is no hope. It seemed t when crowds formed ner, swarmed towards bulletins, and when t the rumors were coady shouted, "Let's find With one impulse the for the station-house z is confined. Teleatilized, and the police when the crowd arrived he police out in forces Bull anticipated out the city's force, on asked 4th Brigade to be in readiness to

n charge, answered by companies each from 74th Regiments to the await immediate call. ation house at 8 o'clock ed that at least 6 000 thered. They were not ngly, and were quite in the police proceeded back there was little 9 o'clock they had been blocks on each side station, and before 10 with waiting for definhad dispersed or gone aper bulletins.

s corners near the Milras a picturesque, but ne scene, when it is ret the crowds gathered calting the President's

en tents and the two ooths made it look like a fair, but the ropes corner to corner, the police guard, the pacd, above all, the quietembled multitude, bore e solemnity of the intervals a carriage the trees, the lights] ving been dimmed, but utes' intervals there some person who had bear, and then the time that Secretary that the President there was nothing

ROOSEVELT. Berlin N.H., to Kill

e-President.

any belief that there

Sept. 13.-Learning ho had left here this ew York had declared his way to Washing-President Roosevelt, Youngeliss has teleief of Police of New ut for him. The man r. He tried to buy a it one for New York. t. 13.-Captain Titus, a despatch from the at Berlin, N. H., givinformation as that e foregoing despatch e despatch described g 5 feet 6 inches tall. earing a black sacque Derby hat. Captain ad detailed men at d stations to watch

SEVELT HUNTING patches Announcing

elapse on Mountain. N. Y., Sept. 13.-Viceevelt started at 8 rning from Tahawus es on a hunting trip rests. On receipt of stating that Presicondition was criti ouse, at which point from Buffalo were m. The Vice-President ims were waiting to a the quickest speed.

AN HEARS NEWS. sorrow For Mrs. Merwise Unconcerned.

13.-When shown Press despatch anlevitable death of the na Goldman, the Aning held at the Haration carefully ades, read the bulletin. ment's pause, without pression, said, "Very ely no shade of reowed itself on her do not see how that ase," she added, "If lawfully and legally. evidence against me. hief O'Nell have adwe none. They are hout evidence. The Kinley would only m of imprisonment if me. I feel very bad Mrs. McKinley; out-

ave no sympathy."



Ask your friends what They think of Blue

****************** The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

master's lortunes."

have been very stupid and inquisitive," Gillian faiters, crimsoning and looking down; and she walks on in silence, her heart thrilling with an her face, as after one startled out of work now, he says, though he great hurry. "The poor little girl incomprehensible pain and plea- glance she tries to keep her face is always about the public house! only told Anne; she knew Anne would sure, and that bitter, bitter swell- averted, makes him pause a mo- He is a bad lot, and he comes of a not tell." ing of envy and sadness at the dis- ment. But he is too disturbed, ex- bad stock, and-I would be careful, "I wonder why she made such a

George Archer lives in Dar- frightened eyes. live there, Gillian thinks, gazing far mistaken, I am at least old enough good-for-nothing scamps who have it but Anne, and me, and you." haps by and by, in those coming beyond my wishes!" years, they will ask her to their | And he walks on again swiftly in grand old castle home, and when she silence, and Gillian is panting and has all her money; and when she breathless, her brain is in a whirl, rich woman, no longer young or her breast in a tumult. When they pretty-they may kindly make them- reach the white gate he pushes it selves her friends, and let her give open, draws back as she passes in, them some of her unused wealth, to and raises his hat without a word. make their home beautiful. She will give it so freely, so gladly!

"You seem not to be able to quite get over your surprise at my information," George Archer says, looking down at her with an amused smile. "It is quite in keeping with things Irish, Miss Deane. Penniless men have lived in castles before now."

Gillian pauses suddenly, and looks up at him with eyes of sweetest sym-

"But you are happy even if you are -poor," she says, impulsively, catching at her breath, which almost fails her, with her courage, at the distance she is venturing; "and you have a beautiful old house, and perhaps, some day, you may have money enough to keep it as you wish." She almost ventures to tell him

hat she will give him, or lend him, it least, a sum of money sufficient to make Darragh Castle a handsome residence. When she is of age her mother's marriage settlement of twenty-five thousand pounds becomes her own absolutely.

It might give him great pleasure If she can venture to tell him-it may mean a near prospect of happiness for him, a near hope of his marriage with Anne O'Neil-if she can but summon courage to tell him, and keep her lips from trembling, and her heart from throbbing so desperately, and those absurd tears from filling her eyes. She is very frightened, lest he deem her purse-proud or intrusive, offering her money unsolicited, and while she hastily tries to frame her offer or suggestion in explicit language and modest phrases, she looks up at him with starry eyes

he stands in the dappled golden light and leaf shadows, gazing down at her.

Humor, compassion, disdain, and also astonishment are in the plercing, steady regard blue eyes, and the sarcastic lips where the sunlight just tache, and reveals the edge of his white eteth gleaming in that cold, disdainful smile.

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

"No, no, of course not!" Gillian says, hurriedly and distinctly, she is so disconcerted at his changed look and manner; "only, you mi ht marry for love, and as I have, or shall have, a great deal of money one day,] meant that-if you liked-you could

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

"I don't quite understand you," Gillian says, tremulously; and glanc- as a trout such a day as this. Not Ing up at him once more she is so but you look as if you'd been sitglad to perceive that he is not tin on the North Pole," he adds, smiles persuasively, and extended one the young man scated behing a writlittle hand with a coaxing gesture. no table near the window, with "I want to be your friend if you books and papers and writing mawill let me, and there is nothing terials before him. "Anything wrong, dishonorable im a friendsh p between a lady and gentleman, is

"Even so," he retorts, good-hu- "There would be in this case," he two days ago. I have only been sit- disapproval. "Pray, sir, does Lady moredly, "though I am aware there says, curtly, compressing his lips, ting here thinking until I have got a Damer know that her young guest is a painful discrepancy between the whilst his eyes grow darker, and headache. Do you know, sir, that was wandering through the dewy fill with a hidden light. "There could that Joe Roche is hanging about the lanes at 7 o'clock in the morning? not be simple, honest friendship be- place again? That fellow is cut Miss Gillian is rather romantic, I tween a man of six-and-twenty and out for the hangman, or I'm mis- suppose?""

eyes, the scared, changing color in pool and come home again, and he is of the bag!" Mr. Damer says, in a cited, even angry, to care for even if I were you, sir !"

seems fitting in some way that that can hardly keep page with him—"if head!"

"Well, she has some reason of her head!" seems fitting in some way that that | can hardly keep pace with him-"if stately old nouse should be his-his, you, Miss Deane, are young and and one day Anne O'Neil's. They will | innocent enough to be houestly ahead in her rapt fancies into the to have no such excuse. An acquaincoming years-George and his wife. | tance with you I may have the honor They will live there, happy, so happy of claiming, if you will permit me, in their loving married lives; and per- but your friendship is above me and

"I have never thanked you yet for

rescuing me from that man," Gillian says in a low tone, hardly venturing to look up at him. "Will you let me thank you now-very gratefully? citement, and ending it so lamely, And-if I offended you just now, I did not do so willfully-please believe indifference, that George stares,

"Poor little tender-hearted, foolings of gratified masculine vanity. breakfast, I suppose?" "I believe Damer has been putting some of his blessed nonsense into her plies very carefully, drinking more must be under some delusion or misapprehension about me. She looks as modest and pure as a white violet!"

"You have not offended me," he says aloud, and speaking a little awkwardly. "You did me a very great honor, I know. And I hope you will think none the worse of me for only acting as self-respect and honest maniness compelled me to act. I am sure you will, some day, say that I behaved well, even though I confess," he says smiling, and speaking a little hastily, "it has been a great temptation." He has taken Gillian's hand in his as speaks, and she, reading his words according to the light of her own understanding, presses his fingers comprehends that he is too proud virtues. "Well, so there they were, and independent of spirit to owe her Anne sewing away-I never did see even a helping hand though it may that poor girl for two minutes with mean wife and home and prosperity. her arms felded.' this snubbing of a gentle girl's inno- anybody ever did." glittering through tears, and a will try to make some little amends. says, regretfully, "and it's mighty interesting information. carmine flush burning on each pale He raises his hat again, and, bare- dry bread she gets. Hard worked and

generous impulses fades, and her her hand, and then walks away. house! Well, I cannot help it, George; George under his hat. heart almost pauses in dismay, as And Gillian looks at the place on it's my lady's own affair, and Anne she meets George Arther's eyes as her black glove which his lips have is her poor relation, though she won't pressed, and looks at it a long time own it, and Anne won't own it, either

girl" she mutters, with a burning one, Gillian, sitting on the carpet by flush of shame. But she lifts her own her side, with her arms around Anne's hand to her lips, and kisses it wildly waist, and the two talking away like over and over again, and then hides sisters-'pon my word, they made a touches the curl of the chestnut mus- it from sight in the folds of her picture!" dress as she hurries on to the house.

> CHAPTER IX. call a scorcher of a day!" Mr. Damer exclaims, flinging himself into an easy-chair, throwing his hat and stick aside, and roughly unbuttoning foil to herself." his coat with that disregard for appearances in which a very stout gen-

tlemen is prone to indulge. It is early in the afternoon of the following day, and on the unshaded road to Darragh village lying in the shelter of the mountain-range, with the July sun beating down on the treeless village street, and the bare hill on which "the castle" stands, the temperature may be well believed to be as Mr. Damer has described it.

"But you are fine and cool in here, George!" Mr. Damer continues, with a sigh of relief, glancing around the lofty, shady room, with its high oak wainscot and massive black mantelpiece of Kilkenny marble, its bare oak floor, and sparse, old-fashioned fur-

"Yes," George says, dryly, "the castle generally is cool-summer and winter. What will you have, sir? claret, or whiskey and soda?" "Well, upon my word, George," Mr. innocent, blushing face, and dilating, Damer says, after an anxious pause, earnest eyes. as if the fate of a nation trembles in the balance-'I think I'd better stick served a person as Anne O'Neil," Mr. to the claret. I had a glass of whiskey and soda after lunch on, and I declare to goodness that it made me has met so good a friend. I should hotter than ever. If I had another glass, I suppose I'd have my lady making her pleasant marks about apoplexy. Just as if a man could keep himself as pale as a lily and as cool looking cold or disdainful, that she with a sudden inquisitive stare at

there?" she persists, in the audne- Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in ity of innocence.

George?" he says, in a lower tone, pose," Mr. Damer says, with a care- walks on without any further de-

"No, nothing at all," the young George. Would you mind walking a never notices that Mr. Damer is smil-fellow answers shortly and impa-bit with me? I'll go back through ing at the ferns and mosses at his tiently. "What should be wrong? the wood."
I suppose it is the weather, though George m I have been indoors all the day doing some writing."

"You look deuced queer," Mr. Dethan usual. "You're working your in his map. brain too hard these hot days over "Yes-oh, yes," Mr. Damer says, over. these geological papers—that's what with as much indifference as if an Preslates, and goodness knows what besides," Mr. Damer urges, but
was frightened away."

with a proud glimmer of satisfaction

"Oh, he was frightened away, was is very refreshing, you know, betin his eyes. "You want a wife to he?" says George, beginning a new ter, they say, than any wine, or take care of you, that's what you | section of the strata. do!" he says with a business-like nod | "Yes," says Mr. Damer, coughing, the thirst. You come down-stairs of great gravity, but looking hur- and taking up his hat. "She said you with me, George, and have some,

A slight frown sweeps across the young man's face, and he goes back

wasn't writing or geologizing, either. Deane to be out by berself at that "I beg your pardoth I am afraid I a girl as young and lovely as you taken. He's been to Swansea and has Lor' bless your soul! She doesn't come home again, been to America know a breathing about it, and, for The frightened look in Gillian's and come home again, been to Liver- goodness' sake, don't let the cat out

with an easy laugh. "Lor' bless you, ladies ask nothing better than to be the Castle-not that it can matter "So if you," he says, sharply, as George! I don't believe a man on the heroine of an adventure."

"Well, but Joe Roche is not on the estate, and he is just one of those no stake in the country, and nothing to lose, and who are ready to put others up to mischief if they are dryly, and feeling rather bewildered in the Twenty-second Ward of the not in it themselves, George replies, earnestly. "And, besides, a fellow like that, hanging about in lanes and woods, is not a nice person to meet alone of a summer's evening or morning, especially when there are ladies in one's household--"

"Bless my soul! Was it Joe Roche that Gillian met? She saw-she said, at least, she saw-a tramp who asked her for money when she was out yesterday," Mr. Damer says, beginning his speech with such eager exwith such an assumption of careless

"Oh, you heard that story!" he ish creature!" George mutters to says, with a slight smile, getting up himself, with a rush of what he to pull the blind down a little lower, thinks are feelings of generous ad- and then to raise it again. "Miss miration, but which are really feel- Deane told you all the adventure at

"No, not exactly," Mr. Damer rehead-poor little romantic girl! She claret-cup, and fanning himself, "that is, she never said a word about it. She's a queer, shy little girldoesn't seem to take to them much, George. It was from Anne I heard something of the story; the little lady and Anne seem to be great friends entirely. I found her down in Anne's room, you know it used to be disrespectful thought. a servants' room, and that girl has made it into the snuggest little parlor-I call it-in the whole blessed good girl, George, a good, patient creature, obliging and good-natured too, I've always found her. Lor' bless us! down the Castle Hill in silence. she must be made of India-rubber to wipes his brow with emphasis after shady side of the street, leave the

manliness rather out of place in briefly. "Anne earns her bread if cent, trustful generosity, thinks he "You may say that!" Mr. Damer in the tone of a person affording un-

-keepingin the shadow of the shrub- -queer enough! But as I was saying, there she was sewing away on some "I am a bad, selfish, jealous, wicked ruffles or furbelows, and the little

'I don't doubt it." George says. very dryly; "they are quite contrasts. One dark and the other fair "Whew! This is what you may one ich and the other poor; one all prosperous and the other lonely and almost friendless! I dare say Miss Deane was pleased at finding such a

"I don't know what you're talking about," Mr. Damer retorts, shortly. "I believe that little girl is as good

"I am sure she is-as good as a hundred thousand sovereigns," George says, cynically.

"Yes-ah-well! Never mind that!" Mr. Damer says, loftily. "I am speak- at the very spot Gillian had stood dered them to fire blank cartridges. believe, for one thing, that Anne modest, rose-red blushes, those pure, rushed on the "old cripples," as the She said as much to me when Gillian | could give him. left the room. We had quite a long chat, that is, I stopped a couple of George says, pausing, though-with nothing worse than a few kicks and minutes to chat to the poor girl," a conscious duplicity of which he is cuffs. But a small squad resisted. Of Mr. Damer says again, contradict- rather ashamed-he knows that these one was beaten to death, aning himself oddly. "And Anne said what he really intends to do is to other thrown down a declivity, and that she thought Miss Deane was a watch Mr. Damer out of sight, and several others badly hurt. A small

"And that is a good deal for so re-Damer, says, triumphantly. "So, as I say, I am delighted the poor girl not wonder if she didn't take Anne away with her when she goes back to London. I shouldn't wonder, I tell you," Mr. Damer says, with a flourish of his handkerchief, and a sort of final shake of his head, "if, with a

wealth, if Anne's fortune wasn't "I hope so," George says, coo'ly, but with a suspicious, surcastic smile in his blue eyes. "I didn't know Miss Deane was returning to London

generous, wealthy young girl sur-

rounded with all the advantages of

"Well, not for a few months, I sup- ria.

George makes no reply, but draws a prising manner. small geological map on his blotting-

"So it was from Anne you heard mer retorts emphatically, and anxi- the story of Miss Deane's adventure ously scanning the handsome face yesterday morning?" he asks, carewhich is pallid and far less bright fully shading the lines of the strata

it is, my boy, and you'll get sun- unpleasant adventure occurring to stroke if you go over the mountains his guest were a matter of no moin this weather, huntin' up your cal- ment. "She told Anne something nor a thirstier day. Upon my careous rocks, and your argillaceo about some fellow asking her for word"-this quite suddenly, as a

riedly into the claret cup George came up, and the fellow ran away. Was it Joe Roche, do you think,

George ?" 'Can't say, I'm sure," George says, curtly; "I thought I saw a figure "I want what I can't have then,". jump down the bank as I came near he says, very coolly and decidedly. "I Miss Deane. What business had Miss

secret of it?" George says, very sar-She is so glad to think that those distressed blushes, and shy, "Careful! Me?" repeats Mr. Damer, castically. "Most romantic young own, I dare say," Mr. Damer says, impatiently, "and she didn't tell any

one but Anne. Not a soul knows about "Oh! I thought you were going to leave me out of it," George says, and unreasonably vexed. "I don't want to be mixed up in Miss Deane's romantic adentures.

"My dear fellow, don't be frightening yourself," Mr. Damer retorts. with cool ridicule. "Nobody wants to mix you up with Miss Deane's affairs -Miss Deane herself least of all-be-

George's blue Irish eyes light up with a daring glitter, and his cheek flushes. "That's all you know, sir!" he says, with a sarcastic smile, and be made in this manner: The name he has not uttered the words when of each enrolled man, with his resihis heart smites him, and his fair, sun-tanned face reddens up to his

child, half-woman as she is, the pet- closely and a rubber band placed ted, indulged young creature who around it, these to be placed in a has never known what it is to re- cylinder hung on an axis to be press a wish or have a whim unsatisfied; if she, in her girlish, romantic folly, has favored him as rashly as she has, even to the length of offering him her wealth and her fair young self; if she has erred so far from womanly prudence and decorum, through ignorant innocence, through impulse, and passionate generosity- besides the enrolling officers, clerks boiling water, with hose arranged it was when he told her he was poor and a corps of reporters. 'There to turn it on an attacking mob; the that she spoke, he remembers-if she | were general hilarity and good hu- employees were well armed, and a has been foolish, he has been false! mor," says the reports. "It was look- supply of hand grenades was secured False to honor and manhood, which ed on as a matter of course." There from the navy yard. The mob came should have shielded her from even a were 1,500 names to be drawn from on subsequent days, but could not

Mr. Damer eyes him sharply, with a drawn that day. quick, eager glance, for a moment. Throth, maybe so," he says, very house. Anne's a clever girl, and a briefly and dryly, and pulls his hat well over his brows as he and George go out of the house together, and

A few desultory remarks are made stand what she does." And Mr. Damer on both sides as they walk on by the ever so lightly in token that she this peculiar testimony to Anne's village behind, and go up the narrow road along the hillside toward the covers.

But George grows quite silent, or makes irrelevant answers until he But George, feeling his pride and "Nor anybody else," George says pauses at the entrance of the wood. 'It was just here, I believe, the rascal waylaid Miss Deane," he says, pistol was fired in the street, and

"Indeed?" Mr. Damer says, carecheek. But the fever of her Quixotic, headed, stops and reverently kisses paid worse than any servant in the lessly, with another keen glance at through the windows, and instantly rashly returned to his house alone

George adds, as if stating a dry fact, and escaped with it to an upper 'very much; indeed, only for her en- story. Some of the officials were treating not to be left, and all knocked down and forced into the that," George says, with a little street. The rest escaped by a back softening and unsteadiness in his door. In a few minutes the whole voice, recollecting those passionate vicinity was in control of the mob. appeals of childlike dread, and the A man poured a can of turpentine passionate clasp of the little hands over the room and applied a match. on his arm, and the flood of childlike | In ten minutes the building was blaztears, "I could have caught the scoun- ing to the roof. drel easily and given him a thrash-

and clung to you, and had to be Provost Marshall Vanderpoel was soothed and quieted. Girls always go | captured and beaten to insensibility. on like that!" Mr. Damer says, in Police Superintendent John A. Kenan off-hand tone, and looking into nedy appeared in citizen's clothes.

"Yes," says George, rather reluc- beaten to an almost shapeless mass. tantly, and Mr. Damer's shoulders He survived, but never recovered, shake in a curious manner, while dying a few years after of chest trouhe peers into the underwood and bles caused by the stamping. In the amongst the ferns.

dle of the wood, where the ferns valid corps who were there were hurgrow and the golden sunlight falls, ried to the scene. Their captain or-

"Indeed!" George says, rather think of yesterday morning and of and fought magnitisen ly infining

that scene in the lane, and Gillian's | then. "No, you won't now," Mr. Damer Down to this time the rit had

> "How the dickens should I know!" Mr. Damer says, sharply. "He's read- every well dressed man whom cu 1 ing poetry to Miss Deane, or Miss Deane is reading poetry to him, maybe. That's the way they spent all this morning, anyhow!" "Oh," George says, briefly, and

tating still.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dinhth

less cough. "I think I'll be going now, George. Would you mind walking a never notices that Mr. Damer is smilown side of the road in a most sur-

CHAPTER X.

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

Presently he remarks, as a variation on the original theme: "I don't remember a hotter day, , too; we'll be quite a snug little teaparty in Anne's parlor."

"Ay, we can play like the mice," George says, with a slight, malicicus grin, and Mr. Damer returns the grin, with the usual faithlessness of a husband when the authority of an imperious spouse is to be set at naught.

"Anne's parlor" is a small, square room, rather cell-like in appearance, as it is very lofty in proand is lighted only by one window china. with diamond-paned narrow sashes set high in the wall on one side.

Good for Bad Tooth Not Bad for Good Tooth

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c 95 Large Liquid and Powder 75c

HALL & RUCKEL New York

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

There is blossoming mignonette and verbena growing in quaint jardiniere pots on the high windowsill; there are roses and verbena in the glass lily vase on the table, which is draped with a dainty emportion to its size in other respects, service of exquisite old Chelsea broidered cloth, and laid with a tea

(To, be Continued.)

NEW YORK DRAFT RIOTS OF 1863.

city. Both on Saturday and Mon- tiful building on Fifth avenue at day the papers announced that all Forty-sixth street, in which 200 would be quiet, but before the following Friday noon the city had escape, the rioters destroyed or lost \$2,000,000 by fire and robbery, carried off all the furniture, injurwhile some 200 of its citizens had ing several of their own party in been slaughtered.

ins gave notice that the draft would lired and burned. dence and color, to be written on a If the foolish, impulsive girl, half- one inch wide, each slip to be rolled whirled around before each drawing, room floor and set them on and at the call of each number a fire, but a brave police captain led slip would be drawn by a blindfolded in his squad and drove out the riotman. And thus the drafting began ers, laying many of their bodies stiff at his office, 667 Third avenue, on on the pavement. Horace Greeley Saturday morning, July 11th, 1863, straightway put his office on a war in the presence of about 150 persons, footing. The tanks were kept full of that district, and 1,236 were

The next night, Sunday, the emisof narrow streets and alleys which covers so large a portion of the east side of the city. The clause in the conscription act allowing exempally denounced as in interest of the

Monday at 10.30 a.m. the drawing was resumed at the same place, with the same officials and an immense crowd in the streets. Some seventy n mes had been drawn when a the officials rose. There was a brief pause, and then a shower of brickbats and paving stone came crashing the room was filled with a howling She was very much frightened." mob. Two clerks seized the wheel

The firemen came, but the mob would not allow them to work till 'Ay, I suppose so; got hysterical | the building was destroyed. Deputy was knocked down, stamped and meantime the escaped officials had They walk on, however, in silence reached the park barracks, and a again, until they come to the mid- small company of men from the in-

O'Neil has found a good friend in her. | true eyes. of the wealth that she invalid veterans were called, wrenched the guns from their hands and "Now, sir, I think I'll turn back," good naturedly dismissed them with most generous, warm-hearted girl." | then lie down under the trees and detachment of police next arrived vaguely, with a vivid recollection of | the girl who had stood beside him fearful wounds on the rioters, but

> several things to talk to you about, provost marshal's office, but the and I want you to come up to the mob now moved northward and cast- zer was fired into a mob. killing 22. house with me. My lady's gone out, ward among the shops and ware- Still the mob hang on and grew more and won't be back until 8 or 9 houses. They drank freely at a'l o'clock; gone to a garden party at the saloons, paying nothing, and the Butlers'; so you won't see her, th 1 number we so n au mentel if that's what you're thinking of." by the laborers in the shops and "And where is Miss Deane or Bing- | mills, who ceased work. Then the ham Lacy?" questions George, hesi- | cry was raised, "Down with the rich men-the \$500 exempts!" while one part of the mob fell on outy drew to the scene the other Toree milita regiments arrived from attacked the elegant houses on Lexington avenue and that vi-

were finally defeated.

Every negro in sight was chased. beaten and cometimes kills. A colored boy 10 years old was beaten to ins n ib lity. A n gro man wishing ed and his legs at shed with knives SOZODO T for the TEETH 256 while he was struggling in the agon-

Saturday, July 11th, 1863, the ies of death. Still another was hang-New York daily papers announced ed and his clothes set on fire as that drafting would begin that day he was dying. Just before night occurred the attack on the colored orphan asylum, a spacious and beaucolored orphans were cared for. Giving the inmates barely time to their haste. A little girl was killed by a heavy chair thrown from an Provost Marshal Charles E. Jenk- upper window. The building was then

By a sort of unanimous instinct the rioters then moved toward the Tribune building, pausing on their way to destroy another enrolling ofslip of paper six inches long and fice at Broadway and Twenty-ninth street and plunder all the Jewelry stores near it. About dark the advance of the mob reached the Tribune office, forced an entrance, made a heap of papers on the counting ' bring their courage to the attack-

Tuesday morning brought a shower saries of evil were busy in all the of proclamations, one from Mayor dark holes of that tangled wilderness George Opdyke commanding all good citizens to enroll as special policemen, another by Major-General John E. Wood, asking all soldiers to enlist for order. But the soldiers did not tion on payment of \$ 00 was especi- rally. All the militia were absent but one regiment. There were few United States troops on Governor's Island, and so, except as the police could oppose, the rioters were un-

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

"You have killed him. Let me give him the rites," said the priest. "You can give the rites here if you like," replied the mob. 'You can't take him away.

So the priest knelt in the muddy street and administered extreme unction. He remained by the colonel until dark, when death occurre !. Tuesday night an awful calm prevailed, but the glow of burning buildings showed where the rioters had ing of her heart and her nature. I yesterday, and told him with those The mob heard the order, jeered, morning showed that the forces of done their latest work. Wednesday law and order were organized, and the desperate closing struggle began. From Governors Is and, the Brooklyn barracks and navy yard, with the old soldiers, invalid corps and one regiment of militia, which was stopped just as it was ready to take the cars for Pennsylvania, enough so diers were gathered to guard all the arsenals and public buil lags and leave a few hundred to back the police in clubbing the rioters. And the clubbing was done to the onevi's taste. In one brief comsays, rather crossly. T've got been localized near the ruins of the but thirty rioters were killed or mortally wounded. In another a howit-

> Thursday morning dawned on city in which general business was completely suspended. The worst was over, but on that day and until middight there were local disturbacces attended with fearful slanghter of the rioters. Thirty were shot and be neted in one encounter. Paunsylvania that day, and soon eleared most of the streets. Friday morning all the street cars and omnibuses were curring again, and the riot was officially declared at an end