And Assustady Minasak Water.

in related, the following poem was read by POWDER Robed as Hibprnia's daughter, lo! I stand, Like you, a guest in dear old Ireland. Ye riflemen, by favor of our come, and 0.961

*Oslanama bringshiter hails Combia's sons. Had I ten thousand tongues, with all I'd meet ye; Had I ten thousand tongues, with welcome

Tho' time and spacemay seem to interpose.

And 'twist our shores a croel ocean flows,
With magic wand I touch the electric springs,
An instant a reeponsive inswer brings.
Which proves, however distant be each land,
Both pations are united heart and band.

Both nations are united heart and hand. Our sized, by samme and by wrongs upprest, And in their children's heart fert still en Shrined in tolena

The leve of home that distance could not blind. Then the tree is honored delice; by their graves, We greet you brothers from across the wave-Brothers in blood as well as hearts and speed Brought here together by our favorite Leed Welcome, their welcome raids, keppy time; Maridaby he receping from our tearful clime. We wish provide wakier 79 still we deem The reigning to vorite the rifle team. Come to our feast with love our hearts at

The latter that we'll am bit is a boni. Soon when arrayed in contest your nay tay The metal of that bull—but mind his eye.

Ye shi to in the delight of the property of the delight of the delight.

Ye shi to in the property of the desired pair to the compactation of the Cathedral that the property of the desired desired the property of the desired the property of the desired desired the property of the desired t

O'Connell, on whose tomb warm tears are shed, And Washington, with all that noble throng whose names are ever an uncessing song Who strove for liberty, now by you stand, And silent bless each patriotic band ; And so we welcome you, with hands, hearte STRANSHIP COMPANIES TORRES

Cead mille failthe echoes to the skies. Byrne a series of series

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

It was about the end of the last century It was about the end of the last century that a party of middle aged gentlemen, all commercial travelers, were assembled in the large snoking room of the Lamb ton Inn, a celebrated commercial house on the outskirts of Gateshead. While the party enjoyed themselves, sounds of an approaching whichewere heard and a stranger entertal, who announced him-self as the son of an old acquaintance or the party and a fellow traveler. Tom Thornbury. The young stranger are Thornbury. The young spanger an-nounced that he expected to meet his father at the inn, but the party speaking almost together declared that he would not be there, as the road was alive with

not be there, as the road was alive with footpads, which made it dangerous to travel over.

No scoper did the young man hear this statement than he started up, and desired that he should drie to Durham. The party endeavored to errande him to the contarry, but go would that just about starting hen the sound of wheels was heard coming rapidly along the Youd alive Then came lusty cries for help, and the next instant a chaise drew up infront of the inn door. rapidly along the Yold. Then came lusty cries for help, and the next instant a clause draw up infront of the inn door.

"Help, help! for God's sake, help!"

"Help, help! for God's sake, help!"

"Help, help! for God's sake, help!"

"Well, I like your pluck; but, perhaps, you'll think better of it."

"Well, I like your pluck; but, perhaps, you'll think better of it."

"What is the matter?" shouted a dozen

into the vard.

"Matter! why, murder's the matter!" answered the man, springing out of the sim close, where they found the gig wait chaise. "Here, I and a hand some of you. Don't stand gazing there like a fellow, jumped into the trap, shook the look fools; the man may be still alive. I could not examine him on the road."
"Who is "te?" demanded several.
"How should. I know?" realied the big sanguage."

"How should I know?" replied the man, surliky, "there's no moon to night, and I don't carry a lantern with mest a four work, Ben?"
"Is it some with the source of these nights, for all of his being Lucky nights, for all of his being Lucky."

asked Mr. Gregham tremulously.

"Oh, is that you, Gresham?" said the man, turning round. "I don't know what to make of this. It's murder, I so dangerous?"

"It's place of this being Lucky.

"But do you really think the road is so dangerous?"

"It's only Mr. what he made digiths. It's murder, I fear, for the blood ran over me as I picked the poor fellow up. The mare found him, she made a stop, nearly throwing me out of the gig... I got down to lead her, and kicked against the body. At first I thought it was a drunken man, but I found my bear and the stop in the state of but I thought it was a drunken man, but I found my hands wet on touching lim, and of know it was bleed. I wrapped than it his clear put kind in the gig, and drove here as quickly as I could. There, lift him gently. Joe up for a surgeon; table him into the bar and lay him on the table.

rected.

Ley, as he threw back the cloak; "quite ley, as he threw back the cloak; "quite leaft over to see the face. A shrill cry of horror range through the room, and Herbert Thomburg threw himself on the body, as he exclaimed: "The most under the union tunate traveler, was a best traveler himself, and was known as Lucky Ben. We had been attacked on the road many times, and as often shot the road many times, and as often shot at, but had always escaped. The next day Ben Radley and Greshap, another There. 19M traveler, were sent for by young Thornhad sent on a request to be appointed in his father's price. He added, quietly: "I shall continue to travel, but it shall be the same round as my father did. I baye sworn to discover his murderer, and

night will yen replace ham? Your father and I, sir, traveled many and many and there are to gether; and I trust you and thall do the same. There is my hand on its of you take it, we become firm companions, and I will help you in the search you propose."

the search you propose."
Herbert Thornbury took the proffered dand, and said:
I accept your offer, Mr. Radfey.
Come what may, I am determined either to meet the saim of face as my father, or to

discover his murderer. I swear it on his

As he spoke he stretched his hand out toward the bed, and raised his eyes to heaven.

"He must be delirious," said Mr. "Greshad to the other bagmen as they left the room!"

"The bagmen as they left the room!"

what he says." 53, 903, 000, bales.

Two years had passed since the occurrence Telated. The inquest had being held, and a verdict of "Willful murder" had been returned against some person or persons unknown; but the constables had lifted to discover the marderer.

The held with Herbert Thornbury, traveled much together, and seemed never to give up the search for the murderer. On several occasions they had traveled the Durham foad in company; nay, they had stopped at the very sppt where the

had stopped at the very spot where the brown had been found, in hopes of being attacked, but had never been able to discover anything.

One evening Mr. Radley was seated in

I'm not to be frightened, I can assure you. To night I start for Gateshead."

you. To hight I start for Gateshead."

You may laugh as much as you please, young sir," said Radley, quietly; but for all that, what I tell you is true."

I don't deny your word, my dear you yourself own that for two years the road has been safe enough."

"Ave. but then Mr. Thornbury and I

"Aye! but then Mr. Thornbury and I have guarded it." "And where is Mr. Thornbury now?" Praveling south of this," replied

Mr. Radley, waving his pipe.

But you are going to Gateshead tonight?" said the young man.

Yes; I am bound by oath to go that way by night as often as I can."
Well, can't you wait and go with

me# *! "No; I travel only with one man, and that is Mr. Thornbury. Besides, you have to wait here for an hour or so,

and I must be off at once," replied Bad-ley, as he rose from his chair, and put on his coat. "I hear John bringing sound my gig now."
"Well, I'll see you off," cried the young

man. "Come and have a glass before you go. Here's to our next meeting, which will be at the Lamberton Inn, Gateshand."

Ah to-morrow you mean?" said Radley.

"Done!" gried Radley, "and if you arrive safely, we'll drink it to-night."
By this time they had arrived at the

said the young man to himself, whose courage did not seem so high

now Redley had departed.
"I don't think I'll go to-night, after
and It is much better to lose a bowl of

table. He was about entering the house when table. He was about entering the house when ing cloak, was carried in and placed as turned in idle curiosity to see who it was, hoping that it might be fellow bagman, who would bear him company the

rest of the evening.
Is Mr. Radley here?" demanded a man, as he sprang from the gig.

Lor', Mr. Thornbury, how pale you

are, said the ostler; "who would have though of seeing you, sir; has anything

happened?"

"Why don't you saswer my question?" demanded Herbert Thornbury, sharply. "Is Mr. Radley here?"

"He left near upon an hour ago, sir," said the young bagman.

"Where has he gone?"

"To Gateshead."

"Then I must follow him."

"Then I must follow him," cried Then I must follow him," cried Thornbury, springing into the gig.

"Look here, Mr. Thornbury," said the ostfer, "you've been overdriving your mare, sir; she's cast a shoe and gone lame. If you will go you must have another horse."

Thornbury gave orders that another horse should be put into the gig while he stepped into the little private parlor I will."

"A noble determination, Mr. Thornbury," exclaimed Radley. "I have lost followed by Mr. Davis, who had conone of my object and best friends to siderably more impudence than courage.

"Mrs. Popular," said Herbert to the landlady, "you knew my father?"
"Indeed I did, six; and a nicer gentleman never lived."
"Do you remember a certain ring he ore?"

ore?"
"Yes, sir; indeed I do. Ah! poor gentleman," sobled the landlady.
"To-day I have found it," continued

"Good heavens! where ?" cried Dayls,

jumping forward.

"Who are you, sir?" said Herbert, who until then had not noticed Mr. Davis's presence, "who dares play envesdropper?"

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I did not know what you were going to saw and "

say and "Tut, it does not matter," cried Herbert; "in a little time all will be known. This very day I found that ring in a shop at Bishop Auckland."

"Indeed!"

Indeed I' I knew it directly; it is now in the keeping of the constables who are on the track. I must see Radley to night; he and I will help the constables; we will hever rest until my father's murder is

never rest infil my father's murder is revenged." Without saying another word, he hurried out to the gig. "What a rate he drives at," said Mr. Davis, as he watched it depart. "He won't reach Gateshead in safety to-night, if he goes in that way," said the other.

Mr. Davis looked up at the inky sky; a drop of rain fell upon his nose, chilling his whole frame; so he walked back to Mrs. Popinjay's sing little back parlor, where he spent the evening talking to that worthy, haly, Meanwhile Thornbury was making the best of his way along his lonely road.

He rattled through the little village of

Chester-le-Street as the ale houses were closing, but he did not stop.

Out again into the bleak, wild country. A sharp rain was falling, making the roads so soft that the sound of the horse's hoofs and the wheels could scarcely be hard.

The mare did her best, but Thornbury soon discovered that she was not so good

soon discovered that she was not so good as his own horse; still, he urged her on,

and she, being a willing animal, kept well to the collar.

He had just passed the cross roads at Pelaw when the gig bumped into some heavy ruts; the mare plunged forward and then stood still.

"Whose mere" cried Thornburg

"Whose more," cried Thornbury, what is up now?"

Throwing the heavy rug he had around his legs over the high back chair of the gig, he alighted to see what was the mat-ter. The trace had broken.

"Curse it," he cried, "it's my luck.
Well, never mind, I must mend it the

best way I can."

He pierced the pieces of leather and strapped the ends together. In doing this he had to bend his head down close to the trace to see how to work, and even then he had great difficulty in avoiding cutting himseif.

In the midst of his work he glanced

taking it from the socket held it so that the economy of growth, and from some stability fell full on the figure. The specimens supplied by Mr. J. S. Nixon, rug, stuck up on the gig back, for a man. Well, it did look like it—and—

and this very place above all others. The very spot." He replaced the lamp and continued his work, and had just completed it when he heard the sound of a vehicle

coming rapidly down the road. Onward, onward came the sound; it was now close upon him, and he could hear the gig or chaise slacken its pace. He was about to call out and demand who was there, when the sharp report of a pistol rang in the air, and he saw the rug that had been placed on the seat, and which he had mistaken for a man, topple

The mystery was cleared up now—he had discovered his father's murderer.

The next moment the gig drew up, and a man sprang into Thornbury's, evidently thinking that he had shot the driver. Thornbury saw the would-be murderer stoop down as if to rifle the dead body he imagined was there, and quick as lightning he sprang upon him.

The struggle lasted but a few moments. Thornbury had the advantage over the

other, and his hatred and determination gave him double strength. He seized his adversary by the throat, and bent his head violently on the iron rail on the splashboard. At first the man only struggled to escape, but at last he endeavered to draw a pistol from his pocket. Seeing his intention, and taking advan-tage of his having let go his hold, Her-bert dashed the man's head back with more violence than ever; the fellow nttered a deep groan, and fell back sense

While this struggle had been going on, the terrified horse had dashed on its way, so that by the time Herbert had conquered his man the lights of Gates

head were in view.

Gathering up his reins he urged on the horse, at the same time placing his feet on his prostrate foe so that he might not escape.

As he approached the inn he shouted loudly for help, so that when he arrived there he found the yard full of people. "What is it, Mr. Thornbury," cried

one. "What's the matter, sir?" shouted another.
"I've been attacked on the road."

"Gracious goodness," cried the land' ady. "Thank goodness you escaped.' In a minute a dozen willing hands

were laid upon the prostrate man, and he was dragged from the carriage. Herbert Thornbury tore the mask from the face, and started back with a

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cry of horror, as he exclaimed:
"Great heavens! Benjamin Radley!"
It was too true; there he stood, with hanging head and downcast eyes— Lucky Ben, the favorite of the com-mercial room, the murderer of his friends. He freely confessed his crime, and met the just punishmenthe deserved. In his confession he stated that it was his habit to start for Gateshead some time before his intended victims. He then had waited for them to pass, and had then extinguished his lamps and fol-lowed them. The poor creatures, hear-ing the sound of wheels, had naturally supposed that it was a brother bagman, and had pulled up to wait for him. When he was near he had deliberately taken aim, and shot them through the head. He then rifled the bodies, and put them in the chaise, turned the horses down some by-path, and sent them off full gallop. When he killed old Thornbury, he had brought in the body himself to avoid suspicion. For the same reason he had on several comthe same reason he had on several occasions fired ballets through his clothes to

give the idea he had been attacked.
"When I heard young Thornbury
take the oath to discover his father's
murderer," he added, "I felt conviced
that if the crime was to be detected he was the man to do it. I therefore de-termined to join with him, so as to lead him on the wrong track, and divert sus-picion from myself. The man I intend-ed to murder last was a young traveler named Davis, who told me he was com-ing on to Gateshead. I thought Them ing on to Gateshead. I thought Thornbury was far away at the time, or I should not have attempted it."

These were the last words of Lucky Ben.

Paris Green and the Potato Bug.

Since it was ascertained that paris green was an effective agent for the destruction of the potato bug experiments to determine the effects of the poison upon vegetation and upon vegetables are of great importance. As is proper the agricultural department at Washington is taken the lead in these investigations, and the report for May and June contains some interesting results of the ex-periments of Mr. William McMurtrie, the chemist of the department. In the case of paris green Mr. McMurtrie has ascertained that vegetation is not seriously affected under the limit of 500 milligrams for the quantity of soil used, which was equivalent to 145.6 grains per cubic foot, or 906.4 nounds per agree calculating for a depth of one foot.

Above this limit the effect of the poison was in proportion the to quantity of the compounds used. These facts argue, Mr. McMurtrie thinks, against the possi-bility of the accumulation of sufficient arsenic by regular applications of the paris green in the quantities recom-mended for the destruction of the Colorado potato beetle. The quantities re-The findst of his work he glanced rup, and spring back with horror. There, in the seat he had just left, sat a man. The dim, shadowy outline could be just perceived by the faint glimmer of the gig lamp.

"Great heaven, what is this!" he exclaimed, as he seized the lamp, and taking it from the socket held it so that "Offly to think I should take my old Pa., and an enthusiastic student of the effect of poisons upon the plant and the vegetable, it seems to be satisfactorily determined that the presence of arsenic need not be feared in the potato. This inquiry ought to be carried still further: for if the sourge which threatens to de-stroy the esculent upon which all the world has learned to depend can be eradicated without injury either to the growth of the plant or the vegetable itself, the pest may soon become comparatively harmless.—New York Herald.

The Dunkers' Love Feast.

The Reading Penn., Times says that the annual love least of the Dunkers is in progress on the farm of Mr. Johnson Miller, near Litiz, on the line of the Reading and Columbia railroad. The exercises are held in a barn, the northern side of which is occupied by the women and children, and on the south side the men sit, entirely separated from their wives, sisters, and sweethearts by a stout plank platform five feet high, their hats laid on an extension of boards, which serve as a very convenient hatrack. Bishop David Garlick, of Mount Joy, directs the religious services, assisted by three or four preachers from other counties. The services are conducted in the English and German language, ser-mons, singing, and prayers alternating in the two languages. No hymn-books are used, the words being lined out by the preacher in the singing tone of the olden time, and the congregation hearti-ly responding. There are five meeting-houses in the district, one near Litiz, one near Manheim, one at Petersburg, one at Mount Hope, and the other at Graybill's near Pennville. A large concourse of people are in attendance. The general expenses are paid by voluntary contribution, and the provisions are furnished by the members according to their means. None of the clerical order receive any salary. The place of worship is delightfully cool, and its rude and novel appearance in no wise detracts from the fervor or effectiveness of the services. The practice of the men kiss-ing each other is one of the striking features of their salutations.

By a decree of the Italian government no foreign ship in Italian waters is per-mitted to use the potatoes it has on board unless the whole supply is washed under the supervision of the authorities.

That Hired Girl.

When she came to work for the tamily on Congress street the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, book peddlers, hat rack men, picture sellers, ash buyers, ragmen, and all that class of people must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse 'em if she had to break every

broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up to 'em, and when she got through talking the checkiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after awhile that peddlers marked that house, and the door bell never rang ex-

cept for company.

The other day as the lady of the house was enjoying a nap, and Sarah was wip-ing off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and he was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know

this,
"Ah—um—is Mr. —ah"—
"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to

the gate.
"Beg pardon, but I'd like to see-"Meander!" she shouted, looking

around for a weapon, "we don't want any flour-sifters here!"
"You are mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly, "I called to "—
"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in ?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady's in, and I'm in, and you're out!" she snapped, "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a flytrap agent any longer! Come, lift your

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile, "I'm the new"—
"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with a patent flatiron, but we don't pounds.

want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card and say that I called?"
"No, I won't. We're bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars.

Come, I can't stand here all day!"
"Didn't you know that I was a minister?" he asked, as he backed off.
"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman

next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings!" "But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you?
If you leave that gate open I'll heave a flower pot at you!"
"I will call again," he said as he went through the gate.

"It won't do you any good!" she shouted after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music —no stuffed birds! I know the police-man on this beat, and if you come around here again he'll soon find out whether

you are a confidence man or a vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door .- Detroit Free Press.

Parasite Friends.

There are thousands of minute parasitic insects, which destroy those of entomological science they have been overlooked, and their value to man is little more than guessed at. Ninety nine persons in a hundred in finding one of the common green tobacco or tomato worms infested with parasites would crush it, while the healthy specimens might be passed unnoticed. Now, a well known parasitic fly attacks these worms, as they are called, although they are properly the larve of the five spotted sphinx, a large moth frequently found flying around at night. The fly deposits her eggs in the larve, where they feed upon the flesh between the skin and vital parts, never entering the latter, as this would kill the victim too soon for their purpose. When the larvæ of the fly attains its maturity, it comes out upon the surface, and there spins itself a small white cocoon of gossamer fineness, these cocoons being fastened to the skin by one end standing erect, and of course quite conspicuous, would consequently attract the eye of any one looking for worms. Such infested specimens should never te injured, because they are sure to die, and the parasites, if left to themselves, will continue the good work of destruction.

The green cabbage worm, which has made such fearful ravages during the past half dozen years, is now rapidly disappearing under the attacks of a similar parasite, which has followed these pests from their home in Europe. By knowing the habits of the various species of insects, as well as their enemies, we are frequently enabled to combat them successfully; otherwise our efforts to destroy are of no avail.

REMARKABLE GENEROSITY,-" Just as soon as you can earn money enough to pay our last month's provision bill, buy yourself and children a new suit of Johnson and pay your fare on the stage, you can come to me," was what a Winnemucca husband said to his wife a few days since, on the eve of his departure to the Nevada mines.

Daring a recent Detroit fire a young lady rushed up and down Montcalm street wildly shouting: "Save 'em—oh! save 'em!" "What is it? Who? Where?" shouted a man, as he seized her arm. "Is any one burning up?" "Not as I know of," she wailed, "but won't some one dash in there and save my croquet set?" No one dashed,

Items of Interest.

In New York-the Fishkill and Cats-

kill mountains San Francisco consumes one-third

more liquor than Chicago. The uses of adversity are to show you

who your friends are not. The door between us and heaven can-not be opened if that between us and our fellow men is shut.

"One thing," says an old toper, "was never seen coming through the rye, and that's the kind of whisky one gets nowadays.

A saloon keeper in Louisiana has just been compelled to pay \$1,200 damages to a woman for selling liquor to her husband. The Detroit Free Press argues that

if he had the true instincts of a journalist, James Gordon Bennett would have brought over setters instead of pointers. The total number of post-offices in the entire Russian empire, both in Europe and in Asia, is 3,200. In London alone there are 530, and in England and Wales

there are 9,280. There are 1,600 convents and monas-

teries inhabited by 21,000 monks and nuns in Belgium. The income of the religious orders in that kingdom is one hundred millions of dollars. A printer's devil says his lot is a hard one; at his boarding-house they charge him with all the pie they can't find, and at the office his employer charges him with all the pi they do find.

A saloonkeeper in Jones county, Ia., has been made to pay \$1,200 to Mrs. Nancy Jewett for selling liquor to her husband. The jury put it \$1,000 actual damages, and \$200 exemplary damages.

In removing some bodies from the Bennington (Vt.) cemetery, the other day, that of Mrs. Bartlett, which had been buried some twelve years, was found to be petrified, weighing five hundred

Grace Greenwood, in explaining that she is not the wife of one of the members of the publishing house of Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, adds: "And I hereby warn all persons not to trust me on his account."

A little girl asked a minister: "Do you think my father will go to heaven?"
"Why, yes my child. Why do you ask?"
"Well, because if he don't have his own way there he won't stay long, I was thinking."

If there is anything calculated to make even a man of the most rugged constitution nervous, it is to have two or three children standing around eating bread and molasses when his new clothe come home. The death is announced of Sir Sandford Graham, a gentleman who some

twenty years ago conceived the idea that the best way to make money on the turf was to lay against West Australian for Derby. The result was that he had to sell his estates. How the needs of the poor are ministered to in Ohio is shown by a report of

the commissioners of Franklin county recently published in the Columbus Journal. One item reads: "Whisky for the poor, \$56 60." Another: "Bread for the poor, \$16 35." Who says the grasshoppers don't read the papers? They passed by the wheat field of a Kansas farmer who had re-fused to subscribe to the bounty fund for their extinction, and left pinned on one of the fence rails a handsome little

note expressing their acknowledgments. Jones (who has walked the length of his awn to expostulate with his milkman on cruelty to animals)-"Do you know what appened to Balaam?" Milkman-"Yes." ones-"Well, what was it?" Milkman-'The same thing that happened to me just now—a donkey spoke to him.

Now that the "blue" and the "gray" are shaking hands across the bloody chasm, perhaps the next step in reconcilation will be that of the Grand Army boys taking into their circle the young men who went over to Canada for their health while the draft wheels were turning.

A new machine for pressing coal-dust into fuel was put in operation at the Harrisburgh machine shops, and a ton of solid coal was made in six minutes. The machine is simple and universally practicable, and it is prophesied that it will add millions of dollars to the coal

wealth of Pennsylvania. Logic—Young wife (to George, who arrived home in the small hours of the morning)—"We are one, dear, now that we're married, are we not?" George—
"Certainly, my darling, why!" Young
wife—"Oh, I only wanted to know; because, if we are, I must have been dreadfully inebriated last night."

A few days since a farmer was telling in our hearing that he had planted an acre and a half of potatoes, and he feared they would be devoured by the po-tate bugs. "Are the plants up yet?" asked a bystander. "No," replied the farmer, "but the darned bugs are sit-ting on every hill waiting for them."

The new ruler or guikwar of Baroda, selected by the viceroy of India, is Gopal Rao, an adopted son of the predecessor, and brother of Mulher Rao, the prince just deposed. The prime minister and real governor of Baroda, however, will be Sir Madhova Rao, one of the ablest na-Tanjore family, a Brahmiu of Brahmina, and was formerly prime minister of Travancore, which he made the model native state of India, giving it fine roads, bridges, hospitals, schools, and ports for shipping. shipping.