HORRIBLE THEORY.

MRS. METTMAN'S MURDER THE SEQUEL TO DEPRAVITY.

The Woman Probably Butchered by the Criminal Husband and Daughter.

Her Discovery of Shocking Relations between Them Lead to the Terrible Crime.

Further Evidence Which Tends to Implicate the Son—Embezzler Claasen of the New York Sixth National Indicted—Criminal Record.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WICHITA, Kan., April 1.—The highest temperature was 45°, the lowest 32°, and the mean 38°, with warmer cloudy weather with rain after 4:30 p. m., fresh and brisk northeast winds, nearly stationary, high barometer. Rainfall up to 7 p. m., .32 inch which is more than twice the total rainfall for March.

Last year, on April 1, the highest temperature was 78°, the lowest 41°, and the mean 60°, and April 2 was the warmest of the whole month, the highest being 90°.

FRED L. JOHNSON, Observer.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1, 8 p. m.—Forecast until 8 p. m. Wednesday:

For Missouri—Fair, followed by a light rain in western portion, warmer southeasterly winds.

For Kansas—Light rain in southern portion, fair in northern, warmer, easterly winds.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Latest Telegraphic News in Condensed Form.

The California athletic club has matched George LaBlanche and young Mitchell to fight June 27 for a purse of $3,000.

The Hon. David Wilber, congressman from the 23th New York district, died at his home yesterday morning.

Mrs. Sarah E. Shertridge, corresponding secretary of Christian Woman's Board of Missions died at her residence in Indianapolis at 10:30 yesterday.

Three hundred painters are on a strike at Cleveland, O., having quit work because they were refused $2.50 for nine hours work.

THE METTMAN MURDER.

A Terrible Theory of the Crime Now Held.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., April 1.—The officers and detectives seem to have more than idle theory to support their belief that improper relations have existed between John Mettman and his daughter and that the discovery on the part of Mrs. Mettman that such relations existed led to her murder. Each hour appears to strengthen this view of the murder. The Times says this morning that a neighbor of the Mettman's and one who has known them for some time, is responsible for the statement that when Mrs. Mettman returned home Sunday night she discovered her husband and daughter in a compromising position. Mettman, so the neighbors stated, felled his wife to the floor and death, dismemberment and mutilation of the body followed.

It is questionable to suppose that robbery was the cause of the murder. Robbers do not as a rule commit a theft and then cut the remains in pieces and place in bags the different parts of the victim. That theory, therefore, is well nigh exploded. Mettman is still held in custody.

Little that is new has been developed in the past three or four days. Mettman is still in jail and the police say they have evidence which tends to fasten the crime on him and other members of the family. There is now talk of arresting the son and daughter and holding them for complicity in the crime. The police believe that the discovery by Mrs. Mettman that her husband and daughter were sustaining improper relations with one another compelled them to kill her to avoid publicity in the matter.

NO REWARD TO BE OFFERED.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 1.—A special from Leavenworth says: Governor Humphrey today notified County Attorney Atwood that he would not offer any reward for the arrest of the murder of Mrs. Mettman. He says that one man, Mrs. Mettman's husband, is now under arrest charged with the crime, and that he does not feel justified in attempting to apprehend any one else until Mettman is proved to be innocent. County Attorney Atwood persists there is not an atom of evidence against Mettman, while the chief of police is positive that the husband is the murderer.

No new views were found today. The coroner today disinterred Mrs. Mettman's body. The false teeth found on the spot where the murder is supposed to have been committed were fitted in the mouth, showing them to have been those worn by Mrs. Mettman in life. Mr. Mettman is still held on suspicion.

A BLOODLESS DUEL.

Two Society Bloods on the Field of Honor.

WHEELING, W. Va., April 1.—There was a duel at 5 o'clock this morning on the Wheeling, West Liberty & Bethany pike, three miles from this city, which, although bloodless, created a great sensation in the city when the facts became known, as all the parties connected with the escapade are of the greatest prominence in social circles. The principals were William Burt and Randolph Hicks, two society youths. While calling on a young lady a few days ago Hicks insulted Burt, who ran him a lesson in etiquette. Thinking to humiliate Burt, Hicks sent him a challenge which Burt promptly accepted. Howard Simpson, the go-between took charge of the weapons and extracted the balls unknown to the principals on the way to the fields. Hicks was appraised of this but Burt was left in ignorance. At the first shot Burt took direct aim at his opponent and after exchanging two shots at their wounded honors the men declared themselves satisfied and returned to the city. The grand jury will likely take hold of the matter.

SHOT BY HIS WIFE.

CARROLL, Ill., April 1.—At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon Stanley Wilcox was fatally shot by his wife. He rushed from the house where he lived and fell prostrate in an adjoining store crying, "My wife shot me." Mrs. Wilcox was found in her room sobbing violently. A revolver with one chamber empty was lying by her side. She was placed in jail. Nothing is known of the cause of the crime but it is no secret that they have not been living together for some time.

CLAASEN INDICTED

NEW YORK, April 1.—The United States grand jury this morning handed in an indictment against F. J. Claasen for embezzlement, abstracting and misappropriating funds of the Sixth National bank and making false entries. Argument will be had on the indictment at 2 o'clock on Friday, April 11. The trial proper is set down for May 7.

Vitality, exhausted by overwork or disease, is quickly restored by use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

TO DIE BY ELECTRICITY.

NEW YORK, April 1.—Recorder Smythe this afternoon sentenced Joseph Wood, a colored aqueduct laborer, to die by electricity. Wood was convicted of murder in the first degree for killing Charles Ruffian, who was a fellow laborer. The execution is to be held in the week commencing May 12, 1890.

BISMARCK'S BIRTHDAY.

He Is Overwhelmed With Presents and Congratulations.

BERLIN, April 1.—This is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Prince Bismarck. The railway station at Friedrichsruhe is almost blocked by the enormous number of presents arriving for the prince.

During the day Prince Bismarck received numberless congratulatory telegrams. He spent the day quietly with his family. In the evening he was serenaded. After the procession last night the prince invited Herr Woemann and other Hamburg visitors to his home. Herr Woemann in the course of a conversation expressed his hope that the prince would not be altogether a stranger to politics, and that he would still take part in the debates in the reichstag, to which Bismarck made an acquiescent reply.

The Hamburger Hachrichton says that Bismarck, referring to his departure from Berlin, said that at his age people did not make such a journey twice. According to the same authority the ex-chancellor, referring to the socialist strikes, said that they were not the worst danger for they would pass over. The worst possibility for workers was the chances that the strikes would so dishearten the employers that they will lose all desire to continue business.

One thousand eight hundred birthday greetings have been sent to Prince Bismarck. Five train loads of admirers visited Bismarck during the day. Emperor William sent his portrait.

GARFIELD MEMORIAL DEDICATION.

CLEVELAND, O., April 1.—The following has been addressed to the public by ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes and Hon. Amos Townsend, president and secretary of the Garfield Memorial association.

"The Garfield Memorial association proposes to dedicate by appropriate public services the memorial structure erected in honor and memory of the late President Gerfield at Lake View cemetery, in this city on national memorial day, May 30, next. The trustees of the association respectfully solicit and cordially invite all organized bodies in the United States including military, masonic and civic, and ex-soldiers and citizens generally to honor the occasion by their presence and to participate in the ceremonies. Arrangments are being perfected with railroad companies for reduced rates of fare information of which may be obtained at principal stations."

STONING A PROPHET.

The People of the South are After Sergeant Dunn's Head.

NEW YORK, April 1.—Sargeant Dunn, New York's weather chief, was much put out today when told that the New Orleans board of trade intended to ask for his resignation for prophesying the present floods there. He said:

"I think the New Orleans people are acting very foolishly in the face of the present dangers. No matter what they say, they will have their hands full looking after their city. They may have my head if they want it, but I think they had better protect their people. The only portion of the report that has been misrepresented is that which states that I said the flood would be as disastrous as that at Johnstown. What I did say was that the districts all through the Mississippi valley from Cairo south to the gulf were flooded. I mentioned no particular place. The flood is no respecter of cities, and I hardly see why the New Orleans people should take offence at my prophecy. There are busy times ahead for the people of New Orleans, and they should know it."

PROCTOR ON TEMPERANCE.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—At a temperance meeting in All Soul's church held tonight a letter from Secretary Proctor was read, of which the following is an extract: "I am glad to say that I heartily sympathize with the efforts of your society in behalf of temperance in the army and navy, and shall do everything in my power to aid the good work. I am not prepared to admit that the soldiers of our army are more temperate than any other classes of men. If a soldier has drunk too much his very uniform makes it noticeable and we may do them as a class injustice. Certain it is the more I have seen of our soldiers of our army the greater respect I have had for them. As a rule they are men of intelligence and marked devotion to duty."

NO OPERATORS ALLOWED.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 1.—The officials of the Board of Trade today notified the Western Union Telegraph company that commencing tomorrow none of the company's operators would be given access to the floor of the exchange. This action is supposed to be a new step in carrying out the board's policy in preventing the distribution of market reports to bucket shops. Mr. W. J. Lloyd, assistant superintendent of the Western Union, said the company would take out its instruments and suspend operations completely. The change will more or less effect every exchange in the United States.

TRANS-MISSOURI TO RE-ORGANIZE.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 1.—The Trans-Missouri Freight association met here today, Chairman Finley presiding. Only routine business was transacted. From interviews with various representatives in attendance it is learned that the headquarters of the association will probably be removed shortly from this city to Chicago and that the association will be re-organized under its old name upon the same basis and will place itself under the protection of the Interstate Commerce association. It is understood that the latter association has already agreed to such a course.

RATES TO THE WEST.

NEW YORK, April 1.—The executive committee of the Trunk lines met today. Chairman Hayden presided and all the lines were represented. The question of rates to the west and beyond points came up for discussion. It was decided to maintain last years rates for the coming season, viz: Forty-five cents down to 20 cents on first and sixth class per hundred weight, to Chicago and 50 cents down to 20 cents on first and sixth class to beyond points. The question of corn rates was discussed but nothing definite was done.

THE CZAR TAKEN ILL.

LONDON, April 2.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg to the Daily Telegraph says the czar has been attacked by a sudden illness.

The suicide who left a letter in which he stated he had plotted against the czar's life was a naval officer who belonged to an aristocratic family. His relatives reside in Moscow. The matter has been hushed up.

The Telegraph's correspondent denies that Mme. Tchebrikova who wrote the czar denouncing the political condition of Russia, has been released and declares she is still a prisoner.

WILLIAM AND ALEXANDER WILL MEET.

COLOGNE, April 1.—A dispatch to the Gazette from St. Petersburg says that arrangements have been made for a meeting of Emperor William and the czar during the coming summer. Emperor William will also attend the maneuvers of the Russian army at Kratz Zele, eighteen miles southeast of St. Petersburg.

LONDON, April 1.—The czar and Prince Bismarck have exchanged friendly letters. The latter expressed himself that in his opinion recent events would not affect the peaceful relations existing between the two empires.

A WARRANT ISSUED.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 1.—A warrant has just been issued for the arrest of Lewis C. Cox, the ex-Chestnut street merchant, in a civil suit brought by Wm. Singerly and involving $66,000.

RELIEF WORK SATISFACTORY.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 1.—The work of relieving the needs of the tornado's victims in this city progresses very satisfactory. The contributions continue to come in with gratifying liberality, and these are being systematically applied. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather considerable is being done toward restoring order in the devastated district, and on Main street a few of the firms are about ready to resume business.

DROWNED IN A CREEK.

MILFORD, Ill., April 1.—Grant Adsit, his wife and his 2-year-old child and a young daughter of Elmore Thorne, attempted to cross Sugar creek ford, four miles northwest of here yesterday and three of the party were drowned, Mrs. Adsit being the only one escaping. Searching parties have been exploring the creek, but no bodies have been recovered.

A MONUMENT TO BISMARCK.

BERLIN, April 1.—A committee comprise-comprising influential members of all shades of political opinion, of which Herr Von Levetzow, president of the reichstag, is chairman, has issued an invitation to the public to subscribe to a fund for the erection of a national monument in Berlin to Prince Bismarck. The committee will invite Emperor William to become patron of the undertaking.

WASHINGTON JOCKEY CLUB.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—After having been used as a farm for about ten years, the old Bennings race rrack was revived today by the newly organized Washington Jockey club with favorable prospects for its continuance and prosperity. The weather today was clear but cold. The track was slow and heavy. The winners were: Maid, Slootover, Captain Wagoner, Prather, Jim Murphy.

Do not take any chances of being poisoned or burnt to death with liquid stove polish, paints and enamels in bottles. The Rising Sun stove polish is safe, odorless, brilliant, the cheapest and best stove polish made, and the consumer pays for no expensive tin or glass package with every purchase.

THE PARNELL-O'SHEA CASE.

LONDON, April 1.—Mr. Parnell has filed his denials in the O'Shea case. Mrs. O'Shea has asked for a month's delay in order to file her answer. Captain O'Shea is opposed to further delay, believing the object is of a political nature. It will be impossible, however, to hold the trial before next autumn.

A STRIKE ENDED.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., April 1.—The differences between the coopers and millers were settled at the meeting tonight, and tomorrow all the co-operative mills will be running as usual. This ends the strike and is a victory for the coopers.

WANT FOREIGN MEATS NOW.

BERLIN, April 2.—In consequence of the meat famine, purveyors are urging the bundsrath to repeal the law against the importation of foreign meats. The restaurants will raise the price of meats 20 per cent today.

In place of that constantly tired out feeling, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will give you strength.

DECLARED TO BE DANGEROUS.

LONDON, April 1.—A meeting of the associated chamber of agriculture was held today. A resolution was adopted declaring that regulations prohibiting the importation into Great Britain of American store cattle would be extremely dangerous.

EIGHT HOUR DEMAND COMPROMISED.

NEW YORK, April 1.—The bricklayers and their employers have compromised on the eight hour demand by the bricklayers working nine hours a day but getting 5 cents an hour more, making a day's wages for the ensuing year $4.05.

MURDERED EIGHT WOMEN.

LONDON, April 1.—A man who has been convicted of the murder of eight women was hanged today in Zegedin, Hungary. He exhibited great cowardice on the scaffold.

Salvation Oil is an infallible cure for headache, backache, pain in the side and limbs, and all rheumatic and neuralgic affections. It relieves pain and extirpates the disease that causes it.

It is said of an old physician in Philadelphia, when called upon to prescribe for a cough or cold he invariably refuses to do but recommends his patients to take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

MONEY.

The Bank of England note is about five inches by eight in dimensions, and is printed in black ink on Irish linen water lined paper, plain white and with ragged edges, which lacks the oily smoothness of American bank notes.

The notes of the Banque de France are made of white water lined, printed in blue and black, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures, and running in denominations from the 20 franc note to the 1,000 franc.

South American currency, in most countries, is about the size and general appearance of American bills, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors, and the Spanish and Portuguese languages the prevalent language engraved on the face.

The German currency is rather artistic. The bills are printed in green and black upon paper lighter than American gold certificates and about an inch wider. They run in denominations from 5 marks to 1,000 marks. Their later bills are being printed on the silk fiber paper.

The Chinese paper currency is in red, white and yellow paper, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand drawn devices. The bills, to the ordinary financier, might pass for wash checks or prayer papers in a joss house, but they are worth good money in the Flowery kingdom.

Italian notes are of all shapes, sizes and colors. The smaller bills—5 and 10 lire notes—are about the size and shape of our own old 25 cent "shinplaster" fractional currency, and printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine inks and ornamented with a finely engraved vignette of King Humbert.

The 100 ruble note of Russia is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when shown through a prism. In the center in bold relief stands a large, finely executed vignette of the Empress Catherine I. This is in black. The other engraving is not at all intricate or elaborate, but is well done in dark and light brown and black inks.

The Norwegians have a curious currency, but it is rarely seen in the United States, for the reason that it circulates very little among the common people and the class that comes to America as immigrants. These stick to their copper and silver coins and shun the little cinnamon brown bills of their government, which are about the size of our old "shinplasters."

The Austrian bill is printed on light colored thick paper, which shows none of the silk fiber marks or geometric lines used in American currency as a protection against counterfeiting. Each bears upon it a terrible warning to counterfeiters, threatening the penitentiary confinement "to any one who shall make, sell or have in his possession any counterfeit or facsimile of this bill."

Prudent, Though Pleasure Beckon.

Upson Downes—Well, this is a good start for the evening; I've just saved five dollars.

Rowne de Bonz—How's that?

Upson Downes—Jones offered me ten dollars on my watch, but I only took five. Where shall we skip to first?—Puck.

A Hard Bed.

Scraggles—We folkes have to put up with all sorts of beds. I often sleep on the bare ground or on a plank.

Raggles—Yep, and I often have to sleep on an empty stomach.—Chatter

WHITTLING CHIPS.

Chubby hands so brown and small
Wield the blade and scantling,
Chips, like driftlets, fly and fall,
Wasteful litter one and all,
In flakes about the bantling.

Seventy springs their seed have sown,
Still with knife and shingle
The child, a white haired grandsire grown,
His life a dream, his memory flown,
Sits whittling by the ingle.

Yet the past held busy years,
Works of wondrous glitter,
But many a loss brought burning tears,
And many a gain regretful fears,
At best a useless litter.

And so methought the hopes and schemes
Of many a worldly witling,
When all is told, are idle dreams
That lure men on with golden dreams,
Mere chips of mortal whittling.
—Washington Post.

DAN MASON'S ONLY LOVE.

How's my folks, did you say? Ah, that question soun's strange to my ears now. Once I had hopes it might o' soun'ed right, but now, now it falls heavy on my heart, an' makes me think o' times that's gone. It brings 'em all back in my mine—Bill, ther squir, an' Minnie, ther squir's darter; but of 'em all Minnie comes fust. I ain't never hearn er name I like so well as hern. I use to say it over an' over cause it b'long to her, an' I do it yit when thar's nobody to hear me. But it souns so dif'unt now, nothin' like it use to. After all, tho', thar's nothin' strange erbout it, cause everything is dif'unt now; nothin' looks like it use to. It may be me that's changed. Yes, I 'spect it is. Wall, I had 'nough to change me, so 'taint surprisin' after all, you see, when a man puts all his life in somethin' an' it's all of a sudden took away, it goes kind o' hard.

I was out in California when I met 'em, an' Squir Duff got me to go in parnership in ther minin' bus'ness. All I wanted was that chance, so we sittled things then an' thar an' went to work. Squir Duff had ther puttiest darter I ever seen, an' it never took me long to like her nuther. She was white an' red all ther time, with long black hair an' little black eyes—the shipyest eyes I ever seen, too—an' was built pp jist like a pony. I staid at ther house, so me an' Minnie was in one 'nothers com'ny right smart. With her han' hol'in' tight to mine we use to go out under ther trees, sot down on ther roots an' talk ther longest times together. Sometimes I'd help her pick up burrs an' sich like, what she made picter frames outer. Our heads would somehow git close unbeknownst to us, an' I'd kiss her 'fore I knowed what I was doin'. Any feller would done like me, an' perticler if they liked her as I did.

Ther squir' had already gin her to me an' said we mus' jis' wait a year; then we could git marrid. Min was fou'teen an' jis' the kind of a girl to make ther boys like her, though she didn't 'pear to take to none o' them but me, an' I was glad of it, too. Thar was er crossin' what we had to pass over in goin' ov mornin's to ther mines, an' 'twas gittin' in sich a bad way we had to stop an' fix it. Mos' every mornin' she'd go 'long by me far as ther crossin', then go back home to ten' to dinner. I use to wanter go back with her, but that would er bin knockin' off work 'fore I commenced, so I couldn't. Any place she wanted to go I took her, but that was only natu'al, 'cause she sot a heap o' sto'e by me, an' I knowed thar wan't nothin' in ther worl' I love like her.

She was 'bout es happy overownin' me es I was f'r ownin' her, an' she didn't kere who seen us holdin's han's along ther rode, nether. 'Squir Duff tole me I was jes' ther kind o' man he wanted for his darter, 'cause he couldn't bear to see her git a bad feller for a husband. She was jes' ther one I wanted I know'd 'thout axin' nobody's odds, an' all I was waitin' for was ther day to roll aroun' what made her fifteen. Then we was goin' to git ther knot tied sure. I was all time thinkin' 'bout how I was goin' to rig up in a bran new allapacker cote an' pants an' red top boots an' a shinin' cap. As fer Min, thar wan't no tellin' what she'd have, but I spected ther finest lot o' rigin' er man ever seen.

When ther crossin' was fixed so thar wa'nt no more danger to go 'crost it, me an' ther squir went on to work at ther mines. We hed struc' er vein an' that meant somethin' to us both, but more to me on 'count o' Min. Ther squir got flush an' got her ther finest nag he could git. Every time I had er chance I put in er lick or two o' currin' on her, an' by an' by she was mos' as shiney es Min's eyes. Min was ther puttiest sort o' rider, an' when she'd come by ther mines every man would stop work to look at her pretty face. She always loped hard an' loud over ther crossin' so I'd know she was comin', for she know'd how I loved ther sight o' her. I wan't good lookin' much myse'f, an' it made my heart awful light some way or 'nuther to think she liked ther looks o' me better'n ther other fellers. Then er gin 'twas 'nough to make me proud when I know'd that ther onliest girl in thirty miles er 'bout b'long'd to me. Every piece o' gold I foun' I put it by fer her. Her face was 'fore mine from morn till night with that hansome smile, an' them eyes what was brigh'en air hunk o' gold I bed come a'crost yit. On her han' she wore ther nicest sort of silver ring I bed give her, an' she always bilt up that han' so folks could see she wored Dan Mason's present.

Every time I looked at it I wished 'twas gold, but 'twas ther onliest kind I could git anywhar near, an' it come off Tom McGinnies little finger when he sole it to me. But it was a ring, an' that she had to have. Once I sprained my knee joint an' was laid up two weeks at ther house—ther best weeks I ever know'd, too. Most every minit she'd come to see how I was gittin' erlong, an' at night she'd talk an' laugh so I'd fergit all erbout ther rackin' in my knee. While I was laid up I took some bark from ther big trees an' made a rope big an' strong. When I got well 'nough I made a swing under ther biggest tree 'roun' an' fasten'd er piece o' chain on to it so 'twould rattle. Ther mines was only er little ways off, an' I wanted to know when she was swingin'. Whenever I hearn that chain rattle I felt better to know she liked somethin' I bed fixed, an' ther best times ov all was when we sot in thar together.

I sent for her weddin' ring six months b'forehan', so as to git it on time. I tried to git her size, but she didn't 'pear to know what her number was, nor what finger to measure on, so I jes' tole ther man ter sen' er girl's ring, an' he sent it. It come in three months all safe an' well, though ther box what bilt it looked like it had saw a rough rode. I had er hard time to git Min to try it on, 'cause she said 'twould give us bad luck to war it 'fore ther weddin'. But to sat'sfy me she put it on all her fingers to see what one it fit ther best. It looked too pretty fer nothin' on her middle finger, so she said she knowed thet was whar it 'longed.

They more I thought 'bout our weddin' ther harder I worked; what wared me out at fust seemed nothin' then. An' when we started home after knockin' off work ther thought of Min's waitin' at her gate for her pa an' me made me feel es fresh es if I had jes riz out o' bed ov er mornin'. It's er mighty nice feelin' to know thar's somebody waitin' at home for you, an' wishin' you'd come; somebody's smilin' face at ther door, an' er smokin' supper on the hearth. Thar's nothin' like it. It make er man think more ov ther worl' an' ther people in it. It makes him proud he's livin' an' think more o' God. Out o' all ther miners me an' Squir Duff was ther onlies ones what hed anybody to think o'bout an' love. We was always in a hurry to git home o' evenin's, an' never loss no time in talkin' to ther boys.

But they didn't kere nothin' 'tal 'bout their camp, didn't pear to mine if they never got thar. An' what was their use o' hurrin' to a ole, empty, miserble lookin' camp? Thar was no doors open, no fire burnin', no smell o' grub frytn', no woman's face nor nothin' to go fer. Rooms was all littered up, beds every which way for Sunday, pots all sticky, shirts an' pants hangin' up ever whar, an' so many feet o' ashes in ther nrepiace nobody kered 'bout startin' er fire. I uste feel sorry fer ther boys, but couldn't help em lessen we gin um Min, an' we'd er little sooner gin em our necks. Them boys had ther mos' outdacious patches on their clothes I ever seen. Some ov em sot up 'till midnight sotten them hunks o' cloth in, an' their han's was so needle stuck they couldn't hardly work. Ther 'squir felt sorry fer them bein' so lonely, so tole em ter come over an' see him. They was mighty glad of ther invite an never loss no time in gittin' thar nuther. They looked at Min most of ther time, an' air one o' them would er sot up to her quick if she'd gin um er half a chance. But she didn't 'pear to take no stock in perticlar to air one an' I was glad ov it, too, for, Lord knows, I didn't want none o' them to take her from me. I wa'nt jealous, but I kep my eye on em all ther time. Them minin' men ain't to be trusted when it comes to stealin' another feller's girl, no they ain't. But I can't blame 'em much, fer I was half outer my senses all ther time Min was my girl. Thar wa'nt no days like them, none, none.

We was gittin' er long peaceful like, an' savin' up er heap of gold, when one day thar popped all ov er suddin in ther mines Bill Griffins. He was portly built an' his skin was es white es Min's, and his han's looked like they'd never dun no hard work. Bill was some sort o' far fetched kinry ov ther squir's, an' he hung 'roun' till he gin him work. He got tired, an' said he wan't used to sich labor-in' an' wan't goin' to do it.

Everything went bad after Bill come. Some o' ther boys got sick, gold got hard to fine, an' all un us had ther blues. Bill stayed most of his time at the squir's, and he didn't mine none o' my hints to git. Ther squir kind o' liked to talk to him, 'cause he'd been er bout so many places an' had seen so much. Bill was better 'pearin' and finer lookin' than any man out thar, an' when I seen Min lookin' at him sideways I didn't like it er bit. My heart would beat like somethin' wile, an' I was uneasy all ther time, though she was just ther same to me. He was always seekin' her com'ny, an' she thought er lot ov white skins. I got so I never went whar he was 'thout breshin' my face with lime, jes' to make me stan' er better show 'long sider him.

Bill hed lots o' books, an' use to read in 'em to Min every day. She liked ther stories he'd tell her, an' it made me mad 'cause I couldn't read good 'nough fer her to listen to. Bill was mean hearted an' was always puttin' high notions in Min's head. I felt like takin' him by his neck an' ringin' it off every day, an' believe I would fer er little. Ther squir seen, too, how he was sourin' Min on mine' life, but our weddin' was so close we thought it wouldn't make no diff'rence. Bill had been that er month tryin' to take Min er 'way from me. I knowed it, an' I begged her not to go back on me, an' she said she wouldn't, so I thought she was true.

Our weddin' day fell on Sat'day, an' all ther boys stayed from work jes' to see us married, every las' one ov 'em—'cept Bill—come over to help dress me, an' all gin Min a hunk o' gold for 'er present. When I come out Min was standin' waitin', an' ther prettiest picter I ever seen. Ther boys waved their hats an' hollered loud—all but Bill. He stood thar lookin' at Min, with his eyes er blaze o' fire. He never heard nothin' nor saw nothin' but Min. She smiled kind of sad like at me, an' it made me feel like I'd never felt b'fore. In er minit Bill come tarin' in, an' slappin' me on ther jaw said he'd hev Min or die. In er minit we was outside fiten fer life an' death. Ther boys hollered out thet ther one what whips wins ther bride. I hed mos' kilt him when ther boys pulled me er way, an' went to shoutin' Minnie was mine. An' 'twas true, I'd won her twice. I took her han' an' all ov er suddin she looked up in my eyes—then at Bill. Such er look I 'aint never seen in all my life. She tried to tell me somethin' an' it seemed to choke her. But d'reckly she said so sorrowful like: "Dan, I never meant to; no, ther Lord knows I didn't. Don't think hard o' me, Dan, but I love him."

An' 'fore I could say er word she was standin' by Bill.

No, I aint got no folks nor nothin', an' all my life was kilt thet day.—Philadelphia Times.

Pocket Match Safe Free to Smokers of

Knew When to Get Off.

He was a muscular countryman, and his greatest talent lay in the direction of riding untamed horses. It was a Texas pony, full of the characteristics of that renowned breed, and standing listlessly by, awaiting the arrival of some one to try his mettle.

He found the animal without a man daring enough to mount it, and at once asked for the job, saying that he had never yet heard of the horse that could get away from him.

The owner's consent was given immediately, and the bold man sprang into the saddle, and the pony sprang into the air, bounding off like a rocket, with the man clinging to its mane.

Straight down the street the animal sped, and probably the man would have maintained his reputation had the pony not taken a sudden notion to turn into a cross street.

This idea occurred to it, and without consulting the rider the pony wheeled into the side highway, while the rider kept on in the course they were before the change of schedule occurred to the pony.

The crowd arrived just as the man was picking himself up, and were met with the remark, as the man limped toward the drug store:

"By jimminy, boys, I b'leeve that dratted horse ud er killed me ef I hadn't er got off when I did."—Atlanta Constitution.

Spread of the English Language.

At the opening of the present century there were, in round figures, 20,500,000 people who spoke the English language. They were chiefly in England. We were only a few millions in America. The French speaking people at that time numbered about 31,500,000, and the Germans exceeded 30,000,000. The Russian tongue was spoken by nearly 31,000,000, and the Spanish by more than 26,000,000.

The French speech is now used by 10,000,000 people, the German by about 70,000,000, the Spanish by somewhat more than 40,000,000, the Russians by about 70,000,000, the Italian by about 30,000,000, and the Portuguese by perhaps 13,000,000. The English language has enormously outgrown its competitors. It is used by nearly twice as many people as any one of the others, and its relative growth is sure to continue.

North America alone will soon have 100,000,000 English speaking people. There are 40,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland. Australia will, a generation hence, have as many English people as England now has.

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S.S.S. ERADICATES BLOOD POISON AND BLOOD TAINT.

SEVERAL bottles of Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) entirely cleansed my system of contagious blood poison of the very worst type.
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I HAD SCROFULA in 1884, and cleansed my system entirely from it by taking seven bottles of S. S. S. I have not had any symptoms since. C. W. WILCOX, Spartanburg, S. C.

S.S.S. HAS CURED HUNDREDS OF CASES OF SKIN CANCER.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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NIGHT SHIRTS THIS WEEK.

Full sized Night Shirts, made of Fruit of the Loom muslin, ONLY 75 CENTS.

ELEGANT NECKWEAR.

Elegant Neckwear in Four-in-Hands and Tecks, silk lined, only 25c, at the Arcade this week.

DRESS SHIRTS. DRESS SHIRTS.

Linen bosoms, beautifully laundried, and down to 77 cents. This is to make a run. Gents come quick.

48 CENTS :-: ONLY :-: 48 CENTS.

A New York Mills Muslin and Linen Bosom shirt, full size and French yoke, cut to 48 cents.

☞This is gentlemahs week at the Arcade.

THE ARCADE

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Our Store is Filled to Overflowing with a Grand Assortment of New Spring and Summer Goods.

EVERY DEPARTMENT JAMMED WITH ELEGANCE

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The extreme low prices we have put on these goods have thrown rival establishments into a state of frenzy and while they are filling the air with wild lamentations of bad business we are filling our till with shekels for bargains of unequaled worth and merit.

A tidal wave of business has struck us and landed us on top, and amid the cheers of a well pleased public we grandly unfurl our banner on which is written

LOW PRICES!

Never before has a spring season opened so brilliantly. Can not remember of ever offering so many genuine bargains in all departments.

We are dead sure that we are deserving of our great and rapidly growing trade. People like us, and we like the people. Everybody likes to trade in a store where a gleam of sunshine is always seen in the faces of polite salesmen. Come in for a shine and be shown.

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