

BARRINGTON R

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SATURDAY,

Nov. 12, 1892.

LOVE'S TRIBUTE

IN MEMORY OF

DAVID BENJAMIN DUNNING.

He was born Jan 1, 1873, and died Nov. 2, 1892, being 19 years and 10 months old. From his childhood he enjoyed good health. He passed through the diseases incident to early life without any serious troubles or complications. So that his constitutional strength was vigorous from his youth and this enabled him to endure the more patiently, and to his parents, physicians and friends, the more hopefully the strain of his last, long and fatal sickness.

While of rather quiet and retiring disposition, he possessed a mind of ready perception and prompt action. It seemed comparatively easy for him to perform the duties required of him, whether at home, in school, or in business. He attended both the common and the high schools, graduating from the latter with honor at the age of 17. He was elected treasurer of the High School Alumni association, the duties of which office he faithfully discharged for two years, when he was chosen president, and this honorable position he retained up to time of his death.

When called into business with his father he entered into it with the ardor of youthful ambition to achieve success. Back of and inspiring this ambition was the one controlling desire of his loving heart to please and honor his parents, to whom he was ever the affectionate and devoted son.

In his new and responsible duties in the real estate business he proved himself worthy the confidence and esteem of all. His habits of industry and faithfulness in doing promptly and thoroughly every duty, served him well and helpfully in his higher business relations. It is valuable testimony to the sterling business qualities of this exemplary young man, that he was daily growing in the confidence and regards of those with and for whom he was engaged.

He cultivated a constant and high regard for truth and integrity. His judgment seemed mature for one of his years, and he accustomed himself to speak with due consideration and composure.

The testimony of his father on these points or elements in his son's character is interesting and impressive. As illustrative of the entire reliability of David, his father said to the writer "In whatever was required of him, whether in or about the house, the farm, the nursery, we could depend upon him that each and every thing would be done just right, both in time and in manner."

Another fine and valuable trait in David's character and life was his regularity and promptness. This habit was manifested while upon his sick bed and as long as he retained com-

mand. He was particular in his regard for the winding of his watch. He attended to this himself as long as he was able to hold his watch, and when he could no longer do this, he would remind his attendant that it was the time to take the watch. Even when his strength so failed him that he could not speak he lifted his trembling hand and pointed to his favorite pocket companion as it hung before him on the bracket. The traits of David's character that we have mentioned may be thus summarized —

Love to his parents, faithfulness and promptness in every duty, truthfulness, reliability, regularity in all his habits.

These are valuable traits in anyone and for everyone in all the relations and duties of this life. And they do in some helpful degree prepare and enable the soul—the true—the real—the inner self—to perceive and use those

this, when his anxious and devoted mother spoke to him about not getting well, he said, "I'm not afraid to die." She said, "We are doing all we can to help you to get well." He replied, "Even if you can't do any more for me, I am not afraid to die, only you will mourn so for me, mama." Just at the beginning of one of his failing spells, he called to his father and directed him to get his best suit of clothes, designating which, and said, "The King's messenger has come for me, and I must go." Then throwing the bed clothes from him, and springing up, he exclaimed, "Be quick!" He spoke these words in a clear and distinct voice, which he had not been able to use for some time before, and which he could not use afterwards. Soon after this he gradually failed until his spirit was borne away from his suffering body. Thus ended the mortal life of David Benjamin Dunning. But his history is embalmed in the hearts of his bereaved parents, sister and brother, and also in the hearts of his aged and affectionate grandparents and the numerous relatives, schoolmates and friends. Each and all remember "Da" with tender emotion and high regard of such a noble and estimable character. It is an interesting fact that he was named for each of his grandfathers.

And these grand old historic names are somewhat emblematic of this young man's character, life, and calling, as we trust, to the higher spheres of usefulness and honor. David, the ruddy shepherd boy, was called and anointed by God's messenger to the Kingdom of Israel. While Benjamin, the most and the best loved of the Patriarch's remaining sons, was the pride and the hope of the family. So our David heard the call of God's messenger to come up higher, even into the presence chamber of the king, there to engage with unfaltering promptness and delight in all the duties and honors of the celestial home. Yet our Benjamin was so beloved by us and by all that "we could not give him up," even to obey the summons of the king. But is not our loss his gain? And is it not both wise and well for us who remain to be resigned to the will of him whom we know to be too wise to err, and too good to do us any wrong? And is it not an exceeding honor to have the one best fitted to go, to be called first and to be an attraction and an inspiration to us while we are permitted to tarry here on earth a while longer? Is it not an honor to be represented in and before the high court of heaven? Beloved parents, grandparents and relatives, your neighbors and friends (so many of whom are here this so inclement day) truly sympathize with you in your sad and deep bereavement. And it is the desire of their hearts that this sore affliction may be overruled by our gracious Father in heaven, who dealeth with you not in anger but in love, even as with his own dear children, to lead you and lead us all, nearer and nearer to

words of our last sweet song of love — "Nearer my God to thee, Nearer to thee, Amen."

The music was appropriately and tenderly rendered by two ladies from Oak Park. The remains were interred at Rosehill. The Rev. A. M. Thome of Jefferson officiating clergyman.

PARK RIDGE.

CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—The Rev. Charles S. Leeper, pastor; C. M. Davis, Superintendent Sunday-school. Sunday services, at 10:45 a. m. and 1 p. m. Sunday-school, at noon. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8:00, in the lecture room of the church. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—The Rev.

Dr. Annette Bennett, homeopathic physician, office and residence Park Ridge, opposite school house.

A Mr. Singledicker of Park Ridge, aged 91 years, cast a good Republican vote on Tuesday.

Insure in the "National" of Hartford. William Zeutell, Edison Park.

At the Haymarket theater, commencing Sunday, Nov. 13, Mr. Robby Gay, actor will present "Sport McAlister," one of the 400.

If Harrison and Reid could have seen the enthusiastic torch-light procession in Park Ridge last week, it might have softened what regret they may have, if any, in their defeat.

The many friends of Mrs. Joseph T. Janes will be pleased to learn that she is slowly recovering from a dangerous fit of sickness which necessitated a council of three physicians, last week.

Office seekers after March 4 will be like the sands of the sea.

The next Democratic cry will be turn the rascals out, and they'll probably go out.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank McNally for the nicely gotten up election returns which we are enabled to give in this issue.

Ta-Ta-Ta Boom De-Aye Grover

There was fought on Tuesday last one of the most wonderful political battles ever waged in this country, and at the same time one of the most peaceful. The campaign from the time that the different conventions made their nominations to its close on Monday night had been one of unusual vigor. Every argument conceivable had been brought to bear on the minds of the people, and when election day was ushered in, voters marched to the polls and cast their ballot unmolested for the party of their choice. While this precinct gave a large Republican majority the returns from the country at large indicated without a doubt at 10 p. m. on Tuesday that the Democrats had swept the entire country, and while we exceedingly regret the fact, there is no other way to do but take defeat in a philosophical manner. We earnestly trust that the affairs of this nation may be conducted by Mr. Cleveland for the next four years as ably as it has been by President Harrison during the term of his office which is about drawing to a close.

The Buttonholing Days Are O'er.

The buttonholing days are o'er,
The liveliest of the year,
When office-seekers ever wore
Expressions of good cheer

They picked the ravelings from your coat,
Asked if your wife was fair,
And if the straying hairs that float
From you, with hers compare

To be agreeable they strove
And so they got so near
That you could smell behind the clove
The widow and the bear

They'll keep away from you awhile
Till next they want your vote

—Columbus Dispatch

Young Peoples' Night at the M. E. Church.

The "Junior League" concert, given by the young people at the M. E. church on Friday evening, was largely attended and the following program, which was rendered, proved a very entertaining one.

PROGRAM

Overture	Mr. T. A. Ward
Welcome	Claud Mills
Quartette	Male Quartette
Recitation African Cafe	Maud McNally
Recitation Puzzled	Aunie Bessy
Duet selected	Mattie Wendt
Recitation Hymn of the Moravian Nuns	Joseph Wells
Recitation Two Sisters	Mattie Wendt
Recitation Three Kisses	Lillian T. Burns
Tableaux	Jack Horner

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH—Meet in Parker's hall, second and fourth Saturday of each month. W. H. Selby, Com.; Frank Krahn, S. V. C., J. L. Ryan, J. V. C.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Mr. Bailey, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 7 p. m. Sabbath School 12 m.

CATHOLIC CHURCH—Rev. J. F. Clancy, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 6 o'clock a. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—E. W. Ward, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. 1 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 m. Children's services 3 p. m. Class-meeting 6:15 p. m. Bible study Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Friday, 7 p. m.

AN EVANGELICAL CHURCH—Rev. Wm. H. Manchester, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.

AN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—Rev. E. Raka, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

CHURCH LONDON, NO. 751—Meets at their 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212nd, 213rd, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312nd, 313rd, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412nd, 413rd, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511st, 512nd, 513rd, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th

WORD AND VOICE AND HEART.

When word, and voice, and heart are one,
The poet has his work begun
But when these three are not in place,
As well might baird his shadow chase.
Great Homer, Milton, all the train
Forced with these three the golden chain
Of soul-like fancies that have bound
The lofty thought to sweetest sound.
Fair-haired Europa, on her red
With these made in down the mead;
And young Columbines long may rest
Content the secret she possessed.
With these three unit parts of song
I left the epic line that long
Shall lead the nations to the light,
And teach the rising bard to write.

A WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

FIELDS gave a croupy chuckle. She had passed young Paxton without returning his bow. There could be no doubt of it, for Fields had seen the whole proceeding, from the moment when she turned the corner, the stiff river breeze blowing about her face certain stray locks of the soft, short hair under her beaver hat.

She had looked very sweet to Fields, coming in sight against the tall Cumberland cliffs. It seemed to him that she had been smiling, but he surmised this from the change which struck across her face upon passing Paxton's store. Her very coat-collar stood about her ears aggressively, and though Fields was not commonly given to humorous perceptions of things, he saw in his daughter's small human assumption of ignorance a certain incongruity with the bleak hills bordering the town, their tops flat, as if they crouched to keep their bald heads from striking the hard autumn sky.

"Look like that's something that feller ain't gittin' if trade is a whooping his way," considered Fields, staring toward Paxton's store, which occupied the river corner just above the landing, at which Nashville boats stopped on their way to the head of navigation. It was a new building, that store, which in Field's old age had risen to place his own commercial merits in the eye of scorn. Among the weathered cottages of the town its yellow walls rose with great dignity. Its clear windows gay with pyramids of tomato cans, festooned in bright prints and cotton laces.

With so many odds in his favor it was natural enough that things should be going Paxton's way. His way indeed meant radicalism and reform, and all the rash ventures of young blood and unlikelihoods. The village at first blush had fought very shy of Paxton. He was "up No'th," he advertised, he was good-looking, a yellowish mustache barring his face like a streak of sunshine. The town decided against taking stock in so insidious a combination.

Paxton, however, kept right on. It was a good point for country and river trade. Fields had made money, apparently by natural methods and without the vaguest effort.

His store included the postoffice and stood some forty paces above Paxton's. Time had breathed long and lazily upon the window panes of Fields's store, covering them with a veil of gray which effectually concealed the fact of dust on the commodities behind it. Inside were some boxes and barrels, an odor of tobacco, a pot bellied stove, and Fields himself a slow man in his fifties.

With these superannuated attractions Paxton felt he could scarcely fail of successful competing, if only he could hold out long enough to win the town's confidence. But confidence is not an easy thing to win in a Kentucky town in which the war is considered as surely over and freshly disastrous.

It took Paxton several months to down the native conservatism, but on the first war news of the burgers was overthrown, he gave way on a sudden to the delight of getting better things for less money than Fields had charged, and Paxton for a full and punctual victory in his cause.

Fields took his defeat calmly. He took everything, even his whisky and water, in that sort of a way. He seemed to lack a capacity for any kind of action, and it was a common wonder as to where that girl of his, that Louisa M. got her spirit.

For her spirit commanded, irs'nt recognon. Fields himself stood in awe of it, and as Louisa M. rushed up the store steps, he drew back with a sense of impending unpleasantness.

"Say, Louisa M.," he broke out in a conciliating tone, "I saw where Paxton the go by. You're kind of hard on him, ain't yeh?"

The girl flung her soft hat on the counter and plunged into a chair.

"Ob," she said, "pappy"—I've just been down to see the new boat land. They sent an order to him for something they'd run out of. I ran stand it. I won't—that man coming down here and taking everything and doin' you out of your rights an'—oh, sh, gasped a little, tossing her hair with an ex-ited hand, her eyes strayed in the darkness of her vivid little face.

Fields's jaw assumed an amiable laxity.

"Don't be on so," he said. "I hain't got no on so, but, yeh, and I reckon I go' enough laid by to keep us. I'd kindah like to quit business any bow, and hev a garden and raise things. 'Course I'd a'pise to see my old friends a-chasin' into Paxton's. It's a but I—complainin' He

keeps ez good a grade o' tobacco ez ever I smoked after, and sell it reasonable." His daughter flashed round a startling glance.

"I am going to stop all this," she said, "Yes, pappy, I am not going to stand it. I won't see you tramped on. He may be 'smart'—that Paxton. So am I. I've got as much natural wit as he any day of the world. I will show him!" She held out a rigid little hand. "Do you know the last mean trick he's been upto? He'd had his name painted along all the pine fences and cliffs. 'Come to Paxton's for new goods.' That's what he's put up. It's an insu'l—it means that our goods are o'd!"

Fields looked around.

"Well," he said, "our stuff is poopy and 'blue' seasoned, Louisa M. She wheeled about.

"We'll get new. We'll paint the store and order a whole stock of everything. I'll go to the city myself and order what is necessary. I won't have no one get ahead of you, pappy." Field's looked miserable, but it never occurred to him to make head against Louisa M. Run would doubtless be the issue of the reckless enterprise, but Fields was helpless.

"I'll show him how to do business," said Louisa M., standing erect, her nostrils dilated. Fields snuck his head. He continued to shake it solemnly at intervals in the days that followed, when boxes and barrels to his direction began to tumble off the boats which carried the Southern road's freight down the river.

"Gittin' a move on yourself, hur. Uncle Jimmy" suggested the village idlers, observing these signs of trade. But Field's jaw only elongated the more, while his brow became a network of conflicting wrinkles.

It was remarked in open council at Paxton's store that Uncle Jimmy Fields wasn't lookin' jest up to the notch."

"Mebby he misses that girl o' his'n" suggested some one. She's away somers. He sets everythin' by that er Louisa M. say. Paxton I like to die that night at Wilson's dance when you ast for a coddle, and she just sized you up and says she's engaged for every set! Lord, the look she gave yeh, doubled-barreled and self-lovin'! But, say, Paxton, you oughtn't of give her the comfort of seein' you make home-sneak on account of it.

Paxton's cheek reddened. He was slight and tall and his shoulders twitched a little.

"She has a right to pick her friends," he said. The other man strapped on a spur, foot on his knee.

"Fields is paintin' his house," he said. "They tell that he's fixin' up inside, too. Reckon Louisa M.'s been stirrin' him up."

After Louisa M.'s return the changes became more marked. Two shades of pea green illuminated the house without. Inside a new stove and a complete stock of dry goods invited the villagers. Even the window underwent a startling metamorphosis from grayness and grim to gaudiness. When it was found that prices were happily in accord with all this enlivening prospect, town sages remarked that "Uncle Jimmy, when it comes to rale tradin', kin' bly any young dozen o' Paxton's sort with one hand tied behind his back."

Matters began to look dark for Paxton. Public favor is an uncertain thing, impermanent as the sudden rush of bloom on an apple bough in spring. Paxton's hour of blossoming seemed past. He thought often of removing to another town, but he had a certain sense of surrender in departure. He knew well enough that he was at the bottom of his overthrow—that daughter of Field's—that little gipsy-faced creature with her black silk locks. He could see the scorn of her lips when she should hear that he had given up the battle.

She never spoke to him now. Since he painted advertisements on the fences she had not as much as looked at him in passing. But she could be gentle enough. Paxton remembered how pleasant she had been when he first came to town, the year before, looking for a place to establish himself. When he decided to stay it had been with more thought of Field's daughter than of Fields. He had not thought of competition, but this had been thrust upon him before he considered what it meant. It meant everything adverse, and after Paxton read this in the open disdain of Louisa M. he felt there was nothing for him but to go on and be successful, though success now had bitter dregs, and broke in sharp, spiteful sparks at his lips.

One morning in May, Fields, surveying from his door the rocky hills, no longer rugged, but rounding with spring greenery to a virgin softness, t'wixt etched a big sigh.

"Mebbe it's on the time o' year," he speculated, "but some o' I don't feel right—spec'ly when I git to studyin' bout young Paxton."

Louisa M. gave the back of his grey head a glance of challenge. She was setting things to rights in the snow case, and she thrust a bone parson rather angrily into a bolt of ribbon.

"Why?" she exclaimed.

"We're run him too hard," said Fields, uncomfortably. "A friend of his named it to me yestiddy that he couldn't hold out much longer. I tell you, I had my chance and he had ought to be had his. He hasn't no will to desue. He was git in trade fair an' squar', and he could of kep' it if he hadn't undersold him a' below cost price. I feel'z mean and orny ez a fine dog that sucks eggs. I hain't treated him white."

"Business is business," said Louisa M. shaking back her hair the wavy little thing in gathered pink frill, but she looked to Fields as in awe of the austere Justice on the coin of the realm. Perhaps, after all, she was right, and he himself was swayed from judgment by a sort of hump tendency to see other folk comfortable. Field's designedly modeled his big clay conceptions upon the tiny marble models of Louisa M.'s ideals, but somehow, though he's in weird notions were grotesquely like the pattern, they were soft and un-

stable and required constant bolstering into shape.

Though Paxton might be, as Louisa M. declared him, the evilest of Adam's brood, it hurt Fields to see the handsome young fellow going about the village with drawn face and downcast eyes.

"I'm a losin' flesh!" he complained to his daughter. "Thet feller's got away with my appetite. I'd rather go ragged ez a picket buzzard than keep this up. I'd feel a heap better, Louisa M., to mark that last lot o' calicoes up little"—but under his daughter's chastising eye he drew a flagging breath.

"You leave things to me," commanded Louisa M. "You don't know anything about business, pappy! We're only turning his own blade against Paxton. He deserves to fail. He came here a year back honeying round and never saying he was looking for a place to locate. I was nice to him. I used to talk to him free as air, never suspecting he was aiming to do my own father up." Her voice choked. She had paled under her coppery skin, and her wet eyes were like violets that tremble open in a swart March bank.

Finally along toward the summer the end came Paxton assigned for the good of his creditors. A lawyer from Burkesville came to take charge of things and the steamboat landing was deserted, as men gathered in Field's store to discuss the happenings. The river was sinking and traffic was nearly suspended. Cows grazed on the sun-burned pastures of the lower hills. Tan-colored hogs idled about the paved streets, and children of corresponding tint of complexion played shrilly on the perilous river slope.

"We'al, he 'peared a likely young rooster."

"Yaas, Erthrough I'm jest ez willin' he busted K'ntucky for K'ntuckians says I. I'm a pertectionis' every time—don't keer nothin' bout no platform!" Fields, listening to this acute philosophy, suddenly cuttin' in, his broad face curiously sunken.

"Confound it, I say, a fair chance for every one." He stopped to comb his brow with a bunched red handkerchief, his views shortened by two circumstances. He had remembered that Louisa M. was somewhere in the back of the store, and just then, too, a throng of men had opened to admit a young fellow who came across the porch at a run, his hat off.

"Say!" he panted, the exhilaration of bad news in his face, "why say?"—did any of ye hear about Paxton. He's went to work and shot hisself! That feller from Burkesville was talkin' to a raff of us outside Paxton's store and we heered a rifle go off up stairs in Paxton's room, and heoreupther and busted in the door and—Lord! wait till I get my breath—I got it from Smith that—"

There was a little sound behind the huddle of men, a sound like a sharp breath and a clatter of tin and a heavier resonance.

In front of the molasses barrel an overturned quart measure and a long nosed funnel rolled on the bare floor in lessening arcs. Nearby in the gloom of the inner apartment something had fallen, something which looked like a limp heap of pink calico, and which as Fields lifted it trailed flaccid arms, its little neck letting the head back in a sucking way of lifelessness.

Outside the sunshine lacquered the river with milky gleam. A delicious blueness misted distant hills, and near by Field's store a bluejay flashed its wings, uttering rasping cries. Two men coming up the road were laughing as they sauntered along—one, an elderly person, mopping his face.

"You scared me out of a year's growth, just the same," he said. I knew you were down-in-the-mouth, and when that shot rang out—I—well I naturally thought you had done for yourself. I went up those stairs four steps at time, shouting to those fellows below to run for a doctor."

Paxton gave rather a grim smile. "I believe you're disappointed that was only a chicken hawk I was firing at!" he said. "Mrs. Wick had just called to me from the back yard to shoot it. She's been missing pullets for a week."

"Oh," said the gentleman naively, "I can talk to the pretty girl who stands at the next counter."

The Trouble With Many Women.

Women are always flying off the handle. This is American slang, but excellent to convey my meaning, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. If a woman stands on a street corner as passive as if there were no lumbering feline instincts in her makeup, and the driver of a passing car does not know by intuition that she wants him to stop, she flies all to pieces. She is going to find out if the public has any rights she has taken the number of his car and will report him to the office. Did he suppose she was standing on that corner for amusement?

By this time another car has come in sight. She waves her hand or an umbrella, or the driver has intuitions and asks her in dumb show if she wants to ride, and she goes on her way and doesn't report the affair or to anything but work herself up to fever heat.

But Paxton was not listening any longer. He had crossed the road and gone up the path to Field's front door, and he had come with so vague a premeditation that when Fields himself lumbered toward the threshold, a look of relief on his stolid face, the younger man could only stammer at the reason of his presence.

"They were tellin' me—of her—of our daughter. I wanted to ask—After all he's opped feely enough, and let Fields to fill out the sentence as he might.

"She's all right now, thank you, Mr. Paxton," said Fields. "We got word az they wasn't no truth in them reports." He waved his hand behind him. "She's in that."

Paxton had already seen her, the stern young soiler of his commercial prowess sitting back in a rocking chair, her lips rather white, her eyelids drooping.

She managed to lift them as Paxton came into the room. She even held her hand out and glanced up at him just once. It was the merest half glance, but Fields, who chanced to be looking had a queer, unwanted sense of being startled.

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To Take His Place.

"Have you a parrot that swears?" asked a woman as she entered the bird store.

"I suppose I could get one," replied the dealer; "but I never had such a call before."

"You see, my husband went out West a month ago and I'm sort of lonesome."

He went out, his jaw speculatively set down.

"I wouldn't of believed," he pondered. "She could of looked that sugaried at the angel Gabriel! I reckon I ken her a garden now! They won't need me in the store. She's business, Louisa M. is."

A LITTLE FUN.

What two Newsboys Were Doing to Kill Time.

Two newsboys engaged in a stilted controversy recently in front of the custom house, such a controversy as can only be carried on by newsboys. It had reached the stage of personal reflections and one said "You ain't more 'count'n'er yaller dog, no how. You couldn't sell er paper to er man if you'd give it to him."

"You're a-lyin' and you're knowin' it. I kin sell more papers in an hour'n what you kin in six weeks and luck you besides," said the other and much smaller one.

Then the next moment they were a mingled mass of legs and arms and heads and mouths and nose, and were raising dust enough to cause a sprinkling wagon to be sent around on the double-quick.

While they were thus engaged a comely looking young woman came tripping along holding her skirts deftly in one hand. Seeing the big boy just then give the little boy a left-hander in the jaw she went to the scrap herself and grabbing that boy she shook him until his bones rattled and his eyes were almost bulging out of his head. Finally, dropping him on the pavement, she said.

"Now I reckon you will let that little boy alone. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you big, cowardly scamp, you."

The boy surveyed himself and as the young woman started up the street said:

"You wanted somebody to look at you mighty bad, didn't you?"

She looked at him as if she would have liked to kill him, but she did not—she went on.

"Some wimmen is mighty scribes about two kids havin' fun," was his comment to the crowd as he went in quest of the other boy, who had escaped in the melee.—Exchange

THE PRETTY GIRL.

Attractive, But No Use Behind a Counter.

I noticed a gentleman the other day in one of the drygoods stores up town buying some articles from a very plain saleswoman. She had not one good feature. All the arts for making homely people handsome would have failed signally in her case. There was absolutely no help for her. I asked why he had not selected a very handsome girl to serve him.

"I never do," he replied quickly.

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Because," he said, "the homely girl has nothing to depend on but the excellency of her services. Therefore she takes infinite pains with her customers. She pays strict attention to her business. The pretty girl, on the other hand, knows that she is pretty. She takes upon her prettiness. She uses the time and thought she ought to devote to serving you in trying to make you see and understand and appreciate that she is pretty."

"But," said I, "men are such admirers of beauty, one would think they would waive all other considerations for the sake of talking to a pretty girl."

"Oh," said the gentleman naively, "I can talk to the pretty girl who stands at the next counter."

The Trouble With Many Women.

Women are always flying off the handle. This is American slang, but excellent to convey my meaning, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. If a woman stands on a street corner as passive as if there were no lumbering feline instincts in her makeup, and the driver of a passing car does not know by intuition that she wants him to stop, she flies all to pieces. She is going to find out if the public has any rights she has taken the number of his car and will report him to the office. Did he suppose she was standing on that corner for amusement

CONTENTED IF HOMELY.

THE THREE HIPPOS OF CENTRAL PARK.

Domestic Habits of the Monster Trio—Caliph and Baby Zecoo Attracting More Attention Than Miss Murphy.

I sometimes wish I were a millionaire, says a writer in the New York Herald. For then I could buy me a



"THERE'S THE KEEPER."

hippopotamus and set me down at leisure and discover, perhaps, what in the name of goodness he ever was created for. It would probably take a lifetime to solve the problem which has been mystifying mankind for 6,000 years. But what a boon it would be to suffering mankind if the mystery could be cleared up. In this one respect the hippopotamus and the flea are very much alike. We have never been able to discover why inscrutable Providence has favored us with their picturesque and poignant presence. They are also much alike in the respective size of their mouths and their appetites. But the flea is much the more agile of the two, and I think all will agree that he is the more companionable. He is very fond of good society, and likes to have those whom he favors with his company to keep up to the scratch. But when it comes to philosophic contemplation the hippopotamus is supreme.

There is something ineffably sooth-ing in watching the three children of the Nile who are sojourning in Central park. One cannot wonder that there is always a big crowd standing about



BETWEEN

their tanks and cages. They are a whole vacation and a week's added recuperation for restfulness. So great a contrast is their utter stagnation, perfect contentment to the swirl and hurry and bustle of life around them that one feels refreshed and reinvigorated by simply watching them for half an hour or so. Perhaps that is why they were created. In this respect they do not resent the little insect which I have mentioned.

CAN'T INHIBITIBLY BE CALLED PRETTY.

The hippopotamus always did attract more than his fair share of the public attention, it seems to me. He seems to get more than he works for like some politicians, who shall be nameless in this chapter on natural history. You never see him out pursuing glory or consuming the midnight oil in a vain endeavor to discover it, or sneaking up to the newspaper offices by the back stairs in search of puffs, or writing fulsome anonymous notes about himself and sending them to the editor. I do not think anyone will accuse me of bearing false witness against my neighbor when I say that our hippopotamus are none of them beautiful when measured by the human standard of beauty. Indeed, I sometimes think that one of their charms to homely people is that they are so much more homely than it is possible for a human creature to be. The least comely of us feels a sort of self-complacency stealing over him as he gazes



"OH DELICIOUS"

down upon their unlovely muzzles, which they sometimes take below the turbid water in order to rest them.

SIMILING IS SILENT CONCIL.

Self-satisfaction and self-approval were written in every line and every lineament. There was a smirking self-confidence which became positively painful if she were spoken to. Then it was that this married bribe would rest her chin upon the stone at the end of her bath and open her gigantic and expressive mouth in a smile so full of conscious self-esteem that no one could imagine it apologetic. It was the smile of flattered vanity and noth-

ing else, and though you might hide it behind a church you could not deny its meaning. I call the attention of the authorities to the fact that Miss Murphy is in danger of getting spoilt. It is well that the baby hip has been put into another cage, for it might fall into that smile some day and be forever lost. Miss Murphy's fondness for admiration is only partially shared by her lordly spouse, and as for the baby, she does not seem to care a picayune whether the world is looking at her at all. It is fun to watch the varying demeanor of the different members of the family. The lady spends much of her time with her roving eyes fixed—if roving eyes could be said to be fixed—on the hot pollio, with now and then a wandering glance in the direction of the cage of a gay young leopard whom she appears to view with cursory favor.

Old Caliph's attention, on the other hand, seems to be pretty well divided between his love and the main chance. He does not worry himself much to ascertain what people think of him, or whether any pretty girl has fallen victim to his decidedly masculine type of beauty. His busy hours are devoted to repose and slumberous vacuity. He is past master in the art of loafing and inviting his soul. He enjoys this occupation best when he is



BEING INTERVIEWED.

snuggling close to his compatriot and giving vent through his big nostrils, which looks like the untutored ends of last year's fire hose, to resounding snorts and sighs of immeasurable satisfaction. In his spare moments Caliph gets sportive and has fun with Miss Murphy. He likes to open his mouth at her and allow her to see day before yesterday's breakfast behind his hippopotamian palate. He loves to jostle her and spatter the yellow water of the tank all over her, which she doesn't mind in the least, being already submerged. The people always laugh and shriek and run away when this happens. They think that Caliph intends to swash them. But they need not flatter themselves. Caliph is too secure in his own estimation to trouble himself about mere mortals. He never stoops to conquer.

CALIPH KNOWS 4 O'CLOCK.

There is no chronometer in the city which knows when it is 4 o'clock better than Caliph. He is infallible. You might set the sun by him. Four o'clock is dinner time.

If the keeper is not on hand to the minute Caliph rings the dinner bell by swashing around and strewing dirty water all over the adjacent territory outside of his cage. He knows that

one thing, however, is certain, that nothing would be easier than to protect the grounds where rail are shot. And if a general close time extending over several years should be agreed on by a number of adjacent states and enforced during the month of September we might after a few years see something like the old-fashioned fights and the "boats" of twenty years ago.

But this state of things is not likely to come about. We are most of us too anxious to get the last bird that lies too much afraid that if we do not kill it some one else will. There is too much human nature and too little public spirit in each one of us. If it were not so game would be more plenty everywhere.

It is to be feared that at the close of the present rail season it will be found that the marshes have again been bare and that the youngsters of today can shoot rail by getting their fathers and their uncles to tell them of the good old days of twenty years ago.

It was the only thing in the neighborhood that she had left for me to take. I sometimes wonder if there is a hippopotamus cupid, and if there is he does he get his arrows into the vital spot? There is no hide in all the world quite so thick and hard to penetrate, with the possible exception of that which surrounds the conscience of a practical politician.

The picture book tells us that in his native land the gentle pachyderm is a midnight marauder who loves to get up into somebody else's garden patch and trample down all the garden sass that he does not eat up. The natives are alleged to dig pits for him to fall into and to cushion the bottom there with sharp stakes on which the M. M. falls and impales his gizzard in a truly awful manner.

In the morning there is great rejoicing in the camp. The hide of the monster is taken off and used for plated armor on their line of battle ships, the tenderloins and Delmonico steaks are cut out for the barbecue, which follows, amid loud cries of "Shagorang," while the tusks and teeth and various other paraphernalia, brie-brac and ornaments found in the mouth are shipped over to America to be turned into pool balls and poker chips. The ivory of the hippopotamus is the toughest in the world.

In my own mind I am inclined to believe that the tenderloins are tough also. But the picture books say no; and you cannot go behind the returns without the help of an electoral commission on.

RAIL SHOOTING.

Sport That Is Very Rapidly Approaching Extinction.

Now, according to the seasons and the signs we would all be going rail shooting. The nights are growing cooler, the corn grass, or wild rice, is heading out; the woods along the marshes are showing the red and yellow tints of autumn, golden rod and aster brighten the roadsides, and cardinal flowers flame in the edge of the marshes.

Over the water and along the distant hill sides hangs, morning and evening, the light haze of early autumn. Along the shore may be heard the mellow whistle of the beach-bird, and from the little pond holes in the wet meadows we may now and then start a black duck or two or a little bunch of blue-winged teal, says a correspondent of Forest and Stream.

The time is at hand. There should be here. For the last three or four years, however, there have been no birds. On grounds where it was formerly no unusual thing to kill ninety rail in a tide, the gunner may now count himself fortunate if he secures one fourth that number. The season opens early and all the birds bred on those marshes which are most accessible are shot long before any flight birds arrive. When the flight birds arrive they are killed as soon as they reach the ground and so there is no good shooting.

The extermination of the rail may well be viewed with alarm by gunners. There is perhaps no kind of shooting which affords greater attraction or variety than this at so slight a cost in the shape of effort and it is said to see the sport diminishing year by year merely because it is overdone. What remedy—if any—can be suggested which will appeal to shooters generally, it is hard to say.

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NOT BANCROFT'S VERSION.

It was on September 9 that John Smith, of Virginia narrowly escaped death through the presence of mind of Pocahontas. Smith had long whiskers and a blonde pompadour, which were novelties in Virginia at that time, and Pocahontas was impressed.

She decided on a coup.

Hurriedly approaching the spot where Smith was about to be pulverized with a club, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Smithy," she cried, "where have you been all this time?" Turning to her father, who stood near, she smiled pleasantly. "Papa, Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith, papa, she vivaciously remarked. "I met Mr. Smith at the seaside, papa. And how is your dear mother, Mr. Smith?"

The ruse worked successfully. In time Smith married Pocahontas, which was better than being killed—Detroit Tribune.

EARS OF INSECTS AND ANIMALS.

It would be quite natural, of course, to look on the side of the head of any living creature (providing he had a head) for the organ of hearing; such investigation, however, no odds how thorough, would be void of results in many instances. In the clam it is found in the base of his "foot" or feeder. In the most of grasshoppers it is in the foreleg while several species of insects have it in the wing. Lobsters and crabs all have the auditory sac at the base of the antennae or feeder.

It was a close calculation. Miss Ransom had hardly turned the curve when the nose of the oncoming train

PERILS OF A HEROINE.

AN OPERATOR FACES DEATH TO SAVE A TRAIN.

Almost Swallowed in the Mad Current of a Stream in the Attempt—A Romantic Climax to a Brave Deed.

Miss Ransom was the telegraph operator and station agent on a little road called the Columbia and Port Deposit Division of the Pennsylvania Line. This road hugged the banks of the Susquehanna river from end to end, and there wasn't a spot on the entire division of forty miles that it wasn't almost sure death to the train to leave the rails.

Wrecks occurred on an average of once a week, and were always followed by several fatalities. The station she was located at was near immense limestone quarries wherein some half a hundred Italians were employed.

About 100 yards above the station was a 100-foot trestle spanning a small stream at ordinary times but on the day in question greatly swollen and very swift as it emptied into the river at that point. A blast had just been fired of unusual force and an immense rock landed directly on the trestle, tearing it apart in the center, the swift water washing away the debris and leaving a gap in the rails of about twenty-five feet.

The river was very high at that point and the small boats that were handy could not be propelled against the current says the Washington Star. The nearest bridge on the little stream over which the trestle was stretched was some three miles distant.

Miss Ransom saw the mischief done by the rock and immediately rushed out and told the superintendent of the Italian gang to send a man or go himself around the wreck and stop a train that was due from the north in half an hour. The superintendent was an Italian, with a smattering of English, but who failed entirely to see the gravity of the situation. The only wire that ran along the road had been stretched on the trestle for economy's sake and had been broken with the trestle, so that no communication with the North could be had. Miss Ransom tried to tell the Italian the true situation, but he only smiled and with a shrug of the shoulders and a grimace walked back into the quarry and resumed his overseeing.

The railroad was very crooked at this point, many sharp curves obstructing a long view ahead, and matters looked very blue for the train coming south. The employes of the road at the south end had been told over the wire by Miss Ransom the situation, and she had been ordered to stop the train at all hazards, as they could not reach her station in time to help her. The rail road was very crooked at this point, many sharp curves obstructing a long view ahead, and matters looked very blue for the train coming south. The employes of the road at the south end had been told over the wire by Miss Ransom the situation, and she had been ordered to stop the train at all hazards, as they could not reach her station in time to help her.

Time for talk was past and Miss Ransom decided to act. Going down to the river's bank she got into a small boat and pushed off, hoping to work her way around the break in the trestle. In some way the current pushed her boat in among some driftwood, and in a twinkling her boat was overturned and she was floundering in the deep, rushing water.

Miss Ransom had learned to swim and managed to reach out and grasp a heavy log as it swept by. With one arm around this log she called for help and at the same time tried to work herself in toward the shore soon after several Italians came running to the rescue, and in a short time Miss Ransom was safe on shore. But the train was still coming south and nothing had been gained by the adventure. Miss Ransom was the coolest one in the crowd. It was now too late to send a man around by the other bridge, and she determined to try and cross the smaller stream in some way. Followed by the Italians, they ran up the bank of the little stream but nothing could be found on which to cross could be made.

Miss Ransom hesitated but a minute to ask if anyone could swim, but receiving a negative answer, she decided with the aid of a plank to try it again. The Italians in their impetuous way tried to persuade her not to tempt the swollen waters again, but with the decision of a true heroine who recognized the danger the oncoming train was in, she cautiously pushed the plank into the water and with a quick movement followed it. The brave girl had entered the water some distance above the broken trestle in the hope of gaining the opposite shore before that point had been reached, as to be carried out into the river meant almost certain death. The Italians encouraged her with shouts of praise but endeavored as she would work her way out of the current in mid-stream but little headway was made.

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One very old man told me he once rode up to Thomas Lincoln's cabin and inquired if he could stand the night there. He was informed that the house afforded only two beds, and one of these belonged to a son who was then at home, but if he would get the consent of this boy to take him as a bed fellow, he could stay. The stranger dismounted, and soon found the six-foot boy in the back yard lying on a board reading. The boy consented, and the man slept with him that night. The boy was Abraham Lincoln, and the other never tires of telling how he spent the night with the future president.

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The Landslide.

HOW THE ELECTORAL VOTE WILL BE DISTRIBUTED

THE BUCKEYE STATE GOES WITH THE REST

And Any Change in the Doubtful State Cannot Change the Result—The Composition of the House and Senate as Shown by the Latest Returns

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 10.—The Commercial Gazette, the Republican organ, concedes that Ohio has gone Democratic by 356 plurality. The Enquirer, Dem, claims it by 700.

Electoral Vote

State	Whole No. Har. Cleve. Wex.		
	votes	return	over
Alabama	11	11	
Arkansas	8	8	
California	9	8	
Colorado	4	4	
Connecticut	6	6	
Delaware	3	3	
Florida	4	4	
Georgia	13	13	
Idaho	3	3	
Illinois	21	21	
Iowa	16	15	
Kansas	12	13	1
Kentucky	10	10	
Louisiana	13	13	
Maine	6	6	
Maryland	8	8	
Massachusetts	14	15	1
Michigan	14	10	4
Minnesota	9	9	
Mississippi	0	0	
Missouri	17	17	
Montana	3	3	
Nebraska	8	8	
Nevada	3	3	
New Hampshire	4	4	
New Jersey	10	10	
New York	36	36	
North Carolina	11	11	
North Dakota	3	3	
Ohio	22	23	1
Oregon	4	3	
Pennsylvania	32	32	
Rhode Island	4	4	
South Carolina	9	9	
South Dakota	4	4	
Tennessee	12	12	
Texas	15	15	
Vermont	4	4	
Virginia	12	12	
Washington	6	6	
West Virginia	12	12	
Wisconsin	3	3	
Wyoming	—	—	—
Total	444	423	20
Necessary to a choice	223	223	20
California and Idaho are still in doubt.	—	—	—

PLURALITY IN THE SENATE.

The Democrats Will Have 43 Votes in the Fifty-third Congress

Latest returns indicate that after the meetings of the several Legislatures elected this fall the Democrats will have 43 votes in the United States Senate. The strength of the several parties is indicated in the following table

State	Senate			
	Rep	Dem	Pro	—
Alabama	—	—	—	—
Arkansas	—	—	—	—
California	2	—	—	—
Colorado	2	—	—	—
Connecticut	2	—	—	—
Delaware	1	—	—	—
Florida	—	—	—	—
Georgia	—	—	—	—
Idaho	2	—	—	—
Illinois	1	—	—	—
Indiana	2	—	—	—
Iowa	2	—	—	—
Kansas	—	—	—	—
Kentucky	—	—	—	—
Louisiana	—	—	—	—
Maine	2	—	—	—
Maryland	—	—	—	—
Massachusetts	2	—	—	—
Michigan	—	—	—	—
Minnesota	—	—	—	—
Mississippi	—	—	—	—
Missouri	2	—	—	—
Montana	—	—	—	—
Nebraska	1	—	—	—
Nevada	—	—	—	—
New Hampshire	2	—	—	—
New Jersey	—	—	—	—
New York	—	—	—	—
North Carolina	2	—	—	—
North Dakota	2	—	—	—
Ohio	1	—	—	—
Oregon	2	—	—	—
Pennsylvania	2	—	—	—
Rhode Island	—	—	—	—
South Carolina	—	—	—	—
South Dakota	1	—	—	—
Tennessee	—	—	—	—
Texas	—	—	—	—
Vermont	—	—	—	—
Virginia	—	—	—	—
Washington	2	—	—	—
West Virginia	—	—	—	—
Wisconsin	—	—	—	—
Wyoming	—	—	—	—
Total	40	48	—	—

The latest returns show that the Populists and Democrats will have to unite in the Senate in order to have the balance of power.

The following is a table of the Electoral vote as the returns indicate it

How Congress Will Stand

As the situation now stands the Republicans will have 120 votes, the Democrats 215, People's party 10. This gives the Democrats a majority of 44.

IN THE NEXT CONGRESS.

Reports indicate the Democrats Will Have a Good Majority.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Lawrence Gardner, secretary of the Democratic Congressional committee and of the National association of Democratic clubs, to-day said

"We will have a Democratic majority anywhere from 90 to 110 in the next House of Representatives. It does not make much difference as to the exact numbers where the majority is so great. The Third party element is almost wiped out and we will have no further trouble from the irritating wing."

From advice I have received there is every probability that there will be a revenue reform majority in the Senate as well as in the House. We will gain several Democratic Senators and the third party Senators will undoubtedly act with the Democrats on the tariff revision. There is every probability that one or two Republican Senators will sit with the Democrats in the development of the revenue reform program."

NO CLEW TO THE MURDERER.

Anarchist Who Placed the Pacific Train is Yet at Large.

PARIS, Nov. 10.—The excitement caused by the blowing up of the police station in the Rue Des Bon Enfants shows no sign of abatement. On the contrary it is rather increasing and notwithstanding the denial of the Cammaux miners that they had anything to do with the affair, there are plenty of people who place the entire blame upon them.

The more the affair is looked into, however, the stronger grows the belief among the unprejudiced that the explosion was not the work of any of the miners themselves, but was due to anarchist sympathizers with them.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts of the police to discover a clew to the perpetrator of the outrage, they have not as yet found the slightest bit of evidence that would lead to his detection.

As stated in these dispatches last night, the street in which the station was located was roped in, and no one but officials and workmen were allowed to pass the barriers. Until after midnight workmen were busy in clearing away debris.

They worked by torchlight, and the scene when the horrible nature of the death that had come to the five victims was borne in mind, was a weird one. It was at first thought that the wrecked building would have to be torn down and that course may be followed after experts pass an opinion upon the structure. In the meantime, however, the bulging walls have been shored up to prevent their falling outward.

Among the crowds of onlookers who gathered in the streets beyond the barriers was a man who declared that the anarchists were right in blowing up the bourgeoisie. He had hardly uttered the words before he found himself in the grasp of a gendarme, who locked him up.

The government has decided to prosecute a number of militant anarchists. It is the general impression that this action should have been taken before they had an opportunity to perpetrate such a cowardly outrage as that of yesterday.

NEW ORLEANS STRIKE.

Newspaper Carriers Assailed—Governor Expected to Take Charge.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 10.—The strike continues and both sides remain firm, but so far no violence has been reported. The Governor still continues apprehensive, however, and will probably take charge of the city before nightfall, as the city authorities cannot cope with the lawless element should an outbreak occur at this critical time.

His excellency has had long conference with all the military men and the militia is being got in readiness. The Governor conferred with the mayor and representative merchants this morning, and as a result the money to put the militia in the field will probably be subscribed by citizens.

Many freight handlers went out this morning, and this has had the effect of still further crippling the commerce of the city. What steps will be taken to fill the places of the strikers have not yet been made known. The Illinois Central, Mississippi Valley, Texas Pacific and Northeastern roads are affected, and the only road on which no strike has yet been reported is the Southern Pacific. The cotton men have not yet gone out. The strikers assaulted newspaper carriers throughout the city this morning and tore up their papers. A number of arrests were made.

Dwyer Wins \$80,000.

The Well-known Turfman Wagers on the Election in Many Ways.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Probably the largest financial winner on the election is "Mike" Dwyer the well-known turfman. It is said on good authority that he will pocket a gain of nearly \$80,000. Dwyer placed his money in every conceivable way. He bet on the general result, the States of New York and New Jersey, the city and county majorities, and Cleveland's majority in Indiana. He has won nearly every bet he made.

Joseph J. O'Donohue is another heavy winner, his figure being placed at \$20,000. He bet a great deal on the result in Indiana.

Thousands Are Now Idle.

MANCHESTER, Nov. 10.—The strike among the cotton operatives here has thrown 44,000 persons out of employment. A proposal has been made on the exchange to put on half time all the mills in North and Northeast Lancashire in order to assist the federation to fight the operatives.

Some of the weaving sheds at Burnley are now working on short time while others are closed. The stock of yarns has become exhausted as a result of the strike.

Said to Be \$40,000 Short.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Simon Poey, passenger agent and confidential clerk in the offices of the Cuban Mail Steamship company, of which James E. Ward & Co. are the agents, was taken to the Tombs Police court this morning and arraigned before Justice Grady, being charged with the defalcation of \$40,000 from Ward & Co.

Russell Harrison's Paper Closed Up. HELENA, Mont., Nov. 10.—Russell Harrison's paper, the Daily Journal, was closed yesterday morning by the sheriff pending a settlement of indebtedness in dispute. The managers state that the paper will issue again in a day or two with all claims adjusted. They say unfair advantage was taken of the paper on a legal technicality.

The Duke is Dead.

LONDON, Nov. 10.—The Duke of Marlborough was found dead in bed at Blenheim palace this morning.

GROVER HAS INDIANA.

LATE RETURNS INDICATE A PLURALITY OF 7,500.

The Vote Now in Coming In, but Enough at Hand to Show the Result.—The Legislature Also Democratic—Talk of a Contest.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 10.—Indiana has swung into the Democratic column. Complete returns in from seventy counties give Cleveland a plurality of nearly 6,500. It is estimated that the remaining twenty-three counties will increase the plurality to 7,500. The Democrats elect ten, and possibly eleven of the thirteen Congressmen.

There is still some doubt about the result of the Tenth district. If the Democrats carry this district they will have just held their own on Congressman. The legislature is Democratic by a majority of about twenty on joint ballot. The Republicans are preparing to contest the election of the entire legislative ticket in this county. They charge that two or three ballots have been illegally thrown out in each precinct in the county on the ground that they were defaced. There are 200 precincts in the county, and on the estimate of the committee 500 votes were thrown out. The entire Democratic ticket in this county (Marion) is elected by pluralities ranging from 1,000 to 400.

CLOSE VOTE IN CALIFORNIA.

Cleveland in the Lead at the Latest Returns from Washington.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 10.—One thousand two hundred and sixty-six precincts out of 2,159 in California, including the entire San Francisco vote, gave Harrison 87,538, Cleveland, 88,003; Weaver, 15,352.

According to the returns California's representation in the House of Representatives will be four Democrats and three Republicans, with Democrats pushing Republicans closely in districts in which Republicans are slightly in lead.

TACOMA, Wash., Nov. 10.—The Republican State committee claims McGraw is elected Governor by a plurality of 1,500 to 3,000. The Democratic committee does not concede McGraw's election and claims Carroll is elected Congressman. The Legislature will probably be Republican, but returns are too incomplete to estimate.

BEYOND THE SEA.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
My heart is gone far, far from me;
And over on its track will flee
My thoughts, my dreams, beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
The swallow wanders fast and free;
Oh, happy bird! were I like thee,
I, too, would fly beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
Are kindly hearts and social glee;
But here for me they may not be,
My heart is gone beyond the sea.
—Novel Review

THE STOLEN LETTER.

Lucy Watson had two lovers—this would be an unfair allowance in these days, but fifteen years ago there were more marrying men in India and fewer maidens. Besides Lucy was really sweet enough and pretty enough and adorable enough to monopolize the attentions of any number. Of these two swains one was an elderly swain—that is the collector of a district on two thousand and some odd hundreds of rupees a month and a "fund" of the most liberal nature can properly be termed a swain at all, which is doubtful. He was a good fellow, was John McAllister, but at least 20 years older than Lucy, and which was more to the point very prim and stiff and solemn and serious and, in fact, destitute of not only appearance, but the thoughts and ways of youth.

And so when Colonel Watson cited instances of the happy marriages he had seen between elderly gentlemen and youthful lasses—he used occasionally to draw on his imagination a little—poor Lucy would pitifully reply

"Yes, papa, but it isn't his age that's nothing, nothing!"—oh, Lucy, Lucy—but he's so old in his ideas and habits he has nothing in common with a girl!"

And then there would be a little breakdown in the voice, and a tear would fall on the colonel's hand and he would turn away to smoke a cheroot and make the best of it for he did not want to force his child into a distasteful marriage, he was too fond of her for that but with six sons ranging from 10 to 20 that his one daughter should marry well to do man was distinctly agreeable.

Pensions were good those days but even £1000 a year seemed small with such a troop of boys to educate and put into the world. And then there

was a trifle of debt McAllister would—but what was the use of talking about it if it would make little Lucy unhappy? It is almost superfluous to say that the other admirer whom Lucy did like was a hopeless incipient.

George Fairleigh was a subaltern in her father's regiment of about five years' service. A fine young fellow, good at sports but with absolutely no prospects. There was no chance of the adjutancy falling vacant for a long time and there was no departmental openings so far at least as he was concerned.

In a small, up country station these two had many opportunities of meeting, and to do them justice they took advantage of all they could get. But Lucy was not without a mixture of sound, common sense, and she would not pledge herself to George until he could show some reasonable ground for believing that his position would soon justify marriage; she would not listen to the idea of an indefinite arrangement.

Matters were thus at a deadlock, and there seemed to be no hope of a solution. Months passed by, weary months to all concerned. Then all

of a sudden came a change. The new governor general arrived in the country and it so happened that in former years he had known George's father rather intimately. The natural result followed. For a boy who had passed nothing but the higher standard in Hindostan it was not possible to do much at once but still he might be tried. So down came the offer of a semi-political appointment in a native state for six months, the continuance of which was to depend upon George's progress and ability.

There was a tearful parting.

"Now mind you are not to write to me unless I write to you first. Papa would be very angry if you were to write direct to me, and of course I won't have anything done in a roundabout way. When I write to you if I do write at all, sir, then you may answer."

So following half laughing Lucy dismissed him and both the colonel and McAllister said good-bye with a sigh of relief. The signature Lucy had a reason for the condition she imposed. Over and above the difficulties of a correspondence to which her father would object she wanted to test her lover. Married ladies often prone to dismal adieux had not only told her of the inconstancy of man, and she had also read about it in novels and poems so she thought that an experiment should be made.

"If we begin to write to each other," she argued to herself, "he won't have a chance of forgetting me, but if there is no communication between us for so long time, then that will show whether his affection is sincere."

Lost alone in the field, good, honest McAllister could make the running at his own pace but somehow he never seemed to get any nearer the winning post.

But the three months never passed, for one fine day the colonel with a white face and broken bones, was brought back in a dhow from the parade ground (his horse had fallen) and though the bones were soon mended, complications set in and the doctors declared him home internal injuries never get right in this place, voyage and give him strength," etc.

Then the poor man told Lucy that she really had better make up her mind, that he could ill afford the expense of taking her to England, and reminded her that she did not get on too easily with her stepmother, who was looking after the boys. And

Lucy did make up her mind. She wrote straight to George that very afternoon telling him everything. "I hope it isn't very unmaidenly, dear, but this is no time to stand upon formalities. If you still care for me, if you think your position sufficiently hopeful to justify marrying, come down at once or write. But if—" here a tear would fall on the paper—"you find that for any reason it cannot be then don't answer. I shall understand."

It was three days' post to George's station, and Lucy told her father she would think over the matter and would give him a definite answer in a week. The sixth day came and the poor girl was trembling with excitement; the seventh, and she could scarcely keep still for a moment. But the post came—and no letter. At first a feeling of numbing despair seized on her, but she immediately rallied.

"How stupid I am! There may not have been time to catch the mail, or George may have been out shooting."

To make sure and leave enough margin she begged her father for three day's grace, for she never doubted George. But three days passed and there was no sign.

Lucy was married to Mr. McAllister a fortnight afterward.

"A very short engagement my dear," said the major's wife to her bosom friend, "but you see the poor dear colonel must be off at once and wait any longer the doctors say and it is everything to have Lucy settled before he goes. I wrote and told George Fairleigh it was coming off—an awful blow for him, poor fellow unless he has forgotten all about her, which is probable!"

But he had not forgotten all about her and for hours after receiving the good lady's information he sat like one in a dream. Then he shook himself together and in due course read the domestic occurrence in the paper quite calmly. The McAlisters and George Fairleigh never met for he went into the political line and went from one native state to another without once returning to his former residence. But he now and again heard of them—how they led an apparently happy life in a quiet way no particular love perhaps on her part, but a sincere attachment to her husband. And presently McAllister retired and settled in England.

It was just fourteen years since George left his regiment. He had got on well, and was now resident at the court of an imbecile prince with an unpronounceable name. It was a bot night, and his solitary dinner was scarcely over when the day's post came in—the English mail with it—so he lighted a cigar and left the table for a long armchair in the veranda. The bearer placed the lamp conveniently and retired to doze. The first letter that caught his eye was from the postmaster general and, wondering what that exalted functionary could want with him, he opened it before looking at the English letters and newspapers. The following is what he said:

"Sir I have the honor to inform you that an old man died recently at the village of Spreewald, in the state of Brandenburg, who was formerly a trumpeter in that state. On his deathbed he confessed to having stolen one of the letter bags many years ago, under the belief that there was money in it but that he then became frightened and hid the letters in a box without opening them. This box he buried but after some trouble it has been found and the contents are now being distributed so far as the address can be traced. The box is closed and apparently for you as an inquiry has been ascertained that it is you who were at the time in Archimabad. I have the honor etc."

George knew the writing on the lossure at once it was Lucy's. The faithful bearer wondered why the Sahib was so long in coming to bed, also, he did not seem to be reading for there was no rustle of paper so with cat-like tread he crept to the veranda. The Sahib was lying back in the chair with his hand over his face. Three and four times the man returned and always to find his master in the same position.

It was not till the gray dawn made the lamp light pale that George roused himself from a long dream of what might have been and what had been and even then he did not rise in the least sleepy so sheer lack of some time to do he took up an English paper that had just arrived, and chanceling to open it at the deathbed real

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NAMED FOR DOGS.

Legend of an Island Where Lived a Race of Talking Canines.

There are dozens (some say scores) of islands of greater or lesser dimensions known as "Little Dogs," "Dog Islands," "Big Dogs" etc. An island in the Thames, now a part of London, is called "The Isle of Dogs." Carlyle alludes to it when he says "Tell us first whether his voyage has been around the globe or only from Ramsgate to the 'Isle of Dogs.'" Three lofty and rocky islands near St. Thomas (Virgin Islands), are known as "The Great Dog," "George Dog" and "West Dog."

There are "Dog Islands" in the Malay Archipelago; on the west coast of Maine off the coast of Franklin county, Florida, and another in Kamtschatka there is an island known as "The Island of Talking Dogs."

The curious story connected with this little spot of land, and the one which gives it the name it bears, is this according to an odd Asiatic legend:

The first inhabitants of the far north did not employ dogs but drew their walrus-rubber sleds themselves. After ages had elapsed men made an attempt to use the dogs of that region—which, by the way, talked just as men do—as beasts of burden. The talking dogs however argued the case with their would-be masters and were not long in proving that they had enough to do to catch game for themselves and the children of men. But the men soon learned the use of the bow and the spear thus ruining the occupation of the talking dogs. Again an attempt was made to harness them to sledges but the talking canines rebelled and swam out to an island afterwards known by the title given in the opening. Here game was scarce and the dogs soon turned cannibal and by the end of the first winter there were only seven left.

Some human Kamtschakians volunteered to row out to the island and bring off the remnant of the dog colony. But these dogs refused to leave their barren island, each earnestly asking "What people are you? We have never seen you before." For this untruth (ham) the dog god took their voices from them, and until this day they have been the dumb servants of man.

Scalpers never handle local or "stiff tickets." It is in fact very difficult to even sell a ticket to Houston, Albany or Philadelphia. But any coupon ticket will fetch some sort of a pike unless it is limited as to time. In that case the scalper has the would-be disposer at his mercy and offers a fourth or a fifth of its value.

If on the other hand, a would be purchaser wants a time ticket but don't care to shell out the price asked the scalper has a man coming in in

five minutes to whom the ticket is promised "or some other judicious romance for the occasion calculated to induce the customer to bite."

But it is when the customer wants to go by one road, and the scalper has nothing but a ticket on another that the wretched, his speech develops into positive genius. He meets every objection, tosses aside every demand, waves away every statement of facts, and pooh-poohs every

notion.

Why my dear sir we all know

that the celebrated Beethoven unlimited testubled mail and express beats the Spotsylvania into Chicago two hours.

Besides that you get out at a depot in the heart of town and don't run the risk of getting killed or

choked crossing over the Chicago river.

What's that? Nonsense my dear sir.

The Erie road never did beat

the mud turtle to a given point.

Take this ticket and you'll think you

are riding on angelic wings. Finest

road in the known world. Oh non-

sense! Why that ticket is as good as old god leather!" etc.

And the chances are that the customer will buy a ticket at nearly

full rates over road he didn't wish to use and arrive at his destination a

half a day later than the rival road

would have landed him.

But whatever else may be said of the ticket scalper he never sells you a ticket which is "turned down" by a conductor

The man with the ticket punch may

not ask for a scalper's ticket but it goes.

There are several reasons why the dealer in second-hand tickets keeps faith with the purchaser.

A hue and cry over a bogus ticket

would be disastrous to the man who

sold it especially if he be a member

of the American Tick't Brokers

Union, as most of them are.

<p



ONE ENJOYS

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 effectually, 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 drugists. 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.

THE HEARTH OF HOME.

The world outside is gray and chill,
As slowly, softly falls the snow,
And in the pine-trees on the hill
The winds their minor music blow.

Within, the fire upon the hearth
Leaps up in red, fantastic gleams,
And makes in this best spot of earth
A rosy atmosphere of dreams.

And, listening to the wind's sad cry,
I think of wanderers as they roam,
And whisper as the storm sweeps by,
God bring them to the heart of home.

PETERS' CARELESSNESS.

It is remarkable that the T. P. (meaning the tender passion) should have turned a methodical man's methodicalness to his own undoing, as nearly happened in the case of George Peters. Love should have nothing to do with a man during business hours. There ought to be a placard to this effect hanging up in all well regulated business houses.

Clerks in love are requested by the management not to think of the adored object between the hours of 9 A. M. and 6 P. M.

By Order.

Now George Peters was a very, very methodical person for so young a man. When a letter got into Peters' hands it went through a certain routine and the answer departed from him to the copying book, and from the copying book to the envelope, and the envelope, letter and all with inclosures marked, went into the letter box with a regularity that nothing but the office clock could emulate, and even that the clerks said, was not as regular as Peters, for they claimed it was always fast in the mornings and mighty slow in pointing to 6 o'clock.

It is little wonder then that Peters stood high in the confidence of old man Bentham. Bentham was Bentham Brothers & Co. There was no brothers and no company—it was all Bentham. Perhaps there once were brothers and perhaps there was once a company, but that is all ancient history anyhow, and has nothing to do with this strictly modern story. And it did not interfere with the fact that old Bentham's name was a lovely thing to have at the bottom of a large check.

The clerks never speculated on the probable effect of love on Peters, because it never occurred to them that such a thing as Peters falling in love was within the bounds of possibility. Love they argued was not an artifice that can be docketed and ticketed and referred back for further information, and entered in the day book and posted on the debit or credit side of the ledger, so what on earth could Peters do with it if he had it. Manifestly nothing. If they had known as much about human nature as you or I they would have surmised that when Peters did fall it was time to stand from under.

And who should Peter fall in love with but the very woman of all others whom he ought never to have given thought to—in other words, pretty little Miss Sadie Bentham, if you please. It made Peters himself cold when he thought of it, for he knew he had just as much chance of getting the moon or the laureateship as the consent of old man Bentham. The clerks always said that it was Miss Sadie who fell in love with Peters principally, I suppose, because she should have known better, and I think myself there is something to be said for that view of the matter.

Anyhow, she came to her father's place of business very often and apparently very unnecessarily, but the old man was always pleased to see her no matter how busy he happened to be. At first she rarely looked at Peters, but when she did flash one of those quick glances of hers at him, poor Peters thought he had the fever and ague. He understood the symptoms later on.

I don't know how things came to a climax, neither do the clerks for that matter, although they pretend to. Besides they are divided in their opinions so I think their collective surmises amount to but very little. Johnson claims that it was done over the telephone, while Barnam says she came to the office one day when her father was not there and proposed to Peters on the spot. One thing the clerks are unanimous about, and that is that Peters left to himself, would never have had the courage. Still, too much attention must not be paid to what the clerks say. What can they know about it? They are in another room.

Peters knew that he had no right to think about that girl during business hours. He was paid to think about the old man and his affairs which were not nearly so interesting. But Peters was courageous and he tried to do his duty. Nevertheless the chances are that unconsciously little Miss Sadie occupied some small portion of his mind that should have been given up to the concerns of Bentham Bros. & Co. and her presence where she had not the slightest business to be threw the rest of his mental machinery out of gear.

It is very generally admitted now that the sprightly Miss Sadie managed the whole affair. No one who knew Peters would ever have given him the credit of proposing an elopement, or acceding to it, as Johnson puts it. She claimed that while she could manage her father all right enough up to a certain point, in this particular matter she preferred to negotiate with him in private rather than before. She had a great deal of the old man's shrewdness—had Sadie. He used to say he would not like to have her as an opponent on a wheat deal.

Then the clerks say—but hang the clerks! What do they know about it? As Barnam truly remarked, casting a gloom over the rest as he spoke, 'you may say what you like about Peters, but you can't get over the unwhole-some fact that none of us has got her.'

What Shortened the Trip? Why hello, old man! I thought you intended to make your European trip last a year?

I did, but my wife found a new fashion in gowns in Paris and hurried home to be the first to wear it.

The gallingness of this undoubted truth was that each of the clerks thought himself a better-looking man than Peters.

Well to come to the awful point where Peters' methodicalness nearly upset the apple-cart. The elopement was all settled. Peters quaking most of the time, and he was to write her a letter giving an account of how arrangements were progressing. It will hardly be credited, and yet it is possible enough when you think what a machine a methodical man gets to be that Peters wrote this epistle to his girl on his desk and put it in the pile of letters that were to be copied into the old man's letter box! The office boy picked up the heap at exactly the usual hour, took them to the copying press, wet the thin leaves and squeezed them in, the love letter next to the one beginning

Dear Sir: Yours of the 23d received and contents noted.

Peters got the corner-curved letters still damp and put them all in their right envelopes and Sadie got hers in due time, but did not know enough about business correspondence to know that her first love letter was written in copying ink and had been through the press.

Next day when old man Bentham was looking over the leaves of the previous day's letters he suddenly began to chuckle to himself. Old Bentham had a very comfortable good natured well-to-do chuckle that was a pleasure to hear. Even Peters almost smiled as he heard it.

Peters: "Peter?"
"Yes, sir."

"Have you all the letters Peters, that these letters are the answers to?"

"Certainly, sir."

"There is one I want to see, Peters."

"What is the name, please?"

"Petty I did not know that we dealt in this line of goods, Peters."

"H. W. Petty, sir?"

"I don't know the initials & Here's the letter."

Peters was stricken. He was ap-paled—dumb—blind. The words "During Petty," danced before his eyes. He felt his hair beginning to rise. The book did not fall from his hand simply because he held it mechanically—methodically. Old Bentham roared; then closed the door so that the clerks would not hear his wrath.

"That's one on you, Peters. It's too good to keep. I must tell that down at the club."

"I wouldn't if I were you, sir," said Peters slowly recovering his senses as he saw the old man had no suspicion of how the land lay.

No I suppose it wouldn't be quite the square thing. But of all the men in the world, Peters, you! Why do youelope? Why not marry her respectable at the church or at home? You'll regret going off like that all your life."

Miss—she—that is—prefers it that way."

"Oh, romantic, is she? I wouldn't do it Peters."

"There are other reasons."

"Father or mother against, as usual, I suppose. Well, you refer them to me, Peters, I'll speak a good word for you. But what am I to do while you are away?"

"I thought perhaps—perhaps—Johnson would take my place."

"All right, I can put up with Johnson for a week, maybe, but think of me and get back as soon as she'll let you."

If old Mr Bentham did not mention it at the club he did at home.

You remember Peters Sadie. No, that was Johnson. Peters is in my room you know. No, the red-headed man is Farnam. He's in the other room. Peters has the desk in the corner. Staidest fellow on the street, ever so much older than I am—in manner, of course. The last man in the city you would suspect of being in love. Well, he wrote—and so Mr Bentham told the story.

Sadie kissed him somewhat hysterically when he promised to say a good word for Peters, and said he was very kind hearted.

Besides, papa, you ought to have a partner in the business. This is no company you know."

Bless me child, what has Peters' wedding to do with the company? He is taking the partner, not me. I can't take Peters into partnership merely because he chooses to get married."

"Oh, I thought that was customary," said Sadie.

There was no elopement after all. The clerks say that it was the courageous Peters that persuaded Sadie out of it. But as the old man found he had to give way, it came to the same thing.

Sadie, the old man said, "I think I'll change the name of the firm. I'll retire and it will be after this Bentham, Husband & Co."

Lane Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

After such an Agreement.

A married couple recently appeared at the Southwestern police court in London. The lady had signed the drawing document before marriage, she said, at a solicitor's office. A few days after their marriage during our lifetime, I will never take heed of separation, nor never put you any kind of blame, or never leave you, and I solemnly promise to look after you and give you nice dinners and everything you require with my love and true faith. We will always live in one place and live together and enjoy ourselves. If I broke this promise after married, I shall not get anything or money from him (her husband). And yet after eight months of married the lady wants a separation and an allowance!

What Shortened the Trip?

Why hello, old man! I thought you intended to make your European trip last a year?

I did, but my wife found a new fashion in gowns in Paris and hurried home to be the first to wear it.

THE EEL FISHERMAN.

A Sketch of the Life and Habits of an Interesting Character.

A sketch of an ordinary day's duties will serve to illustrate the 200 or more of a season's fishing. The eel pots having been carefully moored, buoyed and baited, the fisherman has to arise each morning at 2 o'clock and proceed to his shanty, where after storing his cat-boat with spare pots, lines and fresh baiting, he sets off to visit each locality, often quite a distance apart, where a pot is set. These are in turn drawn and their contents emptied into a skiff or caulk which he has towing astern, or the boat itself if she has a good well.

The pots are then rebaited, examined to see if they are in good condition, for it sometimes happens that the eels which have an unaccountable faculty of packing themselves in the pots overload one, which causes the laths of which it is mainly constructed to break. When this is the case, the pot has to be unmoored and one of the spare ones substituted.

These varied employments engross the time of the fisherman usually some six or seven hours, and it is rarely before 8 A. M. that he again reaches home. After partaking of a somewhat hurried breakfast, eats enough having been secured for shipment the process of skinning begins which in the hands of an expert is really a scientific affair. They are then washed in salt water, and after being laid out for a short time for the water to drip off, they are packed with ice in barrels, the head of the barrel is then covered with gunny cloth, upon which is fastened the address.

They are then, without delay, shipped to their destination in order that the ice may not have entirely melted before reaching it. The work ended, our friend, the eeler takes a couple of hours' rest, when he has again to resume work, which constitutes the preparing of bait for the next day, and the repair and cleansing of pots with other odd jobs, fully taking up his time till 4 or 5 in the evening and by 5 P. M. he is glad to betake himself to bed, where he is rewarded for his labors by that child-like repose known to few men who are not engaged in physical toil.

Those among the fishermen who have made eel life a study assert that the eel, besides being particular to the verve of fastidiousness as to the freshness of its bait, demands a frequent change of the sort of bait used during the season. In the early spring menhaden appear to be most pleasing to its taste, but by the middle of May they tire of them and seem to have a craving for a species of sea tortoise known in the eeler's nomenclature as horse feet, though in some parts of the bay during the horse foot season it prefers mussels, which prove to accord perfectly with its palate.

Though the work of the eel fisherman is much harder than that of other fishermen in the bay, his profits per pound are usually much larger, as he rarely gets less than nine cents net for each pound of eel, and as a barrel when packed for shipment contains from 100 to 150 pounds of fish, and the shipments are from three to five barrels per week for some fifteen or twenty weeks, it can readily be seen that the man earns from \$400 to \$1,000 each season. This sum, with what he can pick up during the winter, will in a quiet fishing village, give him an ample income for his simple wants and if no ill luck befalls his boat or himself, will leave a small amount to be put by for a rainy day.

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Those

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

AUDITORIUM.

Gilmores famous band, enlarged to the number of 100 musicians and greatly improved by the addition of several able instrumental soloists, has been secured for five popular concerts at the Auditorium Monday evening and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and matinees, Nov. 14, 15 and 16.

Each successive appearance of this band in the past has increased its popularity with the public, and the fact that it is doubled in size and has proportionately gained in efficiency will surely arouse unusual interest among all lovers of popular music.

The present leader is Mr. D. W. Reeves, an Eastern musician of note, who was unanimously elected by the members of the band to fill the place of the lamented Gilmores.

The vocal soloists who will appear at the concerts are Miss Ida Klein, soprano; William Stephens, tenor, and George H. Wiseman, baritone.

The schedule of prices for the concerts will be 50c, 75c and \$1 for matinees, and 60c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.50 for evenings.

AUDITORIUM.

An unsurpassable program will be presented at the second popular concert of the Chicago Orchestra at the Auditorium Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week. It is a model of good state in every feature and should attract an appreciative audience. Prominent among the selections is a new concert overture by Liam MacCunn, a Scotch composer of high reputation, called "Land of the Mountains and the Flood." This work, first produced in England a few months ago, is described as a striking musical description of Highland life and characteristics charmingly quaint and melodious. Another delightful bit in the program is Liszt's "Sermon to the Birds," which has not been heard for many seasons.

Joseph Schreurs, the clarinet virtuoso of the orchestra will be the soloist at these concerts.

CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE.

On Saturday night the curtain of the Chicago opera-house fell on the two hundred and sixth and last performance of "Ali Baba's" remarkable run in Chicago. This is a record that has never been equaled by any organization playing west of New York City. The final performance was a gala night. The house, as has been the case throughout the run, was packed to the doors, and the demonstrations of the audience were in the measure of a most enthusiastic farewell. The occasion was further signalized by the first appearance of a new drop curtain by Frederick Dangerefield, the scenic artist of the house. Immediately after the performance the company, numbering 115 people, and all the cumbersome accessories of "Ali Baba" spectacle were loaded on a special train and started for St. Louis, where the piece will be given for one week, when it will continue its tour West. On Sunday night a large audience witnessed the opening performance of Primrose & West's minstrels, and the indications are that the attendance will be large throughout the engagement. The company is the biggest and strongest that these popular purveyors of minstrelsy have ever taken upon the road. A most acceptable feature of the performance is its first part consisting of a burlesque of the popular opera, "Mikado." New songs and plenty of side-splitting gags not nearly so shop-worn as one usually expects in a minstrel show, add to the attractiveness of this performance. On Thursday, Nov. 10, the sale of seats will be opened for the Potter-Bellew performances of Zola's realistic drama "Therese Raquin."

MCKICKER'S

Charles Mathew's company will continue another week at McKicker's theater in the brilliant comedy "By Proxy." The engagement will close on Saturday evening, Nov. 19.

"By Proxy" is an amusing fancy in three acts.

The company that is presenting it is clever in every respect.

Harry Brown, an old time favorite in broad comedy roles, is to be credited with having made a distinct hit. He is irresistibly funny from first to last.

The five young ladies in the company are exceedingly handsome and captivating.

The next attraction to appear at McKicker's theater will be Miss Lillie Okerstrom in her own comedy entitled "Miss Rosser." She will commence her engagement on Sunday evening, Nov. 20.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson will soon appear in Chicago at McKicker's theater. He will present his famous comedy "Rip Van Winkle." Orders addressed to H. G. Sommers, treasurer, accompanied by certified check or money will be filled immediately when the sale of seats opens. Prices will be from \$1.50 down.

HAVERLY'S CASINO—EDEN MUSEE.

The political excitement had but little effect upon the patronage and attendance at Haverly's Casino—Eden Musee—for very large audiences were present at every performance of Haverly's Home Minstrels. A splendid bill was given the past week introducing two new candidates for favor in the persons of John Blackford and Neil O'Brien, comedians of high repute, who were seen in a musical sketch entitled "Mirth and Music with New Ideas." They play on a number of well known instruments, interspersed with comical sayings and doings. Press Eldredge and Tom Lewis appear to splendid advantages in their respective specialties, and the balance of the company acquit themselves in a pleasing manner. Mr. Percy Denton now officiates as interlocutor and presents new features in his talk with the end men which is highly entertaining. For the coming week many changes are promised and Kissell the "Black Zouave" champion musket and sabre manipulator will make his first appearance. "Sousa's Sardine Band" and "Senator Apple-Jack" still continue to give much pleasure and all desiring hearty enjoyment should visit the minstrels, which by the way is the best organized company ever seen here. More wax figures have been added to the Musee department.

THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE.

As interesting as the stories have always been that could be told in regard to the great city of Chicago, the one telling of the burning and re-building of the city is the story most wonderful of all. Indeed, it seems like a tale from fairyland. It is only when we illustrate the magnitude of this fearful disaster by such figures as the following, that the mind is capable of understanding, in any degree, the full scope of this awful calamity, and when the aid of a vivid imagination could be able to comprehend what must have been the superb grandeur of the scene.

If all the buildings burned in Chicago were placed end to end it would make an unbroken road nearly 150 miles long. It would take about two days' continuous driving, with a good team, to pass over the entire length of all the streets in the burnt district. The fire swept over and reduced to ruins 125 acres of buildings every hour, and destroyed property at the rate of over \$3,000 every second, or \$1,000,000 every five minutes, from start to finish! To any one standing in an elevated position when the fire was at its height the scene must have been grand and awe-inspiring.

Nearly three years ago a syndicate of Chicago capitalists determined to have this great scene reproduced upon canvas, by the best artists in the world, regardless of expense. The direction of the work was placed in the hands of Mr. Howard H. Gros of Chicago, and the services of many of the most eminent artists in this kind of work were secured. Among them Salvador Mege of Paris, Edward J. Austen of London, Paul Wilhelm of Dusseldorf, Richard Lorenz of Munich and Oliver Dennett Grover. After over two years of work by a score or more of men and the expenditure of nearly a quarter million dollars, the great cyclorama has been completed and is pronounced by the press and the public generally, as a most remarkable, faithful and realistic reproduction of the burning of Chicago. All the buildings and ruins shown upon the great canvas (which comprises over twenty thousand square feet of surface) are historically correct.

MADISON STREET THEATER.

Sam T. Jack's famous Creoles follow the "Forty Thieves" at the Madison Street opera-house, commencing with the matinee Sunday, Nov. 13.

The scenes of tropical revelry participated in by the dreamy daughters of the Sunny South are among the most gorgeously voluptuous ever presented to the eye, while the sensuous strains of Southern music lull and delight the ear. Manager Jack has spared neither expense nor trouble in perfecting this superb organization, and he announces that he has succeeded in bringing together fifty of the most beautiful Creoles to be found in the Western Hemisphere. The engagement is for one week only, after which the dusky beauties will visit the principal Eastern cities.

WINDSOR THEATER.

Sunday matinee, Nov. 13. Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday. Special engagements of Tony Farrell, the comedian, the singer, in the beautiful Irish comedy-drama, "My Colleen," presented by a grand company, with magnificent scenery and effects.

THE PROUDS.

Beginning Sunday matinee, Nov. 13, 1892, the new musical farce comedy, "Bill's Boot," a host of well known stars in the cast, new songs, exquisite dances, and a wealth of scenic splendor.

Desired Information.

We desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and all points in the Northwest. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily for St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth with Pullman, Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers and Coaches of latest design. Its Dining Car Service is unsurpassed. This is the public invited to judge for itself. It is the only route to the Pacific Coast over which both Pullman Vestibuled, first class, and Pullman Tourist Cars are operated from Chicago via St. Paul without change.

Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to your nearest ticket agent, or to Jas. C. Pox, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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