Wichita Eagle

AMUSEMENTS.

CRAWFORD GRAND.

The McCabe & Young minstrels were at the Crawford Grand last night and played to a good business, considering the weather. It was a regular old time minstrel show and was greeted with hearty applause and laughter. The ballands in the first part were pleasing and well rendered which was followed by a strong oleo. Young, McCabe and Jackson were prime favorites and did some clever work. The Drum Major's Dream was a pleasant innovation and the performers displayed some wondeful skill in manipulating the batoon.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

On Wednesday afternoon and evening the Battle of Gettysburg will be the attraction at the Crawford. The person selling the greatest number of seats for the evening will receive a prize of $10 in gold.

The most exciting and interesting scenes of that great conflict are depicted with a reality that is astonishing and for a moment the beholder seems to be gazing upon the actual scenes of carnage. Aside from the objects of the entertainment sufficient interest attaches to the event to secure a large attendance. The painting is true to history and has won the favorable comment of all.

"SILVER KING."

The "Silver King" will be presented on Thursday night for one night only. The advance sale already is a very flattering tribute to the attraction. The play has the same plot found in most English melodramas. A good man and a bad man love a girl. The good man wins the girl, and, of course, the bad man begins to persecute the couple. The husband in a weak moment, being gorded on to desperation, threatens his foe. The latter meets death at the hands of thieves; the former happening on the scene just after the deed, is accused of the crime, circumstantial evidence is against him, and he resolves to flee, leaving home, wife and children, he lives the life of a hunted criminal. He becomes a rich owner of a silver mine in America, and returns home to prove his innocence, just in time to rescue from poverty and make happy his beloved ones.

Marlande Clarke, as Wilfred Denver, the Silver King, although quite a young man, is a finished actor, and makes the character appeal straight to the heart.

PONIES AND DOGS.

Prof. Gentry will close the week at the Crawford, including a matinee, with his wonderful troupe of trained ponies and dogs. The performance includes many other acts of wonder, including Prince's leap of thirty feet, and Barney's back somersault. It certainly must have required considerable hard work and patience on the part of Prof. Gentry to train these dogs to such a height of perfection, and the public should appreciate such a pleasing result.

The entertainment to be given by the S. & B. club of College hill this evening will eclipse all former efforts of this popular club. Two choice dramas will be rendered and the cast will include such artistic talent as Mrs. L. B. Ewen, Mrs. J. C. Jones, Miss Pond and Messrs. Darling, Jackson, Barnes, Shipe and Knorr. A small admission fee will be charged at the door, the proceeds to be used towards buying a piano.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

On Wednesday afternoon and evening, at the opera house, one may visit the glorious field of Gettysburg, Willoughby Run, Cemetary Hill, Little Round Top, Culp's Hill, The Devil's Den, Rummell's Farm and the Valley of Death; will all be seen, visited and lingered over. Once more may be seen a great battle in all the awful grandeur of terrible war and the thrilling story of the most important fight the world has ever seen will be told.

THE COURTS.

DISTRICT COURT.

Payne vs North was on trial yesterday in the district court by jury. Rodger vs. Wilson was on trial by jury, verdict for defendant for possession of property. Dunlar vs Harrison was in hearing by the court. Mary E. Pelcher vs. Jacob Hauxhurst, judgment for plaintiff for $765.87. Robert O. Deming vs J. R. McKim, judgment fos plaintiff for $1,233.30. Mrs. W. C. Heath vs L. W. Orey, judgment for plaintiff for $2,508, and for $80. A. D. Worthington vs M. E. Beavies, judgment for plaintiff for $1,340. J. G. Bright vs M. J. Rochelle, judgment for plaintiff for $3,961. A. B. Sheldon vs G. W. Dorsey, judgment for plaintiff for $1,276.45. J. T. Culp vs. E. D. Allen, judgment for plaintiff for $1,295.50.

PROBATE COURT.

O. M. Swain, of Garden Plaine, and Lillian Reese, of Goddard, were licensed to marry yesterday in the probate court.

Hearing of petition of R. S. Oakford for druggists permit. The routine work of the court occupied Judge Buckner yesterday.

COMMON PLEAS COURT.

James Howard vs Wichita Wire Manufacturing company was on trial yesterday in Judge Balderston's court and jury still out. Benjamin E. J. Hitt et al vs Absolom C. Hitt and insane person and guardian, partition ordered and John McVicar, William Nevins and Jesse Chamberlain appointed commissioners to partition property. Sarah M. Flack vs W. L. McRee et al, judgment for plaintiff for $425.40. Steele vs Davis, verdict for plaintiff for $267.96. Chicago Lumber company vs W. A. Morris, dismissed at cost of plaintiff. Several motions and demurrers were also disposed of.

JUSTICES COURTS.

The usual round of civil work occupied the justices courts yesterday.

Several warrants were issued for minor offenders but no returns were made.

POLICE COURT.

The arrests of Sunday recorded on the police docket are J. H. Tallman, charged with being drunk and disorderly and was fined $5 yesterday morning; Tom Donovan, on the same charge, put up $7 for his appearance, which he forfeited to the city; Thomas Laydon, a drunk, who paid $5. Ann Tuders, Mary Foley and a Chinaman were up for disturbing the peace. The women were each fined $5 but the celestial escaped conviction. The collection of several back fines and the disposition of several small offenders completed the day's work in the police court yesterday.

EVERY MEAL IS A TRIAL

To the dyspeptic. Flatulence, heartburn, oppressive fullness of the stomach, are the inevitable sequences of the use of the knife and fork. To say of him that he gratifies the cravings of appetite would be genuine satire. He only appeases them. Is relief attainable? Certainly, and by the use of a pleasant as well as thorough remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Will it cure immediately? Certainly not—it does not effect miracles. But it does give prompt and unspeakable relief, and will, if persisted in, produce an ultimate cure. Not only does it impart relish to the food, but promotes its conversion by the stomach into rich, health and strength-sustaining blood. Sleeplessness of the nerves, mental depression, and unquiet slumber, produced by interruption of the digestive functions, are also remedied by it. It is the finest preventive and curative of malarial disorders and relieves consumption, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and liver complaint.

Chances of Death in War.

No doubt every reader has seen the statement that it takes a man's weight of lead to kill him in battle, and they may have considered it to be merely a rhetorical hyperbole, suggested by the fact that comparatively few out of the whole number of shots fired in heat of battle take effect. Marshal Saxe, we believe, first made the assertion which forms the base of the above, when he said it would take 125 pounds of lead and 33 pounds of powder to put each of the enemy in the long trench. Wild and visionary as this may seem, it appears that there was more truth than poetry in the remark. With all the improvements which have been made in the art of war since the days of Saxe, Cassendi, the French savant, proves that the great marshal's philosophical remark still holds good.

At the battle of Solferino, according to Cassendi's carefully deduced calculations, a comparison of the number of shots fired on the Austrian side with the number of killed and wounded on the part of the enemy shows that 700 bullets were expended for each man wounded, and 4,200 for each man killed. The average weight of the ball used was 30 grains, therefore it must have taken at least 126 kilograms, or 227 pounds of lead for each man killed! Yet Solferino was a most important and bloody battle. In the Franco-Prussian war the slaughter caused by the needle gun among the French soldiers shows how much superior that gun is to the Austrian carbine; yet with that deadly weapon 1,200 shots were fired for every soldier destroyed in the enemy's ranks. Verily there was good foundation for Bogert's ungrammatical remark: "War is awful, but the noise of warfare is awfuler."—St. Louis Republic.

A Diamond Dagger.

There are two tiers of boxes in the Metropolitan opera house in which the ladies wear full dress. The lower tier projects further into the body of the house than the upper, so that any object falling from the latter might readily strike a person sitting in the former. One night a much-bejeweled woman in one of the boxes in the second tier chanced to lean over the rail to gaze at the orchestra stalls. The movement shook a piece of diamond jewelry from her hair, and it fell swiftly down into the box beneath. Under some circumstances the ornament would have been lost, but it so happened that it found a sweet and safe resting place. A fresh, big eyed beauty in the lower box suddenly startled her friends by clutching her pretty neck and exclaiming: "O! I think I'm stabbed!"

Everybody bent solicitously toward her, demanding what was the matter. She tapped her chest and gasped: "I felt a sharp weapon strike me here."

Her mother looked keenly at the girl's throat, but there was no sign of a wound. Of this she strove to assure her child.

"It is lower down," whispered the young woman.

At that moment a gentleman entered by the door at the back of the box.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said, "but my wife in the box above dropped a jewel from her hair a moment ago and she said that it fell in here. Have you seen anything of it?"

The lovely girl who thought herself stabbed sat upright in her chair and looked a trifle frightened. Then she dashed into the back room, from which she presently returned, her face wreathed in timid smiles.

"Here is the jewel," she said, holding forth a handsome diamond dagger.—New York Letter.

The Electric Cure.

A sensible lady at the South End told me that riding in the electric cars had cured her of rheumatism, and had cured another lady also.

The ordinary electrician, if not the ordinary man who is not an electrician, might smile incredulously at the above and say: "Pure imagination." Perhaps it is, and then again perhaps it is not. To begin with, the imagination is naturally excited by mystery, which is only another name for lack of knowledge—for ignorance, in fact. Now, if we see an effect without knowing the cause, we might guess for a year without guessing correctly. Hence, the imagination is excited. Cases have been known where bread pills have effected cures of stomach troubles. Why? No doubt because the patient believed they contained some potent drug. In dealing with hypnotic cases French physicians found that steel magnets seemed to have a peculiar effect upon the subjects. One of the experimenters, more skeptical than others of his brethren, had a magnet made of wood and fixed so as to resemble a steel magnet, and found that it had equally as potent effects as the steel magnet on subjects.—Cor. Boston Herald.

Hitching Posts for the Street.

Carelessness in not properly securing horses in the streets and highways of the city often leads to serious accidents, and the practice is gaining of allowing animals to remain untied or unwatched even by a small boy. A gentleman who has been a sufferer by a runaway horse calls attention to the fact that owners of property are derelict in not providing some means in front of their residences by which animals can be securely tied and the danger of accident reduced to a minimum. It would cost very little to have a strong iron ring imbedded in the curbing in front of a dwelling house, and the staple could be driven pretty well home so as to guard against the occupant of a vehicle stumbling over it in the dark. Such a precaution would induce the owners of horses to provide themselves with straps, which would not take up much room, or be so unwieldy as if they were attached to heavy weights.—Washington Post.

Scientific Paradoxes.

The water which drowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which, when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses, so graceful in its fragrance, a solid at ordinary temperatures, though really volatile, is a compound substance containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink with benefit and pleasure produces palpitations, nervous trumblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself as theine, not as tea without any appreciable effect.—Blackwood's Magazine.

"Puzzled The Doctors."

MOST of the cases cured by **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** have been given up by the regular practice. Physicians are recommending this medicine more than ever, and with satisfactory results.

E. M. Sargent, Lowell, Mass., says:—"Several years ago, my daughter broke out with large sores on her hands, face, and other parts of her body. The case puzzled the doctors. My daughter used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it resulted in a complete cure. Her blood seems to have been thoroughly purified, as she has never had so much as a pimple since taking this medicine."

"This is to certify that after having been sick for twelve years with kidney disease and general debility, and having been treated by several physicians without relief, I am now better in every respect, and think I am nearly well, having taken seven bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Maria Ludwigson, Albert Lea, Minn.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

DARK SIDE OF NAVY LIFE.

IT IS NOT ALL FUN AND FROLIC, BUT VERY LARGELY A BORE.

The Work Is Hard to Begin with, and Unhappy Ships Are More Plentiful Than Happy Ones—Even the Captain Has a Hard Time—Paternal Control.

"The life of a naval officer is very far from being an easy or amusing one in my opinion," said a young lieutenant. "People generally have a notion that we do nothing but lark and play, but such is as far as possible from being the case. To begin with we have to do at least eight hours out of the twenty-four of the hardest sort of toil work, indeed so disagreeable in its character that there are few kinds of labor which are not pleasant in comparison. Four hours by day and four hours at night, month after month and year after year, we must spend in silently walking a plank, forbidden to utter a word to any one, unless it is necessary to make a formal communication to the captain, and even denied the privilege of sitting down if we are tired. Such is watch duty. You can imagine how slowly the time must pass, so occupied, particularly at night, when the incidental responsibility for the ship's safety rests heavy on the mind. Maybe your night watch begins at 8 p. m. and lasts until 12; if not you must be engaged in this pleasing duty from midnight till 4 in the morning. But all the same you must be through breakfast before 9 a. m. and ready for morning drill. The blue jackets have to be put through their evolutions like soldiers, marching in squads and practicing at the guns. In the afternoon it is likely there will be another drill. During the intervals of such duties you may loaf or go to sleep. In this way is life on board ship made up. For my own part I would rather live on land."

SHIPS HAPPY AND OTHERWISE.

"But you have an agreeable companionship among your fellow officers?"

"It all depends. When the ward room mess is composed exclusively of jolly and congenial men things go very pleasantly. But such a fortunate condition of affairs is rather the exception than the rule. There are many more unhappy ships in the service, as we phrase it, than happy ones. You see, social existence under such circumstances is reduced to very close quarters, and small things become serious annoyances. A disagreeable fellow, not in any way to be avoided or got rid of, can occasion much discomfort. But the most common source of uncomfortableness is mere want of sympathy among the officers. How can it be expected that the man of mature years could find companionable a fresh young ensign not long out of the naval academy, or vice versa? Such differences of age, feelings and opinions are necessarily productive, if not of discord, at least of unhappiness. If the executive officer, who always presides over the ward room mess, is an unpleasant person, things are made exceedingly miserable. He may behave in a tyrannical manner, carrying his authority to the table even, and the very meals will be rendered unpalatable through his bad temper. It would hardly do for him to go so far as to criticise the table manners of the other officers or to insult them in any way, because they have it in their power to seek redress for such an injury by meeting him on shore and thrashing him; but he can do pretty nearly anything short of that. Over the conversation at the board he has control, and, when he considers that a discussion has gone far enough, he says simply: 'That will do, gentlemen.'"

"One would imagine the position of a captain to be a very enjoyable one."

DIGNITY ON SHIPBOARD.

"It is hardly such for many reasons. To begin with, it is exceedingly difficult for the captain of a ship to maintain agreeable relations socially with his officers and to keep up strict discipline at the same time. If the commander of a man-of-war were seen to indulge in a laughing familiarity with one of the lieutenants that single act would loosen discipline all over the vessel. From that time on the naval cadet would be more at ease with the executive officer, the petty officers would be a trifle more familiar in addressing the younger lieutenants, and the blue jackets would pay a slightly less respectful attention to the orders of the petty officers. Everything on board must outwardly preserve an air of the coldest formality, else before you know it there will be trouble, which can only be settled by putting a score of the men in irons and dropping all social courtesies between the captain's cabin and the ward room. The captain must always maintain the role of an absolute monarch. What he says is law. Nominally a captain has power of life and death over any one on board, but he would never carry it to that extreme, unless in case of mutiny, and he is chary of administering punishment, for the reason that any common sailor under him has the ear of the captain's own masters if he has an abuse to complain of, for the captain is obliged by the regulations to forward to the secretary of the navy at Washington any document which the meanest blue jacket may choose to hand to him for such transmission. He may mark it 'Not approved of,' but he has got to send it, and it may cause his own court martial and even dismissal from the service in case the complaint is of a sufficiently serious nature and is sustained.

"We have some spells of comparative liberty, of course, when we are on leave. On my last leave I went out west and the people I met said, 'Is the navy still going on?' 'Oh, yes,' I replied always, 'it is still going on.' 'You must have to save up your pay for such times as this, when you don't earn anything,' one old farmer suggested. And when I told him that my pay went on while I was on leave he was indignant. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'do you mean to say that you git paid for doin' nothin'? The money I earn by diggin' and sweatin' goes to pay you for loafin' around here and larkin' with the girls! By gee, I'll write to my congressman to-night and hev it fixed!'"—Interview in Washington Star.

One Woman's Method.

Not a thousand miles from the Capitol building dwells a bright young woman whose clever brain more than atones for the absence of that personal beauty which renders many maidens attractive in the eyes of other maidens' brothers. This damsel has never failed to retain her hold on the interest of the young men of her acquaintance. One potent method has come to light. She possesses good photographs of her manly admirers. These she does not immure in the recesses of the family album or the compartments of a plush photo. holder, but on the evening sacred to the call of one of these gentlemen his photograph, encircled by a pretty frame, is sure to have a conspicuous place in the cozy parlor.

No man is proof against flattery, and this subtile phase thereof goes to the heart of the man who notes his picture. The next caller finds his photograph occupying the favored place, and he goes away in a condition of extreme complacency. This neat plan has operated successfully for some time, and until the half dozen visitors are seized with an actual desire to boast to one another, and so discover the secret of the changeable nature of the pretty frame's contents, it seems likely that the young woman will not lack appreciative admirers. "Love me, love my carte de visite," is a young man's favorite motto.—Home Magazine.

The Petroleum Output.

Since 1861 America has extracted from well petroleum and its resolvents to the value of $800,000,000. The high water mark was reached in 1877, when the product was valued at $61,786,446, though the quantity that year was but 15,052,752 barrels of 42 gallons each. In 1887 the value of the product was $46,824,193 and the quantity 21,858,037 barrels, a decrease of about 4,000,000 barrels under the product of 1886. The supply is gradually decreasing in the developed fields.—Louisville Times.

THE TAME DEER OF NARA.

STRANGE POPULATION OF A QUEER JAPANESE VILLAGE.

Pet Deers Which Invade a Visitor's Bedroom and Hunt for Sweetmeats—They Surround a Traveler and Beseech Him to Provide Them Biscuit.

As I was leaving Kioto on my first expedition to the venerable and romantic city of Nara, one of the most ancient capitals of the Japanese empire, I received a singular caution from my merry friend Oshikoji, the honorable Kuge's son.

"Expect strange visitors," he cried. "Prepare to meet the most wonderful acquaintances you have ever encountered in all your travels!"

But I had seen so many rare and marvelous things in Japan that the admonition was forgotten before my journey was fairly begun. Arriving at Nara on a bright summer afternoon, I found comfortable quarters in the upper story of the largest inn that the place contained. After responding to the landlord's salutations and accepting the wishes of his household for my health and happiness, I proceeded to make a change of dress and otherwise put myself in order for a stroll through the beautiful temple groves for which the region is famous.

While thus engaged I was disturbed by a loud clattering on the floor below, presently followed by the sound of heavy footsteps clambering up the rough staircase which led to my apartment. Somebody was making an extremely noisy and clumsy attempt to intrude upon my privacy. There was no door to close, for, as in many rustic Japanese habitations, the rooms of the second story were reached through a hole cut in the floor, to which no covering was provided. The way was open, and if any person chose to force himself upon me it would be difficult to prevent him, except by using strong measures of dissuasion.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

The extraordinary noise grew louder and I waited for an explanation with no little curiosity. Imagine my amazement when a pair of spreading antlers rose through the aperture, followed by the delicate and graceful head of a young deer. The warning given in Kioto came suddenly to my remembrance. Truly a more astonishing visitor to one's bedroom could not be conceived of. Struggling awkwardly to his feet, the pretty animal advanced with friendly confidence and gazed into my face with what I took to be a look of gentle interrogation.

Having, however, no suspicion as to the purpose of his coming, I stared blankly in return, until, with a toss of his horns and a sniff of disappointment, he moved to the inspection of my baggage, which lay loosely scattered upon the matting. For several minutes he made himself free with my wardrobe, pushing various objects about with his nose, and apparently searching for something to his taste, but the investigation proved fruitless, and fixing his big eyes reproachfully upon me, he stalked gravely to the staircase and descended backward with comical deliberation, feeling his way with a security that betokened a practiced familiarity with the interior structure of human dwellings.

On setting forth to explore the neighborhood a little later, I was abundantly, not to say oppressively, supplied with the extraordinary companionship of which I had been forewarned. Streets, gardens and parks were thronged with deer of all sizes and ages. Wherever the eye could reach they might be counted by thousands. They seemed to constitute the real population of the city, and they certainly displayed far greater activity and interest in life than their human co-residents.

THEIR FAVORITE REFRESHMENTS.

Several of them at once approached me with the same anxious look of inquiry that my unbidden guest at the inn had worn. Again I failed to comprehend, until a group of stags surrounded me and signified by unmistakable action that I was required to accompany them to a certain corner, at which a peddler of sweet cakes was stationed. It was impossible to resist their pressing invitation, although there was nothing violent in their demonstrations. They closed around me and waited patiently while I purchased a supply of their favorite refreshment, and fed them one after another by hand. At various points of the temple grounds I was compelled to repeat this operation, and I soon learned that the sale of crisp biscuit for the consumption of the deer was one of the established industries of that country.

For more than one thousand years these beautiful creatures have fearlessly enjoyed the freedom of Nara in obedience to the legendary decree of a tender hearted empress of olden times. This lady, moved to compassion by the plaintive cries of a hind whose mate had been destroyed by the hunters, signified her command that in all ages to come no deer should be wantonly slain within the environs of the imperial court. To this day the tradition is respected, and no man's hand is lifted against these harmless inhabitants of the woods. They dwell in little lodges provided by the priests, who are their authorized guardians and protectors, and they pass their lives in familiar association with the citizens, whom they outnumber ten to one. All doors are open to them, and the idea that danger can result from this intimate fellowship with the race of bipeds never darkens their innocent thoughts. Their privileged existence is one of the happiest illustrations of the natural simplicity and humanity of the Japanese people.—E. H. House in New York World.

A Mean Husband's Revenge.

Mrs. De Pride laxious that her daughter shall make a rich match)—I wonder why Mr. Richfellow doesn't come to see our daughter any more.

Mr. De Pride—I don't know. The last time he was here he borrowed my clockwork phonograph to have some music played into it. He brought it back to my office the next morning, saying that the musician was sick or something, and that's the last I've seen of him.

"Was the phonograph empty?"

"Um! now I think of it, I believe it did have in it your reception of me when I came home late the night before. Maybe he's changed his mind about marrying."—New York Weekly.

About Smoking.

It may be mentioned that persons leading an outdoor life can, as a rule, smoke with much greater impunity than those who spend most of their time indoors. It is further worthy of remark that the inhabitants of warm climates suffer less than the dwellers in what is probably on the non incendo principle, called the temperate climate of England. This is doubtless due to the greater resisting power of tissues less harassed by fogs and east winds, and partly, perhaps, to the use of milder tobacco.—Sir Morell Mackenzie.

A Wonderful Cat.

A cat in Millville, N. J., finds pleasure in swimming, and often catches fish in shallow water with its paws. It has been known to swim in pursuit of a dock rat clear across the river.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Good Die Young.

"Why is it that the good are not always happy?" was the question which a Sunday school teacher in an uptown church put to her class of boys. There was a dead silence for a moment, and then a little fellow piped out, "Because they're shakin' of the fun they 'joint havin'."—New York Tribune.

A Methodist preacher at Argonia was called out of the pulpit to marry a couple as he was in the act of announcing his text. He proceeded to make them husband and wife and then returned and delivered his sermon. Weddings of that kind generally pay about fifty cents in Kansas.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

FOR BEAUTY OF POLISH, SAVING LABOR, CLEANLINESS, DURABILITY & CHEAPNESS. UNEQUALLED. NO ODOR WHEN HEATED.

A DOUBLY SWINDLED SUITOR.

He Loses Both Cash and Sweetheart by a Trick.

A chance meeting on the streets of Philadelphia recently was the means of unearthing a curious and successful conspiracy by which a young man had been defrauded of $1,000 and also of the girl on whom he had set his affections.

When she lived in Wilkesbarre a few months ago Clara Newberger, plump, attractive, dashing, and with some claims to beauty, had two suitors for her hand. One of them, Alfred Nagle by name, held a good position in a clothing house, and possessed quite a sum of money. The other, stalwart, fine looking Michael Schwarz, had neither occupation nor cash. Woman like, Clara preferred the handsome Michael to the well to do Alfred.

But the latter was full of resources, and bound to win if possible. Failing in his attempts to secure a hold on Miss Newberger's affections, he made overtures to Schwarz to abandon the field. He first offered the favorite $25 to go away, and was promptly thrashed. Nagle still persisted, and through a friend made a second proposition. If Michael would renounce all claims to the girl and leave town, the sum of $1,000 would be handed him. He demurred, hesitated, and then accepted. He loved the girl, and she loved him; but he was poor, work was slack, and he needed money. Miss Newberger was consulted. She said she thought it would be better for Schwarz to have $1,000 than a wife. The cash was paid, Schwarz departed, and the field remained clear for Nagle.

CLARA NEWBERGER.

The latter's wooing apparently prospered, but a little before the wedding day the prospective bridegroom broke his leg. While he was confined to his room intelligence came, first, that Clara was sick, and then that she was dead. Nagle's sister went to the house, saw the girl laid out, placed a wreath of roses on the coffin and departed. That night the body was shipped west, or at least people were so informed by Miss Newberger's family. Nagle mourned his loss deeply, and seemed permanently affected by his sweetheart's untimely taking off.

What was his astonishment then to learn the other day that Clara was alive. She had "put up a job" on him. Her illness and death were part of a plan to deceive. After the departure of Miss Nagle from the supposed house of mourning the Newberger girl had arisen, disguised herself, and taken a train to Philadelphia. There she met Schwarz. The two were married and went to housekeeping on the money secured from Nagle. A resident of Wilkesbarre saw them and carried the news home. Now the clothing clerk's grief has changed to anger and he intends seeking legal redress.

SHOCKING BRUTALITY.

The Horrible Experience of a Beautiful Missouri Girl.

Allie Atkinson is the handsome 18-year-old daughter of James W. Atkinson, a prominent and wealthy farmer living three and a half miles west of Pleasant Hill, Mo. To no girl did life look brighter and more full of sunshine than to her. She was full of life, the light of her father's home, the belle of the neighborhood. One brief hour changed all this, and now Miss Atkinson lies on a bed of pain, watched over by a grief stricken mother, while the male members of the family have the stern duty before them of hunting down the wretch whose brutality has cast a permanent shadow over a once happy home.

The other day, shortly after dinner, Allie started for the house of a neighbor, a quarter of a mile distant. She returned within the hour half dead from terror and exhaustion, covered with dirt and mud, her clothes torn and disarranged, her wealth of hair severed from her head, a gag in her mouth, her hands tied, and her limbs gashed by a knife. Before lapsing into convulsions she managed to gasp out the story of her hideous wrong. While passing through a grove she had been attacked by some unknown fiend, and despite a gallant resistance, finally succumbed to brute force. Recovering from a swoon she saw her assailant running toward the railway track, and summoning her last reserve of strength dragged her way home.

MISS ALLIE ATKINSON.

Mounted messengers soon roused the whole country side, and by dark a thousand men were scouring the fields and roads for miles around. Several persons who came under suspicion were placed in custody, but released on proving satisfactory alibis. The hunt kept up all next day, but proved fruitless, and the case is now in the hands of trained agents of the law, who hope to be able to bring the unknown villain to justice.

Now Hunting the Regulators.

Several people have left Westport, N. J., and others are keeping very quiet. This is the result of a recent attempt to "regulate" things in the household of Richard Seybold. One of the inmates, named Brady, together with Mrs. Seybold, had been for a season the subject of gossip. The "White Caps" broke into the Seybold residence, seized Brady and hustled him out of town. He is back again, and both he and his boss threaten to hunt down the members of the mob. The offenses alleged as an excuse for the demonstration are said to have had no existence.

He Doesn't Call Now.

Tommy (with anxiety)—Mr. Stayer, do you eat little children?

Mr. Stayer (visibly embarrassed)—Why, no, Tommy; why do you ask?

Tommy (relieved)—Well, here's a piece headed "Little Children Eaten by a Boar," and sister said you were the most exasperating bore she ever saw.—West Shore.

A Medical School Jest.

First Doctor—Have you a skeleton?

Second Doctor—Yes.

First Doctor—Let's see it.

Second Doctor—Can't very well; fact is, I'm wearing it under my flesh.—Hacket.

Threw Him in Again.

Rescuer (who has pulled a man out of the water)—Gracious! Your head is bleeding. How did you cut it?

Rescued Man—On the water's edge, I guess.—Lawrence American.

An Indiana man now under suspicion of suicide, was good enough to pay this tribute to his wife a few hours after her death: "She was a jewel of a woman to travel; she needed but a gripsack, not a Saratoga trunk."

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Retort Not Courteous.

M. Dumas fils does not pique himself on geniality or the retort courteous. The following letter from him, addressed to a person who had written to him for his autograph, was sold for ten francs at the Salle Silvestre, in Paris: "Dear Sir—Do me the favor to come and dine with me to-morrow. I shall be having several men of wit and do not want to be the only donkey at the table. Yours sincere ly, A. Dumas Fils."—Paris Edition Herald.

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