MY BABY BOY.

It may be that fortune leaves me,
It may be that fame deceives me,
And that pleasure's early vintage has leaked from my cup of joy;
But my losses and my crosses
Are to me no more than dross is
When I rolic, when I frolic with my little baby boy.

It may be that I'm a sinner
With my chances growing thinner,
That the gold within my nature suffers much from base alloy;
But I know that I'm a mellow;
Simple-hearted, tender fellow
When I romp and play and frolic with my blue-eyed baby boy.

It may be that I grow weary
Sometimes of the world so dreary,
And that moody meditation may too oft my mind employ;
But his merry eyes beguiling
Change my humor into smiling
As I practice many an antic with my laughing baby boy.

When the little follow's dreaming,
And the golden cascade's streaming
From his head upon my bosom, and he sleeps without annoy,
Then I kiss the lips of laughter,
Thinking that the great hereafter
Will be cheerless if I cannot frolic with my baby boy.

HER FATHER'S VICTIM.

—:o:—

A STORY OF

WESTERN LIFE

—BY—

THOMAS P. MONFORT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SERPENT MAKES A PROPOSAL.

During the next two weeks Pearson went to Green's three or four times, and though he never had an interview with Louise, he gave her to understand the state of his heart, and did everything in his power to ingratiate himself into her good graces. He also sought to broaden and deepen the hold he had upon John's feelings, and upon the whole was quite well satisfied with the progress he was making. He had no hope of winning Louise's love, but he thought he was gaining her esteem and that was enough.

"If I can only have her respect," he thought, "I can easily bring her to my terms when the time comes. Green will soon use up the money he borrowed, and then Louise must choose between me and hunger—hunger not only for herself, but for her father and her sick mother. And the victory will be mine by easy odds, for she is such a simple, honest-hearted little thing that she will readily make any sacrifice in order to spare her parents. Just a few more days of clear sailing and I shall arrive in port with my prize all safe and sound. In the meantime, though, I must begin to prepare the girl's mind so that she may be prepared for the climax."

So in accordance with this idea, Pearson managed, on the occasion of his next visit, to induce Louise to take a walk with him. She was loth to go, knowing what his sentiments were toward her, and feeling all her old repugnance for him returning in full force, but she recalled all his kindness to her father and his generous solicitude for her poor mother, and she felt it her duty to acquiesce in so small a wish.

At first he talked of ordinary matters, such as any two acquaintances might speak of, but finally he became more personal and began to ask her about her life. To all his questions she made straight-forward, truthful replies, acknowledging that her existence was by no means pleasant.

"I should think," he remarked, "that you would long for society and the brighter scenes of life."

"I do," she replied, "though I try hard not to. It is very wrong to repine and grieve, but it is not easy always to avoid it."

"I don't think there is any wrong in it," he said. "Yours is a hard lot, and it is only human that you should long for something better."

"What's the use of longing for something I can't have? It only makes me the more miserable, and besides it's a sin against those I love. Think of my poor mother, how much less bright her life is than mine. I know it is wrong to grieve over my situation, and I'm ashamed that I am weak enough to do so."

Pearson made no reply at once, but walked on some distance in silence. He was revolving in his mind the words she had just spoken and trying to decide how to proceed the most effectually. When at last he spoke it was to this effect:

"Well, you are right, I suppose, in thinking that it is useless to grieve for what we cannot have, but sometimes we can have things when we do not think so."

Louise looked up inquiringly, and the glance Pearson had of her lovely face emboldened him to proceed.

"You can have a happier existence if you choose," he went on. "You can have friends, society and enjoyment. They are all within your reach. Would you exchange this life for that?"

Something in the eagerness of his voice, as he asked the question, attracted the girl's attention and caused her to start. She had an intuition of his meaning and longed to flee from him. However, as that was not possible, she walked on without making any reply. He waited awhile, and seeing that she was not going to answer him, he repeated his question. By this time she had regained her composure, and her reply came calmly and steadily.

"Yes, it is only natural," she said, "that I should be willing to exchange this life for a better one. I suppose no sane person would hesitate an instant to do that."

"Then will you make the exchange?" he asked.

"That is impossible, Mr. Pearson," she replied quietly, totally ignoring the meaning of his question. "At least I cannot hope for such a thing for a long time."

He felt that the time had come to speak out. Yet he hesitated. What he had supposed an easy task he found most difficult. He was reckless, honorless and heartless, but still he quailed before this innocent girl—this girl whom he loved to desperation. Away from her presence he could deliberate on his plan without a qualm of conscience, but her sweet face, her clear, honest eyes disarmed and confused him. He felt small and mean, and the little spark of manhood in him made an effort to assert itself. For an instant he was overwhelmed with the heinousness of his intended crime, and there was a short conflict between his better and baser natures, but the latter being master of him soon asserted itself and crowded out all sense of shame and regret.

"If I were free," he mused, "I would make this girl my honest wife, but I am not free and cannot become so, and all I can do is to make her my wife in all save the name. In some faraway spot where no one knows us or can ever learn of our past, she and I can live as man and wife and be as happy as though we were. With old Blatchford's money, which justly belongs to her and her mother, she shall have all the comforts and pleasures of life, and live a lady among the grandest."

"SAY THE WORD AND THEY ARE YOURS."

Harry Pearson was not a hardened libertine, though he was unprincipled; and it requires a soul lost to all shame and feeling to deliberately plot away the virtue and innocence of a young, trustful girl. Pearson's conscience pricked him deeply, now that he was approaching the climax of his purpose, and to palliate it he sought by every means to smooth away the evils of his course and leave only the good it promised to the poor girl—as though there could any good come of a life of shame, or any enjoyment from stolen money.

His baser nature having in this instance, as in all others, asserted itself, Pearson soon succeeded in putting away all shame and self-reproach, and with calm determination took up the subject again.

"Louise," he said, "it is not impossible for you to make the change I spoke of. I said society, wealth and pleasure were within your reach. They are, and all you have to do is say the word and they are yours."

He had stopped now and placed himself before her. His breath came fast and his blood coursed wildly. Grasping her hand and holding it in spite of her frantic efforts to release it, he went on in a rapid, hoarse tone:

"Louise, I love you, and if you will be mine you can have everything that it is in my power to get you—everything that love can suggest and money buy. You shall have friends among the highest, you shall have a home among the finest, you shall have all the pleasures that the rich enjoy. In short, Louise, be mine and you shall never again know what it is to have a wish ungratified. You shall never feel the pinch of want or the cruel touch of a cold world. I will make it my study and my work to serve you, and you shall be my queen. Oh, Louise, do not weep, do not look distressed. Be mine, Louise. Say you will."

During this passionate delivery the young man attempted to draw Louise to him, but she shrank away and made another ineffectual effort to release her hand. She was startled by the words no less than by his earnest, pleading tone. She feared and abhorred him, and every syllable he uttered went to her heart like a dagger.

Hardly had he ceased speaking when her pride asserted itself, and resentment flashed from her eyes.

"Mr. Pearson," she said, "what right have you to say such things to me?"

"I love you," he replied, "and I cannot suppress my feelings. Louise, you do not know what a power you hold over me, nor to what lengths I would go for your sake. I love you as never woman was loved before, and I do not feel that I have done any wrong in saying so."

For a little while Louise did not reply, and during the silence the anger melted out of her eyes and a look of pity succeeded it. Perhaps she believed Pearson in earnest and felt sorry that she must blight his hopes. She knew what she would suffer should Paul fail to return her love—what pangs of poignant pain that would cause her, and doubtless she thought Pearson's feelings similar to her own. She may have remembered his generosity to her father and mother, and experienced bitter regret that she was able to requite his goodness so cruelly. But whatever the thought that possessed her, she became sad and sorrowful, and her voice as she spoke trembled perceptibly.

"I am sorry," she began, "that you have said what you have. You had no right to judge me so illy. If I loved you, Mr. Pearson, it would require no promises of riches to lead me to become your wife. I am poor and have known little enough of pleasure, God knows, but I am not so poor that I would sell my heart, my life, my happiness and my hope of eternity. The man I love need offer no wealth to induce me to become his wife, and no man whom I do not love need think me base enough to be influenced by such an offer. I respect you, Mr. Pearson, for the sake of what you have done for those I love. I feel under a thousand obligations to you, but I do not and cannot love you. My heart is another's, and when I marry my hand shall go where my heart is."

The girl's reply, though far from what the generality of lovers would wish, was not displeasing to Pearson. It was more than he had dared to hope for, since he knew that she did not love him, and he was satisfied that she expressed for him respect and pity.

"She respects me," he mused, "and that will make my victory easy. She will bow to the inevitable and will accede to my wishes all the more readily because of that. It would be hard to force her to sacrifice herself to a man she did not even respect. I am satisfied with my progress so far, and it only remains to be seen which is the stronger, her love for herself or her love for her father and mother."

Aloud Pearson said:

"Forgive me, Miss Green, for presuming to utter such sentiments. I did not mean to say what my words imply. Far be it from me to suggest that your heart can be won by such things as I offered. I only meant to say what I would do for you in order to show you the depth of my affection. Will you forgive me, Miss Green, and think of my words only as I meant them?"

"I hold no ill feeling, Mr. Pearson," said Louise, promptly, "and I will not think the less of you for what you have said. The subject is one unpleasant to me, and to continue it can be of no benefit to either of us, so let us drop it, if you please."

Pearson acceded readily to this request, since to continue the conversation longer at that time would by no means enhance his interest. He felt that he had accomplished all that could be accomplished previous to his finishing stroke. Of course, in the meantime he could go on gaining her respect by his services in behalf of her parents, but to her he would say nothing more of his love, and he would make no more direct efforts to win her consent to his proposal.

Louise, anxious to escape Pearson's company, expressed a wish to return home, and accordingly they walked back to the cabin. Neither had much to say, and save for a few desultory, commonplace remarks, the walk passed in silence.

Arriving at the fence in front of the cabin, where Pearson's horse was tied, Pearson stopped.

"I will not go in," he said, "but I will come out again in a day or two. I hope you will not consider my visit an annoyance, for I promise not to revert again to the subject we were discussing awhile ago."

"I would not have you stay away," replied Louise, "on my account, and I assure you that I appreciate your mindfulness of my parents."

"Thanks," said Pearson. "Good day."

And vaulting into his saddle he canter

"THANKS," SAID PEARSON. "GOOD DAY."

ed away, very much unlike a broken-hearted, rejected suitor.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHRISTIAN AID SOCIETY.

It is due Hiram Blatchford to state that he was totally ignorant of the whereabouts of his daughter. He knew, it is true, that she was somewhere in Kansas, but he had not the remotest idea in what part of the state. It is also due him to say that he never received the letter written him by the old doctor at the beginning of Mary's sickness. Whether it would have made any difference in the condition of the Greens if Blatchford had known of their whereabouts and condition, is a question that must go unanswered, but true Christian charity says give him the benefit of the doubt.

However Blatchford might have acted on the knowledge of his child's distress, Sarah Blatchford felt it to her interest to see that such knowledge did not reach him, and accordingly the good old doctor's letter never went beyond her hands.

She had long feared that a communication from the Greens might come to her husband, and not feeling sure that his heart would be proof against his daughter's pleas, if she should choose to make any, Mrs. Blatchford bethought herself of the precaution of keeping any such letter from Blatchford's hands. So, in pursuance of this idea, she arranged to have all the private mail delivered at the house, and when the doctor's letter came to hand with its Kansas postmark, she rightly judged that it related to the Greens, and forthwith she opened it and read its contents.

The letter told a pitiable tale of woe, for it portrayed in plain colors the sad condition of Mary Green, sick and poverty-stricken as she was, and ended with a plea to the obdurate father in behalf of his suffering daughter. Such a letter, coming from one who was a stranger to Mary, ought to have brought a feeling of pity to the flintiest heart, but on the gentle heart of this devout member of Rev. Wheedler's congregation it made no impression whatever. Some one may imagine that she suffered compunctions of conscience, but such was not the case. Such people as she have no conscience.

It does seem that after reading Dr. Bascom's letter, Mrs. Blatchford ought at least to have experienced a sense of shame when she remembered that she, and all her relatives, were living in great plenty on that which of right belonged to the poor woman who was starving. But even that feeling did not come to her heart. Remorselessly she burned the letter, watching it crisp in flames and turn to ashes, yet suffering no twinge of conscience. And an hour later she sat in her cushioned pew with smiling, placid features, apparently perfectly satisfied with herself and the life she was living. When, at the end of Wheedler's sermon, she gave a good-sized bank note to aid in converting the heathen, no stranger would have suspected what her heart really was, and no one would have thought but an hour before she had ruthlessly despoiled a poor woman of a crust of bread from her father's table.

Blatchford might have given his daughter aid had he known her condition, but his ignorance of that was no excuse. He knew very well that there was general suffering in Kansas that year, and he knew that John Green was poor and ill-conditioned to withstand such a long siege of hard times. Reason and common sense would have taught him that his daughter was in need, yet he did not feel sufficient interest in her welfare to make any effort to discover her whereabouts. He never mentioned her name, and if he ever thought of her no one knew it. Indeed, to outward observation it seemed apparent that no thought of her ever entered his mind, and that he was satisfied with his devotions to the Spickler family.

Like his wife he was an active member of Wheedler's church. He attended the Sunday services regularly and dozed through the tedious sermon. He gave more than any other to the minister's salary. He bought an organ for the church and hired an organist. In short he was always ready with his money to second any suggestion Rev. Wheedler saw fit to offer. As a natural consequence he became the most prominent member of the congregation—at least in Brother Wheedler's estimation. Brother Wheedler loved a cheerful giver, especially when the gifts were coming to himself.

On the very day that John Green mortgaged all his earthly possessions to Mills for a pitiful sum of money with which to buy bread, the "Christian Aid Society" of Rev. Wheedler's church held a meeting in Brother Blatchford's parlors, the object of which was to financially further the work of converting the heathen in foreign lands. Rev. Wheedler was there, as were also all the leading members of the congregation. Sister Blatchford had, of course, taken care that preparations suited to the occasion were made, and a nice luncheon was duly spread. Brother Blatchford was there to beg and entreat everyone to partake unsparingly of his generous bounty.

"If the world had more such good Christians as Brother and Sister Blatchford," remarked Rev. Wheedler during the enjoyment of the luncheon, "the church would be better off and its cause greatly advanced. Such members are the shining lights of our faith, and their prayers and their gifts are the means of great good in the saving of lost souls."

"Indeed you are right, Brother Wheedler," acquiesced Sister Swoops. "Brother and Sister Blatchford live for the good of their fellow creatures. Their thoughts, by day and by night, must be of the poor needy ones who are in the darkness of sin. The question ever uppermost in their minds, to judge from their actions, is: 'What can I do for the good of the ignorant and benighted?' Such as they are the salt of the earth—the leaven that leaveneth the whole loaf.'"

"True, Sister Swoops, true indeed," said Rev. Wheedler, "and I pray that they may live to see the fruits of their works in all their fullness."

This prayer of Brother Wheedler's was destined to be realized, for it was written down that Brother and Sister Blatchford should both live to see the fruit of their works in all its terrible fullness; and not only that, but they should eat thereof and come to know the bitterness of it.

During the little play of words just described Sister Blatchford, from her position at the head of the table, smiled sweetly upon those about her, and said, as plain as actions could speak:

"Indeed Brother Wheedler is right, and I am the light of the church—a guiding angel to those less blessed with goodness."

Brother Blatchford said nothing and made very little outward show of his feelings, but it was evident that he was greatly pleased, and he praised himself and felt like patting himself on the back for being so great and good.

"Now," said Rev. Wheedler after a short silence, "we as a church must raise some funds for sending a missionary to break the bread of life to the heathen. This is a great and glorious work, and I hope our members will open their hearts liberally to the poor benighted souls that are going to an endless death for the want of the Christian Gospel."

"Amen to that," exclaimed Brother Blatchford, "and to show my faith by my works, I will subscribe fifty dollars to that fund."

"God bless you, Brother Blatchford," exclaimed the minister fervently. "Your crown will be a glorious one when you have finished your work, and the Master says: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' God bless you, Brother Blatchford, and may you always continue in the way you have chosen."

Sister Blatchford followed her husband's lead with a subscription of twenty-five dollars, which Blatchford, of course, would pay, and the minister pressed her in turn. Then Blatchford insisted on old Mrs. Spickler subscribing to the fund at his expense, and she received a blessing likewise.

"This is truly a Christian family," the minister said with much unction, "and their reward will be great in the next world. May the Lord reward and bless them according to their deserts."

This prayer also would be answered in time, for the day was coming, and even then was not far off, in which the Blatchfords would receive the reward of their acts, and be blessed according to their deserts. It was coming, as surely as just retribution ever comes to those who make a way for it. And that reward would not be in accordance with Rev. Wheedler's prayer and wishes, but in accordance with God's unerring law of right.

The meeting of the "Christian Aid Society" at last adjourned, smilingly satisfied with its work; and the members were about to depart from Blatchford's parlors for their various homes when it was discovered that Sister Gooding, who was then present, had not subscribed to the aid fund. Rev. Wheedler promptly called the attention of the members to this fact by saying:

"Here is an important omission in our good work. Sister Gooding's name is not on our list of givers at all. This must not be, and the sister must subscribe. Sister Gooding, you have undoubtedly been overlooked. You are one of our most liberal members, and your hand has ever been in good works. Come, how much shall I put down to your credit?"

"I'LL GIVE FIFTY DOLLARS TO MAKE MY WORD GOOD."

"Nothing, thank you," replied a pale, frail, earnest little lady of middle age. "I have concluded not to give anything to this fund."

Rev. Wheedler and all the others were completely nonplussed by this unexpected reply. Sister Gooding had always been a liberal giver of time and money to all church work, and this was the first occasion she had ever been known to refuse to subscribe to any kind of church fund. Rev. Wheedler and the others were at first inclined to doubt their ears, and felt that they surely could not have heard aright, but finally they were convinced of the reality of the sister's words, and Rev. Wheedler said, in great surprise:

"Sister Gooding, you surely do not mean that. You must not mean it. I—I am at a loss to understand you."

"I do mean it, Brother Wheedler," she said, in her calm, quiet way, "and I will explain why: I am a firm believer in the church, and in its influence for good, and I have always attempted to advance its cause. I have made an effort to give something toward furthering every good work, and I would do the same to-day in this effort you are making, did I not feel that there is another purpose to which I can devote my small means more conscientiously. In the west there are thousands of people suffering for bread, and I conceive it my duty to give to them what I have to spare. Charity, it is said, begins at home, and I think charity and Christian duty are not far separated. I believe it our duty to look first after the suffering of our own land—to feed the hungry and clothe the naked—and take care of the heathen next. This is my opinion, and I do not set it up as a guidance to others. I merely propose to follow it myself, and the little I have to give shall go toward alleviating the sufferings of the starving settlers on the western prairies."

This proved a very bomb to the meeting. The smile of self-satisfaction set on every face gave way to a look of astonishment, and the members looked inquiringly at each other. But on no one did it have such effect as upon Blatchford. Instantly he remembered that many of those poor settlers were suffering from the effects of his "long time and easy term" loans and his swindling boom scheme at Paradise Park, and for a little while his conscience pricked him. A thought of his daughter, too, flashed through his mind, and for an instant he wondered if she might not be one of those who were starving—one whom as ground down by another, even as hundreds were ground down by him. He never dreamed that she could be one of his own victims. He began to feel a sense of shame and dread, and even a slight twinge of regret for the money and property he had lost his mind was drifting into, and thought to recall it, which he did [illegible] that.

"The poor we have always with us, Sister Gooding, and I'm sure we are all ever willing to aid the needy. But what are the wants of the body compared with the welfare of the immortal soul? Besides, there are public charities for the poor of our own land, and the government will see that no body starves. We must not let trifles like this influence us from our duty as Christians. We are engaged in a good work and we must not turn aside from it."

"So be it, Sister Blatchford," said Rev. Wheedler. "You speak with the spirit and the understanding. We are fishers for souls, and not feeders of the body. We have a higher and a mightier mission than that of catering to the appetite of the physical man. Our duty calls us above such."

After a little further conversation of this kind in which each tried to convince himself or herself that he or she was walking in the "narrow way," the meeting at last broke up and Blatchford and his wife were left alone in the parlor, where for some time they remained silent. Finally Blatchford spoke. He said:

"The words of that woman have disturbed me, Sarah, and I feel that I am to a great extent responsible for the sufferings of many of those poor people out there in Kansas. I might have been more lenient with them and saved them the loss of so much money in that Paradise Park boom. Suppose Mary should be suffering at some other person's hands what my victims are suffering at mine?"

"Now, Hiram," said Sarah, "that is just your way. You allow your heart and feelings to accuse you of some great wrong, when you know you are not guilty of any. As a business man you have only done what you ought to be, and you have been a benefactor to those poor people. You have let them have money when they could not have gotten it anywhere else, and that was a great accommodation, I'm sure. You are not responsible for the seasons and the failures of crops, and all that, and you have no right to let your generous heart accuse you. You are too conscientious, Hiram, for a business man—that you are."

These words had the effect on Hiram that the wily Sarah knew they would, and instantly he began to feel quite fond of himself and would have liked to hug himself to his own bosom. He chirked up at once, and thought that he had really rendered those poor unfortunate victims of his a great and lasting service by loaning them money at a rate of interest they could never pay.

"As for your daughter," continued Sarah, "when she wants your aid, or sympathy, even, she will let you know. Remember, she went away from you of her own accord, and it is wrong for you to grieve your honest soul on her account. You have performed a glorious part toward the church today, Hiram, and you must not let the happiness following that deed be clouded by such foolish regrets."

And he did not for any great while.

[To be continued.]

Brutal Attack on Sam Smalls.

ATLANTA Nov. 12.—There was a short but lively fight in Nash's barber-shop on Peachtree street shortly after noon. The participants were Rev. Sam Small, the well known evangelist and one of the leaders of the anti-barroom movement, and Thomas A. Minor, a saloon keeper at 136 Decatur street.

Certain allusions which Mr. Small had made in his public speeches at Prohibition hall about Mr. Minor and his saloon are what brought about the attack. It lasted only about half a minute, and was over before anyone outside of the barbershop could have their attention attracted.

Mr. Small was seen and asked about the difficulty, and said:

"He didn't hurt me much, for I held up my arm this way and warded off the blows. Pretty soon we clutched and fell to the floor. I was under the man. The barber here pulled him off and as he went out of the door he said: 'I reckon you'll know Tom Minor now.'"

"Do you know what he attacked you for?" was asked.

"Yes. I stated in my speeches at prohibition hall that I had been told that policemen were stationed in front of Minor's saloon on Decatur street to take care of the bums that came out."

"Did you know Minor?"

No; never saw him before."

Was nothing else said?"

No, that's all."

Mr. Smalls stood up to have the dust brushed off his clothes and then walked out of the barbershop with his gold spectacles in his hand.

The Price of Cotton.

ATLANTA, Nov. 18.—It seems that there is no end to the fall in the price of cotton. There was a drop of six points more up to noon. The price at noon of January cotton was 7.78 cents per pound. The day before it was 7.84. The closing price was 7.81. The decline has been steady. There's no telling how much lower it will go, as the receipts are steadily increasing.

To-day's estimated receipts are 82,000 bales. The receipts to-day a year ago were 50,000 bales only, a difference of 26,000 bales. The difference in price is 2 cents less than to-day one year ago.

"I believe that it will prove a blessing in disguise to the farmers," said a prominent cotton buyer to a reporter. "It will lead them to plant more corn and rye. They ought to be planting rye right now. It is the surest winter crop, and brings good prices. There are many interesting phases to the situation. The heavy receipts are undoubtedly the cause of the rapid decline. It reached within two points of this price last year. With heavy crops two years it is natural that the price should drop a little. I don't believe it will fall much lower, the bottom has about been reached. I have known the time when I sold cotton for five cents a pound, and thought I was doing well, but provisions were proportionately cheap. The farmers will learn a lesson and profit by this experience.

His Mother Got Drunk.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 17.—William Ruddy, a young man aged 26 years, committed suicide in a most sensational manner at his home in this city this morning. It is alleged that Ruddy came home and found that his mother had drank to excess. This so troubled him tha the resolved to make way with himself. He engaged in some hot words with his mother who replied mockingly. Driven to desperation by his mother's words, Ruddy poured coal oil over himself and by thrusting his hand into the fire became enveloped in flames. He then seized a sharp knife and stabbed himself over the heart inflicting a wound that would in itself result fatally. He was terribly burned, his flesh hanging in shreds and in a short time death ended his excruciating suffering. The flames from his clothing soon set fire to the interior of the dwelling, and the fire department was called out, the structure being saved after some rapid work.

Broke the Record.

WHEELING, Nov. 16.—Fritz Yado, who lives in this city, is a young man about 25 years of age, weighs 140 pounds, and is rather slender. He doesn't look like a man with an abnormal appetite, but has demonstrated that he has one, and broke the record in Wheeling by eating in the space of three hours eighteen ordinary dishes of steamed oysters with "trimming," and twenty-four large ham sandwiches, "washing" each one down with a glass of beer.

THE STORM IN ITS FURY.

FROM ENGLAND TO IRELAND IT DOES GREAT DAMAGE.

Wrecks Along the Irish Coast—Fishing Smacks and Life Boats Torn by the Waves—Life Savers Lost—Trans-Atlantic Liners Brave the Storm.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—It was thought last night that the heavy gale which has prevailed over Great Brian for two days had passed on north into the German sea, but it seems the storm is still prevailing in southwest Ireland. A dispatch received this morning from Skibbereen, forty miles southwest of Cork, on the river Pen, states that the gale is raging there with great fury. Many houses at Skibbereen, and some at Aldcourt, two miles below the town, are greatly damaged. The gale now prevailing in that portion of Ireland is believed to be the first of the storm which the weather indications last night showed was approaching the coast from the Atlantic. Echoes of yesterday's storms are still heard. From Ramsgate, on the eastern shore of the Isle of Kent, from which port many fishermen sail daily to pursue their perilous calling, comes intelligence that some of the hardy residents of that town have made their last cruise.

A fishing smack hailing from Ramsgate, reached here this morning after a terrible experience. She was caught in the full fury of the storm and was terribly beaten by the tremendous rollers bly beaten by the tremendous rollers which swept by the channel from the Atlantic. The smack was badly damaged, but those on board of her are glad to have escaped the fate which has befallen so many of their class, and are congratulating themselves that they are once more ashore. But not all the men who sailed in her have returned to their families who looked anxiously for their coming. Four of her crew, while assisting in handling the smack in the worst of the gale, were swept overboard by gigantic combers which came aboard the vessel. Those on board were helpless to save their companions. Not for an instant could they relax their vigilance in watching the vessel and even had it been possible to spare some of the men to man a boat, it would have been death to have attempted to put the boat in the water. It was all the crew could do to keep their smacks afloat, and so they were compelled to let their comrades drown. There is great excitement in Southport, at the mouth of the Ribble, on the Irish sea, over the fate of the crew of life boat men, who went out yesterday to attempt to save the crew of a vessel which was in distress off that place. The life boat was fully manned, and the crew pulled pluckily off the shore and were soon hidden by tremendous seas. The crowd on shore waited and waited for the return of the life savers, but they did not come back. Up to this morning they had not returned, and by many they have been given up as lost. Their families, hoping against hope, try to console themselves by the belief that the gallant life savers, being unable to return to shore, have succeeded in effecting a landing at some unfrequent part on the shore further north.

There is hardly any doubt among those acquainted with that part of the coast, that the life boat has foundered, and that every soul in her has found a watery grave.

The steamer "Howarden Castle" was wrecked at the mouth of the Mersey last night. The men took refuge in the rigging. Four bodies have been washed ashore from the wreck. The trans-Atlantic liners, "Britannic" left the port in the teeth of the gale. The quartermaster of the "Britannic" was carried overboard in the Irish sea.

Mother and Son Murdered.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—Mrs. Gretchen Lenzenhager and her 15-year-old son George was found dead in the former's saloon at 444 South Clark street this morning. The woman was choked to death by unknown robbers, who then beat and choked the boy until life left his body. The robbers forced open the till in the saloon and ransacked the drawers behind the bar. The three living rooms of the woman in the rear of the saloon also showed signs of the murderers. The bed clothing was torn from the beds; drawers were pulled from the bureau and their contents scattered all over the floor. Everything which was capable of concealing any valuables was thoroughly ransacked. Mrs. Lenzenhager and her son lived alone, and made but few intimate acquaintances, but the woman had frequently expressed her lack of confidence in banks, and it was commonly rumored around the neighborhood that she had considerable wealth secreted about the premises. The woman was last seen when she closed her saloon shortly before midnight. The police are endeavoring to find out who were her last customers, and expect that they soon will have some definite clue to the perpetrators of the crime.

Men and Horses Burned.

DENVER, Nov. 15.—Mansion's livery stables, at Eighteenth and Laurence streets, were almost completely destroyed by fire. Four men, possibly five rooming in the upper portion of the building, were suffocated, and between twenty and thirty horses met death in the same way. The names of the men could not be learned. Their bodies have been sent to the coroner's office for identification. Thirty-four horses were burned to death. All family horses, and valued at $300 to $750 each. The loss on building and carriages is $15,000. It is thought the remains of two more men are in the ruins.

Stabbed by Tramps.

EASLEY, S. C., November 15.—Mr. Philip Ellenburg, who resides near this place, was seriously and probably fatally stabbed by three negro tramps last night. The negroes tried to enter his house for the purpose of robbing. When Mr. Ellenburg attempted to arrest them, he was brutally assaulted with the above result. The tramps are unknown; they passed through Easley the same night and tried to break into Wyatt & Lathem's store. A posse of men immediately pursued them, have captured two and they are lodged in jail. The other will likely be caught very soon.—News and Courier.

Dynamiting a Doctor.

VERSAILLES, Ky., Nov. 10.—An attempt was made to assassinate Dr. W. C. Parker, of this place, at 2 o'clock this morning. His bed formerly rested against a door which opened out on an alley, and only a few days ago he made a change in the arrangement of the room and fortunately, though unwittingly, saved his own life. A bombshell was placed against the door, the building was almost destroyed and Dr. Parker received slight injuries. The other occupants of the building were thrown from their beds. The town is wild with excitement over the attempted assassination.

How China Prevents Rioting.

SHANGHAI Nov. 16.—Several Chinase have been beheaded at Wuchang by order of the viceroy for posting placards inciting to violence. Ever since the captain of the British gunboat Aspic notified the viceroy that, in case of further attacks upon foreign residents, the gunboat would shell his excellency's palace, comparative order has been maintained.

A Pathetic Scene.

CHARLESTON, S. C. Nov 15.—In the Session Court today quite a pathetic scene took place. At 2 o'clock several convicts were brought in for sentence. The first of these was Falsone Assunta, who killed a brother countryman at the Line street depot some months ago. Assunta, with whom there is much sympathy in the community, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary at hard labor. It was pathetic in the extreme to note his expression when sentence was passed upon him. He can neither speak nor understand one word of English, and the court spoke through an interpreter. Assunta is a fine-looking young fellow, of perhaps thirty. When the interpreter said "at hard labor," the prisoner started and clasped his hands. "I cannot do hard labor," he told his interpreter; "I have never been used to carrying rock." Then tapping his forehead, he continued: "Ask his honor to give me some intellectual labor, and, if necessary, a longer term. I am not a common laborer in my native land." The judge seemed touched, and explained to the prisoner that "hard labor" was a law term that did not necessarily mean the handling of rocks and stones.—State.

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DO NOT PAY TWO PRICES FOR YOUR GOODS.
I will send you a nice plush Parlor suit, walnut frame, either in combination or banded, the most stylish colors for 33.50, to your railroad station, freight paid.
I will also sell you a nice Bedroom suit consisting of Bureau with glass, 1 high head Bedstead, 1 Washstand, 1 Centre table, 4 cane seat chairs, 1 cane seat and back rocker all for 16.50, and pay freight to your depot.
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Nice window shade on spring roller	$ 60
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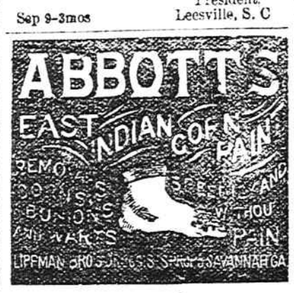

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