THE ATHENS REPORTER SEPTEMBER 18 1901

George ?" he says, in a lower tone, apprehensively. "No. nothing at all," the young fellow answers shortly and impa-tiently. "What should be wrong ? I suppose it is the weather, though I have been indoors all the day do-ing some writing." "You look deuced queer," Mr. Da-mer retorts emphatically, and anxi-ously scanning the handsome face which is pallid and far less bright than usual. "You're working your brain too hard these hot days over these grological papers-that's what it is, my boy, and you'll get sun-stroke if you go over the mountains in this weather, huntin' up your cal-careous rocks, and your argillaceo slates, and goodness knows what be-sides." Mr. Dafner urges, but with a proud glimmer of satisfaction in his eyes. "You want a wife to take care of you, that's what you do !" he says with a business-like nod of great gravity, but looking hur-rledly into the claret cup George hands him. A slight frown sweeps across the young man's face, and he goes back George ?" he says, in a lower tone

hands him. A slight frown sweeps across the young man's face, and he goes back to his chair. "I want what I can't have then."

I want what I can't have then." he says, very coolly and decidedly. "I wasn't writing or geologizing, either. I finished my paper and sent it in two days ago. I have only been sit-ting here thinking until I have got a beadache. Do you know, sir that "There would be in this case," he says, curtly, compressing his lips, whilst his eyes grow darker, and fill with a hidden light. "There could not be simple, honest friendship be-tween a man of six-and-twenty and a girl as young and lovely as you are!"

ting here thinking until I have got a headache. Do you know, sir, that that Joe Roche is hanging about the place again? That fellow is cut out for the hangman, or I'm mis-taken. He's been to Swansea and has come home again, been to America and come home again, been to Liver-pool and come home again, and he is out of work now, he says, though he is always about the public house! He is a bad lot, and he comes of a bad stock, and—I would be careful, if I were you, sir !" are!" The frightened look in Gillian's eyes, the scared, changing color in her face, as after one startled glance she tries to keep her face averted, makes him pause a mo-ment. But he is too disturbed, ex-cited, even angry, to care for even those distressed blushes, and shy, frightened eyes.

bad stock, and—I would be careful, if I were you, sir !" "Careful ! Me?" repeats Mr. Damer, with an easy laugh. "Lor' bless you, George ! I don't believe a man on the estate would hurt a hair of my. bead !" "So if you," he says, sharply, as he walks on so swiftly that Gillian can hardly keep pace with him-"if you, Miss Deane, are young and innocent enough to be housestly mistaken, I am at least old enough to have no sime arguments. "Well, but Joe Roche is not on the estate, and he is just one of those

no stake in the country, and noting so d-for-nothing scamps who have no stake in the country, and nothing to lose, and who are ready to put others up to mischlef if they are not in it themselves, George re-plies, earnestly. "And, besides, a felto have no such excuse. An acquain-tance with you I may have the honor of claiming, if you will permit me, but your friendship is above me and beyond my wishes!" low like that, hanging about in lanes and woods, is not a nice person to meet alone of a summer's evening

And he walks on again swiftly in silence, and Gillian is panting and breathless, her brain is in a whirl, her breast in a tumult. When they reach the white gate he pushes it open, draws back as she passes in, and raises his hat without a word. or morning, cspecially when there are ladies in one's household...." "Bless my soul! Was it Joe Roche that Gillian met? She saw-she said, at least, she saw-a tramp who ask-

and raises his hat without a word. 'I have never thanked you yet for rescuing me from that man," Gillian says in a low tone, hardly ventur-ing to look up at him. "Will you let me thank you now-very gratefully? And-if I offended you just now, I did not do so willfully-please believe me." ed her for money when she was out yesterday," Mr. Damer says, beginning his speech with such eager excitement, and ending it so lamely, with such an assumption of careless indifference, that George stares

And with any statistic stress with any statistic stress with any statistic stress with any stress wit

pose," Mr. Damer says, with a care-less cough. "I think I'll be going now, George. Would you mind walking a bit with me? I'll go back through the wood." George makes no reply, but draws a small geological map on his blotting-pad.

CY.L.

pad. "So it was from Anne you heard the story of Miss Deane's adventure yesterday morning?" he asks, care-fully shading the lines of the strata

fully shading the lines of the strata in his map. "Yee-oh, yes," Mr. Damer says, with as much indifference as if an unpleasant adventure occurring to his guest were a matter of no mo-ment. "Sie told Anne something about some fellow asking her for money, and annoying her until he was frightened away." "Oh, he was frightened away, was he?" says George, beginning a new section of the strata. "Yes," says Mr. Damer. coughing.

Section of the strata,
"Yes," says Mr. Damer, coughing, and taking up his hat. "Sha said you came up, and the fellow rac away.
Was it Joe Roche, do you think, George?"
"Can't say, I'm sure," George says, curty: "I thought I saw a figure jump down the bank as I came near Miss Deane. What business had Miss Deane to be out by herself at that hour?" George continues, with cold disapproval. "Pray, sir, does Lady Damer know that her young guest was wandering through the dewy lanes at 7 o'clock in the morning? Miss Gillan is rather romantic, I suppose?"

Miss Gillian is rather romantic, a suppose?" 'Lor' bless your soul! She doesn't know a breathing about it, and, for goodness' sake, don't let the cat out of the bag!" Mr. Damer says, in a great hurry. "The poor little girl only told Anne; she knew Anne would

great hurry. "The poor little girl only told Anne; she knew Anne would not tell," "I wonder why she made such a secret of it?" George says, very sar-castically. "Most remantic young ladies ask nothing better than to be the heroine of an adventure." "Well, she has some reason of her own, I dare say;" Mr. Damer says, impatiently, "and she didn't tell any one but Anne. Not a scul knows about it but Anne, and me, and you." "Oh! I thought you were going to leave me out of it," George says, dryly, and feeling rather bewildered and unreasonably vexed. "I don't want to be mixed up in Miss Deane's romantic adentures." "My dear fellow, don't be frighten-ing yourself," Mr. Damer retorts, with cool ridicule. "Nobody wants to mix you up with Miss Deane's affars -Miss Deane herself least of all-be-dad !" Me says, with a sarcastic smile, and he has not uttered the words when his heart smites him, and his fair, sun-tanned face reddens up to his temples. If the foolish, impulsive girl, half-

If the foolish, impulsive girl, halftemples. If the foolish, impulsive girl, half-child, half-woman as she is, the pet-ted, indulged young creature who, has never known what it is to re-press a wish or have a whim unsatis-fied; if she, in her girlish, romautic folly, has favored him as rashily as she has, even to the length of offer-ing him has weath and her fair young she has, even to the length of offer-ing him her wealth and her fair young self; if she has erred so far from womanly prudence and decorum, through ignorant innocence, through impulse, and passionate generosity— it was when he told her he was poor that she spoke, he remembers—if she has been foolish, he has been false! False to honor and manhood, which should have shielded her from even a disrespectful thought. disrespectful thought. Mr. Damer eyes him sharply, with a

Mr. Damer eyes him sharply, with a quick, eager glance, for a moment. 'Throth, maybe so,' he says, very briefly and dryly, and pulls his hat well over his brows as he and George go out of the house together, and down the Castle Hill in silence. A few desultory remarks are made on both sides as they walk on by the shady side of the street, leave the village behind and go up the narrow

village behind, and go up the narrow road along the hillside toward the overs

covers. But George grows quite silent, or makes irrelevant answers until he pauses at the entrance of the wood. 'It was just here, I believe, the rascal waylaid Miss Deane," he says, in the tone of a person affording un-interesting information. 'Indeed?" Mr. Damer says, care-lessly, with another keen clance at

walks on without any further de-mur, thinking so absorbedly that he never notices that Mr. Damer is smil-ing at the ferns, and mosses at his own side of the road in a most sur-Sozodont prising manner.

CHAPTER X.

"It's a desperately hot day, corge," Mr. Damer remarks with as much emphasis as if he has not said the same thing at least ten times

Presently he remarks, as a varia-/"I don't remember a hotter day, nor a (thistier day. Upon my word"-this quite suddenly, as a brittiant inspiration-"I think I'll ask

brittant inspiration—"I think I'll ask Anne to give me a cup of tea. Tea is very refreshing, you know, bet-ter, they say, than any wine, or whiskey and soda, for quenching the thirst. You come down-stairs with me, George, and have some, too; we'll be quite a snug little tea-party in Anne's parlor."

too; we'll be quite a snug little tea-party in Anne's parlor." "Ay, we can play like the mice," George says, with a slight, malici-cus grin, and Mr. Damer returns the grin, with the usual faithless-ness of a husband when the author-ity of an imperious spouse is to be set at naught.

hot, drowsy afternoon, for all that. There are waving sprays of deli-cate green, and clusters of pale, fragrant clematis blossoms looking in at the open lattices and their short embroidered curtains of snowy muslin, which impart a slightly foreign aspect to the room which, though very plainly far-mished, is exquisitely neat and home-like. There is blossoming mignenetts and verbena growing in qualit jar-diniere pots on the high window-sill; there are roses and verbena in the glass lilly vase on the table, which is draped with a dainty em-broidered cloth, and laid with a tea service of exquisite old Chelsea set at naught. "Anne's parlor" is a small, square room, rather cell-like in appear-ance, as it is very lofty in pro-portion to its size in other respects, and is lighted only by one window with diamond-paned narrow sashes set high in the wall on one side. china.

1 (To by Continued.)

service

NEW YORK DRAFT RIOTS OF 1863.

that drafting would begin that day in the Twenty-second Ward of the city. Both on Saturday and Monday the papers announced that all would be quiet, but before the folowing Friday noon the city had lost \$2,000,000 by fire and robbery, while some 200 of its citizens had been slaughtered.

Provost Marshal Charles E. Jenkns gave notice that the draft would

be made in this manner: The name of each enrolled man, with his residence and color, to be written on a slip of paper six inches long and one inch wide, each slip to be rolled closely and a rubber band placed around it, these to be placed in a cylinder hung on an axis to be whirled around before each drawing, and at the call of each number a and at the call of each number a slip would be drawn by a blindfolded man. And thus the drafting began at his office, 667 Third avenue, on Saturday morning, July 11th, 1863, in the presence of about 150 persons, besides the enrolling officers, clerks and a corps of reporters. There were general hilarity and good hu-mor" says the reports. mor," says the reports. "It was look-ed on as a matter of course." There were 1,500 names to be drawn from that district, and 1,236 were drawn that day.

The next night, Sunday, the emis-saries of evil were busy in all the dark holes of that tangled wilderness of narrow streets and alleys which or narrow streets and alleys which covers so large a portion of the east side of the city. The clause in the conscription act allowing exemp-tion on payment of \$300 was especi-ally denounced as in interest of the Monday at 10.30 a.m. the drawing

was resumed at 10.30 a.m. the grawing was resumed at the same place, with the same officials and an immense crowd in the streets. Some seventy names had been drawn when a pistol was fired in the street, and the officials rose. There was a brief pause, and then a shower of brickbats

Saturday, July 11th, 1863, the jest of death. Still another was hange ies of death. Still another was hang-ed and his clothes set on fire as he was dying. Just before high oc-curred the attack on the colored orghan asylum, a spachous and beau-tiful building on Fifth avenue at Forty-sixth street, in which 200 colored orghans were cared for. Giving the inmates barely time to escape, the rioters destroyed or carried off all the furniture, injur-ing several of their own party in their haste. A little girl was killed by a heavy chair thrown from an

by a heavy chair thrown from an upper window. The building was then fired and burned.

By a sort of unanimous instinct the rioters then moved toward the Tribune building, pausing on their way to destroy another enrolling of-files at Broadway and Twenty-ninth street and plunder all the jewelry. itie at Broadway and Twenty-ninth street and plunder all the jewelry stores near it. About dark the ad-vance of the mob reached the Tri-bune of fize, forced an entrance, made a heap of papers on the counting room floor and set them on fire, but a brave police captain led in his squad and drove out the riot-ers, laying many of their bodies stiff on the pavement. Horace Greeley straightway put his office on a war footing. The tanks were kept full of boding water, with hose arranged boiling water, with hose arranged to turn it on an attacking mob; the supply of hand grenades was secured from the navy yard. The mob came on subsequent days, but could not bring their courage to the attack-ing point.

Ing point. Tuesday morning brought a shower of proclamations, one from Mayor George Opdyke commanding all good oitizens to enroll as special police men, another by Major-General John E. Wood, asking all soldiers to enlist for order. But the soldiers did not rally. All the milita were absent but one regiment. There were few Uni-ted States troops on Governor's Is-land, and so, except as the police could oppose, the rioters were un-checked for another day. Bedides the usual outcomes and

Beddes the usual outrages and murders of colored people, the great event of Tuesday was the inhuman murder of Colonel H. T. O'Brien, of the Eleventh New York State troops.

of exquisite old Chels

Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c 25C. HALL & RUCKEL, New York

But it is a delightful room of a hot, drowsy afternoon, for all that.

light and lead down at her. Humor, compassion, disdain, and

also astonishment are in the plercing, steady regard of the blue eyes, and the sar-castic lips where the sunlight just the touches the curl of the chestnut tache, and reveals the edge of his white (teth gleaming in that cold, disdainful smile

our suggestion, Miss Deane, is not in the least likely to come to pass until that good day comes when, as they say, 'the sky will fall, and we shall catch larks,' " he says, deliber-ately. "Even when that happy event occurs, I don't expect a fortune to fall at my feet along with the larks. And there is no other way in which I can become the possessor of money unless I carn it. As a land agent, aft a salary of three hundred a year, I am not very likely to amass a few thousands. I have no relations, that I know of, rich or poor, to bequeath least likely to come to pass rich or poor, to bequeath k o' goold,' as they say in me a "crock o' goold,' as they say in the Irish fairy tales, and I shall never marry for money !" "No, no, of course not !" Gillian

mays, how of course not: " Ginan mays, hurledly and distinctly, she is so disconcerted at his changed look and manner; "only, you might marry for love, and as I have, or shall have, a great deal of money one day, I meant that-if you liked-you could

"I could marry for love and have the money too ?" George Archer asks, in a gentler tone, his eyes softening sees the downcast face and the changing color, and the little nervous Ands twitching at each other; "is that what you mean?" he rè-peats, gazing at her pityingly, and wonderingly, but withal touched in spite of himself. "I think I might if I let myself be so dishonorable, if I had not an obstinate quality called self-respect, Miss Deane.'

"I don't quite understand you," Gillian says, tremulously; and glanc-ing up at him once more she is so glad to perceive that he is not looking cold or disdainful, that she smiles persuasively, and extends one little hand with a coaxing gesture. "I want to be your friend if you will let me, and there is nothing dishonorable in a friendship be-tween a lady and gentleman, is there?" she persists, in the audac-ity of innocence.

Cowe

cheek. But the fever of her Quixotic, generous impulses fades, and her heart almost pauses in dismay, as she meets George Arbher's eyes as he stands in the dappled golden light and leaf shadows, gazing down at her. "I am a bad, selfish, jealous, wicked

Ask your friends what They think of Blue Ribbon Cerplon Jea.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"Even so," he retorts, good-hu-

moredly, "though I am aware there

is a painful discrepancy between the pretensions of my house and its

"I beg your pardom I am afraid I

have been very stupid and inquisi-

tive," Gillian falters, crimsoning and tive," climan inters, crimsoning and looking down; and she walks on in silence, her heart thrilling with an incomprehensible pain and plea-sure, and that bitter, bitter swell-sure, and and and and the dis-

sure, and that bitter, bitter swell-ing of envy and sadness at the dis-covery she has just made. She is so glad to think that George Archer lives in Dar-ragh Castle-not that it can matter

ragin Castle-not that it can matter to her, but so glad nevertheless. It seems fitting in some way that that stately oid nouse should be his-his, and one day Anne O'Neil's. They will live there, Gillian thinks, gazing far

ahead in her rapt fancies into the

ahead in her rapt fancies into the coming years-George and his wife. They will live there, happy, so happy in their loving married lives; and per-haps by and by, in those coming years, they will ask her to their grand old castle home, and when she has all her money; and when she rich woman, no ionger young or pretty-they may kindly make them-seives her friends, and let her give them some of her unused wealth, to make their home beautiful. She will

make their home beautiful. She will

give it so freely, so gladly ! "You seem not to be able to quite

get over your surprise at my informa-tion," George Archer says, looking down at her with an amused smile. "It is quite in keeping with things Irish, Miss Deane. Penniless men have

master's fortunes."

there she was sewing away on some ruffles or furbelows, and the little one, Gillian, sitting on the carpet by I am a bad, sellish, jealous, wicked girl" she mutters, with a burning flush of shame. But she lifts her own hand to her lips, and kisses it wildly over and over again, and then hides it from sight in the folds of her her side, with her arms around Anne' waist, and the two talking away like sisters-'pon my word, they picture !" dress as she hurries on to the house 'I don't doubt it," George says, very dryly; "they arc quite con-trasts. One dark and the other fair

CHAPTER IX.

"Whew! This is what you may call a scorcher of a day!" Mr. Damer exclaims, flinging himself into an easy-chair, throwing his hat and trasts. One dark and the other lair ; one rich and the other poor; one all prosperous and the other lonely and almost friendless! I dare say Miss Deane was pleased at finding such a easy-chair, throwing his hat and stick aside, and roughly unbuttoning his coat with that disregard for ap-pearances in which a very stout gen-tlemen is prone to indulge. It is early in the afternoon of the following day dead on the store oil to herself." "I don't know what you're talking about," Mr. Damer retorts, shortly. "I believe that little girl is as good as gold !"

It is early in the afternoon of the following day, and on the unshaded road to Darragh village lying in the shelter of the mountain-range, with the July sun beating down on the treeless village street, and the bare hill on which "the castle" stands, the temperature may be well believed to be as Mr. Damer has described it. "But you are fine and cool in here, George!" Mr. Damer continues, with a sigh of relief, glancing around the lofty, shady room, with its high oak wainscot and massive black mantel-"I am sure she is—as good as a huadred thousand sovereigns," George says, cynically. "Yes-ah-well! Never mind that!" "Yes-ah-weil' Never mind that," Mr. Damer says, loftily. "Iam speak-ing of her heart and her nature. I believe, for one thing, that Anne O'Neil has found a good friend in her.

She said as much to me when Gillian left the room. We had quite a long chat, that is, I stopped a couple of minutes to chat to the poor girl," wainscot and massive black mantel-piece of Kilkenny marble, its bare oak floor, and sparse, old-fashioned fur-

Mr. Damer says again, contradict-ing himself oddly. "And Anne said that she thought Miss Deane was a floor, and sparse, old-fashioned fur-niture. "Yes," George says, dryly, "the castle generally is cool-summer and winter. What will you have, sir ? -claret, or whiskey and soda?" "Well, upon my word, George," Mr. Damer says, after an anxious pause, as if the fate of a nation trembles in the balance—"I think I'd better stick to the claret. I had a glass of whis-key and soda after luncheon, and I declare to goodness that it made me "Indeed I" George says, rather vaguely, with a vivid recollection of that scene in the lane, and Gillian's innocent, blushing face, and dilating,

earnest eyes. "And that is a good deal for so re "And that is a good dearlor so re-served a person as Anne O'Neil," Mr. Damer, says, triumphantly. "So, as I say, I am delighted the poor girl has met so good a friend. I should not wonder if she didn't take Anne key and soda after luncheon, and I declare to goodness that it made me hotter than ever. If I had another glass, I suppose 1'd have my lady making her pleasant marks about apoplexy. Just as if a man could keep himself as pale as a lily and as cool as a trout such a day as this. Not but you look as if you'd been sit-tin on the North Pole," he adds, with a sudden inquisitive stare at the young man, seated behing a writ-ing table near the window, with books and papers and writing ma-terials before him. "Anything wrong, away with her when she goes back to London. I shouldn't wonder, I tell you," Mr. Damer says, with a flourish of his handkerchief, and a sort of final shake c' his head, "if, with a generous, wealing young girl sur-rounded with all the advantages of wealth, if Anne's fortune wasn't made "

made f" "I hope so," George says, coolly, but with a suspicious, sarcastic smile in his blue eyes. "I didn't know Miss Deane was returning to London

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in shortly. Well, not for a few months, I sup-

and paving stone came crashing through the windows, and instantly the room was filled with a howling mob. Two clerks seized the wheel ssly, with another keen glance at

George under his hat. "She was very much frightened," George adds, as if stating a dry fact, "very much; indeed, only for her en-trating not to be left, and all her "George adds, and to be left, and all mob. Two clerks seized the uppe and escaped with it to an uppe story. Some of the officials wer and escaped with the officials were story. Some of the officials were knocked down and forced into the street. The rest escaped by a back door. In a few minutes the whole vicinity, was in control of the mob. A man poured a can of turpentine over the room and applied a match. that," George says, with a little coftening and unsteadiness in his volce, recollecting those passionate appeals of childlike dread, and the passionate clasp of the little hands on his arm, and the flood of childlike A man poured a can of turpentine over the room and applied a match. In ten minutes the building was blaz-The firemen came, but the mode would not allow them to work till the building was destroyed. Deputy tears. "I could have caught the scoun

drel easily and given him a thrash

Ay, I suppose so; got hysterical "Ay, I suppose so; got nysterical and clung to you, and had to be soothed and quieted. Girls always go on like that!" Mr. Damer says, in an off-hand tone, and looking into Provost Marshall Vanderpoel wa aptured and beaten to insensibility Police, Superintendent John A. Ken-redy appeared in citizen's clothes, was knocked down, stamped and peaten to an almost shapeless mass. the bushes. "Yes," sa

"Yes," says George, rather reluc-tantly, and Mr. Damer's shoulders He survived, but never recovered, dying a few years after of chest trou-bles caused by the stamping. In the meantime the escaped officials had reached the park barracks, and a small company of men from the inshake in a curious manner, while he peers into the underwood and he peers into the underwood and amongst the ferns. They walk on, however, in silence again, until they come to the mid-dle of the wood, where the ferns grow and the golden sunlight falls, at the very spot Gillian had stood stat the very spot. Gillian had stood the very spot. Gillian had stood stat the very spot. Gillian had stood true eyes. of the wealth that she could give him. "Now, six, I think I'll turn back,"

d the guns from their hands and back," good naturedly dismissed them with nothing worse than a few kicks and he is cuffs. But a small squad resisted. Of that these one was beaten to death, an-is to other thrown down a decivity, and "Now, sight think in turn back, George says, pausing, though—with a conscious duplicity of which he is rather ashamed—he knows that what he really intends to do is to a conscious duplicity of which lie is rather ashamed—he knows that what he really intends to do is to watch Mr. Damer out of sight, and then lie down under the trees and think of yesterday morning and of the girl who had stood beside him then several others badly-burt. A small detachment of police next arrived and fought magnificently, inficting fearful wounds on the rioters, but were finally defeated. Down to this time the riot had

then. "No, you won't now," Mr. Damer "No, you won't now," Mr. Damer "No, you won't now," Mr. Damer says, rather crossly. "Twe got several things to talk to you about, and I want you to come up to the house with me. My lady's gone out, and won't be back until 8 or 9 o'clock; gone to a garden party at the Butlers'; so you won't see her, if that's what you're thinking of." "And where is Miss Deane or Bing-ham Lacy?" questions George, hesi-tating still. "How the dickens should I know!" Mr. Damer says, sharply. "He's read. been localized near the ruins of the provost marshal's office, but the mob now moved northward and cast-ward among the shops and ware-bouses. They drank ireely at all the molecular drank ireely at all houses. They drank freely at al the saloons, paying nothing, and th ir numbers were soon augmente by the laborers in the shops and mills, who censed work. Then the cry was raised, "Down with the rich -the \$200

men-the \$500 exempts!" And while one part of the mob fell on every well dressed man whom curi-Mr. Damer says, sharply. "He's read-ing poetry to Miss Deane, or Miss Deane is reading poetry to him, mayosity drew to the scene the other attacked the elegant houses of Lexington avenue and that vi That's the way they speat all Every negro in sight was chased, beaten and rometimes killed. A col-ored boy 10 years old was beaten to this morning, anyhow !"

"Oh," George says, briefly, and instability. A negro man was hang-ed and his legs slashed with knives while he was struggling in the agon-

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphthe-

Ifter serving against the moh rashly returned to his house alone in the disturbed district. Encounter-ing there a small but not very tur-bulent mob, he upbraided them in a buient mob, he upbraided them in a most pronounced manner. They mov-ed toward him. He drew his revolver and fired, striking a woman in the knee. She fell, and his fate was seal-ed. Everyone in the mob was frantia to strike or kick him. He lay for hours on the <u>pyrement</u> after they had. Cragged him in the gutter and rolled him in the mud, and every time her moved enough to show that life was in him, he was again stamped on or beaten. In vain did Father Clowrey beg for leave to take the Colonel home and bestow the last rites of the dying.

beg for leave to take the Colonel home and bestow the last rites of the dying. "You have killed him. Let me give him the rites," said the priest. "You can give the rites here if you like," repled the mob. 'You can't take him away. So the priest knelt in the muddy street and administered extreme unction. He remained by the colonel until dark, when death occurred. Tuesday night an awful calm pre-vailed, but the glow of burning build-ings showed where the rioters had done their latest work. Wednesday morning showed that the forces of law and order were organized, and the desperate closing struggle be-gan. From Governors Island, the Brooklyn barracks and navy yard, with the old solders, invalid corps and one regiment of militia, which was stopped just as, it was ready to take the cars for Pennsylvania, enough solders were gathered to buck the police in clubbing the riot-ers. And the clubbing was done to the quewn's taste. In one brief com-bat thirty rioters were killed or mor-tally wounded. In another a howit-zer was fired into a moh, killing 22. Still the mob hung on and grew more the divent of miles.

Thursday morning dawned on a city in which general business was completely suspended. The worst was over, but on that day and until midnight there were local disturb-naces attended with fearful slaugh-ter of the rioters. Thirty were shot and beconcided in one encounter. Three militia regiments arrived from Pennsylvania that day, and soon cleared most of the streets. Friday morning all the street cars and om-nibuses were running again, and the riot was officially declared at an end. or vi

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25¢