

MY BONNY KATE.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

Along the Mohawk's bank I layed,
Dispirited and alone;
The wind among the branches play'd
A mournful monotone;

UNCLE JOAB'S MISTAKE.

"Yes," said Uncle Joab, rubbing the
palms of his hands together, "I really
think it will be a match, and I'm very
glad of it. A nice, straight, cherry-
checked girl, with eyes as black as jet;

"Some folks has all the luck," said
Farmer Crabbe, whose son was married
to a pretty slattern, who reads novels
all day, and had no more idea of house-
keeping than the kittens that frisked on
her hearth.

"It ain't luck," said Uncle Joab; "it's
faculty—that's what it is."
And his wrinkled visage beamed with
satisfaction as he stood there under the
great feathery elm that shadowed the
farmyard gate, thinking what a model
wife Lydia Watts would make for his
only son.

It had been the pride of Joab Fenn's
life to make his farm the model farm of
the neighborhood, and when his son
came of age he formally deeded it over
to him.

"It's for Frank's sake I've been mak-
ing it what it is," said he. "Let him
go on with it now."

"But, Father—"

Joab Fenn laid his hand softly on
Frank's shoulder.
"My boy," said he, in a voice that
faltered a little, "what object in life
have I beyond your happiness? Bring
home a nice, stirring little wife, carry
on the farm as I have begun it, and I
shall be happy."

"You are the best father in the
world," cried Frank, fervently.

Farmer Crabbe trudged home with a
setting of Black Spanish eggs in a hand-
basket, and Joab Fenn strolled leisurely
along the lane, his hands behind his
back, his eyes bent meditatively on the
fresh grass, when suddenly the sound of
voices behind the vine-draped stone
wall at the left reached his ear—
Frank's voice and that of Myra Miller,
the pretty little distant cousin who did
the housework and kept the family
stockings darned.

"Don't, Frank!" said Myra. "There
—you've spilt all my blackberries!"

"Oh, bother the blackberries!" inter-
jected Frank Fenn; "I can easily get
some more. Here, Myra, let me carry
the basket!"

"But—your father wouldn't like it!"

"Give it to me! I will have it! Why
shouldn't he like it, puss?"

"Because—you know, Frank—Ly-
dia!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said Frank, caval-
ierly. "As if Lydia Watts were half
as pretty as you. That's right—don't
shrink away so. Aren't we cousins?"

And the cheery young voices died
away among the berry bushes.

Uncle Joab stood quite motionless,
his hands still clasped behind his back,
his eyes still rooted on the grass, but
the expression of his countenance had
altered altogether.

"It won't do," muttered Uncle Joab
to himself; "it will never do in the
world. This little blue-eyed mite of a
thing is going to spoil all my plans. At
this rate I must send her to Cousin
Peregrine Birtwhistle's."

And the very next day Myra Miller
was ruthlessly given notice to quit.

"Have I done anything wrong, Uncle
Joab?" questioned Myra, looking wis-
tfully up into her relative's face.

"No, my dear, no," said Uncle Joab,
twisting himself about rather guiltily.
"But old Mrs. Birtwhistle has the
gleamstain badly, and perhaps you can
be made useful there. Frank will soon
be married, you know, and—"

Myra's lips quivered; the tears spark-
led in her eyes.

"Oh, Uncle Joab, are they really en-
gaged?"

"Well, no, not quite, but the next

thing to it," said Uncle Joab. "It's an
understood thing between 'em."

Now this was trenching on the abso-
lute truth of the question, but Uncle
Joab had an idea that it would not do
to mince matters just at present.

The girl's sweet, flower-like face fell
instantaneously.

"I—I will go to Cousin Peregrine's"
she said, in a low voice. "I'm only
sorry I hadn't known before."

And Uncle Joab felt particularly
guilty as he kissed her good-by.

All this business was diplomatically
transacted in Frank Fenn's absence,
and when he came home from town with
a pretty little shurn which he had
somewhere picked up for Myra the girl
was gone.

"Where's Myra?" demanded the
young farmer, looking around in bewil-
derment.

"Gone to 'tay a spell at Cousin Pere-
grine Birtwhistle's," said Uncle Joab,
glibly. "They needed her there, and
so she's gone."

"And left no word for me?"

"No," said Uncle Joab. But he
knew that the monosyllable cut Frank
to the heart.

They were married, of course. Pretty
Lydia Watts was exactly the girl to
comprehend the situation, and made the
most of her advantages. And Frank, in
his desponding mood, succumbed to
fate, and "supposed it might as well be
Lydia Watts as any one else."

"Talk about circumstances," said
Uncle Joab. "Any man could mold
circumstances to suit himself, if only he
had a little tact."

And Uncle Joab rubbed his hands
more gleefully than ever.

But as the days rolled by Uncle Joab
began to doubt the efficacy of his
charm.

"I really think, Father Fenn," said
the bride, with a toss of the head en-
circled by black, shining braids, "that
you're making an unnecessary fuss over
that toothache of yours."

"An—unnecessary fuss!" repeated
Uncle Joab, in dismay.

"Old folks hadn't ought to be so
fretful and exacting," went on Lydia.

"It isn't Christian; and I, for one, won't
bear it. If you can't sit quiet and
peaceable by the fire, I think you had
better stay in your own room."

And Mrs. Lydia flounced into the
kitchen to turn the batch of cakes in the
oven before it should burn.

Joab Fenn rose slowly and went up
to his room. If he had been a familiar
student of Shakspeare, he might have
quoted to himself the old passage:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it
is to have a thankless child!" But he
was not a literary man, and kept his
thoughts and troubles in his own bos-
om.

"Frank doesn't feel so," he told him-
self. Frank has a little compassion on
his old father yet."

But that very evening, when he came
groping down into the kitchen to get
some mustard for his aching face, he
heard Lydia conferring with her hus-
band in the adjoining sitting-room.

"It's no use talking," said Mrs. Fenn,
junior, in an excited sort of way, "and I
shain't stand it any longer, that's posi-
tive. There's a very good vacancy in
the Home for Old Men, and it's the only
place he's fit for."

"Perhaps you are right, my dear,"
said Frank, ruefully. For, big six-
footed though he was, he stood in mor-
tal fear of his slim, black-eyed wife. "I
dare say they'll make him very com-
fortable there, and I wouldn't mind
paying a good weekly sum to secure
peace at home."

Joab Fenn did not stop to find the
mustard box. He crept slowly back to
his own room and sat down on the side
of the bed. A "Home for Old Men!"
A sort of a living tomb in which he was
to be interred at Lydia's capricious
will, with his one afternoon out in the
week, his daily allowance of tobacco,
and his clean, desolate cell. He shudder-
ed at the bare idea. But what was
he to do? He remembered, with a
shudder, that he had made over all his
property to Frank and Lydia—that he
had actually net one cent to call his
own! And this was the return measure
dealt out to him.

"Little Myra wouldn't have treated
me so," said he, with one of the salt,
stinging tears of old age burning its
way down his cheek. "Little Myra
would have been good to the old man."

Out into the night—the cold, spark-
ling, starry night—he made his way,
with the vague, half-formed idea of go-
ing to Myra. Peregrine Birtwhistle
lived twenty miles away, it is true, but
he had walked twenty miles before, and
he could again. Anything to get away
from Lydia's hard, sharp eyes, and put
a distance between him and the "Home
for Old Men."

"Oh, Peregrine, look here! An old
man asleep by the roadside. Or, is he
asleep? Come, Peregrine, quick! It's

Uncle Joab—dear, good old Uncle
Joab!"

Myra had run out in the dewy calm
of the early morning to get a few of the
water-cresses that old Mrs. Birtwhistle
liked for her breakfast; and to her sur-
prise she found a prostrate figure
stretched out beside the brook, where
Joab Fenn had tried to drink and fallen
unconscious in the attempt.

"So it is," said Peregrine. "What-
ever can have brought him here?"

And between them they lifted him
up and carried him tenderly into the
house.

"Will you keep me, Myra?" Joab
Fenn faltered, when sense and reason
returned once more to his beclouded
brain. "Will you give me a crust, and
shelter and keep me out of the 'Home
for Old Men?'"

"Dear Uncle Joab," said Myra, burst-
ing into tears, "you were good to me
once, and all that I have is yours and
welcome! And, oh, Uncle Joab, I
shall be proud to have you come and
live with me. I am married to Pere-
grine now, and we are so happy.
Aren't we Peregrine, dear?"

Joab Fenn looked sadly into her
bright eyes. If she had married his
boy, how different things would have
been. If he could only have been con-
tent to let Fate alone, how much wis-
dom he would have shown! But he
had managed affairs to suit himself, and
this was the way he was suited.

Lydia Fenn tossed her head again
when she heard where her father-in-law
had taken refuge.

"I'm satisfied, if it suits him," said
she. "All I know is that I shouldn't
have tolerated him around the place
much more."

Frank came to see his father, how-
ever, at the old Birtwhistle farm-house,
where Myra, a blooming young matron,
held out her hand to welcome him, with-
out a vestige of the constraint that was
so visible in his face and manner.

"Father," said he, "I'm sorry you and
Lydia don't get on together."

"It's the old story, my boy," said
Uncle Joab. "The young birds crowd
the old ones out of the nest. But I
never could have stayed there to be sent
to the 'Home for Old Men.'"

Frank colored scarlet under the con-
temptuous lightning of Myra's eyes, and
got away as best he could.

"There he goes," said Joab Fenn,
with a sigh; and I have lost my boy for-
ever!"

But it was his own fault, and well he
knew it.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTY.

A good many years ago, when the
Illinois law requiring physicians to reg-
ister births first went into effect, I was
practising in a small town in that State,
and, like a great many other doctors,
not being used to my new duty of re-
porting the births at a place I officiated,
I was not very regular or punctual
about performing it. The result was
that I got fined for neglect of duty, and
concluded then to overlook my books
and catch up with my reports. When
I came to look, however, I found that I
had paid no attention to the names of
the babies, if I had ever heard them, so
that while I had thirty-one births to re-
port, I didn't know what to call them.

While puzzling over my dilemma, an
immense joke dawned on my mind, out
of which I expected great amusement,
and which I proceeded to put into exe-
cution. I proceeded to christen all the
youngsters. The boys I called unani-
mously James L., in honor of myself,
and on the girls I conferred my wife's
Christian name, I chuckled while I
was doing it, but that was because I
wasn't posted. There were some things
I didn't know. The local paper noticed
the peculiarity of the nomenclature in
my assortment of babies and proceeded
to grow facetious. It pointed out the
fact that so many little ones were named
for me as an indication of my popularity
among the ladies in the vicinity, and
had fun with me generally. Then my
patrons saw this and caught on to the
humor of it. They all decided to let
the names stand, and, after the fashion
of the fathers of the country, all
claimed a present. I had to come to
time, and first and last, that batch of
babies cost me more than I made out
of them.—Dr. James L. Day of St. Louis
Mo.

EASY ENOUGH TO HER MIND.

Two little girls were out in a row-
boat on a river in Maine, when through
the fault of one the other was precipi-
tated into the water. She was saved,
with some difficulty, by a gentleman
who saw the accident. The other was
eluded on her return to the shore.

"How could you be so careless with
your little cousin? What would you
have done if Mr. Briggs hadn't saved
her?"

"Oh," replied the little one, demur-
ingly, "we'd have got her when the
tide went out."—Susan's Messenger.

INTERSTATE COMMERCE.

IMPORTANT DECISIONS RENDERED
BY THE COMMISSION.

The Rule Regarding Shipments of Cattle
in Car Lots—Through Rates and Mileage
—Regarding Shipments of Lumber from
the South by Rail and Water.

The inter-state commerce commission
has rendered three important deci-
sions. In the case of Lenord and
Chappell against the Chicago and Alton
railroad the commission decides that car-
riers can rightfully substitute for the
practice of charging carload rates on
cattle, irrespective of weight, the rule that
while a carload is named a minimum weight
for a carload is prescribed, and any excess
over the minimum is to be charged
for by the hundred pounds in
proportion to the carload rate. The com-
plainants urged the commission to
conform to the State laws and rulings of
Kansas and Missouri State commissioners
under which shippers of cattle to points
within the State had the right to load cars
without regard to weight at a stated price
a car. The commission held, however,
that State action could not be allowed to
control in matters within the Federal
jurisdiction, and that the grant to the
Federal government of the power to regulate
inter-State commerce is full and
complete and can not be narrowed or
encroached upon by State authority either
directly or indirectly.

In an opinion on the case of McMorran
v. Harrington, grain dealers at Port
Huron, Mich., against the Grand Trunk
and the Chicago & Grand Trunk roads,
Commissioner Schoenmaker says:

"Though rates are not required to be
made on a mileage basis, nor local rates
to correspond with the divisions of a joint
through rate over the same line. Mileage
is usually an element of importance, and
due regard to distant proportions should
be observed in connection with the other
considerations that are material in fixing
transportation charges."

The complaint that an 8-cent rate on
grain from Port Huron to Buffalo was un-
reasonable as compared with a through
rate of 15 cents a hundred pounds from
Chicago to Buffalo was not sustained, but
no good reason having been shown for a
higher rate on grain products that portion
of the complaint is sustained and the pro-
ducts ordered to be carried at the same
rate as grain.

Commissioner Morrison in deciding the
case of Abbott against the East Tennessee
railroad, which is charged with illegal dis-
crimination in lumber rates from Ten-
nessee points to Boston, says:

"Combined rail and water competition
at a longer distance point does not justify
a greater charge for the shorter distance,
while the shorter distance point is main-
tained by the carrier at points where the
competition is of greater force and more
controlling than at the longer distance
point; such greater charge is not justified
by the fact that local rates have been first
paid on lumber to the longer distance
points, nor by the fact that the freight is
shipped in cars from the longer distance
points which brought machinery to those
points and for which profitable return
loads were not always to be had, nor by a
difference in the bulk and value of the
lumber when the published rate sheets put
the lumber in the same class and at the
same rate.

"While distance is not always a con-
trolling element in determining what is a
reasonable rate there is ordinarily no better
measure of railroad service in carrying
goods than the distance they are carried;
and when the rate of freight charges over
one line in sending freight carried from a
neighboring territory to the same market
is considerable greater than over other
lines for distances as long or longer such
greater rate is held to be excessive and
should be reduced."

RETERATING PENSIONS.

The Manderson Case to Be Taken as a
Precedent by Secretary Noble.

Secretary Noble says that his deci-
sion in the rerated pension case of
Senator Manderson may be regarded
as a precedent in a number of
other similar cases. Senator Manderson,
however, occupied a somewhat different
position from the majority of pensioners
recently rerated, the increased pension
having been allowed him without applica-
tion or knowledge on his part. There are
about thirty employes of the pension office
whose pensions have been rerated. In
some instances this rerating was done
upon their application and in other cases
it was done without their knowledge.
Some of these cases were allowed by Com-
missioner Tanner while they were on
appeal before the Secretary of the Interior.
The present acting commissioner, Hiram
Smith, was rerated, but it is understood
that he made an application to that effect
and that the legal requirements were com-
plied with. There are others in the pen-
sion office as well as outside, whose pen-
sions were rerated and who received ar-
rangements from \$5,000 to \$15,000, and
under this ruling in the Manderson case
all are characterized as being illegal. It
is thought that the new commissioner of
pensions will have this question to
consider among the first duties which he
will be called upon to perform. The com-
missioner has the right to recover all
money illegally paid on account of pen-
sions, and in cases where the arrangements
have already been expended the govern-
ment can confiscate all pension payment.
It is said to be the desire of the Sec-
retary of the Interior to enforce as far as prac-
ticable the collection of the money, and
that active measures will be adopted as
soon as a commissioner of pensions has
been appointed. Some of the employes of
the pension office whose pensions were
rerated have left the government service
since the action in their case was taken.
The great majority are still in government
employ, and, of course, it will be com-
paratively easy to compel a repayment,
providing they have not spent the money.
In such an event the government could
levy upon their salaries as well as their
pensions.

Disastrous Floods in the Tyrol.

The floods in the Tyrol have increased,
causing enormous damage. In conse-
quence of the floods Emperor Francis
Joseph of Austria has been obliged to
postpone his journey to see the Emperor
at Vienna.

On Oct. 21 the illness of "Johnny" Re-
goe, the light with whom Mitchell in
the California Athletic Club on Oct. 29 has
been declared off. Rege on infinite big
deposit - 211.

BURNED TO THE GROUND

DR. TALMAGE'S CHURCH A HEAP OF
RUINS.

The Great Edifice at Brooklyn Completely
Destroyed by Fire a Second Time—Its
Pastor Postpones His Trip to the Holy
Land and Appeals for Help.

The Brooklyn tabernacle, of which
T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., is pastor,
has been, for the second time in its
history, totally destroyed by fire. At
2:45 o'clock in the morning a police-
man discovered flames issuing from one
of small windows over the main entrance,
and, rushing to the nearest signal-box, sent
in an alarm. The firemen found the fire had
assumed large proportions, and additional
alarms, calling all available apparatus,
were at once sent in. It became event
that the edifice was doomed to destruction.
It burned like a tinder box, and the fire-
man, despairing of saving it, directed their
efforts to the adjoining property. Many
of the occupants of the neighboring dwell-
ings were already awake, and the police
proceeded to arouse those who were sleep-
ing. The three-story frame structure at
353 Shermerhorn street, adjoining the
church on the east side, was the first to
take fire, and 355, a similar structure,
followed; 357 was also damaged.

On the west side of the church the
flames extended to two brick dwellings,
and on the opposite side of Shermerhorn
street a row of three-story brick dwellings,
328 to 348, suffered from the intense heat.
Window glass was broken and woodwork
scorched.

The residents of the neighborhood, awak-
ened either by the roar of the flames or by
the pounding of the police upon their
doors, became frightened and rushed out
half-dressed and in their night clothes,
and the police had great difficulty in as-
suring them that they were in no danger.
Fortunately there was no loss of life or
limb. The police carried out one old lady
from 317 Shermerhorn street and placed
her in a house at a safe distance. All the
other inmates were able to care for them-
selves.

But while the firemen and the police
worked for the salvation of property and
people the doomed building was rapidly
being consumed and in an hour's time only
trotting walls remained. Dr. Talmage
was on the scene soon after the first alarm
and did not leave until he had seen the
edifice which had been his pride laid in
ashes.

The origin of the fire is unknown, but it
is thought that it may have been caused by
lightning.

The loss on the church building, includ-
ing the organ, which was one of the finest
in the country, is \$350,000. It is said to
be covered by insurance in a number of
companies. The building was of four-
teenth century Gothic architecture and
was dedicated Feb. 22, 1874. It was of
brick, with stone trimmings, with a
frontage of 150 feet and a depth of 113
feet, to which had recently been added an
extension 60 feet wide and 12 deep. The
seating capacity was 2,800 and it was
always fully taxed at the Sunday services.
The previous structure, which was built
of corrugated iron, was destroyed by fire
Sunday morning Dec. 22, 1872. "That fire
was also of unexplained origin.

Dr. Talmage has issued the following
address:

TO THE PEOPLE:—By sudden calamity
we are without a church. The building
consecrated by so much that is dear to us
is in ashes. In behalf of my stricken con-
gregation I make appeal for help, as our
church has never confined its work to this
locality. Our church has never been
sufficient either in size or appointment for
the people who come. We want to build
something worthy of our city and worthy
of the cause of God. We want \$100,000,
which, added to the insurance, will
build us what is needed. I make appeal
to all our friends through Christendom, to
all denominations, to all creeds and
theologies, to all to come to our assist-
ance. I ask all readers of my sermons
the world over to contribute as far as
their means will allow. What we do as
a church depends upon the immediate re-
sponse made to this call. I was on the
eve of departure for a brief visit to the
Holy Land that I might be better pre-
pared for my work here, but that visit
must be postponed. I cannot leave until
something is done to decide our future.
May the God who has our destiny as in-
dividuals and churches in his hand ap-
pear for our deliverance. Responses to
this appeal to the people may be sent to
me at Brooklyn, N. Y., and I will with
my own hands acknowledge the receipt
thereof."

AS BY A MIRACLE.

Wonderful Escape from Death of Passen-
gers on a Derailed Train.

The fast express on the Pennsylvania
road, composed of two combination parlor
cars and three coaches, passed the main
depot at Rahway, N. J., running at the
rate of sixty miles an hour. The engine,
just as it reached the east end of the
long bridge, jumped the track and was
followed by the three cars. The crash as
the whole train left the track was terrific
and was heard by people at the depot a
quarter of a mile west of where the
accident occurred. The train ran along the
ties for 200 feet, when the couplings broke
between the cars and each car shot in a
different direction, tearing up the rails
and ties and digging into the stone ballast
roadbed. There are four tracks at this
point and the cars were twisted around in
such a way as to completely wreck the
road bed and the cars themselves. When
the cars finally stopped, the passengers,
who were naturally badly frightened,
came out of the wrecked cars unable to
comprehend what had happened. The only
persons injured were two women who
were out by flying glass. De Wolf Hop-
per was a passenger on the train and re-
ceived a severe shaking up, as did all of
the passengers. The accident was due to
the spreading of the rails, which were
new, and, it is said, had not been properly
spiked by the section men who laid them.

Struck by a Lake Shore Train.

Franklin D., dispatcher J. C. Davison
and his daughter were struck by a Lake
Shore train as they were driving across
the tracks at this place, and so
horribly injured that they will probably
die. The horse was killed and the wagon
was reduced to kindling wood. At the
point where the accident occurred the Lake
Shore road runs parallel with that of the
Erie. Mr. Davison was a train approach-
ing on the latter road track and drove his
horse on the Lake Shore tracks to avoid it.