ROCK ON ELMWOOD HILL.

An Irish-American Romance, Written for This Paper.

BY WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Do you know me, Micky Begg?" she hissed through her blackened teeth. "Do you know me, I say?"

"Indeed, I do. I've often heard of you. You are the——"

"The Witch, they call me," she shrieked; "but I'm the mother of Elmwood Rocks, and friend of all who seek my aid."

"Ho, ho! ha, ha!" and the little fairyman shook with laughter. "Let's take a drink, Micky."

Now, Micky was never known to refuse a drink, so he pulled his "caubeen" off his puzzled head and replied: "Drink, is it? Indade I will. Here's long life to you," and he took a long pull from a cup tendered him by the old woman. His companion, the fairy man, took a drink with him, and danced a jig around the glasses on the table.

"I never remember seeing the shebeen before," said Micky, "and I have traveled this road before."

"You never traveled it at night before, did you, my lad?" inquired the old woman, as she put on a little pointed hat, and, taking a broomstick from a corner, came over to the astounded Micky.

"Don't you want a ride, my man?" said she.

"You're a quare lot," said Micky; "can I light me pipe?"

"Of course you can. Let me help you," said the fairy man as he filled the pipe, jumping in and out of Micky's pocket, each time bringing a handful of loose tobacco dust that had collected in Micky's coat. The pipe being filled the old lady plucked out one of her gray hairs and striking it against the handle of the broom, it sputtered into a blue flame, from which Micky lighted his pipe.

"Smoke away, me boy, we have a long ride. I'll show you many a strange sight this night. Now, mount at once. Come quick, it's just midnight."

Micky straddled the broomstick. A clap like thunder succeeded this movement, the cabin disappeared in a twinkling and Micky found himself sailing among the clouds, riding on the broom, with the witch for his companion. It was a lovely moonlight night, clear as azure, and still they went sailing along. The moon, like a silver canoe, seemed sailing with them in the clear sea of blue. Micky could hardly hold on to his frail carriage and commenced to tremble.

"Never fear, my boy," said the witch, "You'll never fall, unless you mention the name of one of your so-called Blessed Trinity that the priest teaches you to believe in. Remember that if you, by any chance, should so far forget yourself or me, your guide, as to speak the name of either of your 'Three in One,' that moment you'll fall to the ground."

"No fear, auld lady; I'll hould on till my fingers crack."

They were now fast approaching a large park, or woodland, and Micky looked down on the distance below him, while his hair streamed out in the night air, for they were traveling like lightning.

"Do you see that park below there in the distance?" said the old crone.

"I do, ma'am," said Micky, in his politest tone.

"Well, I'll show you a sight that will interest you."

They were now over Ireland, and near a large castle-fashioned building. Lights streamed from its many windows; long rows of carriages, with liveried servants, stood at the great hall entrance, awaiting the breaking up of the ball; the porch was crowded with fair ladies and fine gentlemen, the latter assisting the former to put on their wraps and shawls.

"Look down," said the witch to Micky. "They are going home now; the revelry is over; they are laughing and chattering over the grand success of the affair. The handsome young fellow in the hussar uniform is the lord of the manor; but see, his eyes are red with drinking, and as he bids his guests good-night can hardly stand straight on his legs. He is a wild spendthrift, cruel and heartless. You see the lady with the pretty pale face at his side. Her sad and careworn features tell the story—she is his wife. See, they are putting out the lights; the guests have all departed."

Hovering over the castle Micky and the witch sailed again downward.

"I'll show you the inside of the castle now."

The roof rose from the building, revealing a superbly furnished suite of apartments. The pretty pale hostess was seated in a large chair, her face buried in her hands. She was weeping. The young lord, with hair disheveled and eyes aflame with anger, was standing near.

"I'm tired of your whining," said he. "Your conduct to-night gave evidence of your low origin. You disgrace me, you pauper."

"Oh, spare me, Algeron," cried the poor lady. "I've always done my best to please you, but you are so cruel when you drink."

"Drink!" cried he in a rage. "Drink! 'Tis my only refuge from the remembrance of my alliance with you—a fraud, a cheat, a nobody. Why don't you die?"

"Micky," said the Witch, "keep quiet," for Micky's anger was getting the best of him and he wanted to get down and kick his lordship for his cruelty to the pretty lady.

"Do you see her face, Micky?" said the crone. "Did you ever see it before?"

"Oh, murder!" cried Micky, as he got a good view of the lady's sweet face, "it's our Nora!"

"Yes, your child Nora. That will be her fate if she marries above her station. Come away."

Whiz! Whiz! Away they flew now, over a great expanse of water, dotted here and there with vessels of all shapes and sizes, steamers crossing east and west, while long black threads appeared here and there at the lowest depths of the great body of water.

"We are over the Atlantic Ocean, Micky. Those black strings you see are the cables that carry thoughts between the continents. Do you see that land beyond? That is America. A great country, my boy."

"Yes," said Micky; "and wid——" He was going to say God's blessing, but remembering the admonition given him by the witch not to mention the Deity, he added: "With good luck I'll never lave it nor let Nora."

They had now reached the coast, fringed with great cities. The electric lights, steaming lines of railroad cars, screeching of locomotives running from point to point, and the crowded thoroughfares of many towns, filled poor Micky with wonder.

"Phew!" but we are speeding along," said Micky.

"Yes, darlin'," said the Witch. "We're going to the West, the farm lands and prairies. See that pretty white house below, set in the midst of a garden of flowers? I'll lift the roof for ye, that you may see the inside of it."

On they went, till they hovered over the landscape in the moonlight.

"Look, Micky. Tell me what you see?" and the roof was suddenly lifted.

A pretty little housewife sat by the fireside with a curly-headed boy on her knee. The surroundings of the home gave token of peace and plenty.

"Listen, Micky," said the Witch.

"Do you know what day this is?" inquired the wife, as her pretty face shone with the joy that filled her soul, as her husband entered.

That husband was Donnell O'Rourke.

"Yes, my darling," replied the man. "To-night is the third anniversary of our marriage. To-night, three years ago, you gave me your heart and hand, dear Nora."

"Nora?" said Micky. "Yes, it is my Nora. Oh, how she has grown; and so pretty, too. I'd like to kiss the baby."

"Ha, ha; he, he!" piped the witch. "Ye like the picture, do you? She's happy in this condition, isn't she? Here's where the true happiness awaits her. Keep her, Micky. Don't let the drunken lordling have her. Don't give her away to Lady Maud. Don't give her——"

"Look," said Micky, "the couple are kneeling in prayer."

As the words, "Our Father, who art in heaven," fell from the father's lips, the roof was lowered upon the scene, and Micky and his weird companion were again on the wing.

The prairies were crossed again, and before a second had elapsed Micky and his weird conductor were flying over his cabin on the rock of Elmwood.

"Let's look inside," she said.

Up went the roof, showing Oonah in her bed. She he'd Nora tight in her arms. Poor Oonah had been crying, for her eyes were red from weeping while on Nora's long lashes tears sparkled radiantly on each point like diamonds in a coronet. They were sleeping the sleep of innocence and peace. Nora stirred for a moment, and sneezed as if the roofless cabin chilled her.

"God bless us," said Micky, as was his habit when he heard any one sneeze.

Bang! whir! whiz! the roof went down and Micky felt himself whirling in space. With a thump he fell to the ground. He had dreamed as he lay asleep on a rock, and at the climax of his vision had rolled off. The stars were out and he was sobered enough to see, by the position of the moon, that it was about midnight.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAGEDY ON THE ROCK.

Twelve strokes on the bell in Mrs. Skelly's clock announced that the minute-hand had again overtaken the hour-hand. The Skellys lived in a hut at the base of the rock on Elmwood Hill, and in their eyes the Beggs and the O'Rourkes, on their social and their physical altitude, were always objects of prying interest.

"Midnight, an' Lord rest me tired eyes," said Mrs. Skelly, as she stopped peeping out through her keyhole with her right eye and began with her left. "It's me belafe that Oi'll be a squinter the rest av me loife, after this night's watchin'."

"Then come to bed, ye ould boshuk," cried Mr. Skelly, "an' rest both yer eyes an' tongue."

"Whist, now, ye buckanu," she said in a whisper; "Dolf Begg is goin' up the stairs, an' that's what Oi've been waitin' for."

He opened the door of the Begg residence with a defiant wrench at the knob, and entered. Mrs. Skelly's door came simultaneously ajar, and her head was thrust out. Her eyes were both wide open, and her ears would have been dilated, too, if she could have had her way. By going up to the top of the stairway and listening cautiously she could hear the mingled voices of Dolf and Mrs. Begg, but could not understand their words, except when Dolf said; "I'll have it now or I'll have your life." This was followed by gasps and moans from Mrs. Begg, and those by a minute or two of silence. Then Mrs. Skelly heard Dolf's hand on the knob, but he did not turn it quickly as on entering, and she had time to retreat down the stairs, to retire into her hut, to reduce the opening of her own door to a mere crack, through which she saw him come down. The color of his face had changed from red to white, bravado had given place to terror, and the heavy soles of his boots had become velvet. He thrust a bunch of bank notes into his breast pocket, and glanced this way and that in trepidation. He instinctively turned from the gaslight of a street lamp, as he passed close by Mrs. Skelly's door, and in doing so looked into a window pane, which, having darkness on its other side, reflected him like a mirror. Perhaps the uneven glass distorted his features; perhaps a true image was so different from his usual self that in his dismay he did not recognize it; certainly he recalled from it, and glided out of Mrs. Skelly's sight like a frightened apparition, properly disappearing downward.

Mrs. Skelly did not stir until her husband called to her again to come to bed. Then she tremblingly shut the door and down she speechless in a chair. It was a full minute before she found voice to say:

"I do believe there's bloody murther in Begga'. Lastewise, Dolf's gone wid the money. Get up and go for the police."

Skelly would not move. He commanded her with much distinctness and repetition to lock the door and mind her own business of going to sleep. She resolutely put on her bonnet and shawl and started for the nearest police station, where she did her errand so wildly that five minutes of questioning was done before any sort of understanding could be obtained of what she had seen and heard.

Having at length ascertained that a robbery had probably been committed, the police captain obtained from Mrs. Skelly the name of Dolf Begg. No description of him was necessary, for several of the officers in reserve knew him as one of the precinct's foremost rowdies, and they were sent out to catch him. The Captain and a detective went to the house with Mrs. Skelly and rapped at the Beggs' door. There was no response, and the officials opened it. Mrs. Begg was dead. Her body lay on the bed, contorted as by a dying struggle, and on her neck were the marks that Dolf's hand had made in choking her.

"It's murder," said the Captain to the detective. "Hurry to the station and send out an alarm. Be quick!"

Micky Begg returned at this juncture. He encountered the announcement of his wife's death from the detective at the rock. He was dumfounded when they said she had been murdered, and when they added that Dolf was the murderer he cried:

"No, no; Dolf couldn't have done it!"

But a moment later, while he was kissing her lifeless face, two officers led Dolf in. He had been caught within an hour's more abject wretch never heard himself accused of a crime.

"Did you find the money?" the Captain asked of the officers.

"He had it in his pocket," was the reply.

The prisoner was taken away, and the police remained in possession of the premises.

It was not until morning that Nora, returning home from an overnight visit to a girl friend, knew what had happened in the humble household. Donnell had no success in his efforts to comfort her, but she clung to him in her grief, and their declarations of mutual love were quite naturally a part of his tenders of sympathy and her outbreaks of emotion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DECEPTION OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The prosecution of Dolf took the regular course unhindered. He was committed by a coroner's jury, indicted by a grand jury, and tried by an oyer and terminer jury. Counsel for the prisoner had a shadow of a doubt of the prisoner's guilt. His first attempt to steal his mother's money; his return, as witnessed by Mrs. Skelly, and the sounds of his struggle with the helpless woman, followed by his flight with the money; his quick arrest with the roll of notes still in his pocket—all make this proof positive. The $100 and more was spent in his defense. His father was assisted by the O'Rourkes, father and son. The two families now lived in adjoining tenements, for the rock on Elmwood Hill was being blasted away.

"But 'tisn't any use, Nora," the fellow said to his sister, in one of his few soft moments. "I've got to swing for it, and you might as well save the money. I killed her, though I didn't mean to take her life—only the cash, but the lawyers say the lack of intention doesn't make any difference, so long as I was committing a robbery. Yes, I'm sure for the gallows."

Nora hugged him nevertheless, and declared excitedly that they shouldn't convict him. Phelim O'Rourke was still more demonstrative. He devoted himself to wild and wholly ineffective efforts in the young man's behalf. Poor Nora was broken-hearted, and Donnell, the one reasonable person in the afflicted party, was unable to afford any hope. He listened sadly to his sweetheart's faint expectation that Dolf's jurors would disagree. But they did, of course, and no verdict of murder in the first degree was ever more unhesitatingly given. The sentence of death came next, and all this was accomplished within three months after the homicide. Mr. Nannery, the senior counsel for the prisoner, received a call at his office next day from Phelim O'Rourke. The old man's face had new wrinkles, his form was bowed, his eyes were restless, and his language disconnected.

"Sit down," said the lawyer, kindly.

O'Rourke took off his hat, and let himself drop into a chair in a way that indicated no care for bodily ease.

"Can anything more be done for Dolf?" he asked.

Mr. Nannery shook his head.

"Will you read to me once more the legal definition of murder in the first degree?"

The lawyer read the statute, which declared the premeditated and intentional killing of life, except when done justifiably in self-defense, to be murder in the first degree; also, the provision which rendered the intention and premeditation unnecessary elements in case the assailant was at the time committing a robbery.

"Then I understand," O'Rourke continued, "that there is no possible hope of saving Dolf?"

"Not the slightest. The case was utterly hopeless from the first."

"Suppose there had been no robbery. Are there no conceivable circumstances under which the deliberate killing of Mrs. Begg, powerless as she was, would have been justifiable under the law?"

"No."

"You are certain of that?"

"Certain."

On the day before the one set for the hanging of Dolf Mr. Nannery entered the Supreme Court chambers with more bustle than was usual with him, and elbowed his way impolitely to the front row of lawyers, all of whom were anxious to be heard first by the Judge.

"If your Honor pleases," he began, "I have——"

"I think Mr. Fitch is before you, Mr. Nannery," said the Judge.

"I am sure your Honor and Brother Fitch will excuse me," the perturbed lawyer rejoined, "if I am persistent. I wish to move for a stay of proceedings in the case of Dolf Begga, who is under sentence to be hanged to-morrow."

Everybody was instantly interested and willing to give him precedence.

"The circumstances are peculiar," he continued, with a strong effort to assume his accustomed dignity of demeanor. "I need have no hesitation now in saying that I believed the prisoner guilty, and did not anticipate any interference with the infliction of the penalty. Half an hour ago I received a letter from one Phelim O'Rourke, and, with your Honor's permission, I will read it."

Mr. Nannery had some difficulty in keeping his hands from trembling while he unfolded some sheets of paper. He read as follows from a document on which, manifestly, the learned Irishman had spent much care, in spite of the mental excitement which must have attended its composition:

DEAR MR. NANNERY: In this letter I give you the means of saving Dolf from the gallows. In order to do so I must confess to you that on the evening of Mrs. Begg's death I attended a meeting of the Kosmic Club, which was an association of persons for the discussion of social science. It was the last gathering we were likely to have, for all except myself were to quit the city in a few days. Some of them, however, can be brought back to testify as to the paper which I read on that occasion. I send you the manuscript with this letter. You will find it embodies my belief that, in the interests of humanity, the law should provide for the killing of such persons as are hopelessly ill, and for whom, by reason of physical suffering, the remainder of life is a curse. I advise no one to kill himself in agony. I outlined a plan by which, on the application of the invalid, an examination should be made by three physicians with a view to ascertaining beyond a doubt whether or not recovery was possible. If they reported that the case was hopeless, a properly constituted authority should, at discretion, order that death be produced in some painless manner. You will find that my arguments are very full and carefully considered; but the gist of them was that the endurance of such useless suffering would be prevented; that a powerful incentive to suicide would be removed, and that it was the implacable fight of every hopeless invalid to die at will. I went further, and held that an extreme degree of mental distress resulting from great sorrows that could never be assuaged, ought to legally entitle a person to the relief of death. My paper, as I remember, took the surprise of my companions. They thought, perhaps, that it was only a vagary; but in fact, it was an expression of a conclusion I had arrived at by long and awful experiences of my neighbor, Mrs. Begg, and an elaboration of an idea which I had previously broached in the club's meetings.

On getting home, I learned that Dolf Begg had attempted to rob his mother. The witnessing of so much misery made me pity her keenly. Then she told me of the physician's assurance that he could not by any possibility recover, which I had long known, and of his opinion that she might live in constant torture six months longer. Knowing how sincerely she longed for the rest of the grave, I felt that it was cruel that she was compelled to keep on living. I did not believe that she would commit suicide. Next evening, as her husband was away, and her daughter, Nora, was out, I was request to get a medical vial filled. On my way through the streets I meditated on the poor creature's case in the light of my paper on the legal extinction of life for incurable ills and could not help regarding such a measure as truly humane. But I had no thought of a practical demonstration until I came to the drug store.

Alongside the building stood carboys of acid—a dark, oily fluid, for there seemed too inflammable for storage inside. Each was marked in large letters, and the words "Hydrocyanic Acid" caught my eye. I knew this was a poison so deadly that it killed instantly, and left no trace behind to reveal the cause of death. Here was born the idea of mercifully murdering Mrs. Begg. I hastened away in dismay at it, but within a quarter of an hour I was there again, wistfully looking at the carboy. My repugnance was giving way to reason. The store had been closed for the night. So, as I pulled the bell, I caused the clerk to fill my vial with medicine. My hand was on the knob. Why not obtain some of the poison instead and use it? The druggist readily facilitated me in the belief that hydrocyanic acid could not ordinarily be bought, owing to its dangerous qualities, and was sold only for certain purposes of manufacture. Here was the opportunity to obtain some, and without palpating myself. I waited until midnight, when the street was deserted. Then with a heavy stone I broke off the protruding glass top of the carboy, being careful to keep away from the fume which arose from the opening. Nobody heard the crash, and, after watching awhile from a safe distance, I returned to my room, and, with a spoon covered it into the perilous liquid, drew it out half full, set it on the sidewalk, stuck in the cork, wiped the acid from the outside with a paper, and put it into my pocket. The druggist will, of course, recollect breaking the broken carboy in the morning. I went home without having fully resolved, after all, to use the poison.

When I entered the room in which the poor woman lay she was writhing piteously, but was unconscious. Dolf had just decamped after choking her and getting the money from under the pillow, and Mrs. Skelly had gone for the police. I knew all these facts, and supposed she was having one of her common attacks. Her writhings decided me. I would release her spirit from the body which held it in such awful duress. I dipped some of the acid from the vial into her mouth. The effect was instantaneous. She died with scarcely another motion. Unable to endure the sight of what I had done, I stole out of the house. Nobody saw me enter or depart. But I soon realized that it would not do to stay away. I compelled myself to return. Then I opened the door of my tenement with a mine and in a way to convince even Dolf himself that he was a murderer. The marks of his brutal assault were on her throat, and the physicians found other evidences of strangulation, but the vial up, which killed her left nothing to show that it had been used.

You are aware, my dear Mr. Nannery, of my efforts to save Dolf from conviction, and how they failed. No suspicion rests on me, and I could safely let him be hanged, but I must not do it. The revelation which this letter makes will, of course, send me to the gallows, and he may emerge from State prison, where I suppose his crime of robbery will send him, a reformed man. As for me, I am convinced that my act was justifiable in the first degree, according to the law of the State, but I as firmly believe that, at the tribunal where I shall go to be judged, it will bring me reward instead of punishment. Yours respectfully,

PHELIM O'ROURKE.

"Under such circumstances, your Honor," said Mr. Nannery, "I ask for a stay of proceedings in the case of my client."

"Your motion is granted," the Judge replied; "but there is another matter equally pressing. Phelim O'Rourke must be arrested.

"If he is alive," the lawyer interposed.

"But he was dead. Suicide had immediately followed the dispatch of the confession.

The dream of Micky Begg was so nearly realized in the better times after these tragic occurrences that he could not quite rid himself of the belief that he had really soared with a witch. Dolf Begg went to prison for a term of years instead of being hanged. Donnell and his mother were not less bereaved by the death of their father and husband than were Nora and her father. The shadow of crime was over them all, and, although they were themselves blameless, they wished to live elsewhere than in the city of the dreadful scenes through which they had passed. So Donnell and Nora, rendered forlorn by their sad sorrows, were soon married. With their parents they removed to a Western town, where the name of Donnell O'Rourke is already that of a promising lawyer, and where, in a happy home, the sight of Nora as the contented wife of a good husband can be had without any witch's help.

[THE END.]

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LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

WORK OF THE STATE SOLONS AT THE CAPITAL.

Record of One Week's Business—Measures Presented, Considered and Passed—What Our Public Servants Are Doing.—In and Around Legislative Halls.

The Law-Makers.

But little business beyond the introduction of many bills was transacted by either House or Senate Tuesday. The apportionment was the all-absorbing topic, and the matter will come up in tangible form within a few days. The Senate committees were announced all filled. A bill proposing to abolish the state Board of Equalization was introduced. A joint resolution from the House was concurred in by the Senate providing that a joint committee of seven be appointed to investigate the needs of the Appellate Court of the First District. A joint resolution adopted by the House was also concurred in providing for the printing of 10,000 copies of Gov. Altgeld's inaugural message.

Immediately after the reading of the House Journal Wednesday morning a message was received from the Senate by its secretary reporting that the Senate had concurred with the House in joint resolutions providing that a joint committee be appointed to investigate the needs of the Appellate Court of the Chicago district, and providing for the printing of 10,000 copies of Governor Altgeld's inaugural message. Representative Nolin presented a letter from the Civic Federation Society of Rockford, protesting against the House resolution relating to the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday. The petition was referred to the committee on the appointment of a State board of hard road commissioners, and providing the manner in which the roads shall be built and paid for. A resolution presented by Mr. Carlstrom requesting the clerk to have the synopsis of House bills printed once a week for the benefit of the members, was adopted. After introduction of bills, Mr. Hesing was called to the chair to make an appropriation to pay the expenses of the Thirty-eighth General Assembly, and the bill was read and ordered engrossed for a third reading. He also had read a second time the House bill which provides for the incidental expenses and for the care and custody of the State House and grounds. The Senate adopted a resolution covering the opening of the World's Fair Sundays; also a resolution deploring the death of ex-President Hayes, and in respect adjourned.

Immediately after the reading of the journal in the House Thursday the committee list was read and adopted. The Lieutenant Governor announced the appointment of Senators Noonan, Mahoney, and Chapman as members of the joint committee to investigate the "sweating" shops, and Senators Johnson, O'Malley, and Sheridan as members of the joint committee to investigate the needs of the Appellate Court of the Chicago district. The usual resolutions grouping the committees and providing for their clerks and janitors were adopted. Senator Mahoney, from the judicial committee, reported back without recommendation Gov. Pifer's unconfirmed nominations of Chicago Park Commissioners. No action was taken. In the House, Representative Muir presented resolutions on the death of ex-President Hayes, which were adopted by a rising vote. The resolution of the Senatorial apportionment committee asking an opinion of the Attorney General on the Senatorial apportionment question was adopted. The joint World's Fair resolution adopted in the Senate was referred to the Committee on World's Columbian Exposition. Speaker Crafts announced the appointment of the standing committees of the House.

ORDER OF THE GARTER.

The Most Illustrious Order of Knighthood in Existence.

The Order of the Garter was founded in 1350 by Edward III. of England. The sovereign, its head, and the number of the knights is limited to twenty-five natives and a very small number of distinguished foreigners. As the original number has never been enlarged, this badge of distinction continues as valuable as at its first institution; and it is still an honorable, though, at present which the prince can confer on his greatest subjects or allies. Men whose fame is world-wide have regarded it as the greatest testimony to their merit to have the garter of the order tied around their left knee by the hands of England's sovereign. Even the mightiest potentates esteem it a distinguished privilege to be admitted to this honor. In 1857 Victoria installed Napoleon III. as a member of the order, and with her own hands, much to the offense of many of her staid subjects, tied the garter on his leg at a session of the chapter held specially for the purpose.

The historian Hume gives the following romantic account of the institution of the Order of the Garter, though he declares that it is not supported by any authentic authority: "At a court ball a favorite of Edward, commonly supposed to be the Countess of Salisbury, dropped her garter, and the king, taking it up, observed some of the courtiers to smile as if they thought he had not obtained this favor merely by accident, upon which he called out, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense'—evil to him that evil thinks (another author adds that the King tied the garter around his own leg and wore it during the remainder of the evening), and as every incident of gallantry among those ancient warriors was magnified into a matter of great importance he instituted the Order of the Garter in commemoration of this event, and gave these words as the motto of the order." This origin, though frivolous, is not unsuitable to the manner of the times; and it is indeed difficult by any other means to account either for the seemingly unmeaning terms of the motto or for the peculiar badge of the garter which seems to have no reference to any purpose either of military use or ornament.

Electrical Progress.

PICTURES of helmets appear on the Egyptian monuments B. C. 3000.

IN 1859 Bonelli devised a method of using electricity in weaving.

IN 1858 efforts to lay the cable failed on account of a severe storm.

AN electric time-ball set up in Cornhill, London, by French, in 1856.

THE laying of the Atlantic cable was begun at Valentia, Ireland, in 1857.

AN Atlantic cable was first projected in 1853 by Cooper, Field, and others.

A GREAT electric clock, illuminated, set up in the Strand, London, in 1852.

DUPLEX telegraphy accomplished by Gintl, 1853, perfected in 1873 by Stearns.

SIEMENS' armature was invented and applied to practical use in the year 1864.

IN 1858 the third attempt to lay the cable succeeded; 2,050 miles cable laid.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE was brilliantly illuminated by the electric light in 1858.

AN electric light, devised by Holmes, was tried in a Dover lighthouse in 1858.

NEW cable between Calais and Dover. Stock quotations from Paris to London, 1872.

An Incident of the Wilderness.

"This is the twenty-eighth anniversary of the third day's fight at the Wilderness," said a veteran the other morning to a Utica Observer man.

"And were you in it?"

"Yes," answered the veteran; "my company lost its first man to-day—twenty-eight years ago."

"How was he killed?"

"He was shot by one of our company," came the unexpected reply. "The fact is we were frightened by the movements of the enemy. He was playing 'Dixie' and the Bonnie Blue Flag so near to us that we could distinctly hear him, when suddenly there was an alarm and every man in my regiment shot off his gun. That created a terrible racket, and I—who had never been under fire—supposed that we were attacked by the whole rebel army. In the midst of my confusion I heard the voice of the Colonel of my regiment shouting: 'Cease firing, men!' Then, finally, when the firing had ceased I discovered that one poor fellow was dead. He had been shot through the back by a rear-rank man, and the duty devolved on me of writing to his family and giving the particulars of his death."

"And did you do it truthfully?"

"No," promptly responded the veteran. "I told them that he had been shot in the battle of the Wilderness, but I gave no particulars. It was better so."

Row Over Royal Marriages.

When a member of the Russian royal family is married the "outfit" is paid for by the state. When Princess Victoria was married to Prince Adolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe articles to the value or 12,000 marks were ordered in London, and there was a frightful row at Berlin when the time came to pay the English bills. Now the Emperor has issued an order that every article in Princess Margaret's trousseau is to be purchased in Germany, and that the state will pay for nothing which is bought outside the country. The Emperor's mother has for thirty-five years drawn annual income of $40,000 from England.

The Pesky Things.

The swallow nuisance continues with unabated vigor at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. From 8,000 to 20,000 swallows gather every evening in the five or six maple trees in front of the superintendent's residence and make evening and morning hideous with their cries. All efforts to drive them away have failed, and a bell and gong are kept going at intervals to drive the pests from the two trees next the superintendent's house.

Preventing Future Misery.

If there is, in this vale of tears, a more prolific source of misery than the rheumatic twinge, we have yet to hear of it. People are born with a tendency to rheumatism, just as they are with one to consumption or to scrofula. Slight causes may develop this. As soon as the agonizing complaint manifests itself, recourse should be had to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which enters the circulation and banishes the rheumatic poison from the system. This statement tallies exactly with the testimony of physicians who have employed this fine blood depurent in their private practice. There is also the amplest professional and general testimony as to the efficacy of the Bitters for malaria, liver complaint, constipation, indigestion, kidney trouble, nervousness, and loss of appetite and flesh. After a wetting, whether followed by a cold or not, the Bitters is useful as a preventive of the initial attack of rheumatism.

Siamese Pheasant.

When Joseph Lynne picked up a pheasant he had shot on the mountain near Bellefonte, Pa., he was surprised to find that the bird was constructed on the plan of the Siamese twins. Both birds were perfectly developed, and the connecting link was half an inch thick and joined them just in front of the wings.

Important to Fleshy People.

We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send 15-cent stamp for a copy to Bethia Circulating Library, 36 E. Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

Thief Detector.

A Chicago man has recently taken out a patent for an electric pickpocket and coat thief detector, which apparatus is intended, automatically, to sound an alarm bell whenever the wearer's personal property is interfered with.

Finely Illustrated Book

Descriptive of Florida and Southern country, mailed free to any address upon receipt of ten cents in stamps. Charles L. Stone, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railway, Room 415, First National Bank Building, Chicago.

CORN is sufficiently cooked during the process of canning and when used should only be brought to the boiling point. Further cooking hardens the grain and impairs the flavor.

We eat too much and take too little outdoor exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome these abuses.

HAPPINESS and grief are represented by hope and anxiety.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

After the Grip

"I was very weak and run down and did not gain strength, like so many after that prostrating disease. Seeing Hood's Sarsaparilla highly recommended, I began to take it, and was more than pleased with the way it built me up. I think it has made me better than before I was sick. I have also been delighted with HOOD'S PILLS, and for them Mrs. Emerson. can say no other kind now. They do not gripe or weaken. I am glad to recommend two such fine preparations

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HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients.

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Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. Use a Few Days. Sold by Chas. Shiloh's Perous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.