THE MIN BATTLE.

Graphic Description of the Naval Engagement

BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND THE CHINESE.

The battle of the Min, or as it is otherwise known, the battle of Pagoda Anchorage—so called from its taking place off the Pagoda, nineteen miles up the river Min and ten miles below Foochow—was the most important in point of number of ships that has taken place since the battle of Lissa, and has also a peculiar interest, inasmuch as it was the first battle ever fought with modern guns. In all there were nineteen vessels engaged, ten torpedo boats, and some thirteen war junks, besides two shore batteries. Of these the French had really seven vessels and two torpedo boats, the rest being Chinese. Imagine two fleets lying side by side for weeks, then all at once a most fearful engagement to take place. This, too, without a word of warning! The arrangement of the ships was all in favor of the French, the three largest French vessels being alongside the three smallest Chinese, while the French, being the ones to take the initiative, waited till the tide gave them a raking fire on five of the Chinese vessels.

As the fight took place with the ships at anchor, there were no tactical advantages won, and no ramming; the only tactics being in the Chinese getting under the shelter of their batteries as far as possible, and on the French side getting behind Pagoda Hill, out of range of the heavier shore battery. The Chinese displayed an incredible amount of foolishness in leaving their torpedo boats in fair range of the French guns, so that at the first discharge they were sunk or riddled by the Hotchkiss, and the Chinese lost the great moral effect of their torpedoes just when they needed them most. Undoubtedly, if the Chinese had held back their torpedo boats till the smoke settled, an altogether different aspect would have been given to the fight. It is interesting to note the relative strength of the two sides, with a comparison of their most important features. The French had seven ships, seven thousand tonnage, during most of the engagement, but were joined later by the Triomphante, four thousand tons, an iron-clad ram. Thus their ships were all unarmored, either composite or wooden, armed with breech-loading rifles, mostly five and one-half inches, and all well equipped with Hotchkiss revolving cannon, in their tops and on the forecastle and poop-rails.

The Chinese had 11 vessels, 10,000 tonnage, two of which were armed with one 18-ton gun each, the rest with Vavasseurs, 5½ inch B. L. R., and quite a number of old-fashioned guns. These vessels were all unarmored composite or wooden ships. The total number of French great guns was 71; Chinese, 50; excluding war-junks. Weight of broadside, French, 7,000 pounds; Chinese, 4 000 pounds. Men, French, 2 500; Chinese, 2 000. Last, but not least, the French crews were in an excellent state of discipline and confident, while the Chinese crews were undisciplined, and deserting as fast as possible, having good examples set them by their higher officers, who went ashore, all that could, and, with the Chinese admiral, looked down on the fight from the highest peak around and six miles distant! Beside the forces afloat, the Chinese had an army of 15,000 backing them.

This was the state of affairs when, on August 22nd, the French ultimatum having expired, Admiral Courbet warned all ships of the coming engagement.

The 23rd of August was a beautiful day, with a light breeze blowing from the south-southeast, and at noon the French could be seen standing to their guns, apparently waiting. At 1 30 a man-of war was sighted coming up the river, and soon her colors could be made out. It was the Triomphante.

At 1.56 a red flag went fluttering up toward the Volta's masthead, a sharp report broke from her maintop, and the battle had begun. Right and left, first one side then the other, the puffs of smoke lazily rolled out and up, followed by such a crash and roar as if all of the devils of hell had broken loose, while the Chinese, taken unawares, as bravely fired back. At first the roar was appalling as broadside after broadside was poured into the Chinese, and through all was heard the sharp, quick reports of the Hotchkiss, which were sweeping the Chinese from their guns and tearing the war-junks with their crews to pieces as if they were paper, while once in a while the heavy reports of the eighteen-ton guns could be heard.

Four minutes after the first shot, at 2, a huge column of water rose over Pagoda Hill; it was the Chung Woo, the Chinese flag-ship, which, being end on, tried to turn around, but was blown up by one of the French torpedo boats, after receiving a shot through her boilers.

To the left the little Chinamen on fire was sinking at 2 08, but still had time to train her Hotchkiss on her deserting boat's crew, and, firing her last gun as its muzzle dipped in the water, blew up and sank, colors flying. To the everlasting honor of her captain and to the shame of the Chinese let it be said that with the smallest and weakest of the Chinese fleet he did the best.

At 2 12 one of the two Chinese eighteen-ton gunboats was blown up by a French torpedo and sank at her anchor.

About 2.20 the Triomphante fired her first shot from abreast of us, and, slowly steaming up the river, took part in the engagement, after firing a nine-pound shot that raked one of the smaller Chinese from stem to stern. At 2.45 two burning Chinese sloops-of-war from the left came floating down, one sinking abreast of us; the other grounded on Flat Island and blew up at 4.51.

At 3.10 the remaining Chinese eighteen-ton gunboat came drifting down and grounded on the steamship Glenfialas, after being literally blown to pieces by the heavy guns of the French. At 3.30 another burning Chinese vessel, French colors flying, drifted down toward the sea, and blew up at 5.30. Our position as she passed was anything but enviable, for her shotted guns kept firing, off and on, as the flames heated them, while stray shots from the fight kept wandering in our direction, making their presence known by anything but an agreeable screech. As this last vessel passed us her crew were up the masts, forced there by the flames, and as the flames ran up the masts some went out on the yard-arms and jumped overboard to drown, while the rest hung on with the desperation of despair till, with a crash, the mast fell, carrying its living load into the seething fire. Of the remaining three Chinese vessels, one entirely dismantled anchored on Pagoda point, while the two off the navy-yard, thinking discretion the better part of valor, fled toward Foochow, but unfortunately both grounded, so one was shot to pieces by the French, while the other had her back broken.

A heavy bombardment was kept up by the French till about 6, when, the shore batteries being silenced and the Chinese army out of range, the firing gradually ceased. During, and subsequent to, the engagement the river was filled with fire-rafts and burning junks with stink-pots, which were blown up by the French as they came drifting down the river.

The actual engagement lasted about forty-five minutes, and in this time the Chinese fleet was literally annihilated, and 1,500 Chinese found a watery grave. The French lost six killed and thirteen wounded, while their ships, with the exception of one or two having a shot-hole near the water-line, hardly showed a scratch.

The French had at least three vessels that could get away with anything we have in our navy, and, as the Chinese ships were as good as the majority of our vessels, the result of this fight gives a fair warning of what would become of our vessels in a similar action. I say the result would be the same, for, while our men would fight as long as they had a gun to fire or a deck to fight on, the result would be inevitable—total annihilation. The great supremacy of the French was due to their discipline, quick-loading breech-loading guns, and, what was more terrible than all, the murderous Hotchkiss fire.—AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE ATKINSON DEFALCATION.

A Receiver Appointed for the Failed Firm of Davies, Atkinson & Co.

Another step was taken on Friday in the litigation over the goods and possessions of the firms of Davies, Atkinson & Co. John T. Davies, the senior partner in the firm, now a resident of Liverpool, England, on Tuesday filed in the Superior Court a bill against John A. Atkinson, asking for the appointment of a receiver for the firm. The bill, which was suppressed until yesterday, sets forth that on July 20th, 1880, Davies and Atkinson entered into a copartnership, under the firm name of Davies, Atkinson & Co., and engaged in the business of buying hogs and hog products, and curing, packing and supplying such products to the firm of J. T. Davies & Co., of Liverpool, England, commission merchants, and for shipment to the continent of Europe and elsewhere. The defendant was, by the terms of the partnership agreement, to devote his entire time to the business in this city, and was to draw a salary of $5,000 a year, payable semi-annually, for his services, and besides was to receive one-third of the profits of the business. A special provision of the agreement was that Atkinson was not to speculate outside of the regular business of the firm, and he was not to sign or indorse any notes, bonds or any obligations for any other parties, or become security for any person without the consent of the complainant. On all the moneys advanced to the firm Davies was to receive 5 per cent. interest annually, and Mrs. Isaac Atkinson, the defendant's mother, was to receive 6 per cent. on all moneys she loaned the firm. The other two-thirds of the profits was to go to Davies, and the partnership was to be dissolved on either party giving the other three months' notice. Davies says that Atkinson, in violation of the agreement, "secretly and fraudulently engaged in gambling in option deals on the Board of Trade," and, to carry on these deals, gave checks on the firm's account at the Continental National Bank aggregating $21 012.50, and at the Bank of Montreal for $6 000. Atkinson, at the time these checques were drawn, had no individual account at either of the banks. Up to Oct. 4th, 1884, Davies says, his partner appropriated $200,000 of the firm's assets in the payment of individual losses. As soon as Davies learned the state of affairs in which his partner had involved the business, he gave him notice that the partnership was to be dissolved. Among the assets of the firm are large quantities of hams, bacon and cured meats, which, unless soon sold must depreciate in value. There are a great many outstanding credits and indebtednesses, which Davies expects he must settle, as he charges Atkinson to be insolvent and in debt to the firm in the sum of about $200 000. He therefore asks for a receiver, an accounting of the firm's business, and an injunction to restrain the defendant from collecting any of the outstanding debts due the firm. Robert Y. Hoden was appointed by Judge Gardner as receiver of the firm, his bond being fixed at $100 000.—*Chicago Times.*

A PECULIAR CASE.

A Woman Bleeds to Death Within Twenty Feet of Her Friends.

A Brockville despatch says: A peculiar case in medical practice, and as sad as peculiar, occurred here about half-past 3 on Wednesday afternoon. Dr. V. H. Moore was summoned, at the hour mentioned, to visit the home of a mechanic named McElvaney, on Water street, where he found Mrs. McElvaney, a woman about 30 years of age, apparently dead in a chair. In order to reach her side the physician had to pass through a pool of blood three feet wide, about twelve feet in length, and of sufficient depth to thoroughly saturate his boots nearly half way to the instep. As quickly as possible the unfortunate woman was helped to a couch near at hand, where restoratives succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness, but only for a short time, death ending her sufferings in about half an hour after the discovery was made. The cause of death was the bursting of a varicose vein about midway between the knee and ankle of the left leg. Through fright or weakness the poor woman did nothing to save herself, and had bled to death within twenty feet of neighbors and friends. Nearly every drop of blood in her body had flowed into the crimson pool on the floor. The physician reports the case as an unusual one.

Rev. Dr. Thomas unites more people in matrimony than any two other ministers in Chicago, and it is a fact that no two who were ever united by him have been divorced.

Northwest Notes.

Manitoba has entered upon the fourteenth year of its existence.

Arrivals from the Rockies on Saturday report four feet of snow there.

R. H. Shadrick, organizer of the Knights of Labor, has arrived in Winnipeg and will address the people of Winnipeg on the above subject.

In the first week of October ripe wild strawberries were found by the two little sons of Rev. G. H. Hooper in the township of Sunnyside—a very good proof of the mildness of the fall.

A farewell banquet was given to Dr. S. F. B. Reid at the Grand Union Hotel, Winnipeg, on Saturday evening by a large number of his personal friends. Dr. Reid leaves the city, not from choice, but necessity, the delicate health of Mrs. Reid rendering her return to the country unadvisable at the present time. The doctor returns to his old home in Galt, Ont.

A few prospectors came into Calgary last week all well loaded. One of them claims to have discovered a valuable silver mine within an easy distance of this point. An imperfect assay shows $65 to the ton. One old prospector, who had been through the Fraser River excitement, whispered confidentially in our ear: "You kin take my word, mister, next summer them ar' Selkirks will astonish the world."

There have been very extensive prairie fires on all sides of Nelson during the past few days. Mr. S. Lowrey, of 4-3, lost three stacks of wheat; Mr. A. McCaulay, of 1-10, lost four stacks of wheat and all his hay; Mr. J. Ewen, of 2-10, had all his oats destroyed; Mr. C. E. Goswell, in the same neighborhood, also suffered severely. Mr. Weary and Mr. Fritti, 2-11, lost [illegible]; thresher; and Mr. Oscar Finley, 2-10, was completely burned out, losing house, granary, stables and his whole year's crop. We also hear of great damage done by fire in 1-9 and 1-10.

A MOTHER HUBBARD

Gets a Young Lady Into Trouble in Chicago

A Chicago despatch says while Fourth avenue was filled with promenaders the attention of every person was attracted by a young lady who came out of 418 and walked gracefully along the western side of the avenue. But it was not alone her beauty that attracted so much attention. The fair girl's form was encased in a white Mother Hubbard elaborately trimmed with rich lace. Policeman French encountered her, and after gazing earnestly at the lithe figure walking along so demurely he followed the young lady.

"Come with me, Miss," exclaimed the officer, as he laid a heavy hand upon her shoulder.

"Heavens!" ejaculated the fair promenader.

"What have I done? You have surely made a mistake."

She almost sank upon the pavement in surprise and shame, but the officer, roughly seized her and walked her along to the police station. A crowd of sympathizers followed the policeman and his prisoner.

The young lady was placed in the dock, where she hung her head and cried bitterly.

"What is your name," asked Clerk Clinger, kindly, while Justice Foote looked over his spectacles at the prisoner.

"Mamie Allan," she replied in a tremulous tone.

"What has she been doing?" asked Justice Foote.

"I caught her on Fourth avenue wearing this white Mother Hubbard," said the officer, pointing to the offending garment. "She also abused me when I arrested her."

Miss Allan denied the latter charge, but had to acknowledge the Mother Hubbard. The spectators laughed at the unusual charge, but were astonished when Judge Foote fined Miss Allan $10.

A friend of the young lady called and paid her fine, and she returned home in a cab. Several well-known ladies will protest against Judge Foote's decision.

Meanwhile young ladies who own white Mother Hubbards are afraid to venture upon the street with them.

POVERTY, MURDER AND SUICIDE.

A Lady Kills Her Child and Herself After Being Deserted by Her Husband.

A Philadelphia despatch says: A hard-working, uncomplaining young wife and mother named Annie Logan has lived at No. 1,208 Callowhill street for nearly two years. Driven to despair by the desertion of her worthless husband she murdered her 3-year-old son and then committed suicide. Mrs. Logan had been reared comfortably, and married Jesse Logan, a travelling salesman, six years ago. They lived together until two weeks ago, when he deserted his wife. This drove her to such a condition of despair that she locked herself in her room and wrote the following pathetic letter to her brothers and sisters, well-to do people, from whom she has kept the secret of her abject poverty and neglect. She said: "I have lived quite as long as I could bear it. For two weeks I have suffered in misery, but before that I was happy. My husband has forsaken me and his dear little boy, who thought there was no one like his father, and was looking for his return. I gave up all for him and will die for him. I forgive and still love him. Howard would have been 3 years old the 8 th day of next March. Please bury him in my arms. Dear brothers, forgive me and bury me wherever you wish to. Good-bye to all and every one and to our dear Poppy. Howard used these last words."

Having laid this letter on the table she awakened the child, gave him a cup of laudanum which she had prepared, and then hushed the little fellow to his last sleep. Then the wretched woman took a deep draught of the deadly drug, turned on the gas, and, gathering the dying boy in her arms, composed herself for all eternity. The murder and suicide were discovered next afternoon by the smell of escaping gas, and this terrible social tragedy by a woman unsuspected of previous crime became part of the history of the day.

A lady in West Point, Ga., has a perfectly white rat, said to be quite gentle and an excellent mouser. He is said to be "rough on mice," as well as as a terror to his fellow rats of color.

QUICKLY REVENGED.

J. R. Dorsey, a White-Haired Sinner of 74, and Jane Ward, a Hardened Spinster of 60, Lynched—The Couple Accused of an Atrocious Double Murder.

A Centre, Ala., despatch says: At 1 o'clock Wednesday morning the Cherokee County Jail, located in this town, was surrounded by thirty masked men on horseback, and all heavily armed. The horsemen were drawn up in double columns. One column faced the jail and the other its approaches. Twelve men then dismounted and, marching to the door of the jail, called on the Sheriff to advance from his room, whither he had retired and fortified himself for an assault, and surrender J. R. Dorsey and Miss Jane Ward. The Sheriff refused. The doors were at once battered down, and the men in an instant were in the inner corridor, the doors to which easily gave way before well-directed blows. The noise of the furious assault awakened the six inmates of the prison. They all hurriedly dressed, and a negro, who is held for theft, directed the mob to the cells of Dorsey and Miss Ward. The mob then demanded the Sheriff's keys to the cells, and he surrendered them. One brawny mountaineer unlocked the door and erked Dorsey out into the corridor. He begged piteously for his life, and then giving way to tears fell at the feet of the mob, and, lifting his hands, prayed fervently for divine relief. He was 74 years old, and his long, white hair flowing in the soft breezes that penetrated the avenues of the dismantled prison, lent to his prayer an air of reverence that was most pathetic and induced two of the executioners to plead in his behalf. But the other ten were inexorable. The scene at the cell door, whence Miss Ward was little less rudely taken, was equally pathetic. She had passed her 60th year, and in her youth had been a woman of rare beauty. Her form and bearing had been well preserved. She presented a venerable appearance. When the vigilantes first seized her she fought. But her resistance was of short duration. Her strength gave way, and with a last assertion of innocence she fainted and fell heavily upon the stone floor of the prison. One of the men caught her in his arms, and swinging her body across his shoulder bore her out of the jail, followed by Dorsey and his escort. The mob then took a side road and marching down to a ravine on the banks of the Coosa River, they attached the rope to a limb that extended from a tall bank over the placid waters beneath. The rope was so adjusted that it would not slip and both the ends were loose. Nooses were hastily adjusted at both ends, and were slipped over the heads of the aged couple. The slips were drawn and a moment later the bodies were shoved from the bank, and dangled until life had become extinct. Then the swaying ceased and the lifeless bodies hung until noon yesterday, when the coroner cut them down. As soon as the bodies were shoved off the brink the vigilantes remounted, rode at a gallop to the glen where they assembled, and then, after holding a hurried conference, they separated and soon disappeared. The crime for which the aged couple gave their lives was one of the most atrocious ever perpetrated in the South. On the night of October 5th Mrs. Mary Davis was sitting in her parlor entertaining C. C. Jones, a neighbor who had called to see her husband. It was just after twilight when a loud voice was heard calling her to the door. She responded. Her appearance at the threshold was instantly followed by the report of a shot, and with a piercing scream she fell dead, bleeding from the wounds of a heavy charge of buckshot which severed a breast-bone and spattered fragments of her vital organs upon the wall. On hearing the report of the gun and the woman's scream Jones hastened to the door only to have the top of his head torn away by a similar shot. He, too, fell dead instantly. The assailants at once disappeared. Before the life blood of the victims had fairly ebbed away the husband of Mrs. Davis appeared in company with some neighbors, and all were horrified at the spectacle of the dead bodies which lay across each other. Circumstances seemed to point to Dorsey and Miss Ward as the perpetrators of the horrible crime, and they were accordingly arrested. A lynching would have at once ensued had not the Sheriff rescued the prisoners and placed them in the jail at Alpina, Ga. That night they were spirited away, and it was not until two days ago that their whereabouts was detected. The events of Monday night at once followed. Dorsey was jealous of Mrs. Davis, who was his niece, and that is the only motive that can be ascribed for the crime. Miss Jane Ward was a spinster of 60 years. Prior to the war she was rich and beautiful, but an indiscreet act hurt her reputation, and from that time she has lived secluded from society. She had a violent disposition, and recently became attached to Dorsey. She was considered an accessory to the killing.

Edmund Kean's Assumption.

Young also told us that when Kean was playing in Paris in 1828 his irregular habits and unpunctuality were constant sources of embarrassment to the impressario, says *Temple Bar*. He seldom if ever attended rehearsal, and one evening, when "Hamlet" was announced, took it into his head to be absent himself from the theatre altogether and was at length discovered by the stage manager half an hour before the time appointed for the rising of the curtain, at the cafe de Paris, vigorously attacking his third bottle of Chambertin. In vain the horrified functionary expostulated, alleging as an extra inducement that the Duchesse de Berry had signified her intention of witnessing the performance.

"I am not the Duchess' servant," coolly replied the tragedian.

"Ah, but you are not aware," insinuated the other, playing his last trump, "that her royal highness positively affirms that no one ever equalled Talma in 'Hamlet.'"

"Does she, by G—?" exclaimed Kean, rising from his seat, and eagerly grasping his companion's arm; "then, sir, I am ready, and by the Lord Harry, she shall tell a different story to-morrow!"

Pain may be said to follow pleasure as its shadow.

A traveller says Mississippi and Alabama are covered with mortgages held by New Orleans merchants. Good timbered property in those States can be bought for 50 cents an acre.

CHINESE IN NEW YORK.

Their Superstitions and Their Fatalism.

Soon after the first batch of Chinamen put in their appearance in New York they began to surround themselves with heathen accessories to which they had been accustomed in San Francisco. Before three months had gone by they had several flourishing opium dens, half a dozen "fan-ton" games and lottery points, and a dozen stores for the sale of Oriental commodities. Having provided for the amusements of their daily lives, the moon-eyed strangers set up relations with the powers above, by establishing a Joss house, wherein they hang their prayers with commendable regularity and punctuality. Next they set about encompassing order by the founding of a Chinese law court, and, lastly and very recently, they completed the social circle of Chinese life by opening a hospital, or, more properly, a house wherein the sick may die without bothering their friends and relatives.

Chinamen are well known to be fatalists. This trait in their national character makes Chinamen, who are otherwise cowardly, meet death with the utmost stoicism. On the Pacific slope executions of Chinamen have been by no means infrequent, and in no case has the victim of the law failed to march to the scaffold with the fortitude of an Indian. The belief that what is to be, and no act of a person may avert a catastrophe, renders the healing art most difficult of application to Chinamen. Once John becomes really sick, he is pretty sure to die, because he gives up all hope, refuses to take medicine, and resigns himself stoically to the fate in store for him. He is superstitious, and places what little faith he has in curatives, not in drugs, but in queer amulets, funny bags, and nauseating liquids blessed by the priests. This superstition affects his relations, and once the hand of death is considered to have set its mark upon the sick man's saffron forehead he is an outcast. He is carrion, and no more fit to remain in human habitation, for should he die under the roof all manner of ills will fall upon the inmates. Therefore he is hustled out to die.

In San Francisco dying men are often found upon the streets. Parents are as ruthlessly sacrificed, once their ailment is considered hopeless, as the veriest stranger—and yet the children of a Chinaman are the most dutiful of any children of any people.

Hearing that a hospital, or sick-house, as the Chinese term it, had been established in Chinatown, a representative of the *Commercial Advertiser* set out to find the place, and explore it if opportunity offered. From inquiries made among the white people in the neighborhood, the house was located on the north side of the street, five or six doors from the corner of Chatham street. The entrance was under a stoop, and opened into a long, dark hallway, that in turn led into a blind court between the front and rear buildings. The drains from the adjoining houses emptied into the stone-flagged court, and the sewage lay in pools in the broken stone, sending up an overpowering stench. Garbage was scattered over the ground, where it had been thrown from the windows, and lumber, boxes, and barrels filled up the intervening spaces. Picking his way across the court, the writer reached a deal door which appeared to open into the rear house, but which really opened into a long alley, at the end of which was another door on which was pasted a red sign in black Chinese characters. Knocking produced no response. The visitor lifted the latch and pushed the door open. A volume of foul air and smoke poured out, nearly stifling the reporter, who drew back for a moment; but recovering he entered. The place was dark, but gradually the eye becoming accustomed to the gloom it was possible to distinguish the limits of the place. Not a stick of furniture was in the place, but a brazier, made of an old coal oil can, burned in the middle of the room. On one side were their bunks, arranged end for end, and on one, covered by a quilt made of gunny sacks and rags, lay a human form. As the visitor approached the miserable creature half raised upon his elbow, and asked in a hollow voice: "What for?"

"You sick?" interrogated the reporter.

"Me belly sick," answered the Chinaman, falling back with a groan.

"Hungry"

"No—no can eat."

"Where are your friends?"

"No got fiends. All gone."

As the poor fellow ceased, a hollow cough told the story. He was dying from consumption, which carries off fully half of his race in this country. Poor food, insufficient clothing and an unsanitary mode of life soon work havoc with the weak physique of the coolie, and his vicious habits of opium smoking and gambling hurry him on until, to weak to stand, his friends carry him to the sick-house.

There was nothing more to learn. John was dying, and he would do nothing to help himself, for was not the hand of death upon him? So, leaving a small piece of silver in the talon-like hand of the sick man, the reporter left. As he stepped into the court the proprietor of the sick-house was coming in with a tin plate of rice and a diminutive cracked cup of tea.

"What is the matter with that man, John?" asked the reporter.

"O, him die."

"The bad sickness?" (Consumption.)

"Yes. Him die to-mollow."

"Where are his friends?"

"Him fiends plenty lich. Got'em store. Payee Sam Kee plenty money keep Ah Jim."

"Why don't you get a doctor?"

"Wha' for? Him die. Wha' for spend um money doctor?"

"Why don't his friends keep him home where he can be comfortable?"

"All same bad Joss come, he die there. Ah Jim all lite. Him die plenty clickh have big flun'ral. Send'um bones back China."

The next day when a reporter called, Ah Jim lay in a pine box. He had on a new suit of blue glazed muslin, and a skull cap with a bright red button. His face wore a calm expression, and the thin hands were crossed over his breast. Funeral punk burned, and little gilded paper cornucopias were scattered around. Across the street grand preparations were making for a great funeral feast, for Ah Jim had died out of the house, and he could now be honored.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Kate Smulsey, the Fort Plain, N. Y., faster, is still alive. What and how she eats, if anything, is as great a mystery as ever.