

A RUN FOR LIFE.

When I was a boy, all my near relatives thought that I was "cut out" for a Methodist minister. Upon what particular traits of my character they based their opinion I cannot say, for I am not able to affirm with truth that my general deportment was to be recommended as a model for other boys to follow. Perhaps it was because my face had a naturally solemn and wise expression.

Be that as it may, at the suggestion and with the advice of my far-seeing relatives, I was brought up to regard the Methodist ministry as the goal of my studies, and with commendable ardor my father, who was not wealthy, lent every effort to the attainment of this object. In consequence of the two great zeal with which I seconded their views, I found myself at twenty with my health much impaired, and mind weakened to a degree that unfitted me for further study.

In the general alarm at my condition, my relatives again came to the front, and suggested a change—a trip to the West. Straightway an aunt on my mother's side, who had married a lumberman and lived in Northern Minnesota, being duly made aware of the state of things, invited me to visit her family, and thither I went.

That was in the spring of 1870. The Minnesota climate acted like magic upon my overstrained nerves, and the beginning of autumn found me restored to strength, and so far recovered as to be able to teach. More than half the people in the district were Swedish and Norwegian settlers, and I experienced no end of trouble, with not a few ludicrous incidents, in understanding their broken English and their odd customs.

The term of school ended about the first of December. My uncle was at that time carrying on lumbering operations for miles from home, on the outlet of Lake Winbigoshish, one of the lakes which form the head waters of the Mississippi River. He invited me to join him at the end of the school term. I had never been in a lumbering camp, and determined to spend a month or two in the pine woods with him. There was fine hunting—deer, foxes, musk-rats, lynxes, and other animals in the region.

In the settlement where I had been teaching there was a young Norwegian, Lars Bjork, two or three years older than I, who had trapped and hunted about Winbigoshish for several years.

He was a skillful woodsman, and a thoroughly good-hearted young man, strong, sturdy and intelligent. He had been a chopper at the camp through the autumn, but as he thought that he could earn more money at trapping and hunting, my uncle willingly let him off, and acquiesced in my plan to accompany him for a trip of a few weeks around the foot of Winbigoshish, twenty miles above the camp. He also offered us a spare mule—"Bingo" by name—to haul our outfit.

It was the middle of December when we started out from camp. We had an odd assortment of provisions, buffalo skins, blankets, camp utensils, tools for constructing a log hut, traps, guns, snow-shoes, a little rusty stove, and two bundles of pressed hay to eke out Bingo's browse diet, all loaded securely on an old sled. We followed the smooth, ice-bound river, which, as but little snow had fallen, furnished a good roadway.

It was a long day's tramp. It was getting late when we arrived at the place settled upon for a camp. Nothing could be done that night, beyond throwing up a temporary shelter of saplings and evergreen boughs, beneath which we crawled with our robes and blankets, and with our feet to a big fire of dry pine logs, slept till morning. That is to say, Lars slept, but the unusual and lonely situation drove sleep from my eyes for many hours.

Bingo, poor beast, was hitched in a birch thicket a little way off, where he browsed diligently.

We lost no time in selecting a site for our winter camp. At the end of two days, with Bingo's help in drawing the logs into place, we had constructed a comfortable hut, its chinks tightly calked with moss to keep out the sifting snow, which, in that cold region, usually falls in fine, dry crystals. Against the back side of the hut we also threw up a rough "lean-to" for Bingo's accommodation.

After getting our camp in order, we turned our attention to business. Lars set all the steel traps which we had brought. About the lake shore and along the river he constructed "dead falls" for mink, martin and otter. A few other had been captured by the Norwegian the previous winter, but they were exceedingly shy, and not abundant.

For three or four weeks but little snow fell. There was just enough to make the ground excellent for tracking game, and we were successful in securing quite a pack of fur—two of the coveted otter skins among others.

We had trapped several wolves, too, which proved that there were numbers of them about us. Yet as Lars had exhibited no fears concerning them, I felt none. Several times, on our snow-shoe tramps across the country, we had caught sight of them running with great swiftness, but we could never come near enough for a shot.

At length the snow began to come down in earnest nearly every day. The cold was intense. We had been down to my uncle's camp once for supplies and for the mail, which was brought in occasionally by one of the men.

On Candlemas Day we awoke to find that a genuine blizzard had struck us. We were entirely out of meat, for game had been scarce on the line of our traps for several days, and we had decided to devote this day to supplying our larder. Now there was nothing for it but to stay in shelter till the storm was over.

For three days and nights the gale blustered and howled through the tree-tops above our hut, whirling the snow in such thick clouds as nearly to smother one out of doors. We dared not venture two rods from the hut, for fear of never finding our way back through the blinding drift.

The cold was almost unbearable. With all our efforts, we could scarcely keep from freezing. Fortunately, we had prepared a supply of wood only a few yards from the door, and by turns we went through the drifts, dug out an armful, and guided by the other's voice, crawled back to the hut, with hair and clothes and eyes pelted full of snow. Even with all the fire we could keep, I was obliged to wrap myself in one of the buffalo robes, and crouch in a corner nearest the stove.

Lars, a true son of the North, and accustomed to fierce blizzards, kept busy mending our clothes, traps and "skees," or snow-

skates, such as are used in his snow-bound native country, and whistled merrily, while the wild wind sent little eddies of snow whirling through the chinks into his yellow hair.

The fourth morning dawned bright and clear. The weather had moderated, but the snow lay four feet deep over the whole country. Our little hut was nearly buried, and so hard were the drifts packed that I, who was about forty pounds lighter in weight than Lars, could run over them anywhere. The Norwegian would now and then slump through them.

But the cold weather had given us tremendous appetites, and our diet had been very tame. We knew that animals could not have moved about much in the deep snow during the long storm, and that they must have become famished. Accordingly, we thought that now game of all sorts would be astray.

After an early breakfast, we started out on our skees, which were made of ash, five or six feet long, very narrow, thin, and smooth as glass. There were bound to the foot by straps, and with them one accostomed to their use can skim over the snow with great swiftness. Although I was thoroughly at home on ice-skates, it was some time, with Lars' teaching, before I could keep pace with him.

After getting a little away back from the lake, the country was open, with the exception of strips of timber, bordering the streams. Upon the banks of two of these, we decided to set some of the traps which had been taking nothing about the lake for several days.

In the afternoon I started a doe, in a broad strip of timber, near a creek. As it bounded off over the snow I fired, but missed. Scarcely had the report been heard when my companion's rifle cracked, and at the same moment I heard him cry out sharply, as if in distress.

Much alarmed, I hastened in the direction of the sounds and found that a most distressing accident had happened. The doe had run towards Lars, who, while skimming along to get a nearer and more effective shot, had broken through the snow which had drifted over some small shrubs. His rifle was discharged as he fell forward, and the bullet had entered his left ankle, making a terrible wound.

Lars Bjork was a man of much courage and as stoical as an Indian, but the pain was so great that he swooned dead away. I, on my part, was so overcome, that for a moment I lost my head entirely and could do nothing. But Lars soon recovered consciousness and instructed me how to bandage the limb and stop the flow of blood.

How to get him to camp was the next question. In this matter, too, Lars' brain was more fertile than mine. Some sort of hand-sled, he declared, must be improvised, and I must go to camp, which was about three miles distant, after the axe, auger and ropes.

I disliked to leave him alone, in his distress, but there was no other way; so, after providing him with a bed of boughs, I started off, and as I had now become expert in the use of those wonderful "skees," in less than an hour I had made the trip and was back again.

Obedient Lars' direction, I no cut two birch saplings, having natural crooks, for runners, and smoothed them off with the axe. Then I bored holes and put in cross-bars. Upon these I laid boughs and one of the robes which I had brought from camp. The sled was now ready, and my wounded companion managed to crawl upon it.

The load was not very heavy after getting under way over the smooth, hard snow. We went on at a good pace and had accomplished half a mile from the place where the accident occurred, when chancing to look back I saw four or five animals about the spot, scrambling and apparently fighting with each other. I mentioned it to Lars. With an effort he turned to look back.

"They're wolves," he said. "Get to camp as fast as you can!"

The brutes had sneaked from some covert in the timber as soon as we had started, and were licking the blood off the snow. They might even have been in pursuit of the doe, the cause of our misfortune.

As we had frequently seen them, while out trapping, I did not at first feel much alarmed. But soon a series of prolonged howls from behind warned us that, maddened by extreme hunger and the taste of blood, they were in pursuit, and that others were joining in the chase, coming out from the timber as we hurried along. I glanced at Lars. His face was very white, but he grasped his rifle firmly.

I now fully realized our peril and put forth my utmost efforts.

The country was half open here. I had heard that it is the habit of wolves, when in large numbers, to try to surround their prey. I was certain that was what they meant to do if they could come up with us. More over, I soon found that they were gaining, in spite of my exertions.

We had covered hardly more than a mile and a half of the distance, when in going over some concealed shrub, where the snow was shallow, the sled broke through and threw me down.

I thought it was all over with us then, but I was not entangled, nor was anything broken, and scrambling to my feet, I jerked the sled out of the snow and was off again in a twinkling. But the howls of the pack had come fearfully nearer.

"Fly to camp, mine friend! Fly to camp! Don't mind me!" the brave Norwegian now exclaimed, as he dashed along. "They'll have us both. But drop me and you can get to the camp."

"Fire back into them!" I panted, for I felt ready to drop.

Lars managed to turn around and discharged his rifle, and at this unexpected salute, the oncoming pack halted for a moment. This gave us a little time and I made the most of it, yet we had not gone fifty yards farther before the troop were again in full cry; and although he continued to fire as fast as he could reload, the ravenous brutes now paid no attention to the reports.

But at last, and, as it chanced, with his final cartridge, he hit one of the foremost of the pack. The creature fell, and immediately the others set upon him after the manner of wolves. This again gave us a little start. Yet they quickly tore their wounded fellow to pieces and were after us again, more greedy than ever, before we had got out of their sight among the scattered timber. Then I thought of a fox which we had trapped, and I had tossed under the robe beside Lars, at starting.

"That fox!" I gasped. "Pitch that out!"

Overboard went the precious gray fox.

Then on—on—on, for life again. But we

were within twenty rods of camp now, and with a fresh spurt I dashed for the door and reaching it, ran inside, sled and all, at one final leap.

The door was slammed to and barred; and mad at our escape, the hungry creatures dashed themselves against it, like a foaming sea wave.

But we were safe. I dropped upon the camp floor exhausted.

Till nearly midnight the famished animals raged about the hut. Then a little later we heard a sudden and most appalling outcry. But it was as quickly hushed. The wolves had broken into the "lean-to."

Poor Bingo! There was nothing left of him to tell of his fate.

In the morning all was quiet. I took Lars, who had passed a night of agony, on the sled, and again set off down the river toward my uncle's camp which we reached about noon. The Norwegian was taken home and ultimately recovered.

Next day I went back to our camp with two of the men, and brought out our furs and traps. But I had no further desire to hunt that winter.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I hev bin requested," said Brother Gardner as the meeting opened, "to present to dis club dis ovennia' de query, 'Is de white man improvin'?" Pickles Smith will lead off de discussion."

Brother Smith replied that he had been taken unawares. He had never given the matter a thought. He had seen more or less white folks around him each day, but had given them no particular attention. He had a sore throat, a bad headache, chilblains on both feet, and there were strong indications that a first class boil was about to hit him in the leg. He would therefore ask to be excused from expressing anything like a decided opinion on the white man question.

Col. Anonymous Smith next followed. It was a question which had bothered him not a little. Thirty years ago the white man got drunk. He gets drunk to-day. Thirty years ago the white man sold his vote. He saw several of them bought in at the last election. In the years gone by the white man swore, gambled, stole, robbed, lied, cheated and committed murder. He was doing these same things to-day. If there had been any moral improvement the colonel couldn't see it. He had always felt a sympathy for white folks, and had always hoped they would do well, and it grieved him that no better progress had been made.

Elder Trott said he was glad the question had come up. The white folks were always concerned for fear the colored race was retreating, but the boot belonged on the other foot. Within twenty years the white man had invented the telephone, but alas! the states had to pass laws to keep him from sending cues words over the wires. The white man had erected wonderful bridges, improved the telegraph, brought out new orders of architecture, improved in painting and sculpture and elevated the standard of schools and society, but there was another side to the picture. The white man had discovered other ways to beat the laws passed for the protection of life and property. Lying, swearing, stealing and embezzling were hardly counted as sins. Visitors had picked pockets and stolen overcoats. Men who paid the highest pew rent in church were doing the heaviest stealing. Dressing had become an art, but running in debt and beating creditors had become a greater one. The elder had nothing against the white man on account of his color. The Lord had made him white, and he was not to blame for it. But when the white man stood on a corner and claimed to own the earth, it was well to investigate his claim.

Waydown Beebe said he had always felt kindly towards the white man, and had always been willing to extend him a helping hand. He could remember back for a quarter of a century. If there were any decided improvements he could not name them. If the white man was better educated, so were all other men. If inventions were more numerous, other races had helped to make them so. Take the white man as a man and he had doubtless retrograded. He was losing his reverence for the Bible and the laws. He was living fast and loose, full of gossip, suspicious, and having no care how he made his money so long as he made it. If the white man had got nearer to the moon by means of the largest telescope in the world, he had also discovered new liquids to get drunk on and new ways to beat the law. If the soul has become more poetic law suits for debt had also become more numerous. If the average mind was living nearer to Milton and Shakespeare just as many bodies were being committed to state prison.

Str Isaac said the query had often been presented to him, and he would take advantage of this occasion to say that he thought he could see some slight improvement in the last twenty-five years. Who were the Mormons? The white folks. Who were bigamists? The white folks. Who were embezzlers from banks, stealing from postoffices and fishing school moneys? The white folks. All the sedition was uttered by white men. All the demagogues were white men. All the trusts and monopolies on the one hand, and all the strikes and violence on the other included only white men. It was his conviction that white folks were a bad lot, but not quite as bad as they used to be.

Samuel Shin arose to remark that he had seen a good deal of the white folks, and had been brought into collision with them more or less every day for years. He couldn't say, as a beginning, that he liked the color. It wasn't fast. It ran all the way from the color of an old roan horse turned out to die, to fresh snow, and he could never be made to believe that straight hair was of any good except in the case of a wolf. White folks had cheated him, lied to him, stolen his wood and poultry, and he had come to distrust the race. He didn't doubt that there was some slight improvement, but even savages are compelled to improve. He believed the time was near at hand when black would be the popular color all around, and when the man with the woolly head would step to the front.

"Gen'len," said Brother Gardner as he arose, "de queshun has no doubt tobeceded in de negative, but we shouldn't bar down too heavy on de white folks. Day has had a heap of tribulation, especially in dis kentry. I fur one hev great an' abidin' faith in de fucher of de white man. He is gradually learnin' to speak de troof, an' to keep his hands off of odder folkses' chickens. Time will make him fear or respect de law, brush up his manners an' compel him to realize dat buildin' big skule houses doan' make manners nor bring bizaess. Let us gin him a far' chance to show de stuff he is made of. De answer to de query will darfo be. 'He ar

improvin' mighty slow, but expects a change of totder will make him hustle.' We will now dispel de meetin' an' adjudicate homewards."

SLAVES OF MORPHINE.

Incidents that illustrate the Victim's Complete Subjection to the Drug.

In collecting information in regard to the use of the drug a number of remarkable instances of its abuse was run across. One of its most degrading effects is the complete obliteration of all moral responsibility. Dr. James C. Wilson relates an incident of a patient under his care, a woman devout and refined, and in all other matters save the one subject of morphine eminently trustworthy. When about to undergo treatment she denied having taken or then having in her possession any of the drug. "I call upon God to witness," she cried, "that I neither now have nor have had since I began to be treated any preparation of morphine whatever!" Within ten minutes sixty quarter-grain morphine pills were found concealed under her pillow.

It was not long since that a man voluntarily went to Kirkbride's to be treated for the habit, and concealed in the sleeve of his coat a few days afterwards were found sixty grains of the drug that he had smuggled into the institution.

Surveyor of the Port Campbell tells of a well known politician of his ward who died some time ago from the effects of liquor and opium, whose body, when he was examined after death, did not contain a space an inch square that was not filled with the needle punctures of the hypodermic syringe. There is one man at Kirkbride's now who is accustomed to jab the needle straight down into his leg at the risk of striking a vein, artery or nerve.

A pale, nervous young man walked into a New York barber shop not long ago and sat down on a chair to be shaved. The barber had hardly lathered his face before he was seized with a fit of terrible trembling, so that the shaving could not be continued. With great difficulty he managed to get a hypodermic syringe from his pocket and squirt some morphine into his arm, and in a half minute he was calm and collected and ordered the barber to continue. He told the curious tonsorial artist that he was just recovering from a prolonged debauch.

A lady recently related to the writer the case of a young victim of the habit confined in a convent to be cured. It could not be discovered how she continued to keep herself under the influence of the morphine until one day it was found that the inkstand on the writing table was filled with the solution, and what was supposed to be a pen was no other than a hypodermic syringe.

Some months ago a gentleman connected with the "Press" was going South on the Virginia Midland Railroad. At Pope's Head Run, Prince William County, Va., the train was wrecked and the engineer was crushed under his engine. He was frightfully mangled, but remained conscious and, while efforts were being made to release him, screamed and prayed to be killed, to be put out of his agony. While strong men turned away in horror a pretty young woman ran back to a rear car and presently returned with her handbag. From it she produced a hypodermic syringe and injected a good dose of morphine into the suffering engineer, exhibiting an amount of nerve that astounded the witnesses. The first injection did not bring relief and she gave another, exhausting her supply of the drug. When the engineer was released he was dead, but his suffering had been greatly soothed. The pretty young woman was a morphine fiend and she endured untold agony until she got to a town where her supply could be renewed.

One of the drug clerks interviewed told this story: "There is a man who comes here who uses thirty grains of morphine a day. One day last Fall he was about to start on a fishing trip and before doing so he came here, got his fifteen grains dose and bought a quantity to take with him. When he reached the fishing ground a friend who knew of his falling asked him if he had come well supplied. He looked for his morphine and found to his consternation that he had lost it. Although he had taken enough to last him for eight or ten hours, he immediately became like a wild man. His companions could not control him, and he rode twelve miles over the country on horseback at a breakneck speed to the nearest drug store, where his loss was made good to his great joy and relief."

The Earl's Pipers.

For several years the late Earl of Airlied acted as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Amongst his attendants at Holyrood were two pipers, who, at every dinner given to the clergy and other guests at the Palace, marched several times round the large dining-hall, playing the wild and inspiring music of the Highlands. One evening, the Moderator of the Assembly, at some one's request, asked his Grace whether he had any objections to instruct the pipers to play "The Bonnie House o' Airlied." "None whatever," replied the Earl, "but I doubt whether we shall get it, for the one piper is an Ogilvie, and the other is a Campbell; but we shall see." Calling the butler, he gave orders that when the pipers next came in, they should play "The Bonnie House o' Airlied." The butler went at once with the message. By-and-by the pipers were heard approaching, and, in a little, one piper, the Ogilvie, marched in, playing the desired tune with great dignity and vigour. "I expected this," said the Earl in a jocular way to the Moderator. Summoning the butler again, he asked whether his message had been delivered. "Yes, my lord." "Then why has Campbell not come in with Ogilvie?" "I gave him your message, my lord." "What did he say then?" The man hesitated. "What did Campbell say?" again demanded the Earl. "He said—'eh'—still hesitating—" he said he would see your lordship—" the rest of the sentence was lost in a cough and the skirl of Ogilvie's pipes.

It Was Not all a Dream.

He (about to ask for a kiss)—"I have an important question to ask you."
She (playfully)—"I know what it is, Charlie. You want me to be your wife; I dreamed it. Well, take me."
He (rather taken aback)—"You dreamed it?"
She—"Yes, I dreamed it last night, and I answered you as I am answering you now, and you took me in your arms and kissed me. Isn't it romantic?"

OUT HIS FRIEND IN PEEFS.

Hans Kuehn Is Charged With a Remarkably Brutal Murder.

The murderer in charge of Sheriff John M. Estrs, of Madison, Wis., was for a few hours the other day a prisoner at police headquarters, New York, awaiting transportation to the scene of the crime. Hans Kuehn is the murderer's name, and his victim was his employer, William Christen, who had befriended him, and given to him a home and employment in his cheese factory at Princeton, Dane County, Wis.

Work was stopped in the factory Dec. 13, and Christen and Kuehn disappeared. At first the neighbors thought that the men were off on a spree.

Two lads, fishing in a small stream near Primrose eight days later, drew to the bank a heavy bag, which they opened eagerly, expecting to find gold and silver. Instead they saw a human head, mangled by blows with an axe, lying amid fragments of a man's viscera. They fled in terror and told the authorities. The head was recognized as William Christen's and Kuehn was at once suspected.

Investigation revealed the full details of the horrible butchery. The floor of the factory was covered with bloodstains, which had been partially wiped away, and in the fire-place was the partially consumed clothes of the victim. Secreted in the cellar was a blood-stained axe, over which ashes had been raked, and everywhere was a sign of studied effort to hide all traces of the crime. A further investigation showed that Kuehn had been planning the murder of Christen for a long time. He purchased a gallon of whiskey Dec. 12, took it to the room which he occupied with his employer, and got him hopelessly drunk.

While Christen was lying on his bed helpless and unconscious from drink, Kuehn robbed him of \$400 in money and then split his head open with an axe. He dragged the body to the factory, put it into a large cheese tub and hacked it into small pieces, using an axe and a sharp knife. The head and intestines he sank in the creek, and the rest of the body he forced into two large satchels, which he carried with him to Monroe, Wis., and destroyed or buried. He spent an entire day in an endeavor to wash out the stains of blood and in burning the garments which Christen had worn.

The day after the tragedy Kuehn made his brother drive him to Monroe, telling him that Christen was to meet him there, and that they would go on to Chicago and probably extend their travels to Switzerland.

At Monroe Kuehn purchased a steamer ticket for Queenstown on the steamship Lord Gough, which was to sail Dec. 19, and employed a man to carry his two satchels. The porter discovered that the bottoms of the satchels were saturated with blood, but accepted the excuse that Kuehn had been out gunning and carried the rabbits he had killed in the satchels.

The authorities, however, obtained this clue and followed Kuehn to Philadelphia, whence he sailed on the Lord Gough. A cable message was sent, and the murderer was arrested at Queenstown. He was brought back on the Britannic. He is a small, pale man, twenty-six years old.

Death of a Giant.

The "New York Herald" says:—One of the greatest men of this earth, Colonel Routh Goshen, the famous Arabian giant, was laid to rest yesterday in the little cemetery at Middlebush, N. J., and only a few neighbors and his adopted daughter were the mourners. The death of this well known museum attraction occurred on Tuesday, as published in the Herald. Goshen had been suffering for several months past from a complication of diseases, but an attack of dropsy finally proved fatal. During his sickness his nurses had recourse to a double tackle and block in order to raise the big man from bed. Nothing in life was more pleasing to him than his immense size, and he took great delight in all the arrangements made for lifting him about on the improvised derrick, because it was a constant reminder that he was very large. The plain farmhouse looked very dreary yesterday morning. The cloth-covered casket which contained the remains was too large to pass through the door and the corpse was taken outside and placed in the coffin, resting on the front veranda. The great coffin was eight feet in length. It was lifted into a wagon by eight stalwart farmers and then borne to the grave, where a prayer was said by the preacher and the body lowered into the ground by means of four strong ropes. As no gate would allow the passage of the coffin a section of fence was removed in the yard. The colonel was buried in the wig which he had worn for years to conceal his black, kinky hair, and which was supposed to hide the evidence of his alleged negro origin. The giant was first discovered by Showman P. T. Barcum in 1857, and it is altogether likely that he did not himself know his exact age or birthplace. The colonel had once lived in Mexico, where he gained his military title, and was a genial gentleman. For thirty years he told marvellous tales about his adventures, enough to fill a book, but before his death he confessed to the parson that they were untrue.

Fighting Chances.

If Uncle Sam really intends to draw his sword and have a brush with the Old World, he will not be compelled to hunt long for a pretext. Canadian cruisers have been warned to keep at a proper distance from our fishing smacks; the British Minister has been ordered out of the country; Germany has been taken to task for not keeping her engagements with England in reference to the Samoan islands; France, and in fact all creation, have been told to keep their hands off the Isthmus of Panama; and far-off China wakes up to find friendly treaties abrogated and the gates of the Republic locked and bolted because she failed to ratify a new convention on terms dictated by the United States Senate. Uncle Sam can simply sweep his eye over the earth, pick his victim, and deposit his gauntlet upon the sands.—[Springfield Republican.]

If the Anti-Poverty Society is seeking notoriety, it is successful. Attendance at its meetings is now to be regarded as a sin for which the priest cannot grant absolution. This is Archbishop Corrigan's mandate.

It is stated that there are hopes that by the 1st of May next all the electric light posts and wires in Upper Broadway and Sixth avenue, New York, will have disappeared under ground. It is devoutly to be hoped that all wires will soon in like manner go to their long home—in time as well as space.