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TWO OF THEM.

And Both Dangerous to Trousers.

"Does your father keep a dog?" As George W. Simpson spoke these words in the earnest, tender manner that ever characterized his demeanor toward the gentler sex, Aphrodite McGuire gave an upward glance, half shyly half wonderingly, and then the beautifully brown eyes were again turned away, and the little dimpled hands that had been clasping a pillar of the vine-clad porch on which they were standing this beautiful June morning, fell listlessly by her side.

For a moment neither spoke. The sun glimmers frantically down between the bright green leaves of the maple trees, the hum of insects filled the air, and the pleasant lowing of the cows as they roamed contentedly among the succulent grasses of the meadows was borne up on the balmy breath of the early summer to those two in whose hearts the first promptings of a pure, Cook county love were being kindled.

The man was the first to speak. Bending over the little form that stood beside him, he looked with his clear eyes upon the coronal of golden tresses that crowned Aphrodite's head, and then his eyes wand red to the inside net which kept the coronal from slipping off when the breeze bit it. "My darling," he whispered softly to himself, "God made us for each other, and we must never be parted. Without you my life would be as desolate as the subscription book of a Milwaukee paper, my whole existence a horrible dream from which there was no awakening." And clutching nervously at his ill-behaved-in-the-spring moustache with one hand he gently placed the other upon Aphrodite's shoulder.

The girl did not move. Again he touched her, but there was no response. Still George suspected something. Who can blame his pure innocence?

The dress was padded. "Aphrodite," he said, in low, mellow tones—almost mellow enough to pick—"will you speak to me, and give me a kiss, one little three-for-five cent kiss."

The girl raised her face to his. The earnest, carefree, are-you-going-to-the-dinner-evening expression that had marked its every feature before George spoke the fatal words with which this story opens, was gone, almost concrete, look, that told more eloquently than could words of the terrible struggle that had taken place in the mind of this beautiful, striped-stockinged girl. No word came from the ashen lips from which the red blood of youth had flown, but the wistful, fear-haunted expression of the dusky-brown eyes told all.

"He has got a dog, then?" asked George, his voice quivering with excitement as he spoke.

"Two," murmured the girl, "and a corn of sob shook her form," while she added, speaking the words with tender grace beyond compare, "they are both on the bite."

How to Tighten Wagon Tires.

Apply some leather rings between the shoulders on the outer ends of the spokes and the corresponding portions of the felloes. Procure a number of small pieces of leather, from an inch and a half to two inches in diameter; with a sharp knife and a compass, of a witting punch, make round holes in the center of these pieces, and make a straight cut from the hole to the outer edge of the pieces, so as to form open slots. The holes must be made of a size that will nicely fit the tenons on the outer ends of the spokes. Place a falerum on the top of the hub, on which place your lever, with the short end under the felloe, near a spoke, have an assistant lean down on the other end sufficiently to raise the felloe, and expose the shoulder and tenon of the spoke, open your leather and fit it nicely around the tenon, holding it to its place while your assistant relaxes the lever and settles the felloe firmly on the spoke by a blow or two upon the tire. Having repeated the process with a sufficient number of pieces to make the tire all right, trim off the projecting leather even with the surface of the spokes and your task is done. If your pieces of leather should be spongy, hammer them down before using.

LONDON, May 27.—A correspondent of the Times at Alexandria asserts that the resignation of the Ministry is in consequence of an order from the Porte, and that Cherif Pacha will form a new Ministry.

A dispatch to the Standard from Cairo states that Arabi Bey sent an officer to the Porte with a petition assuring the Sultan of the devotion of the Egyptian army, and praying for the deposition of the Khedive in favor of Hoiur Pacha. The petition is signed by the Ministry just resigned and eight nobles.

A flannel cloth dipped into warm water and then into whiting and applied to paint, will instantly remove all stains and dirt. Wash with clean water and dry. The most delicate paint will not be injured, and will look like new.

Two Styles of Prospectors.

The Nevada Transcript thus compares the old-time and the modern prospector: The old time, genuine prospector feels thoroughly equipped for the season if he possesses a slab of bacon, a few pounds of flour, a little sugar, coffee, toacco and an old pick and shovel. If he has a pack animal, all right; if he hasn't, all the same. And thus outfitted he scales the mountains, swims the rivers and skims the plains for months, happy as a stuffed goat. And it's his pick and shovel and bone and sinew that brings to light the mineral wealth of mother earth. But there is another of quite different characteristics, who is met with too often in this country. It costs all of \$300 to properly outfit him. He requires a thorough-bred horse, two pack animals, a mattress, six pair of blankets, a feather pillow, a dressing case with toilet soaps and perfumery, a gold chronometer, magnifying glass, chemicals, library of scientific works, silk stockings, five gallons fourth proof brandy, two silver-mounted revolvers and a needle-gun, fishing tackle, half-dozen chevot shirts, cameo cuff buttons and studs, etc., etc. And thus rigged, he spins out the merry summer time, prospecting along streams where fish bite best, sinking holes only where trees cast a cool shade, and always found waiting for the water to fall so as to ford the flood without wetting his feet. He returns in the fall without having discovered anything, of course, but knows just where to strike it next season.

A TRUE STORY.

The Effect of "Hazel Kirke" Upon an Obdurate Heart in Denver.

Though there are those who preach against the stage, its morals and its teachings the lessons given from behind the footlights are often as wholesome and their effects as beneficial as any given from this pulpit. Such a play as "Hazel Kirke" imparts only the most sacred of precepts, and that they work for good is instanced by an occurrence taking place during the late successful run of "Hazel Kirke" in Denver. It was about the middle of the week that a prominent citizen—a professional man—who had not visited a theater for a decade, was seen with his wife occupy prominent seats in the auditorium. His presence created surprise; his conduct during the progress of the play occasioned amazement. During the earlier acts he sat motionless, his eyes riveted on the stage, his ears losing not a word of the dialogue. In the third act he was seen to be violently agitated, and finally he fairly broke down, sobbing heavily, and his whole frame quivering with emotion. He, too, was a "Dunstan Kirke," obstinate and obdurate to cruelty in what he thought duty dictated, and in his home, too, had been a "Hazel"—his heart's idol—whose marriage, though an honorable one, had been against his wish, and for years the father and daughter had been as strangers. In "Hazel Kirke" the worth of the drama, the purity of its precepts, "Hazel's" sufferings and the old man's anguish, so akin to his own, opened the flood-gates of his heart. Long before morning he was at his daughter's house, she was once more his "Hazel," and he was happy and contented, acknowledging the cruelty of his past.

At the Grave.

Embarrassment at one mistake is very apt to cause another. After his first mistake a man is fortunate if he can keep still or "get out of it" before there is any chance for a further blunder; but we do not see how the perplexed clergyman in this story could very well have done either. The Troy Times says: The late Rev. Dr. Halley was distinguished for the felicity of his public utterances, but was not proof against embarrassment, as is shown by an anecdote which he himself relates with gusto.

Soon after the doctor came to this country from Scotland, he was asked to officiate at a funeral. Now funeral customs among the Presbyterians of Scotland do not include a ceremony at the grave, and when Dr. Halley arrived at the cemetery he supposed his duties were ended.

The coffin was lowered, but the relatives and friends of the deceased man did not disperse, but cast expectant glances toward Dr. Halley.

The good doctor could not understand the cause of the delay, and when the undertaker addressed to him an obsequious bow and smile, the clergyman became decidedly nervous as he returned the bow.

Finally it dawned upon him that he was expected to do something, and in a whisper he asked the undertaker what that something might be.

"Say that the friends of the deceased wish you to return thanks to those who have attended the funeral," said the master of ceremonies.

"The deceased wishes me to return thanks to the friends who are present," rang out in the Scotch accents of the minister, and it was some time before he understood why the mourners smiled.

New York, May 29.—The election of a new board of directors for the Mutual Union Telegraph Company to-day re-elected as follows: John G. Moore, George W. Ballou, John G. Baker, George S. Ballou, Russell Sage, George S. Jay Gould, Russell Sage, George S. Gould, Horace O. Farnsworth, George A. G. Haven, George J. Gould, George A. Holt and Charles J. Peck. The election of Gould and his friends to the board of directors of the Mutual Union settles the question of the future relation of the two companies. They are to be friendly and co-operative and conservative in business.

A little spirit of turpentine added to the water with which floors are washed prevents the ravage of moth.

Stories About Longfellow.

The New York Times says that once when he was entertaining some friends in Cambridge a thunder-storm came up. After fighting a while in his chair he excused himself and went about shutting the windows all over the house. Coming back he remarked by way of explanation, "I hate everything that is violent." A little girl met Luigi Monti, the Italian poet, who was on his way one Christmas to meet her Longfellow lived. So he took her along and told her to look out for the white haired gentleman reading a paper near the window. When he entered he said to Longfellow: "Do look out of the window and bow to that little girl who wants to see you so much." "A little girl wants to see me very much? Where is she?" He hastened to the door, and beckoning with his hand called out: "Come here, little girl, come here, if you want to see me." She needed no second invitation and after shaking her hand and asking her name, he kindly took her into the house, showing her the "Old Clock on the Stairs," the chair made from the village smith's chestnut tree, and the beautiful pictures and souvenirs gathered in many years of foreign residence. The child will carry all her life delightful memories of her Christmas call at Mr. Longfellow's. When professor in Harvard college, says the New York Post, "he was one of the few professors who then addressed their pupils as 'Mr.'" his tone to them, though not paternal or brotherly, was gentlemanly. On one occasion, during an abortive movement toward rebellion, some of the elder professors tried in vain to obtain a hearing from a crowd of angry students collecting in the college yard; but when Longfellow spoke there was a hush, and the word went round: "Let us hear Professor Longfellow, he will always treat us like gentlemen." Mr. Samuel Ward, famous lobbyist, and brother of Julia Ward Howe, says that when about ten years ago Longfellow was paying me his usual Christmas visit, he read me 'The Hanging of the Crane,' 200 lines, for which Mr. Robert Bonner, of the New York Ledger, paid him \$4,000, having offered \$1,000 when I mentioned the existence of the poem. Mr. Longfellow declined that price, when the owner of 'Dexter,' whom the poet in his letters to me called 'Diomed,' the trained horse, quadrupled his bid and obtained the prize. The Cornhill Magazine paid Mr. Tennyson three guineas a line for 'Tythonus,' and it was reserved for the New York Ledger to add a pound to the laureate's price. I remember him telling me that he had carried in his thoughts for a year a scheme for the 'Skeleton in Armor,' which was suggested by a skeleton exhibited, I believe, at Taunton, and exhibited at Fall River in a museum long since burnt to the ground. It was, I believe, in 1839 that he rode with my sister, Mrs. Howe, and a gay party from Newport to Fall River, to inspect this curious relic, about which he challenged my sister to make a poem. His translation of the 'Inferno' was the result of ten minutes' daily work at a standing desk in his library while his coffee was reaching the boiling point on his breakfast table." Longfellow seldom took part in politics, and rarely said anything about it. But a Boston correspondent of the New York Herald says he was disgusted at the scheme to give Butler the republican nomination as Governor in 1873, and pronounced it a disgrace to Massachusetts. From this he drifted to the vote of censure passed by the legislature on Sumner for his battle flag resolution in the senate, and said that Massachusetts had been falling pretty low of late years. His blue eyes, so gentle usually, flashed fire as he alluded to these two incidents in the politics of the commonwealth. As the poet drained his cup of Mocha he said, with more emphasis than he was in the habit of using, "Put me down as an anti-Butler man."

William Winter tells some interesting anecdotes about Longfellow. The poet was a boy when his first poem was printed. He sent it to a rival weekly, and the next week it came out. He bought a copy of the paper fresh from the press, and walked with it into a side street, and then for the first time saw a poem of his own actually in print.

"I have never since had such a thrill of delight over any of my publications," he said. A stranger was once introduced to him, who said with great favor: "Mr. Longfellow, I have long desired the honor of knowing you, and am one of the few men who have read your 'Evangeline.'" An English lady, on being introduced said: "Why, Mr. Longfellow, I thought you were dead!" "No, madam, you see I take the liberty of living." "Yes—but I thought at least you were obliged to Washington's time." One morning a man forced his way past the servant who had opened the hall door, and burst in upon the presence of the astonished author in his library. "Mr. Longfellow, you're a poet, I believe?" "Well, sir, some persons have said so." "All right, Mr. Longfellow! Poet it is! Now I've called here to see if I couldn't get you to write some poetry, for me to have printed, and stuck on to my medicine bottles. You see I go round selling this medicine, and, if you'll do it, I'll help immensely; and I'll give you the poetry, I'll give you a bottle of the carminative—and it's \$1 a bottle."

New York, May 29.—Some weeks ago the Western Union Telegraph Co. promulgated a new and somewhat increased schedule of rates on reports transmitted to New York for the Associated Press. The Associated Press was not satisfied with these rates and transferred some of its reports to a competing telegraph company, whereupon the Western Union notified the Associated Press that it must pay full commercial rates. After some conference between the parties the Associated Press agreed to pay the schedule rates first given, and their reports will be transmitted at these instead of full commercial rates.

CURRENT NEWS NOTES.

The city offers \$4 a 1,000 for sewer brick, and can't get any.—Chicago Journal, 17th.

Over 600 saloon licenses have been issued in Milwaukee up to the present time since May 1st.

Walton, the New York landlord, is said to have lost \$40,000 in England this spring on American horses.

The Commissioners on Agriculture reported the distribution of cinchona seeds with some hope of successful culture in California and Florida.

The great cattle dealers of Chicago predict that the present high prices of beef will bring great droves of cattle into the market and bring prices down again.

In three years the number of lunatics in State asylums, supported at the expense of the city of Boston, has increased from 360 to 600.

Electric lights will play an important part in the brilliancy of the season at the Eastern watering places this year, and ere the season is over, no place will be without them.

The city of Boston will give twenty-four free open-air concerts during the summer, divided among the military bands. Sunday afternoon concerts will be given on the Common, beginning at five o'clock.

A Georgia Journal says politics are rather dull in Georgia, but plowing is brisk, and that the mule and the negro and the furrow they are cutting are a vast deal more important to the average farmer than the coalition or the syndicate.

The prevailing high prices of meat, beef especially, has had the effect to stop the exportation of cattle, a large shipper to England acknowledging that a steer to-day is worth more money on this than on the other side of the Atlantic.—Boston Transcript.

The widow of Charles O. Rogers of The Journal of Boston married an English clergyman named Wm. Cumming. She then had a fortune of \$500,000, nearly half of which she conveyed to her new husband. His drunken and lewd conduct has forced her into the courts as an applicant for divorce.

Wine seems to have become unpopular at Washington parties. At several very fashionable private parties, including the wedding reception given by the British Minister, Mr. West, at his legation, to Mr. Drummond and his bride, there was no wine at all or even punch, nor was there any at the last President's card reception.

The Cincinnati Commercial tells the (perhaps a big story of a big walnut tree. In 1864 an Indiana man, as the story runs, bought the tree for \$1, and he subsequently sold it for \$65. The buyer sold it to a Cincinnati lumber dealer for \$700. The Cincinnati dealer sold it to a New Yorker for \$2,300, and he cut it up into veneering which he sold for \$27,000.

It is only about five years since the elevated railroads in New York were built and put in operation, but in that short time they have begun changes that are revolutionizing the old habits and character both of the people and the business of the city. They are doing on a large scale what the surface roads did on a small one—transferring population, business and property values to what were once the remote suburbs.

Miss Fox tells an amusing anecdote, in her journal, one which illustrates the value of certificates of cure: Mr. Gregory told us that, going the other day by steamer from Liverpool to London, he sat by an old gentleman who would not talk, but only answered his inquiries by nods or shakes of the head. When they went down to dinner, he determined to make him speak if possible; so he proceeded,— "You're going to London, I suppose?"

A nod.

"I shall be happy to meet you there; where are your quarters?"

There was no repelling this, so his friend with the energy of despair, broke out,— "I-I-I-I-I'm-g-g-g-going to D-D-D-Doctor Br-Br-Br-Brewster's to be c-c-c-cured of this a-l-s-l-ight impediment in my s-p-s-p-speech."

At this instant a little white face which had not appeared before, popped out from one of the berths and struck in. "Th-th-th-that's the n-n-n-m-m-m-man wh-wh-wh who c-c-c-cured me!"

Intense Love With Limits. Aristides McGuire heard these words as they came from the ruby-red lips of Gwendolen Mahaffy and floated to his ears on the softly sighing and sensuous breeze of a June evening. He looked and saw the pretty feet and shapely ankles of Gwendolen as she picked her way carefully along the muddy crosswalk. He heard the tenderly solicitous tone in which she addressed her father, and that tone thrilled his very blood.

Weiss here would also have done it, but Aristides was not so shy as he might have been.

Scarcely knowing why he did so, the young man followed the girl and her father, until finally they turned up Ogden avenue, and, as Gwendolen headed southwest and stood for an instant with her polonaise fluttering in the wind, she turned to her companion and said: "Ours is the next to the last house on the street, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, my darling," replied the old man.

"How long is this street?" asked Aristides of a policeman.

"Five miles."

The young man entered a neighboring saloon and sat down with a dull thud. "I love her madly," he said, "but, heaven help me, I am not Charles Rowell."

A YANKEE BOY.

How the Brother of Charles Sumner Saw the Oar.

The following account of Charles Sumner's brother's experience in St. Petersburg is given by a correspondent of the Boston Journal:

Mr. Dallas was sitting in his office at the Legation in St. Petersburg on a certain morning, when a young man, or rather a boy, presented himself, with the arms of his jacket out at the elbows, and remarked that he "would like to see the Emperor."

"You would like to see the Emperor?" inquiringly rejoined Mr. Dallas, adding the further interrogation, "What do you want to see the Emperor for?"

"Oh, I have a little business with him," replied the youth.

"Well," said the Ambassador, "you can't see the Emperor."

"Why not? can't you introduce me?" earnestly inquired the boy.

"No, I could not introduce you," said the Minister, smilingly.

"Aren't you the American Minister?" said the boy.

"Yes, I am the American Minister, but I should not dare to introduce you if I am."

"But I am an American," replied the boy, "and I have come all the way from Mount Vernon, the tomb of Washington, on business with the Emperor, for whom I have a present, and I must see him; and I call on you as the Ambassador of my country to introduce me to his Imperial Majesty."

"The most I can do, my lad, is to introduce you to one of his Ministers," said Mr. Dallas, "and if he pleases, he may introduce you to the Emperor."

"Very well," said the boy, "that will be one step gained; just introduce me to the Minister of His Majesty, if you please."

At this point of the dialogue the American Minister took the boy to one of the Imperial Cabinet, remarking to the dignitary as he approached him, "here's a boy who says he has come all the way from Mount Vernon, in America, and that he has some message for the Emperor and demands an introduction; can you gratify him?"

"I cannot introduce him without first consulting His Majesty," replied the Autocrat's Minister. "If he is willing, I will introduce him."

After a brief lapse of time the Minister returned from an interview with the Emperor, to whom he had related in substance what he had heard of the boy. The curiosity of Nicholas being excited as to the boy's errand, he was induced to command the ministerial functionary to "bring him along."

"He says he will see you," said the Minister, addressing himself to the Yankee lad. And immediately they set off for the palace, where the following interjectory discourse took place between Nicholas and the ragged boy:

"Well, my little fellow, I understand you wish to see me; what is your business?"

"I came all the way from the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, in America, and understanding that you liked the character of Washington—"

"I have great veneration for the character and memory of that illustrious personage," interrupted the Emperor.

"Well," continued the youth, as he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, "I brought this acorn from the tomb of Washington, thinking that you might like to plant it in your grounds and raise an oak to his memory. Will you accept it?"

"Certainly," replied the Emperor, "and we will at once go out and plant it."

No sooner said than done. They proceeded to the palace grounds, and, having raised the sod with a spade, the Emperor committed the acorn to the earth with his own hand. Thanking the youth for the simple but agreeable present the Emperor inquired: "Is there anything more that you wish of me, my lad?"

The boy replied: "I should like to see Moscow amazingly."

"What do you want to see Moscow for?" interrogated his Majesty.

"Oh, I have long had a desire to see that city, and as you were pleased to inquire for my further wishes, and as I know you could gratify my desire, I thought I would honestly tell you."

"Well, you shall see Moscow," said Nicholas; and at once a barouche with six horses was ordered, and the boy was told off to the ancient capital by his Majesty's Imperial command.

"The last I saw of the youth," said Mr. Dallas, "he passed my office in St. Petersburg in a coach with six horses, and, as he deligned to look at me, he joyfully waved a white handkerchief, of which he had become the possessor, and triumphantly cried out to me: 'Hurrah, I am going to Moscow! I am going to Moscow!'"

A Washington paper was recently the victim of a most absurd typographical blunder. In its column of social events it printed the following item:

Next month will witness a general exodus of the gay world to the mountains, the sea and Europe. Among the earliest birds of passage will be the Chinese Minister and Madame Martinez, who, with their daughter, will take a suite of rooms at Long Branch until they sail for Europe, some time in July.

The Mongolian Ambassador took the matter in good part, but Senor Martinez, who represents the Republic of Chili at Washington, cannot be convinced that the insult was not inspired by Blaine, and thinks that it was designed to open still wider the breach between the two countries.—S. F. Chronicle.

New York, May 29.—Mrs. Mary A. Leban Berger, a sister of the late Cornelius A. Vanderbilt, will contest his will upon the ground that it was fraudulently secured by Terry and others, to whom he left his property.

WHEN TO SLEEP.

Healthy and Unhealthy Slumber.

From the Popular Science Monthly.

The happy faculty of sleeping and waking at short notice may be utilized for the purpose of taking little naps whenever opportunity offers—in the last half of the noon-hour, of the non-tide recess, or during the unbecoming interludes of a protracted session. The inhabitants of all tropical countries make the time of repose a n table festival, and during the dog days of our torrid summers it would clearly be the best plan to imitate their example.

"Children must not sleep in the day time," says a by-law of our time-dishonored koran of domestic superstitions, and not satisfied with keeping our little ones at school during the drowsy afternoons of the summer solstice, we increase their misery by stuffing them at the very noon of the hottest hours with a mass of greasy (i. e., heat-producing and soporific) food. An hour after the end of the long, sultry day comes the cool night wind, heaven's own blessing for all who hunger and thirst after fresh air; but, no, "night air is injurious;" besides, Mrs. Grundy objects to promenade after dark, so that the children are driven to their suffocating, unventilated bed-rooms, not to sleep, but to swelter till toward midnight, when drowsiness subsides into a sort of lethargy, which yields only to broad daylight, three or four hours after sunrise. "So much the better," says the fashionable mother, who has passed the night at an ice-cream ridotto, "the morning air isn't healthy, either; most dangerous to leave the house before the dew is off the grass." Only the curse of pes-imism, our woeful distrust of our natural instincts can explain such absurdities. The parched palate's petition for a cooling liquid is no plain matter; the brain's craving for rest is a desideratum when a high temperature adds its sinister influence to a full meal. On warm summer days all nature indulges in a non-tide nap; I have walked through tropical forests that were as silent under the rays of a vertical sun, as a Norwegian pine grove in the dead of a polar night; nor would it be easy to name a single animal that does not appear sleepy after meals. At noon leaf-trees throw their densest shade; even butterflies seek the penetralia of the foliage, and lizards cling lazily to the dark side of the lower branches; every school teacher knows that the children feel the drowsy spell of the afternoon sun; why should they alone be hurt by yielding to its prompting? Either postpone the principal meal to the end of the day, or increase the non-tide recess to at least three hours, so as to leave time for a digestive siesta.

Labouchere's Dog Story.

From the London Truth.

"I had a charming dog once—a retriever, a great favorite; but I never came up to London without losing that dog. The first time I lost him I offered £5, and got him back. The next year I lost him again; offered £5, and a mysterious individual again made his appearance, and said he 'knew a man somewhere in the Seven Dials as knew something about that dog.' At last, said the Colonel, 'I resolved to play the game out, so I slipped a sovereign into the stranger's hand, and said, 'You introduce me to your friend. I give you my word of honor I'll act on the square with him, and he shall be no worse off than I am.'"

"Well, Colonel," said the man, with a shrewd twinkle, "we know you 'Colonel, and you are a gentleman, and if you come around to Seven Dials, No. — street round the corner, I'll introduce you to the man what knows about your dog."

"At the hour and place, to a minute, I met my friend," said the Colonel, "and hailed me into a black den. I saw several dogs in cages and kennels, and one or two loose.

"Sit down, Colonel," said the fellow trying to make me welcome and at home and then eying me with a knowing and confidential leer. "I'm the man; and there's not one gentleman in twenty I'd say that to. But you are a real gentleman, and that's plump." Well," the Colonel continued, "I thought it best to come to some arrangement with the man, so I said, 'What makes you always steal my dog? Why can't you let him alone for one year?' 'Well, you see, Colonel, we're wonderful fond of that dog of yours. He's a very nice dog, and we get on uncommon well with him. 'Pon my word, he's not like some dogs as are always a-whining and a-worrying. This 'ere old dog is an affable, companionable kind o' dog, and I'm never in a hurry to part with him.' 'Well, what will you take to leave him alone for a year?' Will you take £5?" "Well, Colonel, you see we really do like that dog. Make it £8 and I'll say done with you. I made it £8," said the Colonel, "and for two years after that my dog was as safe in London as in the depths of the country. There was evidently honor among thieves, and a compact with one of them was, it appeared, binding on the whole fraternity. But I gave that dog to a friend of mine, and, of course, stopped payment. Well, the next month my friend brought him up to London, and the week after that the dog disappeared."

WASHINGTON, May 29.—The Democratic fight against the consideration of the Mackey-Dibble case, which has continued eight days, has practically ended. A new rule has been adopted prohibiting filibustering on contested election cases in the future, and the Democrats have filed a written protest, signed by nearly all their members, against the ruling of the Speaker. If a quorum of Republicans is kept in attendance, the election case will be disposed of probably this week. It is expected the House will adjourn over to-morrow.