

DEAD-HEADED.

All aboard! shouted the conductor, have you got everything? asked a voice from the window—a face appeared at the window—a face with laughing eyes and pretty, wind-blown hair.

Yes, replied the elder lady with a dimpled smile, and she held up a woman's china being carried off just by such a piece of good luck.

Yes, chimed in another voice, manly and deep, seated with a boyish squeak just discernible in it; clean off dimple and all! And the doctor, he made another cut out of gutta serena that the dimple was such a dead failure that—

Oh, wretch! screamed his aunt, the hornet's nest! I knew something was missing. My dear's nest Henry—it is in the wagon, Run—run and fetch it that's a dear boy I can't go without it.

Henry smiled, while the group of girls on the platform exchanged smiles and winks and, "and a secret laughter tickling all their souls," volunteered all sorts of advice to their departing relatives.

Are you sure that's the only thing left, Aunt Sue? suggested Dora. I don't see the biggest book anywhere.

Here it is replied Aunt Sue, heaving up a substantial quarto. I think I have everything. Let me see counting on her fingers: Figuer, Earthly Paradise, umbrella, shawl, lunch-ba-keet mose—

Big box, little box! cried Fanny. Oh, Aunt Sue, whatever else you lose, don't lose that!

I have it safe, said her aunt, grimly; but as for its loveliness—well, you know my opinion of it, if I did give it to me. It is extremely pretty, but a most absurd gim-crank for a sensible woman to carry about; raising from her lap as she spoke a choice little article in crimson Russia, gilt clasped and fur-trimmed and exhibiting it to her nieces.

Oh, Aunt! clamored an indignant chorus; how base, how horrid of you! So pretty, so strong, and convenient!

And with a muff, too, cried Lotty; a muff to keep your ungrateful old hands warm. I am really surprised at you Aunt Sue.

Muff, indeed! sniffed her aunt, undauntedly; a blue silk aperture. As if I would ever put my fingers in such a thing as that! No, girls depend on it, at my age gim-cranks—Mersey tie cars are going! the cars are going! where is Henry? Why don't he come!

In effect, the train began to move though so slowly that it was easy for a walker to keep pace with its motion. The nieces ran along, exchanging last words with their aunt—saucy, merry words; for Aunt Sue was laughed at and teased and belov'd by all the gay crew, quite as if she had been a girl like themselves.

At the last a second figure came leaping along the platform, and a large gray sphere was thrust through a window—the wrong one as it happened—and into the face of an old gentleman, who drew back aghast.

Hornets! he ejaculated. Ugh! Ugh! take it away! What do you mean young man?

I beg your pardon said Henry, splitting with laughter. I made a mistake. Here sunny is your precious commodity. This time the object popped through the right pane and landed in Aunt Sue's lap. The cars moved out of reach. Good-bye good-bye, resounded from behind. Aunt Sue waved her handkerchief, and then regardless of the glare of offense directed at her spine, proceeded to tie her treasure to the netting above, and to make herself generally comfortable.

There's the change at the river, she thought, and then I can settle down for the day. And she proceeded to look out and mark certain places in Figuer, to point a pencil, and otherwise prepare for a course of entomological research as soon as circumstances permitted. By this time the old gentleman behind had recovered breath and power of remonstrance.

I suppose you are aware, madam, he said, touching her shoulder sharply, that that nest is full of hornets in a dormant state, who are likely—very likely, indeed—to come to life in this heated air?

Oh, dear, no, that is quite a mistake, replied Aunt Sue, facing round upon him. Figuer entirely contradicts that notion. He says—

ger may be, nor do I care what he says, interrupted the old gentleman. All I say is that the hornets are there. If you do not credit my word you have only to look that hole, and he pointed with his finger to the great gray nest.

Well, that is lucky, cried Aunt Sue cheerfully; I was just wishing for an insect to examine in connection with the book. Thank you, sir. You see he is quite dead, extracting the hornet with her lead pencil point and holding him up triumphantly. Figuer was right.

The old gentleman, with deep offense, rose and changed his seat from one at a distance. Little recked Aunt Sue, deep in the study of the hornet, nor did she look up until the conductor appeared, and the conductor appeared; and it became necessary to produce the through ticket, and have the first strip torn from its complicated foldings.

The river reached, it became necessary to transfer her impediments to another car.

Assistance was volunteered by a gentleman near by, and accepted almost as a matter of course. Good-looking and well dressed maiden ladies traveling by themselves rarely lack this sort of an offer, and our maiden lady was unusually good-looking. Tall, commanding, with bright black eyes, and cheeks whose roses sound health and hygiene living rendered perennial in bloom, with a thirst for facts and a certain kindly ease of manner, which pleasantly suggested both Boston and Chicago, Aunt Sue wherever she went attracted notice and a fair share of admiration; and, as she herself would have phrased it, Providence always sent a man to carry her bundles. Providence was no less kind on this occasion. Bag, umbrella, shawl, books, were safely transferred and with a cordial smile of thanks she repointed her pencil, and prepared for a day after her own heart, for digesting "The Insect World" at leisure, noting her fellow-travelers and their peculiarities, and sweetening fact by an occasional sugar plum from the latest poet.

The entrance of No. 2 disturbed her reverie. She felt for her purse, and jumped up aghast. Conductor, I have dropped my purse in the second car behind this—my purse with all my tickets in it! Is there time to go back and get it?

No, ma'am there is not. That car switched off for Boston five minutes ago. The purse was lying on my lap. It must have fallen when I rose to change cars. What can I do? Could I telegraph—but I haven't any money to pay for the telegraph. No matter for that, ma'am, said the conductor, politely. I will telegraph, and the answer will reach you at Exeter. I'm afraid though, somebody else will have picked the purse up before the conductor on the train gets the message. What did he say? inquired an old woman across the aisle, as the conductor moved on. Was he ha'sh with you, or did he act clever?

The conductor? said Aunt Sue in her grandest tone. Most kind and courteous. People always are. By way of stemming the tide of popular sympathy which seemed likely to set in, she opened her book and commenced to read.

It is very provoking said her inward thoughts. How those girls will laugh at me! I wish I could recollect how much there was in the purse, and she entered into a mental calculation, which left her widely astray of the real sum. Figures were not Aunt Sue's strong point.

Ten—twelve—fifteen dollars it must be, she thought. I'm glad it's not more; but, to be sure, a good many things can be bought for that. She began to think them over, until, with subscriptions to magazines, donations to one thing and another, and the purchase of carbon photographs, chromos, wood carvings, and what not, the fifteen dollars had been made to do the work of fifty and was grown correspondingly important in its owner's eyes. Exeter reached, the conductor returned.

No message, ma'am; I leave the road here, but I've telegraphed to have the purse sent on if it is found; and if you will give me your address I'll see that it reaches you safely.

So the address was written, and pretty soon the conductor appeared once more.

Here's a paper ma'am, for to show to the other conductors I guess it will take you along as far as Springfield, but after that I have no influence and you'll have to manage for yourself. You understand?

Yes, and thank you a thousand times, murmured Aunt Sue, expressively; and she said to herself, if that man's hair had been dark, he would never have exerted himself in this way. It's a perfect confirmation of my theory, and I shall write to Dora about it the moment I get home.

Now Aunt Sue's theory was that light haired men are always attracted and drawn out by dark haired women and vice versa. She had clung to it under many discouragements, and on the present occasion found a certain satisfaction in the opportunity afforded of testing the correctness. Not that it needs proof she thought. Haven't I tried it a hundred times?

The paper was a sort of circular addressed to whom it may concern, or rather to the conductors of the Y. M. and Q. railroad, and setting forth that Mrs. Susan P., of Bunbrook, having been so unfortunate as to lose her purse and tickets, those officials would please help her along as they could, and oblige G. W. Lansing, 2d division. It was a little like a free pass, a little like a begging letter; and with some trepidation Aunt Sue prepared to fire it off at conductor No. 3 who now entered.

Black hair! she only gasped. Oh, dear!

This is all I have to offer by way of a ticket, she said, in dulcet tones, feeling, as she afterward confessed, like a hand organ man or blind merchant passing round a hat.

Black hair proved propitious. His eyes brown elevated themselves a very little, to be sure; but that might have arisen from sympathy, and his questions were polite and to the point. Aunt Sue grew more comfortable, and began to be intensely grateful to G. W. Lansing, 2d division. That dear good man, she thought, if he does find my purse I declare I must send him something. Such kindness ought to be encouraged. I owe it to other women to do so. Let me see. It shall be a book, I think; something practical, and at the same time entertaining. She composed the note which should go with it, and passed in review before her mind all the books she had ever heard of, from the Koran to Froude's History of England. I wish I knew a little more about conductors and their tastes, she mused, so as to be able to tell what he would like best.

No. 4 was also a dark haired man and gruff in manner, which, though disagreeable in itself, afforded a triumph to the theory. But No. 5, a decided blonde, light-haired as Amairic the son of Amal, was so much gruffer that the theory suffered a violent collapse. And when No. 6 entered, a brown-haired, brown-bearded and devotedly polite, Aunt Sue became so confused among the colorings that she abandoned theory and gave herself up to the enjoyment of civil treatment. It is both interesting and exciting, this temporary trial of the charities of a cold world. I shall always know now, she meditated, how to sympathize with those poor creatures who go about with papers; and it is worth the experience to have found out just how they feel.

Still the position was an embarrassing one. Her well-to-do life had never encountered such a phrase before. She was conscious that her voice instinctively softened and honeyed as she made again and yet again her little explanation, and that a certain dread mingled with the curiosity with which she anticipated the "coming man." And he came—very often indeed, the Y. M. & Q. being a road of many divisions and frequent changes. No one was less than civil on the whole; but Aunt Sue was accustomed to more than bare civility, and her eyes, sharpened by armour-proper, noted every slight token of surprise, doubt, or sorcery, and found them infinitely annoying, thought to a more experienced "tramp" they would doubtless have seemed less than nothing.

And now a raging desire to buy seized upon her, born of the fact that she lacked the means of buying. The route was a familiar one. Often before had she passed over it, and found its temptations in the way of popcorn, Boston Advertiser, seed cakes, and Ballow's Monthly by no means ir-

resistible. Now she longed for them all. She studied the outside of a prize package throw into her lap, and fairly hankered for twenty-five cents with which to test the delusive promise of a one dollar green within, not to mention attractive articles of jewelry and unlimited stationery. If she could only buy it, and there was a one dollar greenback inside, then she thought she should be able to give something to the burly-gurdy man the harmonica boy, and the little cripple who punctual as Fate, bearded the train. She had never wished to assist these worthies before that she could remember—but now she did. There too, was the blind man, discriminating so wonderfully between the sexes, and always saying thank you, mam, and thank you, sir, in the right places. He too, ought to have something. Worst trial of all came in the Springfield depot. The train for the first and only occasion on record, was exactly time. Swift and savors of unnumberable fragrance breathed from the kitchen of the neighboring Massasoit. Aunt Sue felt herself dying of hunger; there were twenty-five minutes to spare, and not a crumb to be had.

Twenty-five minutes! Nothing was left but to sit in the car, and await the last of the conductors; and, thought she, Mr. Lansing said his note would be of no use on the branch road, so no doubt I shall have a dreadful time. Still if the worst comes to the worst, I could walk twenty-five miles.

But when this August personage made his appearance Aunt Sue gave a deep sigh of relief. Her lips almost relaxed into a whistle of surprise and joy. Bless me, she said aloud. It's Tommy Briel! Tommy had in the days of his youth been a scholar in the Bunbrook Sunday school, and Miss P., his quondam teacher, had no fears that her ex-scholar would prove less amenable to influence now than in the days of Westminster Catechism and the second question book.

Her anticipations were confirmed. From this point on she was treated like a princess; and by eight o'clock stowed away in a hack by the devoted Tommy, she was driving home ward through the Bunbrook streets, mucky November fog. Arrived and welcomed, she plunged at once into explanation of her difficulty.

Some of you must lend me half a dollar, she said, to pay this man with. I haven't a penny, because I lost my purse this morning—tickets and all.

How did you get on asked, her sister-in-law.

Very nicely—thanks to the politeness of the conducting fraternity.—Half a dollar, please, James.

Tick, instead of ticket, laughed James as he searched for his pocket book.

What was that you said, Aunt Sue? asked a younger Susie—namesake and favorite—who was turning over the bundles on the table.

I said that my purse was lost, pet. Way, no it isn't, rejoiced Susie, and from inside the blue lined muff, in the despised red bag, she drew forth the veritable purse which had been the cause of so much adventure.

Aunt Sue dropped into a chair. It really is, she gasped. It was there all the time, and what lies I've told! Oh! that fatal muff!

Oh! that fatal muff! But didn't you look for the purse? Of course but it in the muff. How could I suppose it was there? I never use it; and forgot its existence entirely. I suppose those girls will never have done laughing at me, but I shall always say it was their own fault. If they had not inflicted that wretched slit called a muff upon me, it is evident I couldn't have mislaid my purse thus. But after all, she went on, turning over her long strip of uncut tickets, I'm rather glad that it happened, and I shall just enclose these to that good Mr. Lansing, and thank him over again. I don't believe there is a country in the world but this were a lady can be so beautifully taken care of by everybody as I have been, or where upon the whole, so much kindness is shown to unprotected females who travel about and assist.

In this belief Aunt Sue rests to-day.

ORGANIZED FOR MURDER. A startling revelation was made to-day of the existence of a murderous organization among the Hungarian similar to the old Molly Maguires

whose object is to put out of the way all men who interfere with their asserted rights, social or commercial. A portion of the second ward of this city, on the northern suburbs, is occupied by Huns. On Easter they indulged in a frightful riot among themselves. Yesterday nine of the ring-leaders were fined for the part they took in the melee. Among those who testified against them were Michael Conner and James Delaney, both Irishmen and Charles Eagle, a German. To-day these men complained to the mayor that a plot was on foot to kill them. Warrants were issued for the arrest of those charged with the conspiracy. It was ascertained that a conscientious Hun went to one of the complainants this morning and informed him that a secret meeting was held last night, at which it was decided that the three chief witnesses must be put out of the way, and agents were chosen for that purpose. Recent mysterious transactions of a murderous character bears out the impression that the Huns, to a certain extent, are organized for the purpose named.

A SOAP SWINDLE.

The following from the Gazette and Bulletin should be read and remembered by the people of this section. The swindlers may be around by and by:

Last month party appeared in this city advertising a new soap in a novel manner. They claimed the soap equal to if not superior to "Dobbin's, or Ivory soap, or any other pure white soap made. Instead of painting over the barns and fences &c., of the whole country with his advertisements they proposed to put a box of thirty-six three-quarters pound bars in each house. One-half of this box was to be a free gift. For the balance they charged the merely nominal sum of one dollar, much less than would have to be paid for any amount of any first class soap in the market. The gift was in consideration of paying for one-half of the box, and the hope that the buyer would patronize these goods and use his influence to induce others to do the same. Purchasers were advised to let it season a little before using. To those who did not, it may be a surprise to learn that this 27 pound box of soap dried down to weigh only three pounds. As the cost of this amount of soap, together with the box, cost of selling and delivery could not possibly have exceeded twenty-five cents, and as this party disposed of several hundred of these gifts in the city, it was not difficult to see that the giving was not of the kind that impoverishes.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS LAWYER.

Benjamin Harris Brewster, ex-United States Attorney-general died this morning.

Benjamin Harris Brewster was a son of Francis E. Brewster and Maria Hampton Brewster, and was born October 13, 1816, in Salem county, New Jersey. His kinsmen even to remote branches were men of estate, professional men, &c. He graduated at Princeton N. J., 1834. In the same year he entered the office of Eli K. Price, of Philadelphia and was admitted to the bar in 1846. He was appointed by President Polk as commissioner to adjudicate the claims of the Cherokee Indians against the government. In 1861 on the breaking out of the war he was most zealous in his support of the government and did good service on the rostrum. In 1867, Governor John W. Geary appointed him attorney general of Pennsylvania, and while holding that office he closely watched the interests of the state and strangled the Gettysburg lottery, which deemed a scheme to rob the public under a pretext of helping the orphans. Shortly after the assassination of President Garfield and the resignation of Hon. Wayne MacVeagh he was appointed attorney general of the United States by President Arthur. Mr. Brewster was a versatile and brilliant essayist, a correct original thinker, a graceful eloquent and forcible speaker, and was known in private life as a man who was always open to the appeals of charity. He had been suffering for a long time with kidney disease, but his condition was not considered serious until the closing days of February, and even then he was able to be out part of the time. A relapse, however, came on one week ago last Saturday, which resulted in his death. The funeral took place last Friday, at 3

DISASTER AT A BULL-FIGHT.

CITY OF MEXICO, April 4.—The Two Republics witnessed the following tragedy, held at Celaya at 5 p. m. yesterday: Sunday afternoon about forty-five minutes past 4 o'clock, the bull ring here was crowded with spectators of the great national sport. The company of bull fighters from Leon was still playing with the first bull when a fire suddenly broke out on the sunny side of the plaza. A panic seized upon the vast assemblage, and a frightful spectacle was the result. The plaza was constructed of wooden mats, reeds, etc., and it was due to this fact that the majority of the people escaped without injury, being able to force an opening permitting an exit at different points, but many women and children jumped from the top, a distance of twenty or thirty feet, and over one hundred of them were seriously wounded. Eighteen lives were lost. The sides of the plaza, being lined with matting, was as dry as tinder, and there being a slight wind blowing, the amphitheatre was in a blaze in a few seconds. Nine dead to lie, in some cases being so charred as to be unrecognizable, have so far been taken from the smoking ruin. Nine persons were so badly burned that they died yesterday. This makes eighteen deaths in all up to to-day. Sixty-eight persons were very badly burned, and though they still live, at least ten of them will die this week. Fifty persons in escaping were thrown down and trampled upon by the panic stricken throng, and are very seriously but not fatally injured. The bulls maddened by the roaring of the flames broke loose from their stalls and rushed through the surging mass of humanity, tossing aloft and knocking over all who stood in their way. Among the eighteen dead were two women who were first gored to death by the bulls and their bodies afterward burned. The scene in the neighborhood of the bull ring were sickening beyond description. Women and children, divested of their clothing and crazed with suffering from their burns, ran aimlessly through the streets and could scarcely be overhauled or collected by their friends. Several persons lost their reason from the severe mental shocks to which they were subjected. The fire was incendiary. In the Celaya jail were a number of prisoners, army deserters, etc., who had obtained permission from the authorities to attend the bull fight. They were accompanied by a strong guard of soldiers to prevent escape, but one of the deserters surreptitiously struck a match and lighted one of the dry petates (mats), and in an instant the "Sol" side of the ring was ablaze. In the confusion and excitement the prisoners succeeded in making good their escape, taking chances to effect their ends. The best society of Celaya was in attendance. It was Easter Sunday, the return of the season of gaiety after Lent. There was an unusual number of ladies and little children present, and these, as often is the case in such events, were the sufferers. No man lost his life. The helpless little ones and their mothers, who would not desert their offspring, were the victims of the most appalling catastrophe. Celaya is mourning to-day. On every side is heard the sound of wailing for the loved ones, mourning for those doomed to die of suffering, by those who will not prove fatal. It is the saddest that has ever occurred in the three centuries of the city's history.

THE BIG STRIKE NEAR AT AN END.

The prospect of a speedy settlement of the strike on all the lines cause a material improvement of the feeling in business circles except on changes. It is said the strikers weakened because of the action taken by the business men, a number of prominent merchants having quietly notified the leaders yesterday that further trouble to-day would result in wholesale arrests under the conspiracy act; that all who assembled at public meetings to-day would be watched and every utterance recorded. The action of the Michigan Central officials also greatly surprised the strikers. The Burlington managers say none of the strikers will ever be taken back by them unless there are vacancies and not then unless they renounce the Brotherhood.