THE END OF THE ROAD.

BY EMMA LYNDON.

He came into the composing-room one afternoon, nearly exhausted from a long walk of twenty-five miles since morning, and wet and cold with the dismal rain and sleet that was falling outside.

He did not present an attractive appearance—a face that needed both shaving and washing, browned by constant exposure—and a pair of great eyes that looked hungrily around the strange rooms as if in search of something he never found; a coat that might once have graced the form of a gentleman of leisure—probably contributed by some "dude" printer in a philanthropic mood, but which had long since lost the last trace of respectability—an old slouch hat, battered by wind and wheather, and hard usage, like its owner.

No one could have told, or even guessed with any degree of accuracy, the man's age. He may have been fifty or thirty-five years old. No matter—no one cared sufficiently to inquire or wonder. He walked slowly across the room, stopping at last to watch dreamily the deft fingers of one of the printers who was distributing his case for the night's work.

The worker glanced over his shoulder at another man who sat behind him, saying indifferently:

"Here you are, slug seven."

Slug seven, who had evidently been longing for a "sub," threw himself carelessly off his stool, depositing a dozen lines of type on the stone, and turning to the stranger, said:

"Want to work? Jump on to that case."

The tramp hesitated—only a second—murmuring something about being tired; then wearily took off his shabby coat, exposing to view a shirt which had no original color, and vest equally grimy and dilapidated. But when once at work, sending the type hither and thither in the process of distribution, the weary look on his face grew a trifle less perceptible, and an occasional smile lurked in the corner of his mouth at the jokes that went around the room.

Outside, the November sleet beat against windows, and the streets were almost deserted. Within the composing-room all was life and fun and laughter; merry talk mixed with the click, click of type from a hundred fingers.

Thoughtless, light-hearted workers, earning their money deftly and swiftly, and managing to be "dead broke" each week as payday came around.

"Where did you work last?" asked a young fellow who stood beside the tramp.

"In Philadelphia," he answered, stopping his work for a moment. "But that was two weeks ago, haven't had any work since."

"That's hard luck," carelessly.

"We fellows are used to that," with a little bitter laugh.

"Pretty tired, aren't you?" said "slug seven," walking up and noticing the weary look in his "sub's" face.

"Yes; and I have a pain between my shoulders that cut like a knife. I must work to-night, though," turning away to pick up a handful of type.

A tall, heavy-built man stalked into the room at this juncture. He glanced sharply at the new man, taking in his general outside appearance in one swift look, from the brown, unshaven face to the shabby shoes that scarcely concealed his feet. A sudden hush fell upon the noisy crowd. The business manager of the concern was not inclined to encourage levity. He walked over to the foreman's table, whispered something in his ear and received the answer.

"He's all right: a little rough-looking, but a printer is a printer we're three frames short tonight."

The business manager walked out, after which the jokes and general freedom of speech were resumed.

Six o'clock sounded from the different city shop-bells, the whistles blew, the old composing-room clock clanged out six sharp notes. The office was nearly deserted. The tramp lingered, looking with a true compositor's pride at the heaped-up case out of which he might "pull a good string," if he were not so tired, and that old pain in his shoulders were not quite so sharp, though almost taking his breath at times.

"It looks as if I would have to wait till lunch-time for my supper, but it's a long time till 12 o'clock to-night," he said to himself, as he walked over to the sink to wash up. No one had seemed to notice that he must need food—that he would be obliged to bunk under his case—in the waste-box, or press-room—anywhere for want of a little money to procure a lodging outside. None of the smart young printers who held regular cases on that enterprising sheet could be expected to take to their respectable boarding places a man so dirty and uncouth-looking as this tramp. Even if their hearts prompted any such action, the fear of being snubbed by their landladies for the generous deed overruled all thought in that direction.

At half past-six one of the men coming into the room found the "sub" seated on a stool, resting one arm on his case, his hand covering his eyes. As he did not look up the man spoke with pleasant indifference.

"Been out to supper?"

"No," in a choked voice, "I am dead broke."

"You must have some supper," said his questioner, "you will not be able to work to-night. You are nearly tired out now, I imagine."

"Oh, no, I can work—I must work to-night."

The man made no answer, but leaving the room, returned presently with a lunch from a bakery.

"Here, my man, this will set you up till lunch-time, when the boys will give you a bite, no doubt."

"Thank you," he answered, the tears coming into his eyes—immediately looking a little ashamed of it.

"What a fool I am," he said, as he was again left alone, with only the tick of the great clock and the gliding cockroaches for company.

At seven o'clock the force were on hand ready for work. No jokes now, but each man buckled down to the task before him, anxious to do his best. The usual amount of "working the hook" was indulged in; no one hesitated to "soldier" a little, for a fat take of editorial or a cut which would measure eight hundred. All but the tramp—his ambition seemed to be on the decline, as the hours rolled by. Once his partner who stood next to him said in an undertone, as he walked to his place with a dash rule take.

"Pull out, the next is a head and twelve leads."

But the "sub" could not "pull out." The letters refused to come to his hand with their customary readiness. Twice in succession he "pied" a line, and once he struggled full fifteen minutes in the process of "making even."

"You must be rattled," his neighbor said, laughing at him quietly.

"A little nervous, I guess," he answered, saying nothing of the dreadful weakness and weariness that was stealing over him, while the old, sharp pain never relaxed it steady, distressing hold.

At lunch time he could eat nothing, although the boys were profuse in their offers to share with him. "I am not hungry," he said. The very words choked him; the food would have done the same.

Work was resumed, but the tramp was not with the rest. He would go out for a breath of fresh air, he said, but he did not return.

"I guess slug seven's 'sub' has jumped his cases," remarked one of the men to the foreman; he went out at lunch time for a breath of fresh air he said."

"Or a drink," remarked another.

"No matter, thirty is on the hook."

Click, click, went the type in the sticks. The sleepy galley boy was roused for his last task that night; the last form went rattling down the elevator to the press-room, and still the "sub" did not return.

"Gone to look for lodgings, perhaps," laughed one, as the gang stood around the sink, each waiting his turn at the soap and water and mourning towel.

"He'll find them in the city hall; he looks like a rough customer," said another.

"A very quiet sort of fellow, I thought," said them an who had worked beside him. "He was sick and tired; all he wants is a good night's rest."

"And a clean shirt."

"And a shave."

"Oh, come now, boys; you may be on the road yourselves, yet, and look as rough as this man."

"Not while I can stand off the barber and the tailor," was the answer.

* * * * * *

But the tramp where was he? A little bewildered by the change from the lights of the composing-room to the dimly-lighted street, he stood for a moment, scarcely knowing where he was.

The fire of fever was in his eyes, the flush of fever in his rough cheeks; his head felt heavy and his heart bounded against his side tumultuously.

He walked slowly down the street, farther and farther, turning here and there, heedlessly—going he knew not where—in any direction to escape that ringing in his ears, and the terrible pain that clutched at every breath.

The city lights grew farther apart—the brick blocks faded away into quiet country roads. Still he walked on until, half unconscious he sank beside the way, and could go no farther.

The shabby hat fell back from his head, revealing a forehead broad and high; the great, sad eyes gazed up in an unseeing way at the moon that drifted overhead, and looked down at him pityingly from its flight through heavy clouds.

Then between his face and the night sky there crept a picture. A long, low, vine-covered house—a porch in front where a woman stood, one hand on the head of a boy—a slender, pale-faced lad, with, great, sad eyes. She kissed his lips, and held his hand and murmured blessings on her child as he left her standing alone beneath the vines and climbing roses.

Then another scene drifted through the dulled and weary brain. A place where mirth and wine and revelry ran high, and one there—the gayest of the gay—a man with a pale face and sad eyes, belying his own nature by the words he uttered. A messenger at the door—a telegram thrust into his hands—"Your mother is dead"—then followed a blank.

The moon waded through an intervening cloud, and by its light the dying man saw still another picture. Wrapped in the robes that angels wear, descending to his side in the track of a quivering ray of moonlight, she came—his mother. She lifted his head to her breast, the weary head that had missed caressing so long; she pressed her lips to his, and the kiss went like new wine to his very heart, she touched with her soft fingers his tired eyes, and they closed in a long and undisturbed sleep, never to open again till the last trump sounds through the startled skies.

No more weary miles; no more days hunger and loneliness and cold. Rest, perfect rest, for feet and hand and heart and brain.

Rotation of crops baffles, in a measure, the root-enemies, both insect and fungus, that prey upon them. Each plant has its own peculiar enemies, and changing of plants removes them to fields unoccupied by such enemies. This is true of the enemies of the above-ground growth of plants to an important degree.

E. N. Thomas, an employe in the post-office at Washington, has been arrested for appropriating money to his own use.

Few Actresses Are Pretty in Private

There is Lotta, says a writer in the New York York Press, fascinating as a white kitten on the stage, who would recognize her in the red-headed, freckled-face little woman black-berrying in a calico dress, tin pail in hand, that you meet in the woods about Lake George? Ellen Terry? One would know her anywhere, to be sure. Still, a tall figure with a bounding step might brush by on Oxford street or Piccadilly before you realized that the rough Newmarket and somewhat battered hat was worn by a woman whose beauty people forget to question and who leaves her paint pots in the theater dressing-room.

We owe Miss Terry a good deal. She is the only actress of fame who does not insist on telling, through public advertisements, what make of powder she prefers and whose perfume goes on her handkerchief. Neither does she lend her face to the soap maker or tobacconist, nor her characteristic autograph to anybody's balm or lotion. We, too, have been spared a catalogue of her body-linen. To this day an admiring public is ignorant as to whether its pet actress wears silk or woolen next her skin. Neither has she conjured us in the magic name of Worth or Pingat. Yet who could wish her to dress her part differently.

The stars who, in the detective light of the sun, are handsome are exceedingly rare. The two most noted examples are Mary Anderson and Mrs. Langtry. The latter is fast losing her fine lines and freshness, but her exquisite dressing does something to deaden the sense of loss. At least it distracts, the eye.

Mary Anderson is always a handsome woman, and this is largely due to the fact that she has a complexion more English than American in its bloom. She is careful almost to precision in her toilet, and if seen in a neglige it is certain to be both elegant and becoming.

The Worship of Wonderful Springs.

Popular Science Monthly for March.

From the most remote time the beneficent springs that jet from the interior of the earth have excited the gratitude and admiration of men Like the sea and rivers they have been deified by the peoples of the Indo-European family, and the worship that has been given to them, and the fables with which superstition has invested them, express the degree to which popular imagination has been struck by their mysterious origin, their inexhaustible flow and their secret properties. The Greeks attributed to the fountain of Dodona, in Epirus, the faculty of discovering hidden truths and uttering oracles. The fountain of Egeria was supposed to possess the same power, and was entrusted to the guardianship of the Vestal Virgins. The fountains of Castalia, on the flank of Parnassus, of Hippocrene, near Helicon, were believed to communicate the poetic spirit.

The Gauls had special veneration for the springs to which they went in search of health. The old romances of chivalry in their fancies of a fountain of youth, where spent forces and lost charms could be recovered, were only reproducing a myth of old Greece.

The perennial nature of springs, which was for a long time regarded as a sacred mystery, was also their most striking characteristic to those who sought to explain it without reference to religion and poetry. According to Aristotle's idea, which was adopted by Seneca and prevailed till the sixteenth century, "the interior of the earth contains deep cavities and much air, which must necessarily be cooled there. Motionless and stagnant it is not long in being converted into water by a metamorphosis like that which, in the atmosphere, produces rain drops. That thick shadow, that eternal cold, that condensation which is disturbed by no movement, are the always subsisting and incessantly acting causes of the transmutation of air.

Women in Russia.

From a Moscow Letter.

The women in Russia do two-thirds of the work in the country. There are immense wheat, oat and hay fields everywhere, and in August there is great activity in the country. The large majority of persons at work are women. They wear short dresses, plain and straight, and a long piece of cloth over their heads like Arabs. The wheat is sown broadcast, and is not cut by the women with sickles, is harvested with the old-fashioned scythe, which is a two-pound snead and a broad, short blade. From the snead up to the handle there is a wooden bow, something like in appearance, the half of the heavy barrel hoop. This bow keeps the wheat, etc., from falling back over the scythe handle and scattering. I have never yet seen the man who would deign to gather up, bind and stack the wheat or oats when once it was felled. The women must do this while the men do the "gentlemanly" work, although I have seen many women cutting grain with the scythe. The neighbors club together in harvest and help one another. A Russian harvesting rendezvous is quite lively and is the scene of a motley crowd. The old men and young, boys and girls, with their mothers, grandmothers and aged women assemble at daybreak. There are a number of horses on which are carried water, food and extra implements. The horses the boys and men ride, while the old women walk. They always carry the scythes, forks and rakes back and forth every day and work as long as there is daylight, and since it is daybreak at 3 a. m. and not dark until half past nine p. m., the hours of labor are long ones.

HOW JOHN PROPOSED.

"Dear me, I know he is just ready to say it, and I can't see why he doesn't say it." And pretty Mary Brahwook puckered up her lips into the sweetest of all pouts, and plied her needle more rapidly than ever "It does seem to me very strange," she added after a brief pause, "that a great big man should be so timid about saying he loved a girl. Dear me, it's enough to aggravate a girl into taking advantage of——"

And Miss Mary blushed rosily and finished the sentence with a hysterical laugh.

Mary Branwood was just at this moment thinking of John Walker who for the past two years had been her escort upon every possible occasion. For a long time each had looked upon the other with expressive eyes, and, though the gossips of that part of Harlem looked upon the ending of their courtship as a settled matter, John had not asked the all-important question. Mary's womanly intuition prompted the thought that he had been trying to voice the love he so often displayed, but his natural bashfulness seemed an insurmountable barrier.

So Miss Mary sat that February afternoon in her chair, briskly rocking to and fro. The afternoon was nearly gone and the girl was impatiently waiting for 8 o'clock, when the bashful John would arrive to take her to the class in vocal music at the church. Her heart beat faster as the moments sped. Her rosy cheeks flushed more deeply as her mind dwelt upon the possible form of a question that she felt must soon be asked. She knew there would be nothing romantic about John's asking her, for she was sure he would do so in a blundering way. The thing that troubled her most was that after he really did muster up sufficient courage, her long knowledge of his purpose would prevent her showing a proper amount of surprise and embarrassment. She knew she would blush, but she hoped it would be so deep a blush that John could not fail to see it.

She started suddenly and her face flushed with a feeling that there was a tinge of immodesty and hypocrisy in her train of thoughts. She felt guilty of being immodest in thinking of proposing herself and of hypocrisy in hoping she would blush as though she had not expected the question. Her thoughts annoyed her, and failing to drive them away as she sat sewing, she laid down her work and busied herself cleaning up the room.

When both hands of the clock reached 8 the light ring of the door bell told her of John's arrival. As he entered it could be seen that though his youthful face was suffused with blushes there was an unmistakable air of manliness about him. When his brown eyes looked into Mary's she felt so strong and confident that her half-uttered thoughts during the afternoon of taking advantage of the season to render a little assistance came to her, and a moment later she was oppressed with the thought if he had asked her then she really would not have blushed. Then she tried to drive away the thought with a mighty effort as her old feeling of immodesty and hypocrisy came to her, and the crimson flush covered her face as she saw that John was trying to say something.

A few minutes later the two were carefully walking along the icy sidewalk in the direction of the church. They discussed the weather and everything in connection with the singing school until they reached the church and then they both joined heartily in the exercises. Mary sang exceedingly well. John was equally successful until they sang the strain:

"We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear."

Then it suddenly dawned upon him how easy it would be to say, "Mary, let us share our mutual woes," and he couldn't dismiss it from his mind all the evening. Every now and then, to his great embarrassment, he got out of tune. To make matters worse the professor noticed it each time, and, in a kindly tone, offered a suggestion which increased John's confusion. There was no one in the class gladder than John when 9:30 came and he and Mary stepped out into the moonlight to go home. They picked their way along the sidewalk slowly, cautiously, and in silence. John did not speak for two reasons. He was oppressed with the thought that he had been particularly stupid during the whole evening, and he was repeating the sentence, "Mary, let us share our mutual woes," so that when they stood beneath the light in the parlor he could put his arm around her and say it without blundering. Mary was silent with expectation.

How brief a sentence would have made them supremely happy!

John's absent mindedness served to distract his attention from the icy walk more than he should have allowed, and no less than a half a dozen times Mary's feet slipped, but each time she found herself borne up by her sturdy lover. Each slip was accompanied with a little shriek, and when she was again safe her soft laugh was music to him.

A group of boys pulling a sled turned the corner ahead and dashed past them. Mary turned her head to glance after them. Her foot slipped, a little shriek, and she was down. But she wasn't alone. In falling she had managed to knock John's feet from under him, and he had fallen to. Each scrambled to rise quickly and their heads came together with a sound bump.

John was in the throes of mortification upon his awkardness, when Mary said naively as he helped her to her feet:

"We seem to be sharing our mutual woes."

He was amazed. The very sentence he had been saving for under the gaslight! Before he could take advantage of his present opportunity, however, Mary seemed to realize that she had been immodest, and she walked on, as if determined that he should reap no advantage from her remark. John made several efforts to recall the opportunity, but was baffled every time. Then he determined to wait until they stood beneath the gaslight, but when they reached the parlor the light seemed to burn more brightly than ever before, and his courage departed. Once he made an effort, but the first word that passed his lips was "woes," and the consciousness that he was blundering caused him to blush and pause before trying again. But a sweet "What were you going to say?" completed his embarrassment, and he answered "Nothing," and in despair prepared to go.

A moment later, as they stood at the parlor door exchanging the last words, and as John's hand was on the knob, Mary turned her blue eyes to him and said with a laugh:

"You'll be sure to get home without falling, for you'll have no one to drag you down."

John's face crimsoned. He was about to protest she hadn't dragged him down, when he thought of his lost opportunity after they had fallen. He had a feeling that the sentence he had been trying to say all evening would be singularly importunate now, but he was determined not to lose another chance. Despite that feeling and in sheer desperation he gasped:

"Mary, let us woes our mutual shares always."

Mary looked puzzled. For a moment she didn't grasp the purport of the misquoted sentence. When it dawned upon her a flood of crimson passed over her face, her eyes fell, and she whispered, "Yes."

And John, with his newly acquired courage, put his arms around her and drew her to his breast. Then John was at peace, and Mary was perfectly happy. The question had been asked and answered, and she had fittingly blushed, besides waiving the privilege of leap year.

Mrs. Surratt's Prosecutors and Defenders.

Philadelphia Times.

I see that a sensation has been created relative to Mrs. Surratt at this late day by the announcement that a monument will be erected over her remains, and that Brick Pomeroy, who believes that she was murdered, is engineering the movement. "Pomeroy points to the fact that all the members of the military commission that condemned Mrs. Surratt to death are dead except Holt, and that he, residing in the suburbs of Washington, is almost crazed, and that the majority of those who are dead committed sucide, a proof, he claims, that they saw the injustice of the sentence." The amiable Pomeroy is entirely mistaken, and his statements are not only wild but untrue. Maj-Gen. David M. Hunter was the president of that commission; Gen. Lew Wallace, our late Minister to Turkey, was another. So was General Augustus V. Kautz, the noted cavalry leader. Gen. James A. Ekin, of the Quartermaster's Department of the Army, Albion P. Howe, Robert S. Foster and Thomas M. Harris, and Cols. Chas. H. Thompkins and D. R. Clendenim were members. These men composed the commission that tried and condemned Mrs. Surratt to death along with the other conspirators. A majority of them are still in the land of the living, and are noted men. Those who have passed over to the other shore did not die by their own hands. Ex-President Johnson passed away "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." Judge Advocate-General Holt, who conducted the prosecution, lives in Waghington city, a few doors from the Capitol building. He is hale and hearty, vigorous in intellect, and good for many years to come, though I should judge that he had passed his three score years and ten. Hon. John A. Bingham, assistant Judge Advocate-General, whom Ben. Butler use to twit so unmercifully on the floor of the House of Representatives for "hanging an innocent woman," is on his return from Japan, where he has been the American minister for upwards of ten years. I do not know of the whereabouts of the other assistant, Col. H. L. Burnett of Indiana.

Let us see about some of the other noted characters in that famous State trial of twenty years ago. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, ex-attorney-general and senator, and afterward minister to England, lent his eloquent voice in behalf of Mrs. Surratt, assisted by Col. Fred, A. Aiken and John L. Clampitt. The latter is the only one living of that famous trio. Johnson died full of honors. Aiken became a noted journalist in Washington. He died suddenly a few years ago, and was laid away in beautiful Oak Hill cemetery by his brethren of the press on New Year's day. Gen. Tom Ewing, of Kansas and Ohio, the cousin of James G. Blaine, was counsel for Arnold and O'Laughlin, who were sent to the Dry Tortugas. Walter S. Cox assisted him. He is now a judge on the bench of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and the grinning assassin of another president was tried and condemned to death in his court. Fred Stone, of Maryland, a bitter secessionist lawyer, defended Harold and Mudd. He saved the neck of the latter. Mudd returned from Dry Tortugas to his home in Southern Maryland and became, strange to say, a Republican in politics. He died a few years ago. Doster, a Philadelphia lawyer, tried to keep the rope away from the necks of Payne and Atzerodt. Gen. Hancock was master of ceremonies on that tragic occasion, assisted by Gen. Hartranft. They are still living, and are not crazed, and, I presume lose no sleep in thinking of the affair. Like good soldiers, they obeyed orders.

The prince and princess of Wales have celebrated their silver wedding. The queen of England, the king of Belgium, the king and queen of Denmark, the duke of Cambridge and Lord Salisbury were among the many notables present.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

Tippling at the Capitol—Webster and Clay's Tipple.

Washington Correspondence Cleveland Leader.

Many of these committee rooms at the Capitol contain during a session a choice article of spirits, and the present Minister to Berlin, Mr. Pendleton, was not averse to treating his friends of the Senate now and then. It used to be that there was a regular bar in the Capitol. This bar was known vulgarly as "The Hole in the Wall." It was situated between the House and the Senate, and at it Clay and Webster often drank. In deference to the temperance sentiment this bar has been long since abolished, but liquor is sold at the Capitol as much as ever, and you can get whisky straight in either the House or Senate restaurant by merely asking for "cold tea."

It is said that drinking is decreasing at Washington. I do not believe this to be so. Fewer people drink at the saloons, perhaps, but it has come to be that every public man has his cellars stocked with wines and brandies, and liquors are sold by the quantity instead of by the glass. All of the grocery stores at Washington keep large stocks of liquors, from Mumm's extra dry champagne down to a very cheap article of whisky, and you will find wine stores in nearly every block. In no city of the United States, except, perhaps, New Orleans, is there so much wine drank in proportion to the population. Many families never sit down to a meal without having wine on the table, and at a Washington hotel, where public men stop, it is the rule to take a bottle of wine with your dinner. Within the last few years punch has become very popular at Washington, and you will now find a big punch bowl at almost every fashionable gathering. It is quite an art to make a fine Washington punch, and it takes very little of the regular article to cause the knees to quiver and the head to swim. One recipe contains the ingredients, whisky, rum, claret, champagne, sugar and lemons. A little water added to this, and you have a drink that will put an old toper under the table after half his usual allowance. Still this stuff is given to young men and maidens. Is it any wonder that some of them get too much, and we have such scenes as that of Stewart Castle last winter, what Congressmen Holman's son insulted a young lady, and the half of the party were affected by their tipping? It was such punch as this that started young Mahone on a spree in which he attempted to shoot one of the waiters at Welcker's, and it is this punch that will undoubtedly create a scandal or two the coming season.

A great deal of beer is drunk in Washington, and many of those who drink wine regularly at their meals prefer a light article, such as claret. The man who drinks such as beer and claret seldom becomes a drunkard, and in those countries where cheap light wines are staple, as Italy and France for instance, you will find much less drunkenness than in America or England. There is a good deal of difference in the United States as to drinking. Men from the North and East and from California drink wine while those from the West and South take whisky or beer. Kentuckians usually take whisky straight, and Wisconsins are fond of their own Milwaukee lager. Senators Frye and Blair are said to be the only Senators who are teetotallers. Attorney General Garland likes a good article of Bourbon. President Cleveland drinks beer sometimes, and of the members of the Lower House, few of them are averse to a dram on the sly. The Speaker himself is a good judge of liquors, and he often takes a bottle of wine with his lunch. Both Cox and Dorsheimer like good wine, and ex-diplomates, such as Hitt, of Illinois, seldom eat without a bottle of wine at their meals. Ben LeFevre drinks beer, and there are a number of members who are addicted to drinking hot water. There was a Congressman named Jadwin in the Forty-seventh Congress who never sat down to a meal without having a teacup of hot water placed before him. He seasoned it with cream and sugar and drank it as other people do coffee. Congressman Hatch, of Missouri, is also a hot water drinker, and Breckenridge, of Arkansas, takes it with every meal. These hot water drinkers advocate the practice as a cure for dyspepsia and indigestion, and they say they become as fond of the drink as of tea, coffee or whiskey.

What is a "Strike?"

In an injunction case in Nebraska, in which it was sought to compel certain engineers to work in opposition to their wishes Judge Dundy said there was no law to compel the men to work when they desired to quit, and that alone seemed to be the object of the bill.

"If that be the sole object," said the court, "then this case has no business here. I shall never order a man to work against his will by injunction. Such action would be inequitable, for the reason that another remedy exists—suit for breach of contract, whenever the terms of the contract as prescribed are not carried out."

This word "strike" is of modern origin. The question is regarding its legal definition, and on that the case may turn. If it means, and can be shown that its meaning in this case, is a project to create a disturbance, derail cars, and ditch trains, then the court can order a writ of injunction to restrain the contemplated injury and the charge of conspiracy is well taken. If, on the other hand, the word in this case is synonomous with an intention of quitting work and quietly walking out. I don't see how this court is going to restrain this action. That's all there is in the case, as it stands at present that I can see.

Richard McCarthy, of Rutland, D. T., was killed at Havana, 10 miles west of that place, on the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railway. While attempting to board the train while in motion his leg was cut off at the knee and skull broken. He leaves a wife and one child.