FOOLED BY POOR LO.

Indian or buffalo? That's the question.

baloo. The Crows dashing around in wild excitement, stripping for a fight; the cavalry

trumpets ringing "front into line—gallop;" seouts and Indians whirling around in circles at the front, and I get permission to gallop out and see what's coming. One glance is enough. It is nothing more or less than Terry's army deploying at the trot,

and running to meet us in the same style. In ten minutes Bill Cody has galloped for-

ward, waving his broad-brimmed scouting

General, and extended to him the thanks of General Crook for the handsome reception

point where they left the valley. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

HATTIAN STORMS.

and display on our account.

ever calm!

color, and is used in all the buildings. It is cut into tiles for roofing purposes, and, when completed, houses look like those boys of the North build with snow. Liberal applications of whitewash and Portland cement on side and roof give to the whole an aspect of purity and cleanliness unsur-

Stand like marble structures in a setting cool Some caressed by the roses, some guarded by

Some hid in tropic bowers fit for a fairy Some hugging sky-blue waters in sea-bays

Facts, Not Faucles.

BERMUDA is a natural park on the bosom of the Atlantic. The peculiar stuff she is made of has helped to solve her destiny immensely. 'For instance: There are no wells of sweet water in Bermuda, hence Jupiter Pluvius is chief engineer and water assessor combined. The plumber could not wear diamonds in Bermuds. Rain comes quite regularly there, and the reservoir of every citizen is always well filled. The rain is caught from the snow-white roots and filters into snow-white cisterns. It is used for all purposes, and is simply delicious for drinking or washing. Ladies with coarse cuticle should throw their skin physic to the dogs

and visit Bermuda.

Bermuda's roads are her crowning glory. They are white, smooth, picturesque and altogether charming. If it rains-and it generally did during my stay, ten showers coming in one day, some with sunshine and rainbow accompaniment—they are not muddy; if it shines they are dustless, and a hurricane cannot throw dirt into a citizen's eyes at any stage of the game. These beau-tiful highways and byways are made from the coral stone, which becomes hard as adamant. When they grow ragged or rutty adamant. When they grow ragged or rutty a native with a pickaxe simply loosens up the surface, adds dirt where needed, and beast and being soon do all the ramming necessary to place the roadway in first-class order. These roads wind round cedar-clad hills, along seaswept stretches, and through oleander hedges. Beside them are stately palms and tall bamboos, banana groves and illy fields, potato and onion patches, green bay and vallow-fruited logunt trees, cactus of many yellow-fruited loquat trees, cactus of many varieties and giant rubber trees, patches of arrowroot and sugar cane, cochineal bushes and the beautiful pride of India, the tall coffee and the odd calabash trees, sweet-smelling rows of gober nuts and pug-nosed lemon trees, orange and paw paw growths-in fact every variety of tropical flora in a

temperate zone.

The date and coccanut palm thrive and blossom, but do not bear fruit in this little Eden. The orange and the lemon are not cultivated to any great extent. The bananas, while small, are palatable, but the plebeian onion gets there in its usual insin-uating way, fortunately shorn of some of the strength of its northern cotemporary.

Royal palms proudly stand-stern columns of gray— The calabash hangs from a skeleton tree;

The birds softly sing in green boughs of the And hedges of flowers kiss winds from the

Where Trifles Amusc.

OLD AGE and childhood share with great gusto the pleasures offered in isolated Bermuds. Theaters there are none, and when I asked a nut-brown, bright-eyed, clever little native if he had ever seen a circus he looked at me in mute astonishment and said: "No, sir; but I would like to go over to your big place and see one, and the elephant, too." Happy little Bermudan, stay where you are, "far from the madding throng" and the chestnuts that will soon he cracked by men of great gall in the two and three-ringed monstrosities under canvass! The paste brigade has thus far spared this contented isle, and the fiend with the paint pot has not yet disfigured the smooth faces out quarries with legends of rupt sales, liver regulators, great drives, elixirs of life, condition powders, coraline plasters, etc. The nature-scarring procesits head over the horizon the Bermudans would act wisely if they established a shotgun quarantine. The first man to write. "Take Snell's Centipede Cure," should die on your little Gallows Island, whose gruesome-looking remnant of a gibbet has not for over a century exposed to the winds from the south sea the bleached bones of a

But there is the donkey cart. A tiny, semi-equine fellow, a two-wheeled over grown baby carriage, a smooth road and a tull-grown man at the reins is no uncom-mon sight. The same picture with baby fingers tugging at the leather that regu-lates the long-eared little motor is on view constantly. Taper fingers belonging to a Murray Hill belle frequently guide the diminutive beast through the scented highways, while her "tiger" sits with arms crossed, and some people wonder which jackass suffers most—the one in the shafts or the one in the shafts or the one in the seat. It is a perfect place for all lovers of the road, whether astride or hauled on wheels. Old age and youth share and share alike in the invigorating pleasures of gallop and roll over dustless arbor-like paths that play hide and seek with the sea and bend from barren stretch to floral bower—always the same, but ever

changing!
And the walks. Over hill and down dale the stroller wanders in a tireless, dreamy way for hours. The sea-moistened air refreshes and no thirst comes; the strange flower, shrub and tree beckon him on, and he only halts where wave and precipice warn. No sign "Keep Off the Grass!" prevents him from treading on Nature's velvet; no "Look Out for the Locomotive!" brings up visions of an awful dissolution. The only thing of this sort diplayed in Bermuda "Take notice-All fowls found trespassing on this place will be shot!"

It is walk, talk, ride, sail, row, romp, fish, eat, drink and be merry day in and day out. The child frolics and the gray-haired look on and are satisfied. For the tourist there can be no business cares or engagements; for the native there is sunshine, shelter, neither heat nor cold, and a little world full of fruit and flowers. Truly

His life must be as joyous as a bird's in mating No worry or no hurry, no struggles 'gainst the

A round of childish pleasures in a lotus-eating Fair sky above, blue sea below-a Paridisean

Odd Historical Facts.

BERMUDA's pleasures are of the simplest sort, you see. Like all spots on the habitable globe, she has a history, and the courteous native never tires tearing off leaves from the guide book of his memory. Nearly all the dusky adults are well-versed in botanfeal lore, and have the history of their little world at their tongue's end. I noticed a handbill conspicuously displaying the legend, "Hog Money for Sale," and asked the driver of the chariot what it referred to. Like a majority of the tourists, I confessed my utter ignorance of the history of He told me that in 1522 Juan Bermudez, while heading for Cuba from Spain, ran upon the coral reefs. His vessel earried a cargo of hogs, a pair of which inaged to reach shore

The porcines and their progeny prospered, and when Sir George Sommers ran across the islands he found juicy hams in abund-ance. When England colonized the place and money became a necessity, two copper coins were coined for use in the new land. One was about the size of the English penny and bore the picture of a pig and the figure "12." This was equivalent to 12 pence, or 1 shilling. The other resembled the English half-penny with a pig and the figure "6" instead of a king stamped thereon, and represented 6 pence. These coins are very rare, and are highly prized by numismatists—the 12-penny piece being held at £10, and the smaller coin at a few pounds below this figure. One gentleman disputed my statement about the 6-penny

the "hog money." He was in the wrong however, as on the same day I had visited however, as on the same day I had visited St. Georges and was shown a sixpenny piece that had recently been dug up there. It bore marked signs of long burial, but was fairly well preserved. A Philadelphia manufacturing jeweler and numismatist in my company offered the lucky possessor £6 in bright British gold for the old and rare coin but could not ascure it. The "however the county of the c coin, but could not secure it. The "hog money" offered for sale is merely a fac simile of the real article. The first citizens of Bermuda are thus referred to by Webster in "The Devil's Law Case:"

Why, 'tis an engine That's only fit to put in execution Barmotho's

The pig is now a thing of the past. Here and there a sty is found in which the grunter awaits the knife of the grocer who displays on his shop window the sign "Fresh pork every Saturday morning." Previous to dissolution piggie can Sniff the scented breezes that sweep the lily

And root among the roses in the hedges nea his sty; Then, fattened on the sweetness that this tropic

region yields, Await, in beds of clover, the casting of the

Where Many Love to Linger. THERE are quaint and beautiful spots and bowers in Bermuda. From the hotels at Hamilton the peace-finder can stroll or be carried to sea-carved cave and leafy dell over dustless, mudless, ever cool road or bridle path. At the Devil's Hole he can inspect the marine beguties that have stolen bright tints from the coral beds and divinely pure waters. Here the giant hamlets and rock fishes will take the bread from his hand, while the beautiful angel fish—said to be the handsomest dweller in the sen—will slyly segment the dippings from the will slyly secure the drippings from the hungry mouths of its big playfellows. At the handsome villa of the late United States Minister Allen this pastime can be re-peated, and old and young alike find de-light in watching the antics of finny pets

light in watching the antics of finny pets
that know enough to snub all dainty morsels
that hide a cruel hook.

On the sea-carved rocks of Hungry Bay
and along the short stretches of sandy beach
back of dangerous coral reefs the student of
stone and sea can find much to ponder over.
Here the tired ones love to linger, their nerves stilled by the wash of waves, the leap of spray, the stretch of sea and sky, and the puffs of south wind from far-off Sahara. No jarring worldly sounds will disturb his reverie-no clash of commerce and no tick of trade. Here he finds Nature in all her of trade. Here he hads Nature in all her glory; the waves at play, the fantastic rocks accepting their caresses like stern giants, receiving every blow with a mocking sound that bends the dwarfed cedars and shakes the blooming oleanders on the thinsoiled shore. Out on the coral reefs of the north shore he can look deep into the sea through a water glass and watch the lazy fishes take the hook and dart through white and leafless groves speking a hiding place wherein to resist the tugging of the captor. Fishing is mild sport, as the soperific influences of the atmosphere seem to have had a like effect upon the live things of land and sea. Fishing is a mere matter of muscle, but the novelty that attaches to the sport

there compensates for the lack of fight on the part of the finny beauties.

Again the dreamer can stroll through tropical gardens and among century old, verdure clad, sweet scented graveyards, where some of the best blood and bone of England have been absorbed by the porous coral instead of being devoured by the worms. There

Crumbling tablets mark quaint tombs cut i the coral stone; The shadow of an ancient cross is cast on deep green sod— eep mid flowers reared from seeds brought from a torid zone, And wet by spray from purest wave or tear

shed by their God!

Tom Moore's Tribute. AND Walshingham around which clusters memories of Erin's sweet bank- Moore! Through a densely shaded roadway, we entered the illy-kept but picturesque and restful grounds around the white, cross-shaped, Spanish-like old man-sion. We tolled the old bell that hung from the limb of a nut tree and summoned the dark keepers of Walshingham, where Moore sang in silence in his cool, high-roofed chamber, that looked out upon a salty pool, pure as the crystal waters of an Alpine brook just loosed by sun from ice-bound fountain. His room has been disfigured by a partition, but the whitewashed cedar rafters under the gable-shaped ceiling and the picturesque but capacious fireplace, with book shelves sunk into the wall above, remain the same as when he stirred his toddy over the cedar-scented flame and in the spiced vapors that ascended the wide-mouthed chimney saw visions of poetic peace and Paradise.

Through onion and potato patch hedged by ancient grape vine and a net-work of tropical foliage, past tall coffee trees and bunches of fan-leafed palms, through rows of roses and clusters of cactus I wander to Moore's beautiful bower. There stood the calabash tree of which he sang: Last night when we came from the calabash

When my limbs were at rest and my spirits were free, The glow of the grape and the dreams of the

Any Put the magical springs of my fancy in play;
And, ohl such a vision as haunted me then I could slumber for ages to witness again!
The many I like, and the few I adore.
The friends who were dear and beloved before, But never till now so beloved and dear.
At the call of my fancy surrounded me here!
Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile To a paradise brighten the blest little isle;
Serener the waves, as they look'd on it, flow'd, And warmer the rose, as they gathered it, glow'd! glow'd! Not the valley's Heræen (though watered by rills
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,
Where the song of the shepherd, primæval and

mild, Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child) Could display such a bloom of delight, as was given By the magic of love, to this miniature heaven The dell where the calabash tree referred to stands is a place of peace-a poet's corner, with blue sky for a canopy, green grass for a carpet and trees of a tropical sort for walls. Still no sound penetrates nor dis-cord enters here; ever cool and quiet as the peace of Nature when she breathes like a

sighing swain and woos the earth with kisses

from heaven. Here it was Moore sang again: "Oh, could you view the scenery, dear,
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think that Nature lavished here
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For barbs to live and saints to die in!
Close to my wooded bank below,
In glassy calm the waters sieep,
And to the sunbeams proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep!

Where It All Is.

THE encyclopedia makers locate Bermuds 580 miles south southeast of Cape Hatteras, between latitude 32° 14' and 32° 25' north, and longitude 64° 38' and 64° 52' west. They also state that the group is 18 miles in length and six in greatest breadth. The Captain of the Oronoco, when asked about the location of Bermuda, remarked: "It is 800 miles from everywhere." When asked to explain he said it was about the same distance from Halifax, New York, Balti-more, Savannah and Charleston. Cape Hatteras is the nearest land. The island lies straight out in the Atlantic from the coast of South Carolina. It is J-shaped, and the scholarly natives informed me that it was 32 miles long and five in greatest

This is where the book and the citizen in Bermuda. The even, sleepy-like tem-perature soon turns a hustler into a slothful, take-it-easy creature who breathes natur-ally, but does not care about quickening his respiration by undue exertion. Bermuda, like all the good little things lying loose in the sea, belongs to England. It must not be confounded with the Bahamas, nor need be confounded with the Bahamas,

the traveler expect to find there a great group of islands. In reality, thanks to British engineers, there is only one, the others being mere coral excrescences. For details as to revenues, etc., see a guide book
—if you can find one. If you are
Tired of the turmoil, and would rest 'neath

paradise; leafy dells, Sip freely of the breezes that have kissed the

See Nature in her finest garb, a blushing bour Her crown a wreath of lilles, her footstoo ocean's tide! Sail hence, thro' seas high rolling, and bask in

sunny smile coral-reefed Bermuda, fair, ever-summer

A BRIDGE OF MONKEYS.

How the Cunning Chemecks Cross Stren and Ynwning Chasms.

T. C. Harbaugh in Drake's Magazine. 1 One of the other queer four-handed inhalt itants of the monkey region is the chemeck. He belongs to a family of bridge-builder and the living bridges by which he helps to span the Amazon's tributaries have no their counterpart in any other part of the world. When a company of chemecks reach the banks of a stream the chief engineers advance along the bough that stretches advance along the bough that stretches farthest from the shore and measure the distance across. Having satisfied themselves by this unusual survey, they call up the other members, and the Hercules of the lot twists his tail round the outer end of the branch and hangs at full length, head downwards toward the water. A second mankey branch and nangs at tall length, head down-wards, toward the water. A second monkey advances over the first, whose body he en-circles with his tail, and drops as before. This is the second link in the chain bridge. Monkey after monkey lengthens the chain till the surface of the stream is but a sligh remove from the last one's nose. Now the line oscillates back and forth like a piece of hure cordage in the wind.

Each movement of course increases the length of the arc, till the lower monkey has

seized the boughs of the tree on the opposite shore. He clings to the wood with a tenacious grip, and draws himself up by degrees. Those below him also lift themselves at the same time, and after awhile the stream is spanned by the living bridge. Now the test of the company are called from their gambols in the forest, and all pass their gambols in the forest, and all pass safely over the singular monkey walk. But how do all those that form the bridge get across? the reader may ask. We will see.

The monkeys that formed the lower links of the chain work their way up the trunk of the tree as far as possible, and a little higher than the position of the Hercules who started the bridge, and who still keeps the place on the opposite shore. When he sees that they have accomplished this, he unwinds his tail and falls down like an aerial acrobat. He descends with a force that would bat. He descends with a force that would seem sufficient to break the line in a dozen places; but it holds firm, despite the terrible strain, and the momentum of the swinging descent has allowed the Hercules to reach a limb on the side where the others are. For a chemeck's tail to touch an object is to grasp it, and the moment the chief link in the monkey chain touches the tree, that moment the task is completed. It is said that a company of chemecks will cros gap in this manner.

A BABY STRANGELY AFFLICTED.

Child Nearly Killed by the Smoke From Her Father's Cigars. New York Graphic,] "When they are talking so much abou

the tvils of tobacco and the perils of cigar-ette smoking," said a pretty young mother to me the other day, "they better put in something about the injury done to those who don't smoke by those who do."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "I mean that my little girl has been nearwhen I married I determined to be very liberal and advanced, and to do what I could to make home as attractive to Tom as on the morrow, I shall draw on old note his club. Mother would never allow smokbooks and a letter written years ago. It must be remembered that now the whole country was swarming with triumphant bands of Indians—Sioux and their allies. Everything seemed afire to the northwest, where Custer had met his fate, but now Crook had two regiments of cavalry and 14 ing in her house except in the smoking room, but I made sage reflections upon the tactlessness of women in managing men. and determined that Tom should enjoy me and his cigar together whenand als cigar together when-ever-he pleased. When my daughter Lil-lian first began to be brought out of the Crook had two regiments of cavalry and 14 nursery she was as round and rosy a baby as ever you saw, but we had not been having her with us much as we sat together until she began to grow listless and pale the Yellowstone with a similar force. The two commands were not 150 miles apart, when, on the 5th of August, we pushed out to "wind up the campaign in one crushing blow," but communication between the two and lose her appetite. I called in our doc-tor, but nothing did her any good; she seemed to be just dwindling away, and she continued to dwindle until her father was called away on business for a month. was impossible—the whole face of the earth was covered with the hostiles, watching Then she picked up and was quite bright every move.

However, we set forth blithely enough,

again by the time he came home. That happened several times, until I said to myself one day as she was frolicking with me 'Her father never saw her like this.' Ther it suddenly flashed on me that there was something queer about this. The upshot was that we found out beyond a peradventure that it was living in her father's to-bacco smoke that was killing the child. I don't feel so much wiser than my mother now as I used to, and smoking at our house is again practiced on ancestral principles i. e., the smoking room above."

PUNNING EPITAPHS.

The Irrepressible Joker Indites His Wi on English Tombstones. Fouth's Companion.]

The punster is irrepressible; he even in dites his jokes on tombstones. An epitaph in Waltham Abbey (England) informs us that Sir James Fullerton died "Fuller of faith than of fears, Fuller of resolutions than of pains, Fuller of honor than of days. On another tombstone the connubial vir-

"Though strange, yet true, full seventy yea Was his wife happy in her Tears." This is written of an organist: "Here lies one, blown out of breath, Who lived a merry life and died a Merideth,

tues of Daniel Tears are recorded:

And of Thomas Huddlestone the gravestone

"Here lies Thomas Huddlestone, reader, don Smile, But reflect, as this tombstone you view. That death who killed him, in a very

Will huddle a stone upon you." A Buffalo Woman's Forethought.

From the Buffalo Courier. 1

A lady in this city not long since had oc casion to contribute to a missionary box to be sent to the heathen in a foreign land-New Jersey, the Arounder believes-and offered a pair of half-worn shoes on the altar. Just before they disappeared from view she noticed that they had a full set of new buttons, and thinking, doubtless, that the heathen had no use for buttons, took out her penknife and carefully out them off. This store is a reached for them off. This story is vouched for by an

eve-witness.



New and improved form of opera glass

AFTER SITTING BULL Bloodless Battles of the Rosebud and

azure skies, Inhale the sweets of flowers in an earthly THE GATHERING OF THE FORCES. Drink deeply of the solace that is found i

off to the Yellowstone to Fight Ten salty swells; Thousand Indians.

BUFFALO BILL ALWAYS IN THE LEAD

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] It was on the 17th of July that we had

the Little Big Horn.

our tussle with the Cheyennes on the "War Bonnet" and raced them back to their reservation. That night we slept under the stars with no interposing canvas, along the banks of White river, and early next day were off on our long, long march to reinforce General Crook. Orders carried us around by way of Forts Laramie and Fetterman, where we were joined by many an old comrade hastening from the East. So, too, were we joined at the latter station by a 'raft'' of recruits, new horses and old infantry campaigners-all en route to the Big

One incident happened on the way up from Fetterman that is worth telling. Eight companies of the Fifth Cavalry started out on their northward march from that point, and we knew two more, E and F, were hurrying forward by forced marches in hopes of catching us. Two days we jogged along through the bare, desolate, dusty "Bad Lands," and were all camped at night and sleeping soundly under the vigilant protection of our guards, when I was suddenly aroused by hearing General Merritt's voice close at hand, and rolling out of my blankets I jumped up and asked if anything was wanted. He always slept like a weasel-with one eye and both ears open.

THE OFFICERS' CALL.

ng camp of Crook.

OFF TO THE PRONT.

and as we rode away in the August sun-

shine down the pretty valley of Prairie Dog creek I was mainly interested in study-

ing our Crow allies, who jogged alongside on their active ponies and seemed equally interested in making friends with the Fifth.

I had been detailed to act as Adjutant of

the regiment for the campaign, and it en-abled me to ride well ahead and take notes

and make topographical sketches in my field book, all of which became valuable be-

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

Deje Agie, as the Crows call Tongue river. The morning has passed without notable in-

cident. We miss our pet scouts Cody and his "pardner," "Buffalo Chips," as faithful a fellow as ever lived, and Bill's most loyal

rear guard. Our pack mules amble briskly alongside, and toward noon we plunge into the foaming torrent of the Tongue, ford it

breast high, and then the order comes to

bivouse where we are while the scouts go

ahead "prospecting." You may depend they go only with strong backing, and here

A WORLD AFIRE

the great "divide" between the valleys of the Tongue and Rosebud. The view is glorious. We look right down into the canyon of the Rosebud and yet it must be

canyon of the Rosebud and yet it must be six miles away. From every valley north and west great clouds of smeke roll skyward. The Indians have set the whole country afire and yet not a Sioux is in sight. Then we slid somehow down into the valley, and after three hours' marching got orders to go into bivouac. Not a blade of grass for our horses. Everything burned or eaten off. "The whole Sioux nation camped here not two weeks ago," says one of our scouts as he dismounts. "I've been nigh onto ten miles down stream and could not reach the end of the village." The ground is strewn with old lodge poles and with relics of Indian occupancy too unmistak-

We have paused at the very summit of

Gradually we were drawing nearer the

fore many years rolled by.

to see the sights. .

"I'm sure," said he, "that I heard trumpet calls way off here to the south-west." It was dark as Erebus and still as a They Are Welcomed for Their Cooling Efchurchyard as together we groped our way out on the prairie, taking the old chief fect and Cleaning of the Streets. trumpeter with us. It was just possible that "E" and "F" troops might have done such rapid marching as to have reached our neighborhood, and it being too dark to see The rainy season commences in Hayti during April, and continues till September. After several months of dry weathe neighborhood, and it being too dark to see a trail they were sounding their trumpets in hopes of gaining a reply. For a few minutes we listened intently, and then faint, far and soft there came floating to us through the darkness the stirring notes of "Officer's Call." In an instant our trumpeter had sounded the answering call, and in half an hour, guided by this inter-terphane of signals our comrades grouped one breathes again, as the east wind brings the welcome rain, which comes with a rush and a force that bends the tallest palm tree till its branches almost sweep the ground.

Sometimes, writes Spenser St. John, who spent 12 years among the Haytians, while dried up at Port-au-Prince, we could see for terchange of signals, our comrades grouped their way to the warmth and welcome of our weeks the rainclouds gathering on the Morne de l'Hopital within a few miles of tiny camp fires. From that hour to this "Officer's Call" has been the hailing signal us, and yet not a drop would come to retresh our parched gardens.

During the great heats, the rain is not only welcome for its cooling effect upon the atmosphere, but as it comes in torrents, it rushes down the streets, sweeps clean all those that lead to the harbor, and carries because it the accommunicated filth of the down. "Officer's Call" has been the hailing signal of the Fifth Cavalry—and it has been used in some wildly exciting scenes. Notably, three years after, when the captain of this same "F" troop, wounded, with half of his men dead or wounded around him and all his horses shot down, completely surrounded by savage Indians, was rescued by this same gallant Colonel commanding and through the medium of the same old call.

Two days more and we were out of the beastly alkali country and jorging along a fore it the accummulated filth of the dry

season. In very heavy rains the cross streets are flooded. I never saw more vivid lightning, heard louder thunder, or knew heavier rains than visit Hayti. I often beastly alkali country and jogging along a rolling, well-watered tract that grew more beautiful with every mile that drew us nearer to the foot hills of the Big Horn read of a clap of thunder from a clear sky, but had never heard anything like the one that shook our house near Port-au-Prince. We were sitting, a large party, on our verands about 8 o'clock in the evening, a Mountains, now looming to our left front, with the snow-capped "Cloud Peak" highest of all. Cody and some of the young officers were chasing small herds of buffalo on our flanks, and every man and horse was beautiful star-light night—the stars, in fact shining so brightly that we could almost read by their light—when a clap of thun-der, which appeared to burst just over our roof, took our breath away. It was awful rejoicing in the change of scene. Another two days and we had rounded the shoulder of the great range, and rode buoyantly down

No one spoke for a minute or two. Then, by a common impulse, we left the house and into the beautiful valley, where lay the looked up into a perfectly clear sky. distance, however, on the summits of the mountain, was a gathering of black clouds, and within half an hour one of the heaviest In telling of the chase that began almost storms I have ever seen was upon us, with thunder worthy of the clap which had first

AN INDUSTRY 200 YEARS OLD. Proposed Celebration of the Bi-Centennial

companies of infantry, also some 400 Crow Indians as scouts, and he believed he could launch out and whip the Indians well, or at least drive them before him against the col-umn of General Terry, who was coming up of Paper Making in America. Philadelphia Ledger.]

It is proposed to celebrate in September of next year the bi-centennial of the building of the first paper mill in America. The manufacture of paper was introduced in this country by Wilhelm Rittenhous, who with William Bradford, the printer; Samuel Carpenter, merchant; Thomas Tresse, ironmonger; Nicholas Pearse and others formed

a company for building a paper mill and carrying on the manufacture.

Ex-State Senator Horatio Gates Jones is said to have in his possession the only complete history of that important industry. It is written on paper manufactured by the original company, is beautifully bound, and on the title page is shown the Rittenhouse mark—a three-leafed clover—and the follow-ing from Shakespeare's "Henry VI:" "Contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, Thou hast built a paper mill."

Thou hast built a paper mill."

Mr. Jones is devoting much time to collecting data for a complete historical sketch of paper making in this country from the incipiency to the present time.

Near the McKinney quarries, along its Wissahickon, can yet be seen part of the ruins of the old mill. The location of the original dam, whence came the supply of

water for running the mill, is some distance
east of the old mill site, on property now
owned by Mr. H. H. Houston.
Mr. Jones has conferred with Mr. George follower. They are to the front with Gruard and the now far out half breed scouts at Crook's headquarters, while on this first day's march we of the Fifth are W. Childs in regard to the manner of cele delegates from all newspapers and paper brating the event. It is proposed to invite manufacturers, to form an association. The reading of a historical sketch and an oration by some prominent journalist may be adopted as part of the programme.

we spend the night.

All the next day we march on down the winding canyon of the Tongue. Bluffs 600 feet high on either side. We ford the stream Chicago Tribune.]
Conductor—Excuse, me madam, but I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that 13 times, and at 2 P. M. get orders to halt, boy. I think he's over 5 years old. General Atom (with dignity)—Sir, can't you tell a man when you see him? Here are the tickets for myself and wife, sir.

(Conductor totters feebly on into the next unsaddle, graze and wait. Camp fires, bacon, beans, hard tack, coffee and pipes speedily follow. Then another night of placid sleep under the broad canopy of

Next day we climb westward, up, up, up, the ascent seems interminable. Once in awhile we catch a glimpse of smoke masses overhead and drifting across the face of dis-In an Up-Town Tonsorial Studio New York Sun.)
Barber (caressing a customer's beard)tant ridges. At last we see knots of horse-men gathering on a high crest a mile in front. "Halt!" is sounded, and I go forward Terrible job that last one you had, sir! Where did you get it cut, wir? Not in this shop, sir?
Customer—No; you cut it for me last

time, when you were working down near the City Hall.

is strewn with old lodge poles and with relics of Indian occupancy too unmistakable to be pleasant.

The next two days we march northward through thick smoke that blinds our eyes, but the scouts say a great band of Sioux are only a few miles ahead. Then comes the 11th of August, a gloriously bright day. We of the Fifth are marching down the left bank of the Rosebud, for the valley has opened out and there is abundant room on both sides of the stream. The battalion of the Second and the whole Third cavalry are Little Lord Fauntleroy, will yer?—Life.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT

moving in parallel columns along the eastern side. Here and there jogged the pack trains, while the infantry in solid ranks came tramping along at a swinging gait. Far out to the front on the eastern side were scouts and Crows, Crook's headquarters' escort and, a little further back, Merritt's battle flag and brigade party. I had gone out to the left front with a dozen Crows to scout the ground, for we had to guard against surprise, and, with an orderly to hold my horse, had clambered the bluffs and was busy sketching in the field notes of the march. It was just about 9 o'clock. The Handsomest and Best Dressed Millionaire in New York.

MRS, GRANT GLAD TO GO TO VIENNA

Society People Find Pleasure in the Circus

During Lent.

I had taken my back sights up the valley and now turned to look northeastward. To the front, right ahead two miles away, a big shoulder of bluff jutted out into the valley from the west bank. Around this turned the Rosebud and then ran straight away northward. Between that bluff and the GREEN TO BE THE PASHIONABLE COLOR

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, April 6 .- Of all profession eastern heights lay a broad, open plain three miles wide. All our part of the valley was covered by a heavy cloud of dust raised by myriad hoofs, and right around the big bend, not five miles away, what do I see but just as big a cloud of dust steadily floating perplexities, none exceeds that of the painter ommissioned to portray the face of a king. Shall he violate his conscience by flattering his features, or shall he be truthful with the risk of displeasing him? Doubtless you have read some of the historic anecdotes relating to this very subject. Well, one of our American kings of wealth, Cornelius Vanderbilt, hired Frank Hall, a London Isignal eagerly to my Colonel, and he quickly joins me on the bluff. "Gallop over and report to the General," are his orders, after one rapid glance, and in less than no time I am darting across the valley, only to find myself in the midst off a great hullable. artist, to put him on canvas. The order was given last summer, while the gentleman was in England, and he sat to him a number of times. The picture arrived in this city a week ago, just in time to be seen by its original before his departure for Europe, where he and his wife are to become again a social wonder. The portrait was hung in the hallway of Cornelius Vanderbilt's mansion on the morning that the friends of the family called to say goodby to them, or to accompany them as far as the steamer. They were a little astonished, I think, to find that it did not flatter Mr. Vanderbilt in the least, but had every blemish as well as every perfection in his face faith-

Then came the question: "But where on earth are the Sioux?" fully reproduced.
"I don't want to be smoothed out," he is They had slipped away eastward from be reported to me as saying to the artist; "but tween the advancing hosts, and both com-mands had reached at the same hour the I want a photographic likeness-nothing set down in malice, nor aught extenuated." Suppose I try my hand, in that same sincere manner, at depicting him as he ap-pears to casual observers here in New

A HANDSOME MILLIONAIRE. By far the best looking and best dressed f our millionaires is Cornelius Vanderbilt. This young man is decidedly attractive to the eye. He is of excellent figure, and his clothes, while never foppish, are most im-maculate, and exhibit plainly the work of as good a tailor as can be found in New York. At the theater Mr. Vanderbilt is invariably in perfect evening dress, and the effect of cleanness that he always produces is truly noticeable. I don't suppose there is better groomed man in the city. His firm, solid chin and mouth always have the newly-shaved look of a gentleman of leisure, his tiny whiskers just in front of his ears are trimmed with exquisite exactness, his linen is like snow, and his patent leather shoes look as though they had never been

worn before.

Mr. Vanderbilt has the face of a thoroughly reliable and shrewd man of busi-ness. The forehead is broad and smooth, the eyes kindled with pronounced intelli-gence of expression. The mouth set with the gentle strength of a man accustomed to rule and to succeed. He inherits all that shrewd and to succeed. He inherits all that shrewd and courageous brightness of visage that you can find in a portrait of the old Commodore. I never see Cornelius Vanderbilt but what I appreciate his capacity for being very rich. It does not bewilder him or dazzle him. Any man with his personal appearance must preforce be at least sensible and decent. I have seen such faces in serious and industrious physicians. and industrious physicians, lawyers and ministers. I never saw a man with such a ministers. I never saw a man face who was not to a great degree successcourtly, well-dressed, clean and solidly handsome, this is Cornelius Vanderbilt, still young, but with a well grown family, and millions on millions of doltars.

MRS. FRED GRANT IS DELIGHTED. Mrs. Colonel Fred Grant is ineffably pleased with the honor bestowed upon her husband and the triumph that must accrue to her from a four years' residence in the court of Vienna. The fact of the matter is that the levely daughter of Mr. Honore is not satisfied with her rank in American so-ciety. In Washington her position was only a negative success, for the reason that she was too well bred to care for or cultivate she was too well bred to care for or cultivate the political class, and since her residence in New York her honors have been even less satisfactory. True she has gone a great deal, as a leader once said in the committee of the Water Color Society and Decorative Art Ball, but I never see the Grants anywhere. They have not been sought out by the 400, and while they reigned in Long Branch as a sort of national curiosity, they lived at the hotel with Potter Palmer's family just as any other visiting party might, with an income equal to the rates of

he house. Out in Chicago things were vastly different and whenever the Grants visited the city Mrs. Potter Palmer threw open her lake abore palace and allowed the swells of Rush street, Bellevue place and Prairie avenue to come in and make their obeisance. Any distinguished people who might hap-pen to be in town at the time were invited and the result was altogether delightful.

ALWAYS CONVENTIONAL. As the world knows, the Honore girls were convent bred, and, while they have were convent bred, and, while they have very beautiful manners, neither could be called brilliant, and a great many times they have been considered arrogant, im-perious and unnecessarily exclusive. The maiden in "Rudygore" never adhered more closely to her book of etiquette than have these beautiful women, and whatever sweetness and graciousness of heart the world may have missed, it can never accuse Mrs. Grant or her sister, Mrs. Palmer, of an unconventional act. But now the administration comes to the rescue, and Mrs. Grant is

In a John street chop house the other day in one corner with his eyes fastened on the happier than she has ever been since she be-came the wife of a President's son. Mrs. Potter Palmer is arranging her household so as to spend the coming summer, and per-haps remain in Vienna through the entire year, as her sister's guest.

It might interest some of the devoted

mothers of the country to know something of the really admirable methods employed in the education of Colonel Grant's two children. Both have a French nurse from whom they have learned the language, which they speak as well as they do English. It is Mrs. Grant's wish that nothing be taught her little daughter to make her independent, self-reliant or forcible. Her mathe-matical training is limited to the elements; she must know nothing of philosophy, and never be permitted to hold an argument. Music, literature, history, art and the languages are thought sufficient, and under no circumstance will the sweet little brunette be admitted to a schoolhouse as a resident or regular pupil. She is to be a gentle, dependent, trustful, sweet woman with all that softness and pliability of natere that the world has always loved and men have adored.

A LENTEN DIVERSION. What do you think of \$2 as a price for a seat at a circus? That is what Barnum is charging for the best chairs at his current show in the Madison Square Garden, and it proves a winning price, for it brings the belles and matrons of Fifth avenue, who would stay away from a 50 cent circus. Every afternoon and evening this costly section of the Garden holds as palpably fashionable a gathering as you could find at the opera. By some curious construction of the religious law of Lent, our modish

of the religious law of Lent, our modish people rate a circus as permissible, and Barnum gets the profit.

There was a great deal of circus at the theater, the other night, where the French comedian Coquelin played a little duologue with Agnes Booth. A long drams was enacted first, and thus the little play was placed at midnight. This enabled the actors and actresses to come from their employment elsewhere to see it, and a remarkable addition they were to the audience.

But foremost of them all in point of singularity was Ada Rehan, the pet leading actress of Daly's company. Some of the actresses came in garb and manner so quiet as to force no attention; but not so with Ada. From her face had been removed none of the grease paint which it had worn during her evening's acting. But it was shaded by a big comprehensive black hat, whose contrast with her Dresden china whose contrast with her Dresden china countenance served simply to render it more conspicuous. Her cyclids and cycbrows were heavily blackened and her lips were brightly reddened. Her form was enveloped in a long, rich black cloak, and when she threw this back a dress of the same color was revealed, but on her hands were white kid gloves, so that all the poses and gestures with these were lived to the same color was revealed. with those members were in sharp relief sgainst a black background.

A THEATRICAL DARLING. She sat in the front row of the orchestra circle, and therefore was in sight from a large portion of the auditorium. At one large portion of the auditorium. At one time I set about counting the opera glasses that were simultaneously aimed at her, and got above 40 before getting confused, and without more than half completing the enumeration. But Ada is the theatrical darling of our Fifth avenue girls and they ape her manners just about as much as she does theirs when she impersonates a society balls.

By the way, Harper's Weekly had a fullpage glorification of Ada last week, written to Daly's order by William Winter. In it dates are given with such an appearance of exactitude that it will not do to question them. They inform us that she was born at Limerick, Ireland, 29 years ago this month. Now, it is a matter of record that 15 years ago, in 1874, she was playing leading parts at Woods' Museum, and thence went next season to Mrs. Drew's theater in Philadelphia. Thus Ada's precocity may be realized by a trifling amount of arithmetic. If she was born 29 years ago, and acted mature heroines 15 years ago, it will be seen that she was only 15 years old when she did it. There is a comfort, as well as a compliment, in that conclusion, because off the stage Ada ooks fully 40. WOMEN GETTING THEIR RIGHTS.

One after another the advantages hitherto monopolized by men are obtained by women. For instance, we may now be swindled just like the other sex in a mock auction store. Right in the very heart of the shopping district, a red flag has fluttered over a door this week, and out through that portal has come week, and out through that portal has come
the persuasive voice of an auctioneer.
Almost worthless jewelry is the stock in
trade of this establishment, which is operated
after the familiar method of Peter Funk,
with several persons to bid and buy; but
the difference is that these stool-pigeons are
women. Not only are the several clerks
behind the counter girls with an aspect
similar to those employed in the retail
stores, but four or five others, in the guise
of ordinary customers, do duty as inciters of
business. They affect the airs of genuine
shoppers, and altogether are more clever at oppers, and altogether are more elever at seir fraud than men. They do all the work of mock auction cappers, except the bulldozing. Probably cowdozing wouldn't

be inappropriate.

Anyhow, after an unwary woman has been led to purchase, through a misunderstanding, an article at ten or a dozen times its value, two impressive men come forward to rush her to the cashier's desk, cajole or threaten her into paying up, and all but literally hustic her out of the place. I sup-pose we ought to be flattered by this ex-tension of the mock auction business to us.

EXPENSIVE DREAMS. There is a contracted group of shops up on Broadway just below Twenty-third street on Broadway just below Twenty-third street that exhales the atmosphere of the Rue de la Paix in Paris. They are small, but their wares are of the daintiest description, for they consist of finest importations of lady's wearing apparel, from her bonnet to her stockings. This week the windows have taken on a degree of brilliancy which heralds the apparent of summer most hamiltoned. alds the approach of summer most happily. Huge bouquets of fresh roses dripping with moisture stand in bright blue and yellow vases. Perched upon little stands are the I was going to say dreams, but

It is not often that a man wishes himself a woman, but I heard a very stalwart old gentleman say to his companion as he stood gazing into a window yesterday that he felt a delicate longing to masquerade just for the sake of coming in contact with such exquisite head ornaments. What I was est struck by in this early display of summer millinery was the predominant color of green in everything. All the hats were symphonies in light shades of green. THE PREVAILING COLOR.

I thought perhaps the winter mind was merely startled by the color of ripe nature, and that probably these hats were no greener than they are every year, but in the next window I was confronted by a great assortment of gloves, some of them nearly a yard long. These were of the same shade of green as the hats. In another window of green as the nats. In another window were stockings just as green as the gloves. Then there was lovely silk underwear, like-wise pale green parasols, and I assure you that one window contained a hat covered with light green roses. So, you see, the beautiful brightness of nature is to adorn our girls during the coming hot season. The shops are certainly well-stocked for the Easter trade, and the sidewalks in front of the windows are constantly thronged of the windows are constantly thronged with eager young women who rapturize over this dream of a bonnet or that love of a hat with an enthusiasm delightful to witness. Knox, under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, had his window filled yesterday with a great assortment of those sailor hats that have been so popular through the several past seasons. The entire effect was freshly and deliciously green. The window looked like a glimpse out on a summer meadow with a glimpse out on a summer meadow with sun on it. On the block above I met a

> CLARA BELLE. PUNCTUAL TO THE MINUTE.

young woman trying to force the season in a light straw hat and a sealskin jacket.

In a John street chop house the otherday, in one corner, with his eyes fastened on the clock, sat a man whose expression indicated that he was looking for somebody. As the clock's hands moved toward 2, this expression grew into eagerness, and his face be-came almost excited. It was exactly 2 when

a man entered the restaurant hurriedly and walked up to the other.

"I'm on time, John," he said, breathing rather hard, "but I had to rush. It's just a year ago this minute that I said I'd meet you. Here is the money, and many thanks."

With that he laid a roll of English guineas on the table. The first man, who up to this time had said nothing, simply nodding and smiling, counted the gold pieces.
"Forty, 'Arry, that's right," he said. "I

knew you'd be punctual. 'Ave a glass?''
They drank a bottle of port, and went out
together. Both were English, although
only one had the cockney accent.



Miss Amity Bleecker-I am very sorry, George; but I can never be anything more to you than aMr. Morningside (breaking in badly)—
Darn it; I've got two grandmothers already!—Puck.

Matters of Interest to Manufacturer. Mechanic and Inventor.

A NEW LABOR-SAVING POOL TABLE

Pretty Ballet Girls as Aids to the Study of Chemistry.

THE ADVANCE IN ELECTRIC LIGHTIZE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Readers of THE DISPATCH who desire information on subjects relating to industrial development and progress in mechan-ical, civil and electrical engineering and the sciences can have their queries answered through this column, which will be a permanent feature of the paper.

THE indications point to the general use of THE indications point to the general use of petroleum as fuel for many power stations. The advantages over coal are obvious, for outside of its economy, even at market prices, and the undeveloped state of the art of utilizing it so as to secure best results, the entire absence of dirt and the steady, smokeless flame absolutely under control, have provoked careful inquiry into this subject. The large numful inquiry into this subject. The large number of new oil fields recently discovered, and the fact that the Standard Oil Trust have millions of barrels on hand which must be thrown on the market, but serves to stimulate in power producers the hope that cheaper fuel may be provided, and shareholders as well as the public benefited thereby. The export trade in oil is threatened with extinction on account of the construction of pipe lines and refineries by Nobel Brothers at Baku, Russia. Colonel Ransom says that "it gives one an impressive idea of the magnitude of the commerce of this country to reflect that probably ninetenths of the vast quantities of oil sold in this country, and upon which such vast fortunes have been made, has been and still is used simply in kerosene lamps and stoves."

Ar the conclusion of the congress of German naturalists and physicians in Cologne, last month, Dr. Hoffman addressed his professional month, Dr. Hoffman addressed his professional brethren, expatiating upon the difficulties experienced by students of chemistry in understanding the constitution of organic compounds. Then suddenly before the bewildered men of science, there floated upon the stage a gorgeous ballet, each beautiful dancer in a differently-colored costume. The astounded naturalists and physicians were at first inclined to believe that an opera troupe had gone astray, but Dr. Hoffman put their minds at rest. He explained that this ballet was an invention of his own for the purpose of making the study of organic chemistry more easy. Each ballet girl, he said, represented an atom.

At his command the lovely atoms grouped themselves in various figures, and the delighted medical men realized that they were observing, by Dr. Hoffman's felicitous method, the construction and chemical constitution of various compounds and their reactions. The record of the congress declares that "the composition of benziline, and the formation of aniline and its derivations, were particularly applauded."

The gas companies are fast gatting to realize

THE gas companies are fast getting to realize that antagonism by them to the electric light is inimical to their own best interests, and there is a steady increase in the number of electric lighting plants which have been in-stalled by them. They have nearly doubled in the past six months, and it is pretty con-clusive that it pays a gas supply company to

clusive that it pays a gas supply company to furnish electric light also to such patrons as may want it. Gas companies in this country are now supplying a total of over 21,000 are and 55,000 incandescent lights to their patrons, in addition to the commodity they were originally arganized to supply.

Two obstacles now stand in the way of the universal use of the incandescent light. One the want of an economical and efficient storage battery, and the other the want of an incandescent lamp possessing longer life, freedom from blackening of globes and increased efficiency of power. When these obstacles are surmounted the electric light will be furnished much cheaper than gas. Over 10 per cent of the initial power supplied in incandescent lamps is lost in heat radiation. The light sought for—the ideal light—is such as that given by the glow worm—a light without heat. This is the electrician's "philosopher's stone."

All modern public edifices (as well as many private residences) are now equipped with the incandescent light. Unless, however, the dynamo be run both day and night, as or other incandescent light. Unless, however, the dynamo be run both day and night, gas or other illuminants must be used. When the dynamo is shut down the lights go out. Besides, the engine and dynamo must be run for one light as well as many hundreds. We see therefore, as a consequence, in nearly all cases provision made for the use of gas as an auxiliary. The perfected storage battery will dispense with gas entirely, and the batteries will be charged during the day for use at night or whenever desired. The modern storage battery consists of plates of lead, and peroxide of lead and dinte sulphuric acid, the action during the "charging" process being electro-chemical. The great difficulty, so far, has been to make the peroxide adhere to the plates. Attempts the peroxide adhere to the plates. Attempt have been made to secure other peroxides (a of copper) for this use, but no chemical he been discovered which is as efficient for the

been discovered which is as efficient for this purpose.

A so called "dry battery" in which the chemicals are of a gelating consistency is being introduced in Germany, but the most promising battery is one in which the current forms minute gas globules on the plates.

The electrodes consist of finely divided or allotropic lead, each atom of which is completely covered with spongy coppe. Oxidation does not therefore take place under the action of the changing current, and the material is not chemically attacked, as in all other forms of storage batteries. A strong and influential company has been organized to handle this style of cell.

A NEW design of pool table is being shown, whereby the balls as "pocketed" run down to a common receptacle, thus avoiding walking around the table from pocket to pocket as each player finishes. The balls roll into gravity groves which are, of course, hidden from sight.

A PASSENGER coach now being built by the New York, Providence and Boston Railroad possesses the novel feature of an arched roo forming exactly a half of an ellipse, the rafters or "carlines," as master car builders call them being made of iron

A CHEMIST gives the following recipe of the the solution used in the hand grenade fire ex-tinguishers: "Take 20 grains of common sait and 10 pounds of salammoniae and dissolve in 7 gallons of water. When fully dissolved it can be bottled, and in use should be thrown forci-bly at the fire, so as to break the glass and scatter the solution.

A PROCESS of engraving on glass and crystal A PROCESS of engraving on guass and crystal by electricity has been communicated to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Plants. The plate to be engraved is covered with a concentrated solution of nitrate of potash and put in connection with one of the poles of the battery, and the design is traced out with a fine platinum point connected to the other pole. The results are said to be of marvelous deli-

glare of incandescent lights is to coat the globe with a thin film of collodion. The coating should be of course of uniform thickness. The should be of course of uniform thickness. The collodion can be easily washed off with water and it softens the light and absorbs but a small portion of its brilliancy. Notishiatt, of Germany, recommends a solution of sait, the crystals producing a very attractive diffusion of the light. A solution of salts of lead and tin is used in Berlin.

In order to secure the traction necessary to propel trains up the steep grades in the mount-ainous districts of the Eastern and Western States, it is necessary to employ very large and heavy engines-to many cases two and moreheavy engines—in many cases two and moreentailing thereby very heavy expense. A mechanical engineer of Albany, N. Y. has invented a device which has been practically
demonstrated to secure the "tractional effort"
necessary without the use of additional or
"heavyweight" engines. A third rail is laid in
the center of the track of the standard size and
weight. Affixed under the locomotive are two
wheels in a nearly horizontal position which
run along the sides of the top of the rail, and
in action grip it more or less tightly.

THE recent decision of the Commissioner of Patents, Mr. Benton J. Hail, which effectually Patents, Mr. Benton J. Hail, which effectually clears the title of Alexander Graham Bell as the first inventor of the telephone in what is technically termed a "broad" sense, not only gives stability to all enterprises based upon patent rights, but had it been otherwise decided, would have created a new telephone monopoly for a further period of 17 years. It is interesting to note that Commissioner Hall states that the Examiner of Interferences, the Examiner-in-chief and his predecessor in office have held that a telephone constructed upon the make and break principle will not transmit articulate speech, and he dismisses the multitude of evidence and the affidavits of scientists of conceded authority who testify to the conof conceided authority who testify to the con-trary by asking "Will such instruments speak in the mode pointed out by Reis and Mc Donough?" It is unquestioned that upon this oue point the opposition depended most largely, and, notwithstanding this decision, we have not heard the last of this much mouted question.