

control over the other nations that she held almost absolute sway over all the civilized portions of Europe, and, finally, of all those regions bordering on the Mediterranean Sea."

The whole article is, in fact, evidently made up of articles copied in disjointed paragraphs from various sources. We arrive at this conclusion because it is one of two; either the things are copied, or the writer was on the spot; it is needless to say that the former is the more credible.

France is "done up" in a paragraph on Cloves and the Troubadours; England, in about half a column and the whole is capped by a summary that is simply thrilling. The article sufficiently illustrates our point. The writer, who is to graduate in '87 (perhaps) evidently thought he was writing something. We have great sympathy for him because he has reached that stage in his life when he must choose between copying and remaining forever silent. Our advice is that he choose the latter and save his reputation. If he doesn't Notre Dame will graduate, in 1887, a thing for whom no other name is appropriate.

NONDESCRIPT.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVIVAL.

He was a pale, sad-faced man with an almost haunted expression. Noiselessly taking a seat in the back of the room he attracted but little attention. But his sad look had attracted the notice of the leader and after the last song he hastened to the newcomer and said "You are a stranger, are you not?" "Yes sir." "You are in trouble, can I help you?" No answer, save a smothered sigh. "I should be pleased to be of assistance to you," said the kind hearted leader in a low voice, "and I believe I can if you will confide in me." The stranger looked at him earnestly for a moment and then said, "I don't know why, but—perhaps—because—at any rate, if we can go by ourselves I will tell you my story." They went to the office of the leader, who pulled an easy chair before the fire for the stranger and another for himself, taking care to place his so that he could see the face of the former. After a short silence the stranger began and told the following wonderful story. "I was reared in a quaint old New England town, where the world moves on in the same old rut, from one generation to another. I was not as you may think from appearances, either wild or very thoughtful, just a happy, plodding, contented boy, till I was twenty-four. A young lady from Boston came to visit her aunt in the village. A happy creature she was, full of coquetry and laughter. To be brief, I fell in love with her. Oh this love

Is a pleasure past a sweetness, yet 'tis mingled close with pain
And when once the dream is over it can never come again.

For some weeks I suffered the tortures of the damned, as do all who tamper with Cupid. At last I determined to end the matter and to my joy and surprise found I now had her favor. The happy weeks that followed seem like a dream to me now. There was one, and but one drawback, to our happiness. I was a strict Presbyterian and she was a Spiritualist. Had I loved her less this might have caused trouble, but I swore I would give up my religion before I would her, and indeed it was not so dear to me. She was a firm believer in spirits and said if she should die she would come in spirit and visit me. Her words seem prophetic to me now, for she was taken sick one day while I was with her and died in a few hours. From the first she was unable to speak, yet seemed anxious to say something to me but could not and died in awful convulsions. I don't know how I lived through the days before

her funeral, but I did. We laid her away underneath a massive oak. That night she came to me. My God! shall I ever forget it. She came to me as I sat by the window that looks toward the church yard, and said in a voice of exquisite sorrow. "Why did you let me die?" "How could I help it," I managed to say. "You might have given me Hop Bits" she said, and disappeared. Every night she comes to me with the same complaint. "Do you wonder that I am sad?" he asked.

HAUNTED BY HYDROPHOBIA.

INTERVIEW WITH A POSSIBLE PATIENT FOR PASTEUR.

Hearing that Mr. C. G. McMillan, assistant to Professor Hicks, had recently been so unfortunate as to meet a rabid canine with rather unpleasant results, a reporter of THE HESPERIAN called upon that gentleman yesterday in search of the full particulars. Mr. McMillan was found at his residence, No. 1503 H street, and after some hesitation allowed the reporter to be admitted. He was seated in a large easy chair, with his right hand well bandaged, and greeted the emissary of the press with a languid smile. The scribe observed an unusual pallor on the young man's features and detected a look of anxiety when the question of rabies was mentioned.

"Mr. McMillan," said the reporter, "I understand that you have been interviewed by a mad dog. Is there any truth in the rumor?"

"Um," replied the interviewed, "as you will readily apprehend this is a painful subject for me to approach in my present perturbed mental condition. My physician has ordered me not to think of the matter. However I can inform you without danger, I think, that you are the only reporter that has interviewed me up to the present time."

It was a cold-blooded attempt to insult the reporter, but the latter saw in the wretched joke an evidence that Mr. McMillan was in his normal mental condition, and with all the nerve he could command, returned to his task.

"Well, letting that fling pass, do you object to giving a short history of the actual facts connected with your mad dog experience?"

"N-no,—provided, of course, that you are very careful to take down my words correctly. It is extremely unpleasant to be continually misquoted by the newspapers. Nearly all prominent men have had the same annoyance. A number of friends of mine refuse to be interviewed under any circumstances, and I shall be obliged to make the the same rule unless extreme care is taken in your work."

"I shall be careful, and would be very glad to have you give me full particulars of your accident."

"Well, it was thusly: I was walking down L street the other night and suddenly thought of the mad-dog scare. My blood would have frozen in my veins in my fright had not I recollected that I had with me that ancient silver-headed black thorn cane—that heirloom of mine, you know—and so I breathed easier. That cane belonged to my great-grandfather. He carried it the day—"

"Yes I know something about the cane. In which direction was the dog running?"

"No dog had appeared, as yet, but I thought it wise to prepare for such an emergency, so I began practicing with the cane. I swung it at arms length at an imaginary dog, when the silver head unfortunately flew off and across the street where it struck the door of a house, with the proverbial dull thud. I began to fear that I would lose the relic and was con-