

Ask your friends what they think of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"Even so," he retorts, good-humoredly, "though I am aware there is a painful discrepancy between the pretensions of my house and its master's fortunes."

George? he says, in a lower tone, apprehensively. "No, nothing at all," the young fellow answers shortly and impatiently. "What's the matter? I suppose it is the weather, though I have been indoors all the day doing some writing."

"You look a queer," Mr. Damer retorts emphatically, and anxiously 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 geological papers—that's what it is, my boy, and you'll get sunstroke if you go over the mountains in this weather, hunting up your calcareous rocks, and your argillaceous slates, and goodness knows what besides."

George makes no reply, but draws a small geological map on his blotting-pad. "It was from Anne you heard the story Miss Deane's adventure yesterday morning?" he asks, carefully shading the lines of the strata in his map.

"Yes—oh, yes," Mr. Damer says, with as much indifference as if an unpleasant adventure occurring to his guest were a matter of no moment. "She 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, and taking up his hat. "She said you were in the car, and the fellow ran away. Was it Joe Roche, do you think, George?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," George says, curiously. "I thought I saw a figure jump down the bank down the stairs with a bundle, and I saw Mr. Damer return the grin, with the usual faithfulness of a husband when the authority of an imperious spouse is to be set at naught."

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c Large Liquid and Powder 75c

Put it in a delightful room of a hot, drowsy afternoon, for all that. There are waving sprays of delicate green, and clusters of pale, fragrant clematis blossoms looking in at the open lattices and their short embroidered curtains of snow-white muslin, which impart a slightly foreign aspect to the room which, though very plainly furnished, is exquisitely neat and home-like.

(To be Continued.)

NEW YORK DRAFT RIOTS OF 1863.

Saturday, July 11th, 1863, the New York daily papers announced 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 following Friday noon the city had lost \$2,000,000 by fire and robbery, while some 200 of its citizens had been slaughtered.

les of death. Still another was hanged and his clothes set on fire as he was dying. Just before night occurred the attack of the colored orphan asylum, a spacious and beautiful building on Fifth avenue at Forty-sixth street, in which 200 colored orphans were cared for. Giving the inmates barely time to escape, the rioters destroyed or carried off all the furniture, injuring several of their own party in their haste. A little girl was killed by a heavy chair thrown from an upper window. The building was then fired and burned.

Tuesday morning brought a shower of proclamations, one from Mayor George Opdyke commanding all good citizens to enroll as special police. Another was issued by Major-General John E. Wood, asking all soldiers to enlist for order. But the soldiers did not rally. All the militia were absent but the regular troops were few. United States troops on Governors' Island, and so, except as the police could oppose, the rioters were unchecked for another day.

Besides the usual outrages and murders of colored people, the great event of Tuesday was the murder of Colonel H. T. O'Brien, of the Eleventh New York State troops, after serving against the mob, he was returning to his home in the disturbed district. Encountering there a small but very turbulent mob, he upbraided them in a most pronounced manner. They moved toward him. He drew his weapon and fired, striking a woman in the knee. She fell, and his fate was sealed. Every man in the mob was frantic to strike or kick him. He was dragged on the pavement after they had dragged him in the gutter and rolled him in the mud, and every time he moved enough to show that life was in him, he was again stamped on or beaten. In vain did Father Cloney beg for leave to take the Colonel home and bestow the last rites of the dying.

Sozodont for the TEETH 25c