

IRISH COQUETRY.

Says Patrick to Biddy: "Good mornin', my dear!

It's a bit av a sacret I've got for yer ear; It's yersel' that's lukin' so charmin' the day, That the heart in me breast is fast slippin' away."

"Tis you that can flatter," Miss Biddy replies, And throws him a glance from her merry blue eyes.

"Arrah, Biddy," cries Patrick, "'Tis thinkin' av you That's makin' my heart sick, me darlint, that's true.

Sure, I've waited a long time to tell you this same, And Biddy Maloney 'll be sich a fine name," Cries Biddy: "Have done wid your talkin', I pray; Sure me heart's not me own for this many a day!

"I gave it away to a good lookin' boy, Who thinks there is no one like Biddy Molloy. So don't bother me, Pat; jist be aisy?" says she;

"Indade, if you'll let me, I will that!" says he.

"It's a bit av a flirt that ye are on the sly, I'll not trouble ye more, but I'll bid ye good-by."

"Arrah, Patrick," cries Biddy, "an' where are ye goin'?"

Sure, it isn't the best av good manners ye're showin', To lave me so suddint!" "Och, Biddy," cries Pat,

"You've knocked the cocked feather jist out av me hat!"

"Come back, Pat," says she. "What for then," says he,

"Bekase I meant you all the time," says she."

The Newspaper Reporter.

It is interesting to watch the struggles of the reportorial fraternity in their endeavors to furnish forth a sufficient quantity of their startling and sustaining items. The vast material for wonder items and unlimited resources of the metropolitan are a constantly goading thorn in the side of the rural editor. That daily harvest of horrors that is garnered with the purloins, the slums and by-ways of a great city, and that never failing source, the police court, sometimes drive the country rival to desperation. Cut off from these urban sources of supply in this department, he is thrown back upon himself, and is forced to rely upon the vividness of his own imagination. Once or twice a month, according to the amount of strain his ganglionic functions will endure and the scarcity of items, he retires, big with some idea in the way of the wonderful, into his inner consciousness, and at length reappears weak and weary, but flushed and triumphant, bearing tenderly the fruits of his labors—one of those items about a sheeted ghost, a three-legged hen, or a seven hundred pound pumpkin, that are so cheering and comforting.

The last season in this particular has been an active and exhaustive one for the rural reporters, especially. Fresh material has been hard to procure. Washington's nurses and body-servants have become a drug in the market. That Brazilian yarn about a man 224 years old knocked the stuffing out of all the old-people stories. Big turnips and beets, three-foot cucumbers, fruit trees blossoming the fourth and fifth time, and vegetable eccentricities generally, have not seemed to take very well. In spite of these drawbacks the necessities of the emergency have so stimulated the inventive faculties that the season has been a brilliant success.

Let us look on the field a little. Early in the season the Selma (Alabama) Times started off lamely with a sweet potatoe six feet two inches long. The Murfreesboro (Tenn.) Monitor met this with an "old mare" who ate chickens, ducks and bacon, &c. Then a Virginia City (Nev.) editor, of imagination all compact, produced a domesticated woodchuck who got drunk and cheated at poker; and the San Bernardino (Cal.) Guardian went him two better with a two-headed snake. These successes excited a tremendous rivalry, and the scene now became exciting, so much so as to carry away several city papers that joined in the fray. The Evansville (Ind.) Journal, the Bowling Green (Ky.) Democrat, the Troy (N. Y.) Times, the Rutland (Vt.) Herald, the Philadelphia Telegraph, and the St. Paul (Minn.) Press went back to first principles and engaged in a mad rivalry in

the Ghost line. The Brooklyn Eagle worked up the very stale story of the girl who lives ten years without eating. The Lexington (Mo.) Caucasian struck in characteristically with a child born with a tail. A Waverly (Tenn.) paper sang of an "Egg within an egg" laid by an eccentric hen of that place. The Fort Wayne (Ind.) Sentinel trotted out a boy who pulled an eighteen-inch snake from his stomach. The Weston (Va.) Democrat struck a new lead with a new-born baby, whose mother was 83 years old, and whose father was 77. The Louisville Courier-Journal did not make a very great sensation with its story of a cat that gave birth to three squirrels. This gave the Turf, Field and Farm courage to tell about a colt which climbed to the ridgepoles of barns and beamed pleasantly upon passers-by, and after that the Lebanon (Ky.) Standard felt equal to the task of telling about a girl-baby born with a chignon. Made desperate by this, the Waverly (Tenn.) man came back with "Six tape-worms inside one sheep," and Fayetteville (Tenn.) remonstrated with a "Rooster with three appreciable legs." The Cleveland Plaindealer brought out its mouse which chewed up two hundred dollars in greenbacks, and the Evansville Courier came up smiling with the boy who coughed up a gold dollar. The Brattleboro (Vt.) Record exploded a trunk, which injured a lady who was standing by "upon her head," and the Kansas City Times followed with a bustle bursting with direful results. The Erie (Pa.) Dispatch introduced to notice a streak of lightning which entered that office and knocked the devil down stairs, and the Franklin (Ky.) Patriot recited a little story about a horse that committed suicide. Then the San Diego (Cal.) Union got "Arabian Nights" on the brain, and told about a devil-fish in a porter bottle, which on being taken out expanded to a foot or two in diameter. This the Burlington Gazette knocked into the shade with its little prairie-chicken story—how they settled "head and tail" in long lines on telegraph wires, and how shrewd hunters fired double-barreled guns down each side of the wire and knocked off a couple of hundred heads. A report from La Franca of a man with the head of a Scotch terrier aroused the struggling editorial fraternity to increased exertions, and the Whitehall (N. Y.) Times capered madly to the front with a rat that sat by a sleeping baby, and with its tail whisked away the flies; and not satisfied with this dizzy flight of the imagination, went into the sea serpent business, which, though an old "lay," it worked up with consummate genius.

But the imaginative heroes are too many, the roll of honor too long for us to mention all; and, after calmly considering all the rival claims of "intellectual inventors," we calmly and sadly award the prize to the Johnston Voice. That paper tells of a lady, "Mrs. X." (X is suspicious), living in Kernville, who softened an egg-shell with vinegar, forced it into a demijohn, and hatched it there. Now she has a good, healthy hen in a demijohn. The Voice says she intends to bottle an American eagle for the Centennial. We presume, but for incubatory obstacles, she might be induced to try it with a baby. The Voice says, "Nobody need believe this if they don't choose." We are glad of this, not that we would think of doubting the story, but it sort of "lets us out," as it were.—Cincinnati Times.

Collapse of the Count de Chambord.

Those who have done me the honor to read, in the DESERT NEWS, my two previous communications on the political situation in France, have no doubt already seen that my prognostications of failure regarding the restoration of the monarchy in that country, a scheme concocted by the royalists in the National Assembly, have been fully verified. Three things have mainly contributed to this result—namely the visit of King Victor Emanuel to Vienna and Berlin; the signal success of the republicans in the October elections in France, and the last political manifesto of the Count de Chambord. On each of these points I will briefly express my views.

There is the most indubitable evidence that the object of the Italian King, in visiting Vienna and Berlin, was the formation of

an alliance, offensive and defensive, between Italy, Austria and Prussia, against France, in the event of the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of that country. This journey of Victor Emanuel was a direct response to the foolish fulminations by the Archbishop of Paris and several of the Catholic bishops of France, against Italian unity; and against those almost innumerable political manifestations, which, under the cloak of pious pilgrimages to the sacred shrines of Lourdes and of Salette, have been organized by the leaders of the monarchial party in hopes of reviving an almost extinct religious faith—the belief in the divine right of Kings—in the hearts of the people. For the information of my readers I will make a digression, and give a very brief sketch of the sacred places mentioned above, whose fame has been revived by the late pilgrimages.

Several years ago, so runs the fable manufactured by the Catholic priests, the Virgin Mary condescended to reveal herself in all her glory to a number of young folks of both sexes, living in the villages of Salette and of Lourdes, for the purpose of converting them to the worship of Mary, the Queen of Heaven—a worship invented by the Jesuits, in whose faith the Holy Mother is the most influential personage of heaven, her power there transcending even that of the Savior himself.

In honor of this holy personage a neat little chapel has been erected at La Salette and another at Lourdes. Close by these buildings are two fountains, the waters of which have become famous in France by their supposed healing virtues, because of the many miracles which, according to the declarations of Catholic priests, have been wrought on the afflicted from all parts of the country by their agency; and the sale of these famous waters has become a source of large revenue to the holy fathers who have control of them.

Paray-Monial is another of these holy places to which many pilgrimages are also made. The origin of its sanctity is found in the following Catholic tradition: About two centuries ago Maria Alacoque, now a saint in the calendar of the Romish church, then a young girl and an idiot, living at Paray-Monial, had the honor of a visit from the Savior of the world, who not only visited her but showed her his heart, surrounded by a flame of fire the brilliancy of which eclipsed that of the sun. This was the origin of the worship of the Sacred Heart, so dear to the Ultramontanes, or strict Catholics, and which in our days has been so audaciously used by French legitimists in the interest of the throne and the church. Inaugurated by the Jesuits, the belief in and devotion to this dogma has become so general among the Catholics that the whole of France has been placed by them under the protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The worship of the Sacred Heart has recently been introduced into this country, with great solemnities, by the Archbishop of Baltimore, Primate of the United States; and his example has been followed by several American bishops.

It is to Paray-Monial, Lourdes, and Salette that, under the special direction of the clerical party, the many pilgrimages have been made for more than a year past, about which so much has been said in the monarchist journals of France. To show the eminently political character of these affairs it need only be said that on more than one occasion the hundred legitimist members of the National Assembly have headed these pilgrimages, bearing the emblems of the Sacred Heart, uttering prayers, delivering toasts to the Pope and to Henry 5th, and delivering fervent addresses—means by which they hoped to excite the enthusiasm of their fellow pilgrims and of the population of the country through which they passed. "Long live the King" frequently resounded from their ranks, and the only thing wanting in the demonstrations of these politico-religious fanatics was the white flag—the standard of the so-called Henry 5th. The visit of Victor Emanuel to Vienna and Berlin was the death knell to these monarchial manifestations.

The municipal elections, in the month of October, in several French cities, and especially the elections for four deputies to the National Assembly, in four departments, far remote from each other, in which the republican triumph was over-

whelming, forcibly demonstrated that the large majority of the French people are republican in sentiment, and were sufficient to prove to the most obtuse the utter inutility of the royalist machinations, whether in or out of the National Assembly. These republican triumphs could not but be considered, by all intelligent people, as an energetic public protest against the pretensions of the hundred legitimist dreamers in the Assembly, who, without consulting the popular will, designed to restore that which the people of France have already thrice overturned—namely a monarchial government.

The last manifesto of the Count de Chambord caused the most hopeless confusion in the ranks of those who believe in the divine right of Kings. That document is but a reiteration of the principles which the Count had formerly avowed. All the efforts of the Orleanist deputies to induce him to discard the white and to adopt the tri-colored flag have been useless. The Count was inflexible, his motto being—"All or nothing." Louis XIV proudly proclaimed the dogma—"The State—it is I." The descendant of the Grand Monarch entertains precisely the same lofty pretensions. For him the immortal revolution of 1789 with all the lessons it taught to France and the world is as a thing that never happened. The Count de Chambord is a living anachronism—the white flag is to him still the standard of France; and he clings to the traditions of the past with such tenacity that he still regards France as his by right of birth, as the estate of a person who dies descends to his son.

Reduced to their simplest form the assumptions of the Count de Chambord may be expressed as follows—He is the eldest son of the church, the elect of God, and the servant of servants of his holiness the Pope.

The preceding is sufficient explanation of the reason why a monarchial form of government has not again been established in France. It is true that a republic now exists in that country only in name, since, from President McMahon to the humblest official, all the public offices are held by monarchists. But I believe that, under the able direction of M. Thiers, the present political commotion and excitement in France will disappear and that, in place thereof a republic, wisely liberal and progressive, will be permanently established, and that from France that form of government will spread until it prevails over the whole of western Europe. They who live longest will see.

LOUIS A. BERTRAND.

A PROTECTED CLASS OF ROGUES.

When Carleton, as a clerk in the Methodist Book Concern at New York, some years ago, was detected in stealing or peculating, the honest and just man who reported him as a thief (as he was in the line of his official duty bound to do) was defamed, abused, persecuted, and finally, by a sort of ecclesiastical court, deposed from office. The mistake this honest man made was in supposing that the son of a wealthy member of the church, and a popular and "respectable" one, could be punished for anything the same as if he had been a poor and friendless person. He paid the penalty of his error by receiving punishment himself, while the "respectably connected" criminal he reported not only went free of prosecution but was soon after promoted to the secretaryship of the Brooklyn Union Trust Company, doubtless on the recommendation of men who knew him for a thief, and upon the acceptance of others who had the like knowledge of his character. The innocent depositors in the bank had to suffer for it, and Carleton, after robbing that institution of nearly half a million dollars, is now safe in a foreign country, where the extradition laws will not reach him. He will probably turn up as chief financial superintendent of Reuter in the great Persian railway enterprise. His friends at court so managed the matter that the indictment was not found against him until he had put himself out of the reach of the processes of the courts of this country. Carleton owes this lenience to the fact that he was very much of a young Christian and a Pharisee, a high pretender to virtue, morality and religion, and a liberal patron of the churches, the missionary so-

cieties and the Sunday schools, and that his friends are of the like standing. These straight-laced, white-livered, Pharisaical rascals, always stand by each other in an emergency of this kind, when one of them is caught in the act of stealing from publicans and sinners; and nothing seems to them so ridiculous as a proposition to punish a Carleton or a Colfax or a Brooks with the equal-handed justice that they themselves mete out to ordinary and friendless criminals who are not respectably connected with the churches, the Sunday schools, the missionary societies and the Young Men's Christian Associations. Taintor, who stole about four hundred thousand dollars from the Atlantic National Bank of New York, during the time he was its cashier, is another example of the class we are discussing. He has been caught and jugged, and will probably be tried and convicted, because he has not saved enough of his stealings to bribe anybody, and because he was not enough careful to separate venial vices from the "respectable" crime of grand larceny, and refused to wear the full livery, clean cut and thoroughly ecclesiastical, of hypocrisy, so convenient to serve the devil in, without offending against the accepted high standard of morality set up by the "respectables." He is in limbo, and to his utter disgust and amazement. He could not imagine it possible that the rude hand of justice would drop on the head of so grand and autocratic a thief. "Do you really think the people will have me arrested and scandalized for this?" he asked, when he ascertained that his thefts and forgeries were discovered. The question was prompted by habitual looseness of the administration of justice in this age and country. As a rule, only poor and friendless criminals can be punished. The magnificent and wholesale thief nine times out of ten, and the "respectable" scoundrel nearly always escapes either by the law's delays or the sympathy of his class. And with all our boasts about equality before the law, it is a stubborn fact that justice is at this time less equally administered in the United States than in any monarchy of the old world.—Sacramento Union.

NICOTINE AN ANTIDOTE TO STRYCHNIA.—A case of poisoning by Strychnia, which was successfully treated with Nicotine, has been published in the British Medical Journal by the Rev. Dr. Houghton, F.R.S., of Trinity College, Dublin. When the treatment commenced, a lad, nineteen years of age, was violently convulsed, his pupils were dilated, and his arms and legs were rigid. The nicotine was administered in drop-doses in whisky-punch every half hour.

After the second dose the paroxysms were less violent; and when he had taken four doses, he was much better, and eventually he recovered.

The poisoning was caused by the lad picking up and eating an egg, which had had Strychnia introduced into it, and been placed in the garden, for the purpose of poisoning magpies.

MONTANA NOTES.

Miners are realizing from \$6 to \$7 per day in Bear Gulch.

There is not an untenanted dwelling house in Deer Lodge to-day, (Nov. 7) and more would be tenanted if they could be had.

A rich discovery is reported at Emigrant Gulch, by Alex. Campbell and Samuel N. Myers, yielding \$1.30 to the pan.

They are having a revival, "a genuine old-fashioned shaking up of sinners" in Jefferson county, and over half a hundred persons have humbly confessed their sins, renounced the world, the flesh and the devil, and professed to turn to Christ.

Dr. H. C. Sill has two fine young ibex, or mountain sheep or goats, a buck and a doe, which he designs to take to Portersville, Tulare Co., Cal., to endeavor to cross them with the Angora goat.

One of A. C. Garrison's ex trains made the distance from Corinne to Helena, the "fastest time ever made" by an ox train between those two points.