stripped them off and began to eat them, as greedily as did the worms, while yet they were green! But another and more exciting change was next to come. In the memorable month of June, 1865, sixteen years after my coming into the world, there came a great speed of men with earnest faces and much talk, and down they marched back and forth around where I lay, and at length they said I was born, and they called me "Jo."

But no sooner was I born than they sold me into slavery, to one Hazel Hudelson, for three hundred shekels of silver. And now, all around me there rose up great homes for the use of Japheth's dwellin, but only I seemed neglected and forgotten. For years not even a fever was put around me, and the avian rested up all my ground, and slept on my bosom. And diligent, I often looking rose came and stamped upon me, loving for some thing to eat. Oft-times down hornets came and stood over me, and wondered why I yielded not up the fruit of their hunger.

But in the course of time there rose up a good man whose name was Morgan, and he took pity on me and fenced me away from the feet of dogs, cows and horses. Next came another good man whose name was William, whose surname was Stewart, and paid to Col. Morgan a ransom for me, and he gave me money with an easy mind raising cabbage, onions and other fragrant vegetables. Then came one whose surname is Stewart, and is son —an only son whose name is Henry— and the father and son "took" me.

Son, behold, take unto thee and thy household the field of Japheth's dwellin." And the father rose up and departed, and dwelt on the hillside in the south country, and the field grew there came unto the son two stalwart citizens. Fred and Jacob were the name is Grater, and they said unto him: "Son, will thou sell unto us the lot which is called 'Jo'?" And he answered, "yea for so much."

And the son answered, "yea for so much even three thousand shekels of silver. But ye shall not have the whole of said lot. Nine rods will be of it. But this much only, and no more. Is it agreed?"

And Frederick and Jacob, whose surname is Grater, responded: "Yea, it is agreed."

And so, on Tuesday morning, February 11, 1879, the same whole army of the friendly sons of Saint Patrick and tore down the old high fence, and dug a cellar, and began to dig the foundation for a lofty building. And I, Poor Jo, was in the same the title Lot VIII.

Cardinal Pecci was chosen on the third ballot. The M. de Cazalès-Lavigerie between Cardinals Franchi and Pecci, but the cardinals of the pinnacle were harmonized, and the result was the election of the latter.

The announcement to the people was made with the prescribed formalities and ceremonies from the Loggia, and created intense excitement, although it had been accepted as a foregone conclusion that Franchi or Pecci would be the choice of the Conclave. Pecci's name had been favorably used all periods, in above reproach. He has considerable literary talent, and has written poetry. He never has had intercourse with the functionaries of the Italian Government, and he is esteemed by them all and those with whom the necessity of his duty brings him in the "line" of state are charmed with him."

Pope Leo, after his election, assumed the Pontifical robes and received the homage of the Cardinals in the Sistine Chapel. He was crowned in Vatican waiting for the long-destroy of the Popes intended to have numbered twenty thousand.

Pope Leo is one what resemble Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York. He has a keen, penetrating eye, a quick and nervous temperament, his deportment, exceedingly amiable, is quiet and self-possessed, and he has a pleasing face, with waving and graying flowing hair.

Pecci is tall, with a fine head, high forehead, narrowing at the temples, a long face and straight features. He has a large mouth, pronounced chin, cheerful, open countenance, and large, well-shaped ears. He has a fair, nervous voice; great dignity, even asperity of manners in public life; but privately is affable, courteous, agreeable and witty.

Pecci's knowledge he has been kept of that party which, without formally renouncing the right of the Holy See, acknowledges the wisdom of submitting to the decrees of Providence, accepts accomplished facts. The general opinion is that, for learning, tact, energy, dignity, amiability, real sound worth and sincere piety, the Sacred College could not have done better than peg Pope than Cardinal Pecci.

At Perugia he followed the even tenor of his predecessor, Count Pecci, and Monsignor Neretti, Bishop of Sinigaglia, Pecci was a model bishop, duties as citizens at municipal and provincial elections, even when the Papal authority had declared to interpose the wish of the Vatican, enjoined the policy of abstention. Cardinal Pecci spoke with great effect against the proposal for the removal of the Convent of the Zoccolanti from Rome, and other measures advocated by the reactionary party.

We a thousand our readers to use Dr. Jaffe's cough syrup in all cases of cough, cold, &c. It is only costs 25 cents a bottle, and is warranted to cure.

"SERGEANT MARY."

Death of a Woman Who Lived as a Husband, Enlisted as a Soldier, and Died a Drunkard.

Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

There died in one of the wards in Bellevue Hospital, from "Bright's disease," a woman named Mary O'Keefe. She was known to the hospital authorities of that city and of Brooklyn for years by the alias of "Sergeant Mary." She has had quite a remarkable history, which she frequently related to her jailers and while in the hospital. She said that when quite young she formed the acquaintance of a young man to whom she was subsequently married. The day of the wedding was set, but before the young man left for home he received an order for high-way robbery. Found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for a term of twenty years. This so affected her that she resolved to remain Single for that time afterward she became intimate with another young woman who had likewise met with many reverses in love and had similarly resolved. Becoming intimate, they determined to live together ever afterward, and agreed that one should put on man's apparel and that they should live as man and wife in another part of the city where they were not known. They did so, and by it Mary was a woman, the man. She donned male attire and assumed a new name. For several years these women passed as man and wife and would possibly have done so until Mary's death but for an accident. While on the street one day she met a former friend who recognized her and threatened to expose her if she did not return home. Mary told her companion of the day every and they agreed to part.

She returned to her home, where she remained for a short time, but on her parents used to taunt her she again left home and took to drinking. During the late war she formed the acquaintance of a soldier and set him up in a saloon which she made his money and uniform. She soon spent it and became one of the military statutes where she enlisted in a company of volunteers whom was then being formed. They remained a soldier for one weeks; but one night she got heavily drunk and was arrested by the guard. While in her drunken stupor she told her secret. The captain of the guard was called, she was arraigned before him, and on being sternly questioned, admitted that she was and while drunk was true. There upon she was dismissed from the ranks, not, however, before she had been given the sobriquet of Sergeant Mary. On her return to this city she remained a drunkard and was arrested time after time. Becoming old she secured a menial position on Blackwell's island, which, of late years, she filled with credit. A few weeks ago she took sick and was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where she died. Her body was claimed by her friends and will be buried in a pauper's grave.

What Washington Didn't Know.

We don't like to be irreverent, but would like to ask what did our forefathers know? What for instance, did Queen Washington know? He very rare a sicambust; he never saw a fast mail train; he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for his portrait in a photograph gallery; he never received a telegraph dispatch; he never sickled a Knapp gun; he never saw a sporty girl run a sewing machine; he never listened to the "fun" of an electric pun; he never saw a self-propelling gutter go down the street to a fire; he never heard of evolution; he never took laughing gas; he never saw a horse-car; he never saw a Yankee swindler