should enter into bonds
to keep the peace, upon which Benton
rose and exclaimed: "I will not in jail,
sir, before I will do it! No sir! I will
not in jail first!" and he proceeded to
pour forth a torrent of bitter invective
on Foote before he could be quieted.
Even when he was defeated in seeking
a re-election for the sixth time in the
Senate, and was forced to accept a seat
in the House of Representatives, Ben-
ton failed to display a chastened mind
or softened heart.—Ben Peck's
Poore in the Century.

False Perceptions.

The simplest forms of insanity are
those which consist merely of false
perceptions, and they are not of such a
character as to lessen the responsibility
of the individual. There are two
forms of false perceptions, illusions
and hallucinations. Uncontrolled
illusions are rare; still there is no
doubt that there are illusions not the
results of disease in the organs of sense
or of circumstances unfavorable to ex-
act perception, but which are due to a
morbid condition of the perceptual
organs, and the unreal nature of
which is clearly recognized by the in-
dividual.

Illusions of sight often relate merely
to the size of objects. Thus, a young
lady who had oversteered herself at
school saw everything of enormous
size at a person she looked. The head of
a woman seemed to be several feet in
diameter, and little children looked
like giants. So far as her own person
was concerned there were no illusions.
Her hands appeared of the natural
size, but those of other people seemed
to be of enormous proportions. Sany-
ages refers to a case in which a young
woman, suffering from epilepsy, had
the illusion of seeing objects greatly
magnified. A fly seemed to her to be
as large as a chicken. In the case
which came under my observation, the
unreal character of the perception
was fully recognized, and hence the in-
tellect was not involved.

Morbid illusions of hearing, man-
complicated by other evidences of men-
tal derangement, are not very common.
One class only has come under my ob-
servation. It was that of a gentleman
to whom the ticking of a clock was re-
solved into articulate words. Gener-
ally the expressions were in the form
of commands. For instance, if, at
dinner, they would be, "Eat your soup,"
"Drink no wine," and so on. One day
he made the discovery that, if he
closed the right ear freely, the illusion
disappeared; but, if the left ear were
closed, the words were still distinctly
heard. It was hence clear that the
center for hearing on the right side
was the one affected, and that that on
the left side was normal. For a long
time this gentleman resisted accepting
any of these illusions as facts, but
after a time he began to be influenced
by them to the extent of regarding
them as guides. Eventually he put
clocks in every room in his house, and
professed to be governed altogether by
the directions they gave him.—Dr.
Hanneman in Popular Science Monthly.

Getting In and Out of the Army.

Mothers and fathers are constantly
applying to the secretary of war for
the discharge of their sons from the
army, says a Washington correspond-
ent. Secretary Lincoln has absolute
power in this matter. As a result he
has to talk to a dozen or two agonized
parents every day. As a general rule
they represent that their sons were un-
der the lawful age when they enlisted.
If they can prove this their sons are
discharged. When they can't they
complain that it is unjust to hold a
young man to a contract which he
concluded impulsively in a moment of
desperation. Sometimes it was the
result of money troubles, sometimes of
love troubles, and sometimes of family
troubles. You would imagine if you
looked at these tales, that this was the
popular method of consulting a sage.

Most of our young soldiers appear
to have taken up arms because of a sea
of troubles. In almost every case the
young man is just about to desert. He
sees nothing before him in the army
but the slavish, monotonous life of a
soldier without a cent and without a
future. He sees about him—if he is
in the West, as he usually is—splendid
possibilities for a young man. They
want to get out of the army. They
want to get at the possibilities. So
they write to their people in the East
that they will desert unless they are
honorably discharged from the army
by a certain day. Thereupon the half-
frantic mothers and fathers and uncles
and aunts flock to the war department.
The war department holds on like grim
death to the few soldiers it has. The
army grows smaller day by day. A
year's desertions decimate it as a battle
would. There are only 20,000 men in
all. They are dropping out by twos,
threes, dozens every day. The fac-
inating recruiting agents do not charm
enough recruits to make up for the
losses. So the war department fights
for its soldiers as its soldiers ought to
fight for it. When they desert they
are chased, if enough soldiers remain
in the garrison. If the deserters are
caught they are tried by court-martial
and sentenced to two years' imprison-
ment at hard labor in the military prison
at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. At the
expiration of his term of imprisonment
he is dishonorably discharged from
the service of the United States. I
would advise young men to keep out
of the army until at least the army
grows better. Perhaps it will never
grow better unless they grow better,
and unless more of them go into it.

HIS LAST COURT.

A Story of the Sternest Judge that Arkansas
has Ever Had.

Old Judge Gresham, a justice of
peace, was never known to smile. It
came to Arkansas years ago, and year
after year, by the will of the voters,
he held his place as magistrate. The
lawyers who practiced in his court
never joked with him, because every
one soon learned that the old man
never engaged in levity. Every morn-
ing, no matter how hot the weather
might be, the old man took his place
behind the bar, which, with his own
hands, he had made, and every even-
ing just at a certain time he closed his
books and went home. No man ever
engaged him in private conversation,
because he would talk to no one. No
one ever went to his home, a little cottage
among the trees in the city's outskirts,
because he had never shown a disposi-
tion to make welcome the visits of
those who lived even in the immediate
vicinity. His office was not given him,
through the influence of "job-stealing,"
because he never asked any man for
his vote. He was first elected his
county having only been announced in
a sense of admiration, he exhibited the
executive side of such a legal mind
that the people nominated and elected
him. He soon gained the name of the
"Hired Justice," and every lawyer in
Arkansas referred to his decisions.
His rulings were never reversed by
the higher courts. He showed no sen-
sitive indignation. He stood upon the
platform of a law which he had made
a study, and no man disputed him.

Recently a woman charged with
murder was arraigned before him.
"For old man seems more than
ever interested," remarked a lawyer, as
the magistrate took his seat. "I don't
see how a man so old can stand the
excitement of a court much longer."

"I am not well today," said the
judge, turning to the lawyers, and
my cases that you may have you will
please dispatch them to the best, and
let me add, quietest of your ability."

Everyone saw that the old man was
morally feeble, and no one thought
of a woman to plead a disclaimer,
for all the lawyers had learned to re-
verence him.

"Is this the woman?" asked the
judge. "Who is defending her?"

"I have no defense, your honor," the
woman replied. "In fact, I do not
think that I need any, for I am here to
confess my guilt. No man can defend
me," and she looked at the magistrate
with a curious gaze. "I have been ar-
rested on a charge of disturbing the
peace, and I'm willing to submit my
case. I am dying of consumption,
judge, and I know that any ruling
made by you will conclude but little effi-
cacy in me," and she coughed a hollow,
hacking cough, and drew around her
an old shawl, as if she were cold.

The expression on the face of the magis-
trate remained unchanged, but his eyes
were dropped and he did not raise them
when the woman continued: "As I
say, no man can defend me. I am too
weak that would approach to pass
which will know a revealing death to
soul and body. Years ago I was a
child of helpless promise. I lived
with my parents in Kentucky, was
ward and light-hearted. I was ad-
mired by all the gay society known in
the neighborhood. A man came and
professed his love for me. I don't say
this judge to excite your sympathy,
I have money and every time being
drawn before court, but I never be-
fore spoke of my past life."

She continued again, and sought a
flower bed on a handkerchief which
she placed to her lips. "I speak of
now because I know this is the last
court on earth before which I will be
arranged. I was fifteen years old
when I fell in love with the man. My
father said he was bad, but I loved
him. He came again and again, and
when my father said he should
come to me I ran away and married
him. My father said I should never
come home again. I had always been
his pet, and I loved him so dearly,
but he said that I must never again
come to his home, by home, the home
of my youth and happiness. How I
knew to see him. How I yearned to
put my head on his breast. My hus-
band became so cold to me, that I
knew he would not let me go. I
wrote to my father, asking
him to let me come home, but the
answer that came was, 'I do not know
you.' My husband died—yes, cursed
God and man. Homeless and wretched,
and with my little boy I went out
into the world. My child died, and I
bowed down and wept over a pauper's
grave. I can be to my father again,
but he answered, 'I know not those
who disobey my commands.' I
turned away from that bitter fastened.
I pursued my teachings. Now I am
here."

Several lawyers rushed forward. A
crimson tinge colored her lips. They
knew her helpless face, and
against the chair. The magistrate
had not raised his eyes. "Great God!"
said a lawyer, "she is dead!"

The woman was his daughter.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.
Economy is itself a great income.
Folly ends where genuine hope be-
gins.

Men mark the hits, and not the
misses.
It costs more to avenge than to
beaten them.

Whatever makes men happier makes
them better.
It is a good rule to be deaf when a
stranger begins to talk.

Problems of means, in fact, the
foolishness of him that employs them.
Circumstances are the rulers of the
weak; they are but the instruments of
the weak.

Out in the world men show us two
sides of their character; by the fireside
only one.

As women may get to love by de-
grees, the best fire does not flare up
the sooner.

When there is much pretension
much has been borrowed; nature
never pretends.

It is not what you see that makes
you popular among your friends; it is
what you don't see.

Never despise humble services;
when large help runs aground, little
services may pull them off.

Attention is to the stone which good
humiliations are to the man; both polish,
while they reveal hidden beauties.

When a man is at the foot of the
hill in his lifetime, he may stay a long
while there, despite of professional ac-
complishments.

Murdered by a Private.

Lieutenant General Cooke, of Ply-
mouth, England, formerly of the In-
dian army, has received particulars of
the murder of his son, Lieutenant W.
H. Cooke, all that of the wing of the
Lincolnshire regiment stationed at
Limerick. The deceased was drilling
the men on a practice range, two rifle
shots were fired from the corner of the
barracks. The bullets passed close over
the heads of the men, and almost im-
mediately a third shot was fired, severely
wounding a private named Lilley, in
the back. The men were much excited
and wanted to scatter, but Lieuten-
ant Cooke ordered them to remain
steady and wait for the direction of the
drill. As he was advancing in a can-
ter a fourth shot was fired by a private
named O'Keefe, who was standing out-
side the barrack door. The bullet did
not strike Cooke, but again discharged
his rifle. This time the bullet entered
the breast of Lieutenant Cooke's
horse, and immediately striking this,
the animal fell, and O'Keefe advanced
toward Cooke, shouting, "What are
you about, sir?" The man replied,
"Stand back, sir; I will shoot you,
too." Lieutenant Cooke, when about
twenty paces from the soldier, was dis-
mounting, apparently with the inten-
tion of getting on his feet, when
O'Keefe again fired, and this time
struck the officer in the groin. Medical
aid was quickly rendered, but the main
artery of the lieutenant's leg was found
to be nearly severed, and he died in
about an hour. O'Keefe, when taken
to the cell, begged that he wished he
had been able to "do" for
sergeant Brent. Sergeant Brent had
been instrumental in obtaining a con-
tract for the "hired justice" for
protection, and he had been the de-
ceased, as a lieutenant, had pro-
ceeded to the only reason
that could be assigned for the occur-
rence. That said O'Keefe was buried
with all military honors, and a regu-
lar soldier's funeral was caused directing
the order to be given mourning for
three months.

Enthusiasm and His Opposites.

When Lincoln made a visit to the
United States he had a desire to
become a member of the senate, and a
discovery of the shells in the book to
see that the general had one to take
home with him. As soon as he made
the best of the occasion, he proclaimed
his want in a kindly way, and appeal to
his countrymen, and then to prove that
republicans were not always ungrateful.
They responded cheerfully, and cheer-
fully to the appeal. Opposites came
in from north and south, east and west,
until the overwhelmed editor found
himself pressed to 250000 many. He
could not afford these separate accom-
modations, he desired not to urge them
together, so, at night, he turned them
all loose in the square, to quarter
themselves in the city. Next day
"opposites" were here, there, and every-
where in Baltimore, to the delight of
the black, and the disgust of the white
citizens, who fervently wished that Lin-
coln's trip would be a success, or that
the editor had executed his commis-
sion with more discretion.—All
the Year Round.