

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
BRANTON, MISSOURI

IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

A Story of Life in the Great Mississippi Valley

BY ALVA MILTON KERR.
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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

He had come from the East, bringing letters vouching for his unusual skill as an accountant and fidelity as a workman, and Joel's book-keeper wishing to enter business for himself, the stranger had been employed. He had rooms furnished over the store and took his meals at a public house near by, and as he dressed quietly and in good taste, and only dropped here and there a gentlemanly word, he had ere long a enviable reputation for sobriety and business application. He seemingly gave himself to recreation, though occasionally in the evening he would be met walking by the river, and on Sabbath-days among the woodland paths. Just what the nature of his business was that possessed him, if indeed it was a business, he would not say, or but his natural temperament, could not be gathered from the surface of his life. That he had spasms of agony, however, that left him at night exhausted was apparent, and Joel remarked to him at times upon his over-application, but he had only replied that he was better when at work, and continued steadily at his task. In the main his life was very still, much as if he were held in a kind of spiritual trance, and only once had any one heard him revert to his previous history, and then in response to a query of Joel's he had said he had never been married.

John Earling did not in any sense feel moved toward this silent person, and their acquaintanceship seemed to remain forever a partial one. Indeed, John Earling seemed quite as intensely occupied as he; reading, noting, composing, studying, working, till every hour was full. For every scrap of time had come to seem a precious thing, and the unmonied youth. Life burned very evenly within him, but with a strong and melting heat that forbade all idleness. Yet what could he look forward to but a long hard struggle, and perhaps even a struggle to the death, for his life was before him, and he went forward with earnest cheerfulness to meet whatever it might contain. This inclination and capacity of ours for continuous effort, and the achievement of it, is a natural result of the inheritance of long necessity. For we and prior generations who have made and ruled this lusty western realm, have found our tasks in waiting for us by the cradle's side, and the desire to labor and achieve already in the blood, carried forward by and intensified through father and son from an original condition of poverty perhaps upon the old world, and the desire to ease of fulfillment, we see idleness continued as an eternal legacy, but here was a mountain to be built, and in the building of it lay our fortunes and our fate. How well we understood that, and wrought, the unrivaled structure stands a stupendous and rather noisy witness. As it nears completion, too, or rather seeming completion—for how shall we call it?—remains unsettled—we find a million gold-bugs have sifted from the material and have fallen to the ownership of those who make eyes went out watching the potting sifting and the gold-bugs, and make themselves an artificial sunshine scarcely less productive of laziness than those regions where summer is perpetual. Happily, however, this number is not preponderant, and the great mass of laborers stand ready to apex of the structure; widening the foundation here, raising an abutment there, carrying the tower upward, filling in the fissures, polishing this stone and that, littering it with history, painting fair pictures upon it, and with song and music and invention, until what it shall become falls scarcely within the marvelous compass of a dream.

CHAPTER IX.

That Joel Whitney's accumulations, directed by the high ambitions of his wife, should make a rather open showing of themselves perhaps was only natural. Also that their influence should be apparent in the tendencies of the son could not consistently be surprising. What Harry Whitney would have been capable of with the quickening thumb-screws of necessity applied could at the most be guessed at. What he was under the softening humors of unending plenty could not, perhaps, be severely set upon save for what he was not. That he would have been of stronger fiber and of briskeer spirit even in the wearing of much leisure is well nigh certain, had not his dotting mother contrived unceasingly to shape him into something very fine; a thing to be set down honestly that he was not capable of. That he had certain apparent tastes for art and reading and refinement—as who should not with time and money at command—most probably deceived the fond mother, whose mental well was not insensitively deep, into the dream that her boy had in him something great. In this light she had very much at heart the long-carried idea that her son should be an artist, which, taken together with their wealth, might lift and float them in the end among the social ranks. For this end she early directed his attention to the brush, forgetting, or not knowing, that he or she, who from dearth of inclination turns not to art as a child into its mother's milk, had best not touch it. Joel characterized the proceeding as a mess of nonsense, though while the boy remained at school he submitted with an occasional "Pooh!" that blew the subject from him.

John Earling continued very fond of his old-time comrade, although his friend had a slight moral flabbiness that displeased him, but his kindness and careless good humor was very taking and his friends were many. Ever and anon he dropped in at the store leaving a smile, a shake of the hand, and a book with John Earling. "Cappy," he would say, with a laugh, throwing his arm across the other's neck, "here's a book; read her and tell me about it!" And again: "Cappy, you're a brave one. My digestion's poor, you know; keep this

book for me until I'm of age," and other like pieces of lazy good-nature. John Earling, however, with all his liking for him, assailed him savagely by times for his lack of earnestness. "You're a weakling," he would say. "Why don't you study?" But his blue-eyed friend would only laugh and look at him reproachfully. "John," he would say, "you forget my poor digestion!" and there it would end. Many times John Earling, in the commercial workings of the place; but he was good at holding his tongue, and two years elapsed without a jar. The ways of Joel were many and curious, but as he intimated, they were "business" and went unquestioned. Many were the prices made, and little snarls and baits and bargains laid for the verdant and unwary. That which did not come easily to hand must need be hooked with a line quite long enough to land it, and not much there perpetrated was in the common sense dishonest, for trade in these accelerated days is of a startling width, if not indeed at some points of appalling latitude, but Joel's employes were tacitly instructed that they were to be always on their guard, and the successful netting of the spoil the prime consideration. Much of this to Earling's scrupulous spirit was quite revolting; seemingly not because he was simple, for he was not, but because he was a man of business, and his business mode collided off with Joel's law, and would have gotten him trouble and expulsion in the end had not his fine sincerity and fairness had his way with all. Joel would not have him so, and he would occasionally would throw a sort of protest in his way. "But," he would say, "you're too fair. You'll break me up!" But John Earling smiled and kept his counsel and continued honest in his work, and he would not be figuring covertly the profits on each sales-day by day as indicated by their sales, and ended by throwing his figures from him with a growl. "He couldn't do it if he wasn't so infernal smart," he would say, and after that he was silent. But John Earling was far from being satisfied; he felt these conditions chafe him something like a chain, and fain would have freed himself but that the iron bond of duty fettered him to his post. He brooded over this enigma, and its perplexing shapes and shadows, again and yet again. It seemed to him that the whole field of life was tainted; that this state of affairs was a parody of a parody, and was filled with treacherous tendencies and vile demands. Through his whole life the flaws within himself, and the little wrongs and shams and spots among the spirits of his fellows, seemed to be multiplying, and he felt that evil as commonly set down appeared much to him, for neither by example nor by precept had he been much wrought upon, but mainly for the reason that his moral lens was large, his sense of justice delicate and keen, and that nature in a happy mood had fashioned him less peccable than some.

Thus it fell out that well upon the close of John Earling's second year of service, a certain salesman being apprehended in a theft that, unluckily for the old world, fell into the public's stead, John Earling went into his employer's office white with rage. "Your system of business," he said, with clenched fists, "would make an angel a thief. How do you expect a man to be honest with you when you insist that he shall be dishonest with other men? Is it honor among thieves that you rely on to protect yourself? It's an outrage! It's an outrage!" "You're a fool," said Joel, "and a man with a deal of color in his face; a strange head seemed to sweep over the still book-keeper, for he ceased writing and a perspiration broke out upon his brow. John Earling's eyes blazed with anger, and he seemed to see some people an uncomfortable trait—John Earling's habit to look straight into the eyes of those with whom he had to do, and he had never been known to pluck any one aside to whisper to them, for the reason, doubtless, that he never seemed to have any secrets, or to be conscious of any reason why he should not look directly at people and say very audibly what he had to say.

"Why, you young rooster!" blurted Joel, "the matter is not with me, sir; the matter lies with this young man who came in here an honest boy and has gone out a thief!" cried John Earling, in his passion. It seemed to him a more grievous wrong than he had ever perpetrated. He fairly suffered with the wrong and disgrace that had fallen on his fellow salesman.

"What have I got to do with his being a thief?" snorted Joel.

"The matter is not with me, sir; the matter lies with this young man who came in here an honest boy and has gone out a thief!" cried John Earling, in his passion. It seemed to him a more grievous wrong than he had ever perpetrated. He fairly suffered with the wrong and disgrace that had fallen on his fellow salesman.

"I didn't!"

"Your system did! Hasn't he stolen for five years for you? Did you expect that he would never steal from you? How could he be honest? Your store is a den of thieves, and you're the only other business conducted on the principle of yours is a breeding-house of theft. If a thing isn't fair it's robbery. I don't care under what guise you put it!"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Joel, getting white about the nostrils. "Boy, you're crazy; you don't understand the first rudiments of business."

"I don't wish to acquire even the rudiments as you understand them. I wish to be a man, and to be able to do enough for every man. When your word business more than covers the word honesty what laps over is robbery. You dare not deny it? When you sell goods to one person at cost and to another at a profit, and your profits on another to make it good you wrong some one, you can't help but see it! When?"

"Look here!" roared Joel, angrily, "you're not running this store. You're taking me for a fool, and you're not to be run by you. You better 'tend to your knitting' and let me run this thing."

"No, sir, I am not running it, and what is more if I were free of my agreement, I would quit it. It hurts me. It hurts me."

"You can quit now if you want to," said Joel, getting up and turning a ledger over nervously.

"Very well," said John Earling, "I will get something else to do and pay you the balance."

"You needn't mind it," said Joel, without looking up.

"I will pay the balance, sir!" and John Earling went out. After he had gone Joel pushed the papers about his desk in a disturbed way, and glancing

at the book-keeper said that he had resumed work with a conscious look. Joel's face was flushed, and once or twice he acted as if he were going to speak; then he put on his hat and went out.

Without looking back John Earling strode up the street with set teeth and walked into the law-office of Bower & Woodman. Judge Bower, a tall, beaming looking man with a moist fair skin and sandy hair, was nodding over a newspaper, while the partner, a little unkempt and greasy of apparel, but with keen amber-colored eyes, a sharp hooked nose, long, slightly retreating forehead, long, claw-like fingers, summing checks, chewing nervously and spitting out a word or two, looked up at him. He looked much like some old and rusty eagle as he sat there, the most powerful advocate of the region. He did not look up to see who had entered, but spit quickly and without much regard to the direction, "sit down," he said, with a kind of guttural jerk, and continued driving his pen across the paper in a maze of dizzy hieroglyphics. Judge Bower looked up with a sleepy, pleasant salutation, and requested the new comer to be seated.

But John Earling remained standing with his hat in hand, and directing his query toward Judge Bower asked if they could furnish him with something to eat.

"Why, I don't know," said Judge Bower, laying down his newspaper. "We have a good deal of writing, perhaps we might do something for you."

Old Woodman, as he was familiarly called, turned his head over a little and glanced at the fine looking, clean-cut youth without uttering a word.

"What's the matter with the store?" said he as he wrote.

"I have been dismissed," said John Earling.

Judge Bower moved about in his big chair, and Woodman laid down his pen and stretching out his legs before him ran his hands down deep into his pockets and set his grizzled chin against his chest. He looked keenly at the youth. "What was the trouble?"

"I would prefer not to explain it wholly, sir. It was not because I was dishonest."

"It was the other fellow that was dishonest, wasn't it?"

"Which? Do you mean the young man who was discharged this morning?"

"No; the big one—Joel!"

John Earling hesitated a moment, then said, gravely: "Mr. Whitney has been kind to me; I would rather not think of speaking of him in any other than a grateful way. I owe him three years of service yet, sir, and as soon as I can I wish to pay it."

The old lawyer scratched his grizzled jaw, spit quickly, glanced at his partner, and said: "Well, I guess we can set you to work on another table, get rich, but it will keep you from starving."

He got up, whirled a table against the wall, threw a lot of legal-cab upon it, laid some documents by the paper and sat down in a chair.

"Now, young man," he said, "what is it?"

John Earling smiled and thanked him and sat down and began copying the documents rapidly. Woodman sat down, threw his legs upon a table, thrust a cigar into his mouth and said: "Now, bowler, I guess I'll smoke."

John Earling continued writing through the remainder of the day. The other came and went. In the evening the mid-mannered Bower said to John Earling, you can go to supper whenever you choose."

"Young man," broke in Woodman, "have you been to dinner to-day?"

"No, sir," said John Earling. "I forgot it."

Old Woodman glanced at the judge and exasperated in a most emphatic manner.

"I would be glad to have you come with me to tea," said Judge Bower, "I am just going out to dinner."

"Thank you, sir," said Earling. "I—then he broke off. He seemed not to have thought of his altered relations with Joel Whitney until then. He had not thought of where I should live," he said, with a snarl, "after a few moments: 'Would you pardon me, sir, if I asked if your kindness might be considered as a charity?'"

"Certainly not, certainly not," said Judge Bower. "I should be glad of your company."

"They arose and went out. Old Woodman closed one of his eyes very tight and brought his fist down upon the table with a crash. "Fire! sharp! grit!" there was a lighter sound, and he said: "What handfuls of hair he would bring away!" then he leaned back in his chair and scratched his jaw. "Cool, smooth, proud, and sharp as a razor! Ought to be a lawyer! L—e—the-to-ooing!"

"The home of Judge Bower lay back along the ridge; a large, plain, homelike brick house, flanked on the one hand by an immense flower-garden, and on the other by a lawn and long grape-arbor. In front was a velvet sweep of smooth, close-shaven sward sprinkled with native oaks, and between two of these a large swing. John Earling felt it very comfortable and pleasant as he walked up among the trees and into the tasty parlor, and the feeling came across him, rather than the thought, of what a distance lay between himself, a youth without prospects and one that was penniless, and such possessions. Mrs. Bower came forward and greeted him with a pleasant smile, and with her was a little maiden of perhaps fourteen summers, who bowed demurely to him. She had long curls of auburn, brown shade, a pair of wonderfully large and sober blue eyes, and wore a loose gown of white lawn, drawn together with a blue ribbon at the waist. She was slender and limped a little, but John Earling thought he had never seen anything so fairy-like and lovely, and his eyes followed the little maid about for a moment with a kind of wonder. Mrs. Bower, a pleasant, gentlewoman, who might have seemed John Earling's mother, could he have remembered her, said with a fond look at the pink and white fairy: "Celeste is my widowed sister's daughter who lives in the East. Her mother is a newspaper correspondent and lives in Washington. I was there visiting with her, and when I returned last week Celeste came with me to see the West."

CHAPTER X.

The world's ninety-four geographical societies contain 49,600 members.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—When the period of deep mourning is over English women wear gray gloves.

—Russia is said to be increasing in population faster than any other European country.

—Uncle Toby's Dicky Bird Society—for the protection of song birds—now numbers 100,000 Englishmen as its members.

—There are 200,000 Italian settlers in the Argentine Republic, 82,000 in Brazil, 40,000 in Uruguay, and 6,000 in Mexico.

—While woolen materials, with texts from ancient Persian and Arabic manuscripts, embroidered in red wool, are the latest novelty in Paris.

—It is proposed to place a marble medallion of large size in the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey, as a memorial to Sir Walter Scott. The medallion is to cost £157.

—Military ballooning has now reached such a stage in Germany that under-officers are being trained in balloon steering. Two sergeants have just been certified as being attesting their efficiency in this art.

—Miss Susan Bruce and Miss Mary Ann Bruce, two sisters, who lately died in England, left by will 600,000 real to the Secretary of State for India in trust for the education of motherless children and fatherless girls.

—White, and nothing but white, is only worn in Paris in the day by brides and premieres communicantes, as the outward and visible sign of their innocence. A foreign lady who appeared in white at a recent ball was actually gayer by the Parisians.

—Three sailors who went on a fishing voyage to Greenland in 1869 have just returned to Dunkirk, France. They report that their vessel was wrecked, and that they have since been held in captivity by the natives. They were supposed to be dead, have since remarried.

—Mr. W. A. Wynne, whose affairs were under investigation at the City of London Court the other day, appears to have been enjoying a novel means of subsistence. According to his statement on oath, "he had been engaged to a lady whose uncle paid him £550 a year for being engaged to his niece."

—A remarkable Persian manuscript was recently sold in London. It bears the title "Tashir ul Akvam," and consists of five hundred and eighty-eight folios within borders of gold and color. It commences with a finely executed *uncwan*, and is illustrated throughout with one hundred and twenty-two exquisite miniatures of the most elaborate style. The subjects are of Hindostan, their trades and callings. A full explanation in English of the manuscript accompanies it.

—Mothers-in-law have a better time in Persia than in some other countries. There they are regarded as the natural guardians of the inexperienced bride and groom, and are always allowed to deal with their son-in-law as they see fit. In the mother-in-law are learned the arts of housekeeping. Under her eye all purchases are made from the huckster or female peddler, for a visit to the bazaar is a duty which she never neglects. Her husband with children would be considered a scandal among the upper, middle or tradesman class.

—The Ancient Sea-Bird Recently Captured by the Mate of a British Ship.

The following interesting facts were lately communicated by Captain Heard of the British ship *Duchess of Argyll*. "When rounding the Horn in January last, in latitude 42 deg. 10 min. south and 50 deg. 8 min. west, immense albatross was noticed following the ship and feeding on the refuse thrown overboard. One day it hovered directly before the poop. I noticed a circular object, about the size of a silver dollar, hang to the bird's neck. I immediately gave orders to the mate to catch it, possible. My first mate, Mr. Baird, who is very handy in such matters, procured a small flat piece of brass, on which he fastened a large hook baited with a piece of pork; to this he attached a stout fishing-line and let it drift astern. He caught several other albatross with this contrivance, but the one I particularly wanted to capture fought very shy of this tempting bait. The third day, however, he was hooked firmly by the beak, and after a desperate struggle hoisted on board. I then discovered that the object I had seen hanging from the bird's neck was a large pocket-compass case, fastened to the bird by means of three strands of thick copper wire. Two of the wires had worn through, and the third was all but gone. I was so troubled as there was a quarter of an inch of verdigris, I succeeded in forcing open the lid, and inside found a carefully wrapped up piece of paper, on which was written, in much-penned ink, the following: 'Caught by me on the 14th of January, 38 deg. 6 min. south, 40 deg. 14 min. west, by Ambrose Cochran, of American ship Columbus.' I then procured a plated label off a wine decanter with my ship's name on it, and got the carpenter to fasten it around the bird's neck, with my name, the date of capture, the latitude, and also the facts of the previous capture by the captain of the Columbus, deeply cut into the metal. I then let the albatross go. Being so doing so we measured the bird's wings and found them to be twelve feet two inches from tip to tip. The bird was grayish white in color, with a reddish brown head." To judge from the above the albatross must be a very long-lived bird, as it was probably at least four or five years old when caught by Captain Cochran, which would make it fifty-one years old when last caught.—*Hioop News.*

AN OLD ALBATROSS.

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LADIES' COSTUME.

Description of a Pretty Toilet of Fine Chequer-board Velvet.

The skirt is in the round, walking shape, and is composed of the customary three gores and full back-breath; the gores being fitted smoothly by darts, and the breadth gathered across the top. The breadth is so shaped that a long or a short bustle, or steels, may be worn with it, or they may all be omitted and the adjustment of the skirt perfected entirely by tapes sewed beneath the side-back seams and tied together. Upon the foundation is arranged a kilt formed of straight breadths joined together, turned under for a hem at the lower edge and laid in plaits all the way down. This kilt falls even with the bottom of the skirt, and is secured by a button at the side edge, not far from the top of the skirt. The plaits are held in position by means of tapes sewed to their under sides, and this kilt is to appear as the skirt proper. It is overhung by a short *tablier*, and consists of the mid-mannered Bower said to John Earling, you can go to supper whenever you choose."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARISIAN BEGGARS.

Different Species of Mendicants Who Inhabit the French Capital.

Next to congeries, perhaps the beggars are the greatest nuisances in Paris. They have been augmenting so rapidly of late and are becoming so aggressive that the Prefect of Police—now that the spirit is abroad—has resolved to expel them, and has issued instructions to police sergeants to get at the number and conduct of the fraternity in their respective districts. Just before they receive the final coup de balai, the *Temp* has been entreating its readers with some sketches of their private history. These Parisian beggars may be looked upon as the aristocracy of the mendicant world. Begging has become a fine art with them. They take to the streets from choice rather than necessity. They have got a sort of circular newspaper to keep themselves posted in coming events, and systematically take different ways of them may be seen at church doors when a marriage or a funeral is on, and they hang round the doors of fashionable restaurants. The greatest nuisances among the beggars are those who do not beg at all. They are the "colleges," or "gangs," of the manufacture and training of this species. They play the role of distortions. Several joiners are kept at work in making small wooden carts, staves and various contrivances for the beggars to use in their begging, and from the public by their piteous and excruciating positions, and not by solicitation. And, considering that many of them are so palpably frauds, it says a good deal for the gullibility of the Parisian people that they are so successful. Some are sent to the hospital or to the Depot of Mendicants, others to their native departments, and the worst offenders to the police court. There is in Paris a privileged or licensed class of beggars. They are always allowed to beg in the streets, and receive alms; but the general toleration allowed on fete days seems to have been allowed on other days as well, until the condition of the streets has become intolerable.—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

EDUCATED MOHAMMEDAN FEMALES.

The *Kossid-I-Mumbari*, which is the only paper published in Bombay for the edification of Mohammedans, pronounces the following opinion with regard to the education of the females of the Mohammedan community: "Our Islamies have, in emulation of their Parsee brethren, lately opened a girls' school. We wish them joy of it. Let us, however, ask them a few questions. Will the educated Mohammedan girl sell, or sherbet walla, or a dealer in mangoes? It is a well-known fact that Mussulman boys are very backward in matters of education. They spend their pocket money in Kawas Khanas, native theaters and liquor-shops. Educate them first before preparing educated wives for them. Girls must be educated according to their means and station in life. A weaver's educated daughter will not accept an illiterate weaver for a husband. A weaver's daughter, again, will find no welcome in a rich man's house. A little knowledge will be her ruin. Let the weaver's girl have the benefit of a superior training in the art of weaving."

—The superstitious believe that while at the washbasin if the suds splash and wet the clothes you are wearing you will have bad luck. This must account for the preference young ladies of today show for the piano.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Fogg has said the meanest thing any man ever was capable of saying. When Mrs. F. left him alone in the house the other evening she remarked: "You won't be lonely, dear?" "No," he replied; "I shall miss you at all. The parrot, you know, is here."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"I will add," concluded the young man who was applying for a situation, "that I am a college graduate." "That won't make any difference," was the reassuring reply, "if you stick to your work, and, besides, we want somebody about the place who is strong enough to carry in coal."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mr. Jones is no dinner to-day. That's a nice state of affairs. Where's Mrs. Jones? Servant—Writing, sir. Mr. Jones—Writing what, pray? Servant—I don't know exactly, sir, but I think she said it was a new article for the *Housekeeper* about "How It's Better to Eat House Than to Board." Sir, or something of that sort.—*Kansas City Times.*

—A three-year-old was discovered in the flower garden the other day, and around him lay innumerable sweet pea blossoms which he had clipped off with a pair of shears "just for fun." His mother said nothing to him, but looked rather surprised. Presently he turned to her and remarked in the most matter-of-fact way: "Can you tell me what has been going on out here?"—*St. Albans Messenger.*

TRAMP REPORTERS.

The vagabond streak is very strong in the telegrapher and the compositor. Like all skilled workmen, they are sure of a living anywhere they happen to land if they only care to work. Both profit by the sub system, which gives them a chance where regular employment might be wanting. As a rule, it is the best men whose facility renders them reckless, and whose habits are loose and improvident, who succumb to the habit of turning their backs on hard work, and wander off to work a deal harder to less profit, but with the sweets of liberty for compensation. I suppose there is no reason that a reporter should not experience the same yearning. But his chances of earning a subsistence by the way are so much less that his appearance in the role of a gypsy is more to be wondered at.

At any rate, there is quite a considerable number of these vagabonds of the press now at large. I met one of them, a well-known man on the Philadelphia, a few couple of years ago, in Cleveland. I was breaking between trains at the depot early in the morning. He came in, dirty and shabby, but he paid for his breakfast, and ate a lusty one, you may be bound. He was on his way to New Mexico to Buffalo, returning from a tramp that had led him as far west as Louisiana. He had come in on a freight train, and some drovers he had made friends with were going to help him east in the morning. He was a regular hand of his, was editing a paper in Western Pennsylvania, and was reported to be settled and doing well.

There used to be a droll, dry genius about Newspaper Row who worked for the Sunday papers and wrote funny stories that were really funny to read. He disappeared suddenly, and every one thought him dead. A long while afterward, being in Baltimore, I came across a paper published on the Eastern shore, which bore his name. He was probably well on his way around the world by this time. There recently returned to New York a pressman whom every old timer on the Row knows. He was regarded fifteen years ago as one of the most able reporters in the city. He has worked and worked among the best, and all the great papers, and done some of the brightest and cleverest reportorial work that has got into print in the metropolitan dailies. But he is a confirmed rover, and he did not report for duty one morning. He sent a note to his friend saying that he was going West. By foot and rail he penetrated as far as Kansas. There I lost track of him, acting as sub-editor on a paper in Acheson. 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