

POLLY MAKING TEA.

The china gleams in blue and white. The twilight hour is swift approaching...

IN A KODAK.

"You will be my wife, Louise? And you will wait for me until I return, will you not, my darling? Surely, your father will give his consent to our marriage when he realizes how dearly you love me!"

Charlie Miller's voice was full of earnestness. He was standing in a secluded corner of the veranda of the Hotel Eastman, at the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas, with the girl he loved at his side.

"I do not know," she murmured. "I will tell you the truth, Charlie. I fear opposition. Papa has set his heart upon my marrying Mr. Day—Mr. Davenport Day, and I—I hate him!"

"But, surely, darling," the young man interposed, hopefully, "your father will consent when he sees that your happiness is at stake?"

"You do not know my father," she sighed. "He is very stern and set in his ways. And you do not know Davenport Day. By the way—you have never met him, Charlie!"

"Not and I do not care to, Louise, that man shall never take you from me—I swear it!"

"Then, after a brief pause, during which the lovers were perfectly happy, he went on: 'So! our pleasant sojourn at the Hot Springs is nearly over. I am ordered South for my health, and you will remain here until—'

fortune went long ago, at Monte Carlo and Baden Baden; and I have come home to America to recoup. I must marry that girl! Her father is worth a couple of millions, and I need them. Ah, my fine Chicago boy, you had better look out, for your little game is not won yet—not much! He must be waltz out of the way. It will not be impossible. He has never seen me, and he must not see my photograph. Confound that kodak! It has caused me trouble enough; but I will conquer yet!"

And as he slunk away through the darkness, the look upon his dark face would have frightened Louise Stewart, had she seen it.

It was on a fair April morning, when a cab rolled up to the St. Charles hotel, in the quaint old city of New Orleans, and a young man alighted. Entering the hotel, he registered his name: Charles F. Miller, Chicago, Ill. A pleasant room was assigned him, and after a bath and refreshment, our friend Charlie sallied forth into the street. Almost the first person he encountered was an old friend, Benjie Haynes, who was traveling with a dramatic company, playing "The Power of the Press," a play which invites criticism.

"Halloa, old boy!" cried Benjie, who was an old fellow. "I'm glad to see you. I want to introduce to you an acquaintance of mine, who has just arrived, and is doing the Crescent City. You and he ought to know each other."

"Very well!" returned Charlie Miller. So, a little later, the introduction was accomplished, and Miller found himself in company with a tall, dark man, who answered to the name of Burton Dalton. He was extremely clever and agreeable, and Charlie found, as the days went by, that time passed in his society very pleasantly. But Charlie was vaguely uneasy. He was conscious of certain strange and curious circumstances. He was followed everywhere, when alone by a man whose face he could never see, try as hard as he might. Once, late at night, while passing down Royal street, he was suddenly attacked from behind by an unseen foe, who flourished a sharp knife in close proximity to the young man's heart. A vigorous outcry from Charlie brought the police to the rescue, and the would-be-assassin was gone. The police warned Charlie to be on his guard, especially in certain streets; and then he called a cab and was driven back to the St. Charles, his mind full of conflicting emotions.

Who was this man, and why did he wish to take his life?—his—a complete stranger in the place. Another thing troubled him beyond words. In all the time that he had passed in New Orleans, he had not received one letter from Louise, not a line, nor the expected kodak picture—nothing. Was she ill? Then surely she would have telegraphed him. Had her father forbidden her to write to her lover? Louise would never consent to give Charlie up, without at least an explanation. The young lover felt sure of that.

Late one night Charlie Miller was awakened to find some one in his room. A tall figure with a masked face was bending over his open trunk, hastily turning over its contents. With a stifled cry Charlie sprang up in bed; but the thief dashed wildly past him, and out of the room in an instant. No traces were found of the thief, and upon investigation, Charlie discovered to his surprise, that none of his valuables were missing; nothing but a package of kodak pictures, which were yet to be developed. An odd thing surely.

How Burton Dalton laughed over the narrative the next morning; then he proposed to share Charlie's room with him, that they might be prepared for a second visit from the midnight intruder. His offer was accepted, and after that there was no more disturbance.

Saturday night, the twenty-eighth of April, came, and Charlie invited his friend Dalton to accompany him to the St. Charles theater. The play was the unsatisfactory, and between the second and third acts Dalton excused himself for a few moments, and left the theater. He went straight to the St. Charles hotel, and, going to the office, inquired for mail for Charles F. Miller, and received a letter and a small package. At sight of the package, his face grew dark.

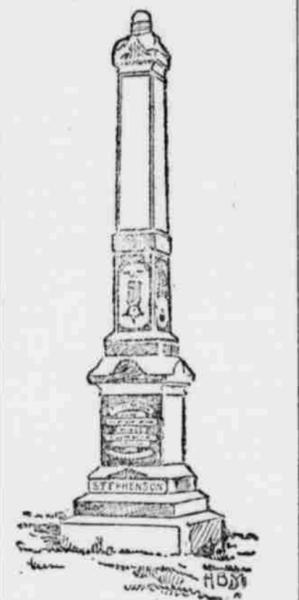
spring upon the villain, and a fearful struggle ensued, a struggle destined to end tragically. All at once the cry of "fire" arose upon the night. The St. Charles hotel was wrapt in flames from dome to basement. It had broken out so suddenly, and must have been burning so long, that there was no hope. The building was doomed. It was a sight which those who witnessed it will not soon forget.

In the midst of it all, the horrible conflagration, the shrieks, and groans, and mad excitement, Davenport Day beheld his rival holding Louise close to his heart, making mad haste through the horrors of the scene out to safety. With a wild execration, the villain turned swiftly, and plunged into the flames. It is not known whether he meant to sacrifice his own life or whether, bewildered by the discovery of his attempted crimes, and maddened by the awful scenes around, he lost control over his own actions, but it is certain that he perished in the burning building, and was seen no more.

Over his bed past Louise and her lover, now happily united—for her father no longer opposed the marriage—have agreed to drop the veil of forgetfulness. They are happy, and so will we leave them.

FOUNDER OF THE G. A. R.

Completion of the Stephenson Monument at Petersburg, Ill. Dr. B. F. Stephenson, founder of the G. A. R., died at his home near Petersburg, on Rock Creek, not far from the historic spot where the lamented Lincoln passed his early days, at 10 o'clock a. m., August 30, 1871, aged 49 years. His remains were interred at the family burying ground, on Rock



The Stephenson Monument.

Creek, where they rested until the year 1882, when they were reinterred on the lot in Rose Hill Cemetery where now stands the monument erected to his memory. The services at the reinterment were under the auspices of Estill Post, No. 71, G. A. R., of Petersburg, and were of an elaborate and interesting character.

Since the interment there efforts have been made by the G. A. R. men and old soldiers, as well as prominent citizens to have a suitable monument erected to his memory. The ground in the beautiful cemetery being donated by the cemetery association. The matter of raising sufficient funds to commence the work did not progress very rapidly, and it was not until about a year ago that the committee appointed by the grand encampment of the G. A. R. was enabled to proceed with the work.

The monument is now completed. It is of extra dark Quincy (Mass.) granite, 30 feet in height. On the base is the name "Stephenson," in large letters in relief. On the front die, B. F. Stephenson, Founder of the G. A. R. Born 1822. Died 1871. On the front top die is the G. A. R. badge; on the south side a mounted cannon and accessories; on the west side is a dove, with an olive branch in its mouth, encircled in a wreath of oak and laurel; while on the east side is the representation of a soldier's tent.

The career of Col. Stephenson, and the story of the organization by him of the order of the G. A. R., at Decatur, Ill., April, 6, 1866, are well known. His wife and two daughters are now residents of Petersburg, Ill.

Chickens Hatched in the Nest.

"I have been in the commission business on this street for twenty-seven years," Mr. Reichold said, "and the hottest season I can recall was that of six years ago this summer. During the latter part of June and July the thermometer was playing tag with itself in the nineties and hundreds. The Wear Commission company had a number of cases of eggs that were supposed to be fresh. The eggs, as it was learned afterwards, had been standing in a warehouse at the point where they were shipped for some time, and the warehouse was none too cool. For several days during the hot spell the eggs stood in Wear's store. One morning when the salesman opened up the place he heard a peeping noise over where the eggs were. Investigation showed that from one to five chickens had been hatched during the night in each case. No, there wasn't any shump in spring chickens owing to an increase in the supply, but it is an actual fact that chickens hatched out in other stores after that, and it got so bad that when the hotel keepers came down to lay eggs they required a guarantee."

To Decide a Bet.

Col. Henry House—So I've caught you in the act of lifting my rooster, have I? Uncle Mose—Yes as I made ma bet, Mas'r House; he don't heft into two poun's alongside o' mine.

Does Creamery Sewage Poison Stock?

A new factor seems about to enter into the question of creamery management. The first suggestion comes from Ireland, and is thus reported by The Dairy of London: The Irish butter industry seems to be passing through a very critical and trying period of existence, and the year 1891 promises to be an eventful one indeed in the butter world.

Last month it was a question of watery butter; this time it is a question of milky water. The scene has been changed from Manchester to Limerick. In the former case, the Manchester corporation sought to prove that Irish butter was adulterated with water; in the latter a Limerick farmer or cattle dealer has proved that Irish water has been adulterated and polluted by creamery or butter factory sewage to the injury and loss of those occupying land along the factory streams. The farmer maintained that cattle which he had grazing by the banks of the stream in question, and into which the sewage from the factory flowed, had sickened and in fact, died from the ill effects produced by drinking water from said stream during the warm months of the summer of 1893. Chemical and veterinary experts of eminence were called to support this theory, which it appears had been unheard of in medical science before the present case. The defense set up by the creamery company was that the cattle suffered from a totally different and rather common disease—namely, that of "hoose"—and eminent professional evidence was given to this effect. It was proved beyond any doubt that "hoose" did exist in the herd, at least to some extent; but the jury was evidently satisfied that the other nameless disease existed as well, for which they have asked the defendants (Maypole Dairy company) to pay £500 and costs. Now, whether the cattle suffered from "hoose" or from this strange disease is almost immaterial to creamery owners, for Judge Gibson has made it very clear indeed that creameries are not legally entitled, and must not be allowed, to pollute running streams. Of course, if the stream is a very large one the factory sewage can not pollute the water to any perceptible extent; but, unfortunately, not very many of our creameries can boast of a sufficiently large stream, and hence herein lies the danger to this great Irish industry. This has been only a test case, or, as Judge Gibson termed it, a "pioneer action," and as matters at present stand almost every creamery or dairy society will be liable for some sort of law action. Also the local sanitary authority will have power to prevent this dairy sewage from entering public water streams. If cattle are injured, of course stock owners are quite right in defending themselves. It behooves creamery owners, then, to rise at once to the occasion and proceed to "put their house in order." They should unite and secure the best scientific advice on dairy sewage; a remedy for one will be a remedy for all, and if each dairy subscribed a nominal amount toward a total sum to be devoted to scientific research, a solution would be soon found to the problem which has, up to the present, baffled at least all Irish efforts. Mr. J. Morley, the chief secretary for Ireland, is reported as having said that he would be prepared to consider favorably any business-like scheme put forth for the benefit of the Irish butter trade. Surely there never was a better time for putting his intentions to the test. There is nothing to prevent the government sending over a sewage expert to remedy this one defect of creameries. Before allowing the law to strangle an industry which has undoubtedly saved the Irish butter trade from ruin, the government ought assuredly to adopt remedial measures. Streams and rivers are undoubtedly every day polluted in English manufacturing districts, but so long as it is a pollution by industry the Englishman is not quick to quarrel about it. The result of the case decided in Limerick on the 8th inst. is that the Maypole Dairy company will close, or have already closed, six of their Irish creameries, and transferred their portion of the industry to England. They intend to build near Hull and make butter from imported instead of Irish cream. Thus Denmark gains at the expense of Ireland, and the Danes again beat the Irish on British ground!

The Seventeen-Year Locust.

Prof. Smith, New Jersey's state entomologist, says the seventeen-year locust, or cicada, is now about done, and a great many of them are dying off fast, their mission in life having been accomplished. It is more than probable, he says, that wasps have been seen attacking some of these decrepit individuals, but every dying or dead locust was not the victim of a wasp. The real life of the cicada is passed under ground. It spends more than sixteen years in that condition, and when it makes its appearance on trees and shrubs it is principally for the purpose of mating and laying eggs. As soon as this is accomplished the insects die. Their entire period is usually not more than a month. They made their appearance the latter part of May and are now dying off almost as rapidly as they appeared, and by the end of the present month few or none will remain. This will be a natural dying off and not the result of any destruction caused by other insects.

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LIGHT AND LUDICROUS. Jim—Harry hasn't cut his hair for forty years. John—Why, is he bald? Jim—No, he lets his barber cut it. Stranger—Do you belong to this city? Dentzen—No, O! don't; the city belongs to me. O'm a member of the force. Mrs. Hanton—Don't you know, my dear, it is extremely bad form to turn and look after a gentleman in the street? Daughter—Yes, but mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking; that's all. HALI'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. The man that always argues never acts. S. B. Duffey, mate of steamer Arizona, had his foot badly jammed. Thomas' Electric Oil cured it. Nothing equal to it for a quick pain reliever. Yes and no make a poor pair of crutches. The Rev. Wm. Stout, Warton, Ont., states: After being ineffectually treated by seventeen different doctors for Scrofula and blood disease, I was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. Write him for proof. The laugh is sometimes on the funny speaker. The world is always interested in the cure of consumption; yet its prevention is of far more importance. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is guaranteed to cure coughs and colds. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. In social earthquakes palaces are first to fall. Matters of no importance take up the most room. What one husband squanders would keep 10 wives.

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