The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LXXVI.---NO. 18. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1892. $1.50 PER YEAR

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary.

Professional Cards.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,
Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.
Office at his residence on Washington street

JAMES C. MULLIKIN,
Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.
Office next door to the M. E. Church.

J. E. TYLOR,
Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.
Will practice in Talbot, Caroline and Queen Anne's counties.

T. J. SMITHERS,
DENTIST, EASTON, MD.
Office corner Washington and Cabinet streets.

CHARLES E. SHANAHAN,
Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.
Office on Dover street. Especial attention to Collection of Claims, Purchase and Sale of Real Estate. Convevancing, &c.

ROBSON BROS.
NEWS DEALERS, EASTON, MD.
Daily, Weekly and Monthly Papers furnished at Publishers prices. Subscription Agents for Harper's, Leslie's and The Century Co's. Publications. Prompt attention to all orders guaranteed. ja30tf

J. B. MERRITT., M. D.,
Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence in Mrs. S. V. Dodson's house, opposite Masonic Temple, Washington Street, Easton, Md.
☞ Special attention given diseases of women and children. 25jul91

DRS. W. T. KELLEY & BRO.
Dentists, Easton, Md.
Office in the Shanahan Building, Dover St.

LEWIS BUFFETT, M. D., D. D. S.,
Dentist, Easton, Md.
Office in Masonic Temple. 21novly

EDWARD ROBERTS,
BUILDER, EASTON, MD.
Jan25,'90*

WILLIAM H. ADKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, EASTON, MD
Office on Dover street, adjoining Building Association. 12oct89-3m

MURRAY, the BARBER.
MURRAY, the Barber, respectfully informs his customers and friends that he continues to prosecute his profession at his old stand, four doors east of the European House

Before assuring your life, or investing your money, examine the Twenty-Year Tontine Policies of The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S.

Policies maturing in 1891 realize cash returns to the owners, of amounts varying from 120 to 176% of the money paid in, besides the advantage of the Assurance during the whole period of twenty years.

The following is one of many actual cases maturing this year:

Endowment Policy No. 64,925.
Issued in 1871, at age 27. Amount, $5,000.
Premium, $239.90. Total Prems. Paid, $4,798.

RESULTS
at End of Tontine Period in 1891:

Cash Surrender Value, $8,449.45
(Equal to $176.10 for each $100 paid in premiums, which is equivalent to a return of all premiums paid, with interest at 7¼ per cent. per annum.)
Or, in lieu of cash,

A Paid-up Life Policy for $19,470
(Equal to $405.80 for each $100 paid in premiums.)
Or,

A Life Annuity of $633.55

One fact is worth a thousand theories. There is no assurance extant in any company which compares with this. The Equitable is the strongest company in the world and transacts the largest business.

BOWES & HALL,
MANAGERS MARYLAND.
No. 217 E. BALTIMORE STREET.
G. C. RADCLIFF, AGENT EASTERN SHORE
Easton, Maryland.

COME AND SEE ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCKS OF
BRICKS AND DRAIN TILE
EVER EXHIBITED IN A COMBINED BRICK AND TILE YARD.
I have on hand an extra large stock of
DRAIN TILE,
And now is the time to put them in for the fall crop. If farmers will call I think terms can be made to suit them.
BRICKS
In any amount and quality can be furnished at short notice.
TERRA COTTA,
For Drain Pipe and Chimneys, in Stock in all Its Branches.
JOSEPH H. WHITE,
EASTON, MD.
oly

WHEN DAY IS DONE.

The sinking sun;
A mass of gold and purple in the West;
The drowsy twitterings of birds at rest;
A long, low house that sihouetted stands,
Silent and lone across the meadow lands;
A broken silver ring against the sky—
Then one belated thrush's far-off cry,
And day is done.
—Charlotte L. Seaver, in the Cosmopolitan.

A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

BY R. L. KETCHUM.

THE pull is uphill for almost three miles along here, and the horses plod along slowly. The dust is just as deep; but now, instead of blowing off to leeward, as it did awhile ago, it hangs close around the stage in a thick, dense, reddish-yellow cloud, almost shutting off the view from the passengers inside, if they cared to look out. But the beauties of nature hold their interest only slightly, just at present. The dust occupies their attention to a large extent. It fills their mouths, and eyes, and nostrils, and clings to their hair and ears in much profusion. It is disagreeable—very; and the man who has enough spirits left to try to keep up the conversation is voted an ass by his fellow-passengers. They were all very friendly only a short time ago; but they hate each other with a bitter hatred just now—all on account of the dust. Dust is a great destroyer of good humor.

Somehow, the dust doesn't rise very high, or else the driver and the passenger on the box don't mind it, for we can hear them talking. Old Ben, through some unseen but easily imagined influence, has relaxed from his usual taciturnity, and is quite communicative to the beardless, boyish-looking young chap who got on back at Alpena and is sharing the box with him.

As the stage reaches the level and rolls into the shadows of the mountain and the tall pines, Ben points with the whip to the mouth of the narrow pass leading out of the canyon a quarter of a mile away, and remarks:

"See them two big rocks—road runs b'tween 'em. Uh-huh. Wal, right thar—mebbe a couple rods 'r so fu'ther on—was whar I was holt up one day in th' summer of '76."

"Yes?" said the passenger's pleasant voice, interrogatively. "Would you mind telling me about it?"

Ben chirped to his horses, spat impressively and liberally, and began:

"Wal, 'twuz this a-way. That mornin' th' 'xpress box was loaded plumb full o' hard stuff, th't hed t' go through that day. Now, jes'z luck'd hev' it, one o' the gyards—we hed gyards them days—turned up missin' 'bout th' time we was ready t' start fr'm Eldorado in th' mornin'. Berry McNeill, th' other gyard, goes arter 'im, an' fin's Mr. Man laid up with a gash in th' head fr'm a beer bottle—be'n scrappin' night b'fore.

"Th' agent an' me was thinkin' pow'ful 'bout who we c'd git t' take Hauser's place ef he was sick, w'en hyar comes Mac. whistlin'.

"'Say, fellers,' says he, 'Hauser got plunked with a bottle las' night, an' is layin' on his downy couch with a headache. Reckon I c'n go it b' my lonesome; I got Hauser's sawed-off gun.'

"We both kicked a whole lot, but Mac, he'd made up his min', an' was boun' t' hev' his own way; b'sides, we didn't hev' no one right handy t' go 'long, so we hel t' give in, an' Mac, whistlin' one o' his everlastin' toons, piles up on th' box, an' we pulls out. They wa'n't no passengers.

"Wal, we kep' our peepers skun right sharp, but ev'rythin' went lovely till jes' long 'bout hyar. Then Mac says: 'Ben, I b'lieve they's some cusses layin' fer us up b' them rocks—I think I seen a feller's head, jes' now.' Says I: 'Mac, y're full o' hop. I seen it, too, an' 'twa'n't nothin' but a hawk, crossin' the road.'

"I stirred up the critters a bit, howsomever, but jes'z we turned th' rocks, somebody jumps out fr'm both sides an' nails th' leaders, an' they was so many guns starin' intuh my face th't it made me ashamed o' myself. Mac cut loose wi' th' sawed-off shot-gun, an' then begun wi' th' Winchester, gittin' two fellers an' skinnin' up some more—but they was too many of 'em, an' they c'd shoot, too, so Mac he never got no chance t' pump that gun dry. He oughtn't t' hev' shot, nohow, but he allus was a nervy cuss—more nerve 'n sense. I usetuh say, 'Mac—'"

Half a dozen dusky forms leap from the road side—the big cowboy who got aboard early in the afternoon, and has been dozing and swearing in a sleepy way about the dust, is suddenly wide awake, and we, on the inside, get a good look at the muzzles of his two big revolvers—we hear Ben ejaculate, "Wal, this do beat all!"—and then we are invited to get down into the road, where the pleasant-faced, boyish-looking young man, who got on back at Alpena, proceeds to business, and, politely, courteously, but firmly, withal, relieves us of our spare change—and, more, too.

* * * * *

This is my part of the story. Of course, there were quite a number of other people present, including the youthful highwayman and his capable assistants, and they, also, have a claim on the above narrative. I did not mean that I owned it; what I tried to say was that that is the only one of the events from which come this veracious tale that I took part in, and I think it has been shown that my part was entirely a passive one. Perhaps we had better call that portion of the story the gentlemanly road agent's, because he got about everything else there was to get. The rest is Hallegan's.

Hallegan and I were traveling together, and it was his foresight—or, rather, an odd notion of his—that enabled us to resume our journey to Denver after the road-agent incident. This odd notion was in the form of a thin chamois insole, which he wore in his left boot, and which, in addition to a card giving directions for the disposition of his body in case he should be suddenly called hence while among strangers, contained a fifty-dollar bill. It was an ordinary fifty-dollar bill, but when Terence flashed it before my dazzled eyes in the hotel at Merrill that night, I was quite sure that it was larger and more valuable than the opinions of a New England hired man. It took us to Leadville, anyway, and that was all we could reasonably desire.

But for the rest of the story:

It was about two years after the road-agent affair, in which we lost almost everything but our good names and the clothing we wore, when, one day, I was thunder-struck to receive Hallegan's wedding cards. It was the first time I had heard from him in a year, and had any one else told me Terence Hallegan was a marrying man, I should have derided him; but when Terence himself, in his own peculiar chirography, directed to me an envelope containing such startling news, all set forth in the highest style of the engraver's art—well, it was too much, and I went down into the camp, where there were a full score of Terence's friends and acquaintances to toast his memory and console with each other. And grief was our lot, until the day Jewett "struck it" in that hole he had been pegging away at, over on the other side of the gulch, and excitement reigned supreme.

In the midst of the confusion, telegrams came and went, flying—brought and sent by special courier to and from the office at Sunrise, nine miles away; and, one day, came one for him who sits here burning the nocturnal kerosene. It was from Hallegan, who was now living in Chicago, and summoned me to hasten to that city, where I was needed to assist in closing a transaction involving the sale of some mining property in which Terence and I were interested.

Terence met me at the station. He looked remarkably well, even for a person whose health and spirits had always been of the very best, and I told him so, adding that in deponent's opinion he must have drawn a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

He smiled happily, and took my arm to walk outside the train inclosure, as he said:

"That I did—that I did, me boy; just wait till you see her, and you'll be sure of it."

He called a cab, gave the driver some brief instructions, and leaped in after me. We rode several minutes in silence; then Hallegan turned to me in a rather embarrassed way, and said, in a strained tone:

"Billy, me boy—it's very near dinner-time at our house—and there's no time for—explanations. Only—if you think you've seen—my wife—if her face is familiar—please don't mention it, or act as though you noticed it. I'll explain after dinner."

I acquiesced wonderingly, and wondered yet more after I had met Mrs. Hallegan, for I was quite positive that I had never seen her before, and there was ample opportunity, during the course of the excellent dinner we presently sat down to, to study her. She was slightly above the medium height, and of a perfect, though rather slight, figure. Her hair and eyes were dark, setting off excellently her clear olive complexion, and her features were all that an artist could desire. She was hardly what one would call a beautiful woman, however. "Handsome" would be the better word—or, perhaps, "striking." There was something about the firm set of her mouth when not speaking, and the strong, rather masculine chin—in which, oddly enough, there was a charmingly feminine dimple—that caused this effect, I think. One would never have taken Mrs Hallegan for the daughter of the little, white-haired, sweet-faced old lady who sat opposite me, and whom she addressed as "mother."

Dinner over, the ladies rose to leave us, smiling over the broad hint Terence had just thrown out concerning a desire to smoke. As they reached the door, Mrs. Hallegan turned and bowed mockingly to her husband, whose hand was just reaching for the bell. "I hope, Sir Terence, that the cigars may prove dry company." Then, with a bright smile, she vanished.

I flopped into my chair, breathlessly. Where had I seen that mocking bow? Then, suddenly, there came before me that little scene in the mountains two years since; the dust, the heat, the sleepy cowboy inside the coach, the dapper little chap who so politely took our money and watches. He bowed just that way when he finished his work and departed. "Her brother," I thought—"black sheep, blot on family escutcheon. How much they resemble—"

"Well, me boy?"

Hallegan was looking at me quizzically through the smoke, we having lighted our cigars meanwhile. I suppose I looked embarrassed. Of course it was all rot; the idea of there being any connection, however remote, between the stately creature who had just left us and the little rascal who engineered that hold-up!

Hallegan spoke

"Billy, me boy, I won't make a short story any longer than is necessary. You remember the little fellow who held us up, two years ago?

"Of course I do."

"Yes, very likely. Well, I fancy I'd better begin at the beginning.

"Three years ago, a young fellow named Wilson, who had been employed as cashier by the L. and A. Stage and Express Company, got into trouble over his accounts. The manager—Robinson—charged him with a shortage amounting to several thousand dollars. There was an investigation, and, on the strength of certain circumstantial evidence which need not be stated, as it is immaterial, backed by the testimony of Robinson, the manager, Tweedy, the superintendent, and Frank Robinson, son of the manager—who, by the way, had always been Wilson's bosom friend—the cashier was convicted on trial and sentenced to a long term at Canon City. Strange to say, he offered no testimony and made no defense except his plea of 'not guilty.'

"Well, it killed him. Inside of a year, the worry and disgrace, along with the hard work and close confinement—he had never been very strong—had wasted him to a shadow, and when, at last, he knew he couldn't live very long, he sent for his mother and sisters to come to him.

"His mother was too ill herself to travel, and one of the sisters—a cripple—was obliged to remain with her, but the elder sister went.

"She found him dying—dying in prison. It was the first she had known of his trouble, and, naturally, she was terribly shocked.

"He told her the true history of the affair—that young Robinson, between whom and himself and existed a sort of Damon and Pythias friendship, was the guilty one; and how, when some of the stockholders got wind of the shortage, the two Robinsons and Tweedy, who was a brother-in-law of old Robinson, had conspired to shield the guilty man by sacrificing an innocent one, who would not defend himself. The confession made by the dying man was not altogether a voluntary one. His sister, who had known nothing except that he was innocent, caught a hint of the truth from him when he was raving in delirium—the rest she made him tell her.

"After young Wilson's death, his sister went quietly to work to see what could be done to prove her brother's innocence and to place the guilt where it belonged, but soon found that nothing could be proved. The Robinsons were too strong for her.

"About this time Mrs. Wilson and her younger daughter were obliged to go South on account of ill health, leaving the elder daughter, who was studying medicine, here in Chicago. Not long after this, the hold-ups on the different lines of the L. and A. began. For the first few times there was only one road agent—a little chap, but a nervy one, who got talked about by the papers a good deal; but pretty soon there were others, until a band of about eight or nine had organized, under the little fellow's leadership, and they made life a burden to the L. and A. people. It made no difference what precautions the company took, or how many guards it employed; the road agents were too sharp, and the boldest kind of hold-ups were successfully made—and, by Jove! it 'busted' the company's business. The L. and A. wasn't a heavy concern, of course, but had always made a good deal of money. The frequent hold-ups on its lines, though, proved a settler. It wasn't long before nobody would ship or travel over any of the L. and A. Company's lines unless actually obliged to, and the company was kept pretty busy settling the losses of its customers. Then came the crash, and somehow people began to suspect that the Robinsons had not run things as they should have been handled, and the stockholders investigated. Old Robinson died in disgrace shortly afterward. The young man took all he could lay hands on and skipped, but was caught at Santa Fe. He's where he should be—at Canon City. Tweedy got off on a technicality.

About seven or eight months after we were held up, a stage full of fellows, including myself, were stopped and relieved one afternoon, about ten miles from Milliken, on the old Mule-shoe Trail. The young fellow was one of the robbers—I knew him in spite of his mask. There were only four of the road agents on this occasion.

"They pulled out, leaving us orders not to touch our arms (which they had stacked on the ground) for twenty minutes, under penalty of getting shot. But one of our party was a devil-may-care chap, and no sooner were the bandits gone than he walked right over to the pile of guns and picked his out, remarking that he 'didn't believe there were any road agents around just then.' And there weren't.

"Well, the result of this fellow's foolhardiness was that we concluded it would be money in our pockets to get on the trail of those four road agents, so we started after them, separating a little distance from each other. We followed them all the afternoon, but couldn't find a trace.

"You know how the old Mule-Shoe Trail is? Well, the driver had gone on, agreeing to meet us on the other side of the Shoe—it is only three or four miles across.

"I was just about making up my mind to join the other fellows, and had stopped to think of the best way to cross the creek, when I heard a queer sound, like a woman sobbing. I looked cautiously around, and there, within two rods of me, was the young road agent, crying as if his heart would break. There was nobody else there, it was plain to be seen, so I quietly sneaked up and requested him to throw up his hands.

"Did you ever hear a woman scream at the sight of a mouse? That's just the way this young fellow screamed when he saw the muzzle of my gun—and I, as soon as I saw the scared, tearful face turned to mine, knew as well as I know now, that the famous bandit known as 'Foxey' was only a woman.

She seemed to trust me, somehow, and pretty soon I had the whole story from her. Then I sat down and talked to her like a brother; and the result was that next day the road agents missed their leader, and, inside of a fortnight, Miss Jean Wilson was back here in Chicago, at her studies again.

"I need not say that this gentle bandit, who ruined the business of the L. and A. Company, took not one cent of the proceeds, and never permitted any of the band to interfere with Uncle Sam's mail. The latter fact accounts, in a measure, for their success, for Uncle Sam is a bad man to interfere with. The former fact, I think, had to do, to some extent, with the strong hold which 'Foxey' had over his subordinates, although they must have had a good deal of faith in his demonstrated ability as an executive. The band was broken up not long after 'Foxey's' disappearance, and three of the men were caught, but they didn't know any more concerning their mysterious ex-chief than did the public at large."

"And—and Miss Wilson is ——"

Hallegan's eyes twinkled: "Is waiting for us. Let us join her," he said.
—Argonaut.

Courtship in Torres Strait.

The people living on the islands of Torres Strait are divided by Prof. Arthur C. Haddon into the eastern and western tribes, and customs differ considerably among them. While the usual course in marriage is followed by the eastern tribe, in the western tribe the girls propose—or did, till "civilization" overtook them—marriage to the men. "It might be some time before a man had an offer; but should he be a fine dancer, with goodly calves, and dance with sprightliness and energy at the festive dances, he would not lack admirers. Should there still be a reticence on the part of his female acquaintances, the young man might win the heart of a girl by robbing a man of his head. Our adventurous youth could join in some foray; it mattered not to him what was the equity of the quarrel, or whether there was any enmity at all between his people and the attacked. So long as he killed some one—man, woman or child—brought the head back it was not of much consequence to him whose head it was. The girl's heart being won by prowess, dancing skill, or fine appearance, she would plait a strong armlet, tiapururu; this she intrusted to a mutual friend, preferably the chosen one's sister. On the first suitable opportunity the sister said to her brother, 'Brother, I have some good news for you. A woman likes you.' On hearing her name, and after conversation, if he was willing to go on with the affair, he told his sister to ask the girl to keep some appointment with him in the bush. When the message was delivered, the enamored damsel informed her parent that she was going into the woods to get some wood or food or made some such excuse. In due course the couple met, sat down and talked, the proposal being made with perfect decorum. After matters had proceeded satisfactorily, the girl, anxious to clinch the matter, asked when they were to be married. The man said, 'To-morrow, if you like.' They both went home and told their respective relatives. Then the girl's people fought the man's folk, 'for girl more big' (i. e., of more consequence) 'than boy;' but the fighting was not of a serious character, it being part of the programme of a marriage. 'Swapping' sisters in matrimony was a convenient way of saving expense in the way of wedding gifts, for one girl operated as a set-off to the other.—Popular Science Monthly.

Where It Thunders Most.

Java is said to be the region of the globe where it thunders oftenest, having thunderstorms on ninety-seven days in the year. After it are Sumatra, with eighty-six days; Hindustan, with fifty-six; Borneo, with fifty-four; the Gold Coast, with fifty-two; and Rio de Janeiro, with fifty-one. In Europe, Italy occupies the first place, with thirty-eight days of thunder, while France and Southern Russia have sixteen days, Great Britain and Switzerland seven days, and Norway only four days. Thunder is rare at Cairo, being heard on only three days in the year; and is extremely rare in Northern Turkistan and the polar regions. The nothern limit of the region of thunder storms passes by Cape Ogle, Iceland, Nova Zembla, and the coast of the Siberian Sea.

THE NEWS.

The cases of the three members of the Mining Union who were charged with the assassination of Editor William J. Penrose, of Butte, Montana have been nol prossed for lack of evidence.——The window glass manufacturies of the West at a meeting in Chicago decided to close all factories May 31.——Patrick Kelly, a peddler, was killed near Fishville, La., by eight negroes, four of whom were caught and hung.—The Supreme Court of South Dakota has declared the Prohibition law of that state constitutional, and the Prohibitionists promise to close up every saloon in the state.——The fire-box of locomotive No. 48 of the Long Island Railroad exploded near Blissville, fatally injuring five of the trainmen.——A span of a bridge at Rochester, N. Y., fell into the Genesee river, carrying six persons with it. All were rescued.——Wm. S. Griffith, a traveling salesman of St. Louis, traced his wife to a disreputable house, shot and fatally wounded her. He is in jail.——Jay Gould, at a meeting held in Palestine, Texas, was elected president of the International and Great Northern Railroad.——A fire in the eastern part of Syracuse, N. Y., destroyed seven dwellings, with a loss of $10,000.——Nine people lost their lives by a fire at Fort Madison, Iowa, which was followed by a collision.——An ice-shove occurred in the St. Lawrence at Richmond, Que., causing a flood that did considerable damage to the city.

A conflict is reported to have occurred between Mexican troops and Yaqui Indians at the Gabian mines.——A Northern Pacific train was thrown into the Red river near Grand Forks, South Dakota, and the fireman was drowned.——Nannie Roberts, who sued her father and uncle in Oscaloosa, Iowa, for $20,000 for falsely incarcerating her in an insane asylum, has secured a verdict for $5,000, the jury remaining out forty-one hours. Motion was made for a new trial.——Two masked men entered the postoffice at Boise, Idaho, and at the point of a pistol compelled Postmaster Leonare to hand over $1,200 in cash. The robbers escaped.——Attorney John F. Beggs, who was charged with complicity in the murder of Dr. Cronin, but on trial was acquitted, died.——Chicago clothing manufacturers were reluctant to appear before the congressional committee investigating the "sweating" system of labor.——George Cox and "Shorty" Wells, notorious burglars, escaped from jail at Anderson, Ind., by letting themselves down from a second-story tier by ropes made of blankets.——The Western crop report shows the outlook for winter to be good.——A family disagreement caused James Ketcham to shoot and mortally wound James Huddleson at Hamilton, Ohio.——In the case of Thomas N. Ferrell, the young salesman from Daville, Va., who was knocked down in Detroit, and died the next morning, a verdict has been returned by the coroner's jury holding George Snook responsible for his death.——In charging the grand jury of Hudson county, N. J., Justice West urged the indictment of the Guttenburg race-track bookmakers.——The Methodist church at Mandan, N. D., was burned, it is believed, by parties seeking revenge against the pastor and the leading members for their work in enforcing prohibition.——The worst snowstorms this year in the Dakotas have occurred since the 1st of April. All railroads in South Dakota were blocked.

A mother and six daughters were caught by an Idaho sheriff while holding up a stage.——C. S. Mellon assumed the position of general manager of the New York and New England Railroad. He appointed I. D. Barton general superintendent.——George E. Wiggin, of Laconia, N. H., butchered his wife and surrendered himself.——During a terrific storm at Coffeyville, Ks., the tall tower of the Episcopal Church was shivered by lightning.——Clothing that had been worn by a child affected with scarlet fever was sent to the family of Amos Ehert at Norristown, Pa., with the result that three of his children have died of the malady.——Judge Arnold, of Philadelphia, granted a preliminary injunction in the suit of certificate holders against the Order of the Fraternal Guardians.——At a meeting of the United States Rubber Company's newly-elected directors in New York, the following officers were elected: President, Wm. L. Trenholm; secretary, John I. Waterbury; treasurer, John P. Townsend. The directors authorized the officers of the company to complete the purchase of the property and good will of the New Jersey Rubber Shoe Company by a payment of $1,000,000 down, and the balance to be paid as determined on appraisement.

Timothy Hopkins has resigned his position as treasurer of the Southern and Central Pacific Railroads, Captain N. T. Smith and H. E. Huntingdon, nephew of C. P. Huntingdon, are mentioned as his successor.——Mrs. Wm. Byington, of Bonne Terre, Mo., is under arrest, charged with beating her step-daughter to death.——Dr. L. F. Comstock, of St. Louis says that Alice Mitchell, the Memphis murderess, is of unsound mind.——Monroe Guion and James Ketchum, two St. Louis barkeepers, fought a duel at Creve Cœur lake. Guion was severely wounded in the abdomen with buckshot.——E. P. Norsworthy and James Baker, of Moorehouse parish, Ia., shot and killed each other in a quarrel over some geese.——The city of Mexico has been flooded with counterfeit silver coin, and two arrests have been made.——In the jail at Centreville Iowa, a crazy prisoner beat another to death.——Judge R. Y. Bush, of Evansville, Ind., was fatally burned while trying to save some valuable papers from his burning residence.——It is reported that the Central Trust Company of New York will put up $3,000,000 to take the Marietta and North Georgia Railroad out of the hands of a receiver.——Jonathan Heckstetter, an old man, was brutally murdered on Laurel Hill Mountain, Pa., it is believed, by moonshiners against whom he had given evidence.——At Wilkesbarre, Pa., Mrs. George F. Earby was burned to death while trying to save her baby from a fire. The fire, which started in a millinery store early in the morning, destroyed several small buildings. There were many narrow escapes.

Charles Stewart, of Little Rock, fired into a posse who were trying to catch him for attempted rape, wounding twelve and being himself fatally shot.——Walter P. Shaw admitted killing his mother and aunt, in Houston, Texas, for forty dollars.——Revenue officers have made an important successful raid on moonshine stills in Harlan county, Ky., and four desperate moonshiner prisoners were landed in jail.——A renewal of the big building trades strike of two years ago is threatened in Wheeling, Martin's Ferry and Bridgeport, Ohio.——All carpenters in Ottawa, Ill., have gone out on a strike because their demand for a nine-hour day without reduction of wages was refused.——Tom Bailey was found guilty of the murder of J. F. Hackman, of Jacksonville, Ill.——Governor Reynolds, of Delaware, appointed John R. Nicholson attorney general, to succeed John Biggs.

A STEP-MOTHER'S CRIME.

Horrible Mutilation of a Little Girl in a Missouri Town.

Mrs. William Byington, living near Bonne, Terre, is in jail charged with the murder of her step-daughter. Saturday last William Byington, returning from work, found the body of his 9-year-old daughter lying on the hearth, her body horribly burned.

Mrs. Byington explained that the little girl had fallen into the old-fashioned fire-place. Suspicion of foul play was excited. The body was exhumed and an inquest held. An examination disclosed that the child had been beaten to death, there being seven wounds in the head, any of which, in the opinion of three physicians, was sufficient to have caused death.

The woman was immediately arrested on a warrant sworn out by her husband, charging murder in the first degree.

KINDLED IN COTTON.

A Great Fire on the Water Front in New Orleans.

Tumbling Walls and Injured Firemen—Exciting Scenes During the Fire—Heavy Loss.

One of the most destructive cotton fires on record broke out at 10:30 o'clock in the morning among some cotton on the sidewalk in front of the fire-proof press on North Front street, between Race and Orange, New Orleans. The persons who saw smoke issuing from among the bales gave the alarm immediately and a few minutes latter the bells rang out "32." The department responded promptly, but the wind was so high and the cotton so dry that it burned like tissue paper.

The flames ran high, and in an almost incredibly short space of time had communicated to the press itself, and were running along the woodwork of the roof. The firemen worked like demons to check the progress of the flames, but their efforts were unavailing. Chief O'Connor, seeing the serious proportions of the blaze, had immediately sounded a repeated alarm, which had the effect of bringing more engines to the scene. Additional pipes were soon out and extra streams of water pumped on the flames, but they had no effect whatever. The woodwork cracked and fell to the ground.

Through the yards swept the fire, carrying devastation with it as it went, cotton and wood forming the material that fed the blaze. After three repeated alarms a general alarm was sent in and all the engines in the city with the exception of two or three were called out. The fire-proof press had about 10,000 bales of cotton stored in it. This was entirely consumed. It would have been madness for firemen to enter the press to save the staple, for on every side the flames were raging, forming a formidable and impregnable fire wall. The streets were lined with spectators drawn to the scene from every portion of the city.

In half an hour after the flames had started the fire-proof was totally consumed and the flames had communicated to the upper press. The destruction here was as great as at the other press. In a marvelously short space of time the flames had attacked the building from all sides, eating their way through the woodwork with wonderful rapidity. In this press was stored 50,000 bales of cotton, some of which was taken out and carried to a place of safety.

Along the rafters of the press and down through the woodwork into the cotton which was stored beneath the press the flames went. Only cotton stored in the yard was saved.

The sight was an awe-inspiring one. For a space of at least of two blocks a sheet of flame shot upward. Smoke and sparks from the fire were blown down into the streets and choked and singed the spectators.

Suddenly a small flame was seen to leap skyward from a corner of the Independence Press. In a second almost the entire square was ablaze and the flames formed a solid block of fire.

The last press to catch was the Orleans. The place was gutted, and its contents, consisting of about 20,000 bales, were consumed. There was no chance to save any portion of the cotton, as the work of destruction was very rapid. When it became apparent that none of the cotton could be saved the firemen devoted their attention to the surrounding structures.

The district burned over is bounded by Peters, Front, Thalia and Robin streets, and the presses destroyed are as follows:

Fire-proof, Penrose Bros., managers, South Front street, southwest corner of Robin street.

Shippers', Boyd and Herrick proprietors, South Peters street, between Henderson and Robin.

Independence Cotton Yard, South Peters street.

Orleans Cotton Press, Adam Lorch manager, South Peters street, between Thalia and Terpsichore.

The total amount of cotton burned, as near as now can be ascertained, is estimated at 80,000 bales, held by factories and commission merchants, and covered by their open policies. Much of this cotton will be sent to the pickeries and saved, so that the total loss will probably not exceed $30 a bale, making the total loss on cotton between $2,000,000 and $2,250,000. The loss on presses and sheds is estimated at $150,000. It is thought the fire started from a cigarette which some person threw among the cotton.

For blocks around the burning presses the residents moved out their furniture for fear that the fire would spread to their homes. In their flight they would often throw down their parcels in the street, where fire thieves got in their work.

While the firemen were working on the fire-proof press, at the corner of Terpsichore and Peters streets, the walls suddenly fell and three men were buried under the ruins. They were soon taken out and removed to the hospital.

WORK AND WORKERS.

THE Denver Oil and Gas Company is reported to have struck oil at Morrison, Colorado.

LALLANCE & GROSJEAN, hollow ware manufacturers, have decided to establish a plant at Harrisburg, Penna.

NIGHT work was begun at the World's Fair grounds at Chicago, on the Electricity Building, and from this time on a double force of men will be employed.

THE New York State Commissioners of Arbitration are engaged in an investigation of charges of cruelties practiced by contractors upon workmen in the Adirondacks.

THE Reading Iron Company, at Reading, Penna., has notified its employes of a reduction of wages next month. It is supposed the reduction will be from 6 to 10 per cent.

THE mines of the Aspen Consolidated Mining Company, at Aspen, and the mines at Telluride, Colorado, are to be shut down in a few days, according to a despatch from Denver, owing to the low prices received for silver.

THE committee of engineers to which the differences from the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company and their trainmen, at Winnipeg, were referred, made a report suggesting a compromise, which was adopted by both the company and the men.

STATE Arbitration Commissioner Donovan, of New York, has decided in the case of Newburg, Rosenburg & Co., a wholesale clothing firm of New York city, that the firm should not be restricted to employing union cutters and other employes, but that they should not discriminate in the employment or discharge of men against the members of the union.

A DESPATCH from Toronto says that the conference between the Grand Trunk Railway officials and the employes' delegates has ended, and an agreement satisfactory to both parties arrived at. The company has agreed to a re-arrangement of the classification in the various grades of brakemen, baggage men and conductors, and has agreed on a more liberal basis of payment for "detentions."

UNITED STATES Immigration Agent Stitch at Chicago, received notice that the Treasury Department has decided that Canadian seamen can no longer be employed on lake vessels flying the United States flag, but must make way for American seamen. The decision results from the arrest of a Captain Rabshaw last summer for violation of the Contract Labor law. "Little short of a revolution will be caused in the carrying trade of the lakes, as many hundreds of Canadians have been employed every year on American vessels."

ELEVEN PERSONS DROWNED.

All Were Crossing Streams in Small Boats Which Capsized.

Misses Carrie and Mattie Mussetwhite, and their four-year-old niece were drowned while trying to cross North Fork, Tenn., in a canoe.

LYONS, IA.—Yelta Oitens and Lubbe Greede, married, and a young unmarried man named Lohman, all of Fulton, Ill., attempted to cross the Mississippi in a small boat. A high wind upset the boat and all were drowned.

GREENFIELD, Miss.—Three men and three women were boating on the north branch of Deerfield River when their boat was carried over the dam and five of the party were drowned. They were Joseph Egger, a girl named Brigonig and two brothers and a sister named Lord. Caroline Frink was saved after being carried over the dam, by grasping a pole thrown her, and was pulled ashore.

A STORM BROKE UP THE PICNIC.

Two Persons Killed and Two Fatally Hurt Near Cove, Ark.

A storm came up while an Alliance picnic was being held near Cove, Ark. The wind struck the woods in which the picnickers had gathered, and trees were blown down in all directions.

Two persons were killed, two mortally wounded and several others dangerously hurt by pieces of flying timber.

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

Senate.

63D DAY.—Senator Morgan offered a series of resolutions instructing the Finance Committee to report on the effect of the silver act of 1890. After some debate the resolution went over for one day. A number of amendments to the Indian Appropriation bill were acted upon.

64TH DAY.—The Senate spent most of the session on the Indian Appropriation bill, and there was an interesting discussion on the cost, present condition and future treatment of the aborigines. The bill was reported to the Senate from the committee of the whole. A motion by Mr. Dawes to strike out the provision for the assignment of army officers to duty as Indian agents went over. A number of petitions were received from those in favor of closing the World's Fair on Sunday and barring liquor from the grounds.

65TH DAY.—The McGarrahan claim again made its appearance, being reported by the Judiciary Committee and placed on the calendar. Senator Morgan then discussed his silver resolution. Senator Sherman replied, and Senator Stewart also spoke. Adjourned.

66TH DAY.—The day in the Senate was occupied by a lengthy debate on the provision of the Indian Appropriation bill to appoint army officers as Indian agents.

67TH DAY.—Mr. Morgan called up his silver resolutions, and yielded the floor to Mr. Wolcott, who, in a long speech, arraigned the administration for opposing the bill. On the provision in the Indian Appropriation bill, which came from the House, for the assignment of army officers to the posts of Indian agents as vacancies occur, there was a long discussion, including a speech by Senator Gorman against the provision and against the idea, that, he said, seemed to prevail in some quarters that our government was a failure, and that public servants could not be trusted.

House.

71ST DAY.—In the House, debate was continued on the Free Wool bill.

72D DAY.—There was a very small attendance in the House. A resolution putting the investigation of the Census Bureau in the hands of the Committee on the Eleventh Census was passed. Then, after opposition from the third party, the House went into Committee on the Free Wool bill, and a large number of speeches were made.

72D DAY.—The House went into committee of the whole on the Free Wool bill, and listened to speeches from Mr. Kinney, of New Hampshire; Mr. Wilson, of Missouri; Mr. Coolidge, of Massachusetts; Mr. Cummings, of New York; Mr. Burrows, of Michigan; Mr. Brickner, of Wisconsin, and Mr. De Armond of Missouri. The debate continued until the time for adjournment.

73D DAY.—The Geary Chinese Exclusion bill was passed in the House after debate by a vote of 179 to 43. The House passed Senate bill repealing the law requiring steamers on inland waters to carry life-saving projectiles. The Anti-options bill was reported to the House from the Committee on Agriculture, and was placed on the calendar. The House went into a committee of the whole, and Mr. Springer's concluding speech on the Free Wool bill was read by Mr. Bryan. Mr. Burrows moved to amend by striking out the proviso placing "all wools" on the free list, but the House adjourned without action.

74TH DAY.—The House went into the committee of the whole on the Wool bill. The attempt of Mr. McMillin to limit the debate and of the Speaker to cut off Mr. Burrows started a revolt, and the Republicans inaugurated a filibustering movement, which was kept up until the House adjourned.

75TH DAY.—The House spent the day on the Free Wool bill, and the committee on the whole reported the bill to the House; and the House, without action, adjourned.

COLUMBUS DAY, OCTOBER 12TH.

Entire Country Asked to Participate in the Recognition of This 400th Anniversary of America's Discovery.

President Bonney, of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition, has issued an Address regarding the celebration of Discovery Day, October 12.

That date—the four hundreth anniversary of the discovery of America—is to be celebrated in Chicago by the dedication of the Exposition grounds.

The Congress asks that the whole continent participate in the recognition of the day.

The Address says that the day of the Finding of America should be celebrated everywhere in America, and makes the further suggestion that this universal Celebration be systematic, pervaded as far as possible by a single idea of leading national significance.

The Address accordingly proposes that the most representative institution—the Public School—be everywhere the centre of the local celebration.

The Schools of the United States are requested to celebrate the day in their various localities, and to make this possible the World's Congress invitess the co-operation of educators and teachers throughout the nation.

The Press is asked to enlist itself to make a systematic Celebration general.

The Address suggests that at least one feature of the exercises be identical in both Exposition dedication and local Celebrations.

President Bonney and the national body of Superintendents of Education have jointly appointed the following named Executive Committee to promote the celebration and prepare a uniform program for use in all localities:

Francis Bellamy, of The Youth's Companion, Boston, Chairman; and the following named State Superintendents of Education: J. W. Dickinson, Massachusetts; T. B. Stockton, Rhode Island; W. R. Garrett, Tennessee; W. C. Hewitt, Michigan.

This Committee will also, through State Superintendents of Education, solicit the Governors of the States to proclaim October 12 a holiday.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

Both Receipts and Expenditures Reduced During the Past Month.

The monthly public debt statement just issued from the Treasury Department at Washington shows a reduction in the aggregate of debt last month amounting to $1,993,041. There was an increase of $550 in interest-bearing debt, a decrease of $1,256,912 in non-interest-bearing debt and an increase of $736,670 in the surplus cash in the Treasury. The total debt, less $32,898,884 net cash in the Treasury, and the $100,000,000 gold, greenback-redemption fund, is $838,127,644 National depositary banks hold $18,786,732 of the Treasury surplus, a decrease of about one-quarter of a million since March 1. Treasury gold coin and bullion assets aggregate $289,144,269, or $2,000,000 less than a month ago. Silver assets aggregate $434,530,999, an increase of nearly $5,500,000 in the last month.

Government receipts from all sources in March aggregated $30,048,806, against $29,418,330 in March, 1891. Custom receipts last month were $16,415,312, or fully $1,000,000 more than in March a year ago; and internal revenue receipts were $12,133,601, an increase of about $1,000,000 over March, 1891. Expenditures in the last nine months of the current fiscal year were $268,119,243, or $30,000,000 less than for the three-quarters of the preceding fiscal year.

PROMISES TO KILL TEN MEN.

And the Tellico Mountain Desperado Has Made a Good Start.

A despatch from Murphy, N. C., says: Bill Murphy, a Tellico Mountain desperado, has declared his intention to kill ten men, and he has already made a good start in that direction.

Recently his brother George married a daughter of an enemy of the family and during a quarrel over the matter Bill shot his brother dead.

Frank Medlin, brother of the dead man's wife, gave the body burial, and he was shot dead from ambush. A moment later Bill Murphy sprang out into the road and threatened death to any one that should touch the body. It was about to be mutilated by hogs and a Mr. Morse and wife approached to guard it, when Murphy fired, hitting Mrs. Morse, and she is supposed to be dying.

Murphy went to the house of a man named Bailey and demanded lodging. Bailey hesitated, and Murphy shot him in the right shoulder.

Murphy heard that Ben Martin had been criticising his conduct, and armed with his Winchester, he found Martin at work in his field and shot him dead.

GONE WITH ALL ON BOARD.

Reported Loss of a Vessel in the Black Sea on Account of Overloading.

It is reported in St. Petersburg that a steamer bound from the Persian coast for Bakku, in the Black Sea, with 200 passengers and a cargo of cotton, has been lost with all on board.

It is said that the disaster was due to the fact that the steamer was greatly overloaded.

SWEPT BY A TORNADO.

Tremendous Loss of Life and Property in the West.

Poles Blown Down by the Hundreds, and the Wires All Tangled Up.--No Telegraphic Communication.

A despatch from Kansas City, Mo., says: Kansas was swept by a tornado which brought death and destruction with it and left in its track wrecked homes and hundreds of weeping people, who searched among the ruins for the bodies of their loved ones who were caught by the falling walls and timbers.

Butler County seems to have been the scene of the greatest havoc. The town of Towanda was entirely wiped of the face of the earth, and Augusta, a few miles distant, was buffeted out of all semblance to its former self.

Not a house or building was left standing in Towanda. The town was asleep when the storm swept down, raised everything in its path, and left dead bodies lying in its wake. Four bodies have been recovered from the ruins already searched. Twenty persons are fatally hurt and forty more seriously injured, besides a large number more or less maimed.

At Augusta three were killed outright, Harmon Hoskins, James Barnes and the infant child of Will Rhodes, who was blown out of its mother's arms and dashed against a brick wall. Rhodes himself is fatally injured as is also the wife of Harman Hoskins. Fifteen others were hurt more or less seriously.

MANY KILLED AT WELLINGTON.

Apparently the same storm touched at Kiowa and Wellington. In Kiowa the Missouri Pacific depot and a number of dwellings and buildings were demolished and though no loss of life is known several minor mishaps are reported. The damage to property was great.

William Little's house, south of Wellington, was blown to splinters and Little and five children were killed. Joe Walton's house was picked up and thirteen of the occupants were more or less injured. Sam Butterworth's house and its occupants were carried 300 yards in the air and some of the family fatally hurt.

A despatch from Fort Scott states that Southeastern Kansas was visited by one of the strongest wind storms for years. At Atchison the gale began at midnight but no damage was done to speak of until nearly noon next day, when a tornado visited the city and unroofed and demolished several large buildings and scattering signs, awings, etc., in every direction. The Santa Fe depot was unroofed and the scholastic convent demolished. The warehouse of the Thrall and Company was destroyed and the grocery of the Saylor Company is in ruin.

The roof of the prison was carried off and a portion of the building demolished. A small house in the Missouri Pacific yards was blown into the river. Hundreds of chimneys were blown down and a great deal of light damage done. Heavy damage in the country was done to fruit trees.

At St. Joseph nearly every telegraph and telephone wire in the city has been torn down numerous small houses demolished and many large ones unroofed. Thousands of dollars worth of damage was caused by the breaking of plate glass in store windows. In the eastern part of the city a brick house was blown down, burying Tillie Bushnell, aged 7 years, and seriously injuring her. At the factory of Tootle, Hosea & Co., there was a stampede of the several hundred girls. About 10 o'clock a violent gust of wind tore a portion of the roof off the factory.

At Lawrence the wind blew a gale. Observations taken by Chancellor Snow of the State University showed that the wind at times attained a velocity of eighty-four miles an hour. Many buildings were unroofed and outhouses demolished. The roof of the Haskell Hospital was blown away and it was necessary to anchor the building with cables to prevent it blowing over.

In Kansas City the wind reached a velocity of sixty-four miles. The damage consisted principally of roofs blown away and plate glass windows broken. The roof of the high school was blown off. The roof of an apartment house was blown away, a grocery store lost its roof and a portion of its front. Signs were blown down all over the city.

LATER.—Half a hundred names compose the list of those killed in Kansas by the cyclone, and still the death-roll is incomplete. The details of the disaster so far as it affected the towns of the stricken section are now believed to be complete, but many of the casualties in the country regions are still unrecorded.

Four towns are wiped from the face of the earth and a dozen or so others were more or less damaged. The locations of New Haven, Towanda, Augusta and Smolan are now marked only by wreckage and piles of splintered timber, which before composed the houses of the town.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

LIEUTENANT TOTTEN'S detail as military instructor at Yale will terminate in June.

THE little daughter of W. K. Vanderbilt is credited with the ability to speak Chinese, besides several other languages.

CHARILAS TRICOUPIS, whom the Greek king recently invited to form a new Ministry, is called "the Aristides of modern Greece."

MISS MOODY, daughter of the well-known evangelist, is traveling in the Orient. She writes vividly of the scenes and scenery of Egypt.

GENERAL LONGSTREET is at work on a book of war tales, in which he figures largely himself, to be called "A Soldier Under Two Flags."

IMBERT DE ST. AMAND, who has a twofold celebrity in Paris as a literary man and music critic, is a bachelor of 45 and a very clever and brilliant talker.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are known as the Earl and Countess of Chester when they travel on the continent. It was as the Earl of Chester that the Prince made his celebrated American tour.

MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON, who was famous forty years ago as the pioneer poet of Indiana, still lives at Indianapolis in her 77th year. Her most famous production perhaps is "Paddle Your Own Canoe," published in 1850.

OSCAR WILDE has a wonderfully good memory when other people' jokes are concerned. One day when Whistler made one of his excruciating funny remarks Oscar murmured: "Ah! how good! I wish I had said that." And Whistler replied: "You will, Oscar! You will!"

KING MHBMORA is having a royal jamboree in San Francisco. He gorges himself with peanuts, lemonade and cake, discards suspenders, and sleeps with his boots on. In the royal palace at Butaritari he is accustomed to hold levees clad in a simple garment—a shirt with wide red stripes.

M. RIBOT, the French statesman, ascribes a large share of his success to the sagacious encouragement he has received from his wife, who was formerly Miss Burch, daughter of a Chicago banker. The Chicago girl has long been proverbial for her understanding.

CARMEN SYLVA, the Queen of Roumania, has almost recovered her health and will soon return to Bucharest. She has spent several months in Pellanza. Her return to Roumania will put an end, probably, to the rumors of a misunderstanding with King Charles.

SENATOR MORRILL lives in a modest fashion in Washington, though comfortably circumstanced. He is temperate and regular in his habits and a model of method and industry. A Washington correspondent says that with advancing age he is coming to resemble Charles Sumner greatly in appearance and is rather proud of it.

EMPEROR WILLIAM must have a rare sense of humor. According to the London World if a guest makes the slightest slip at a court ball the Emperor not only laughs loudly, but audibly criticises the unlucky person to the royal staff, who join in the merriment as in duty bound.

LORD ABERDEEN related a capital story of a celebrated physician who was brought down to the proper level by the unconscious cynicism of his coachman's little son. "Do you know who I am?" asked the doctor of the lad at the close of a little talk held in the stable. "Oh yes," answered the boy promptly; "you are the man who sits inside father's carriage."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, whose fine collection of paintings is soon to be sold, once said that "If Providence had not made of me an author, I should have liked to have become a merchant of bric-a-brac. I can imagine no more delightful way of making one's living than to spend one's days in collecting art treasures, even if only for the purpose of selling them again."

ZOLA'S wife has always been an unknown quantity to the world at large. It is interesting therefore to find in the recently published sixth volume of the "Journal des Goncourt" a note by Edmund de Goncourt to the effect that "Zola's wife, who has been ailing this year, has derived from her illness a rare beauty, composed of the soft sweetness of two deep black eyes setting off the paleness of a face which seems illuminated."

A DISPATCH to the London Times from Montevideo says that refugees who have arrived there from the Brazilian state of Rio Grande do Sul declare that a state of anarchy **prevails there.**

THE GIRL OF COMMONPLACES.

We listen for an hour or more
To brilliant conversation
Of women competent to bore
The whole of male creation,
And find our heads in such a whirl
We're almost Bedlam cases,
Till rescued by some simple girl
Who talks plain commonplaces.

We hear the chat of Fashion's court,
The chatter empty headed,
That makes existence but a sport,
And thinking to be dreaded;
And, oh, how gladly we forget
Their baby talk and faces,
And in their stead a model set—
The girl of commonplaces.
—New York Herald.

PITH AND POINT.

The beauty of the ivy is that while it climbs, it never loses its grip.—Puck.

The man who gives himself away gets the best of the bargain.—Boston Transcript.

Wife—"Shall I have my black silk fixed over, dear, or would you get a new one?" Husband—"By all means get a new one; it's cheaper."—Cloak Review.

"Those Parker girls are very dull." "They can't be. They cut Mawson at the Old Guard entertainment—and you know how tough Mawson is."—New York Herald.

A street-car driver in Toledo recently ran over a young lady and she was thrown to the ground. He was promptly fired by the company for knocking down the fare.

Tattle—"I see you everywhere with Miss Mennibowe nowadays. You seem to be very friendly with her, but you don't say much about it." Rattle—"No. Wherever I go I find you've saved me the trouble."—Kate Field's Washington.

Customer—"I grant that in this restaurant the services are quicker than at other places, but then the portions are only half the usual size." Waiter—"It comes to the same thing. Do you forget the old proverb, 'He gives twice who gives quickly?'"—Wasp.

The elderly visitor smiled a capacious smile and disclosed a pair of gold-crowned bicuspids. "Mamma," said Tommy, "what makes Mrs. Flyabout—" "Hush Tommy!" "carry her—" "Keep still, Tommy!" "cuff-buttons in her mouth?"—Chicago Tribune.

Madge—"When that poet called today he happened to pick up the book he'd given me and I was awfully embarrassed when he began talking about the poems." Cora—"You were afraid your criticism wouldn't sound learned?" Madge—"Oh, dear, no. I was afraid I hadn't cut the leaves."—New York Sun.

Sapphires From Poultry Yards.

"This sapphire was found in the gizzard of a turkey," said W. H. Reed of Montana to a group of acquaintances at the Hoffman House, New York City, the other day. He held up a beautiful stone, pale blue and of no little brilliancy. It had been cut and polished by a New York lapidary and Mr. Reed said he proposed to have it set. He placed it in a little case beside a number of other stones—sapphires, garnets and opals. There were twenty-eight which had been cut, and Mr. Reed produced a handful of rough ones from his pocket. They were found in Montana along the bed of the Missouri River, about ten miles from Helena. Some of them came from the tract recently purchased by an English syndicate for $2,000,000.

"Yes, sir; that stone was found inside a turkey," repeated Mr. Reed, "and there have been a good many of the same kind found inside the fowl kept by farmers all through that country. The result is that when a farmer kills a turkey now he goes on a hunt through its digestive apparatus for precious stones."

"Sapphires must be thick along the bed of the Missouri," some one suggested.

"There is a considerable section where it pays to hunt for them," Mr. Reed said. "They are found in the old bed of the river. Many thousand acres in the vicinity have been considered sapphire-bearing lands. Probably there are valuable stones on a small part of this territory."

"How are they mined?"

"In about the same way that the old-time placer mining was carried on. The gravel is gathered up and washed. Sapphires of all colors have been found in Montana, and some of considerable value. A New Yorker has sold one at $80 a karat and a jeweler in London has sold one or more for $120 a karat.—St. Louis Republic.

An Old Superstition.

Two girls sat drinking coffee in a ladies' restaurant. One of them had just put the cream in her coffee and was about to stir it with a spoon when the other suddenly cried out:

"Don't touch it, Kate? Don't disturb it for the world! Try and take it up without breaking it."

"What is it?" asked the other, starting back in alarm.

"Why, don't you see? There's money in it. Look at that piece of silver floating on your coffee!"

The other looked and saw a round white spot, about the size of a quarter, floating on her coffee.

"Slip your spoon under it and take it out without breaking it, and you will get money that you don't expect. But if you disturb it in taking it out the charm will be broken. Oh, poor Kate! You won't get any money. It's all gone."

The two fair heads nodded in sympathy as the ring-around-the-rosy in the cup broke into airy nothingness, and disappeared.—Detroit Free Press.

Where Ice Water Came From.

Within the last quarter of a century, writes Murat Halstead, the Americans have invaded Europe with many of their notions, and there are some traces of their conquests. They have not done many things more remarkable than the triumphant introduction of ice water. When on the way from Vienna to Dresden, I saw the Elbe high and full of ice, I felt an American thrill such as one should experience on discovering far from home the flag of our country. There was a sense of satisfaction in looking upon such a torrent of ice water in the heart of Europe. Now the American is not regarded as an idiot and treated with derision when he wants a pitcher of ice water to cool his stomach withal when he goes to bed, and even in the most benighted lands the American idea that water is sometimes good to quench the thirst of men as well as horses makes way.—Chicago Times.

How the Fox Escaped.

Phil. Umstadt, section boss at Stoutsville, tells us of a fox that was hard pressed by dogs one day last week. The dogs were almost ready to pick reynard up, when he came to the North Fork Railroad Bridge, sixty-five feet high and 200 feet long. The fox leaped onto the bridge and ran over the ties safely and made his escape, but the first dog that struck the bridge went through, and this incident saved Mr. Fox's life.—Paris (Mo.) Appeal.