

THEIR RECORD AS PETS.

WILD BEASTS TAMED FOR DOMESTIC USES.

Polar Bear Cub Not a Likely Lot for Bad-Fellows—Beast Farms in Algiers—The Indian Cheetah An Amiable Beast.

Lieutenant Becker, of the Austrian polar expedition, tells a story of a sailor who tried to tame two young white bears not much bigger than lapdogs and got so fond of them that he even took them to bed in cold weather, till one night his comrades were awakened by loud shrieks and the complaint that one of his pets had bitten two of his toes off. An Esquimaux pilot, in commenting on the accident, remarked that the little brutes can never be trusted after they have grown stout enough to bite through a man's clothes.

But with that single exception specimens of every kind of carnivorous mammals have been tamed sufficiently to recognize the authority of their master and to be domesticated, if not handled with impunity. Seleucus Nicator, the king of Syria, used to drive a four-in-hand team of tame tigers, and the Nabob of Oude had a pet she tiger that often was taken along on his journeys, and had been taught to mount an elephant without making use of her formidable claws.

Lions have frequently been tamed by showmen, and sometimes even for military purposes. During the reign of the Emperor Trajan, a Roman general on an expedition against a revolted province on the north shore of the Adriatic tried the plan of scaring the natives with a brigade of trained lions but found that in warfare the ignorance of plucky barbarians is not always a disadvantage. "They mistook them for large dogs," says the historian, "and knocked their brains out."

About ninety per cent of the wild animals used for the beast fights of Circus Maximus came from Northern Africa, and the Algerian coast towns are still the favorite rendezvous of international pet dealers. On the steamer wharf of Algiers strangers are besieged by the native beast peddlers extolling in broken French the merits of their tame baboons, jackals, monkeys and young lions. In the outskirts of the Casbah or hill suburb there are regular beast farms where lions and leopards by dozens of pairs are kept for breeding purposes.

But the most tamable of all the big cats is the East Indian cheetah or hunting leopard, a creature which in its habits and appearance, seems to form a curious connecting link between the cat and dog. Its legs are longer than those of a tiger, it has true canine teeth thick and deep-rooted like those of a hound, and its claws are rather blunt, on account of being less perfectly retractable than those of a common cat. The dog cat, as some naturalists have proposed to call the cheetah, gets so tame that it can be trusted to pass the night under its master's bed and will play for hours with aggressive and troublesome puppies without losing its good humor. But out in the fields its semi-feline instincts are apt to revive at the most unexpected moments. It will fly at domestic animals or bristle up with an ominous growl at sight of a punning boy, and on hunting excursions it is by far the safest plan to keep its eyes covered till there is a chance to get a glimpse of legitimate game.

"I once brought up a young cheetah with some greyhound pups," says an English officer who passed several years in a garrison town in Northern Hindostan. "Even when nearly full grown it would play with any dog, some of which did not much relish its bounding at them, and was always sportive and frolicsome. It got much attached to me and at once recog-

SHE HAD PURE GRIT.

The Man Who Turned His Oxen Into Hogs Field Got the Worst of It.

"Talking about pure grit," said a woman who was lunching at the Colonial Club in New York, "I knew a woman once who was full of it."

"Tell us about her," exclaimed the other two women of the luncheon party. "Who was she?"

"Why, she was my mother," answered the first speaker. "She was the littlest little woman I ever saw, but there was courage and fight enough in her to stock a regiment. I don't mean she was a nagging creature, making trouble for everybody. She was the sweetest, kindest woman in the world. It was only when somebody tried to impose on her or on some of us girls that she came out as a fighter. Let me tell you a story about her, and you'll see what I mean."

"Well, we were living in Iowa when my father, a minister, by the way, died and left mother to manage a farm and to care for a big family of girls. The grain was high in the field, and it had to be cut at once. Mother entered into negotiations with a neighbor, and was just about to close a trade with him when she discovered that he was trying to over-reach—insisting on terms that were exorbitant and absurd.

"Mother told him that she'd get somebody else to cut the grain, and that made him so angry that he was quite rude in his speech. But mother shut the door in his face and left him to have his sputter out all by himself.

"That night, about 1 o'clock, mother was awakened by a noise out in the yard. She slipped out of bed and peered through the window. There was that same farmer engaged in taking down the bars of the fence that surrounded the field of grain that mother wouldn't let him cut. The bars down, the man went out into the road for a minute, and the next minute he came back driving a yoke of oxen, which he turned loose into the field.

"What did your mother say to the man?" asked one of the listeners.

"She didn't say anything."

"Didn't she tell him to take the cattle right out of the field?"

"No, indeed, that was not her way of doing things. What she did first was to dress herself. Then she stole quietly down stairs and out into the yard. Then she went to the barn and got an oxgoad. Then she bounded to the grain field and drove the oxen out of it."

"And then she went back to bed, I suppose," said one of the women. "Or did she watch the rest of the night?"

"Neither. She drove those oxen a mile and a half down the road till she came to a great field of corn which belonged to that awful man. Then she took down the bars and wished the oxen good-morning."

"On the way back she stopped long enough to open the gate of a pasture in which was quite a herd of steers and to set some of them moving toward the cornfield, and they found that field, I can assure you."

"Next morning mother told us what she had done, and we just hugged her and kissed her till she cried."

"And what came of it?"

"Oh yes—that's the best part of the story. The neighbors somehow found out what had happened, and they were so pleased over it that they came and cut mother's grain for nothing."

"But just think of that ninety-five-pound woman driving a yoke of oxen a mile and a half in the middle of the night on such an errand! I always feel proud of my little mother when I recall this episode in her life."

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

It does not speak well for the pro-

THE FARM AND HOME.

BREEDERS WANTED TO STOP PAMPERING PIGS.

Serious Errors in Feeding—Ways Right and Wrong—Cheap Training of Tomatoes—Stock Notes and Some Hints.

Suggestions on Feeding.

It has been said "That he who never did a foolish thing never did a wise one," and as I have had a good deal of success with hogs, I have no hesitation in detailing some blunders I have made, in the hope that others may profit thereby, writes John Cowrie in Coleman's *Rural World*. A good many years ago, one spring found me with twenty-five thoroughbred sows, all in pig to the best hour I could find. In due time 160 choice pigs as anyone could wish were brought forth and faring well. Determined to undo all previous efforts in the swine business, I procured a large quantity of corn meal shorts, beans and oil meal, and started in to feed those sows. I succeeded well; they had good appetites and evidently enjoyed the ration I prepared, but it was just three weeks when the last pig expired. You say almost surely, overfed the sows and caused fever. Precisely. I know it now and am very careful about feeding sows while nursing their pigs. These sows were turned to pasture, deprived of all grain, bred as soon as possible, and in the fall had again a fine lot of pigs, which averaged at selling 375 pounds each. With common stock this would scarcely have been possible and I refer to it as showing what can be done in an emergency, if only the conditions are favorable.

While fattening nearly 200 hogs one winter during some very cold weather I had closed every opening in the hog house, endeavoring to make the hogs as comfortable as possible. A sudden rise in the temperature one night made me somewhat uneasy on awakening in the morning, and my worst fears were realized on opening the door of the hog house when I was met by an atmosphere so stifling as to prove at once that serious damage had been done. Doors were immediately thrown open and every means taken to thoroughly ventilate the building, but I lost several of my finest hogs, and it was several weeks before the others fully recovered. Now I attach more importance than ever to thorough ventilation at all times. Pure air, clean, sweet feed, pure water and a good dry bed, will amply repay for any time expended in securing them.

Several years ago meeting a neighbor, probably in September, when the corn was just becoming profitable to feed, he casually remarked, "I am going to crowd them right along, I believe the early markets will be the best." I suggested that he must be careful not to overfeed, that new corn was easily digested and readily assimilated and might cause serious damage in his hogs fed in that manner, saying that he would not think of feeding new corn to his horses except in very limited quantities, but he concluded that hogs were different from horses, and went home as he said, to "shove it into them." Several weeks later we met again. "My hogs have the cholera—losing eight or ten a day" were his first words.

I could name many other instances of hogs dying in large numbers shortly after the advent of new corn, but it is needless every observing person knows that this is a critical time in the hog's existence. Do not understand me as saying that this is the cause of all disease in hogs. Nothing of the kind, but allow me to urge upon every one interested in swine to be

he did not look very well, but nineteen weeks from his arrival saw nearly 150 choice, healthy pigs of his get, proving that he had one essential qualification.

Need I say more? Take this lesson to heart, stop pampering your "pigs" and the farmers of Iowa instead of continuing the narrow-minded policy of swapping pigs with their neighbors will patronize more liberally than ever the men who have made it a life work to improve this useful animal. Nothing is more fully demonstrated than the fact that to secure success with swine it is indispensable to purchase breeding animals from those making a specialty of the business.

Ways Right and Wrong. A "greenhorn" drives a nail so it splits the lumber almost invariably, a mechanic puts it in place so it hardly shows, or even becomes an ornament. The educated man of the plains knows how to throw the lasso, one jerk of his strong arm, while riding full tilt will send it singing to fall just over the horns of the desired steer. A thoughtless man will throw a blanket on his horse and then walk around the animal several times to pull it in place. We peel a tree correctly by first removing a 4 ft. length of bark around the trunk next to the ground before felling it and taking off all the bark, thus none is wasted on chips and stump. The ax is hung a right when the helve is first dried and seasoned thoroughly before shaving it to fit the head, and the head cleansed where the helve is to go in, by washing, wiping and drying. The head is heated slightly to expand it while the helve is being wedged, it then shrinks onto the handle and never loosens. Half the labor of crop cultivation is saved by proper preparation and planting. We plough, wait long enough for surface seeds to germinate, harrow, wait again and harrow, planting directly. Before the crop is large enough to be injured by the team a good cross-harrowing kills millions of weeds and rarely disturbs a plant. The old way to plough and plant at any time, and then "plough out" and hoe laboriously, has driven many a boy off the farm.—*N.Y. Times*.

Cheap Training of Tomatoes. Wire is now sold so cheaply that it makes the most economical as well as the best support for tomato vines. Set two rows of stakes on each side of the hills after once cultivating through them both ways. On these stakes train the vines, winding the wire around each stake to hold it in place. Once in a while the wires should cross to help keep the stakes in position. The fruit will be kept from the ground and will not rot its early specimens so badly as where the vines lie sprawling on the ground.—*American Cultivator*.

Stock Notes. Fat cattle can be grown cheaper on good pastures than in any other way.

Young cattle will grow better if given a change of pasture at least occasionally.

Whenever a calf is taken away to wean it should be kept out of sight and hearing of its mother.

A good hog, sheep or steer will nearly always pay for raising, but in many cases a poor one will not.

Pure bred stock costs a little more at the start, but they amply repay by the superiority of their offspring.

With profitable cattle feeding two rules are necessary—keep a good stock of cattle, and then keep them well.

When cattle are high a farmer can often feed a scrub steer without a positive loss, but rarely so with low prices.

The improved animal has a strong thrifty habit and it is its nature to make a vigorous growth from the start.

It does not pay to feed to maturity

THE SHIPS OF MELTON.

How sail the ships to Melton,
That lieth far and fair,
And dream-like in the haven
Where skies are calm and clear?
With blown-sails, leaping white,
Sure-winged 'neath storm or star;
They straightly steer for still they hear
The love-bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships of Melton?
Love-blown across the foam;
For still the sea sings ever
The songs of love and home;
Nor spicy isles with splendid smiles
Can win their souls afar,
While softly swells that chime of bells,
The love-bells o'er the bar.

O ships that sail to Melton,
With the Captain grand and grand;
The stars that light the ocean
Are the stars that light the land;
But say for me, adrift at sea
On lonely wrecks afar;
My heart still beats, and dreaming nears
The love-bells o'er the bar.

SAVED BY AN APE.

"Why I stopped in Panama on my return from my trip to South America is a mystery. The quaint Spanish fashion of the old city interested me and I found it difficult to tear myself away. When I was ready to leave my brief sojourn in the country had inspired me with so much confidence that I eagerly embraced the suggestion of my landlord to cross the isthmus on horseback.

"Take it leisurely," he said; "follow the old road. It touches various points along the canal. You can make the journey in a couple of days and you will not mind spending a night in one of DeLesseps' villages."

Now the canal was a pet hobby of mine. I was anxious to see how it was progressing. Besides I had a friend who was one of the contractors and I wanted to pay him a visit.

The next morning I mounted a gentle mustang, furnished by my host, and set out for Aspinwall, the Atlantic port where I intended to take the steamer. As I wished to reach the camp of my friend Jackson by midday, I rode rapidly during the morning.

At one place the road ran along in sight of the canal for half a mile. Here I saw a scene not to be matched anywhere on earth. Enormous machines were at work excavating thousands of tons of dirt, and countless wagons were employed removing the loose earth. Myriads of workmen swarmed everywhere, jabbering to each other in all the tongues of the known world. Among them were men from all the countries of the world—Americans, Africans, Chinamen, West Indians and Malays. The fierce looks cast upon me by these fellows alarmed me; but I pretended to be a calm spectator of the animated scene. One of the contractors was about, and from him I learned that I would find Jackson about five miles further on.

"Are you armed?" asked the contractor.

"I told him that I had a revolver.

"You will probably need it before you reach Aspinwall," said he. "You are passing through thirty thousand of the worst cut-throats that were ever collected together."

After hearing that I had a great mind to return to Panama, but the dread of being laughed at made me decide to push on. Assuming a determined, businesslike look, I put spurs to my mustang and ambled through the motley gang of laborers until I had the satisfaction of leaving them behind me. Fortunately I encountered no obstacle, and Jackson's camp was made just in time for dinner.

Here I was safe. Jackson was a big fellow, whose men were nearly all Americans. He was delighted to see me and gave me a capital dinner. During the two hours that I spent with him I filled him full of news and he, on the other hand, told me a lot of wonderful things about the canal. He made no secret of his conviction that the enterprise would drag along

where. They were of all sizes and the interest they took in my movements amused me not a little. Sometimes they chattered at me indignant and shook their fists almost in my face. At a wave of my hand, however, they fled in precipitate terror.

As soon as I entered the lake the monkeys took fresh courage. They scrambled about in droves and abused me to their heart's content. Among them was one of a species that I had not seen before. He was a ferocious looking monster, fully five feet high and as muscular as a bear. Before I realized the situation this great long-legged fellow swooped down on my clothes and started with them for the woods. For a moment I was absolutely paralyzed. It was no joke to ride to Aspinwall in a decent rig, but I had no fancy for the role of Lady Godiva.

There was no time to lose. The monkey had left my revolver, and as soon as I could seize it I fired. He gave a howl of rage and dropped everything but my coat. I hastily jumped into my recovered garments and gave chase. It was useless. The thief scurried up into the top of a tall cocoanut tree, and in a twinkling of an eye put on my coat, buttoning it round him, and then proceeded to hurl cocoanuts at me with such precision that I was glad to quickly leap into the saddle and ride off.

But my troubles had just begun. I had reconciled myself to the loss of my coat, as Jackson's money was in an inside pocket of my waist, but the monkey showed a disposition to follow me. After firing at him several times I gave it up. His tough hide seemed bullet proof, and there was no chance to kill him unless I shot him in the eye.

The declining sun warned me that it was time to seek shelter for the night, and I knew that in these tropical solitudes there was no twilight. I saw no cultivated fields, no houses, no signs of the hacienda of Don Francisco Mendez.

The situation was growing serious. Occasionally a stone weighing a pound or two was hurled at me from some leafy covert, and then the gigantic monkey would give a horrible laugh and scamper away. He was a funny looking chap in my blue flannel coat, but I was too angry to enjoy the comic aspect of the matter. It struck me that if the brute caught me in the dark he would make an end of me in no time. It was both horrible and humiliating, such a death in the tangled forests of this savage land.

Just then I saw a short distance off in a clearing a square stone hut. Here was shelter and protection. I was not disappointed much to find it uninhabited. It was strongly built, with no windows, and one entrance from which the door had long since rotted away. A stepladder led to the loft. Ascending I found a small apartment dimly lighted by round holes in the wall, which had evidently been used by sharpshooters at some revolutionary period in the history of the country. My mind was made up in an instant. I went back to my mustang and picketed him about one hundred and sixty yards from the hut in the bushes. Then I returned to my fortress just as darkness closed in upon me and sought refuge in the loft, pulling up the ladder after me. I was safe here, even from the monkeys, and I lay down feeling a sense of perfect security.

It must have been late in the night when I heard something moving in the room underneath me. Looking through the opening in the floor I could see nothing. I struck a match, and by the flickering flame recognized the monkey. The wretch still wore my coat, and in the dim, uncertain light his appearance was more repulsive than ever.

I lay down again knowing that the beast could not get into the loft and commenced planning for his destruction.

My last match was gone, but to my great delight it was almost morning. With the first rays of daylight I peered through the hole in the floor. It was a ghastly sight that met my gaze. The two Mexicans lay on the floor quite dead. Their heads had been smashed to jelly against the wall and their throats bore dark blue marks.

Sitting in the corner was the monkey. He was bleeding profusely and was evidently seriously hurt. At first I thought I would spare him. He saved my life and I was grateful. But when I fixed the ladder and descended the untamable beast prepared for a spring, and there was such evident malice in his eyes that I aimed at his eye and fired. One shot did the work. He rolled over dead.

It was no place for me after such an adventure, and I at once went in search of my mustang. To my great joy he was all right and I was soon in the saddle and on my way to Aspinwall.

Depositing Jackson's money in the bank when I arrived, I immediately boarded the steamer. I knew that it would not be prudent to speak of the two Mexicans and I had a suspicion that a statement of the part the monkey had borne in the tragedy would be regarded by the authorities as a cock-and-bull story. So I wisely kept my mouth shut until I was again among friends.

Of course I have never wasted any regret on Pedro and Juan, but I still hold my horrible friend, the monkey, in great esteem.—N. Y. Dispatch.

GETTING WIVES IN SIAM.

The King Has His Given to Him and Others
People Buy Theirs.

The Chinese do all the menial labor in Siam. They also keep all the pawnshops and gambling houses and teach the Siamese how to gamble, said Lieutenant L. N. Rasmussen to a San Francisco Examiner reporter. Lieut. R. is a young Danish officer who went to Siam six years ago at the solicitation of the king to drill the royal troops in European fashion. The king has not a very large army—only 2,000 or 4,000 men, although the name of every male subject is on either the army or navy roll. But they are never called into service, as the king cannot stand the expense of feeding a large army. Moreover it is not needed, as there are few disturbances. The king's army is larger than his family, but the latter is of pretty fair size. Nobody dares to give the exact figures, but at last accounts he had 100 wives and 105 children. The present king is a young man, about 38 years old, I think, and he is popular. He is the highest power, owns the whole country, and does about as he pleases, but he is well liked. His eldest son is the crown prince. Just now that youth is a member of the Buddhist priesthood. All the princes and nobles have to go through the priesthood before they are full-fledged.

"How does the king get all his wives?" "They are presents to him from his nobles. They offer him their daughters. Of course, no one would dare to offer him one that was not good looking, and he seldom refuses to accept them. Should he refuse, the parents might as well move out of Siam, as the refusal would simply mean that the parents were in royal disfavor."

"How do the other people get their wives over there?" "Oh, buy them. Many of the nobles have numerous wives. If a girl strikes their fancy they negotiate for her purchase, but not generally until they have paid her proper sum. Some of them buy their wives from the ranks of the actresses in the Siam theaters. Prices vary from \$1,000 to \$40. It costs more to marry into a rich family. Sometimes young couples elope, just as they do in other countries, but the groom has to settle just the same. There is a rate fixed for elopements—40 taels, or about

FAIR AND HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS FOR THE TREATMENT OF SICK HORSES.

Food for the Invalid Horse—
Things We Do Not Do—Occasional
Subscribing—Farm Notes
—Household Helps.

Treatment of Sick Horses.
F. D. McMahon, veterinary surgeon to the Chicago fire department communicated to the Street Railway Review, an article on the treatment of sick horses from which we find an extract in an exchange. After speaking of the principle substances from which to select articles of diet for the sick horse, bran, carrots, oatmeal, linseed, etc., the writer continues:

Bran stands decidedly foremost as the food most generally in use for the invalid horse; it acts as a laxative, is frequently tempting to the appetite, and easy of digestion. There is no particular general treatment more universal than offering this substance as a change of food. Is the horse very weary, and his powers of digestion weakened in consequence, we induce him to take a warm bran mash, which comfortably distends the stomach and satisfies any craving for food, thereby enabling him readily to lie down and rest his enfeebled system, until repose restores its wonted vigor. Does he show slight symptoms of cold or fever, a warm bran mash is a convenient plan of steaming, and consequently soothing, the irritable mucous membranes of the air passages; it is a substitute for the more stimulating diet he is accustomed to, and gently promotes the activity of the digestive apparatus. It is also a convenient medium for the exhibition of certain simple remedies to be mentioned hereafter. Is he incapacitated by lameness, a lower diet than that with which he is indulged when in full work is judicious, and bran is selected. Is it necessary to administer purgative medicine a bran mash or two renders the bowels more susceptible of its action, and a smaller portion of the drug is therefore required to produce the desired effect, there being, at the same time, less risk of painful spasms accompanying its operation. Bran mashes may be given hot or cold—cold are perhaps quite as grateful to the horse, but the nibbling of the hot mash in catarrhal affections is particularly beneficial, from the necessary inhalation of the steam arising therefrom.

Of all the roots by which horses are tempted, the carrot as a rule, is the favorite and most beneficial one. It is said to be somewhat diuretic in its effect, and to exercise a salubrious influence on the skin. Certain it is when cut and offered frequently by the hand of a groom, a sick horse is coaxed into eating it when disinclined to partake of other nourishment, and the greatest benefit results. For the ailing horse, then, carrots are most valuable as an article of diet, and a few may be given to advantage even to a healthy condition.

Our meal is most nutritious as a food for a convalescent horse, is most valuable; the bruising process the grain has undergone breaks the husk and renders it more easily acted upon by the digestive powers. It is usually given in the form of gruel, as which it is one of the most essential articles of diet for the infirmary. It is also a ready mode of supplying the tired, thirsty horse with nourishment after exertion, when he returns to the stable.

Linseed is decidedly included in the sick diet roll. It is nutritious and from its oleaginous nature sooths to the frequently irritable mucus membrane of the alimentary canal, and hence to be particularly recommended in the treatment of sore throats, nor is its bland effect local only, its more general influence is

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POLITICAL POINTERS.

If a man can't get a perpetual re-nomination for Alderman, then, as a last recourse, he has the satisfaction of damning the Dutch, even if he has to go to Desplaines to do it.

A man who better understands county business and the needs of the county does not live than Mr. George Stuckman, candidate for President of the Board of County Commissioners.

Commissioner Frank Hoffman has by his hard work for and his strict attention to the best interests of the tax payers of Cook county fairly earned a renomination and deserves reelection.

A few more Desplaines speeches like those lately delivered at Desplaines by "Doc" and his ilk, and the suspicion of a Democratic party in that portion of the county would disappear forever more in disgust.

Damn the Dutch appears to be one of the latest Democratic war cries. Since when did it become a crime to have been born in Germany? By the way those "Dutch" votes usually count just the same.

It has been widely suggested that if Mr. Henry Esdohr, candidate for Coroner, could only secure the services of "Doc" and "Harry," sending one of them North and the other South throughout the county, specially instructed to do all talking possible against him, he could serenely sit in his parlor, smoke his cigar and toast his feet, perfectly confident of election.

There is little or no doubt but what the entire Republican national, State and county tickets will be elected. The candidates and their friends are abroad in the land hustling and working for the success of the ticket. Our friend, Mr. Henry Esdohr nominee for Coroner, is making a good canvas and reports everything progressing in first-class shape.

As the campaign wears on people are beginning to wake up to the fact that a most important election is near at hand. The Republicans of the northwestern portion of the county, and not only them, but all good law-abiding citizens who have the real interest of the country at heart appear to have come to the conclusion that Harrison's administration has been such a model one for business men and farmers alike, and that another election of it is advisable.

A PITIABLE SCENE AT DESPLAINES.

There was an attempt at a Democratic meet in the Town Hall at Desplaines one evening last week and a few reputable gentlemen of that political persuasion had there assembled to become acquainted with and listen to the remarks of James Hatch House, the nominee for coroner on their ticket.

With Mr. James Hatch House, Mr. Hale's observations and actions it must be said that they could not take issue, and the diminutive love feast was progressing well when a scene was rung on the boards quite suddenly which had not been heard on any of the programs.

It was the rather unexpected and exceedingly unsteady appearance in the hall of what might have been termed a very venerable looking old sedate companioned by a sickly high hat and long flowing whiskers somewhat bedraggled and of a dirty yellowish hue it struck the spectators as the same being as if it had been added that he was also accompanied by a dog headed cur and a stricken dog with a tail. Some present seemed to regard him as a curio and others as a

on making an attempt at a speech, which was something to this effect:

"Well, I'm here, and I propose to stay here, though why in this here yonder know, neither do I. I've lived here what's a long time, and I know all the life. Lived here six hundred years, and never mind long time, have anyway and known many a good time. If I didn't want to know nothin' hic-yes, he-he-ho-sodan-hock Youfellersallfull of terbeshamed.

Know my friend Machale?" Runnin for Guvner No, hic—not guvner, but con-
ner. Gointerbeat' No he aint—go-
intobelected — hic' Know Henry es-
dohr too. Goodfellow too—hic! Twenty
five years an longertoo. Aint good-
follow—madamistake. Damduchman!
Cantreadanrise. He and McHale run-
ning together — no—hic—running again
each other—Esdohr all right—no—Mc-
Hale is. Esdohr damduchman. You're
damduchman—hic—everybodysdutch
cept me—"

And so the muddled "Doc," as they styled him, stuttered and blundered on until even those who at first were inclined to laugh at his maudlin utterances became disgusted and slowly, silently, sadly stole away, leaving the old man alone in his pitiable state.

Suggestions to Informers in Regard to the Prohibition Ordinance Just Published.

CONTRIBUTED.

Where is the informer who gets half the fine if Park Ridge can't prove him his record will be safe?

He is to be above all a mystery.

He is to be safe, and to tell his story.

But the worst of the business will be left below.

For with most of the people he won't have a show.

They will take him some pity by the lighter he soon.

And when he comes back he thinks a explosion has struck him.

JEFFERSON PARK.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. — The Rev. A. M. Thome, pastor, Charles Farnsworth, superintendent of Sunday school. Sunday school at 11:45 a.m. and 12:30 p.m. Preaching services Wednesday evening at 7:30 in the church parson's Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Sunday evening at 8:30 o'clock, and Junior society at 5:30.

GERMAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. — The Rev. Block, pastor, Sunday services at 11:30 a.m. Sunday school at 12:30 p.m.

BAPTIST CHURCH. — The Rev. Whycom, pastor, services every Sunday at 3 p.m. at the Masonic hall.

I say "Ted," have you noticed those long shots?

Tom Carter has sent part of his stable out to his large barn here and taken the balance to St. Louis, where he is winning up to a number of purses.

Sociables are the feature of the week, the Baptists having one at Miss Holmes' on Monday evening and the Christian Endeavor on Friday evening at Mrs. Clark Roberts'. Both were well attended, and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

The Democrats held a mass meeting in Townsend's hall, Monday evening, and the following gentlemen addressed the meeting George Edmanson Joseph W. Martin, James McHale, J. W. Cross and W. L. Mitchell. The meeting was preceded by a liberal display of fire works and a concert by our local Drum corps boys.

We would deem it a favor if you would send us notice of the visit of your friends, or of your going away.

Mrs. Goren and son Eddie are slowly recovering from their long illness of typhoid fever.

Ollie Peacock is rapidly recovering from the effects of four weeks siege of typhoid fever.

That game of ball was played in due time as heralded and as the other fellows won this is all we have to say.

The Rev. Thome has been suffering with throat trouble.

Mrs. Annie Peters residence is rapidly nearing completion.

Mr. Charles Farnsworth and Miss Roberts attended the sconat at the Third Presbyterian church at Ogden and Ash avenues Tuesday evening.

Don't forget this registration year and you must register Oct. 18 or you lose your vote.

Our little village park is a dandy.

Mrs. Clark Schleifer and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. West spent Sunday at Mr. John Gray's.

On last Monday the sewer contract on began work on the Milwaukee Avenue sewer at Belmont avenue, beginning working south and another north from that point. The contractors promise to push forward the work as rapidly as possible and we are inclined to believe they will reach Jefferson avenue before stopping.

Mr. J. A. Gardner of the South Side was a Mayfair visitor on Sunday last.

Dr. and Mrs. Smith had a house full of visitors the first of the week.

The 8-hoods are badly overcrowded. The Improvement association shall ask for an increase of school house facilities.

Rumor has it that our ambitious young legal friend Mr. James A. Peterson is a candidate for alderman to succeed Matthew J. Conway subject, of course, to the action of the Republican convention.

The Twenty-seventh Ward Improvement association will hold an important meeting at Avondale Thursday evening of next week at 7:30. All property holders are cordially invited.

Water in Vents.

In Vents, Vents, & Soffit, of a day, it is considered that it is to be done in the ratio of 1 to 1. Supply. This is now water in the for supplying the water. The water is to be used in the domestic uses of the inhabitants where it is said to be located. Let those believe it who can. The water is to be used at the price we will have to pay one hour daily for that purpose and then be used in the de-grounding.

battery, and trolley system are being considered. The capital stock is \$50,000, all of which Mr. Lewis says has been subscribed by members of the Twenty-seventh Ward Improvement association.

The right of way, the secretary says, has been secured. An ordinance will be asked for within two or three weeks and as soon as it is granted construction will begin. The ordinance will contain a provision that the road shall not be sold.

The above is from the Tribune of the 4th inst. and is of more or less interest to the residents of the Twenty-seventh ward.

We are not in possession of any inside facts, but knowing the promoters to be active progressive men trust they will be able to carry their road through as projected for it would be of great benefit to the whole ward.

MAYFAIR.

MAYFAIR DIRECTORY.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR. — Meets the first and third Thursday evening in each month. Miss Jessie Cross, president. E. M. Chaplin, secretary.

MAYFAIR PUBLIC SCHOOL. — F. W. King, principal, Miss Belle Dornire and Miss Marie Laurence, assistants.

BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION. — Meets the first and third Saturday evening in each month. George C. Thomas, president. A. E. Lewis, secretary.

MAYFAIR TENNIS CLUB. — Grounds on Franklin street, near Cassin avenue, president, Chas. Farnsworth, vice president, Hugh Hazen, secretary and treasurer. Miss Florence Braze, custodian Carroll S. Jones, membership committee, Miss Jessie Grinnell, E. M. Farnsworth, E. M. Chaplin and the president and secretary.

JEFFERSON HIGH SCHOOL. — Principal, Prof. Charles Farnsworth, assistant, Martin D. Farnsworth, chemistry and physics, F. W. Play, biology, Miss S. Alice Jud, English, Miss M. M. Wallace, German and French, Miss Josephine Fielding, mathematics, Miss Emma Winston, Latin and Greek, Miss Marie Harrison, drawing, Miss Emma Ziesling, singing, Helen Helm, physical culture.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. — Services every Sunday morning at 10:45 and evening at 7:30 prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at the church, the Rev. S. C. Leavell, pastor, Sunday school at 12:30. C. C. Chaplin, superintendent, services every Sunday evening at 6:30. Ladies Aid society meets every Wednesday at 2 p.m.

Dr. A. Gart of Viroqua, Wis., was a Mayfair visitor this week.

The three children of E. I. Hotchkiss are down with scarlet fever.

Republican mass meeting to-night at Smith's hall Hon. William Voeke, Republican nominee for Congress, will be one of the speakers.

The Fourth precinct enjoys the distinction of the largest membership of any branch of the Twenty-seventh ward Improvement association, with

E. W. Lewis and family moved in their new house on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Anne Deviney is visiting friends here. She expects to begin building a handsome residence shortly.

A Mr. Jackson of the West Side expects to soon begin work on a new residence on Hunting avenue. He will occupy the Randall building until his own is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hills go to Elmhurst to remain until January 1. They have rented their home to Mr. Swineford.

Dr. E. Backins is advertising his property for sale because of poor health of Mrs. B.

Those who desire a novel treat will do well to attend the Farmers' fair at Pregler's grove the fore part of next week.

Prospect is good for better street lighting. Arrangements are under way for the exchange of the oil lamps for gasoline.

The Twenty-seventh Ward Improvement association held a meeting at Bowmanville last evening.

The Rev. S. C. Leavell leaves to attend the Rock River conference next week.

Mr. Jackson of the West Side was a Mayfair visitor on Sunday last.

A new drug store is one of the near future probabilities.

There was a meeting of branch No. 2 of the Twenty-seventh Ward Improvement association at the new hall last evening.

The Fourth Precinct Republican club was reorganized at Pregler's hall last Thursday evening. The following officers were chosen A. H. Lewis, president. F. A. Pierce, vice-president; F. M. Longfellow, secretary; A. Preger, treasurer; J. S. Smith, trustee. Authority was given F. M. Longfellow and A. Pregler to organize a marching club.

Mrs. Grace Gotha was a visitor at the home of her sister Mrs. E. J. Morton this week. Mr. Laramie of South Chicago was also a guest of Mr. Morton's.

Rep. public mass meeting at Smith's hall tomorrow Saturday evening.

The 8-hoods are rapidly overcrowded.

The Improvement association shall ask for an increase of school house facilities.

Rumor has it that our ambitious young legal friend Mr. James A. Peterson is a candidate for alderman to succeed Matthew J. Conway subject, of course, to the action of the Republican convention.

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PARK RIDGE ORDINANCE.

An Ordinance providing for Water Main on Meacham Avenue. It is ordained by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Park Ridge:

SECTION 1. That a water main supply pipe four (4) inches in diameter be constructed and laid on a line eight feet west of the center line of Meacham Avenue from a connection to be made with water main on Park Avenue at the intersection thereof with Cedar Street, a street running north and south on said Meacham Avenue to the junction of Elm Street therewith. That pipe be placed with top surface not less than four and one-half (4 1/2) feet below the present grade of said Meacham Avenue.

SEC. 2. That the cost and expense of said improvement shall be paid for by a special assessment to be made in accordance with sections eighteen (18) to fifty-one (51) inclusive, in article nine (9) of the Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Villages." Approved April 10th, 1872.

SEC. 3. That Charles A. Lutz, Cord Hulman, and S. W. Robinson are hereby appointed Commissioners to make an estimate of the cost of said improvement, including labor material, and all other expenses attending the same and the cost of making and levying the assessment and report the same in writing to said President and Board of Trustees.

SEC. 4. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and approval.

W. P. BLACK

President Board of Trustees of the Village of Park Ridge.

Attest — GEORGE T. STEBBINS

Village Clerk

Passed Sept. 13, 1892.

Approved Sept. 14, 1892.

Published Sept. 14, 1892.

PARK RIDGE ORDINANCE

Be it enacted by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Park Ridge:

SECTION 1. That the selling or giving away of any intoxicating materials, such as beer, wine or fermented liquor is hereby absolutely prohibited.

SEC. 2. The provisions of this ordinance shall not apply to the selling and giving away of any kind of a non-intoxicating liquors by any apothecary druggist or pharmacist in said village, his agents, clerks or servants for medicinal, mechanical, sacramental and chemical purposes only. Provided that such apothecary druggist or pharmacist shall have been granted a permit for the sale of liquors for such purpose, such permit shall be granted only upon application in writing to the President and Board of Trustees and when granted the same shall be signed by the President counter signed by the Clerk and attested by the village seal, upon the payment to the Village Clerk of the sum required by the President and the Board of Trustees. Such permit shall authorize such apothecary druggist or pharmacist to sell liquor for medicinal, sacramental and chemical purpose solely and not to be drawn upon the premises under any circumstance.

Every such apothecary druggist and pharmacist shall keep a record in a book which he shall provide for the purpose of all sales of intoxicating liquors made by him to all persons whomsoever which record shall show the date of each sale, the name and address of the purchaser, the quantity and kind of liquor, and the purpose for which the same was sold which book shall be open to the inspection of the President and any member of the Board of Trustees, and the Village Attorney at any and all times during business hours.

SEC. 3. Any person violating any clause or section of this ordinance shall be subject to a penalty of not less than fifty (50) dollars nor more than two hundred dollars for each offense.

SEC. 4. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from its approval and publication.

W. P. BLACK

President Board of Trustees of Park Ridge.

GEO. T. STEBBINS

Village Clerk

Passed Sept. 15th, 1892.

Approved Sept. 16th, 1892.

Published Sept. 16th, 1892.

PARK RIDGE ORDINANCE

Be it ordained by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Park Ridge:

SEC. 1. That informers shall be entitled to one-half of any penalty collected for any violation of the provisions of an ordinance of said Village. Adopted Sept. 17th, 1892 to prohibit the selling or giving away of any intoxicating, malt, vinous, mixed or fermented liquors.

Passed Sept. 18th, 1892.

Approved Sept. 19th, 1892.

Published Sept. 19th, 1892.

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Published Sept. 19th, 1892.

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SEC. 1. That informers shall be entitled

SYRUP of FIGS



ONE ENJOYMENT

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectively, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities command it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

William McKeekan, Druggist at Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly everything on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a few months ago, when I used Boschee's German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good it has done me. I am greatly relieved during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble."

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT
Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.
Rheumatism,

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, priapic distension, &c.

THE SPANISH MAIDEN.

I met a little maid—
"Buenos Dias!"
With manners cool and staid—
"Buenos Dias!"
The prettiest girl in town—
With cheeks of rose brown—
"Buenos Dias!"
Hair as black as jet—
"Buenos Dias!"
Dark loving eyes and yet—
"Buenos Dias!"
Beneath my admiring glance
Her dimples began to dance—
"Buenos Dias!"
English she did not know—
"Buenos Dias!"
My Spanish was too slow—
"Buenos Dias!"
I put flowers in her hand,
She laughed the witch—and—
"Adios Señor."

—Inter Ocean.

IN THE TIDE.

This is the story of the fate that befell Lieut. Henry Crewe and Margaret Neville, his betrothed, who disappeared from the infant city of Halifax on the afternoon of September 18, 1749. The facts were gathered by one Nicholas Pinson from the mouths of Indians more or less concerned, from the members of the Neville family and from much sagacious conjecture and woven with an infinite deal of irrelevant detail into a narrative which has been rigorously condensed in the present rendering.

There was a faint opaline haze in the afternoon air, and in the still waters of the harbor the low hills, with their foliage lightly touched in bronze and amethyst and amber, were faithfully reproduced. Into a hollow between two knolls wooded with beech trees ran a shallow cove, its clear waters edged with sand of a tender, greenish gray. Close to the water's edge stood the lovers, and across the silence they could hear pulsating dimly the hammer of them that were building the city.

"Listen," said the man, as he drew the girl closely to him and kissed her on the forehead, "those are the strokes that are making a home for us."

The girl lifted her lips for a kiss that never reached them. The man was seized from behind, a dark hand covered his mouth, and Lieut. Henry Crewe, his sword unstirred in his scabbard, found himself pinioned hand and foot ere he had time to realize that other arms were about him than those of the woman he loved. With her it fared in like fashion, save that before they covered her mouth she found time for one long piercing cry. It was heard by those who were working on the city palisades, but no man could tell the direction whence it came. Presently a search party set out for the thick woods lying a little north of west from the city, but in the meantime the Indians had carried their captives northward to the lakes, and were making all speed on the Fundy coast by way of the Shubenacadie trail.

Henry Crewe was a tall man, and well sinewed, and for a brief space he strove so fiercely with his bonds that his fair skin flushed well-nigh purple, and his lips under the yellow mustache, curled apart terribly, like those of a beast at bay. Unable to endure the anguish of his effort, Margaret averted her eyes, for she knew the hopelessness of it. Like all the Nevilles of Nova Scotia to this day, the girl was somewhat spare of form and feature, with dark hair, a clear dark skin and eyes of deep color that might be either gray or green. Her terrible cry had been far less the utterance of a blind terror than a

works of Beausejour rose fast, some seven or eight miles across the marshes. There, in his bitter enemies, Crewe knew he might find sure succor if only the gallant Frenchmen could be made aware of what was passing between them. He saw Margaret's eyes filled with terrible appeal upon the works, wherein for her and her lover lay safety; and, agonized to feel his utter helplessness, he raised a long and ringing shout which seemed to him must reach the very souls of those behind the ramparts. Margaret's heart leaped with joy which flickered out as she saw the Indians laugh grimly at the effort. To be within sight of help and yet so infinitely helpless! For the first time the girl yielded to complete despair, and her head sank upon her breast.

After skirting for perhaps an hour a red and all but empty channel, which Crewe recognized by memory as the bed of the Tantramar (or Tanamarra, "water of hubbub") the savages suddenly led their captives down the steep, gleaming abyss of rock to the edge of the shallow current, which now, at low tide, clattered shrilly seaward over clods of blue clay and small stones rolled down from the upland.

The place was like a hideous grating pit. A double winding of the channel closed it in above and below. Some forty or fifty feet over their heads against a pure sky of liveliest blue, waved a shaggy fringe of salt grass, yellowing in the autumn air. This harsh and meagre herbage encircled the rim of the chasm and seemed to make the outer world of men infinitely remote. The sun, an hour or two past noon, glared down whitely into the gulf, and glistened in a myriad of steely reflections from the polished but irregular steeps of slime. There was something so strange and monstrous in the scene that Margaret's dull misery was quickened to a nameless horror. Suddenly a voice, which she hardly recognized as that of her lover, said slowly and steadily,

"Margaret, this is the end of our journey; we have come to the end."

Looking up she met Crewe's eyes fastened upon her with a gaze which seemed to sustain her and fill her nerves with strength. With the end of his uncertainty his will became clear, and his resolution perfect as tempered steel. An Indian had brought two stakes and thrown them on the mud at the leader's feet. Margaret looked at the tide-mark far up the dreadful slope, then again into her lover's face. She understood; but she gave no sign, save that her skin blanched to a more deathly pallor, and she exclaimed in a voice of poignant regret. "Have we kept silence all these long hours only for this? And I had so much to say to you!"

"There will be time," he said gently, and his voice was a calm. "The flood tide has not yet begun, and it will take some hours. And it was well, dear, that we could not speak; for so you had hope till last to support you while I had hope, having heard the Indians say we were to die though they said not when or how."

A faint flush of pride rose into the girl's face, and she stretched out her pinioned arms to him and cried: "You shall not be deceived in me. I will be worthy of you and will not shame our race before these beasts."

By this time the stakes were driven into the strong clay. They were placed some way up the slope and one a little space above the other. To

the cry as he came up, figures and rose higher, leaping as he turned back across the marshes.

In the journal of the Beausejour, there is a note under the date of Sept. 18, 1749. It was added on a page which was torn out. Translated fully it runs:

"In the afternoon Crewe marched across the Tantramar, having observed them to be in number in the channel, as on the brink as if watching the stream. It was with high tide when we reached the savages disappearing on the further shore where our hearts burned red with rage and chafing their hands. A woman was bound to a pole forward in the water, her hair all disheveled, her face pale, her eyes dim, her body covered with sores, her hands and feet bound. The Indians laugh grimly at the sight. We made a great effort to be within sight of help, and yet so infinitely helpless! For the first time the girl yielded to complete despair, and her head sank upon her breast.

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This harsh and meagre herbage encircled the rim of the chasm and seemed to make the outer world of men infinitely remote. The sun, an hour or two past noon, glared down whitely into the gulf, and glistened in a myriad of steely reflections from the polished but irregular steeps of slime. There was something so strange and monstrous in the scene that Margaret's dull misery was quickened to a nameless horror. Suddenly a voice, which she hardly recognized as that of her lover, said slowly and steadily,

"Margaret, this is the end of our journey; we have come to the end."

Looking up she met Crewe's eyes fastened upon her with a gaze which seemed to sustain her and fill her nerves with strength. With the end of his uncertainty his will became clear, and his resolution perfect as tempered steel. An Indian had brought two stakes and thrown them on the mud at the leader's feet.

Margaret looked at the tide-mark far up the dreadful slope, then again into her lover's face.

She understood; but she gave no sign, save that her skin blanched to a more deathly pallor,

and she exclaimed in a voice of poignant regret.

"Have we kept silence all these long hours only for this? And I had so much to say to you!"

"There will be time," he said gently, and his voice was a calm.

"The flood tide has not yet begun, and it will take some hours. And it was well, dear, that we could not speak; for so you had hope till last to support you while I had hope, having heard the Indians say we were to die though they said not when or how."

A faint flush of pride rose into the girl's face, and she stretched out her pinioned arms to him and cried:

"You shall not be deceived in me. I will be worthy of you and will not shame our race before these beasts."

By this time the stakes were driven into the strong clay.

They were placed some way up the slope and one a little space above the other. To

the cry as he came up, figures and rose higher, leaping as he turned back across the marshes.

In the journal of the Beausejour, there is a note under the date of Sept. 18, 1749. It was added on a page which was torn out. Translated fully it runs:

"In the afternoon Crewe marched across the Tantramar, having observed them to be in number in the channel, as on the brink as if watching the stream. It was with high tide when we reached the savages disappearing on the further shore where our hearts burned red with rage and chafing their hands.

A woman was bound to a pole forward in the water, her hair all disheveled, her face pale, her eyes dim, her body covered with sores, her hands and feet bound. The Indians laugh grimly at the sight. We made a great effort to be within sight of help, and yet so infinitely helpless! For the first time the girl yielded to complete despair, and her head sank upon her breast.

After skirting for perhaps an hour

a red and all but empty channel, which Crewe recognized by memory as the bed of the Tantramar (or Tanamarra, "water of hubbub") the savages suddenly led their captives down the steep, gleaming abyss of rock to the edge of the shallow current, which now, at low tide, clattered shrilly seaward over clods of blue clay and small stones rolled down from the upland.

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GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! I have to say good night
To such a host of precious things!
Good night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good night to feed, uplifted eyes;
Good night to chestnut braids of hair;
Good night unto the perfect mouth
And all the sweethearts nestled there.
The snowy hand detained me; then
I'll have to say good night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our star aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieu. Till then good night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so!
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own as much a year ago.
What! both these snowy hands! Ah, then
I'll have to say good night again!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

HER FIRST MESSAGE.

Ned Dubois was not at all pleased with the surroundings when he and his pretty little wife alighted from the train at the Pineville depot. He stood as if undecided which way to go and cast a wistful glance in the direction of the swiftly disappearing cars; just in front of them was the depot, and a hundred yards or so further on a neat, cozy cottage rested upon the brow of a gently sloping hill; in the distance, perhaps a mile or so away, could be seen the housetops of Pineville proper.

"I didn't expect such a place as this," he said. "It'll be awful on you, sweetheart."

A cheery laugh burst from the wife as Ned's lugubrious tones fell upon her ears, and, darting a swift glance of love into the handsome eyes bent toward her, she replied:

"I think it's awful nice, Ned, just to think of being so near you all the time—why, I can bring my work to the office and spend the whole day with you—that is," and she looked up coyly, "if you'll let me."

"Let you?" he echoed. "the idea! The thought of having you with me was one strong incentive in accepting this out-of-the-way job."

Further conversation was stopped by the approach of a man from the depot.

"My name is Rogers," he said. "and I'm the agent here, you're my successor, are you not?"

Ned bowed and introduced himself and wife.

"Will you step into the office," continued the agent, "or do you prefer going directly to your house?"

"To the house, by all means," cried Mrs. Dubois. "I am dreadfully anxious to get straightened out."

"You'll have your hands full," I fear," smiled Rogers. "I tried to place everything nicely, but an old bachelor is a poor hand at such work."

"I'm sure your efforts have proven more satisfactory than you claim," was Ned's rejoinder. "and we are grateful to you for your kindness."

By this time they had reached the house, and leaving the little house-keeper busily putting things to rights the two men returned to the depot, where they were engaged for several hours in effecting a transfer of the office.

"Now" said the ex-agent when the change had been completed. "I want to tell you this is the loneliest place on earth and I am glad to get away; why, I've sat here day after day and never caught sight of a soul except the train crews as they dashed through."

After completing the decorating and fixing of their little home Mrs. Dubois turned her attention to the

he found the object to be a pile of cross ties on the track. He advanced quickly to throw them aside when he discovered that several rails had been torn from the track.

This fearful sight chilled his blood, and he stood almost paralyzed for a moment. Then he thought of the train, loaded with human souls that was even then rushing rapidly toward its doom, and wheeling round he dashed toward the depot.

He had scarcely traversed twenty steps however, before he felt a heavy hand come down on his shoulder.

"Halt!" came a gruff voice, "one step further, and you die!"

Ned felt the cold muzzle of a revolver come in contact with his ear, and he stopped.

"So," the voice continued, sneeringly, "thought ye'd spile our prospects, did ye?"

"For God's sake," begged Ned, "let me go and save the precious lives you have put in jeopardy!"

"Nice move that'd be for us," chuckled the wrecker, "after all our work and pains."

"But think man, what you are doing."

"Done thought, and the end of the thing is that we're goin' to have a pull at a pile of cash now on the train you speak of."

Suddenly, probably without knowing it, the hand holding the pistol dropped a few inches, and the hand on Ned's shoulder loosened its grasp, then a wild desire to reach his office flashed across the operator's mind, and clinching his teeth, he shook himself loose from his captor and fled in the direction of the depot.

He had gone several yards before the man realized his escape, then a deep curse broke out on the evening air and the train wrecker started in pursuit.

Ned glanced back, and in place of one he saw several forms rushing after him.

"Don't shoot," he heard one of them say, "it might arouse someone, besides we can reach the office before he can send a warning message."

Poor Ned's heart sank as he heard this, he knew too well that they would dash in on him before he could even get a response from one of the offices above him, but he madly dashed into his office and attempted to lock the door.

But, alack for once he was too excited, and before his trembling fingers could place the key into the lock the entire crowd was on him.

"Sit down, now," panted one of them, "and behave."

In despair Ned dropped into a chair, with his back to the curtains, and buried his face in his hands.

After a hurried consultation the gang of wreckers left two of their members to guard Ned, while the rest hastened to demolish the track.

Suddenly the tick of the instrument caused him to raise his head. It was Singleton, the second station from Pineville, reporting the arrival and departure of No. 83.

Great drops of perspiration stood out on Ned's face, and he felt as if his heart would burst before this trial was over. Only one more station to pass, and then the hopes of saving the train would be over.

He sat with straining ears to catch the sound of Ellaville, the next station to his reporting the train, for then he knew the end had come, and his suspense would cease.

His eyes roamed about the room and rested on the mirror he had hung with his wife, about so

and to Ned's ears came the deep sonorous sound of the engine whistle, as it blew for Pineville.

Then he heard the sharp crack followed by terrible shrieks and all was silent.

"Ned," came a soft voice behind him, and a trembling little woman rushed in. "have they hurt you?" as she began undoing the bonds.

"No, sweetheart" he cried, clasping her to his bosom. "but had it not been for you there is no telling what might have happened."

Her face flushed with pleasure, and she asked:

"Did I send it correctly, Ned?"

"Correctly?" echoed the husband. "it was the grandest message that ever flashed over these wires."

Just then a knock was heard on the door, and opening it Ned admitted a crowd of men in the midst of whom were several prisoners.

"We got most of them," said a man who seemed to be the leader of the party.

"Are these all?" asked Ned.

"Well not exactly; we left two lying out by the track," was the laconic answer.

All of them proved to be old offenders and were duly punished; and in the winding up of the affair the rail-authorities amply rewarded the gallant little wife for "Her First Message" — Edward N. Wood in Old Homestead.

A WEIRD WESTERN TALE.

Spirits of Murdered Men Watching Over Riches in an Old Mine.

The Ozark mountains of Missouri present a field for the lovers of the curious which is not to be found this side of old Mexico. The whole country was at one time under the domination of the Spanish when they first explored this part of the continent and their relics are to be found all over the hills in the shape of excavations and old mines and in many instances their very tools are to be found just where they left them over a hundred or two hundred years ago, says the New York Herald.

About eighteen miles southwest of Galena is an old Spanish mine which is reputed to be rich with gold and silver as well as with lead, yet no man has ever had the temerity to work the mine on account of the story which is attached to it and the certain uncanny feeling which is said to overcome any one who dares to profane the place with his presence.

The story is that in this mine great riches were found by seven men, who were so overcome by their good fortune that they could not agree as to the division of the find, but each was eager to have the whole for himself.

and the result was that one by one they were killed by their companions until but one was left, and then it is

related that during the night he was set upon by the whole ghostly band and was choked to death by the spirits of the men whom he had helped to murder. This is the story which has been told, and in addition there are many who swear that they have also seen the ghostly band of murdered men who are keeping watch over the riches hidden away in this mountain mine.

The natives will tell you with bated breath how a certain man (he was a Vermonter named Johnson) had said that he would find the treasure in spite of the devil and all his imps and how he went to the place and worked alone because he could get none of the people in the neighborhood to

OUR ST. LOUIS

The Missourian Enjoy
Independence—Battalion Sunday Afternoons

St. Louis, Sept. 26.—

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