THE JOURNAL.

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All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.
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No. 88 Fifth street, Salina Kansas.

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Are prepared to undertake building of any description. Shop on Iron Avenue, first door east of A. Mair & Co.'s Plow Factory, Salina.

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Livery, Feed & Sale Stable,
Opposite Pacific House, Salina.
Horses boarded by the day or month—Good hostlers—Trade solicited.

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None but the most Reliable Insurance Companies Represented, and All Losses paid at this office.
Office in Journal block, Salina.

WESTERN STAR MILLS
North side of Iron avenue,
Salina Kansas
HAVING lately made large additions and greatly improved our Mills, making the largest and most complete mill property in the state, we are now prepared to supply the trade with our celebrated
"Western Star"
EXTRA BRANDS.
We always attend promptly to, and can do any amount of
Custom Grinding
—At—
SMOKY HILL MILLS
CASH PAID FOR GRAIN.
The best of Family Flour constantly on hand to exchange for wheat. All grades of Family and Feed stuffs for sale at all times.

Saline County Journal.

VOL. XIII. SALINA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1883. NUMBER 5

State Hist Society

Palace Store!

Grand Closing Out Sale!

Litowich & Wolsieffer.

As we must reduce our entire Stock of General Merchandise within the next 60 days. We are making reductions in prices.

Litowich & Wolsieffer.

LITOWICH & WOLSIEFFER.

Litowich & Wolsieffer.

Come one, come all. We are in the land and intend our main here. We carry the Largest Stock of General Merchandise in town.

Litowich & Wolsieffer.

SEWING MACHINE PRIZE!

We are offering as a Prize to our numerous friends and Customers, a

3 DRAWER SEWING MACHINE,
With all Attachments,

The winner can take his choice of the American, Queen, white, New Home or Singer. For every $5.00 worth of Goods you purchase for Cash entitles you to one chance in the Machine.

Drawing to Come off March 15

Litowich & Wolsieffer.

You may talk about Boots and Shoes. We are ahead of them all, both on prices and quality. Also carry a large stock of Glothing, of the best make and latest styles, and at the lowest prices. Queensware a specialty.

Litowich & Wolsieffer.

LITOWICH & WOLSIEFFER.

Litowich & Wolsieffer.

We sell more Goods than any one Store in town at lower prices than our competitors. We are also agents for the following first-class Sewing Machine: The Queen, White, American, New Home and Singer, which we sell lower than the lowest price. Send for samples and prices.

Litowich & Wolsieffer.

Palace Store!

HON. T. C. HENRY, of Abilene, talks of removing to Denver.

THE Legislative session will probably close the last of this week.

THE Prince of Wales is expected to reach this country early this month. He, no doubt, is in search of his long lost Lilly.

SENATOR HACKNEY, in a recent speech, called Col. Wirt W. Walton a "bombastic jackass, who poses as a masher."

WM. E. CHANDLER will probably succeed the late Marshall Jewell as President of the National Republican Committee.

THE Abilene *Chronicle* is 13 years old and has just purchased a new power press. May the *Chronicle* continue to prosper.

A. PRESCOTT, the well known banker of Topeka, committed suicide last Friday morning. The cause of the tragedy was ill-health.

MISS CLARA BARTON declines the Superintendency of the Shelborne (Mass.) State's Prison, tendered her by Governor Butler, because of feeble health.

MRS. L. P. MORTON, wife of the American Minister to France, is rated by the Americans the most popular "Embassador's wife" since the days of Mrs. Dix.

SPEAKER SNODDY is suspected of favoring the railroads—after all that has been said done. We hope he may be able to relieve his otherwise good record of this cloud.

HON. O. A. ROOT, of Dickinson county, died on the 16th inst., at the age of 60 years, 5 months and 25 days. He was representative in the Legislature from his county during the years of 1874-5.

REPRESENTATIVE GREEN is considered the most influential member of the House. When he speaks (which is seldom) his colleagues listen with eagerness. Green has made a fine record this session.

THE church people of San Francisco are offended just because Rev. Ike Kalloch, of Kansas fame, has allowed his Tabernacle in that city to be used for a Sunday evening sparring match. Very particular and peculiar those San Francisco church people are.

IN the fire which lately happened at Independence, the office of the *South Kansas Tribune* was destroyed. The brothers Yoe, however, came out promptly with a half sheet, stating they would soon have a new office and everything in good running order shortly.

THE Clerk of the United States Supreme Court, who has been making from thirty to forty thousand dollars annually in fees, has had his lucrative business terminated by Congress, as a clause in the sundry civil appropriation bill now pending fixes his compensation at $3,000, and requires him to pay over all fees in excess of that to the United States Treasury.

THERE are in the very nature of things diverse opinions as to the merits and demands of prohibition as a means of reclaiming mankind from the evils of strong drink. During the present exciting discussion on the matter, any comment from the distinguished gentlemen of the nation will be enjoyed as a relief from the solemn procession of cold blooded facts and arguments. All our readers have heard of Robt. G. Ingersoll, and know that when the doughty champion of the star routers relieves his mind it is most always to the point. A few days since an attempt was deliberately made at Washington to interview Ingersoll as to his views on the liquor question. Here is the unfortunate result:

"Being pressed for his views on liquor legislation, the Colonel said: "If the Mississippi and all its tributaries were filled with pure whisky, if the banks were loaf sugar, and all the low grounds covered with mint, there would be no more drunkenness then there is to-day. I believe in the restraining influences of liberty."

IN his fine speech in the House of Representatives on the bill to impose duties upon foreign imports, Hon. D. G. Haskell makes use of the following remarkable statistics of the growth and prosperity of the United States as compared with other nations:

Age.—United States, dating from the Declaration of Independence, 100 years; United Kingdom, dating from William, the Conqueror, 800; France, dating from Charlemagne, 1,100; Germany, dating from Charlemange, 1,160; Russia, dating from Peter the Great, 350; Austria, dating from Charlemange, 1,100.

Population.—United States, 50,150,000; Great Britain, 34,505,000; France, 37,168,000; Germany, 45,367,000; Russia, 82,000,000; Austria, 39,175,000.

Wealth.—United States, 55,000,000,000; Great Britain, $45,000,000,000; France, $40,000,000,000; Germany, $25,000,000,000; Russia, $15,000,000,000; Austria, $14,000,000,000.

Debt.—United States, $1,800,000,000; France, $4,000,000,000; Germany, $900,000,000; Russia, $2,000,000,000; Austria, $2,000,000,000; Great Britain, $3,800,000,000.

Expense.—United States, $357,000,000; Great Britain, $415,000,000; France $656,000,000; Germany, $150,000,000; Russia, $600,000,000; Austria $370,000,000.

Production.—United States; Agriculture, 7,500,000,000; manufactures, $5,000,000,000. Great Britain: Agriculture, $1,200,000,000; manufactures, $4,000,000,000. France: Agriculture, $2,000,000,000; manufactures, $2,000,000,000. Germany: Agriculture, $1,000,000,000; manufactures, $2,000,000,000. Russia, Agriculture, $2,000,000,000; manufactures, $1,000,000,000. Austria: Agriculture, $1,000,000,000; manufactures, $1,000,000,000.

The condition of the Spy of Atlanta, at Dunning's Opera House last evening, far surpassed the expectations of all who attended. * * * * *

Particularly striking is the parting of children with loved ones and the tableau which closes the scene. The character of Capt. St. Clair, the rebel captain, is sustained by Mr. L. D. Dobbs, the manager of the play, and although a hard character to fill, he appreciates the character and acquits himself creditably. But the character of the play is "Sebastian," the fat Dutchman. Let all attend tonight.—*Kansas City Journal.*

CREAMERIES IN KANSAS.

It is not necessary to enter into a lengthy discussion to satisfy a person of average intelligence that there are localities where the creamery business is a grand success. This fact is fully attested by the number in the Elgin district of Illinois, and the creamery districts of Iowa. Linn County, Iowa, has now 35 creameries, and Delaware County, Iowa, 46—where but a few years ago the Pioneer Creamery started in these localities. The business has grown to its present magnitude. If the business can be made profitable where there are so many creameries, and the territory cut up so small, where land for pasturage costs from $4 to $8 per acre rental, where hay is worth from $8 to $12 per ton, and corn from 40 to 65 cents per bushel, it should be conclusive evidence that creameries will pay in Kansas, where hay can be bought for $2 to $6 per ton, corn for 15 to 35 cents per bushel; and where pasturage is such an inexpensive item. Can we then well do without a creamery in Salina. By such a concern the farmers are enabled to realize as much for their cream taken at their door as they can get if they make choice roll butter and sell it at the highest market price, thereby saving all of the work of making and marketing the butter. The milk is also left them in a sweet condition for their use in raising their calves and pigs. If it will pay to keep cows to raise a calf, which at the end of the season is worth from $12 to $20, and sell from $30 to $75 worth of cream from her. Statistics show that the average product of the cows in the creameries in the district of Iowa is $72, and the cost of keeping $48 per head. It is evident that the cost of keeping a cow in first class shape cannot exceed one-half of that amount in Kansas. Already many of our sister towns have creameries: Wichita, Winfield, Wellington, Howard, Fredonia, Florence, and a number of others. We have as good a county as any, and much better than some for the business. Should we not make a move at once to secure a creamery at Salina? Farmers, business men, and everybody should take an interest in this matter.

A splendid rain last Friday night.

Dobbs and Devendorf make a strong team.—*Topeka Daily Capital.*

Don't fail to attend the thrilling play of "The Spy of Atlanta" to-night.

Mr. L. D. Dobbs, the instructor of the Spy of Atlanta troupe, arrived here last Monday.

Miss Lizzie Thompson succeeds Jos. Masker as up town operator. She took possession of the office last Saturday.

Mr. Albert S. Radcliff, brother of C. S. and W. D., was visiting in Salina last week. He returned home last Monday.

H. A. Osberg is clerking for Ferlen & Leskell. This firm will start a branch store at Marquette the first of next month.

The Salina JOURNAL has entered on its thirteenth year. Its editor and proprietor, M. D. Sampson, understands his calling, and his paper is one of the most influential and successful in the state.—*Abilene Gazette.*

A subscription of $4,000 is being raised for the purpose of boring for coal. About $3,500 of the amount has already been pledged. This enterprise is independent of the Boyd will.

Dr. I. E. Layton has returned from his wanderings in Oregon and Washington Territory—satisfied to remain in Salina. He prefers the dry climate of Kansas to countries where the rain fall for a year shows up over 61 inches.

The scholars of Miss Deighan's department in the High School building presented the operetta of Red Riding Hood last Friday afternoon. There was a good attendance of outsiders and the little play was charmingly presented.

Mr. E. Hobnek, a well-known and highly respected citizen of Bavaria, this county, left last Saturday evening for the Northern Pacific Railroad country, to engage in the land business. He expects to remain in that country about two years.

On Wednesday, Feb. 21, Mr. Solomon Gillespie was married to Miss Isidore Cox, at the residence of the bride's father, Cambria towdship, by M. S. Price, J. P. A liberal allowance of wedding confectionary was tendered the JOURNAL, and all hands join in extending congratulations.

The following is the cast of characters in the play of the Spy of Atlanta, to be presented at the Opera House, commencing with to-night.

Edwin Dalton, a Union man—afterwards a spy	J. O. Wilson
Capt. St. Clair, a young Southerner	L. D. Dobbs
Park St. Clair, Edward's father	L. M. Tuttle
Charley Dalton, Edwin's brother	F. H. Lermis
Sebastian, a citizen, afterwards a soldier	T. D. Fitzpatrick
Farmer Dalton, a southern Union man	C. T. Hilton
Jake Schneider	S. V. Davendorf
Capt. Mason, U. S. A.	Al. Hine
Pete, colored "gentleman"	Wm. Appleton
Gen. McPherson, U. S. A.	W. M. Clarkson
Gen. Sherman, U. S. A.	S. H. Williams
Maj. Wilber, U. S. A.	F. A. Smith
C. B. Harrison, U. S. A.	D. J. Addison
Corpl. Ogden, U. S. A.	B. F. Rhodes
Sergt. Bates, U. S. A.	Jesse Frost
Maud Dalton, wife of Edwin	Miss A. E. Teague
Carrie Dalton, sister of Edwin	Miss May Sargdam
Mrs. Dalton, wife of former Dalton	Mrs. Dr. Daily
Willie Dalton, the drummer boy	Frank Hamilton
Lizzie Hamlin, daughter of Edwin	Carrie Clarkson

Tableaux, 12 young ladies of Salina.
Soldiers, Company "B," 1st Regiment, K. S. M.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 20, 1883.

SALINA JOURNAL:—Allow me, Mr. Publisher, to correct you. I see by your last copy that I am dead. Papa tells me that you mean I am dead on my feet. Mr. editor, I don't believe you would think so, if you knew how I run around: last week I went to the roller skating rink to a masquerade for children; oh, it was splendid! and to the matinees and a good many other places. This week I am in a dialogue in which there are fifty children that take part; it is to be on Washington's birthday. Please, Mr. editor, don't put such a sad thing about me again, for I am well and have not been sick a day since I left Salina. I hope sometime to come out there and see my dear little friends, and big ones too. My papa is coming out there next month. From,

ZILLA EATON.

Opinions of the Press on the Prescott Case.

The few grape and canister that envy and spite have been preparing of late, wherewith to level the honest reputation of Judge Prescott, are falling harmlessly at the feet of the Kansas Legislature.—*Wilson Echo.*

One of the absorbing topics of concern just now is the investigation at Topeka of charges against Judge Prescott, and it must be gratifying to the Judge to find himself sustained by such a multitude of those who have known him intimately and well for the past twelve years. No man in the 14th Judicial District has been subjected to a more vindictive personal hostility; yet, as often as he has come before the people for their suffrages he has been elected by larger and still larger majorities.

In so far as McPherson county is concerned, the people are indignant at the present proceedings, and a number of influential men resent it as almost a personal affront. From present appearances, Judge Prescott will come out of this ordeal fully vindicated; in which case an outraged public sentiment will grind his persecutors to powder.—*Lindsborg Localist.*

The pretended impeachment of Judge Prescott will most likely prove a contemptible fizzle. Not much time should be fooled away in this matter. —*Leavenworth Press.*

Charges of a grave character have been preferred against Judge Prescott, of the Fourteenth Judicial District. The charges are brought forward with a view of his removal from the office of Judge. They have been referred to a special committee of the House and are now undergoing examination. The Judge is well known to our people and is highly respected. We hope and believe he will be able to sustain his honorable reputation.—*Hays City Sentinel.*

Last week, too late for insertion in our last issue, came the news that charges were preferred against Judge Prescott, looking to his impeachment before the Legislature. The charges were preferred by Judge Foster, of Salina, lately elected county attorney of Saline county on the whisky ticket. He is a Democrat and an old bitter enemy of Judge Prescott. The charges are, bribery, compounding of felony, altering records and adjourning court to electioneer against John Foster and missinting cases appealed from him, &c. The belief is quite prevalent in Salina that Foster hopes by appointment from Glick, to succeed Prescott in case he is successful in his scheme of impeachment, a scheme he will discover is very visionary, before he gets through with it. Judge Prescott and his friends do not seem to be at all worried about the outcome and evidently intend to occupy as little of the time of the Legislature as possible. As soon as the committee for investigation was appointed, the Judge appeared before that body and announced himself in readiness for trial. Judge Prescott's character, both public and private, is such that the closer it is inspected, the brighter it will shine, and the action of his enemies in this case is well calculated to secure him another four years as Judge.

THE HERALD'S SENATORIAL "BUZZ-SAW."

The editor of the *Herald* accuses me with doing him an injustice by saying that he persists in giving an infidel tone to his paper. That charge answers itself to all who have paid attention enough to the paper to note its tone in this respect for a number of months—nearly a year. But as to the particular instance to which he refers, I guarded myself against his charge by quoting his own language. He makes an extract from Senator Ingalls' eulogy and characterizes it as "after the manner of Ingersoll. In this he agrees with the Rev. Mr. McDowel, in the Topeka *Capital* and the New York *Baptist Weekly.* They pronounce it "heathen and infidel;" he, "after the manner of Ingersoll." He differs from them in that they disapprove of the sentiment; he approves, calls it "beautiful" even "after the manner of Ingersoll."

On the other hand, Senator Ingalls denies the imputation, and very vigorously says he is "neither a heathen nor infidel." And his apologist in the Topeka *Capital*, in answer to Rev. McDowell, holds that the eulogy rightly understood, is in complete harmony with the bible, and not, "after the manner of Ingersoll," at all. As to which side is correct in this controversy, I have expressed no opinion. I, therefore submit, that instead of trying to put my name in Senator Ingalls' reply to the *Baptist Weekly*, he should put his own name in it, and then read it musingly. For he, not I, charged Senator Ingalls with pronouncing a eulogy "after the manner of Ingersoll." He in his eagerness to claim eminent men as infidels, has himself been unwittingly "monkeying with a Senatorial Buzz-Saw." S.

IMPORTANT TO SETTLERS ON THE PUBLIC LANDS.

The following proceedings took place in the House of Representatives at Washington last Thursday:

On motion of Mr. Ryan the amendment was adopted authorizing surveys which may be required for the identification of land for the purpose of evidence in any suit or proceedings in behalf of the United States.

After discussion, the paragraph making an appropriation for the survey of private land claims in New Mexico and Arizona was amended so as to prohibit any of the appropriation to be used for the preliminary survey of unformed private land claims.

Mr. Pound offered an amendment repealing the pre-emption laws together with all laws authorizing the filing of declaratory statements for the entry of public lands by agent or attorney.

Mr. Washburn advocated the amendment, contending that the pre-emption laws should be repealed. The manner in which public lands were taken up under those laws was a perfect scandal. No honest man could file a legitimate claim without being persecuted by adventurers and land sharks. Now was the time to have this matter stopped. The public lands had been dedicated to actual settlers, and they should be guarded for that purpose. Congress should shut out this army of sharpers and adventurers who went out West in order to sap the life blood that was developing the country.

The amendment was adopted, and is in its full text as follows:

Provided, That the pre-emption laws together with all laws authorizing the filing of declaratory statements for entries of public lands by agent or attorney and the same are hereby repealed.

Provided further, That this repeal shall not affect the disposal of lands under treaty stipulations with Indian tribes, nor be deemed to impair any legal rights heretofore acquired under laws hereby repealed, until all existing entries, settlements or filings may be perfected upon proper proof of a lawful and bonafide character of said claims, and of a due compliance with the provisions and requirements of the laws under which such entries, settlements or filings were made.

And provided further, That any person who has heretofore made or may hereafter make a bonafide entry of public lands under the homestead laws shall have the privilege of paying the minimum price for the quantity of land so entered at any time before the expiration of five years from the date of entry, and after actual residence, improvement and cultivation has been maintained for a period of not less than two and a half years after entry, and it shall be the duty of the commissioner general of the land office to require evidence of actual compliance with the requirements of law in respect to the residence, improvement and cultivation in all cases in which the title now is and may hereafter be claimed under the homestead or other settlement or improvement laws of the United States.

And provided further, That any person applying for the benefits of the timber culture laws shall make his entry in person at the proper local land office and shall make affidavit that he is actual resident of the country and state or territory in which the land is situated, and that he has not entered into any contract or agreement to relinquish the entry he may make, and that he has no idea or prospective purpose of making any such relinquishment, and offering for sale as a matter of traffic or special speculation of the relinquishment of entries made under the provisions of the timber culture laws, and any failure to do this shall be deemed *prima facia* evidence that such entries were made for speculative purposes, and not in good faith as required by law, and such entries shall thereupon be liable to cancellation by the commissioner general of the land office, and the land covered thereby shall be deemed subject to entry by the first legal applicant, and the first section of May 14, 1880, authorizing lands covered by relinquished claims to be held as open to settlement and entry without further action by the commissioner general of the land office, and all other acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

And provided further: That when a timber culture entry shall have once been made on a tract of public land subject to such entry, and the same shall be cancelled or relinquished, the land covered thereby shall thereafter be subject to entry only under the timber culture laws, and no patent shall be issued for such lands until the requirements of such laws shall have been fully complied with.

MADELINE'S FATE.

"Why, where is it?" cried Pearlie, stopping short within the door, her big opal eyes stretched wide open in amazement.

"Strange!" said her mother from behind. "Perhaps Flo has taken it somewhere," and she turned to investigate the mystery.

"Strange indeed! thought Pearlie, as she sat down gingerly on the side of the bed in her pretty laced-trimmed wedding garments, which only awaited the filmy cloud like dress, and thrust out her white slippered toes for her own admiration.

"Dear me!" exclaimed her mother, coming in again in a frenzy of anxiety, "nobody knows anything about it."

"We must look," cried Pearlie, starting to her feet, fear taking possession of her heart in earnest. "It must be somewhere. Who ever heard of a wedding dress disappearing mysteriously an hour before the wedding?"

But their search was all in vain. Places possible and impossible for concealment were ransacked to no purpose. In no wardrobe, drawer, or corner could the pretty new wedding dress be found. Pearlie of course helped things along by sitting down and crying as though her heart would break.

Only the evening before she had danced about the beautiful snowy mesh of soft silk and tulle, as it lay upon the immaculate counterpane of the "best room" bed.

It had been quite an expensive wedding gown for Pearlie, who was only the daughter of a retired sea captain, not any richer than the majority. But Pearlie was the idol of his heart, the younger of two girls, and "the baby" so the captain had said.

"He should choose her dress himself. He knew what a weddin' rig should be, for he had seen them in furrin' places. None of of your cheap stuffs, but real silk and flowers, you see."

Then he had delved down deep into his ever ready purse, without a sign of shrinking, that he might at least see his little gal in the real article he coveted.

Exquisite shell flowers, too, with a real gem of a fan that he had brought from the West Indies, embellished the toilet, and Pearlie in the delight of her little heart, had hugged her father and gazed in rapturous admiration upon the beautiful wedding array until she was satiated with pleasure.

Frank Ellison had run down to Craigmore in the early summer, intending to make a brief sojourn, but the "blue capped waves," he said bewitched him, though everybody knew—as everybody does know in a small town—that a certain blue-capped damsel, known as Captain Gray's "middy" had bewitched him still more.

The result was he fell a victim to the fascinations of Craigmore Beach, and remained there long enough to become engaged to the little girl whom he had first seen dancing in her light row-boat out over the sunlit waters, her sonsy little figure clad in a scarlet-tipped navy blue suit, and her early brown hair tucked under a silver-winged cap.

And now had come the wedding day, and Captain Gray was about to relinquish this sunny sailor of his, who was an epitomized, otherwise edition of himself, into the keeping of a good looking city chap, who was as sure as the majority of the bridegrooms are that he would cherish and idolize her to his dying day.

"Yes, the wedding day and hour had arrived, and the bride sat mourning the loss of her wedding dress.

"Well, Pearlie, there is no alternative; you will have to wear your white swiss. The folks and minister will be here in no time. There is one comfort—they all know you had a lovely new dress, and it is too late to delay the wedding. To think anyone would be mean enough to steal that of all things—for it must have been stolen."

So, at the appointed time, with the shadow of annoyance and and disappointment hovering over them all, Pearlie stood up to be married.

Poor Captain Gray, cutky and out of sorts; Pearlie, lugubrious, and with the suspicion of a pout on her usually smiling rosy lips.

Perhaps the bridegroom was the only one really happy, for at this particular period Pearlie looked beautiful to him in any garb. It is doubtful if he would have murmured had she appeared decked as a lady of Hong Kong.

So the ceremony proceeded, and Pearlie was just beginning to get a little wearied. It was tiresome to stand so long without moving, listening to old Parson McCreah, whose sermons fine and doomsday notes had been familiar to her from infancy.

Suddenly behind her she heard a light rustle and stir, then a surprised murmur.

Pearlie at once very decorously looked over her shoulder.

Up through the ceremony came a wild-eyed, glary-faced woman; her coarse black hair flying loosely about her as she nodded and smiled to right and left.

Pearlie recognized her, as did everybody. She had heard suddenly through the window from the piazza, and strange out of all, she wore the missing wedding dress.

Tumbling and twisting the beautiful spotless silk in her restless fantastic MADNESS, the lace came, the gem like flowers fluttered away on the top of her unkempt locks, and glittering and twinkling from her famous hands.

Before anyone could interfere or realize this sacrilege, she had leaped in front of the bride and minister, smashing his respectable gold-rimmed glasses to topple over his nose, and was bounding to the bridegroom.

"You gave improvement back day—come back to marry me. Glad to see you. Hal ha! ha! You have made a mistake, lady fair; you're in the wrong place. Come away," dragging Pearlie from her lover's side; "you are the bridesmaid, and I am the bride. Fiendes! leave me! Would you take him from me again? To the ship, did you say? Ha! ha! ha! the ship lies deep, deep down. You cannot reach it. He came up out of it to-day. Will he go, too? Go you to the ship—to the ship in question! Come, come, you and I, to the ship away under the sea!"

And amid her wild cries and mutterings the poor daft creature was borne away, and the service at last finished, though the demoniac laughter of the crazy woman floated in upon them, above the solemn words that united two young and happy souls.

"Poor critter!" said the captain, three hours later, when they were seated quietly together, and the borrowed wedding raiment had been secured and returned. "Tain't very often Wild Mad takes to rampagin'. She hain't now for three years, I guess, and that was when a young sea captain come ashore here for a day to see some friends. She tackled him just as she did you, Frank. You see, she's always fancyin' somebody's Harry Lambert, the young shipmate she got so in love with long ago. But she always quiets right down they say after one of these spells."

"Harry Lambert, a shipmate, did you say?" cried Frank, starting at the name.

"Yes, have you heard of him? A mighty nice boy. I remember the affair very well. Madeline Earl—that's Mad, you know—was a bright pretty girl, but there was insanity in the family. Her mother had been insane before she died.

"Well, young Lambert came here to visit just as you did, my son, and somehow them two was together a great deal, but I guess Harry never fell just in love with her—liked her company, you know, and so on, but she got wrapped up in him, and he determined to marry her, though he didn't noways like her mother being crazy.

"Well, the marriage was the talk of the town, and things was going on smooth enough, when all of a sudden Harry disappeared and never come back, Mad, she took on awful, and then she fell to mopin', and finally lost her mind entirely.

"Day after day, and night after night they'd have to watch her, for she would walk up and down the sands, looking out to sea, or hide away in the rocks somewhere for days, watching the ships sailing by.

"At last we got news that his vessel had gone down, and he was among the lost; and not long after an old sailor came here with some letters from Harry, which he had written and gave to him, as he was coming home a passage ahead of him. One was to his mother, and the other to Mad.

"In the last he spoke of the message he had sent her when he come away, sayin' he was sorry that he had to leave so sudden, but he had been unexpectedly ordered abroad.

"Then he said he hoped she would wait patiently for him, for he would surely be home again in two months. Poor lad! Whatever had become of the message we never knew, but poor Mad has been a demented critter ever since."

As the captain finished, Frank spoke through the hushed sad silence that followed.

"It's strange," he said. "I have often wondered over the rumors of my cousin's love affair, for Harry Lambert was my own cousin.

"He wasn't now!" exclaimed the captain bluntly.

"Yes; but all this happened when I was quite a lad. I never knew just where this Madeline lived, but I remember hearing about the story. I am told that I greatly resemble him, so that accounts for poor Mad's raving so-day."

The rosy rays from the setting sun shone across the crested waves, and fell in shafts of brilliant light upon the sandy beach, where she had played in her childhood and dreamed in her happy girlhood, as Pearlie drove to the little station, whence she was to be conveyed from his home amid blue sky and sunny sea, to the turbulent big city.

To be sure she was to return every month or two for long visits, but nevertheless the separation nearly broke Pearlie's soft little heart. So the captain and she had nearly smothered themselves in their parting embraces. And her mother and staid married sister she had left on the porch with their handkerchiefs and doing active service in eyes watchful and tender.

"There's Bimleck Finley drawing in his flshin' boat," remarked the captain more for the sake of breaking the oppressive silence than out of any active interest he felt in Bimleck's proceeding at this particular juncture. "Why, what's he hauling out of it?" he exclaimed, his attention now arrested. "Looks mighty like some one he's pulling out of Davy's Locker Joe, what's going on there?"

The boy addressed came running up with an awestruck face.

"It's Wild Mad. She's drowned herself, sir," he answered.

"Now you talk!" exclaimed Captain Gray. And presently the men came past them, bearing their drenched lifeless burden.

Yes, it was indeed so. Poor Mad had at last gone on that fatal search for the "ship away under the sea." The once bright rosy face was now cold and white in the repose of death.

The sea, so long sought by those restless unmeaning eyes, had closed them forever.

Into the dark black hair, lately decked in its coveted bridal flowers, the wild alluring waves had wound a death garland of seaweed.

"Well, she's gone at last to meet him," said Captain Gray huskily, as they drove on again. "Those shinin' waters have taken them both. She always wanted to hanker arter 'em. Like as not she knew where he was drowned, and thought she'd find him down there. Well, poor Hal was a good lad. They will meet—they will meet—somewhere on the other side.

Many and remarkable were Pearlie's wedding day tears came and gone since then; but with every return her eyes bitter over with tears at the recollection of poor Madeline's fate. And it is with a heart full of gratitude that she lingers upon the serene happiness of her own married life, and the fulfillment of her own girlish dreams.

The Spy of Atlanta.

The greatest dramatic success ever put upon boards made its debut in the Spy of Atlanta, now being played. The scenes are drawn from life, particularly and the play contains incidents that the Atlantans people love to dwell upon. Last night the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Let there be a large audience to-night. Every body is ready to do something for suffering widows and orphans, opportunity which begets more than the worth of his money to the enjoyment the entertainment affords.—*Boston Herald.*

In affectionate memory. A Parisian visitor asks of a young girl who is about to marry a widower, "now my dear, tell me why make his lost wife happy?" "Did he make her happy?" exclaimed the girl. "Why, madam, she was the happiest monument in the cemetery!"

A man at a hotel fell the whole length of a flight of stairs, fervently cursed to get him up. They asked him if he was hurt. "No," he replied, "not at all; I've used to coming down that way. I'm a life insurance agent."