

DUELLING IN THE DARK.

Famous Midnight Meetings on the Field of Honor-The Affair of the Due de Richelieu and Prince De Lixen

-Jackson's Last Duel. Night combats have been frequent in Europe, and also in the United States. In 1821, in London, England, a barrister, named Christie, and the editor of The London Magazine, Mr. Scott, fought a duel, socalled, at Chalk farm, and the latter was killed. The original trouble occurred beween Mr. Scott and Mr. Lockhart, the latter-named gentleman at that time editor of Blackwood's Magazine; and, it seems, Scott, who had been challenged by Lockhart, and who had declined to accept, was called upon by Christie, and the two quarreled, and subsequently agreed to meet the same evening to adjust their difficulties according to the "code of honor." The fight took place at 10 o'clock, during the full of the moon, and Scott fell mortally wounded at the first fire. Christie was arrested and charged with willful murder by a coroner's jury, but at the trial a short time afterward he was acquitted.

In 1721, Capt, Chickley and Lieut. Stanley, while disputing in a mess-room in a town near Dublin (Ireland), agreed to fight with small swords in a dark room the following evening. Stanley was an adroit swordsmen, but was run through the body by his antagonist in a few minutes after the com-

mencement of the fight. Maj. Campbell and Capt. Boyd, officers of

the 21st foot (British army), fought a duel, without seconds, in the parlor of an Irish inn at Newry, a short time before midnight, in January, 1807. During the dispute Campbell challenged his brother officer to fight at once, but Boyd prefered that the meeting should take place next day. Campbell then taunted his comrade, and insinuated that he was displaying the white feather. The result was that they left the garrison where they were quarterd, unaccompanied by friends, and tought as stated, Capt. Boyd receiving a mortal wound, from which he died in a day or two. Campbell was convicted of murder on the 13th of August following, and executed on Oct. 2. His wife, who belonged to a family of high standing, made a desperate effort to secure royal clemency, but, as is known, without success. Boyd's last words were ; "Campbell, you are a bad man; you hurried me in a most wanton way, and have mortally wounded me in a fight of your own making and not according to established rules. I wanted to wait and have the matter put into the hands of friends, and you would not let me." This terrible arraignment by the ing man was as effective as the death-warrant itself, and carried convict on before indictment. In a letter which Campbell left for publication he said: "I suffer a violent and ignominious death for the benefit of my countrymen, who, by my unhappy exit, shall learn to abhor the too prevalent and too fashionable crime of duelling." The writer once met a gentleman who was present at the execution of Campbell, who said he (Campbell) was one of the handsomest and bravest officers of the 21st British foot. While of an excitable nature when angered, it is said of him that he was generally far more amiable and much less disagreeable than Boyd, although they had long been on terms of mutual dislike of each other. The night before the execution Mrs. Campbell had managed to perfect methods of escape, as it was pretty generally understaod that, although no royal mercy could be extended, no particular means of vigilance had been adopted. His noble wife, who had planned the escape, reminded him of his heroic conduct in Egypt, of his family name, and of the unheeded recommendation of mercy by the jury which pronounced the fatal words. But he only replied : "The greatest struggle of all is to leave you, my darling; but I am still a soldier, and shall meet my fate like a man." And so he refused to further dishonor himself, although the guard was asleep, the doors of the jail were unlocked, and horses and confederates were close at hand. He passed the following morning in prayer, and at the proper time ascended the stairs of the executionroom with firm step and without escort, There stood before him nineteen thousand sympathising men with heads uncovered, and among them the fusileers, with whom he had intrepidly charged the enemy upon

The notorious Duc de Richelieu, of France, who fought so many successful duels, and who seemed to wield a magician's sword, met the Prince de Lixenwhom he had purposely insulted on account of the hatred entertained for the latter by Mme. dn Rosiere-near the trenches of Philipsburg, in 1879, at midnight, during a storm, by the light of torches held by brother officers. As the story goes, De Lixen, who was a general in the French army (and a very tall mar.), had had a horse shot from under him during an engagement; and seeing a pony near, jumped upon him and rode into the presence of De Richelieu (who was also a general at the time), who burst into a lost the day when we have mountebanks for generals. Behold the horsemanship of the great Prince de Lixin, who keeps his feet close to the ground for fear of failing from his saddle." The Prince heard De Richelieus's voice and laugh, and too well knew what it meant, and the source of its inspira-"I'll insult the villain in no uncertain way upon the first opportunity," murmured De Lixen. The next day Richelieu whose command had been the last to retreat from Philipsbourg, came into the presence of Prince de Conti, the commanding officer, with disheveled hair, powder stained face, and deranged toilet. His rival took this occasion to carry out his quiet threat of the day preceding, and said sarcastically: "It is a matter of much surprise that the Dac de Richelieu should come into the presence of gentlemen with the air and dress of a masquerader." "I did not retreat so hurriedly from the field as some of these officers who appear here in toilets more elaborately prepared, your highness," ex-

the burning sands of Egypt. The hum of a

single bee might have been heard in that re-

spectful crowd, as Campbell addressed it,

"Pray for me," was all the poor soldier

said; and, while the diapason of an impres-

sive "amen" went up unbroken by a single

other vociferation, or even whisper, the un-

fortunate man let fall his own cambric hand-

kerchief as a signal that he "was ready,"

end simultaneously he dropped through the

dreadful trap, and went off on that uncer-

thin pilgrimage to the legendary beyond.

claimed De Richelieu, and then turning to De Lixen, he continued: "I shall go now and purify myself, prince, and in an hour you shall hear from me." And so he did, in the shape of a challenge, which was accepted; after which arrangements were made and agreed upou that the two gentlemen should meet each other in the trenches at midnight. They met and crossed swords at exactly 12, and in ten minutes the magical weapon of De Richelieu had flashed through the heart of his twentieth victim, and the survivor, stepping over the dead prince, said: "Let us carefully bear his noble body with all honor to camp. It is the fortune of war, gentlemen, and may be our turn next." In a short time afterward De Richelieu went to Paris to acquaint his inamorata with the intelligence that he had removed one of her troubles from the world forever. But what was his astonishment to discover that the frail and faithless Mme. du Rosiere had fled with an Eaglish nobleman to London. Quien sabe?

Some few years ago Maj. Ben. Perley Boore, then Washington correspondent to The Boston Journal, sent that paper the following account of a midnight duel foughf upon an island in the Savannah river :

Among the many bloody duels on record as having been fought by congressmen was one in which James Jackson, of Georgia, who had been and who was afterward a but he went to Savannah when a lad, studied law, was a leading Freemason, and fought gallantly in the Revolutionary war. He mined to accept a challenge on such terms as would make it his last duel. So, upon his next challenge, which was from Col. R. Watkins, also of Georgia, he prescribed as the terms, that each party, armed with a double-barreled gun loaded with buckshot, and with a hunting-knife, should row himself in a skiff to designated points on oppositc sides of the Savannah river. When the city clock struck 12 each should row his skiff to a small island in the middle of tho river, which was wooded and covered with underbrush. On arriving at the island each was to moor his skiff, stand by it for ten minutes, and then go about on the island till the meeting took place. The seconds waited on the main land until I o'clock, when they heard three gunshots and loud and angry cries. Then all was still. At daylight, as had been agreed upon, the seconds went to the island and found Jackson lying on the ground, insensible from the loss of blood, and his antagonist lying across him, dead. Jackson rocovered, but would never relate his experience on that night, nor was he ever challenged again. He died in Wash. ington city while serving his second term as United States senator, March 19, 1806.

In 1723 a young gentleman named Benjamin Woodbridge was killed in a duel with swords, late at night, on Boston common by Harry Phillips, after a short combat. Phillips, who was not hurt, made his escape from the city next day, and later turned up in France, where he died in 1729.

Eugens Bonnemere, in his "Histoire des Paysans," tells the story of how a peasant by the name of Lebre, who lived in the south of France, got more than even with a sergeant of the royal guard, which was quartered near Lebre's cabin. It was towards the end of the seventeenth century, and the sergeant, presuming upon his gallantry and manly beauty, and knowing the proverbial weakness of some women for even non-commissioned officers of his profession, took occasion to pay marked attention to Lebre's young and pretty wife; which, while being strictly agreeable to pretty Mrs. L-, was highly unsatisfactory to the incensed husband, who, at last, gave Mr. Segt. Duprez a piece of proper advice, and was promptly knocked down for his prins. Labre at once challenged his antagonist, who declined to recognize a common peasant as his equal, and shutting Lebre out of his own cottage, took immediate possession of it and its pretty matron. In a ray or two the sergeant quit the place for good, and Lebre returned, sold all his effects, packed the erring madame off to her father's, enlisted in the army, and was seen no more in that neighborhood for more than eight years. He fought through two campaigns bravely, but without a scratch, and by gradual promotion reached the rank of sergeant. "Aha!" cried Lebre joyfully, at the end of six years service, "Sergt. Duprez, Sergt. Lebre is your equal! I shall seek you out, you villain, and punish you for the wrongs which I suffered at your hands six years ago." Lebre was two years in finding his man. And when he did find him they were at the point of sitting down at the same dinner table with a dozen other officers of about uniform rank. As soon as the repast was over, Lebre arose, and addressing Duprez inquired: "Suppose, sir, a man should give you a blow, what would you do?" "I would return it, and challenge him to fight," responded Duprez. "Take that, then!" exclaimed Lebre, dealing his old enemy a tremendous blow, which staggered him considerably; and then addressing himself to his other comrades, he recapitulated the story of how Duprez had knocked him down for defending his wife, and thereafter refusing to fight him on the ground that he was not Duprez' equal. " Now, Sergt, Daprez," ejaculated that fellow's assailant, turning around and facing his enemy, "you and I are equal. I have returned the blow you gave me eight years ago, and now challenge you to fight for your life." And loud laugh and exclaimed: "No wonder we | as quick as lightning the two sergeants drew their weapons, and Duprez was killed in three minutes, the duel taking place by

candlelight. In 1719, in London, England, Capt. William Aldworth, of the army, and Owen Buckingham, member of parliament, met and dined, and quarreled, and fought, all in one evening. It was so dark they could not see each other, and they were so thoroughly well intoxicated that it did not make much difference whether they did or not see each other; but all the same, there was one less member of parliament the following morning for Buckingham was found by some friends shortly after the fight, pierced to the heart with his antagonist's rapier, and Aldworth near by, very drunk, and covered with wounds.

University place, New York, N.Y., was the scene of a fatal duel, one cold, snowy night in the winter of 1804, the parties to the combat being William Coleman, editor of The New York Evening Post (an organ of the federalists), and Capt. Thompson, har-

bor master of the port of New York. Thomson, who had made quite an effort to provoke Coleman, remarked freely that he had no fight in him, and that if slapped well on one side of his face he would only be too happy to present the other side for similar treatment. Coleman, after making sure that Thompson had used the language attributed to him, challenged the offender, designated pistols as weapons, and named 11 o'clock as time of meeting, and at or near University place the scene of battle. Each party had surgeons and seconds, and agreed, as it was snowing at the time, to fire at twelve yards. Both fired the third time, when Thompson was heard to exclaim: "My God! I have got it!" and, reeling sideways, fell mortally wounded into the snow, and died a short time after having been conveyed to his residence. The dying man made a statement in the presence of a number of friends to the effect that the duel and his death were the consequence of his own quarrelsome character and rashness, and his last words were forgiveness to Coleman, whom he believed had no intent to kill-—Alta California.

A Famous Bout.

Although the beginnings of New York gastronomy were substantial, they could scarcely be called artistic. If we turn to United States Senator, was the challenged | the pages of Brillat Savarin, whose "Phyparty. He was an Englishman by birth, siologie du Gout" has been recently so ably translated into English by Mr. Henry Van Laun, we shall find a full, true, and particular account of a dinner partaken of toward killed Lieut. Gov. Wells, of Georgia, in 1870 | the end of the last century or the beginning in a duel, and was engaged in several other of the present one, at what was then a cele-"affairs of honor," until he finally deter- brated "coffee tavern," kept by a Mr. Little M. Koechlin-Schwartz, the mayor of one of and whither Brillat Savarin, who had been driven into exile by the revolution, was wont to repair to enjoy a basin of turtle soup in the forenoon, and in the evening to entertain himself and friends with Welsh rabbits, ale, and cider. There he met Mr. Wilkinson, a Jamaica planter, who invited him and two of his French friends, the Vicomte de la Massue and M. Jean Rodolphe Febr, an exbroker from Marseilles, to dinner. Mr. Wilkinson brought an English friend to dine with him, and the party thus consisted of five. The object of the two Britons was to outdrink the three Frenchmen; and. prior to sitting down to table, the cautious Brillat Savarin advised his fellowcountrymen to eat very slowly and methodically, to drink with even greater discretion, and, while he was engaging the attention of their antagonists, to throw away as much liquor as they could. Then they shared between them a plate of bitter almonds, which Savaria had heard praised for their quality of moderating the effects of the fumes of wine. The banquet consisted of "an enormous piece of roast beef, a turkey cooked in its own gravy, vegetables, a salad, and a jam tart, washed down with plenty of claret." After the ciaret came port, and then Madeira. Brillat's two friends contrived, without being observed to empty several of their glasses into "a beer pot which stood at the end of the table;' but Brillat, who had an excellent stamina, and what the Scotchman admiringly called "a vast capaacity for leequor,' held his own unflinchingly. Spirits were then proposed; but Brillat Savarin called for a large bowl of punch, and the end of it was that the three Frenchmen, or rather their leader, drank the two Englishmen fairly under the table, Mr. Wilkinson having previously and ignominiously failed in an attempt to sing "Rule Brittania."-London Telegraph.

Official Stupidity.

A most extraordinary miscarriage of justice appears to have taken place in the case of Morris Nicholson, who was sentenced in 1881 to seven years' penal servitude for manslaughter. Another man has confessed to the crime, and is actually anxious to give himself up, but the police-or, at all events the inspector at Hoxton police station-refused to take the charge! An application was made last week by a solicitor to Mr. Hannay to order the man who had made the confession to be arrested and brought to the court; but the magistrate said he did not like to interfere. The solicitor said he had applied in vain to the home office, and Mr. Hannay; somewhat facetiously I fear, recommended him to apply to the public prosecutor. This is certainly one of the most singular combinations I ever heard of. A man is in penal servitude for a crime of which another man declares he is guilty, but no amount of prayers and entreaties can prevail upon the authorities to take No. 2 into custody and investigate the truth of his statement .-London Truth.

The Eccentric Queen.

I hear that the queen has decided to close the rooms at Wingsor castle which were occupied by John Brown during the last few years of his life, and they are to be kept permanently shut up as a sort of tribute to the memory of 'the Highlander." It is intended to place a large brass plate in his sitting room, which will bear an inscription re cording his virtues and deploring his loss.

About two years ago the queen erected a very pretty Swiss chalet in Billochbuie forest, near Balmoral. It has never yet been occupied by her majesty, and she has only visited it once or twice in order to drink tea there. The queen has sent orders to her head forester at Balmoral to have the chalet taken to pieces, as she proposes to show it at the international forestry exhibition, which is to be held in Edinburgh. Her majesty will also exhibit a number of specimens of Scotch firwood from Balmoral "policies" and from Ballochbule forest. - London Truth.

A glass of beer costs the consumer five cents, 640 glasses to the barrel, thir.y-two dollars per barrel. No wonder the brewers and saloonist get rich and wax fat. Save your money, men, and let the spigot-turners go to work. Outlaw the traffic.

"My son," asked a school-teacher, "what do you know of the proverb regarding people who reside in glass houses?" "I don't know nothin'," was the reponse, "about the proverb, but I know that people who live in glass houses ortent to lay abed in the mornin' unless they pull down the blinds."

A leap year society, for the protection of young meu, is about to be organized. Many a young man whose mother would not board himself and a wife will this year be lassoed by some ardent young woman and dragged down to matrimony. The society can not get to work a moment too soon.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The Kobe Shinpo, of Japan, says that some swindling foreigners in Yokohama are importing low-class Chinese tea and repacking it for export to America. They then palm off this rubbish as the product of Uji, Shigaraki, and other places celebrated for growing the finest teas. The government are making inquiry, with the object of exposing the abominable fraud.

So mild is the weather in North Wales that primroses, honeysuckle, snowdrops, and roses are to be found blooming in the valleys and on the hillsides. Vegetation in low-lying districts is also fast springing into life, and in the vale of Llangolden fruittrees are in bloom. On Jan. 14 roses were in fall bloom, and the ripe blackberries were gathered from the hedges on the road-

Complaints have been rife for many years with regard to the enticing of English girls to Belgium for immoral purposes. Hitherto the police have decided as the application of the communal regulations relative to prostitution. In the ministry of the interior a bill is now being framed by which an appeal to the public tribunals will be permitted against the decisions of the po-

Cremation is to be tried in France, permission having been given by the perfect of police, on the recommendation of Dr. Brouardel, to burn the remains of hospital subjects, provided a satisfactory apparatus be constructed in one of the Paris cemeteries. A society for the propagation of cremation is in existence in Paris, the president being the arrondissements.

It is a little startling to the foreigner landing at Yokohama to discover a race of half-clad men. But the Yokohama coolie is overdressed as compared with his brethren in the interior. If when he is running the country coolie, in addition to a loin cloth of narrowest limits, wears a blouse coming down to his waist, he has sacrificed much on the altar of decency. It is quite as common to meet one with nothing on but a pair of sandals and a pocket-handkerchief girt about his loins.

The Empress of Austria has appointed seven new ladies of the palace-a title of honor giving precedence, but only entailing attendance upon great occasions. Among those selected are the Countess Bylandt-Rheydt, wife of the Minister of War; the Countess Coronini, wife of the leader of the middle party in the lower house of the Reichsrath, and Mme. de Kallay, wife of the common Minister of Finance. All those appointed must have sixteen degrees of nobility on both sides.

The photograph of Hugo Schenk, the murderer of servant girls, has been placed in the Vienna pol ce album. In spite of his brutally criminal life he looks quiet and almost good-natured. In connection with this case it may be mentioned that Schenk's wife, whom he married in 1879, has for the last two years lived as governess in the house ot a hop dealer in Bohemia. She has been separated from her husband for the last two years, but is quite broken down by the exposure of his crimes.

The Eastern Morning News has received from a Berne correspondent the following statement: During last summer an inhabitant of Hull, while staying at a Frankfort hotel, fell down-stairs and broke his arm. He was carefully attended to by a Frankfort surgeon, Dr. W., to whom he promised a handsome present if he was able to use his arm again and play cricket. A day or two ago the doctor, who had quite forgotten the affair, received from Hull a letter inclosing £2,000, and containing an invitation to visit his ex-patient at the latter's villa, near

Hull. The Teheran correspondent for the London Standard states that the shah has ordered in Prussia three river steamers for the Karum, two to ply below and one above the Ahwaz rapids, thus connecting Shuster with Mohammerah by steam navigation. From Shuster a carriage-road is to be made by a Persian company through Khorremabad and Burujird to Koom, whence a road has already been nearly completed in Teheran. If the project is efficiently executed it will, it is stated, greatly help British trade to compete from the south with the Russian from the north.

There is in the Glasgow Western infirmary a Highland woman from the island of Skye who has slept healthfully for eighteen months without once waking up. She is 35 years of age, and the mother of three children. She lies on her back, and never moves a muscle save those which are exercised in the act of breathing. Her pulse is 80, her breathing fair, atd she gets food three times a day by means of the stomachpump apparatus. It is believed that she will recover, and the worst results of her long sleep will be those arising from her unavoidable neglect of her household duties.

People, observes a Japan contemporary, who have visited Japan will remember the pleasant retreat of Mianoshta, about forty miles distant from Yokohama, where the tourist had all the advantages of commodious hotels well kept and furnished, baths filled from the thermal springs, and all the comforts of home. At 10 p..m. on the 11th inst, fire broke out in one of the village houses. It spread rapidly, and in less than an hour the large hotels known as Fujiya's and Naraya's, and, in fact, the entire village were destroyed.

West-end London is expecting every day a conclusion or an exposure of what is now becoming known as the gamble-house scandal. In the psrallelogram of London, formed by St. James street, Pall Mall, Waterloo place and part of Oxford street, there are now houses and clubs which are known to be the scene of gaming of an extravagant and [dangerous character. It is no secret, says the Manchester Guardian, that the attention of the home office has been of late a good deal directed to the possibility of a more stringent enforcement of the law with reference to gambling-houses and clubs, but the matter is from easy to deal with.

Some excitement has been caused at Ramsgate, England, by a singular elopement. The Ray. Thomas E. Cushing, Congregational minister, of Sandwich, who has a wife and two children, suddenly disappeared with Miss Bradley, daughter of a deceased Mayor of Sandwich, who had been an influential member of the Congregational

body. They first came to Ramsgate, then went to Margate. They were again seen in Ramsgate at the London, Chatham and Dover railway station. They proceeded to London and then went on to Liverpool, where they embarked for America. Much symyathy is felt with the wife and children, who have been left unprovided for, Mr. Cushing having taken all the available money.

CHIT-CHAT.

"I have a ridiculous weigh about me." says the fat woman of the show.

Charlie-"How did you get married the second time ?" E1- 'Same as the firstminister, ring, \$10.

Speaking of the matter of close observation, did it ever occur to you that women were clothes observers?

When a man declares his love in deeplydrawn breathing, young lady, put it down as only a sighed show.

A New Jersey widow has just been awarded \$9,000 as a balm for a broken heart. This patches up the scars until it is almost as good as new.

A woman doesn't consistently use profane language, but the way she says "Gracious!" when she slips down, is full of subtle meaning and inherent force.

"O, professor!" exclaimed sentimental old Mrs. Fishwhacker, during a private organ recital in her new music-room, "do pull out that sweet nux vemica stop once

One month of leap year has nearly gone, and as the girls do not propose very freely it is shrewdly suspected that they are waiting to have their honeymoors come in the season for spring bonnets. "Where is the girl of long ago?" sings

Joaquin Miller. We saw her the other day, Joaq. But she isn't a girl any more. She had gray hair and a wart on her nose, had no teeth, and wore specks. "Doctor, my darling seems to be getting blind, and she is just getting ready for her

wedding. Whatever will she do?" "Let her go on by all means. If anything can open her eyes marriage can." "A farmer's wife" wants to know if we can recommend anything to destroy the

"common grub." We guess the uext tramp comes along could oblige you, if the family can't stand your cooking. The ladies should always have consideration paid them on account of their sex, and

it is no more than proper that leap year should have one extra day to give the girls all the time they need to propose in. "Madam, you have destroyed \$5 worth of

merchandise," angrily remarked a dude to a lady, as she seated herself in a chair in which he had deposited a new Derby hat. "Serves you right,' she replied, slowly rising from the ruin; "you had no business to buy a \$5 hat for a 50 cent head." Cruel-Effie (to Mrs. Bellweather, who

has just been speaking to Mr. B.): "Why, Mrs. Bellweather, I thought you hadn't any husband !" Mrs. B.: "Why, of course] have, Effie. Do you mean to say that you don't know Mr. Belweather?" Effie: "Yes, but I didn't suppose he was you husband. I thought you hadn't any. Papa said you married for money and that was all you got."

"Do you know," said an infatuated youth to a young lady who preferred his room to his company-"do you know that the comet of 1812, now visible, is travelling away from us at the rate of many millions of miles a day ?" "No, I dfdn't know it; but I wish a certain young man would imitate the comet and travel off at the same rate." He travelled-but not quite so rapidly as the comet.

A well-known Detroit lady who is a thrifty provender, saw a load of pork, and concluded to purchase a couple of fine porkers, for which she settled with the dealer on the spot. She forgot, however, to give him her address, and an hourlater as she stood conversing with some of her aristocrat friends, the man of pork approached, and nudged her mysteriously with the butt end of his whip. The lady turned in amazement. "Shray, shzay !" he asked in a loud voice, "vos you de voman dot belongs to dem hogs?"

The Use of Tobacco.

My debut as a smoker was like everybody's. My first pipe made me very ill, and it was only by degrees that I managed to become a third-rate smoker- that is, I disposod of eight or ten pipes a day without inconvenience. But whenever I exceeded that average I suffered from violent sick headaches, ushered in by the indistinctness of vision, and numbness of one side of the face, the tongue and one arm, most often on the left side. These preliminary symptoms lasted about ten minutes, after which the headache came on in tull force. The most refractory organ, however, was my stomach. After having smoked too much, I used to experience the symptons known as pyrosis or heart burn to a very trying extent, though as any alkaline water speedily caused these phenomena to vanish I did not care to give

up my tobacco. About a year ago, having smoked for some months more than usual, I suddenly found myself affected by a peculiar and terrific pain over the region of the heart; in short, had a violent attack of angina pectoris. It put a stop to my smoking, as, though I have tried once or twice, I have always found my cigar or pipe detestable, and, to sum up am radically converted. I do not wish to discuss scientifically the nicotinic origin of my sufferings, but am sure that they all sprang from the same cause-excessive use of tobacco. Degeneration of the cardaic muscle is often caused by tobacco. So long as the rest of his organism remains in good working order the smoker only experiences intermittent palpitation, and the grave injury done the heart remains unperceived until some trifling cause brings into relief the irremediable disorders caused by the prolonged use of tobacco.

THE RICHEST OF ALL. - "Pa," said Rollo" looking up from "Roughing It," "What is gold-bearing quartz?" "Well, my son," said Rollo's father, who was glancing in a troubled manner at the milkman's bill for October, "when a man sells diluted water for ten cents a quart, I think he has struck better gold-bearing quartz than ever Mr. Mark Twain dreamed of."