# THE DEADLY CREESE.

## IT WAS IN THE HAND OF THE MALAY SAILOR WHO RAN AMUCK.

**Six Dead and Two Wounded the Record Made by the Wild Man In Ten Minutes. A Terrible Scene Described by a Sailor Who Was an Eyewitness.**

"In four voyages to the East Indies, two of them to Malay ports, I have seen but one instance of that native performance called running amuck. Fortunately I saw it from a position of perfect safety, but the sight was enough to make me steer clear of all Malays afterward and any vessel that has them on board," said Erdix Deering, who as boy and man sailed many seas in deep water ships. "It was in 1865, when I was a boy, on my first voyage, on the ship Harry Warren, which sailed from Boston to India with a cargo of ice. We were lying at anchor in the roads off Madras, unloading our middle deck cargo into lighters, and 100 vessels of all nations were anchored about us, discharging or taking on board their cargoes. The ship nearest us, about two cable lengths away, was the British ship Mahratta, which had come from Singapore in ballast with a crew of Malay lascars. It was one day at noon that, as our crew lay round under the awning in the forecastle waiting for the order to turn to, one of the sailors sitting on the capstan sung out:

"'Hi, mates, just look over to the lime juicer! They're having some kind of a rumpus there. See 'em going. I believe it's one of those Malays running amuck.'

"We all jumped to our feet and looked at the Mahratta, and some of us ran up into the rigging to get a better view. From the topsail yard I could see all that was going on on the deck of the British ship. Amidships a lascar, naked to the waist, was slashing and stabbing at a European officer who had tried to grapple with him, while everybody else in sight on the ship was running fore or aft or taking to the rigging. On the quarter deck the captain was hurrying two ladies down the companionway into the cabin, supporting in his arms one of them who had fainted. As the officer fell lifeless to the deck the Malay bounded past him, following three sailors who had run aft, along the port gangway, upon the poop. As he ran he swung before him a long, slender knife, its crooked blade curving in and out like the writhings of a snake. He overtook the rearmost man on the poop and cut and stabbed him, as he had done with the officer, until the man fell. Meantime the second man leaped overboard, preferring to take his chances with the sharks and water serpents to remaining on board, and the third man ran across the quarter deck and up into the mizzen rigging like a cat. The man in the water swam for our ship, and some natives in a lighter picked him up ahead of the sharks.

"The Malay left the man he had killed and looked around as if for fresh victims, but he himself was the only living person in view on the decks. He ran fore and aft, searching, but found no one, and he tried the cabin door, but it was closed fast. Then he went to the mizzen rigging and started up the ratlines after the man who had taken refuge there. When the Malay had got as far as the mizzen top, the man he was after took to the topgallant fore and aft stay and began to go down it hand over hand toward the mainmast. The Malay kept on up to the topgallant crosstrees and began to follow the man down the stay.

"There was something frightful in the relentlessness of his pursuit. He had got about ten feet down the stay when the captain appeared on the poop with a revolver and began firing at him. One, two, three shots he fired, and the Malay kept on down the stay. He was two-thirds of the way to the foot when at the fourth shot the arm that held the creese fell helpless by his side, though his hand still clutched the weapon. He clung to the stay by one hand and his feet and kept on down it almost as fast as before. A fifth and sixth shot, and at the last the Malay stopped still, then fell like a lump of putty to the deck, full 40 feet below. Whether he was dead when he struck the deck I do not know, but the mate, who must have been watching from his room, ran out from the cabin to where the Malay was with a handspike and made sure work of the fellow before he could rise. Then the lascars came running from the forecastle and down the rigging, and with capstan bars, belaying pins and knives struck and thrust at the dead Malay until if he had had a dozen lives in him they would have been hammered out of his body before the officers could restrain the excited sailors.

"Our captain got the full story of the affair from the captain of the Mahratta the next day. The Malay had been brooding and sullen for days before, though no one knew what his grievance was. On this day as the men were piped to dinner he had gone into the forecastle, got the creese from some place where he had it concealed and had furiously attacked his mates without a word. They raised the cry 'Amuck, amuck!' and scattered, but not until three of them had been killed or mortally wounded and two more of them seriously cut by the creese. Running forward, he had encountered the second mate, and the rest of the affair I saw. Five men dead and two badly hurt by the Malay and himself killed at the end was the record of ten minutes' business in running amuck. Malays in mine after this? No, thank you."—New York Sun.

---

**The Paris prefecture of police has a wooden horse, harnessed, and all candidates for the position of cabman must show that they know how to harness and unharness him and pass an examination in whatever other tests the prefect may propose.**

# MAY HAVE MEANT WELL.

**But Her Efforts Did Not Meet With Much Success.**

Last season a Washington woman, possessing both social and charitable ambitions, elected to give a reception. The affair was to be very exclusive. Judge of the surprise when a bundle of invitations was left at the door of a hospital in town upon whose board of managers Mrs. Z. serves. The invitations were found to be addressed to the trained nurses of the institution, and great was the wonder that the professional ranks had been invaded for society recruits.

A few days elapsed, and Mrs. Z. paid a visit to the hospital. Making herself extremely agreeable, she remarked to the nurses:

"Well, girls, I hope you received cards to my reception?"

Smiles and acknowledgments answered in the affirmative, and Mrs. Z. went on complacently:

"Indeed, I was only too glad to remember you all. I appreciate how much work and how little play you girls have, and I thought you would enjoy a little glimpse of society fun."

"No doubt of it, Mrs. Z.," one of the nurses spoke up, "but none of us are likely to have gowns suitable to wear at such a function."

"Oh, that need not trouble you in the least," returned the smiling Mrs. Z. "Now, my idea is this. Of course I understand you have no evening gowns and that you know very few society people, but these facts must not interfere with your getting a peep at my guests and eating some of my supper. I thought the whole thing would be simplified if you all came in your pretty uniforms and caps and took up your stations in the dressing rooms. You would only have to assist the ladies with their wraps, and you could see the gowns to such good advantage, and"—But such a chorus of indignant exclamation rent the air at that juncture that Mrs. Z.'s sentence was never completed.

The social veneering must be thickly coated on Mrs. Z., for to this day she does not seem to understand why the nurses meet her advances with frigid indifference and why her visits to the hospital are no longer pleasant.—Washington Star.

# MAKING PLATE GLASS.

**An Operation That Requires a Deal of Skill and Care.**

A visit to a plate glass works reveals nothing perhaps more interesting than the casting tables on which the heavy plate glass used in most store windows is cast. "The casting tables," said the superintendent of a large factory, "are the most important pieces of apparatus in this establishment.

"Each table is about 20 feet long, 15 feet wide and from 7 to 8 inches thick. The heavy strips of iron on either side of the tables afford a bearing for the rollers and determine the thickness or diameter of the glass to be cast.

"The rough plate is commonly nine-sixteenths of an inch thick, but after polishing it is reduced to six or seven sixteenths. All casting tables are mounted on wheels which run on a track made to reach every furnace and annealing oven in the factory. The table having been wheeled as near as possible to the melting furnace, a pot of molten glass is lifted by means of a crane and its contents poured quickly on the table.

"A heavy iron roller then passes from end to end, spreading the glass to a uniform thickness. This rolling operation has to be done by expert hands quickly, as the boiling glass, when it comes in contact with the cold metal of the table, cools very rapidly. When the rolling process has been completed, the door of the annealing oven is opened and the plate of glass is introduced.

"The floor of the annealing oven is on the same level as the wheels of the casting table, so that the transfer can be made by rail quickly. When the glass is ready to be taken out of the oven, its surface is very rough. In this condition it is used for skylights and other purposes where strength is desired rather than transparency, but when intended for windows it is ground, smoothed and polished and is then ready for the market."—Boston Globe.

**The New Jersey Vote.**

The amendment to confer school suffrage on the women of New Jersey was defeated by a majority of over 12,000. The antigambling amendment was defeated by over 3,000, and another amendment was lost by only 843. This vote shows two things—first, that the suffrage amendment was defeated by opposition and not by indifference merely; second, that it could not carry even the vote of the moral element of the state. New Jersey needs a good deal of education.—Woman's Tribune.

**A Titled Costermonger.**

An aristocratic costermonger is what one would hardly expect to find in Shoreditch, yet some years ago this was a favorite character of Lord Lonsdale. It was no unusual thing for this eccentric nobleman to lay aside his dinner dress and robe himself in the corduroys and colored handkerchief of the coster; and a capital coster he made, having a pair of lungs like a couple of foghorns and a genius for acting the part which was irresistible.—London Answers.

---

Fountain pens are rather older than most people imagine. As long ago as 1824 they were in use, for in that year Thomas Jefferson saw a contrivance of this sort, tried it and wrote to General Bernard Peyton of Richmond asking him to get one of them. The pen was of gold and the ink tube of silver, and, according to Jefferson's letter, the maker was a Richmond watch repairer named Cowan.

---

There are more than 100,000 children in the national schools of Germany who stutter.

# THE CLOVE TREE.

**How the Buds Are Prepared For the Uses of Commerce.**

The clove tree is a native of the Moluccas islands and belongs to the far-spread family of myrtles. It is a tall, very handsome evergreen, with ovate, oblong leaves and purplish flowers, arranged in corymbs on short jointed stalks. The flowers are produced in great profusion, and when they appear, which is at the beginning of the rainy season, they are in the form of elongated, greenish buds. These unexpanded buds are the cloves of commerce, which derive their name from the Spanish word clavo, "a nail," so called from the real or fancied resemblance of the bud to a nail.

Sometimes the clove fruit appears in commerce in a dried state, under the name of "mother cloves." It has an odor and flavor similar to cloves, but is much weaker.

The flower buds are beaten from the tree and are dried by the smoke of wood fires and afterward by the sun. If the buds remain on the trees, the calices gradually swell, the embryo seeds enlarge and the pungent properties of the cloves are to a great degree dissipated.

Cloves consist of two parts, a round head, which is, in fact, the flower rolled up, inclosing a number of small filaments, and the four points that surround the flower and form the flower cup of the unripe seed vessel. When they are soaked for a short time in hot water, the flowers soften and readily unroll, so that all of the parts may be seen.

The entire clove tree is highly aromatic, and the foot stalks of the leaves have nearly the same pungent quality as the calyx of the flower.—Philadelphia Times.

# LIGHTNING BUGS.

**Taken For the Enemy's Fire, They Led to a Pitched Battle.**

G. H. Bell, a prominent merchant of Liberty, Neb., told an interesting story of how a swarm of lightning bugs caused a shot and shell engagement between two armies during the late war.

"I was a member of the Twenty-fifth Ohio regiment," said Mr. Bell, "and Mr. G. W. Harris, whom I met on my visit here, was with the Fifty-fifth Tennessee. I just discovered that we fought each other one night in May, 1864, at New Hope Church, Ga. Lightning bugs in Georgia are more plentiful than watermelons in August by several millions to the square mile, and on more than one occasion they gave us trouble.

"About 2 o'clock in the morning as the two armies lay in their respective works, 400 yards apart, a nest of bugs hove in sight, as we afterward learned. The armies were too close for pickets. Suddenly there was a flash of light. Each side thought the other had opened fire in some mysterious way, and we began to shoot. We blazed away at one another for an hour or more and Bedlam reigned with shot and shell. The timber between the lines was all killed as if belted with an ax. Fortunately no lives were lost.

"It was only the other day that I learned the extent of the damage caused by that swarm of lightning bugs. I asked Harris how long his side was firing, and he said until their ammunition gave out. We were in the same fix, and if it hadn't been for our poverty in this respect that engagement would have been terribly fatal."—St. Louis Republic.

**Certain Irish Stories.**

A Roman deacon was sent for to baptize a baby. In the cabin he could find no water, but there was a pot of tea. "Tea," he reasoned, "contains water, the rest is but accident," and proceeded to pour out a cup. But it was strong, even to blackness, so he went in search of water, and, having found some, watered the tea down to a more reasonable color, christened the baby with it, and reported the circumstances, as a case of conscience, to his superior. It had not occurred to him, having found the water, to use it by itself.

Here is a tutor's letter of condolence to a bereaved parent. This was unkindly attributed to Oxford. The tutor wrote, "I am sincerely grieved to hear the sad news of your son's death, but I must inform you he would have had to go down in any case, as he had failed to satisfy the examiners in classical moderations."

One other story, I may add here, as it serves to illustrate a certain disparity often noticeable between Saxon and Celtic word values, and also the way in which Irish orators discount their own rhetoric. A home ruler was haranguing on English terrorism, and after drawing a horrid picture of babies speared on the points of bayonets, etc., he concluded: "If that's your civilization, you may keep it. I call it most improper."—Cornhill Magazine.

**Life.**

Life has no other origin than life itself, and this is one of the great truths which the labors of pathologists and biologists of the present century have established beyond the possibility of a doubt. If the life that is taken from life is taken from a highly developed life, so will be the life that is taken. My earnest hope and belief is that the final mystery of life, the key to life, the principle which keeps life alive, will be solved by the biologists before all the members of the present congress are dead.—Professor Virchow to International Congress at Moscow, Aug. 19, 1897.

**Remarkable Mirages.**

The Sudan expedition, while engaged in laying the new Nile railway, saw some remarkable mirages. From a distance the men appeared to be working in a beautiful lake, and on all sides were to be seen lakes, beautifully wooded hills, ships and cascades. When looked at through fieldglasses the illusion was heightened rather than diminished.

# A NEW WOMAN.

She's up to date and strictly new,
And yet she is not alliance with zeal.
She wears a shirt that's sawed in two,
She is not inclined to ride a wheel.
Her sex's wrongs she does not feel,
Nor yet she chooses her thoughts perusal,
And yet—[illegible] I don't conceal,
She's very fond of [illegible].

Her ideals are few and few,
Yet not by man is she controlled,
And, though her eyes are coaly blue,
No smile from her glances bold
Is lavished not for the sake of cash,
Nor yet to win her a lucky lover,
But [illegible] seek for fame or gold,
And yet she's new.

All homage at her shrine is due,
[illegible] to sovereign sway,
She from the mantle takes her cue,
[illegible] morn,
[illegible] powers unworn,
For, lest we prove my statements true,
[illegible] since she was born
[illegible] she's new!

—Harper's Bazar, as quoted in the New York Sun.

# A YOUTHFUL EXEGETE.

**His Interpretation of the Scriptures Was Not Orthodox.**

Strange are the workings of the infant mind. The little son of a well known naval officer stationed here has advanced a new version of an old text. The wife's mother, who makes her home with her daughter, is of the old school, a dear creature, with puffs and caps, who reads her Bible from preference. It is a custom for her to teach her little grandson every day a verse from the Bible, and on Saturday of last week the verse selected was:

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

The child had unusual difficulty in committing the verse, but, once mastered, it must have settled deep into the very largest brain cell possessed by the little fellow.

Sunday morning the youngster came, fresh, white and starched, from his nurse's hands and was deposited on the front porch until the family assembled for church. Emerging at the last moment, the mother was horrified at the sight of her small offspring seated upon the terrace, digging with all his might into the moist ground.

"Baby, baby, come here this minute. Don't you know it is naughty to play on Sunday and get yourself all dirty?" cried the mother.

The little fellow looked up with a puzzled air and made answer, "Why, muvver, dear, I is digging holes for Sunday."

"Digging holes for Sunday? What nonsense! You bad, bad little son," returned the mother, none too gently, trying to rescue the once immaculate suit.

"Now, muvver, dear, I did learn ve verse from grandma, and it was 'Remember ve Sabbath day to keep it holy,' and I is only digging ve holes for Sunday to make it holy, and I isn't a bad little son at all."

There was a suspicious trembling about the mouth, but it is needless to relate that the little philosopher was caught in his mother's arms and kissed before the cry developed and that he was given two plates of dessert for his Sunday dinner, all because of his original theory.—Washington Star.

**In Sir Walter Scott's Mail Bag.**

Some letters from the fair sex caused Sir Walter Scott at least as much amusement as annoyance. In his earlier years "a mad woman from about Alnwick," by dint of letters and plans, first extracted from him a guinea for a charity, then sent him the manuscript of a curious novel, which he was to publish in his own name, and of which he was to take half the profits. Finally, on his declining the partnership, she suggested he should take shares in a medicine for babies, her own invention. Dread of participation in "such a Herodlike affair" drove Scott to decline the honor of future correspondence with the lady.

On a March day in his fatal year, 1826, Sir Walter answered two modest requests from widow ladies. One of these, presuming on a former slight acquaintance with his mother, desired that he should impress on Peel, then home secretary, the merits of her second son, whom he was to represent as "fit for any situation in a public office." The second lady, who had already perused "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," engaged, in return for a suitable provision for her son's education, to read all her benefactor's other works. After dealing with these letters, Scott felt himself constrained to record his conviction that "your destitute widow, especially if she hath a charge of children and one or two fit for patronage, is one of the most impudent animals living."—Temple Bar.

**Reward of Literature.**

Among the women writers of the capital there is one young matron whose name is very well known. A few months ago she sent a short story to a magazine which presented itself as an untried field. By and by she received notification that the story had been accepted and that in payment thereof her name had been put on the subscription list for one year. The author immediately returned answer that the compensation was not adequate.

"Dear madam," the editor wrote back, "yours of such a date received. We have put your name on the subscription list for two copies each month."

And for fear that further correspondence would burden her with three copies of the magazine she was forced to be content with that.—Washington Post.

**Cement Pipes.**

Cement pipes are made cheaply by an ingenious process devised by a French inventor. A trench is dug and the bottom filled with cement mortar. On this is placed a rubber tube covered with canvas and inflated. The trench is then filled up with cement. As soon as this is set the air is let out of the rubber tube, which is then removed and used again in another section. By this method 6 inch pipes have been made at a cost of 12 cents a yard.

# JOHNSON'S BOSWELL.

**The Alleged Original Source of Our Knowledge of English Literature.**

To some of us—I suspect, indeed, to a good many—Boswell represents the original source not only of knowledge about Johnson, but of our knowledge of English literature in general. He was our introduser to the great anonymous club formed by English men of letters from the days when Shakespeare met Ben Jonson to the days when Carlyle discoursed to Froude. We became members of the craft in spirit under Boswell's guidance, whether we have or have not become actually identified with it in the flesh. It therefore becomes next to impossible to abstract from Boswell—all our later knowledge has been more or less ingrafted upon him, however far we may have traveled from the source. Boswell gave the nucleus, and more or less consciously we have used his world as a standard inevitably taken into account in all later judgments. To suppose Boswell nonexistent is for such readers to suppose a kind of organic change in our whole estimate of literary characteristics.

When reading, especially about some of the other famous talkers, Coleridge's monologues or Sydney Smith's explosions of fun, I find myself thinking how they would have sounded at the Mitre or the Turk's Head. Thanks to Boswell, I take the Johnsonian article to be a fixed datum like the official yard at the Tower, and to be asked to put that out of my head is to be invited to deprive myself of my only measuring rod. It is exceedingly difficult, at any rate, to put oneself outside of Boswell and to construe a portrait of Johnson simply out of such other materials as are here put together.

I have read Hawkins and Mrs. Piozzi and the rest, but always with the help of the preconceived notions. Where they could be fitted into Boswell I have accepted them as corroborations, but when they differed I have probably rejected the uncongenial elements with perhaps a careless assumption that they must be inaccurate, and yet it seems only justice to these respectable persons to consider whether we ought not to reopen the point. If Mme. D'Arblay saw something of Johnson which was not revealed to Boswell, may we not discover similar supplementary hints in the other attempts at portraiture?—Leslie Stephen in National Review.

**Diamonds.**

Professor Crookes, in his recent remarkable lecture on diamonds, mentioned some interesting facts concerning that always popular subject. When in examining diamonds under polarized light the black cross of the polarizer revolves around a particular spot in the inside of the crystal and the point is examined with a high power, a slight flaw and more rarely a minute cavity are sometimes seen. This cavity is filled with gas at an enormous pressure, and the strain which is set up in the stone by the effort of the gas to escape is not infrequently removed only by the explosion of the gem. It is not at all uncommon for a diamond to explode soon after it reaches the surface, and some have been known to burst in the pockets of the miners or when held in the warm hand. Large crystals are more liable to burst than smaller pieces. Valuable stones have been destroyed in this way, and it is whispered that cunning dealers have often done a handsome stroke of business by allowing responsible clients to handle or carry in their warm pockets large crystals fresh from the mine. By way of safeguard against explosion some dealers embed large diamonds in raw potatoes to insure safe transit on the ocean voyage.

Professor Crookes showed that a diamond could actually be too hard. From a rich yield of beautifully white diamonds in New South Wales great things were expected. When a parcel of many hundred carats came to England, it was found they were so hard as to be practically unworkable as gems, and they were ultimately sold for rock boring purposes. The intense hardness of the diamond was illustrated by an experiment. The diamond was placed on the flattened apex of a conical block of steel, and on it was brought down a second cone of steel. As these cones were forced together by hydraulic power the image of the diamond and the steel faces of the cones were projected on the screen with an electric lantern. The stone was seen to be squeezed right into the steel blocks without being injured in the slightest degree.

**Limbless Cotton.**

An interesting sight at Opelika, Ala., is a patch of "limbless" cotton. The plants are from five to seven feet high and have no limbs or branches at all. The bolls form on little twigs two and three inches long, and when in bloom the stalk presents the appearance of a white column. A crop of about four bales to the acre is what is expected under fair conditions. This Alabama patch is the property of the Rev. I. N. Fitzpatrick, a presiding elder of the negro Methodist church, and such is his care of his unique crop and his confidence in his neighbors that he watches it at night with a dog and gun.—Exchange.

**Kilts.**

Between 150,000 and 200,000 kilts are made every year. The kilted regiments of regulars, militia and volunteers number some 17 battalions. As the military kilt is only provided biennially this represents a supply of 7,000 a year.

---

Among the many devices to assist the blind one of the best is a typewriter in which the keys have raised letters and which punctuates the paper with either letters or the dots contained in one of the blind alphabets.

---

In North Dakota the killing of quail and English and Chinese pheasants is prohibited until 1906, and beaver and otter cannot be trapped and killed until 1908.

# HE WAS AT LUCKNOW.

## A CHICAGO CABMAN WHO WENT THE RELIEF OF HAVELOCK.

**He Tells In His Own Way the Story Which Has Often Been Told Before. One of the Famous "Light Brigade," Though Not at Balaklava.**

T. J. McNally, a cab driver with a station at the northeast corner of Dearborn and Monroe streets, is one of the survivors of that regiment of British soldiers who went to the relief of Lucknow. He is a hardy, rugged, stout built man, with a medal of honor on his breast and a memory of ten years' service in the army of Great Britain. The command with which he served in India was composed in part of that little band of heroes left from the famous fight at Balaklava—that immemorial "Charge of the Light Brigade." And he shared with them the splendid honor of rescuing from beleaguered Lucknow the English women and children, and the English officers and men as well, who had fought for more than life against the savagery of a sepoy rebellion.

"I was born in Scotland, but of Irish parents," said Mr. McNally, chatting of the rough service and the men he had marched with and fought under in those days, which resembled so closely the perilous phases of England's situation in India today. "I was born at Barrhead, and Jan. 28, 1856, I enlisted at Lanark in the Ninety-second or Gordon highlanders, and after some months of drill and garrison duty volunteered Feb. 28, 1857, to the Ninety-third or Sutherland highlanders, who were stationed at Dover Heights. There was continual talk of their going out to the China war, and I wanted the adventure and the experience of real soldiering.

"It was Dover castle those days, for the castle still stood there. It was one of England's defenses and had been for centuries. I am told the castle is ruined and gone now.

"We embarked at Spithead June 1857, for the China war and sailed away down the west coast of Africa. After we were out at sea we spoke a vessel from the cape and heard of the Indian mutiny, but of course our duty was to go on to China, where we had been ordered. It was pretty hard lines for us. We wanted to get up into India, where they needed us, and at cape of Good Hope a lighter vessel from England overtook us and countermanded our orders. We were sent from there with all haste to Calcutta and landed Sept. 30, 1857. Think of that! More than three months getting to the mutiny!

"There were no railroads, and we started right out and marched up country as far as Cawnpur, 680 miles. It was a hard, hard march, but we made as good time as British soldiers ever did anywhere. At Cawnpur we were joined by General Hope Grant and Sir Colin Campbell, who had been waiting for reinforcements so they could help Lucknow.

"Then we went on and reached the besieged city Nov. 18, 1857—over 700 miles in less than 50 days. We had but 4,000 men even then, and there were 60,000 native soldiers, armed as we were armed, for they had been part of the British army, but they were not commanded so well, and they did not have so much to fight for.

"It was quick work—all with the bayonet. They could not stand the rushes. We forced our way to the citadel, and the third day we took out the women and children and what was left of the garrison. Then we retired in the night. They could not realize we had done so much, and they could not believe we would withdraw, but we were not strong enough to hold the place and selected a position of our own at Alumbaugh, three miles away. If they had known we were going to slip away they could have massed their forces, leaving the city uncovered, and hemmed us in, but we were away and ready for them before they knew it.

"There Havelock died of dysentery three days after the relief. He would have been dead a week before we came, but he didn't dare to die. He had to defend those women and children.

"I was wounded at the Lucknow fight, but it did not amount to much. I staid on duty all the time. The bullet was extracted and I got along. No, there is no pension. You get a pension after 21 years' service in the British army, or after being positively disabled. I was only ten years in the service. After that I came to America—to Chicago. I have had money and am getting on all right yet. Medal? Yes, I wear the medal. That regiment is the only one that wears its medal on its colors. That is because it fought at Balaklava and at Lucknow too. Many a time the other fellows told me of the fight with the Russians, but I did not see it. I was not in the command at the time."

The Indian insurrection broke out on the night of May 30, 1857. Sir Henry Lawrence had fortified the residency and garrisoned it with 750 British troops. July 1 the place was besieged. July 4 Sir Henry died from a wound. Three times the gallant little army beat back the assaults of the multitudinous enemy. July 22 Havelock captured Alumbaugh, and four days later reached the residency. But he, with the others, was at once penned up there. Then came Colin Campbell's long waited, almost unhoped for relief, and the little garrison and colony were saved.—Chicago Post.

**Effective.**

"Well," said the prosperous looking man, "I will not affirm that the Gusher spring water is a balm for all bodily ills, but this I will say—that it has removed a trouble under which I had suffered nearly all my life."

He referred to a monetary difficulty, but he did not think it necessary to go into particulars.—Boston Transcript.