क्रेम्स्य अवस्था कार्य कार्या

POPE I have knelt at the feet of the Holy Father, he've held and kissed his hands, have felt the warm pressure of those dear hands on my head, and heard his voice pronounce a blessing on me and invoke special benediction on all love! How all this came about in these days, when even a general audience is rare, and a special interview almost unknown, I

will now tell you, my dear friend. You know we were present at the passage of the laps! Court to the Consistory of Cardinals, and Monsignor told me he thought that was all I could expect. So did I, but it did not prevent my asking if there was anything else I could obtain. You know I wanted to see the Pope bless the crucifix myself, so I made up my mind to ask Mr. Astor if it would not be possible for me to have an audience-imagine ! Of course I expected to have a ticket to one of the very few general sudiences given after Easter, to which even in the old days it was not easy to gain admission. In the time between my decision and carrying it out I went into a picture gallery to execute a commission for a friend in Nice, and to my delight recognized in the picture dealer Mr. \_\_\_\_, a person I had seen at the Consistory in court dress. Surely, I thought, he will know all about the audience, and I asked him. He said there would be, he was certain, at least one, and, recognizing me as an American, he said he could, if I desired it, get papa and me tickets-this privilege being his, because he very often visited the French Minister at the Vatican. We were so delighted, and I waited patiently all the week after Easter, hearing nothing from the chevalier. Then we saw him, and he said at the end of the following week there would be "something." So I waited impatiently. The week was closing. We were to leave Romeon Monday, for papa wanted a change, you know; he gets tired, because he can't run about as I do. Well, Friday morning my card came ! Per mission to be presentatthe Pope's Massathalfpast seven Sunday morning, and a tiny card giving information that after mass the Holy Father would converse with those who had been present. Now, dear friend, that meant a general audience, as about two hundred and fifty were there. So I was not wholly pleased, but you will hear what a perfectly lovely ending I had to my Roman visit. Papa elt unable to go. You know he can't kneel, and did not wish to even seem wanting in respect; but he very much desired me to see the Holy Father. To begin with, I wakened hours too early, and was afraid to go to sleep again for fear of delaying the carriage, and missing the appointment. Finally, I was dressed; wore-of course you want to know what I wore -- my black silk train and Spanish lace veil, and at seven we started-I fasting, in hopes to receive Holy Communion from the hand of the Holy Father, as he sometimes adminsters it, but in this case did not. However, I was too happy to feel hunger, and so did not in the least suffer. The audience room at the Vatican was full of favored visitors, all carrying objects of devotion to be blessed by the Pope as he passed through, which a chamber lain told me was all that was needed; but I was avaricious, and wished more for your crucifix, and you will see I got more by the simple process of not knowing when had enough. Presently His Holiness came in, two of the Garde Mobile clearing the way for him, and standing on either side the altai during the mass, at which several of the household served. He said mass in a low

I saw him pat the cheek of a little girl just before me, but he did not speak. Of course I was obliged to do as the others did, but I was not satisfied, and when a lady told me she held a card for a special interview, I was more than ever anxious, and concluded to ask a pleasant-faced chan berlain what he thought of the little card I had from the chevalierdid it not mean a special interview, I so wanted it? He smiled and said Monsignor Macchi (the Popu's private secretary) could tall me, and court ously led me to a room and bute me wait. The lady whom I envied rul called in. I waited and waited. No sign of monsignor So I went out and askel, and he took he to another ante room, and ent a gentlemin-in-waiting, who took my card to the monsignor, and he immediatelysent for me. I went to another ante room, vaited a monent, was called, and went though more magnificent rooms to one more sindle, when Monsignor Macchi, after speaking o two Passignist Fathers, came towards m. his pleasant face lighted up, and, smiling, asnd:

voice, which several times showed weakness,

though I am told he is not ill his manner

After mass he blessed us all, and again in

passing. There was a mass of thanksgiving

aid by a young priest, and then the Holy

Father rose and with some difficulty made

his way from the room to the corridor, where

andience filed before him, each one kneeling

and kissing his hand. Assisted by him to

rise, they passed on, without leave to say a

was seated in a sedan chair, and the

full of dignity and his countenance saintly.

"Have yo not seen the Pope ?" "Oh, yes, I replied.

"And kissel his hand and received his

"Oh, yes," I said, faintly.

"And what mre?" he asked, but with such a genial smile that I was encouraged to tell him I wanted your cruzifix blessed aperais." cially, and I did so want the Holy Father to to say a word to me! He laughed, but very kindly asked all about myself. I said I was American Catholic from my birth; papa, a naval officer, a conventiond we were to leave Rome next day. He said the Holy Father was much fatigued, but he would see, and, if at all possible, I should have the pleasure I longed for; still, not to be disappointed if I were refused. But I must wait awhile. I answered I could wait ever so long, and patiently. Then mossignor sent for me, and I was led through more grand rooms wherein I found waiting the lady from whom I got my idea of a spejial audience. Imagine—my dear, imagine—was the second one called, and before I could realize it I was in the room with our "hip priest." He sat at one end of the apartmet, all in white, and looked so benignly at me, while, in a few words, monsignor made the introduction of the little American girl who wanted His Holiness to say a work to her. Then he left. The Holy Father miled and looked so gracious that my fair vanished, and in a moment I was of my knees at his side and alone with him I don't know if I fuland alone with him I don't know it I ful-filled a single point of etiquette. I am sure I only called him 'Mon Pere,' and didn't give him a single title. I could think of nothing formal. I knelt there, half leaning on his knee, on which I laid my rosaries. In lay left hand I held your crucifix, and in my right. I sleaved his dear hand, which I might right I clasped us dear hand, which I might kiss at will, while his soft, beautiful, keen eyes seemed to rad my soul! He asked me all about myselfand dear papa and mamma, and my home, and my pleasures, and looked distressed when I told him of the trouble which ever grieves me. He said he would pray for us each and everyone, then gave your crucific a special blessing, laying his hand on it and my precious little cross,

went many steps he called me and sent a particular blessing to pape. I did not come out of the room at all in the proper way, for in-stead of courtesying myself out, I turned and dropped on my knees in the middle of the room, when he again blessed me, and then, with my head up and my eyes full of tears, I ran out, and I don't believe the Holy Father liked it any the less, for as I passed monsig-nor called me to wait, and went into the Pope's apartment, whence he hastily came, carrying a silver medal, which he pressed into my hand, looking very, very pleased as he told me the Holy Father sent it, with a blessing for my years again.

blessing, for my very own.

This is my proof that I have not dreamed all this, and the precious gift of the little American girl hangs on my rosary, a souvenir of a vist to be remembered while I live. I did have sense enough left to thank the chamberlains, one and all, as I passed, for their courtesy, and get down stairs and out into my carriage, reaching home at 11, and wondering if all the happiness had been mine. -Correspondence Evening Star (Washington. D.C.)

THE COOLEST OF THE COOL THINGS ON EARTH.

When the summer heat is raging, the coolest thing to imagine is the feelings of one who draws the First Capital Prize of \$75,000, in the Louisiana State Lottery Company, on an investment of only \$5.00. The next event, the 170th, occurs on Tuesday, July 15, when \$266,500 will scattered broadcast. M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., will give all in formation desired.

THE CHOLERA OUTBREAK.

PURIFYING FIRES -- POST MORTEM EXAM-INATIONS-QUARANTINE.

Toulon, June 26. - Fires are burning in the streets for purifying purposes. A post mortem on two of the bodies has been made. In each case there were signs of Asiatic cholera. There were eight deaths yesterday and six to-day. A case of sporadic cholera occurred in Paris, but no importance is attached to it.

WASHINGTON, June 26. - In the course of a conversation upon the subject, Surgeon-General Hamilton said that he did not believe that the cholera reported to have appeared at Toulon, would extend beyond the control of the French health officers. It had probably been brought from Egypt in the troop ships returning to France from that country. There was little danger of a direct importation of the disease from Egypt into the United States, for the reason that our imports from that country are confined to rags, which are rigidly inspected by government officers. The surgeon-general added that cholera was, of all diseases, perhaps the most difficult to quarantine against, and localities threatened by it should adopt every precaution in the way of perfect cleanliness and attention to hygienic conditions.

Advices received in San Francisco by the steamer San Pablo, which has arrived from Shanghai, state that cholera has broken out in the neighbourhood of Peking. Those attacked by the disease die in a few hours. The disease first made its appearance in Yangstun, a large town between Tien-Tsin and Pekin. No particulars have been received. Two cases are also reported at Tokio, Japan.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, hay ing had placed in his hands by an East India ring had placed in his hands by an elast winds missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his sufhas felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing crusing. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 10—19 cow

The claimant, Sir Roger, will soon be out of prison. The date will be before his full term of sentence expires, and he will go forth on a "ticket of leave." It is stated that he has been offered a good sum by one of the Surrey managers to appear as Bob Brierly in the drama of that name.

A misstep will often make a cripple for life. A bottle of Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment at hand, will not prevent the misstep, but used immediately it will save being a cripple.

The Medical Summary recommends the external use of buttermilk to ladies who, are exposed to tan freckles.

EPFS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING The By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion iaws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful preparation of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and properly bourished frame."—Unil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water ormilk. Sold only in packets and time, (4th and 1th) by grocers, labelled, "James Erps & Co., Homosepathic Chemists, London, England

Bob Ingersoll is credited with saying that President Arthur will take into retirement what no other president ever did -180 pairs of pants.

FAMOUS.—Digestion must be promoted by increasing the flow and strength of the gastric juice, and this Golden Fruit Bitters will effectually do.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more or less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGale's Compound Butternut Pills will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the stornach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McGale, chemist, Montreal.

THE LATEST DYNAMITE HOAX. It was known that a certain smart U. S. young man had studied chemistry for six months; had ordered a sectioned hand-bag and sailed for England. It was subsequently ascertained that he had made several visits to a clock and watch makes before leaving. The coble was used to cause his arrest or arrival. cable was used to cause his arrest on arrival, and a trio of metaphysicians were summoned to open the bag, which, in view of probabilities, were regarded as patriotic heroism of the highest order. The official verdict reported 23 samples of Johnston's Fluid Beef, 10,000 circulars, 4 shirt collars, and a box of tooth-picks. gave me a benediction with both hands on my head, and then, with a wave of his hand and sweet smile, dismissed me ; but before I Hull Badget,

PARIS IN JUNE.

FASHION, LUXURY, AND MATERIALISM-\$20,000 A YEAR FOR DRESSES-\$400 FOR A CHEMISE-OUTDOOR LIFE AND ITS EXTRAVAGANCES.

Paris, June 13 .- Paris during the Grand Prix week reaches the acme of brilliancy and animation. It is the end of the season, the moment of the final rush in the steeplechase of fashion and elegance which begins on the Sunday of the Chantilly Derby, continues on the Sunday of the Auteuil Grand International. and ends on the Sunday of the Grand Prix de Paris. In this last fortnight preceding the general exodus to Trouville, Luchon, Royat, Dieppe and other fashionable resorts on the seaside or in the mountains, life in Paris reaches a feverish pitch. There are balls, cotillions, dinner parties, Louis XV. fêtes. garden parties, flower shows, dog shows, charity fêtes, and exhibitions of all kinds, so numerous that it is hafdly possible to visit them all and yet fulfil one's social duties and enjoy the pleasures of summer Paris.

You may safely say that never since the empire has there been a more brilliant social season at Paris than the one just end ing, and never more money spent on recep tions and entertainments and toilets. Old Parisians complain of the burdensomeness of this increasing luxury, and regret the times when a glass of sugar and water with a spot of orange flower essence was consid ered ample refreshments for evening guests. It is true that times have changed, and the old-fashioned orange flower water has almost disappeared even from the cafés, where it is now only rarely asked for by provincials on a visit to the capital. The modern beverages for the aristocrats are Spanish wines and light tisane champagne. Nowadays a reception or a dancing party is impossible without a well furnished buffet or a supper served by preference at separate little tables; and a lady who does not pay more than \$300 for her cotillon accessories is considered to have done the thing rather shabbily.

As for the luxury of toilet, it passes all that our grandmothers could ever have dreamed. An elegant Parisienne, whether noblesse of birth or of finance— for instance, the Comtesse de Pour-tales, or Mine. Cahen d'Anvers tales, or Mme. Cahen d'Anvers-spend each over \$20,000 a year on their toilet, a sum which will not appear so enormous when it is remembered that a ball dress by one of the grande faiseurs costs currently three to four hundred dollars, and the most modest morning dress eighty dollars. Think, too, of the luxury of underlinen, which has been carried by the Parisiennes, by the use of the finest materials and by the profusion of lace to such a degree that a single chemise will often cost \$400! Think, too, of how many dresses a Parisienne needs in a season, the ball dresses, the dinner dresses, the dresses for the opera and the theatre, the morning dresses, the walking dresses, the dresses for 5 o'clock teas, the dresses for the races, for the seaside, and for the château life in the autumn. Really a mondaine with pretensions to elegance, who makes a figure in the ranks of fashion in Paris during the season, at Trouville or Luchon during the summer, and in half a dozen châteaus during the shooting season, and who, at the end of the year, owes no more than \$10,000 to her dressmaker, is a paragon of economy and a mighty schemer. live her double the sum and she will barely balance her accounts.

Perhaps in the eyes of American millionaires these sums may seem modest. Relatively to the proportions of French fortunes they are large, so large, in fact, that you may say that in no city in the world is so much money spent on toilets and exterior elegance as there is in Paris. The ladies who spend upward of ten thousand dollars a year on their toilets are not six, or a score, or two score, but several hundreds. Among them are the Princesse de Sagan, Comtesse de Pourtales, Marquise Hervey Saint-Denis, Comtesse Castries, Marquise de Castellane, Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, Duchesse de Mailly, Comtesse de Beaumont, Baronne de Poilly, Marquise de Gallifet, Viceuntess Greffuhle, Princess de I eon, Countess de Montesquien, and the Countesse Potock. The mondaines of finance and banking are the Rothschilds, the Cahens, the Ephrussis, and the Hottinguers. The elegant actresses like Alice Regnault, Marie Maguier, Sarah Bernhardt, and demi-mondaines like Léonide Leblanc, the so-called Comtesse de Beauregard, who has a fortune of a million dollars in consols, the blonde Comtesse Latischeff, Andrée Vignon, head gay and brilliant battalions, who charge in common and with rival zeal on all the great battlefields of Parisian elegance.

With these ladies for principal actresses, and with all the splendor of Paris for the stage, the French capital contrives to get up a fine show for its own amusement and that of its summer visitors. The "supers," too, in this colossal theatrical enterprise are no mere walking gentlenen or graceless stop-gaps, they have qualities of their own, and play their role with interest and talent; and what is the picce they are all playing? It is always the same, a piece that dates from the beginning of civilization—"The Pursuit of Pleasure." The unique preoccupation of everybody in Paris seems to the superficial observer to be pleasure, and pleasure of the materialist kind. The great mass of effort is directed toward procuring and providing pleasure, and as we are in a democratic country, the ideal is naturally to make pleasure accessible to all. Hence we find the houses beautified and ornamented exteriorly rather than interiorly. We find the shop windows full of the finest goods the dealers have to sell, so that those who have not the money to buy may at least have the pleasure of feasting their eyes. On the same principle people sit outside the cafés on the sidewalk and drink their absinthe or vermouth or bitter coram populo, a sight which cannot fail to be soothing to those whose means do not permit them to sit at cases indefinitely sipping a ten cent drink, and for whose use are provided gratis, comfortable benches placed at intervals under the trees along all the boulevards and public promenades. Even in the aristo-cratic Champs Elysée and in the ultra-swell Avenue des Acacias benches are provided gratis for those who are unable or unwilling to pay two or three cents for the spring iron chairs which a provident administration places at the disposal of Parisian loungers all the way from the Bastille to the extremity of the Bois du Boulogne at Longchamps. The very fact of the abundance of open-air sitting accommodation is typical of Paris. The perpetually recurring vision of rows and groups of what Molière's Philaminthe calls the "corveniences of conversation" remind you that you are in a conversational country, and the fact that these "conveniencies of conversation" are constantly

## いって変化でいる。 A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not more from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAFARILLA, by the use of two her less of which I was completely cured. I a sold large quantities of your SARSA-arilla, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS." River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

along the streets at your own pace without being hustled, and without interfering with the convenience of other people. You are never overwhelmed by a crowd. Your serenity is never disturbed by the inopportune remarks of obtrusive gamins. Being both actors and spectators in the play, the Parisians appreciate individuality in each other's acting, and the lady who sports a hat of dis-tinct originality or the gentleman whose necktie is of unusual cut will always meet with justice, generally with approl ation, and never with ridicule.

The easiness of life in Paris has always charmed the stranger who has sufficiently penetrated the nature of the Frenchman to accept him as a rational being, which he essentially is. You need also to be rather a pronounced materialist and exempt from the squeamish idea of Puritan morality. Otherwise you will be inclined to regard Paris as more than Babylon and a perfect sink of iniquity and unrighteousness. But supposing you are willing to take the French point of view of refined materialism tempered by art, literature and easy utilitarian morality, you will not easily find another town where the art of living has been carried to a higher degree of perfection; where you can walk so comfortably; where you can dine so neatly and so practically. At the open-air restaurants in the Champs Elysée you have your table spread beside a babbling fountain, and you see the pale moon rise above ancient trees. Your leisure is thoroughly leisure. All the time you feel that you are living in an atmosphere of great ideas in art, literature and speculation.

In this lovely summer weather as you watch the carriages gliding noiselessly over the wood pavement which is spreading rapidly all over the town; as you recognize in the brilliant movement this and that celevrity of science, art, letters or fashion; asyou observe the general neatness of attire of the workman in his blouse, as well as of the errand boy or the milliner's apprentice; as you remark the elegance of the equipages, the beauty of the buildings, the purity of the atmosphere, and the pervading sensation of luminousness and happiness, you are inclined to think that the French are well on the way to realizing that the beautiful Athenian republic which Theophile Gautier foreshadowed in 1848, a republic full of light and joyous hum, sing by the poet, sculptured by a statuary, colored by the painter, eminal limit at the suggestion of some one in the ploying for the happiness of the children all the resources of the sciences and the arts. offering to the feet of all alike its staircases of marble, and displaying in relief against a sky of tranquil blue the pediments of its palaces and its temples.

THEODORE CHILD.

Holloway's Pills, -The changes of tempera ture and weather frequently upset persons who are most cautious of their health, and most particular in their diets. These corrective, purifying, and gentle aperient Pills are best remedy for all defective actions of the digestive organs; they augment the appetite, strengthen the stomach, correct biliousness, and carry off all that is noxious from the system. Holloway's Pills are composed of rare balsams, unmixed with baser matter, and on that account are peculiarly well adapted for the young, deli cate, and aged. As this peerless medicine has gained fame in the past, so will it preserve it in the future by its renovating qualities, and its incapacity of doing harm.

Mrs. Prowers, a beautiful widow of West Las Animas, New Mexico, is worth \$15,000,-000, mostly in cattle.

If you have a cough do not neglect it; buy at once a bottle of Allen's Lung Balsam.

The former president of a Hartford temperance society and his wife have become inebriates, and the humane society is looking after

MODERN MAGIC.

The magical power over pain that Hag-yard's Yellow Oil possesses, outrivals the narvels of ancient times. It acts in a natural manner to subdue inflammation; cures Rheu matism, Croup, Deafness, Sore Throat, and painful injuries.

Thomas Stevens, a San Francisco bicyclist has made the passage of the Rocky Mountains on his machine, and will ride to New York.

Dr. W. Armstrong, Toronto, writes: "I have been using Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda for Chronic Bronchitis with the best results. I believe it is the best Emulsion in the market. Having tested the different kinds, I unhesitatingly give it the preference when prescribing for my consumptive patients, or for Throat and Lung affective

A SWINDLER CAUGHT.

PARIS, June 24.—M. Savreaux, the cashier of the Eastern Railway Company of Paris, who absconded last February with 500,000 francs, has been arrested in Vienna. He was disguised and living in sumptuous lodgings, in company with an engaging young woman, who had accompanied him in his flight from veniencies of conversation" are constantly occupied by people whose chief occupation, if they are not talking, is simply watching the passers, reminds you that it is possible to be a spectator as well as an action in the comedy or tragedy of life; a fact which we busy Anglo-Saxons too often forget. Indeed, this absence of rush and harry is one of the great charms of Paris. The Perisians never seem to be in a hurry You that walk the story of the burglary is a lie, and that Savreaux still has a large portion of his plunder in some hiding place, which they are trying to discover. Paris, and whose presence in Vienna becom-

A MURDERER LYNCHED.

OLIVER CANFIELD STRUNG UP TO A TELE-GRAPH POLE FOR KILLING HIS SWEET-HEART—THE ATTACK ON THE JAIL-PROSECUTION OF THE LYNCHERS SURE TO FOLLOW THIS ACT OF MOB VIO-LENCE.

VINCENNES, Ind., June 24.—Oliver Canfield, who followed Mrs. Mollie Gherkin, his sweetheart, to this place, without any apparent provocation sent two bullets into her brain. He was arrested the following day at Washington and placed in jail here to await the issue of his cowardly crime. His victim did not die until two o'clock on Monday morning, her physicians pronouncing her long hold upon life marvellous, since a channel was ploughed through her brain as large as one's finger. Her skull was horribly fractured and the brain oozed out pro usely. She was blessed with a vitality which the doctors declare to be astounding. She was unconscious from the hour of the shooting. On Saturday Can-field was taken to see his victim by the sheriff. In her presence he was stolidly indifferent, his only remarks being that she did not look natural and that he would like to have a chance to finish her.

LYNCHING THE COMMON TALK.

From the first there were ominous threats of lynching, as frequent failures of justice had wrought in the community a conviction that an example to evildoers was necessary. When Canfield was first brought to town the rope and lamp-post were suggested, but there seemed to be a sort of understanding that nothing should be done until the poor woman should die. On Monday night, after herdeath wasannounced, nothing was talked about but Judge Lynch. Everybody seemed to expect him to set up his court at night: even the police showing an interest in the matter singularly incom-patible with their duties. Early in the evening a crowd began to collect near the jail, an unexpected ringing of the Court House bell drawing many thither sooner than anybody anticipated an attack on the jail. Nothing unusual transpired however, until a little past midnight, when suddenly the idle watchman beheld a masked man creeping to the street light near the jail.

JUDGE LYNCH'S ARRIVAL. He climbed the post and turned down the light. In five minutes all the lights in the neighborhood were out, and by the dim starlight a column of men could be seen marching toward the jail from a street near by. They were under strict military command, and on reaching the prison halted. The leader then addressed the sheriff, who appeared at the upper window, demanding the keys. They being refused, orders were at once given to burst in the doors. An iron rail ten feet long was used as a battering rain, the door quickly yielding to the powerful onslaught. Having gained entrance to the corridor Sheriff Kackley was again called on for his keys; but he said he would die before he would give them up.

CANFIELD IN THE POSSESSION OF THE MOB. The lynchers said they did not want to turt anybody, they only wanted Canfield and they meant to have him. They advised Sheriff Kackley to retire upstairs, and he went. For fifty minutes after this the prison resounded with blows from sledges against the great steel doors, which seemed im-pregnable, but they yielded at pregnable, but they yielded at last and the mob rushed in and quickly secured their prize. The poor wretch had all this time been watching the proceedings in quiet; but when he saw the door go down and the rush of the masked men he threw up his hands and uttered a low, inarticulate cry that was painful to hear. He was hurried from the jail, around which a great crowd had collected by this time, and amid yells of triumph. The miscrable amid yells of triumph. The miserable Letters, and inclosing \$5, will secure one of the creature was half carried, half dragged to the bonds for the next drawing. For orders, circular, the control of th jail, but at the suggestion of some one in the crowd that he should be hanged from the tree under which he had shot his sweetheart. The crowd, with loud approval, took up the line of march in that direction. The tree was ten or twelve blocks away, and all along the route the lynchers were shouting wildly. The people in their houses along the way joined in the cries. When the tree was reached its limbs were found to be too low and small for the purpose, and the lynchers passed on a few yards to a tall telegraph pole, up which a man nimbly climbed, and fix ing a small rope that had a hangman's noose dangling at the end.

THE LYNCHING.

Canfield was pinioned, and when this was done he was asked if he had anything to say. He replied that he had killed the girl because he was jealous and had quarrelled with her. He was sorry for the deed, and felt that he was being served right by the mob.

He knew one of them personally, and sent word by him to his mother to the effect that he had tried to reconcile himsel to heaven At precisely the hour of the death of his victim three strong men seized the free end of the rope and in a moment more the murderer was dangling high above the heads of the crowd. He had been remarkably cool during all the long time of preparation, and he died

without a struggle.

A card was pinned to his trousers warning all against cutting the body down until high noon, but the Coroner, disobeyed the injunction, cutting it down at five o'clock. There were probably five hundred spectators present at the hanging. The Sheriff says he has the names of seventy persons who participated in the lynching, and that all will be prosecuted. The identity of the lynchers was not closely guarded.

FANCY.

Never punish your child for a fault to which ou are addicted yourself.

Do not underrate your ability to achieve success in a noble undertaking till you have fully tested your powers of action and en-

It will be very generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.

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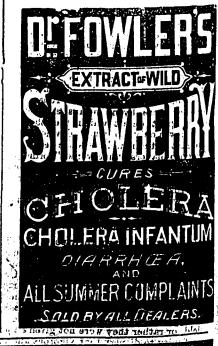
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