

The Heroine of Manipur.

The Queen has requested her presence at Windsor, and honors and tributes of various kinds are showered on every side upon the young heroine of Manipur—the girlish woman of twenty-two who went through the awful disaster and has come back to tell the tale. Not just yet, though; it is too near, too terribly real to be discussed in all its details; but some future day when the dark picture has somewhat faded and when Mrs. Grimwood can think quietly of the fatal days that ruined her happiness suddenly and completely and brought death and destruction into the peaceful little camp, she hopes to write a full account of the disaster.

We picture her, the young and comely three-year-old wife of the late British Resident at Manipur, remaining with her husband when danger threatened, although it had been arranged for her to come to Europe during last April. Then, when the sad disaster had come which we so much deplore, Mrs. Grimwood, herself badly wounded in the arm, displayed all those qualities which only a devoted woman could display. Although

THE BULLETS WERE FALLING

around, she tended the wounded in the cellars of the Residency and found them food, quite oblivious to her own needs. Then when the Residency was evacuated, the trials that had to be borne recall the days of the Mutiny. Starting in only her house shoes, Mrs. Grimwood soon wore these out, and had to don a pair of ammunition boots. She was ten days without taking her clothes off, and one can imagine the relief experienced when the refugees encountered a body of Ghoorkas. At that time Col. Butcher had two cartridges left—one for the unfortunate lady and the other for himself, if capture was imminent. Mrs. Grimwood is still suffering from a sprain incurred on this memorable journey.

It is a pathetic figure, that of the girl-widow, dressed in deep mourning, which makes her tall, slender figure appear taller than she really is. The face is still pale and thin. But it is not the pallor and not the fragility which make it so pathetic. There is a look in the large blue eyes and an expression round mouth which it is always sad to see in one so young. And no smile steals over the fair face; never once do the eyes lose the

LOOK OF SADNESS,

and very often when she speaks the tears are in her voice and brim over in her eyes. She is so natural and simple, as she sits in her low chair with the rows of books behind her; but there is that dignity about her which is said to denote what is generally called "highest breeding," and which is innate refinement and can never be acquired.

"I cannot say much about it yet," she says very quietly, and with a deep sigh.

"It is too near. Later on, when all the present excitement about it is over, I hope to write it all down, from first to last and publish it in book form. But not yet."

"Yes," she went on, musingly and with a far-away look in her eyes, "it is so near, though sometimes it seems as if it were such a long, long time ago since we lived there quietly and peacefully. We were on perfectly friendly terms with the Senaputti; I often rode out with the princes, and there was nothing whatever to warn us of what was coming. When they began to fire at the Residency we had to fly. We stayed as long as we could, but there was nothing else to be done in the end. We had to leave in a terrible hurry; there was no time to pack or take anything, else I should have tried to take my jewelry and valuable things that could easily be carried. I had not even my hat—absolutely nothing except the clothes I wore. My shoes and stockings, which were very thin, were in rags long before we got to British territory, and I had to walk barefoot. My clothes got soiled and torn, and I had to throw away everything I could do without, and all day long we were marching along, trying to get further away. When we were in the jungle it was a little better; but in the open, with the sun pouring down, it was terrible. For the first day and a half we had nothing at all to eat, except roots and leaves that we could find. Sometimes we got food from the natives when we reached a village; but they were not always friendly to us, and when they were hostile we could do nothing but

BURN THEIR VILLAGES

in sheer self-defence. Fortunately, I knew the surroundings well, and I could be a guide to the officers and men with me, all of whom were strangers to me.

"Can you imagine what it was to be the

only woman with a number of soldiers, under such circumstances, where privacy of any kind is an impossibility? But they were, one and all, more thoughtful than almost a woman could be. They took off their coats at night that I might be warm; they thought of a thousand little things that would make it a little easier for me; and I truly believe that one and all of them would at any moment have laid down their lives for me. I shall never, never forget what I owe to them." For a moment her voice broke as Mrs. Grimwood said this, but she recollected herself almost immediately and went on.

"The first thing I heard after we reached our territory was what had really happened; and what I heard was the worst I had to fear."

"A dear friend came to me in her carriage outside the town. She gave me clothes, and I stayed with her, and she did everything that kindness could do. I got very ill indeed, but I believe that illness saved my reason. I am now getting better and stronger, thank you; but my ankle is still very bad; it takes time to get over such journeys and such experiences."

"No, fortunately, I have no children. If there is anything that could have made things worse than they are it would have been if I had had a little child with me. What would have become of it?"

"And you have been out in Manipur for some time, Mrs. Grimwood?"

"Yes; I was married when I was eighteen and went there with my husband. All had been pleasant and friendly so far, and then all at once this came, and all was changed."

Three-Score Years in Prison.

The other day, writes a Naples correspondent, after sixty years of imprisonment, part of which was passed in the prison hospital, the Brigand chief Domenico Nocchia was liberated, and passed through Naples to Rome, where it is probable, as he has no living relative, that he will be placed in some asylum, for he suffers asthma and some disease of the leg. This old Brigand chief was born 83 years ago, near Viterbo, where at 14 years of age he killed the syndic and his brother, a priest, because he had heard that they wanted to have him arrested. After the murder he fled and joined a band of brigands, leading the life of a highwayman and housebreaker for many years, during which, he asserts, more than a million francs passed through his hands. When he was at school previously at Montefiascone he had been the companion of Pope Leo, and being a good arithmetician, was at that early age made to teach his fellow-scholars. When he became a brigand he used to dress like a superior officer, and quietly frequent the towns of Piedmont, Tuscany, &c. Of the Neapolitan provinces only the Abruzzi were favoured by his visits. It was a sweetheart of his who finally enabled the gendarmes to arrest him without shedding blood. The price that was set on his head was 35,000 francs, which the gendarmes gained. He was taken together with five companions, who were all beheaded; but Nocchia was saved by Prince Orsini, President of the Senate, because when the Prince had one evening been stopped and robbed by the band, Nocchia had set him free and restored all that had been taken. Nocchia was, however, condemned to prison for life, but did not desist to commit crimes. In 1841, being vexed with the reproaches of the chaplain because he refused to kneel and kiss the crucifix, Nocchia killed the priest by a stratagem. On July 2nd, 1835, he had been irritated by a dentist failing to extract a torturing tooth, and had treacherously sharpened a large nail, and killed the dentist with two stabs, and if he had not been disarmed, as he said himself, who knows how many others he might have killed. In 1856, having made a complicated calculation of all the expense of the Crimean war within ten days, while his prison companions had not been able to manage it in a month, he gained a prize of fifty scudino from the commanding colonel. Twice he tried to commit suicide; once at Pesaro, when he swallowed a blister that had been put on a companion's arm, but, he said without result, as it was as if he had merely eaten a paste. The second time he had cut a vein in his arm, but this, too, failed. All these things he related in his dialect, with surprising vivacity for an old culprit of 83 years of age.

A commanding officer of a prominent British regiment having requested a drill sergeant to ascertain the religious views of some new recruits, the latter were paraded and the sergeant cried out: "Fall in! Church of England men on the right; Roman Catholics on the left; all fancy religions to the rear!"

A Convict's Pet.

Some years ago a poet lived in Paris who had a kind heart and possessed considerable influence among rich and respectable people. He was sitting one day at his desk writing a poem when his servant brought him a letter from an old friend asking him to find employment "for the bearer." The poet told the servant to show the bearer into his study. He was an elderly man, tall, stoutly built, and scrupulously neat, with a full gray beard, and he looked about fifty.

"My friend tells me," said the poet, "that you have lately been a bookkeeper with a tradesman in Rue St. Denis?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Why did you leave your situation?"

The man hesitated and then said with an effort, "I left because of an unfortunate discovery."

"But," said the poet, "what was the discovery? I must know, because if I recommend you to a place I shall take a certain responsibility."

"I will tell you, sir," said the man, looking full in his face as if he had suddenly taken a resolution to speak frankly, "I was in that house six months and no one had had any fault to find with me, when one day they heard of it—found out that—that I had been a convict at the galleys."

HIS ONLY FRIEND.

"Ah, indeed! you were a convict at the galleys," said the poet, in much the same tone as if he had been saying:—"Ah, indeed! So you danced last night at court ball." "And how have you been living since you left your situation?"

"On a little money that I saved when I was in prison."

"I thought," said the poet, "that convicts were forbidden to take money from visitors."

"So they are, monsieur. But they all do it if they can get a chance. It seems no great harm to take it if we can do so without discovery."

"How do you manage it?" persisted the poet, who was curious to learn something of a convict's experiences.

"We had several ways," the man replied. "Mine was one not often used, but it always interested visitors. Some of us used to tame pet mice and teach them to bring us any coin thrown down for us by a visitor. We always kept these mice in our clothes, where they would nestle all day without stirring, and when a visitor dropped a little coin for a prisoner the mouse, at a faint chirrup from its master, would come out of its hiding place, slip down the leg of his trousers, secure the coin and run back to its master's breast the way it came."

"What an ingenious trick!" said the poet, much interested, but hardly able to believe the thing was true. "I should like to see it done," he added presently.

"You can, monsieur."

"What! Do you carry any trained mice about you?"

"Only one, monsieur, but I never can part from her. She is the only true friend I have left," he added sadly.

"Will you show me?"

"Certainly, monsieur. Please to throw down a coin—a cent, five cents—what you think proper."

THE PET IN PERIL.

The poet threw down a cent piece, which rolled along the floor. The man gave a slight chirrup with his lips and the sleeve on his left arm was agitated. Then the mouse came sliding down the leg of his pantaloons and appeared a moment later on the carpet. But, to the great surprise of both men, it stood still and seemed inclined to run back to its hiding place.

Its master, seeing its hesitation, chirruped again more loudly. The mouse obeyed. The coin had rolled under a piece of furniture in one corner of the study. Just as the little mouse was about to pick it up a piteous squeal was heard. Alas! the poet's great Angora cat had been lying asleep under the table.

When the convict saw what peril threatened his little friend he turned as pale as death and gave a cry of terror.

Poet and convict sprang at once to the rescue. The cat was driven away, but not before he had seized the prey in his sharp claws. The poor little mouse lay still with a drop of blood like a shining carbuncle on its glossy breast.

His master picked it up and held it for a moment in his hands.

Then he laid it on the writing table, drew himself up to his full height, doubled his fists and sprang upon the poet, who received his attack with great composure, only saying, "Was it for murder you were sent to prison?"

At these words the poor fellow recovered himself.

"Let us see my poor friend," said the poet, "if your poor little mouse is certainly dead."


I am sure that all who read this story and who sympathize with the convict in his sorrow for the injury to "his only true friend" will hope the little mouse got well, though it is hard to cure a wounded animal. I wish I could inform them, but I do not know. The story is a true one, and he from whom I had it could not tell. But this I know, that the poet was ever after a true friend to its master, and got him a situation in a bank where he remains to this day an honest man.

How Tigers Become Man-Eaters.

On the 13th, at the village of Itchool, in the Ankola sub-division of the district of Kanara, a large tiger was killed under the following strange and tragic circumstances, says a correspondent of the *Times of India*. Shortly after sunset a woman of the cultivating class was gathering fallen fruit under a small clump of mango trees on the edge of a rice field not more than 100 paces from her dwelling. Suddenly from a shallow dry ditch, which ran close by the spot, a tiger, which had apparently stalked the woman under its cover, sprang on her, seized her by the back of the neck, and bore her to her to the ground. Her shrieks of agony brought out a neighbour whose house was not more than 50 paces away, and who then saw the tiger standing on the high ground above the ditch at some little distance from the body of his victim. There the animal seems to have remained until the arrival of the Patel and a Mahomedan with a loaded gun. They had heard the outcry of the eye-witness from where they were sitting in the Patel's house, not less than a quarter of a mile distant. The Mahomedan, with commendable promptitude, coolness, and pluck, succeeded in stealing near enough to the tiger to kill him with one shot. An examination of the corpse showed no other marks of injury save those caused by the teeth of the tiger. He had lingered neither to drink the blood nor to taste the flesh. For some time past he had been freely slaughtering cattle in the neighbourhood, but had never attacked a human being, and was apparently unwounded and in good health. May it not, then, be fairly surmised asks the correspondent, that in the uncertain light, owing to the dark dress and stooping posture of the unfortunate woman, the tiger mistook her for a quadruped, and was himself for the moment taken aback and alarmed at his own act? That he would soon have recovered himself and have returned to his meal had he been undisturbed there can be little doubt.

Purifies the breath and preserves the teeth, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

In a case heard at the Clerkenwell Sessions recently the witnesses included a Protestant, a Roman Catholic, a Jew, a Buddhist and a Mahomedan. Each of these witnesses took the oath in his own way, and it was only the Mahomedan who caused inconvenience. The Court library did not include a Koran.



The Cod
That Helps to Cure
The Cold.
The disagreeable
taste of the
COD LIVER OIL
is dissipated in
SCOTT'S
EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with
HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA.
The patient suffering from
CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLIC, OR
WASTING DISEASES, takes the
remedy as he would take milk. A perfect
emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer.
Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., 1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.