A HORRIBLE STORY.

A Little Girl's Account of the Suffering She Endured While Among the Gypsies.

Taken from an Infirmary and for Five Years Subjected to Terrible. Treatment.

Her Escape.

A little less than three months ago the citizens of the little town of Gettysburg, Darke county, O., were horrified by a story told them by a waif calling herself Cora Dobbins, writes a Shelbyville correspondent of The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. The child's story and broke my arm. He had to get a was so horrible as to create the wildest indignation, and but for the fact that she would tell some her name was Cora Dobbins and others Cora Green, this letter would have been written in Ohio, with a detailed account of the manner in which the girl's tormentor nothing-just look here!" continued was mobbed.

An exceedingly pleasant drive of some seven miles, going east on the Michigan road from this place, brings you to the elegant, not to say palaties. farm residence of Mr. Leonard Powell. This gentleman's home is surrounded on the head alone, all of which were with all the wealth and luxary that a successful life brings to the industrious farmer. It is just such a home as all wish for, but few ever secure. The beautiful dwelling, the elegant lawn, the walks, which are bordered with the sweetest flowers, the spacious outbuildings, the herds of fine, sleek kine, with great fields of sweet-scented clover in full bloom, the fields of waving wheat, the songs of the birds-make the scene one worthy of the artist's best endeavors. To this elegant home your correspondent, this morning, wended his way, and there heard one of the saddest, most shocking, and heartrending tales that ever fell from the lips of a mortal.

through the act of pure philanthropy, asylum, four miles south of here, before the child was born. wife. Cora was brought down stairs, and, date to this the girl has been wander- forgotten. ing over the country with this man in all of Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio. The leader of the gypsies was "Sugar" pelat. woman Mary O'Connel. In order to Greenville, O. make her more fully appreciate this purpose alone.

with the other three in her arms made a break for the camp. For permitting the hen to cry out, McVay bound the child hand and foot, bucked and gagged her, then deliberately thrust his pocket-knife into the quivering flesh six times. "This," said the child, placing her finger on the scar on the past five years. her face, "is one of the gashes." Then, pushing back both sleeves, a number of

scars were revealed that made the writer's blood fairly turn cold. Wounds were then disclosed on the lower limbs that were fully four inches long, and so many were they that the flesh had the appearance of being welted and seamed. Mrs. Powell says the body is in the same condition all over.

"See this knot on my elbow?" pointing to a swelling on the right arm; "this is where he hit me with a club doctor then," continued the victim, "but that was the only time he ever did anything to help me. Pointing then to the left elbow, she exhibited another knot that was made by a club, the blow dislocating the elbow, which was "pulled" back by McVey. "Oh, that is the child, as exclamations of horror were made by the scribe. Parting her hair, a healed wound was disclosed that extended two inches across the head. Here Mr. Powell explained that when the child was recently examined by a physician twenty-eight scars were found made by clubs. To show how thick these wounds are, the hair was parted in a half dozen places, each spot showing where the scalp had been broken. As well as the child can remember. two years ago she determined to make her escape, and one day, when she was threatened with a whipping, an opportunity was waited for and a dash made

for liberty. The camp at that time was five miles from Portland, Jay county, Ind., and that town Cora tried to reach. She succeeded, and just as she was beginning to think she was free she was recaptured by an old gypsy woman, who was in town telling fortunes. Being returned to camp she was beaten unmercifully, and, to add horrer to hor-In this beautiful home, taken there | ror, McVey again tied her, stripped the feet of shoes and stockings, and standis now Cora Doolittle, a child only 14 | ing the then almost dead child up in years old, who has suffered all the tor- the wagon, nailed one foot to the wagontures ever inflicted on the bravest hero bed, the nail being driven through the of the days of the inquisition. As she left foot. The incarnate fiend, still not stood before me this morning it was being content, struck her a blow across hard to believe that her story could the instep with the blade of the hatchet, possibly be true, and were it not for the laying the flesh open to the bone, and scars that cover her body, from her then left her in this condition for more very toes to the crown of her head, than an hour. If the scars did not any person would be justified in disbe- carry out this assertion the people would lieving her. The child is bright in the not be asked to be believe it. One day ways of the world, but thoroughly ig- when McVey and the woman O'Connel norant as to books. She is not hand- had separated from the band, they some. neither is she homely, her bright, | went into camp alone, near Richmond, sparkling gray eyes being so quick to this state. As usual. Cora was turned see everything that she is rendered at- out to beg. McVey was sharpening Her hair is blonde, complex- scissors, mending umbrellas, and doing ion fair and ruddy, and her build is such jobs of tinkering as he could sestrong and elastic. In conversation cure. "The woman was "doing the she is adroit, and shows the cunning town," and it so chanced that Cora saw of the people she has lived with so long. her enter a livery stable in company Dressed in a neat, light lawn dress, with two men. Not knowing it would with a pale blue ribbon at the throat, incur the wrath of either, the child told the child was neat, and were it not for | McVey what she had seen, and McVey a horrible scar across the left cheek and in turn raised merry war with the a bullet wound in the forehead she woman. At this moment the three would be considered by some as hand- were in the wagon, and the woman besome. This child's mother was Susan came so incensed that she drew a small Doolittle, a poor, unbefriended woman, revolver from her dress-pocket, and who found her way to the county fired at Cora. The ball struck her plump in the forchead, between the eyes, but by some happy circumstance When the little unfortunate babe was | it did not penetrate the skull, glancing ushered into the world, Mr. Hugh Dob- off and lodging under the skin an inch bins was then superintendent of the in- from where it entered. "See, here is stitution, and he christened the babe the place," said Cora, as she turned Cora, and as she grew up the inmates back her bangs; and, sure enough, generally called her Cora Dobbins. It there was the bullet-hole, the powder was this fact that made her give the in the skin and the scar that was made name of Cora Dobbins at Gettysburg. by the surgeon's knife a short time ago. One evening in 1881, when Henry On one occasion McVey stripped his Spellman was acting as superintendent captive, and after bringing a pan of of the asylum, a man and woman water to a boil dashed it against her walked up to the front door of the lower limbs, scalding them till the flesh place, and, inquiring for Spellman, dropped off in places. At another time asked him if they had a little girl they he tied her to a stake with the intention could get to raise. The stranger gave of burning her to death, but changed his real name, that of John Moberly, his mind, and amused himself by cutand claimed that the woman was his ting off one of her finger-nails. Her hands all over shows where he bit out pieces simply for the sake of making her mother now being dead, she was her appear wretched iwhen she would turned over to Moberly and the woman. | hold them out for alms. The atrocities They walked but a short distance when visited on this helpless child are withthey arrived at a place where they had out parallel in the annals of crime, and left a covered wagon, and into this they to hear her recite her awful experput the child and made off. From that | iences makes an impression never to be Eleven weeks ago to-day, this poor bands of gypsies, her travels including little helpless child was doomed to die at the hands of McVey. How horrible her death might be she could not tell, Stanley, a brother of the gypsy queen, for her sufferings and tortures for five who was buried at Dayton, O., a few years had been such as would have years ago with such great pomp and killed or dethroned the minds of most people. In a moment of desperation As soon as the pair who had Cora in she determined to escape or die in the charge were out of harm's way, then attempt. McVey had discarded his gave her to understand that the man woman, and he and the child were should be called John McVey and the alone near Gettysburg, not far from The moment arrived. McVey was command, McVey took a small club away a short distance, and Cora, like and beat her over the head and arms a frightened deer, sprang away. Supertill she was covered with welts and her natural power was given the helpless clothing soaked with blood. This mode orphan, and she sped away on the of punishment was inflicted so often | wings of the wind. A mile and a half | try one. Puff, Puffthat the child's back is now so covered away was the home of Manuel Miller, with ugly scars that it is impossible to which the girl reached more dead than lay the hand down without covering alive. She was given protection by one or more of them. At the least these good people, and the next day provocation, and without any cause, was taken to a Mr. Julick's, where she McVev would beat her, and as the remained about one week. McVey, durchild was forced to beg along the road ing this time, was skulking around, the more horrible they could make her and in order to mislead h m. Cora was appear the greater her success, so this taken to Alexander Brown's, and then torture was often inflicted for this to Caroline Brown's, in Gettysburg, next to Frank Choate's, and finally On one occasion McVey kicked Cora to Clay Choate's, where she was rein the side, the blow being so heavy ceived by Mr. Powell. Eighteen years that three ribs were broken and the ago, Araham Frissler, grandfather of flesh badly bruised. This developed Cora on her mother's side. died, leavinto a running sore, and, as she said. ing a small amount of money, which "It was so big I could put two fingers this child is heir to. Four years ago in it, and three or four pieces of bone Mr. Powell was made guardian of the came out." No attention was given | child, though it was not known whether her, and during all the terrible suffer- she was dead or alive. He immediateing of this awful wound the child was | ly commenced looking and searching | forced to beg and do camp work. for her, but could gain no clew. When While up in Grant county, this state, the child first told her story in Darke they were in camp near a farm that county, she gave her name as Cora was well stocked with chickens. When Dobbins, and to others as Cora Green, feminine allowance of cowardice its nadir; midday it was in its zenith. tight came on MeVey made Cora go to but she was certain she was carried There was a general shout of derision the hen roost alone to supply them tway from Shelby county. Prosecutor

Tuesday evening Mr. Powell returned from Ohio with the child, and to day there is not a happier person in thi. wide, wide world than Cora Doolittte She will be put in school this fall, and everything possible done to erase from her mind the tortures and sufferings o

Since her escape she has seen McVe once, and that was when she was living at Alexander Brown's The family wa going to a funeral, and McVey ap proached the wagon in which they were at which Cora was made to lin a land. In many countries it has been down. He demanded of Mr. Brown to crystalized on the face of the statutes. know where the child was, and threat ened to whip him if he did not tell Here Cora brightened up, and exclaimed, "Yes, but he couldn't whip Alexander Brown." In regard to he is known as "Three-Fingered Jack," him as being about five feet ten inche high (she judged this by a gentleman English country gentleman. in the room), gray eyes, sandy hair and beard of the same color, which he H. Boycott, who is a member of a good always cuts off in the summer. On family in England, purchased an enone of his forearms is a scar, made by signcy in a "crack" line regiment; he with a woman named Green, and, a was his habit, he spent about two Ireland. He owned no fee-simple estate, dolph county. One day he and his mistress had a quarrel, resulting in throwing her body into the fireplace recaptured and sent to Grant county for trial, and was given four years in the state prison, where he cut his fin gers off to keep from working. He is

thought to be about 35 years oh where he is not known, but in case he ever comes prowling around this see tion of the country he would be mob bed instantly. The entire story is one of real life, and so shocking in all it The people in Darke county who be friended the child can rest assured that she is now happy beyond measure.

Chinese Havanas.

She had left her beloved husband a home to add up his long columns o figures by day and watch the house by night, while in company with Mamma home for the first time since giving he:

to all tourists, commonly known as spread around. His employes left him; up. Then you will get right down to lieve the president shook them down chinatown, where the gentle heathen no one would plow, harrow, reap, or Communism the first jump, instead of from the ceiling as he slammed the with a face the color of an alligator sow for him. Domestic servants fled getting to it in a roundabout way? It skin grip-sack, his shirt outside of hi pants, and a voice that sounds as i some one were filing a saw, is won't to did not prevent approach stronger sell his curious wares, and gambol and frolic up and down the pavement in al his Eastern innocence. Nearly every thing is Chinese; in fact, the display of Chinese goods is so great that Maudie becomes bewildered, but finally he eves fall upon something so natura and homelike that she is led to take : closer look. Yes, indeed, they are, to all appearances, regular cigars o American make, with a sign in the boy the Royal Irish constabulary had been diments yet. Nobody can lend money reading: "Seventy-five cents per hun dred.' Now, the last thing that dear Georgie said after kissing his Maudie good-by fully armed, were settled on the spot. was to go light on the "mun," or in other words to be careful with the mon ey, as there wasn't more than \$50.00 in peared; no good resulted. Once they the house, and it would be hard to borrow, should she need more. Here was life. He drove into Ballinrobe on a a chance that she had been looking for court day. Thousands knew he was to She wanted to make dear Georgie : attend, and thousands surged into the present, and yet, she mustn't spend tor much money. "Oh! Cousin Clarence," said she From this difficulty the gallant forces patient Georgie. Here are some lovely cating themselves and the object of large eigars, and you can get a whole their protection. Beyond this success bundred for seventy-five cents. Do you the career of the forces was only disthink it would please him to receive tinguished by the fact that the men the house our host observed: such a present?' "Well, weally, Maudie, dontche: ducks, geese, and turkeys in the counknow, I cawn't say as to that, for I nev try, and the officers gave at Ballinrobe ah smoked anything stwonger than a a Boycott ball, and the 'captain' was cigarwette, and cou dn't possibly tell : now cursed as being the cause of good eigar, but they surely look nice scarcity of eggs in the country. The and I haven't a doubt that he would be pleased with them.'

CAPT. BOYCOTT.

The Story of His Troubles with His Tenants by One Who Knew Him. In a conversation with a reporter of The Louisville Courier-Journal an Irishman said:

"Boycott? Ah yes, I knew Mr. Boycott. from whom the word had its birth nine or ten years ago. It has been in-"Capt. Boycott, in respect to whom the word originated, is now about 59 years of age. He is five feet nine inches in height, wears a flowing ironand looks what he is-'every inch an

"Some twenty-five years ago, Mr. W. where he fitted up an iron house on the nountain side overhanging the coast. alike. He kept a string of horses, he as poor Whyte Mellville wrote:

> "A good one to follow, A rum'un to beat.

ed near the town of Ballinrobe. There he had but few tenants. He raised green crops, artificial grasses and want to lose, loaning money, and roots, and employed many laborers. it has got to have the same With these he was strict and exacting safeguard as the private individuals. as to their observance of the rules he It is hardly expected that the governdetails as to make it seem impossible laid down for them. Fines were im- ment is going to give out money to a posed on them by him for leaving man who simply admits that he is honspades, shovels, or other agricultural implements in places other than those may think he will, but when the time designated. For disturbing stock or comes he may find it impossible. In for leaving gates open fines were asof their wages by the captain.

"At this period the people's minds

public papers that he would still be seen occasionally in the Green isle, as he intended to keep some racers at the Currah of Kildare.

A New Money Scheme.

The proposition of the Knights of Labor, to congress, to have government loan offices established, where all the people can borrow money, is a good grafted on many a language, in many thing and should be adopted. They want national and private banks abolished, and the government loan offices. presided over by an official appointed by the president, do all the business now done by the banks, loaning money at a regular rate of interest. This plan seems one that would fill a want long McVey's real name, the girl thinks it grey beard, has long. aristocratic felt. As it is now, a man who goes to is John Moberly. Among the gypsie features, and the carriage and bearing the bank to borrow money has to conof a retired British army officer. He vince the banker that he is all right, from the fact that the first two finger .s browned and hardened by weather has property, and will pay. If he has of his right hand are off. She describe exposure, exercise, and by field sports, no property except his word, he has to get some one who has property to sign a note with him, and who has got to pay, if the borrower does not. If a man has no real estate, and has personal property, he can raise money on it by giving a cut-throat chattel mortgage on the a knife. It seems that he is an Indiani subsequently became a lieutenant, mar- same, at a high rate of interest, with a product. Years ago he was living ried, and left the service. He settled chance that he will lose the property down to stock-raising in the west of mortgaged, if he does not watch out pretty close. The other method is to months of the winter on a farm be but rented several tracts of land. For a take something to a pawnbroker and tween Ridgeville and Farmland in Ru while he resided on the island of Achill, raise money on it, and apend the money and lose the article pawned. The new scheme will make the government the McVey knocking her on the head and He was popular with squire and peasant banker, the chattel mortgage shark and the pawnbroker, all combined. Then She did not die, and McVey being ar was a good man up himself in a welter the millenium will have come, because rested he was taken to Winchester race, was a crack shot, rode to hounds it has got to be understood that all the where he escaped from jail. He wa like a Galway man, and was in the field people are to be given money when they ask for it, whether they have any collateral to put up or not, for if they have to give security, the government "Later he left Achill island and rent- cannot be a more generous banker or pawnbroker than private individuals. Certainly the government does not est, and will pay some day. The man

injuring fences by taking short cuts or such case who would lose? It may be said the government should lose, and sessed on the laborers and stopped out make it up by taxing the people, and divide the money pro rata? If the new scheme works, only the poor will be were in a state of excessive tension by borrowers, and when the government and dear cousin Clarence she was do electioneering excitement and by con- loses, and the loss is made up by taxaing California with all the vim of ; tinuous evictions (not of Boycott), and tion, the poor who have nothing, of young married woman who has lef the wrath, long pent up, burst from course, can't pay any tax, and so the every man, woman, and chili in Mayo rich will have to pay it. Then why down on Lough Mask hous . His ser- not, instead of beating around the bush. hand in marriage to gentle, confiding vants, their relatives, their triends, his by borrowing of the government, and laborers, and small tenants all combin- failing to pay, and having it made up shoulder. How these specks accumulat-At this particular moment they were ed. Swift as lightning the feeling by taxation, just assess those who ed your correspondent was unable to disin that part of San Francisco, so deal against the captain, as he was dubbed, have money, on the start, and divide it cover, but he has good reasons to be-

have some foundation of value. It

THE TWO REPORTERS,

The Reader Must Decide Which One Got a Permanent Engagement.

Once upon a time, says The Washington Critic, two reporters, seeking a position on a great morning newspaper, with the largest circulation in the world, as the affidavits of the business manager and office boy would testify, were sent by the managing editor to a distant and lonesome resort where the president was enjoying his honeymoon, in order that they might send back competitive reports, whereby their respective merits might be determined upon and the place given to the more worthy. They arrived at the place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 3 they saw the president emerge from his cottage, walk down to a little bridge, and return. After that nothing more was seen of him or his bride, nor could any information be obtained. At midnight they handed their respective reports to the telegraph operator, and this is what the managing editor received from the first man:

"The president took a short walk to the little bridge near the cottage and returned. He has not been out of the house since. All screne.'

This is what the other man sent:

"As the god of day sank behind the impending summits of the Alleghanies this afternoon, the newly created Benedict emerged from the beautiful cottage in which he and his bride are passing their blissful honeymoon for a short stroll. He pulled the door of the cottage shut with his right hand, while in his left he carried a stick. This stick was three feet long and of rustic pattern. It had been cut in the mountains near the 'executive mansion,' and was still in its rough state, although slightly whittled round at the hand end. It was cut at 2:30 this afternoon. The president took three steps and a half across the plazza, and the half step off the edge to the steps leading to the ground. He wore a Prince Albert coat, dark pants, low-ent shoes, and a silk hat. As he reached the walk in front of the house, it was noticed that there was a wrinkle in the president's pants at each knee, and a small piece of string clung delusively to his left trouser leg. There were also five new and inexperienced wrinkles in the narrative of his Prince Albert, and the conclusion instantly forced itself upon your correspondent's mind that the president, in the excitement of the moment, had sat down on his coat-tails. One button also gave indications of being loose, and there were four well-defined specks of dust on the collar a little northwest of the seam running across from the

door in coming out of the cottage. He

walked slowly down the path in a di-

rection leading to the point which he de-

sired to reach, and a faint smile was

seen playing over his features. This

smile was encored five times during the

president's walk. His right shoestring

hung down a half inch lower than his

left shoestring, but he did not stop to

change his toilet. His shoes were made

in New York and shipped to Washing-

ton by express four week before the

feet. When he reached the bridge he

stopped an instant, then, setting his

right foot back of his left he slowly

turned around and retraced his steps.

He look up into the clear sky on four

distinct occasions, but did not see any-

thing there, because a careful examina-

tion by your correspondent developed

the fact that there was nothing to see.

He wore a white shirt and a white col-

lar, and his necktie was black and tied

in a simple, plain bow-knot, with the

Six weeks are supposed to have self in his church standing on a fourelapsed.

Maudie has returned, and she and Georgie are seated in their room talk ing it over.

"Oh, by the by, Georgie dear, have something for you," said Maudie Mr. Gladstone. He gave an oracular and she brings out the Chinese Ha reply. The Carlton club endeavored vanas.

Then follows an intermission of two cott to prop up his falling fortunes. minutes in which they take turns ir It was said by the local paper he was kissing each other, after which Georgie to leave Ireland. says: "How kind of you, Maudie, te think of me. I was just wishing for : construct a railroad between the town cigar, and presto! I have a box. Ah of Tham and Ballinrobe. It would hand me the box, darling, and I will have been useful. The government would have lent the money at a low

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the last, a little over fourteen years. During this time dear Georgie has been was conditioned if the line did not pay paralyzed and unable to leave his bed | the low interest to the government that but thanks to a friend who had beer the country districts should bear the there he was induced to try a bottle o deficit. High evicting landlords sat B-'s faith cure, and now with the help where it was to be debated 'whether the of one crutch and a cane, he is able to attend to business .- Peck's Sun.

Afraid of Nothing.

How wonderful and adaptive are the comprehensive language! A young gentleman, extolling the bravery of : friend attached to Gen. Crook's com mand, finished with: "That fellow is absolutely afraid of nothing."

"My case exactly" said a young lady present-one by the way, noted among her friends for more than the usua

"You! why you'd be scared at :

the house. Any one who approached may be said that the government can the place was warned, and if warning make the money, and loan it to the people. Yes, but that money has got to measures procured obedience.

"In Ballinrobe, a town of two thoumust be based on gold or silver in possand inhabitants, in the open day, a session of the government, or the powman was severely beaten because it was er of taxation. But condemn the finanreported that he had been seen saluting cial question, anyway. The Knights of a coachman who had not obeyed the Labor think they know what they want, order to quit the obnoxious service. but the ablest men in the world have 'Capt.' Boycott and his wife were on studied the question of finance until the verge of starvation; their flocks and they are gray, and bald, and blind and wedding day, and they did not hurt his crops were useless to them. Fifty of deaf, and they have not learned the ruset as a guard on the house to keep the successfully without getting a fair interfamily safe.

have to carry himself to the grave.

"Four years since it was proposed to

and hatred ran high against those who

sacrificed the public interest to their

private ends. That morning saw the

social reputation of 'Capt.' Boycott at

est, and the principal back, and a government can't, certainly. The best "Later on one hundred policemen, way is to patronize the regular old-fashfifty dragoons and a company of infanioned bank, or pawnbroker, until you try camped around. No enemy apmake enough to run a bank or pawnshop yourself, and then you can sock it succeeded in saving 'Capt.' Boycott's to somebody else.-Peck's Sun.

A Struggle for Principle.

A rainy day had housed us up in the narrow street and endeavored to crush cabin of a Tenneseean, and about 9 in on him and squeeze him to death. o'clock in the morning a man who was "just see what I have found for dear. of the crown barely succeeded in extri- addressed by our host as Uncle Billy came riding up through the steady pour on a mule. The animal was placed in the stable and as the two men entered

stole and ate up all the hens, chickens, "Well, Uncle Billy, how'll you trade mules?'

"Oh, 'bout three dollars tew boot," was the answer.

They returned to the stables and talked until noon. Then we had dinostracism was awful. Its organization ner, and they talked until 4 o'clock. was perfect. The pious Roman Catho-The rain let up a bit then and we went lie who disobeyed a warning found himout to see a cave, leaving them talking mule. We returned at 6 and they foot square desert island. surrounded were still at it. We had supper, and by a seething sea. A funeral stopped the interrupted conversation was reif he went to it. If he die I he would sumed and kept up until 9 o'clock. We went off to bed with Unele Billy saving: "The matter was brought before "Tell ve what I'll dew. I'll trade fur three dollars tew boot."

It thundered about midnight, and by a testimonial raised for Capt. Boywoke up and heard that mule talk still going. At 6 o'clock I got up. Uncle Billy was just riding away. "Well, how did you come out?"

asked of our host. "Beat him down to two dollars and

three bits," he replied. "So you saved two shillings?"

"Exactly, though I wasn't working Another lapse, somewhat longer than rate of interest. Great distress prevail-ed, and the expenduture of the money for that. It was the principle of the thing which I looked at."—Detroit Free in employment was much desired. It Press.

The Ruling Passion.

Dr. Swan relates a very sad case of the ruling passion strong in death. Doctors, of course, see a vast variety 'ine should be made or not.' Some of human nature, and especially its good men sat on the investigation. Votes were taken. The majority of weak sides. This is a touching story of a young and fair girl leaving the the voters were apprehensive that some small taxation might follow the con- bright world while the dew of life was in my county." struction of the line. 'Capt.' Boycott, still laying on its morning glories. You twists and kinks of our varied and although he would have been liable to can imagine the sadness of the scenepossible taxation, voted for the con- the growing certainty of the end, the struction of the railroad for the compassing beauty of the world, the bright mon good, and the line was thrown vision of all the happiness and the joy, the heavy shadow hanging over all. "Great was the rage of every class,

"It is hopeless," said the gentle doctor; "you cannot live." "And must I die?" she asked. "You cannot live."

"Tell me, doctor, one thing before 1

"From that day Boycott has been one "What is it?"

g0.

ends resting on the lapels of his coat in a confiding manner. He noticed the white thread on his left trouser leg just as he reach the cottage steps, and, bending down carefully, he removed it and threw it into the grass near the path. Your correspondent afterward picked it up, and it was found to be a cotton raveling off of a towel or napkin, and was an inch and a half long, with a small knot in one end of it. The president gave a short cough as he went up the steps into the

hese two reports, and taking out his writing materials indicted two letters to the reporters. One of these said: "Your services are not wanted." We leave the reader to decide which reporter received this letter.

A Point of Excellence.

Two citizens of Northern Dakota were discussing the merits of the counties in which they resided. One said: "We have always raised more wheat "Yes."

"We have larger towns and a better class of business men." "Yes, that's so."

"In fact I think my county has always been ahead of yours in everything."

"No sir, we once beat you in an important point."

"What was it?" "When our County Treasurers left on the usual excursion ours took \$5,000

more than yours, and though they both

cottage. His hair as it showed under his hat was smooth, with the exception of one hair, which straggled somewhat, and there was one loose whisker in his mustache. His color was good, and his step was as steady as a soldier's. As he reached the biazza a fly lit on his nose. It was only an ordinary house fly, and the president, after one or two ineffectual muscular contractions, raised his right hand and brushed the thoughtless intruder away. It flew off in a northeasterly direction, and lit on the railing of the piazza, where it carefully brushed its wings with its rear limbs, as flies are wont to do. At exactly 3:041 o'clock the president opened the door of the cottage with his left hand, stepped over the threshold, and lisappeared within the cottage. The managing editor carefally read

Does the hair change color after started at the same time ours struck of the most popular men as a sportswith fresh meat. Forced to obey, she Elliott and Sheriff Thomas Lickladder, mouse!" man and country gentleman in the west | death?" the Canadian line over two hours "Well," was her calm reply, "didn' started, and on arriving at the place of Greenville, followed this clew, came of Ireland. Six weeks since he obtain- "No." ahead.-Estellinc Bell. captured four hens. As she started here, and on examining the records | I say so? A mouse is, at least, some away one of the hens sqaalled so lust-ily that McVey heard it, and the child, ily that McVey heard it, and the child, ed a valuable appointment in England "Then I die happy; I'll look as well fully terrorized, dropped one hen and child was Mr. Powell's ward. On last Franciscan. scaports, or floating bomb proofa but it was hopefully expressed in the Chronicle.

out.