THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

E. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE COMING ERA.

They tell us that the Muse is soon to fly
hence,
Leaving the bowers of song that once were
dear,
Her robes bequeathing to her sister, Science,
The groves of Pindus for the ax to clear.

Optics will claim the wandering eye of fancy,
Physics will grasp imagination's wings,
Plain fact exorcise fiction's necromancy,
The workshop hammer where the minstrel
sings.

No more with laughter at Thalia's frolics
Our eyes shall twinkle till the tears run
down,
But in her place the lecturer on hydraulics
Spout forth his watery science to the town.

No more our foolish passions and affections
The tragic Muse with mimic grief shall try,
But, nobler far, a course of vivisections
Teach what it costs a tortured brute to die.

The unearthed monad, long in buried rocks
hid,
Shall tell the secret whence our being came;
The chemist show us death in life's black
oxide,
Left when the breath no longer fans its
flame.

Instead of crack-brained poets in their attics
Filling thin volumes with their flowery talk,
There shall be books of wholesome mathematics—
The tutor with his blackboard and his
chalk.

No longer bards with madrigal and sonnet
Shall woo to moonlight walks the ribboned
sex,
But side by side the beaver and the bonnet
Stroll, calmy pondering on some problem's x.

The sober bliss of serious calculation
Shall mock the trivial joys that fancy drew,
And oh the rapture of a solved equation,
One self-same answer on the lips of two!

So speak in solemn tone our youthful sages
Patient, severe, laborious, slow, exact,
As o'er creation's protoplasmic pages
They browse and munch the thistle crops
of fact.

And yet we've sometimes found it very pleasant
To dream again the scenes that Shakespeare
drew,
To walk the hillside with the Scottish peasant
Among the daisies wet with morning dew;

To leave awhile the daylight of the real,
Led by the guidance of the master's hand,
For the strange radiance of the far ideal—
"The light that never was on sea or land."

Well, time alone can lift the future's curtain—
Science may teach our children all she
knows,
But love will kindle fresh young hearts, 't is
certain,
And June will not forget her blushing rose.

And so, in spite of all that time is bringing—
Treasurers of truth and miracles of art,
Beauty and love will keep the poet singing,
And song still live—the science of the heart.

—Oliver Windell Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly.

TO SORROW.

Come not when the sun is here,
And the mocking-bird, piping clear,
Warbles sweetest interludes,
And from wooded solitudes
Calls the flowers to appear.

Songless hedge and leafless tree,
Sorrow! are reserved for thee;
Therefore, call me not away—
Let me joy in life to-day!
Soon, alas! 'twill ended be.

Come when winter comes again,
Bringing sadness in his train—
On a wild and windy day,
When the rain, wet-eyed and gray,
Taps upon the window-pane.

'Neath the low, red sunset skies,
When the ghostly mists uprise,
Frozen marsh and pool among—
When regret o'erfills mine eyes,
I will go with thee long.

—Julie K. Wetherill, in Scribner for January.

A MATCHLESS IMPOSTER.

Within the writer's recollection there stood in the Overgate, Dundee, Scotland, an old dwelling of curious architecture. It was several stories in height, and at one corner was a round tower containing a staircase. In the middle of the last century this was the residence of the Hauck family. Henry Hauck was a Hollander, who settled in Dundee about the year 1700, and introduced a new method of manufacturing sail-cloth. He grew wealthy and acquired much property. In 1731 he died, and was succeeded by an only son. This son removed to the dwelling already mentioned, and was equally prosperous as his father. He died in 1750, and left a son and daughter.

The latter died, but the son continued in the same place and business, and, dying in 1781, left his property to his two sons, John and Henry, who were twins, and at the time of his death in their twenty-second year. While Henry, however, received the bulk of the estate and the business, John was to receive only a certain sum in money, for John was dissipated and of depraved habits, and it was said that his mother died from the effects of a beating which he gave her, because she expostulated with him on his conduct. Be this as it may, soon after his father's death his brother gave him the large sum of money which his father had bequeathed to him, and he went to Holland ostensibly to act as paid agent for the firm.

For some time he appears to have conducted himself with unusual propriety, and was so successful in business matters that his brother came to place great confidence in him. In 1784 he wrote to his brother Henry, informing him that he had it in his power to make large purchases of flax and hemp on most advantageous terms, but that to do this he must have funds at his disposal. Henry at once provided for this, and John drew large sums on letters of credit. Then he disappeared, and nothing was heard of him for years. Henry married a Miss Newall, and, having built a handsome residence up town near what is known as the Perth Road, removed there. The name had come to be spelt Hawk, and the spot where the new residence was built was named Hawkhill, by which name it is known to this day.

Henry Hawk took his wife's brother into partnership. After the new partner had become sufficiently familiar with the business, Henry resolved to visit Antwerp and other modern ports, and put his business relations on a better footing. There were no steamships in those days, and he had to cross the German Ocean in a smack, which ran as a regular packet. He had delayed his going on account of the health of his wife, and did not start until June 19, 1785, six weeks after the birth of their first child—a son—who was born on May 3, of the same year.

On the evening of the day on which Henry Hawk sailed one of the domestics rushed into the house from the garden, where she had been spreading clothes to bleach, and exclaimed:

"Good sakes, guide us! I've just seen my master looking in at the gate!"

"Say not a word," one of the older servants said, "or it will alarm your mistress, for she will think it is his wraith and that something has happened to him."

But Mrs. Hawk had heard the exclamation as she was coming down the stairs, and entering the kitchen she inquired what it meant.

"I was stooping to lay out the clothes," the girl said, "and happening to look up, I saw the figure of a man at the great gate. I was startled but looked again, and then I saw my master's face distinctly, all pale and haggard."

Mrs. Hawk restrained her feelings and said:

"It's you fancy, girl; what else can it be? Your master is beyond the Bass Rock by this time, with a fair wind and a clear sky."

Three weeks later a Mr. Dewar, who had a sail-loft on the Leagate, called at the office of Hawk & Newall.

"Where's Mr. Hawk?" he asked.

"Why, he's been gone since last June," answered Mr. Newall.

"Gone since last June!" Mr. Dewar exclaimed; "gone where?"

"To Antwerp," was the reply.

"That is strange," said Mr. Dewar, taking out a pocket-book and turning the leaves.

"What is there strange about it?" Mr. Newall said.

"Why, on July 2d I got a note from Henry by a messenger, asking me to send him £120 to use on an emergency, and I sent it to him."

Mr. Newall stared at his visitor in wonder, but Mr. Dewar not only showed him the entry in his pocket-book, but produced the letter, which, so far as any one could say, was in Henry Hawk's handwriting.

Neither of them could explain the mystery, but both agreed that for the present, and in fact until Henry's return, nothing had better be said about the remarkable circumstance.

On August 12 the packet returned from Antwerp without Henry Hawk. She brought a bundle of letters, however, for Mr. Newall, which were duly delivered at the office. Two, addressed to Mrs. Hawk, in her husband's writing, were given to a boy, who started up the Overgate with them, toward Hawkhill.

At that time there were few dwellings on the Overgate above Fay Street, all beyond being open country, with the exception of a few residences here and there. As the boy passed Tally Street, a big, burly man, dressed as a sailor, came out of a dram-shop, and, crossing the street, walked up Overgate on the opposite side to the boy. They walked almost abreast until they were a couple of hundred yards beyond Fay Street. Then the man paused, and the boy observed that he felt into his pockets. The boy was passing on ahead, when the man called out to him:

"Say, youngster, pull up; I've lost something."

The boy stopped and turned, and the man crossed the road toward him.

"Look here," said the man, "you know Wilson's dramshop by Tally Street?"

"Yes, sir, I do," the lad replied,

"Well," said the man, "I've left my pocket-book there with a valuable letter inside, which I was taking to Mrs. Hawk of Hawkhill from her husband, and which he gave me just before the packet sailed from Antwerp."

"Why, I'm just going up to Mrs. Hawk's with two letters myself," the boy said.

"Well, that's strange," the man said. "Now look here; give me those two letters, and you run back to Wilson's and get my pocket-book. I'll stay here till you come back, and then we will walk up together, and I'll give you something for your trouble to boot."

The boy unsuspectingly gave the man the letters, and started down Overgate on a run. On reaching Wilson's he found that the man had left no pocket-book there, then he returned in haste to where he had left the sailor. He found him there, and the man said, on hearing that no pocket-book could be found:

"Well, that's too bad. But see, I'll walk up with you and deliver these letters, and explain about the one Mr. Hawk sent by me. I'll find it by and by."

The boy agreed, and on reaching Hawkhill the man suggested that the boy should remain outside while he delivered the letters. The boy agreed, and the man went to the rear entrance of the dwelling. After the absence of two or three minutes he returned, and the two walked down the Bowgate in company. When they reached Tally Street the man gave the boy a few pence and turned down toward the Neetergate.

Mrs. Hawk expected her husband by the next packet which would arrive in Dundee about the second week in October. If the packet arrived after dusk, it was customary for her passengers to remain aboard until daylight, and then land at what was known as the Yeoman shore. The packet dropped anchor in the Tay at 7 o'clock on the evening of October 15, and her passengers were therefore not expected to land until early next day. Mr. Newall was there when they were put ashore next morning, but Mr. Hawk was not among them. Mr. Newall expressed surprise, and inquired whether Mr. Hawk was a passenger.

"Mr. Hawk was a passenger," the Captain said; "but a man came off for him in a boat last night, and he went ashore."

While he was speaking, a messenger came from the office to tell Mr. Newall that Mr. Hawk was there. Greatly relieved, Mr. Newall hastened to the office, and found Mr. Hawk at his desk, examining papers. There was a warm greeting, and Mr. Newall said:

"Why, Henry, how strong you have grown."

"Yes," was the reply, "my own wife hardly knew me when I reached home last night."

"But how came you to land last night? Wasn't it a great risk with such a high wind?" Mr. Newall said.

"Well," was the answer, "a man came off in a boat for some purpose or another, and I took the chance of getting ashore."

Mr. Hawk spent much time for the few first days in looking over his papers, and then said he thought he would take things easy for a time, as he had been rather overworked for some months past. Mr. Newall gladly acquiesced, and thenceforth took almost entire management of the business. Mr. Hawk, however, seemed to take great interest in all that went on, but complained that his eyesight was getting bad, and he must wear glasses. He began to take long walks, and was in the habit of going daily among the shipping.

On November 6th, he returned from one of these strolls to the office in a state of great distress.

"Mr. Newall" he said, "my brother—my poor, unfortunate brother John—he is drowned. His body was found on the shore near Broughly Ferry, this morning. I saw them bring it up on a boat, and I identified it at once."

Mr. Newall was astounded. After a moment's silence, he said:

"That accounts for it. He has been around here, then, for months, and we never knew it."

Then he related what the girl had seen at the gate the very night on which Mr. Hawk sailed for Antwerp.

"That is it," said Henry. "He went to my house in poverty and distress, and dared not enter. Poor fellow! He was so like me—we were twins, you know—and the girl might easily have mistaken him for me. I wonder my wife never mentioned the occurrence."

"And that accounts for another thing," said Mr. Newall, and then he explained to Henry all about the loan from Mr. Dewar.

"That is it, no doubt," said Henry; "he wrote just like me, and driven to desperation, forged my name to get money to live on. I am glad he did it. See that the money is repaid."

After a pause, during which Henry seemed to be much affected, he said:

"Newall, I've made all arrangements for the poor fellow's burial. By the way, he must have been killed in a brawl, for there is a wound, as of a knife, right in the region of the heart. I will use my influence to keep things as quiet as possible."

There was a Coroner's inquest, and a verdict that the deceased came to his death at the hands of some person or persons unknown. Then the body was quietly buried in the yard of the Old Cross Kirk, and the matter was soon forgotten.

Things went on smoothly for many years, and Mrs. Hawk bore another son. In January, 1798, Henry Hawk fell from a horse and broke his leg. Mortification set in, and amputation proved of no avail. He died on February 1, leaving a will by which he divided all his property between the two boys, Edward and James, and gave each an equal share in the business. His funeral was a very solemn one, and for years afterward the Hawkhill mansion was like a tomb. From the day of the master's death to the day of her own death, which happened in 1798, Mrs. Hawk was never seen out of her dwelling.

On May 3, 1806, Edward Hawk became of age. He was a strong, well favored young man, but of a very sullen disposition. Two months after he reached his maturity he began an action in the high court to declare his brother illegitimate, and to recover the property which had been willed to him. From the records of that remarkable trial this narrative is compiled, and the facts necessary to explain what has already been told will be given.

When John Hawk received from Henry the sum left him by his father, he went to Antwerp as agent for the firm. With all the money he could get on the letters credit of the firm, he went to Paris and London. There he spent all in riot and debauchery.

Worn down and ruined, he returned to Dundee; and, though he went to the gate of his brother's residence, he had not the courage to enter. Before he knew that his brother had gone to Antwerp, he forged his name and got the money from Dewar. When he found that Henry was out of the country, he set his wits to work to discover how he could profit by it. The resemblance between the twin brothers had always been remarkable. In fact, when they were boys Henry always wore a red ribbon in his buttonhole to distinguish him from John. Little by little a diabolical plot developed itself in John's mind. Anticipating that Henry would write to his wife by the return packet, John planned the intercepting of the letter.

While the boy who bore the package of letters to Mrs. Hawk was away for the supposed pocketbook, John opened one of the letters, and, by its perusal, found that his brother was to return by the next packet in October. He induced the boy to allow him to deliver the letters so that he might explain that Mr. Newall had opened the letter by mistake. For a time he was in great suspense, as the carrying out of his plans required that the packet should arrive after dark.

As soon as he found that the tide would exactly suit his purpose, he made his arrangements. Disguising himself and procuring a boat, he boarded the packet on her arrival in the Tay, and induced Henry Hawk to go ashore.

Midway between the vessel and the land, he drove a knife in his brother's heart. Then he carefully stripped the body and flung it overboard. Securing the money and valuables in the clothes, he tore them in strips and cast them on the waters. Landing at a secure spot, with his brother's portmanteau in his possession, he went to a sailor's boarding-house and dressed himself in the dead man's clothes. Then, with a boldness and wickedness unparalleled, he went to his dead brother's home and received a kiss of welcome from the woman whose husband he had slain.

On trial witnesses were produced who stood by the dying bed of the murderous wretch and heard his confession of his crime. These consisted of Dr. Nimmo, a prominent physician, Mr. Sims, a distinguished surgeon, Dr. Carruthers, a Presbyterian clergyman, and Ann Mackay, a nurse. The confession had been reduced to writing by a lawyer and duly signed and witnessed.

The court adjudged James Hawk to be illegitimate, but entitled to succeed to his mother's estate, which was considerable.

Calling the Doctor.

The other morning, as a belated member of the Owl Club was steering home through the dense fog, which the writer is reliably informed hangs over this city at 3 a. m., he passed a house on Mission Street, where resided a well known physician. The vestibule of this residence was open, and on its side the dim rays of the moon, struggling through the gloom produced by the efforts of the City Gas Company, disclosed the mouth of an acoustic tube, underneath which was the inscription, "Whistle for Dr. Potts."

Not wishing to be disobliging about so small a matter, the Owl stumbled up the steps, and, steadying himself against the wall, blew into the pipe with all the strength of his lungs.

The physician, who was awakened by the resultant shrill whistle near his head, arose, and, after wondering at the singular odor of whisky in the room, groped his way to the tube and shouted, "Well?"

"Glad to know you're well," was the reply, "but being a doctor, I s'pose you can keep well at cost price, can't you?"

"What do you want?" said the man of pills, not caring to joke in the airy nothing of his nightgown.

"Well," said the party at the other end of the tube, after a few moments' meditatation, "Oh! by the way, are you young Potts, or old Potts?"

"I am Dr. Potts—there is no young Potts."

"Not dead, I hope?"

"There never was any. I have no son."

"Then you are young Potts and old Potts, too. Dear, dear, how singular."

"What the ——do you want?" snapped the Doctor, who was beginning to feel as if his legs were a pair of elongated icicles.

"You know old Mrs. Peavine, who lives in the next block?"

"Yes. Is she sick? What's the matter?"

"Do you know her nephew, too—Bill Briggs?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, he went up to Bridgeport shooting this morning and ——"

"And he had an accident. Hold up a minute. I'll be right down."

"No, he's all right; but he got sixty-two ducks—eighteen of 'em mallards. I thought you might like to hear it."

And the joker hung on to the nozzle, and laughed like a hyena digging up a missionary.

"I say," came down from the exasperated M. D., "that's a jolly joke, my friend. Won't you take something?"

"What?" said the surprised humorist, pausing for breath.

"Why, take something. Take this."

And before the disgusted funny man could withdraw his mouth, a hastily compounded mixture of ink, ipecac and assafetida squirted from the pipe and deluged him from head to foot, about a pint monopolizing his shirt front and collar.

And while he danced frantically around, sponging himself off with his handkerchief, and swearing like a pirate in the last act, he could hear an angel voice from above sweetly murmur:

"Have some more? No? Well, good night. Come again soon, you funny dog, you. By-by."—*Baltimore American.*

Hogs when nearly fat are liable to have a disordered stomach through overfeeding, refusing their food. The best antidote for this is charcoal. If the charcoal is taken from the stove when cold there will probably be ashes taken up at the same time, these will not hurt the hog should he eat a portion of them. Charcoal is best taken from an open fire-place. It would be well to have on hand at all times a barrel or two of charcoal. Charred corn-cobs or charred corn have a good effect. There is nothing better than these substances where hogs have the sours.

No editor will refuse to puff a cigar.

CAN PEOPLE LIVE WITHOUT FOOD?

Some Remarkable Cases of Long-Continued Fasting, Together with Several Curious Impostures in the Same Line.

Dr. William A. Hammond, in his interesting little volume on "Fasting Girls," did not by any means exhaust the subject to which attention was attracted last year by the case of Molly Fancher, and in which renewed interest will now be taken because of the proposal already noticed in these columns of a physician in Minnesota to abstain not only from medicine, which would be less surprising, but from food for a long period under conditions favorable to the detection of any imposture. Of mediæval cases Dr. Hammond cites several. There was Lidwine of Schiedam, who fell ill in 1395 and remained an invalid till her death, 33 years later, and who, after living for 19 years on a piece of apple no bigger than a holy wafer, every day, washed down with a little water, a swallow of beer or a little sweet milk, wound up finally by taking nothing whatever in the shape of nutriment for 14 years. There was St. Joseph of Copertino, who kept seven 40-day fasts every year, during which seasons he ate only on Thursdays and Sundays, his food even then being bitter herbs and dried fruits. There was St. Nicolas of Flue (not to be confounded with St. Nicholas of the New York chimney) who, as he had embraced the monastic life, abandoned all food whatever save the Holy Eucharist, which, according to the pious Gorres, so assimilated his grosser being to itself that, introduced into a superior sphere, he lived exclusively by grace and by heaven. There was the nun of Leicester, in the thirteenth century, who also lived on the Eucharist for seven years; and there were those other holy persons—Saint Peter of Alcantara, Saint Rose of Lima, Saint Catharine of Sienna, and Saint Collete—who also acquired the power of living on the sacramental bread. Fasting girls, says Dr. Hammond, came in with modern times, the pious abstinents having vanished with the Ages of Faith. Margaret Weiss, a girl of ten, living near Spires, was accredited with living for three years without food or drink. She succeeded in deceiving the parish priest and Dr. Geraldus Buccoldinus, who watched her, and the good doctor made a conundrum out of her in his book narrating her case: "Why does the body grow when nothing goes into it?" "Appotonia Schreira, a virgin in Berne," after being examined and watched by the Bernese magistrates, was declared to live without eating: "in the first year of her fasting she scarcely slept, and in the second year never once closed her eyes in sleep." Katherine Binder of the Palatinate was said to have taken nothing but air during nine years, and Eva Fliegen, of Meurs, according to the magistrates and ministers, "took no kind of sustenance for the space of fourteen years together." Cardinal Richelieu's physician, Franciscus Citesius, tells of Joan Balaam of Constance, who after an attack of fever took a loathing to food, and for nearly three years abstained from it altogether, her appetite subsequently returning. In 1595 there was brought to Cologne a girl of 11 who, it was affirmed, had lived without food or drink of any kind for three years. In this case, according to Dr. Hammond, orgasic disease seems to have been complicated with fraud and hysteria. Perhaps we need not cite the works of John Heydon, an enthusiast of the Rosie Cross, who held that men could easily fast all their lives, should the same even extend 300 years, and who fairly smacks his lips as it were, like a very glutton, over "the fine foreign fatness" in the air which ought to be sufficient for all moderate folk. He admits that people of enormous appetites might from time to time indulge in the additional stimulus of a plaster of cooked meat applied to the epigastrum. Chambers, however, prints a great many cases of alleged abstinence extending over protracted periods. Among these may be mentioned that of Cecilia Rygeway, whom Edward III. pardoned April 25, 1357, "moved by piety and for the glory of God and the Blessed Virgin," who had wrought a miracle in enabling her to live forty days in Nottingham Jail without food or drink, when accused of her husband's murder, and of John Scott, the Faster, a man of Teviotdale, who in 1531 took sanctuary in the Abbey of Holyrood House, where he remained thirty or forty days without food, and then by order of the King was shut up in the castle for 32 days, at the end of which period the bread and water left in the cell with him were found to be untouched. Scott afterwards went to Rome, where Clement VII. certified to the honesty of his abstinence, an exhibition of which he gave also at Venice; after his return, as he claimed, from the Holy Land, Scott went to London, where, for preaching against Henry VIII.'s defection from the Church, and his divorce from Katharine of Arragon, he was cast into a prison, where he remained for 50 days, little disconcerted and still fasting. Albergati of Bonoma investigated Scott's case at his own house, and September 1, 1532, after a trial of 11 days, attested his belief that the man lived without eating. The case of Mary Waughton of Wigginton, in Staffordsnire, is also given, who lived on a spoonful of milk and water a day, with a piece of bread as large as a half-crown, or a bit of meat the size of a pigeon's egg. "Being of the Church of England," says the orthodox Dr. Robert Plot, "she is the less likely to put a trick upon the world." Then there are the cases of Christina Michelot of France, a girl of 11, who from November, 1751, to May, 1755, lived upon water, afterwards displaying her normal appetite; of Ann Walsh of Harrowgate, a girl of 12, who for 18 months, beginning in 1762, subsisted solely on a daily allowance of a third of a pint of wine and water; of the sick boy at Chateauroux, in France, who ate nothing for a whole year, yet had strength enough to labor with the men on his father's farm; of the man of Stamford, who, in 1771, for a £10 wager abstained for 52 days from solid food or milk; of Pennant's fasting woman of Rosshire, Katherine McLeod—in Platt's book she is called "Janet"—who, after an attack of fever, lived for 21 months without nourishment, a suffocating constriction compelling her parents to desist when they tried to pry open her teeth, depress her tongue and pour a little gruel down her throat. Subsequently she took to drinking water and after nine years of abstinence she ate a little. Dr. Mackenzie, who communicated this account of her case to the Royal Society (Phil. Trans. lxvii., 1), saw her again three years after this, when her diet was much more liberal, but even then she ate less than a child of two years old would have demanded. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1789 records the case of the enthusiast, Caleb Elliott, who set out to fast 40 days and actually survived for 16 without food of any kind. In 1774 was mentioned a case of a Susbian woman of 37, Monica Mutcheteria, who, after a fever and nervous attack, lived for two years on a little curds, or whey and water, and for a third without any food ar all, passing all three years in a state of sleeplessness. In 1786 Dr. Willan was called in to attend to a monomaniac said to have lived 61 days without food and who survived 17 days longer, the physician being able to force a little sustenance into him. A more famous case is that of Ann Moore of Sudbury, England, who, at the beginning of the present century, asserted that she was able to do without food. Her fame spread abroad and brought cer crowds of visitors and a good income, £250 having been derived from their bounty in two years. She eluded one "test" with success and ventured upon another, but this time the watchers were keener, and on the ninth day, being so weak that her death seemed imminent, she signed a confession that her story of fasting for six years was a falsehood. The first watchers had been deceived for three weeks by her daughters giving her food when kissing her or when washing her face with towels dipped in milk or gruel, by squeezing the liquid into her mouth. In 1841 a fasting man named Cavanagh appeared at Reading; he was detected in his fraud, however, and November 20, sent to prison and stuffed for three months. In September, 1852, Elizabeth Squirrel of Shottesham, Suffolk, bamboozled a number of "medical men, clergymen, dissenting ministers and members of the aristocracy" into believing that she had lived for three months without food and in the enjoyment of communion with angelic visitors, but a rigid watch disclosed fraud. In 1867, began the famous case of Sarah Jacob, the Welsh Fasting Girl. She was ten years old and after strong convulsions of an epileptiform character gradually lost her appetite till in October she ate nothing but a bit of apple the size of a pill daily. Even this she ceased to take on the 10th, and thereafter till her death, December 17, 1869, according to her parents and friends, she took no nutriment of any kind whatever. Her case was soon noised abroad, to the great fame and not inconsiderable profit of her parents, and many converts were made to a belief in her truthfulness, including the vicar of the parish, who became quite enthusiastic. A systematic fortnight's watch was attempted in March-April, 1869, but some of the watchers got drunk, others slept and still others were considered untrustworthy, so that Dr. Fowler called it "the greatest possible farce and mockery." In December, four experienced female nurses from Guy's were sent down to take entire charge of the child. They began their watch on the 9th at 4 p. m.; on the 16th she was failing so visibly that the parents were urged to withdraw the nurses and give her food, but they refused, saying that she had often been as weak before. On the 7th at 3.30 p. m. she died—simply starved to death! The heartless parents were indicted for manslaughter, and, being convicted, were sentenced to imprisonment for the absurdly inadequate periods of twelve and six months respectively. An attempt to make out a case against the physicians failed.

Such are some of the most remarkable cases of alleged abstinence from food during a long period. With the cases of Miss Fancher and of Louise Lateau and others in which stigmatization is or has been noted, our readers are familiar, as they also are with many authenticated instances of continued involuntary fasting, as those of imprisoned coal-miners or shipwrecked sailors.—*N. Y. World.*

Morrow's Chase After Victoria.

The Chicago *Times* gives the following synopsis of the report of Maj. Morrow, giving a detailed account of the operations of his command against Victoria's band of Indians, covering a period of several months, and a pursuit extending from Fort Bayard to the mountainous region of Old Mexico, which has been received at Sheridan's Headquarters. The command consisted of 81 enlisted men and 18 Indian scouts. The Major describes how his command came very near capturing a camp that contained no Indians. The camp was sighted at noon The cavalrymen were dismounted and the horses secured. The purpose was to strike the camp simultaneously on both sides. The movement, the report states, was satisfactorily executed; but the command discovered that the camp had been abandoned by the hostiles three days before. A couple of days later another abandoned camp was taken. It was situated on a high mountain. The Major says his command was over an hour ascending to the camp, which, had it been defended at all, must have proved impregnable. On another occasion a detatchment, commanded by Lieut. Blacksom, moved out on foot at 1 oclock at night, with the intention of attacking an Indian camp at daybreak. When dawn came the discovery dawned upon them that the hostiles had quietly departed, under cover of the darkness. In the hurry and confusion of their flight they had abandoned some 30 or 40 stolen animals. Later in the campaign the Indian scouts were dispatched to take possession of the camp of Victoria and his band. This movement was successful. The troops followed the scouts under a galling fire from the surrounding hills. The fighting continued until 10 o'clock at night, when the troops were ordered into camp. The Major states that none of his command were hurt, but that three Indians were killed, and 15 saddle-horses and a lot of loose stock were abandoned by Victoria.

The next morning, while the troops were eating breakfast, they were fired upon by the hostiles. A vidette on guard on a neighboring bluff was killed. The troops charged the hills, and dislodged the Indians. Then ensued a running fight, which was kept up until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The report doesn't state whether any body was killed or not. The next day the scouts captured a squaw and her papoose. She told them that she had taken refuge in the mountains during the fight of the day before, and had lost her way. The commander received information that Victoria was carrying a number of wounded Indians, among them being his son Washington. A scout come in and reported Victoria's camp four miles distant. The command was separated and the detachments surrounded the camp. The attack was to be made at daybreak. The report states that the fires were burning brightly and the "scurbby pines were festooned with fresh beef." At daybreak the discovery was made that Victoria and his people were not there. They had cleared out several hours before. The next word received was that the hostiles had sacked Santa Barbara and killed a large number of people. Victoria was heard of as heading for the Mongallen Mountains. As the command was approaching the Corribitas River many of the mules fell down from thirst. In the edge of the Mongallen Mountains the Indians were discovered ambushed in a canyon, awaiting the troops. The hostiles, after a little brush, were dislodged. This fight took place by moonlight. In pursuing the enemy up a steep hill they turned and delivered a rattling volley. Three of the scouts were struck by bullets, and one was killed. The command tried in vain to advance. Lieut. Gatewood was sent around to flank the entrenched enemy, and succeeded in getting up to within ten feet of the breastworks, but soon exhausted his ammunition. The Indians employed themselves during a part of the night in rolling huge rocks down the steep upon Gatewood's squad of men. The troops were compelled to withdraw to the hills from which the enemy had been dislodged in the outset of the fight. The men and animals had then been three days and nights without water, and their suffering was intense. The men and horses being worn and broken down, and the supply of ammunition nearly exhausted, the troops withdrew from in front of Victoria and by slow marches returned to Fort Bayard.

Corn Bread.—One egg, one cup molasses or sugar, one cup sour milk, two cups sweet milk, two cups wheat flour, three cups corn-meal, one teaspoonful each of soda and salt. Put in a two-quart basin, steam one hour, and bake one hour in a slow oven. It is best eaten warm for dinner, but is good cold, with either butter or milk.

EVICTIONS IN IRELAND.

Trouble Among the Connemara Peasantry.

An attempt to serve writs of ejectment upon the tenants of a Mr. Richard Berridge, who owns 159,898 acres in the Connemara district, was the cause of a serious outbreak. A Dublin correspondent says: On the last day of the year, Fenton, the process server, received a quantity of writs of ejectment to serve on the tenants of the neighborhood, some of whom hold under Mr. Berridge and some under a Mr. Kirwan. This news transpired, and next a crowd collected and proceeded to Fenton's house for the purpose of destroying the documents.

The actual scene of this business was the village of Carraroe, which is on the coast about 20 miles from the town of Galway. The local police, anticipating the popular movement, occupied the house before the arrival of the crowd and thus frustrated their intentions. Messengers were dispatched to the station at Spiddal, five miles distant, asking for reinforcements. These arrived during the evening, and the police remained on the premises all night. Meanwhile the telegraph wires had been put into operation, and next morning an additional detachment of 50 constables arrived on the scene. In the midst of this little army Fenton issued from the house to execute his legal mission. The first house visited was that of William Flaherty. Women surrounded the door, and as Fenton advanced to effect service they clutched the process and tore it to shreds. The police then charged all round with their sword bayonets, wounding several severely. The women were then bayoneted right and left, and one of them, Mrs. Conneally, sustained such injuries that the last rites of the church had to be administered to her by the Rev. P. J. Newell, the Roman Catholic priest of the place, who was an eye witness of the scene. The Rev. Mr. Newell, it may be mentioned, had exerted himself to prevent any resistance on the part of the people, and previous to the charge he addressed them in Irish, urging them not to interfere. The police then proceeded to the cabin of a man named Conneally, about three hundred yards distance. They smashed open the door, which was closed, and service was effected. James Mackle's house was next visited. The women again surrounded the door and endeavored to wrest the process from Fenton. The police charged a second time indiscriminately, knocking some of the people down, and, it is stated, bayoneting one man while on the ground unmercifully. Up to this the men had not interfered beyond crowding round, and no missiles were thrown at the constabulary; but now sticks and stones were freely used, and a terrible *melee* ensued. The police became much excited, not unnaturally, and at last fired some shots over the heads of their assailants. Then the process server attempted to deliver the document. The women, as before, snatched it out of his hand and destroyed it. Sub-Inspector Gibbons rushed into the house, and as he advanced to the hearth Mrs. Mackle lifted a blazing turf and smashed it on his neck. Smarting from the burning the officer rushed back to the door, and in the struggle his sword was knocked out of his hand. The commanding officer considered that the situation was now too critical to act without the presence of a magistrate whose orders would relieve the constables of the legal responsibility of the conflict with the peasantry. Accordingly the whole force was withdrawn and concentrated at the police barrack in the village, where the process server remained for protection.

Reinforcements had been telegraphed for to all the most peaceable districts of Ireland, and drafts of constables were forwarded to Galway from such remote points as Fermanagh in the northwest and Kilkenny in the southeast. As fast as they arrived in the town of Galway they were sent on to Connemara, and, as has been stated, last night over three hundred constables were quartered in and around the village of Carraroe.

Considerable difficulty is likely to be experienced in attempting to provision the little army of occupation. The people will sell them nothing. On Sunday two cart-loads of bread and meat were dispatched from Galway. But the people on the road stopped them and carried away the contents. On Monday a cart-load of bread was sent forward under an escort of 20 men and reached its destination in safety to the joy of the half-famished constables, who were already complaining of short commons. They report that the only article to be had in abundance is—whisky. Although this disturbance at Carraroe has been the most formidable thing which has yet happened in the way of resistance to law it is right to mention that it is by no means an isolated occurrence. A fortnight ago some ejectment writs were being served by a man named Tully on some tenants of Mr. Francis Comyn, a small land owner in this part of Connenara. Mr. Comyn had made himself conspicuous last October by some letters in the *London Times*, in which he denounced in strong terms the whole body of Connaught tenantry. When Tully attempted to serve the writs the people gathered around and compelled him to tear them up himself. They did not otherwise ill-treat him. Ten men who were conspicuous in the transactions have since surrendered and are to be tried at the next sessions. Yesterday Mr. Hill, one of the paid magistrates of Galway County, accompanied a force of 50 constables, who were engaged in protecting Tully, while serving writs of ejectment upon tenants of a Mr. Isidore Lynch, who is a very small proprietor (the annual valuation is returned at £170 or $850), near Spiddal, on the borders of Connemara. The people made no resistance. On Saturday a process server, named Magrath, while engaged in serving ejectments on the property of Mr. Vesey Stoney, a considerable landowner, near Ballinrohe, Mayo County, was savagely attacked by a mob of men and women. His papers were taken from him, and he was so badly beaten that his life was in danger. Again, yesterday, a man named Langley attempted to serve processes for the recovery of rent from the tenants of two town lands, near Balla, also in Mayo County. These tenants had refused to pay any thing unless the rents were reduced. Langley was attacked by a large mob of men and women, who pursued him when he attempted to run away and compelled him to deliver up all his documents, which were immediately destroyed. No harm was done to himself.

A little 4-year-old was borrowed by the manager of the Elko (Nev.) Theater to personate the consumptive child of Lady Isabel in "East Lynne," in the touching death scene at the close of the act representing the wretched mother's return from her self-imposed exile. While the audience were being moved to tears by the impassioned agony of the fond mother, poured out at the bedside of her dying child, and just at the moment that she exclaimed, in broken-hearted accents, "He is dead!" the little chap, who had up to this point been kept quiet with difficulty, could stand it no longer, and instantly resented the accusation by exclaiming in a voice distinctly heard through the house: "I ain't dead, neither!"

Elias Gebhardt, aged 16, a clerk in a hardware store at Syracuse, N. Y., was instantly killed by a customer, while buying a pistol. The revolver contained three balls. It was not known to be loaded.

The Tax on Paper and Paper-making.

[From the Chicago Tribune, Jan. 17.]

There are several great industries in this country which are directly and grievously afflicted by the tariff without any rational purpose or financial reason. These are the manufactures of cotton, linen, glass, and paper. In all these great industries the use of soda-ash and of other bleaching agents is an essential and serious item of cost. The articles are indispensable, and the tariff tax is oppressive and repressive, and most injurious to all engaged in these large branches of industry.

We wish to call the attention of the press and of Congress to the effect of the tax on soda-ash and other bleaching agents upon the cost of making paper. In this country paper is made not only from rags, but largely from straw and from wood. The process of bleaching in the manufacture of paper from straw and wood is a costly one because of the great quantity of chemicals needed, and because of the oppressive tax imposed upon these necessary commodities. The annual importation of soda-ash exceeds two hundred millions of pounds; the duty on this article is $5.65 per ton. The duty on other chemicals used for the same purpose is even higher. Paper is one of the great manufactures of this country, and every tax upon the materials needed in the business becomes a burden, without accomplishing any corresponding benefit.

The great "boom" which has so crazed the iron, steel, and coal industries of the country has extended sympathetically to other productions. It has reached that of paper-making. The prices of paper at the mills have advanced between 25 and 33 per cent. since June last. And the trouble with the newspaper consumers of "print" is, they can not increase their subscription prices to correspond with the advance of white paper. If they can raise their price, they lose subscribers, and so they are thus far standing the loss as the choice of evils. When they protest to the paper-makers against the advance, the latter point them to the high cost of soda and other bleaching-powders, and say that if the duty were taken off they could materially reduce the price of print-paper. This is the main excuse given for the great advance in the price.

The fact, however, is that the American manufacturers have combined to place the price of print-paper at the exact point which will exclude importation. The duty on paper used for books and newspapers, magazines, and other similar publications, is 20 per cent. on the foreign cost, and 20 per cent. on the storage, handling, commissions, and other foreign charges, to which is to be added the cost of ocean freights and inland transportation to the place of consumption. The advance is an arbitrary one; there has been no such increase in the cost of rags, straw, or wood as to justify any such increase in the price of print-paper since last summer. There may have been some increase in the cost of labor and of transportation, but nothing to warrant the increase of one-third made by the manufacturers.

The papermakers represent, as they have always done, that they are heavily taxed upon the chemicals and bleaching-powders used in their production. This complaint is also, and as strongly, urged by the manufacturers of cotton and linen goods and glassware. This complaint has been urged on the ground that, if the manufacture of paper was relieved of the heavy tax upon bleachers, the American papermakers could, because of the better qualities and cheaper cost of the straw and of the wood, make paper for export, and sell it abroad in successful competition with the paper of European mills. This, if true, shows that the present tax on bleaching-powders and all other chemical agents is an oppressive and restraining weight upon the unlimited expansion of American paper manufacture.

Any tax on paper is a tax on public intelligence. The book, the magazine, the pamphlet, and the newspaper are essentials to the American people. They are the disseminators of knowledge; they are the great American teachers; they enter every household; they carry information where it could not otherwise go; and they cultivate and maintain that