SUPPLEMENT

The Carbon Advocate.

SHREWD BARNEY BIGLIN.

It Was Politics For Him Not to Know Ex-Judge Dittenhoefer.

Most of the stories worth printing about the famous Chicago convention of 1880 have been published, but here is one that seems to be new. Ex-Judge Dittenhoefer was in Chicago working against Grant and a third term. Bernard Biglin was there in the interest of Grant. Both were old personal friends. The night before the balloting began Biglin and two others were appointed a committee to look after several southern delegations, among them being the Kentucky delegation.

When Biglin and his associates arrived at the Kentucky headquarters, they found that Dittenhoefer had got ahead of them. He had the floor and was delivering a strong speech against Grant, saying, among other things, that Grant could not carry New York. Biglin saw that Dittenhoefer's remarks were having great weight, and he realized that he was no match for him as a talker. What to do to break the force of Dittenhoefer's speech was the problem that confronted Biglin. This was the method he selected. In the midst of Dittenhoefer's peroration Biglin called out in loud voice, "Who is that man?"

"Why, he is ex-Judge Dittenhoefer of New York," said a member of the Kentucky delegation.

"Oh, no; that's not Judge Dittenhoefer," said Biglin. "I know Judge Dittenhoefer well. This man may pretend to be Dittenhoefer to strangers, but he knows better than to try to work any such racket with New Yorkers. I tell you he's a fraud."

Biglin's remarks made a sensation. Suspicious glances were cast at Dittenhoefer by members of the Kentucky delegation. The former got red in the face and walked up to Biglin. "Barney," he said, holding out his hand, "that's a pretty good joke of yours, not to know me."

"Joke," shouted Biglin in contempt. "It's no joke, I can tell you. I will just bet you $20 that you are not Judge Dittenhoefer of New York." Biglin flourished a $20 bill in Dittenhoefer's face. Of course he had to accept the challenge. The money was put up in the hands of a member of the delegation. Dittenhoefer hurried away to get some one to identify him. When he returned, Biglin had disappeared, likewise the stakeholder. After the convention Dittenhoefer met Biglin in the hotel corridor. "What did you mean," he said, "by saying you did not know me that night at the Kentucky headquarters?"

"What did you mean," said Biglin, "by saying that Grant could not carry New York?"

"That was politics," answered Dittenhoefer.

"Well," said Biglin, "it was politics my not knowing you."

Dittenhoefer and Biglin are still friends.—New York Press.

What He Helped At.

The congressman was telling stories.

"It was on me once," he said. "I had a friend who was dry as a humorist, but not always dry as a drinker, and when he was full he did foolish things. One of these was to buy a jackass for $500, and when he sobered up and knew what he had done he sold him back to the original seller for $400. Naturally the loss of $100 made him sore, and he did not like to be twitted about it. One day I saw him on a mule waiting in front of a store, and I spoke to him. He was just full enough to be serious.

"'Hello,' I said, and he responded with a nod.

"'You are a judge of that sort of animal you are riding, aren't you?'

"'I don't know that I am particularly so,' he said earnestly.

"'I thought you were in the business.'

"'No, I ain't.'

"'Didn't you buy a jack for $500 not long ago?'

"The crowd that had gathered giggled, and he looked more serious than ever.

"'Yes I did,' he answered solemnly.

"'What did you do with him? I asked, with a wink at the crowd to be ready.

"He looked at me solemnly.

"'I helped elect him to congress,' he said, without a smile, and the howl that went up made me seek shelter in the nearest place that could be found."—Detroit Free Press.

THE WHISTLING GIRL.

Fascinating, Generous, Noble Hearted, So a Woman's Analysis Runs.

A woman who has made a study of the whistling girl says that, aside from her assumption of a masculine prerogative, she is usually a dainty and factidious bit of femininity, who loses not one iota of her womanly charm when she puckers her pretty mouth and whistles a merry tune. Rather the roguish twinkle in her eye challenges censure. To a superficial observer she is bright, jolly, original. Know her better, and she is frank, honest, high spirited, noble hearted, superior to the alleged pettiness of her sex, and, should circumstances require, sufficiently generous to make wonderful sacrifices for those she loves, for, being ardent and impulsive, she loves warmly. She may hate, too, with corresponding enthusiasm, but not for long, for, being tender of heart and believing always the best of humanity, this harsher sentiment finds no permanent home with her.

Contrary to the general opinion, she is rarely if ever a "tomboy," and if she occasionally makes use of her ability to attract the attention of some delinquent conductor it is only when she is hurrying home at dusk and knows that the friendly darkness will not reveal her secret. As she approaches the corner she sees the coveted car leaving her perhaps a long and weary wait upon the sidewalk. She glances around to appeal to some possible small boy, but this convenient commodity fails to appear. Steadily the car is receding. Can she be blamed if she for a moment forgets that utility should weigh lightly in her vocal scale? And at last, when she triumphantly enters the car, no one would suppose that those demure lips had uttered that shrill and effective signal.

Altogether, although inclined to be willful and rebellious at times (and who admires dull perfection?), she is a girl fashioned after a free ideal. Is she to have her vocal freedom restrained by a cruel conventionality which forbids her to enliven her own home with pretty, birdlike music, while at the same time it not only tolerates, but often pretends to admire, the vocalist next door who seeks to entertain the entire neighborhood at eventide by a series of wailing notes and soaring crescendos? The whistling girl abruptly unpuckers her rosy lips to show her pretty teeth in a dazzling smile as she flashes upon you a newer version of her grandmother's rebuke:

Girls that whistle and hens that crow
Make their way wherever they go.

—New York Sun.

Saluted the Brazilian Rebels.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—Secretary Herbert learned to his surprise that Rear Admiral Stanton, commanding the United States fleet in Brazilian waters, had saluted the rebel admiral. For this act of discourtesy towards a friendly nation Secretary Herbert, after consulting with the president and secretary of state, ordered Rear Admiral Stanton's detachment. Rear Admiral Stanton is ordered to turn over the command of his squadron to Captain Picking, the next in rank.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BOY.

He seems to be everybody's in one,
So much is he on everybody's hand
And the mischievous things that he has done
No mind can remember nor mouth declare.
He fills the whole of his share of space
With his strong, straight form and his merry face.

He is very cowardly, very brave;
He is kind and cruel, good and bad,
A brute and a hero! Who will save
The best from the worst of my neighbor's lad?
The mean and the noble strive today:
Which of the powers will have its way?

The world is needing his strength and skill.
He will make hearts happy or make them ache.
What power is in him for good or ill?
Which of life's paths will his swift feet take?
Will he rise and draw others up to him,
Or the light that is in him burn low and dim?

But what is my neighbor's boy to me
More than a nuisance? My neighbor's boy,
Though I have some fears for what he may be,
Is a source of solicitude, hope and joy
And a constant pleasure, because I pray
That the best that is in him may rule some day.

He passes me with a smile and a nod.
He knows I have hope of him, guesses, too,
That I whisper his name when I ask of God
That man may be righteous, his will to do.
And I think that many would have more joy
If they loved and prayed for a neighbor's boy!

—M. Farningham in Christian Advocate.

MAGIC IN THE EAST.

I have intended to tell the story of little Akli before. I don't know why I haven't done so, unless it has been because— But I will tell the story this time.

I had been journeying through Egypt in company with my friend, Harry Kellar, the magician. We were stopping at the quaint old town of Boolak, which is situated on the right bank of the Nile, at the divergence of its Pelusiac branch, one mile northwest of the historic city of Cairo, of which it forms a suburb. Our host was an Egyptian grandee, whose fine country place overlooked the shipping from just outside the more densely populated part of the town.

One day we were strolling down near the landings when an old Egyptian market woman besought us to purchase some of her tamarinds, naming an exorbitant price.

"Why, my good mother, do you sell these tamarinds at that low figure?" exclaimed Kellar in mild surprise, addressing her in her own tongue. "They are worth much more than that, I am sure."

She looked surprised, so did our host.

"Yes, I was sure of it," Kellar continued, and he broke one of those that he had taken up and drew a small copper coin of the country from its center.

For a moment the woman was too startled to do more than regard the coin with wonder. Then, however, her natural avarice asserted itself, and she snatched the bit away from Kellar's unresisting hand.

"Ah! I see you are a fakir," our host said smilingly as we moved on. "It was well done. Now I know that you and my other esteemed friend here will more than ordinarily enjoy the slight diversion I have to offer for your entertainment after coffee today. Perhaps, too, you may have the keenness—though it is not in me to explain the performance to divine how little Akli can survive the marvelous act Abalani forces him to do, and to discover how Abalani can perform his part of the strange entertainment.

But about the old market woman: A servant told our host later that she had hurried directly to her rude cot on our departure, where she had carefully opened every tamarind in her basket to find the copper bit in its center. The disappointment she suffered on not finding a single bit of money and the loss of the spoiled fruit served her right for attempting to impose upon the supposed ignorance of strangers. But Kellar was too large hearted to allow the lesson to be one that should make her the poorer, and the servant was dispatched directly to the old peddler's home with more than twice the worth of the fruit in coppers.

That evening Abalani, the fakir, arrived at our host's house.

He was a small, wiry little man, whose age was about 45, if you were to judge it from the dark, clear eyes with which he quickly summed you up. They seemed to pierce me through and through as he made a deprecatory bow before me, his thin arms and palms extended toward me in the attitude of benediction.

His only garments were a light breechcloth of a dark red shade and a flowing silk mantle, dark yellow in color. The only ornament he wore was a dark copper ring hanging from his neck by a greasy looking piece of leather or cord.

I looked for Akli, the little boy with whose assistance he performed the tricks we expected to witness.

But Abalani was alone.

I then looked for the coil of rope which I had heard played a part in the strange spectacle.

The fakir had brought none.

I said to myself that we were to be disappointed, and that the little weazen limbed fakir had come to make excuses for his inability to amuse us this time, and I could see that Kellar thought the same.

But our host retained his wonted good nature as though nothing was wrong, and it was not the place of either Kellar or myself to show disappointment. Meanwhile the little fakir led the way to a smooth bit of ground not far from the house.

Here we almost unconsciously formed an expectant circle about him.

He spoke few words, and we maintained a perfect silence under the spell the little fellow seemed to throw around him. But this was not the sensation of gazing upon a serpent that one experiences when witnessing the performances of so many of his class.

"My masters, you wish to see Akli climb!" he said in a crackling, restrained tone.

"They do," our host answered for us.

The man clapped his thin palms together twice smartly.

As he did so a small boy appeared by his side like a flash where they had been no one [illegible] started forward [illegible] exclamation on his lips. I, too, was greatly startled. The fakir had thrown aside his silk mantle and stood before us clothed only in his breechcloth. The boy, a handsome lad of apparently 16 or 17, was similarly clothed. At my request he took my hand and gave it a friendly pressure.

"I must have a rope—must have a rope!" exclaimed Abalani nervously, and he gesticulated in the air quickly with his right arm, his actions seeming to fascinate me.

"Ah!"

He ceased the action, and lowering his arm displayed a large coil of native rope in his hand that it would have been impossible for him to have concealed about his person. Then, with a quick motion, he pitched one end of the coil straight up into the air, keeping the other end in his grasp.

The line seemed to catch up there in the atmosphere. It said there dangling down between us.

Abalani ordered Akli to climb up, hurrying him with a word of impatience and stamp of his foot.

Akli shook the rope with one hand, as if to see if it were quite secure, and then did as he was requested.

Up, up, up, he clambered, higher and higher, gradually growing smaller and smaller as he ascended until he actually disappeared from view. Yet we could tell that he was still climbing away up there, for the rope kept force on troubled with the motion that he made. Abalani did his best to study it.

Then suddenly the fakir clapped his hands and sprang to one side. We heard the rushing sound of a body falling through the air, and then the form of Akli landed upon his feet before us unhurt and smiling. Another clapping of Abalani's hands, and rope and boy both disappeared.

The fakir stood alone before us. Kellar and I were mystified. He asked that Abalani perform the trick again. When it had been done a second time, Abalani left us as perplexed as before.

For my part I gave the whole riddle up. I had seen many a strange feat of jugglery, but this one completely nonplused me. Kellar was determined not to leave Boolak until he had satisfied himself as to how the trick, or feat, had been performed.

A week passed. Our host enjoyed Kellar's quandary keenly as a boy, and joked him about it. However, Kellar joined us on the porch one afternoon with a certain amused expression upon his face that made me feel reasonably sure that something interesting was up.

"I should like to see little Akli climb just once more this afternoon," he said, dropping into a low steamer chair with more satisfaction than I had noticed him evince for the past week. "Con and I should be leaving tomorrow or the next day at the latest."

To make known a wish there was to have it gratified. After coffee that afternoon Abalani came walking gravely up the shaded path, his slight figure clothed as before—in the flowing mantle and scanty breechcloth—that dark copper ring, a shade lighter in color than the breast it hung against, his only decoration. As before, he was alone.

There were the same low salaams, his dry, hard palms that were of almost the whiteness of mine being stretched over us. Few words were spoken. The man could not have been more deferential. But at the same time I thought that I detected a gleam of egotistical challenge in his dark eyes that made me hope Kellar would succeed in detecting his trick and increased my desire to know how it was performed.

We moved down to the place in the garden where we had witnessed the act before, Kellar slipping into the house a moment first. Little Akli appeared as bright and smiling as when we had first seen him. The rope appeared, Akli had climbed it, when I heard a slight, sharp "click!" on the side where Kellar was standing. When little Akli had clambered out of sight, Abalani clapped his hands twice. We shuddered as we heard the sound of Akli's falling body. The rope had disappeared, and the little fellow stood there bowing before us. The next moment he was gone.

Kellar hurried me into the house and to our room. The room had a dark closet, and soon Kellar was hold up a dripping 4 by 5 plate from his camera for me to view by the dim light of our ruby lantern.

I could see our host, arms akimbo, looking up wonderingly. I could see Abalani—showing up white in the negative—his thin arms raised above his head, his feet braced widely apart, as they had been when steadying the rope for little Akli to climb when I had heard the shutter of the camera snap. But there was no little Akli to be seen anywhere, nor any rope, for that matter.

Abalani had mesmerized our host, Kellar and myself, but it was beyond his fakir skill to mesmerize our detective camera.—Conyers C. Converse in New York Herald.

Chinese Dudes.

China is perhaps the last place in the world where one would expect to find dudes and mashers, but it appears that in Shanghai the gilded youth among the Celestials have adopted the masher costume. Very curious they look in their high collars and tight fitting coats. They have also taken to wearing foreign underclothing, eating foreign foods, smoking foreign tobacco and doing many other things contrary to the old fashioned Chinese usage. They also ride in foreign carriages, men and women together, and some of them live in foreign houses in grand style. There are also hundreds of schools kept by Chinese where nothing but English is taught, that being considered the most useful language.—London Globe.

A Gentle Hint.

Aunty (shocked)—Do you and your sister quarrel over your candy this way when at home?

Little Johnny—No'm. Mamma always gives us so much we both has plenty.—Philadelphia Item.

CHRIST AND THE SOUL.

When thou turn'st away from ill,
Christ is this side of thy hill.

When thou turnest toward good,
Christ is walking in thy wood.

When thy heart says, "Father, pardon!"
Then the Lord is in thy garden.

When stern duty wakes to watch,
Then his hand is on the latch.

But when Hope thy song doth rouse,
Then the Lord is in the house.

When to love is all thy wit,
Christ doth at thy table sit.

When God's will is thy heart's pole,
Then is Christ thy very soul.

—George Macdonald in London Spectator.

Secondhand Plate Glass.

One of the novel business trades of Boston is that of a dealer in secondhand plate glass. Nearly all of this glass is bought by the dealer from insurance companies. The large plates of this kind of glass are insured when put in a window, and when any of them is broken the owner of the injured glass usually prefers that the insurance company should replace the broken piece rather than that he should be paid its price. The dealer in the secondhand glass contrives to utilize what remains of the unbroken part of the glass.—New York Tribune.

FATAL DISOBEDIENCE.

It Resulted in a Terrible Holocaust in Michigan.

TWENTY-EIGHT LOST THEIR LIVES.

World's Fair Excursionists in a Deadly Crash, with Fire to Add to the Horrors of the Catastrophe—The Heroic Death of Mrs Van Duzen.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Oct. 21.—Twenty-six heaps of charred, blackened flesh, all that remains of what were men, women and children in the enjoyment of life, health and happiness, rest upon the floor of an improvised morgue in the basement of a furniture store of this city. A mile away in the city hospital are a score or more of human beings with gashed bodies and broken limbs.

Direct disobedience of orders on the part of a Chicago and Grand Trunk engineer and conductor, both of whom had seen long service with the company and were regarded as model employes, was the cause of the tragedy. A Raymond & Whitcomb special train of eight palace cars, filled with eastern folk who had been taking in the sights of the World's fair, left the Sixtieth street depot of the road at Chicago at 8:15 as the first section of the night express, known as No. 6. The train was in charge of Conductor Burt N. Scott and Engineer Harry Woolley, both residents of this place. All went well until the Battle Creek depot was reached. This was at 5:33. From here to the railroad yards, a distance of a mile and a half, there is a double track.

When the Whitcomb special came to a full stop in the depot the night operator handed to Conductor Scott two copies of an order for the train to proceed to the double track east of Main street about a half mile distant, and there await the passing of the west bound Pacific express known as No. 9. This train, which was nearly three hours late, was composed of thirteen day coaches and two baggage cars.

After receiving orders at the Battle Creek station Engineer Woolley proceeded up the double track, but instead of stopping, in accordance with his instructions, until the west bound express had passed, he continued on and entered again on the single track. He had hardly gone more than an eighth of a mile when the headlight of the Pacific express was seen coming around the slight curve behind the telegraph office of the railroad yards, speeding westward at a rate of forty miles an hour. There was no time to apply air brakes or reverse levers. The engineers and firemen of both trains jumped for their lives, and a second later the giant locomotives came together with a crash that could be heard a half mile away.

With fearful force the engine of the special ploughed nearly half way into that of the express, driving it backwards into the baggage car, and the latter in turn into the day coaches behind. The shock was so terrific that the first four of these were completely telescoped, the first coach cutting the second and the second into the third like a flash of lightning, the roof of each passing over the heads of the sleeping passengers and sweeping in a mass to the north end of the car.

To add to the horror the wreck took fire from the stoves or lamps, and as the flames mounted up the groans and shrieks of maimed and injured were succeeded by heartrending, agonizing cries and appeals for help from the scores imprisoned by the heavy timbers or held down by the seats and iron frame work.

There was some delay in summoning the firemen, but they quickly responded to the alarm.

No pen can describe the last moments of Mrs. Charles Van Duzen. She succeeded in getting half way out of the window, but her limbs were pinioned by the heavy framework of the seat she had been occupying with her husband, and this had taken fire. Thus held, roasting from the feet up, she pleaded and begged for the help that those outside were helpless to give. In a frantic endeavor to rescue her a man pulled off one of her hands. Despite her terrible agony she retained consciousness to the last, and as the flames crept up and surrounded her she called out her name and address and that of friends to be notified: "I am a teacher in the Methodist Sunday school at Sprout Brook, N. Y.," she cried; say I died like a Christian." Then the side of the car gave way and she fell back into the flames.

Her husband had meanwhile been rescued from the next car, into which he had been driven by the force of the collision.

Warrants were subsequently sworn out charging Woolley and Conductor Scott with manslaughter. Both were arrested and gave bail for a hearing. Each charges the other with responsibility.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Oct. 22.—Albert H. Bradley of Toronto, Ont., another of the injured in the Grand Trunk wreck, died here last night. He makes the twenty-eighth victim.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Oct. 24.—A sad mistake has occurred in the identification of the bodies taken from the wreck here. Dr. Sweetland, of Edwardsburgh, Mich., editor of The Argus, identified the body of one of the victims as that of his sister, Mrs. Eveline Aldrich, of Edwardsburg, and the body was shipped to that place. The coroner has just received a dispatch from J. D. Wood, of Cato, N. Y., stating that the body is that of his wife. She was identified by both men by her clothing. Both men seem positive, and it is feared that legal proceedings will have to be instituted before the body can be recovered.

A Millionaire's Suicide.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—Nathan Straus, who lived with his wife in the Gerardia apartment house, at Fifty-seventh street and Seventh avenue, shot himself in the right temple with a revolver in his office at 46 West Broadway. He was taken to Chambers Street hospital, where he died soon afterward. Mr. Straus was the manager of the branch house of Levi Strauss & Co., of San Francisco, a dry goods firm, and his fortune was estimated at $1,000,000. The only reason that his friends assign for the attempt on his life is that his mind had become unbalanced from overwork.

Murderer Stone's Second Confession.

WASHINGTON, Ind., Oct. 26.—James Stone, who some days ago confessed that he, with five men now in prison, murdered the Wratten family in Davies county a few weeks ago, has made another confession to parties in this city. Stone says that he alone murdered the Wratten family. He told the officers where the implements with which the deed was done would be found. The officers went out and found them where Stone had stated, a small bloody ax and cornknife were hidden under a log in a piece of woods close by.

A Polyglot Menagerie.

A tolerably well practiced linguist is required for Miss Scalchi's family of pet animals. Of her 11 parrots, 10 understand French and English, while one of her pugs comprehends only Italian and one English. She has five other dogs whom she addresses in labelle langue. All these are in her pleasant villa in the suburbs of Turin, where her husband, Signor Lelli, makes wine from the grapes of his own vineyard and the great singer wanders in her woods early in morning gathering mushrooms for her breakfast. She employs all green garden vegetables good for the voice.—Harper's Bazar.

THE MIDSPOT OF OUR PLANET.

Many Places Which Contest the Honor, Their Claims.

For several centuries different cities of the orient have contested with each other for the honor of being recognized as the midspot of our planet. In 1888 a London geographer issued an elaborate work, in which he tried to prove the British metropolis to be the center of the landed surface of the globe. Jerusalem and Delphi, notwithstanding that neither is situated on or very near the equator, have for ages been the two main contestants in this great central city controversy.

William Simpson of the London Society for the Exploration of Palestine tells us that Herr Schick has sent home drawings of the spot in Jerusalem which is supposed by some to be the exact center of our world. This interesting place is in the Greek church, nine feet to the right of the reliquary containing what purports to be the crown of thorns worn by our Saviour, the first nail that was driven through his right hand and the blood which he shed on that memorable occasion.

It is written in the Psalms, "God is my king of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth."

This can only refer to the scenes of the passion and of the holy sepulcher. The midst or spot of the earth must, therefore, be sought in that vicinity. The belief that the center of the earth is at Jerusalem is very ancient, for it is alluded to by St. Ephrem in his reference to Noah's prayer over the bones of Adam. St. Ephrem says, "And Noah buried Adam's bones in the middle of the earth." A certain round stone in the temple of Delphi is also spoken of by the ancient writers as being the "navel or center of the earth."

Orestes takes refuge there when pursued by Euminides. Pindar also makes mention of the exact location of the center of the world, and Pausanius, like Herr Schick, also had the pleasure of beholding the only genuine central hub of our planet. He, however, locates it at Delphi instead of at Jerusalem. "It is made," he said, "of white stone, smooth and polished, and is no doubt the middle point of the world."—Philadelphia Press.

A Mean Trick.

A lawyer defending a promissory note went to lunch, leaving his books and citations on the table in the courtroom. The opposing counsel sneaked back into the room and changed the places of all his bookmarks. In the afternoon the lawyer, taking up his books, referred the court to his authorities. His lordship noted every volume and page carefully and took the case under consideration. In rendering his opinion he said:

"I was inclined after hearing argument of counsel for defendant to nonsuit plaintiff, but I find, after referring to the authorities quoted by counsel, none of them bear on this case, and I am led to think that the gentleman has been willfully trying to insult the court. He has referred me to an action of an Irishman who sued the proprietor of a monkey for damages for biting him to a case of arson, one of burglary, two of petty larceny and three divorce cases, none of which bears on an action to recover on a promissory note. Perhaps the grossest insult to the court is referring to 'Duckworth versus Boozyman,' an action charging defendant with breach of promise. Judgment for plaintiff with costs."

The lawyer never knew what the matter was and to this day thinks the judge was out of his mind.—Pearson's Weekly.

Fined a Dead Man.

Down in southwestern Texas, just about midway between Houston in the east and El Paso in the west, and very near to the Rio Grande, the Southern Pacific railway has built over the Pecos river the highest bridge in the United States. Just before this bridge was finished one of the workmen fell from it and was of course killed.

The county judge was brought from Langtry, the town nearest to the bridge, to hold a "crowner's quest." The judge arrived with a great concourse of people, all anxious to serve on the jury. Proceedings were begun by examining the body of the dead man. Upon this were found a loaded revolver and $40 in cash. Perceiving this, the judge said:

"There ain't nothing to do about this case, gentlemen of the jury. The man's dead, and it's perfectly plain how he met his death. But what I want to know is, what was he doing with that gun? That's against the laws of Texas. He ain't here to explain, but because a man takes it into his head to put on wings and mount to the skies is no reason why the great state of Texas should be defrauded. Law is law and justice is justice. I fine him $40 for carrying a deadly weapon."

It is needless to say that the fine was paid.—Hunter's Magazine.

An English admiral who was once visiting a French flagship laid down his quid on a convenient bulkhead before entering the officers' quarters. When he came out again, he was astonished to find the quid in the place where he had left it.

"Pooh!" said he, in the hearing of some of the sailors, "you Frenchmen will never be true sea dogs. No English bluejacket, now, would ever have left an admiral's quid alone."

Whereupon one of the French sailors stepped up, touched his cap and said:

"Beg pardon, admiral. I was chewing your quid while you was in there, but I put it back, you know, when I heard you coming out."—Chicago Post.

Fontenelle's Freshness of Mind.

The distinguished French author, Fontenelle, was fond of asparagus cooked in butter. Cardinal Dubois was equally in love with the vegetable served with white sauce.

Being once invited to dine together at the house of a friend the effort was made to gratify the palates of both by preparing half the asparagus with butter and half with white sauce.

While the preparations were in progress the news was brought in that the cardinal was dead.

Fontenelle did not wait a moment. Rushing to the door of the kitchen, he cried to the chef: "Quick, Jean! You may cook all the asparagus in butter."—New York Recorder.

A Church Ornament.

A queer church ornament is a fiddle bow weathercock which swings to and fro on Great Gonersby church, near Grantham, England. The church was the gift of a fiddler, who emigrated and grew rich, and who insisted on this queer condition. Could a titled pastor of that church be called a "fiddle D. D.?"—New York Recorder.

REPEAL NOW ASSURED.

The End of the Long Senatorial Fight in Sight.

THE SILVER ADVOCATES WEAKENED

The Measure May Reach a Vote This Week, and the Solons Are Now Discussing the Question of Adjournment or Recess.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23.—Senators Voorhees, Harris, Aldrich and Dubois, representing the two factions in each party, have authorized the statement that they believe the fight is ended, and that the vote will be taken on unconditional repeal at the earliest possible moment. This is understood to mean as soon as the silver Republican senators have concluded their speeches—a matter of a few hours or perhaps a day or two. It is the general opinion among senators that the repeal bill will be passed not later than Friday.

A conference of silver Democrats, held to decide whether filibustering should be resorted to, was not so large, nor long continued, but upon its decision hung the important question of the possible defeat of the bill and the delay of passage. After weighing the subject fully they concluded that while their constituents would justify them in making as strong a fight for silver as they could make in a legitimate way, their people would not endorse them in resorting to filibustering methods. They also recognized the fact that with a majority in the senate against them they would sooner or later be defeated. Furthermore, they contended that if the settlement of the question should be longer delayed the business depression would be laid at the door of the silver men. They concluded to repress their sentiment. Immediately afterwards a halt was called upon an incipient filibuster, and the long fight was at an end.

The Republican silver men conferred among themselves briefly, and agreed that it would be a waste of time and in every way foolish to continue the fight. The three Populist senators had agreed to abide by the decision of the Republicans.

House repeal leaders say that there is nothing in the Voorhees bill that differs from the Wilson bill except the declaration at the end, and if that is satisfactory to the senate they are willing to adopt it. The Republicans say they are willing to support in the house any bill that is supported by the Republicans in the senate.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The prospect looks favorable to the beginning of voting on the amendments to the repeal bill by tomorrow.

Later inquiry confirms the prediction that none of the amendments will receive a sufficient vote to insure adoption, and it is possible that none of them will receive as high a vote as will be recorded in opposition to the bill.

The Republicans have abandoned all idea of introducing an amendment as a party measure. Mr. Sherman at one time thought it would be wise policy on the part of the Republicans to offer a measure for the settlement of the question, but he says now that he doubts the expediency of interfering in any way with the repeal bill as it stands.

It is believed that if the voting on the amendments can be begun early in the session tomorrow the final vote can be reached by Saturday at the latest, and the bill sent to the house for its action.

When the house shall have acted upon the bill adjournment until the beginning of the regular session on the first Monday in December will be in order. There is very little doubt now that this adjournment will be taken.

AN UNANSWERED QUESTION.

Why Do Cats' Eyes Shine in the Dark While Men's Eyes Do Not?

Why do cats' eyes shine in the dark while men's eyes do not? The author of "Idle Days In Patagonia" raises this question without answering it. He shot and wounded an eagle owl, and the sight of the bird, he says, was one of the greatest surprises with which nature ever favored him. The owl's haunt was an island overgrown with grass and tall willows. Thither Mr. Hudson went toward evening and found him upon his perch waiting for sunset. He eyed the intruder so calmly as almost to disarm him, but hunters of specimens have a way of hardening their hearts. Mr. Hudson fired. The owl swerved on his perch, remained suspended for a few moments and then slowly fluttered down. He says:

I found my victim stung to fury by his wounds and ready for the last supreme effort. Even in repose he is a big, eaglelike bird; now in the uncertain light he looked gigantic in size—a monster of strange form and terrible aspect.

Each particular feather stood on end, the tawny barred tail spread out like a fan, the immense tiger colored wings wide open and rigid, so that as the bird, that had clutched the grass with his great feathered claws, swayed slowly from side to side—just as a snake about to strike sways his head, or as an angry, watchful cat moves its tail—first the tip of one, then of the other wing touched the ground.

The black horns stood erect, while in the center of the wheel shaped head the beak snapped incessantly, producing a sound like the clicking of a sewing machine. This was a suitable setting for the pair of magnificent, furious eyes, on which I gazed with a kind of fascination, not unmixed with fear, when I remembered the agony suffered on former occasions from sharp, crooked talons driven into me to the bone.

The irides were of a bright orange color, but every time I attempted to approach the bird they kindled into great globes of quivering yellow flame, the black pupils being surrounded by a scintillating crimson light which threw out minute yellow sparks into the air. When I retired from the bird, this preternatural fiery aspect would instantly vanish.

The question as to the cause of this fiery appearance is one hard to answer. We know that the source of the luminosity in cats' and owls' eyes is the light reflecting membrane between the retina and the sclerotic coat of the eyeball, but the mystery remains. When with the bird, I particularly noticed that every time I retired the scintillating membrane would immediately cover the eyes and obscure them for some time, as they will when an owl is confronted with strong sunlight, and this gave me the impression that the fiery, flaming appearance was accompanied with or followed by a burning or smarting sensation.

I have lived a great deal among semi-savages in [illegible]. I have often seen them frenzied with excitement, their faces white as ashes, their hair erect, and their eyes dropping fire at times of rage, but I have never seen in them anything approaching to that fiery appearance of the owl.—Youth's Companion.

A Chump.

Little Willie—Jack, what's a chump?

Little Jack—A chump is a boy that doesn't know wot a chump is.—Good News.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Friday, Oct. 20.

The paid admissions at the World's fair yesterday were 807,418.

The Pennsylvania Y. M. C. A. convention is in session at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Gold in paying quantities has been discovered in East Tennessee, and the mines will be worked.

A match race for $2,500 a side has been arranged between Mascot and Directum. The race will take place at Buffalo.

The trial of Dan Coughlin, ex-police detective, indicted for complicity in the murder of Dr. Cronin, has been set for Oct. 30 before Judge Tuthill, at Chicago.

A moonshine still of 3,500 gallons capacity was destroyed by revenue officers near Berksville, Ky., together with 1,500 gallons of beer and whisky. One of the gang, Tom Turner, was captured.

Saturday, Oct. 21.

Jules Lefort, the well known French chemist, is dead.

The paid admissions at the World's fair yesterday were 306,844.

Lord Vivian, English ambassador to Italy, is ill with lobar pneumonia.

The general convention of the Universalist church will meet in Meriden, Conn., next year.

The National club, of London, offers a purse of $12,500 and $1,000 traveling expenses for the Corbett-Mitchell fight.

Dr. Galen W. Lovatt, a thirty-third degree Mason, shot himself with suicidal intent in New York, and will probably die.

Monday, Oct. 23.

The Princess of Wales has returned to London from Copenhagen.

In the pyramid pool tournament at New York De Oro defeated Robarts by a score of 1,800 to 924.

Lord Vivian, British ambassador to Italy, whose illness from acute pneumonia was announced on Saturday, is dead.

The great car works at Litchfield, Ill., employing 2,000 men, will move bodily to Memphis to get better lumber facilities.

Sent to jail for only six months for killing Major Smith, of Clayton, Mo., ex-Sheriff Dosenback has now bought his freedom as a leased prisoner.

Francis H. Weeks, the New York embezzler, has been surrended by the Costa Rica authorities, and will sail for this country on Wednesday in custody of detectives.

Tuesday, Oct. 24.

The strike of the weavers at Olneyville, R. I., still continues and both sides seem to be determined.

Total attendance at the World's fair yesterday was 261,305, of which 130,114 were paid admissions.

Fire which started in a livery stable at Lemars, Ia., destroyed half a block of houses and caused $100,000 damage.

At Lancaster, Ky., Charles White was shot and killed by Ed Doty. They apparently were the best of friends. Doty is in jail.

Cora Tanner, the actress, has gone to reside in South Dakota preparatory to suing for divorce from Colonel W. E. Sinn, of the Park theatre, Brooklyn.

Most Rev. Robert B. Knox, D.D., LL.D., protestant archbishop of Armagh, and primate of all Ireland and metropolitan, died in Dublin from heart disease.

Wednesday, Oct. 25.

J. A. Demere, founder of the Knight's of Honor, died at Louisville.

In a riot at a dance house near Athensville, Ind., William Griffith fatally shot Martin Flynn and Dennis Flynn and Robert Wyatt, 19 years old.

The industrial and commercial houses of Buenos Ayres have petitioned Finance Terry to take steps towards stopping the decline in the gold premium.

Captain Charles Carter, aged 93 years, who had been married eight times and was the father of thirty-eight children, all of whom are living, died in Norfolk, Va.

J. H. Milley, the oldest postmaster in the United States, died at Gauley, S. C., aged 88. He was appointed by President Jackson in 1829, and served continuously until his death.

Thursday, Oct. 26.

Emile Louis Lenoel, vice president of the French senate, died at Paris.

The total admissions at the World's fair yesterday were 284,329, of which 182,619 were paid.

Uncle Sam's new coast line battleship Oregon was launched at San Francisco this forenoon.

Samuel W. Halliday, chaplain of the national house of representatives, is reported to be dying at his home in Washington.

Lewis Green Stevenson, only son of the vice president, will be married to Miss Helen Davis, of Bloomington, Ills., Nov. 21.

Herr Hellmesberger, musical director of the Austrian imperial court and head of the conservatory of music, died of inflammation of the lungs.

At the third annual dinner of the Republican club of Massachusetts, held in Boston last night, speeches were delivered by Congressmen Dalzell and Reed, the latter receiving a specially enthusiastic greeting.

STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKETS

Closing Quotations of the New York and Philadelphia Exchanges.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—There was a rapid upward movement of stocks all day, with heavy buying. Closing bids:

Lehigh Valley	36½	W. N. Y. & Pa.	4½
Pennsylvania	52¼	H. & B. T. com	8½
Reading	28	H. & B. T. pref	—
St. Paul	64¾	Erie	13¾
Lehigh Nav	85¾	D., L. & W	144
Reading 2d m. 4s	71	N. Y. Central	103¾
Reading 1st pf 5s	36½	West Shore	—
Reading 2d pf 5s	29¼	Lake Erie & W	17¾
Reading 3d pf 5s	20¾	New Jersey Cen	11¾
N. Y. & N. E.	43¼	Del. & Hudson	139¼

General Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26.—Flour in light demand; winter superfine, $2@2.10; winter extras, $2.15@2.35; No. 2 winter family, $2.50@2.75; Pennsylvania roller, straight, $3@3.25; western winter, clear, $2.90@3.15; western winter, straight, $3.15@3.35; winter patents, $3.50@3.75; Minnesota, clear, $2.75@3.25; Minnesota, straight, $3.50@3.85; Minnesota, patent, $3.85@4.15; Minnesota, favorite brands, higher. Rye flour, $2.25@2.37 per barrel. Wheat dull, weak; with 47c bid and 47½c asked for October; 47½c bid and 47¾c asked for November; 48¼c. bid 48c. asked for December; 50½c. bid and 50¾c. asked for January. Corn dull, lower, with 45c. bid and 46c. asked for October; 45c. bid and 45½c. asked for November; 46½c. bid and 46c. asked for December; 47½c. bid and 48c. asked for January. Oats quiet, steady, with 30½c. bid and 30¾c. asked for October; 30c. bid and 30½c. asked for November; 30½c. bid and 30¾c. asked for December; 30½c. bid and 30¾c. asked for January. Beef firm; extra mess, $10@11; family, $11@11.50. Pork firm; new mess, $10. Lard quiet, nominal; steam rendered, $5.40. Butter dull, easy; New York dairy, 21@26c.; western dairy, 17@20c.; Elgins, 30c.; New York creamery, 24@27½c.; western creamery, 20@26c.; imitation creamery, 19@23c. Cheese steady; New York, large, 9@11½c.; do., fancy, 11@11½c.; do., part skims, 6@7½c.; full skims, 2@4½c. Eggs quiet, steady; New York and Penn