

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MARY ELLEN BURKE

Who Died at St. Hyacinthe, April 14th, 1886. They laid her in an early grave. When April winds blew chill, N-flowers were blooming in the vale, The snow was on the hill. She waited only for the birds, Of springtime here below, And passed away to other climes, Where flowers immortal grow. Though nature smiled not as she went, She heaved no parting sigh; She needed not the flowers of spring To teach her how to die; For while she tarried here on earth, Her feet had ever roved The way of truth and innocence, That ledeth up to God. With angel steps she passed along This vale of sin and woe, Nor did she turn to joys of earth, But heavenward ever go. And in his own good time, the God She loved has called her home, To claim the crown that virgins wear, And stand beside His throne. In youth's fair morn, ere care had left Its traces on her brow, He took her to the realms of light, And she is happy now. What rests she then the churchyard would? Her spirit is at rest; Along the hills of Paradise She wanders with the blest. O weep not, parents, sisters dear, That from your home she's gone, She'll never know the ills that striv' This vale of life along. A faithful Child of Mary here, With Mary now above, She waits to greet you in the land Where all is peace and love. H. WHIT. St. Hyacinthe College. April 9th, 1886.

THE PRESIDENT'S BRIDE.

THE LOVELY YOUNG LADY WHOM IT IS SAID THE PRESIDENT IS TO MARRY IN JUNE—NOW IN ITALY, BUT TO RETURN IN MAY—A FORMER ROMANTIC ENGAGEMENT THAT WAS BROKEN. BUFFALO, April 22.—The statement of the Rev. Wm. C. Cleveland, brother of the President, that the latter will marry Miss Frances Folsom, the lovely daughter of the late Oscar Folsom, together with some additional information gleaned to day by the correspondents of The Sun, leaves no doubt of the fact that the White House wedding will take place. There has been a romantic episode in Miss Folsom's life which is worth narrating, not only on account of its interest, but because it shows her rare good common sense on a trying occasion. Miss Folsom's father was killed in 1875 on Grand Island by being thrown from a buggy in a runaway accident. She was at that time only 11 years of age, and her first appearance in public was some four years later. Meanwhile she had been taken by her mother to an uncle's at Ransomville, where Mrs. Folsom attended to her daughter's preliminary education. This step was made necessary by the confused condition of Oscar Folsom's affairs, which were in such an entangled condition at the time of his sudden death that Mr. Cleveland, who took charge of the affairs, thought Mrs. Folsom and her daughter, for a time at least, had better discontinue their residence at the Tiffin House. The appearance of Miss Folsom referred to was at the celebrated annual carnival, held in 1879 in the Pearl street rink, and which was one of the brilliant and re-splendent affairs of the kind of which the monde of this city have any recollection. Miss Folsom was an attendant at the Robert Burns booth, and wore the character costume of a Highland lass, with plaid dress, kilt, and all the accessories. Her rare beauty and amiability made her a tremendous favorite with everybody, and a center of beauty, in which all the beauties participated. Miss Folsom was a first prize winner. About fifteen thousand dollars were cast in this competition, and the fatherless beauty had a plurality, her vote nearly equalling that of all the other beauties put together. Despite her youth and modest, retiring, and sensitive disposition, Miss Folsom was more and more in society, but did not neglect her studies. She was able to pass the B. G. exam. examination about this time, and spent two years in the Central High School in preparation for the four years' course, which subsequently took in Wells College at Aurora, where she was graduated last year the star in the class. In the Central School Miss Folsom did not display any brilliancy of talent, but she possessed a remarkable ability to thoroughly imbibe instruction, retaining what she learned, and understanding it better than some pupils who seemed more bright but whose attainments were more ephemeral. It was while she was a student at the Central School that Miss Folsom's first romance occurred. She and her mother were devout attendants at the religious services and prayer meetings of the North Presbyterian Church. There Frankie, as she was known by her friends, became acquainted with Charles Townsend, a son of wealthy parents and a fascinating gentleman, who was, however, impulsive, capricious and changeable, both in society and business affairs. Mr. Townsend had tried his talents in several fields, but tired of them rapidly, and seemed never likely to settle down permanently in any sphere of life. He was a newspaper reporter, a clerk in a drug store, an embryo lawyer, and a railroad clerk. Miss Folsom was, as now, a lovely and a lovable girl, and she was impressionable the attentions of Mr. Townsend were received with pleasing fervor. The Folsoms resided in an unpretentious brick house on Niagara street, near Morgan, and there her first courtship was held. An engagement soon resulted. Soon afterwards young Townsend concluded to study theology, and, with that object in view, went to Auburn and attended the Presbyterian seminary there. A banker's daughter there, who possessed the same qualities of heart, mind and face that Miss Folsom was noted for, became acquainted with him, and the present belle soon shattered the absent idol of the youth's adoration. He finally wrote a letter to Frankie, in which he told her, with a tinge of sorrow, that he believed he could never love her as she deserved to be loved, that he thought he had proved himself unworthy of her affections, and, in short, that she had best dismiss him from her mind. This was a trying time for Frankie, but she promptly wrote back that she was perfectly satisfied, and was rather glad to have him express his views so frankly. That was all there was of it. This, however, was not the good fortune of the Auburn girl to whom Mr. Townsend became engaged. He came to the conclusion that he was too poor to marry, and told her so in a letter which she received while making arrangements for her bridal clothes. The effect on her was the opposite of what it had been on Miss

Folsom, and her father, who took the letter from her hand before she had recovered from her fainting spell, could hardly be restrained from inflicting corporal punishment on the man who had trifled with her affections. Frankie's first lover is now the Rev. Charles Townsend, a popular clergyman of Leasingburgh, who is married to an estimable lady and is doing good work in the field in which he finally chose to spend his life. The wedding, it was said, would be of the most quiet character possible, and it was to be solemnized in the White House in June. There will not be a dozen persons present, and, if it is possible, the time of the occurrence will be kept secret until after the ceremony. Miss Folsom is modest, retiring, and sensitive, and her wishes are that there shall be no display. In this it is understood the President concurs. About a year ago some papers printed a poor picture of Miss Folsom, which so displeased her that she employed a detective to try the responsibility for its appearance, but after considerable effort it was found to be impossible to trace the source of the publication. Her intention was to prosecute the originator of what she termed an outrage both civilly and criminally if it was possible. The Folsoms, according to recent letters, are in Genoa, Italy, and their return is expected about May 20. They will probably come to Buffalo before going to Washington. There is some talk that the wedding will not be held at the White House if there are indications of too much publicity, but that the event will be quietly celebrated at the home of Secretary Whitney or some other friend of the President.

A QUEBECER'S SUCCESS DOWN SOUTH.

LANCH OF THE TRIUMPH, ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE AGE (From the Times, of Apalachicola, Florida, U. S.) Messrs. Saindell Bros. launched their steam boat south, Triumph, Thursday week. Shortly after 12 o'clock spectators began to arrive, many of whom returned to town under the impression that the launch would be postponed on account of the non-appearance of the Naïel, she having on board the Misses Saindell, Mr. John Saindell, Mrs. Lytle, Mrs. Dickinson and others from Kaitbridge. Early in the afternoon a telegram was received stating that the Naïel would arrive about 9 p.m. The Triumph was an excellent subject of admiration and wonder. Her decks being swarmed with throngs of people of both colors.

The Triumph, with the assistance of the tug Lotie, glided into the water a most cheering and applause and the noise of steamboat whistles. Mr. Saindell performed the ceremony of christening the boat by firing a bottle of champagne over her bows as she moved of the ways. Mr. Edward Swindell, assisted by Mr. J. Lawrence, and his brother, Mr. Richard Swindell, of Quebec, Canada, conducted their friends to the platform, where an elegant and sumptuous repast had been provided. Mr. Swindell received the congratulations of all those present. The banquet was thoroughly enjoyed, the appropriate address delivered by Mr. Paul Dabell was received with applause. He alluded to the energy of the designer of the Triumph, Mr. Edward Saindell, under whose personal supervision it was planned, constructed and launched. He then proposed the health of Mr. Saindell, and so ceased to the Triumph, which was most enthusiastically received. The Triumph is a perfect model of marine architecture, the dimensions being 101 feet in length, 33 feet beam and draws only two feet of water.

She is a side wheel steambot with 600 horse power; her speed will reach 15 knots per hour; she will be fitted with the most modern and approved machinery for the maintenance of her boiler, and is estimated to produce 200,000 feet per day. The machinery is supplied by Messrs. Pifer & Stowell, of Milwaukee, Wis. Her machinery is unique, in that the motive power is used in propelling the machinery, and also propels the vessel. The design of the machine was conceived by Mr. E. Swindell in conjunction with Mr. T. J. New, of the firm of Pifer, Stowell & Co. The new vessel has been employed by the construction of the box car for the Canadian Iron Works, and competent shipbuilders and those who are engaged in the construction of iron do not care to be out of the way. Harry L. Lawrence, who is now at the St. Paul, has been by his industry and skill, and also by his energy and devotion to his work, has made the Triumph one of the wonders of the age.

FORGORIES BY A FEMALE.

THE MASTER OF A CATHOLIC BOARD OF MISSIONS SWINDLES TWO BANKS. HARRISBURG, Pa., April 23.—No real event of years has attracted so much attention as the charge against Miss Priscilla McCleure, of being a forger, and a swindler, who has lost a loss of two hundred dollars. The young woman has an extensive acquaintance in this community, and numbered her friends by the hundreds. As a church member she exhibited a devotion to all religious duties that was the admiration and admiration of all those identified with her in the good cause. Her relatives and associates are perfectly astonished at the forgeries disclosed, and cannot subscribe to anything but a partial loss of reason. Her nearest relatives claim to know nothing of her whereabouts, but many believe she has fled to Europe to escape punishment. When she left home about two months ago it was for the ostensible purpose of visiting a lady friend in Philadelphia, since then her family claim to have heard nothing of her whereabouts. Miss McCleure was very reserved when at home. She dressed neatly, but not extravagantly, and she was very kind in her relations with her company and seemed to find her enjoyment in church work. She was regular in her attendance at all religious meetings of the Presbyterian church with which she was connected. As treasurer of the Board of Missions of the church she was very active, and her accounts were always straight as a rule. The forgers' developments would indicate that she used the church to ingratiate herself into the confidence of a prominent member who has a large interest in one of the banks which she swindled. From this bank she received \$7,000 before her forgeries were discovered. One of the alleged counterfeiters of her papers was Schumann Furst, of Lock Haven, a brother of Judge Furst, of Bellefonte. He is a wealthy, retired business man, and Miss McCleure became acquainted with him through his wife, who had been a schoolmate of Miss McCleure.

DYNAMITE IN A CHURCH.

MADRID, April 23.—An attempt was made this morning to destroy the church of San Luis in this city. An explosive was placed inside one of the enormous hollow candles which stand on either side of the altar. The explosion, instead of taking place while the church was crowded, as probably intended, occurred before the people began to arrive for the Good Friday services. The edifice was badly wrecked, and for a time was filled with smoke and flying debris. Two persons who were in the building were badly burned. The outrage has produced widespread excitement in the city. No trace of the identity of the person or persons engaged in the conspiracy has yet been found.

NED RUSHEEN;

WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT?

CHAPTER XXI.—(continued).

"Granted that there had been some evidence at the inquest bearing on this point, it was not produced here, and this in itself was sufficient to prove its utter worthlessness. The first witness was Barnes, a respectable servant, who had been years in the family service, and he deposed distinctly that he knew of no cause of disagreement between Lord Elmsdale and the accused. There was no possible, no conceivable motive adduced which could connect him with the crime. But there was one point to which he desired to call the special attention of the jury, and that was the evidence given by Barnes on cross-examination, which showed that there was a feeling, on the part of his Lordship, against Rusheen. He had witnesses to produce who, he hoped, would throw considerable light upon this subject. (Mr. Forensic looked up.) They had heard something of the disappearance of a girl who had lived for some years in the family, Ellie McCarthy—he would call her forward presently—and he believed she would satisfy the jury that there had been some serious false swearing at the inquest. He would be the last man in the world to throw odium on a noble family; but in the interests of common justice, as well as in the interests of his client, he was bound to see that there was no suppression of truth. "The great point relied on for the prosecution was the torn comforter; and what did all the evidence on this subject amount to? A piece of woollen stuff was found on a hedge—where, it was admitted, it could not have been caught unless the bearer had stooped almost to the ground; and further, the finder—Mr. Egan, an officer of great intelligence—admitted that the twig on which it was fastened was not strong enough to tear it off—a sufficient evidence that the fracture had not occurred there, as the prosecution had attempted to suggest. How the piece of stuff had come there he was not prepared to say; there were frequently circumstances, even in the ordinary life, which it was most difficult to explain; and yet, when the real cause or occasion was known, which were of the most ordinary and simple nature. He admitted that the piece found corresponded exactly with the piece wanted in the scarf or comforter which Rusheen wore when arrested by Egan, but he really could not see how this proved anything against the prisoner. Why, he and his learned friend had both been staying in the neighborhood at the time. If when shooting in the woods, a fragment of cloth had been torn from either of the coats and caught in a bush near the scene of the murder, would any gentleman say it was an evidence of his or his learned friend's connection with so foul a crime; and if they, because of their position in life, were to be exempt from suspicion, why should not a man in a lower class, of blameless character, be equally exempt? He advised the jury to dismiss this matter entirely from their consideration. They had been shown the scarf. He admitted the probability that the piece produced had formed a part of the original garment—and a very comfortable garment it was; but he denied, and denied indignantly, the suspicion which was attempted to be founded on so slight a basis. Surely it was possible that a man, whose nights as a matter of duty were very frequently spent in patrolling the woods, might have a portion of such an article of apparel torn—might, in fact, probably would, pass on without noticing it, or at least without pausing to secure the fragment. The night was stormy—he remembered that himself; he was sure his learned friend remembered it also, and would admit it with his usual candour. What was more likely than that this fragment had been blown about by the wind, and caught on the hedge from which it was taken? To found even a suspicion on such a circumstance was not evidence. Was not justice, was not ordinary rectitude?"

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CASE IS DECIDED.

"Your name is Ellie McCarthy?" "Yes, sir." "How long did you live in the late Lord Elmsdale's service?" "I am not sure, sir. I was very young." "You were very young when you went into service. Well, did you live five years with the family?" "Yes, sir. I think about that time." "You remember the night of the 14th of December 18—?" "Yes, sir."

Every eye was turned on Ellie, and the poor girl's color deepened painfully; but though her answers were given in a low tone, they were still sufficiently clear and distinct to satisfy even an exacting counsel. "Have you any particular reason for remembering that night specially?" "Yes, sir. We expected visitors from England, and as upper-housemaid, it was my duty to stay up and attend the fires." "And you did remain up for this purpose?" "Yes, sir." "In what rooms were you desired to keep up the fires?" Mr. Justice Cantankerous interrupted the counsel. He could not see to what the examination was leading—thought Mr. O'Sullivan was wasting time. Mr. Forensic made a grim joke, and sugges-

ted that he wished to throw light on the subject, though it was only fire-light. Mr. Justice Cantankerous could not see it; but as Mr. O'Sullivan was markedly polite and deferential, and at the same time addressed his lordship much as he would have done a child whose comprehension was not very brilliant, but on whom, nevertheless, he was prepared to bestow all possible pains, he thought it was best to subside. He had lost ten minutes for nothing, and that Mr. O'Sullivan would be very likely to remember the interruption. The question was repeated. Ellie replied: "In the library and the drawing-room, and in the great drawing-room." There was a smaller dining-room, used occasionally when the family were few in number, or for special purposes. "What members of the family were at home on the night of the 14th December?" Mr. Forensic objected and quoted the case of Stubbs v. Stubbs. Another ten minutes was lost. It made no great matter to any one but the prisoner at the bar, who seemed to be the last person on whom any consideration was bestowed; and yet how precious every moment was to him! What if the case should not close that day, and if he should spend another night of mental agony and suspense? The learned judge ruled for the defence. Mr. Forensic requested he would make a note of it. He did so, and it reposes at present in his private memoranda. The question was repeated, and Ellie replied: "My Lord and Lady Elmsdale were at home, and the two young gentlemen arrived late in the evening, and Mr. Elmsdale. Her color visibly deepened as she said the last words, her tone was embarrassed, and the jury noticed it. "I am informed that there was an attempt made at housebreaking on that night by the prisoner." Every one looked the amazement they felt. The line of defence opened by Mr. O'Sullivan for his clients was generally original, but it was something entirely new to the minds of jurisprudence to charge a man with housebreaking who was indicted for murder. "No answer from Ellie. Mr. O'Sullivan did not expect one. "At what hour did you go to make up the fire in the great dining room?" "It was after twelve, sir." "Can you tell the hour exactly?" "It was just two o'clock, sir." "Can you swear to it?" "Yes, sir. I heard the tower-clock when Mr. Elmsdale came into the room?" "Yes." "Now, remember you are on your oath, and your evidence is of the most serious importance to the ends of justice. For what purpose did Mr. Elmsdale come into the room?" "I—I don't know, sir." "Did he come to look for you?" "Yes, sir." "Did he ask you to marry him?" "Yes, sir." "Had he ever done so before?" "Not exactly." "Thank you, we understand. On your oath, did he ask you in plain words to marry him, on the night of December 14th, 18—?" "He did, sir." "Did he use any violence?" "He took out his revolver." The whole court was hushed, and the lowest word could be distinctly heard in every part of the building. "Did he threaten to shoot you?" "Yes, sir." "Ellie firmly believed that such was his intention." "And how were you saved?" "Ned broke in at the window, sir." Mr. Justice Cantankerous interrupted still. "Ned who?" "Ned Rusheen, my Lord." "Ned Rusheen, who was more cantankerous in name than in manner than in heart and nature, was attracted by the girl's extreme modesty and gentleness. Ned's heart was melting very fast. The next question brought it down very low. It was asked by the judge—"The prisoner is a friend of yours, is she?" "No, my Lord—I mean— But she was not asked what she meant. Mr. O'Sullivan continued— "I believe there are no window shutters at Elmsdale Castle?" "No, sir." "Then, as I understand, a person standing outside could see into the room at night when there was a light?" "Yes." "Were there curtains?" "There are very heavy curtains." (Ellie knew it to her cost, and said it rather plaintively; she had had to take them down several times.) "Were the curtains up or down on the night of the 14th December?" "The curtain near me was up, sir." "How was that?" "I had put it up to look at the moon on the snow." "Then, if Rusheen was outside, he could have seen you and Mr. Elmsdale, and could have witnessed the production of the revolver." "Yes, sir. He broke in at once when Mr. Elmsdale took it out." "That will do now." Mr. Forensic wished to cross-examine the witness. He did so, but he did not succeed in damaging her evidence. He pressed Ellie hard, hard, which was allowable, and coarsely, which did not add to his professional reputation, to admit that Rusheen was her lover; but she was firm and consistent in her replies. She had known him since she was a child. He had been a great deal with the young lord a few years ago. She did not know why they were not on the same terms now. She did not know if it was on her account, but being pressed, said perhaps it might be. She believed Rusheen had every right to be about the castle grounds at night. He was under-keeper—the head-keeper was very old. He could have seen the light in the dining-room window half a mile off. It was not usual to have lights there so late at night. There had been a light there once or twice, perhaps, in the last year, after a dinner-party, when they were clearing up. It was her business to attend to the fires—her aunt desired her. Her aunt was housekeeper. She supposed Mr. Elmsdale knew she would be up to look after them. She had never seen him since. She went out early next morning, and never returned to the castle. "Never returned to the castle. Will you inform the jury where you went?" "To Wicklow, sir."

"A strange affair, certainly! And, pray, who induced you to go to Wicklow?" "The priest, sir." Mr. Justice Cantankerous drew himself up. When a priest came into a case, he made a point of expressing his displeasure with the case, with the prisoner at the bar, with the jury, with the counsel on both sides, with the witnesses, with the whole court, both in general and in particular. He suffered, in fact, from a species of priestaphobia. His tendency to this disease was very well known, and all infection as far as possible averted; but the priest was brought in now, and there was no help for it. Mr. Forensic was a Protestant, but he regretted it quite as much as Mr. O'Sullivan, who was a Catholic. The counsel looked at each other with an air of confidential resignation, which to outsiders—who supposed them to be as evenly balanced as they held briefs on opposite sides, and were consequently bound to browbeat and aggravate each other's witnesses—was simply incomprehensible. "The priest!" observed Mr. Justice Cantankerous; "and, pray, what had the priest to do with this affair?" "He advised me, my Lord." "And why could not your friends advise you?" "He is my friend, my Lord." The answer was unanswerable, from the exceeding simplicity and confidence with which it was given. Mr. Justice Cantankerous might justly have asserted that the priest was her friend, but it was clearly impossible for him to blame her in public. "Why did the priest advise you to go to Wicklow?" Mr. Forensic continued. "Because—I suppose— "Was he afraid you would yield to Mr. Elmsdale's solicitations?" "Yes." "Then he advised you to fly from what he believed to be danger?" "Yes, sir." "Would he have objected to your marrying the prisoner?" "I—I think not, sir." "Have you ever seen the present Lord Elmsdale since the night of the 14th December?" "He hesitated and looked very uncomfortable. The question was pressed. "Once, sir." "But you said just now you had not seen him since?" "Ellie looked aghast. A previous question and her own answer was read to her. "Oh! sir, indeed, indeed I would not tell a lie. I meant— "We don't want to know what you meant. The value of your evidence will depend on what you swear." Ellie was thoroughly roused now. "And I swear, sir, I did not see Mr. Elmsdale again after that night until— "You mean that you did not see him until after your return from Wicklow?" "It was a juror who interposed. He had a daughter at home, a fair young girl, not unlike Ellie, and he felt for her. "Yes, sir; thank you, sir; and the fawlike eyes turned on him with a look of gratitude that he remembered for many a year to come. There was a suppressed laugh in the court at her earnest "Thank you, sir," but I do not think the juror took much notice of it. "Where did you see Lord Elmsdale for the last time?" "At the castle." "When?" "Last Wednesday." "And, pray, did he ask for this interview with which you favored him, or did you seek it yourself?" "Sir, the priest advised me." "It was too much for Mr. Justice Cantankerous's priestaphobia, and brought on a severe attack. "And may I ask you why he advised you to go near a gentleman whom he had advised you to avoid?" "He thought, sir—my Lord, I mean—that Mr. Elmsdale might be persuaded to do Ned justice." "A curious story, certainly. To go against Ned? I seemed so. Mr. O'Sullivan thought so, and he was not much given to stooping. "And will you inform us what just Lord Elmsdale was to do to his under-keeper?" "Oh, my Lord, he swore black against him at the inquest; and I was away, and there was no one to say against it, and the priest hoped he would be persuaded to tell the truth now." "A very strange case, certainly! I have never met anything like it in the whole course of my legal career;—the principal witnesses at the inquest are not forthcoming at the trial, and important evidence, which should have been given them, was withheld, and is tendered now!"—and Mr. Justice Cantankerous leant back in his judicial seat with the air of a man who has suffered a grievous injury, and wishes you to know it, and also to observe his equanimity under the trial. "I hope the counsel for the defence has some witnesses to produce who will corroborate this young woman's statements." Mr. O'Sullivan had a witness; and when the result is informed that it was Jack the Rimmer, he will not be surprised that the counsel for the defence had some doubts as to the result of his appearance. Jack was mainly impressed by the scene which surrounded him. The gravity of the judge, his imposing robes, his lofty position, his formidable head-dress, and his stern look, combined with the appearance of the barristers, the crowd of strangers, the "gentlemen in the box," and the attendant officials, formed a coup d'oeil which he had never before witnessed, and provoked the exclamation—"Ah! thin, glory be to God!—an' I wonder what the judgment at the Last Day, that Father Dan does be talking about, be a finer sight!" Some attempt had been made to improve the general respectability of his exterior man, but it proved a failure; he had been too long a child of nature to render a ready compliance to the requirements of art. The clean shirt and the tangled mass of hair, which no comb could ever reduce to order, the well-behaved expression of the mouth and the mischievous twinkle of the eye—each flatter contradicted the other. It would have been as well, perhaps better, if Jack had stood in the witness box in his original rags. The boy looked even younger than he was, and the judge looked him over with considerable suspicion. "I hope," he observed solemnly,—"I hope this boy understands the nature of an oath!" "Betad, thin, I don't!" was Jack's sudden and unexpected response. "You have produced a singular witness, Mr. O'Sullivan—a very singular witness. Of course, if he does not understand the nature of an oath, it is useless to examine him." "I think, my Lord, he understands it perfectly. If the question were expressed differently, I am sure we could elicit a more suitable reply." "I think," Mr. O'Sullivan, I conveyed myself with sufficient clearness." "No doubt, my Lord, no doubt. And now, boy, what do you mean by saying you don't understand the nature of an oath? You understood it well enough at the inquest."

"Fair en' I did, sir; and it was that same put me out entirely. Sure ye could see, when I took an oath, it was to swear what was true; an' may I never see to-morrow if that wasn't the place where the top of the quality awers away the blackest lies I ever heard!" "We don't want your opinion about the inquest, sir," interrupted the judge, angrily; "we want to know if you understand what you are doing now?" (To be continued.)

WHAT IS A NAVY BEAN?

MORGAN, Tex.—I was afflicted with gravel, and could only get temporary relief from physicians. Pain excruciating. Used three bottles Warner's safe cure and passed a stone as large as a navy bean, giving me complete relief.—DAVE GILLIS, Organ and Sewing Machine Dealer.

THE STALLION MASTERED

PROF. GLEASON HAD TO FIGHT FOR HIS VICTORY OVER THE VICIOUS BEAST MADE UP ITS MIND TO EAT HIM, AND CAME VERY NEAR DOING IT. TROOP—PISTOL, WHIP, AND SADDLE BROUGHT INTO PLAY.

New York, April 22.—Horse men must have been scarce about the clubs and at the theatres last evening, except such of them as could not get into Cosmopolitan Hall, where there was only standing room, and not much of that, at 8 o'clock. The big brown man-eater stallion from Montreal had been turned loose there in the panel-fenced pen, on the sidewalk covered floor, to await Prof. Oscar R. Gleason's taming of him. When his owner saw him let loose there, he shrugged his shoulders and remarked that it was no funeral of his, manifestly meaning that it was likely to be the occasion for a funeral of somebody else. When Prof. Gleason went into the pen the stallion looked at him with surprise, and then, seeming to remember trouble with him the night before, edged away from him un-easily. His first lesson was obedience to command, to approach the trainer. That stallion has a deep-seated prejudice against obedience. He may consent to it for a while, but only to find occasion for making his protest more emphatic. The trainer carried a revolver loaded with blank cartridges in one hand and a whip in the other. Around and around the enclosure dashed the stallion, kicking like a mule when the whip flicked him, refusing to come at the word of command. Suddenly he changed his mind. He came. He had made up his mind that Gleason annoyed him, and it would be a good idea to eat Gleason. But he wore no such expression in his countenance. His ears were not laid back and he looked neck. When within three feet of the trainer his jaws flew open like those of a yawning alligator, and he made a grab at the man's right breast. Gleason had barely time to throw the heavy handle of the whip between him and the brute's teeth, that grated along it, and just seized his heavy shirt enough to tear it, with but a slight nip at the skin. The attack was made with such lightning-like rapidity and wholly without warning that the trainer forgot his revolver, but the lion, fierce and peremptory tone of his yell, "Back, sir!" made the stallion stop, and the whip in an instant more made him turn.

The lesson recommenced, and within three minutes the savage brute again in the same treacherous way endeavored to seize his trainer by an arm, but was not quick enough to do so. Again the man's voice held him in check. Several times afterward he approached with what could now be seen was the same settled purpose of whacking the nuisance of a trainer by devouring him, but the big revolver was then brought into play, and its howitzer-like reports frightened him. Whittaking breath once Prof. Gleason remarked that this was the most treacherously vicious beast he had ever handled. Then the circus commenced. With Johnny's help and an infinite deal of caution to give the stallion a chance for a run, the training bridle of cord was put on the beast and he was made to understand that he had to go and come, walk and stop, as ordered, but the revolver was not for a moment laid aside, nor did Gleason for an instant take the stare of his big round, light-blue eyes from the murderer's glaring eyes of the stallion. Then a pain-our-bit driving bridle, open, was substituted for the cord, and the "double safety rope" was rigged to the horse's forelegs to stop him. While Gleason poured a bottle of liniment on his breast and slightly wounded beast, Johnny took the reins and safety rope and proceeded to give the animal a new series of surprises with his fore legs, the effect of which was to instill into him a new respect for the command "Walk."

Prof. Gleason then outlined the lesson with some more advanced students in "Walk" until the stallion obeyed it with surprising promptness. While teaching him the trainer told his auditors: "Never say the word 'whoa' to your horse without you want him to stop short there. Say 'steady' or 'easy' when you want him to go slower, but keep 'whoa' for an imperative order of an instant stop, and see that it is obeyed. Doing so may be the saving of your life some time." Then the stallion was hitched to a buggy. His owner had said that he was afraid of things above his head, especially noisy things, and would run away from them. So Johnny perched near the top of a very tall step ladder with a huge bass drum, while up near him were two assistant grooves with tin pans and sleigh bells. The racket they made, added to the music of the band, was simply infernal, and that drum elevated as it was and whanged as Johnny whanged it, must have been a terror both to the sight and hearing of the horse. Prof. Gleason undertook to drive the stallion up to the step ladder and make him stand quietly under the maddening uproar, and after a very long and hard struggle, succeeded perfectly, but before that was effected the animal had tried to run away, to kick the buggy to pieces, to upstart it, and in every way he knew to resist. It was necessary to put the cord bridle on him and haul him up to the ladder; but when that operation commenced, and he found that his jaw was going there, he went along, and discovering that the noise was nothing while the cord was a great deal, gave up the fight. At last he stood indifferent under the "Salvation Army," as Gleason called his ladder corps, while the rains lay unused on the dashboard. As the stallion was taken out Prof. Gleason promised to give him an afternoon lesson to-day, and have him trained to the docile performance of a see-saw act on a board to-night.

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