State Historical Society

# The Emporia Weekly News.

ESTABLISHED IN 1857. EMPORIA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13. 1881. VOL. 24---NO. 41.

The report that Ben Butler will act as assistant counsel to Mr. Scoville at the coming trial of Guiteau, has probably been circulated for the purpose of creating sympathy for the assassin of the President.

Wrangle Land, recently taken possession of in the name of the United States, is also claimed by the Canadian government. The prospects are that the name of the territory in dispute will not prove a misnomer.

It should not be forgotten that, during the war, the present President of the United States officially expended over ten millions of dollars, not one cent of which was misdirected. Star routers will take notice.

Senator Edmunds, during all the years he has been in the senate, has never, it is said, revised a single speech for publication. He never uses notes, and knows exactly what it he means to say before he rises from his chair.

The Leavenworth Times says that immigration to Dickinson county is large and of a good class. And yet, if our memory serves us right, there have been several convictions under the prohibitory law at Abilene since the first of May.

It is stated by the Kansas City Journal that Sam Wood is announced for a Greenback speech every night during the present month. It seems that the public calamities which have rendered the year 1881 so memorable will never cease.

There are heights of ingenuity which even the cabinet makers at Washington have not yet scaled. We do not remember to have seen the name of Mr. R. B. Hayes, of Fremont, Ohio, mentioned in connection with a portifolio under the new administration.

Orson Pratt, one of the ablest and most uxorious leaders of the Mormon church, died recently at Salt Lake City, at the age of 70 years. As it is attested by the highest authority that in the next world they neither marry nor are given in marriage, the Elder, to put it mildly, must find the change somewhat distasteful.

The Chicago common council has named a street "Garfield Avenue," the Chicago board of education has resolved to name one of the new public edifices the "Garfield School," and the Chicago South Park commissioners propose to name one of their beautiful parks "Garfield Park."

Eventful years for the United States have been the past sixteen. In that period, covering four ordinary presidential terms, two presidents have been assassinated, while a third has been tried by impeachment, and a fourth took his seat under a title which a large minority, at least, of the people were disposed to question.

While President Arthur has not yet had time to outline the policy of his administration, it augurs well for the country that a man has been called to the executive chair who seems to have his mouth so well in hand. The reticence of the new President, under the circumstances, is entirely grateful to everyone save the cabinet makers.

Atchison Champion: It is reported that Lawrence is greatly agitated over a report that the Union Pacific proposes to straighten its track; that is to follow the bluffs; that will throw the track about four or five miles north of the depot at North Lawrence. The road now describes almost the letter U. They propose building a side track to South Lawrence, that is, Lawrence proper, bridging the Kansas river at Vermont street. The road is to pass through the town and continue to Emporia, constructing what is to be called the Lawrence & Emporia railroad.

Senator David Davis has a high opinion of President Arthur's judgment and believes he will select a cabinet of men who are capable and in no way obnoxious to the Republican party. "I think," he says, "that Grant or Conkling will be the last persons selected in the iformation of the president's cabinet. Arthur cannot afford to make such appointments in view of what has passed. No man ever ascended to the presidential chair with such splendid opportunities of becoming popular, not only with his own party, but with the masses. No man knows to-day the popular feeling better than Arthur, and he will shape his course accordingly. Time will, of course, tell all."

Atchison Champion: Our country has buried eighteen presidents, and nine states contain their graves. In Virginia are interred Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Tyler; Tennessee is the last resting place of Jackson, Polk and Johnson; Massachusetts holds the two Adamses, father and son; in Ohio are buried Harrison, and Garfield; in New York, Van Buren and Fillmore repose; Illinois contains the grave of Lincoln; New Hampshire that of Pierce; Pennsylvania that of Buchanan; and Kentucky that of Taylor; Monroe was originally buried in New York, where he died, but his remains were afterwards removed to Virginia.

Marshal Shehan, of Kansas City, swears by "the name of all the gods at once" that the "new law" shall be enforced; that the gin mills must positively shut up shop at midnight, and that Sunday must be observed with closed doors When these proposed reforms are accomplished in the metropolis of Jackson county, the world will be fully prepared for the advent of that universal reign of righteousness which, we are assured by the holy prophet of Isreal will be characterized by an enduring amnesty between the leopard and the kid, the calf and the young lion, the cow and the bear, not to speak of the sucking child and the asp. Meanwhile it is a source of comfort to know that the channel through which the yellow Missouri rolls its turbid flood will afford an adequate outlet for the gore which such a revolution must inevitably entailed.

Some interesting statistics of mortality among railway travelers appear in French journals. With commendable candor, France is given the first, and of course least enviable, place on the list, her railways killing annually one in every 2,000,000 passengers, and wounding one in every half million. English railways kill one in every 5,250,000, but surpass those of France in minor casualties, wounding one in every third of a million. Belgian railways kill and wound one in every 3,000,000 and 2,000,000 respectively, while Prussia only kills one in every 33,500,000, and wounds one in every 4,000,000. Roundly speaking, French railways kill five times as many as English, English not quite twice as as many as Belgian, and Belgian nearer thrice than twice as many as Prussia, which are much the least fatal of the four. The average rate of speed made on the railways of these countries would form a valuable addition to the above statistics.

There seems to be no deterioration in the quality of Texas whisky this year. The town of Cameron in that state boasts of a rattle snake nine feet long, and with twenty-seven rattles.

## GAMBLING AT FAIRS.

The ministers of Atchison publish in the Champion an earnest protest against whisky selling and gambling at the recent exposition at that city. The officers of the society as well as the officers of the law permitted the open violation of the constitution and law of the state in the public sale of whisky upon the fair grounds, and all sorts of gambling were engaged in, and even the Sabbath was shamefully desecrated. It is probable that all the reforms asked for by the ministers, such as the abolition of horse racing, cannot be conceded by those who manage fairs, but it is undoubtedly the true position to assume to assert that if fairs are to be made the occasion of the assembling of the most vicious classes of society for the purpose of engaging in practices usually carried on behind screens and bolted doors, the quicker they are frowned down or entirely abolished the better.

We deem this a proper time to say a few words in reference to the conduct of our own fair. It was not so wholly devoted to evil practices as the one at Atchison, as the latter is described by the ministers, but there was enough of gambling and swindling permitted upon the grounds to disgust those who believe in public virtue and decency. It ought to be the object of a fair to benefit the public and not to debauch it. A fair ought to be an occasion for the exhibit of the best specimens of industry and art—a place where people could go to learn and to cultivate their tastes and social qualities. Instead of that the fair is too often the scene of all sorts of gambling, pool selling and swindling. These evil practices are given public recognition and public encouragement. We would not think of allowing such games in our streets, public halls or in business houses, and yet they are the prominent features of our fairs. How many thousands of young men have been started on the road to ruin by the lessons learned at the fair? The only defense we have ever heard for the appearance of gaming devices upon fair grounds is that it is necessary to get the license money paid by the gamblers to make the fair pay expenses. To this we say emphatically, that if a fair cannot be held without the aid of gamblers, it had better not be held at all. But we do not believe that it is necessary to call the aid of sports to make the fair pay. If the proper efforts were made to awaken the interest of the people to the importance and benefits of legitimate fairs, we believe they would extend a degree of patronage which would be more profitable than gambling, and certainly not so degrading. Hundreds of people are kept away from fairs because they do not wish to countenance the evils permitted to be carried on within the enclosures of most of the fairs now held. When it is known that gambling and other evils are to be permitted, the large majority of people with families stay away. The general practice of "sporting" at fairs has became a crying evil, and not only the preachers but all good citizens should demand a reform.

The Republican State Convention of New York, contrary to the expectation of the sanguine Democracy, passed off in the most harmonious manner, and the general spirit of amity which characterized its proceedings speaks volumes for the future achievements of the party in that state. The platform of principles announced, while paying the most eloquent tribute to the memory of our dead President, pledges a united support to his successor, and takes such high ground on the vital questions of political reform which are claiming the attention of the country that it cannot fail to commend itself to the hearty endorsement of the Republicans of the Empire state, whatever may have been their factional affiliations in the past. While we congratulate President Arthur and the country upon a condition of affairs which augurs so well for the new administration, we cannot but sympathize with those bitterly disappointed individuals who had made so sure that more fur would darken the air when the Stalwarts and Half-breeds came to measure lances, than was shed by the traditional Kilkenny cats when they ventured upon the settlement of their mutual differences. In cherishing such a delusion, it appears that the Democracy were victimized something after the manner of the boy who thought the dog wouldn't bite. The boy was simply mistaken.

Chicago Tribune: The disgraceful manifestations of sympathy and indorsement which were made in open court in Washington upon the occasion of the appearance of the members of the star route ring when brought in by information ought to have called for severe reprimands from the presiding Judge Applause and signs of approval from spectators are usually considered in contempt by every well regulated court, and are promptly rebuked, and if repeated are punished, but the gang of sympathizers with the plunderers of the public treasury seem to have been in possession, and to have commended the preliminary moves of the defendants' lawyers with perfect impunity. Aside from the contempt manifested for justice, it only goes to show that the sympathy in Washington is with those who steal from the treasury, and that the only regret the Washington crowd have in the case is that they had not the same opportunities to steal. With a treacherous or incompetent District-Attorney, and a mob in open sympathy with the star-route gang, who are allowed to express their sentiments without rebuke, it is not very difficult to prophesy the outcome of the prosecution.

There is, no doubt, many improvements to be made in our common school system. There seems to us a good deal of food for reflection in a suggestion by the Journal of Education. It is the opinion of that paper that the public schools of the prosperous west are driving with a dangerous speed. It advises the schools at once to begin the necessary work of slacking up in velocity, weeding out courses of study, relieving the intensity of examination, and ceasing to act on the assumption that the average child can endure the strain of the averhard-headed adult. "The West is now excited," says a critic, "with the fond delusion that it will outstrip the world in public school training, because it is bending the prodigious energy that has made it great in industry, in war, and in statesmanship, to the production of such a generation of youthful prodigies as no country has yet seen. But the project will break down, from the simple reason that a child is a child, and cannot be shot into maturity by a course of study and a monthly examination."

Another of the great patent monopolies of the country—the McKay leather sewing machine—has expired, having been in operation since 1860. The number of pairs of shoes made in America by this machine is estimated at 500,000,000, and of late years nine-tenths of all the shoes made in the United States have paid tribute to this patent, the personal income of the inventor of the machine having been about $1,000,000 yearly. In no country are inventors so fully given the benefit of their labors as in America.

## JUDGE HORTON ON THE PROHIBITORY AMENDMENT.

An address was delivered recently at Effingham, Atchison county, by Albert H. Horton, the subject being "Obedience to the Law the Duty of the Citizen." The address bore upon the question of prohibition in Kansas, but was not so much in the nature of a discussion of the expediency of that means of temperance reform as the necessity existing of as careful an enforcement of the prohibitory law as of any other statute of the commonwealth. His address embraced a clear and thorough review of the situation and his position on the issue in point is plainly set forth in the following extract from his speech:

The government under which we live is so constructed that disobedience to its orders or mandates can never be justifiable. It not only springs from the people, but refers back all its powers to them at so frequent intervals, that it can never misrepresent them or thwart their wishes, so as to make violation or disobedience of law under any circumstances proper. Every two years we can change the whole house of representatives of our legislature; every four years we change the entire senate of our state, and every two years we can elect an entire new set of executive state officials. More than this, if any provision of our constitution requires addition, modification or repeal, we can by a vote of the people under the rules and regulations provided for in our constitution make such additions, modifications or repeal as the people of the state shall demand. It therefore becomes our duty as citizens loyal to our state, loyal to the communities in which we live and loyal to ourselves, to keep in remembrance the character of our government, the relations we occupy towards it, and to yield complete obedience to our constitution and the laws, to respect the authority that attempts to uphold the constitution and enforce the laws, adopted in accordance with its terms. There is no clear pathway to tread in these matters except to follow the one which is lighted by the constitution and leads up to the enforcement of the laws. In brief, obedience to the law is the duty of the citizen. There are ample opportunities to correct abuses and repeal all existing law without violence or force; and the people have the right by legitimate methods, and within the provisions of the constitution to seek for any correction, change, modification or repeal of any law they deem unwise, severe or injurious in its operation, but this authority gives no citizen the right to violate the existing law, or disobey its mandate. In obedience to law, in a government like ours, deriving its powers from the people, rests the only security we have for life, liberty and property.

The Topeka Capital relies the following:

A remarkable story comes from western Missouri of a man named Goodman who, in 1874 became violently insane, and after remaining a raving maniac for seven years recovered his reason. While ill the physicians had injected morphine to allay his sufferings, but when he recovered from his sickness it was found his mind was gone. For seven years everything was a dreary blank to him, but about two weeks ago he suddenly became rational and has remained so ever since. He is a remarkably intelligent man and, previous to his insanity, was well versed in politics and other current topics of the day. Gen. Grant was president at the time and when he first heard of the assassination and death of the president he thought as a matter of course that it was Gen. Grant. He was much surprised to learn that not only Gen. Grant was out of office but that another president had been elected in the mean time, served out his term and had been succeeded by another, who was the victim of the assassination. Mr. Goodman remembers all his former friends and has spoken of them, but his mind has taken cognizance of nothing that has happened since the year 1874.

George William Curtis submitted the following resolution to the Republican state convention held in New York on on the 5th inst:

Heartily responding to the strongly expressed convictions of the country that the great crime of assassination was due to the spirit of faction, influenced by greed of place, and recognizing in the practices known as the Spoils System, a growing and powerful incentive to revolutionary disturbance, in accordance with the declaration of the last National Republican convention, to rear a most fitting and enduring monument to the memory of President Garfield, we solemnly pledge to President Arthur our earnest support in every endeavor to fulfill the purposes announced by his predecessor in his inaugural address, of asking congress to co-operate with the executive in remedying by law the abuses of appointment and removal in the civil service.

Mrs. Mary Craig, the largest woman in the United States, and the wife of the so-claimed largest man in the United States, died at Danville, Indiana, Tuesday, of dropsy of the heart. The deceased weighed, it is stated, 800 pounds, and was over six feet high. She was the daughter of a well-to-do Hendricks county farmer, and for the last fifteen years has traveled with the principal circuses throughout the United States. When Barnum burned out in New York she had a narrow escape from being burned J. R. McCleland, of Danville, is having a special casket manufactured for the body. It requires six men to handle the remains. Her husband, well known as "Johnny Craig," is traveling throughout Indiana with a small show of his own, and up to Monday had not heard of his wife's death.

New York Sun: The political complexion of the senate will not be altered until March 4, 1883. It is desirable that the honors and the offices of the body should not be made a game of battledoor and shuttlecock. Whatever may be done for the despatch of business at the coming extraordinary session, which has been called mainly to provide against a possible failure in the presidential succession, this question of permanent organization ought to be decorously met and settled at the beginning of the December session by open and honorable agreement.

Mr. Stanley Brown, President Garfield's private secretary, who has resumed his duties at the White House at the request of President Arthur, says that the late president's affairs will be turned over to trustees to be arranged and managed. It is understood, he says, that the trustees will call for bills of expenses incurred during the illness of Gen. Garfield, as Mrs. Grrfield and her friends regard these as private debts, Should congress decide that the debts are debts of the nation, and assuredly that will be the case, the trustees will turn over the bills.

The Clyde Democrat says: "The saloon men are getting bold and need choking in the way of a few hundred dollars expenses for lawyers' fees, etc., and if they don't look out they will get it, too. After a while we may hit upon a jury that will convict. The temperance folks of Clyde are patient and long suffering, but there is such a thing as trying their patience too much and when that comes to pass look out for squalls. Beware of the fury of a patient man." That is just about the size of the situation in Emporia.

Jesse James has been suspended from the Kansas City schools. Now, if his illustrious namesake could be suspended from a good stout cross-beam, there might be some hope for Jackson county yet.

The weather still continues warm, but the season is sufficiently far advanced to admonish the prudent husbandman to run his agricultural implements into the fence corners where they will remain during the winter.

## PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

Fletcher Harper, one of the noted family of publishers of that name, died Thursday at his home in New York.

Walker Blaine, a son of the secretary of state it is said will be a candidate for congress from one of the Maine districts next year.

The election of Senator Warner Miller as temporary chairman of the Republican state convention of New York, cannot be regarded strictly in the light of a Coakling victory.

The St. Paul Pioneer-Press says it speaks by authority when it says that Secretary Windom will resign his seat in the cabinet at once, and will ask a reelection to his old place in the Senate from the special session of the legislature which will soon convene.

"I see it stated by many of the papers that Mr. Arthur is the only public man from New York that was ever elevated to the office of the Chief Magistracy. It is very evident that the editors who venture such a rash assertion as that fully condone the great fraud of 1876."—S. J. Tilden.

Judge Gilbert, one of the windiest of Maine Greenbackers, has been severely sat down on by the people of his district. The probable bearing of this event upon the recent atmospheric disturbances in different sections of New England seems to have escaped the attention of the weather scientists.

New York Tribune: The Bourbons of Virginia show their fright by bending all their energies to an effort to get up a negro scare. They are harping incessantly upon the point that if the Opposition ticket succeeds the negroes will take possession of the state government, and ruin will follow. They are about ten years too late with this once able campaign slogan.

Guiteau's brother-in-law is not likely to be a very zealous advocate for him. He said recently to a Chicago Tribune reporter; "There won't be any great effort made, I can tell you that, to defend him. If I appear at all, I will simply put before the jury matters relating to his mental condition, whether the indictment is faulty or not. Nobody is going to furnish any money to defend him. I cannot advance him any, nor do I propose to raise any for the object. am satisfied that no one could start a subscription and raise 10 cents in thirty days for such a purpose."

## HERE AND THERE.

The only indication that President Arthur will retain the Garfield cabinet is the fact that the newspapers declare with one accord that the members will all go out.

We should think the board of health of Washington City would either insist upon a change of venue in the Christiancy divorce case, or require the trial to be held with closed doors, not forgetting, meanwhile, a judicious use of disinfectants about the court.

Guiteau is opposed to having his defense conducted upon the plea of insanity, as he regards that dodge too thin to carry him through. There seems to be at least one point upon which the people and the assassin of the late President are in perfect accord.

From the fact that arrangements are being made to establish a branch office of the Topeka Daily Capital at Kansas City for the forwarding of telegraphic matter, we infer that the new management expect to make the criminal news of the day a special feature of the enterprising paper.

## OVER THE STATE.

The two jails of Kansas City now contain seventy prisoners.

Lawrence has raised $43 for the Garfield monument fund.

Burlingame is threatened with a Democratic paper by J. Mayberry & Son.

The Chase county fair is now in full blast, and will continue over Friday.

The Atchison exposition did not pay expenses by about "forty rows of apple trees."

The storm of last week did considerable damage in South Fork Valley, Chase county.

The Greenbackers of Chase county will hold a convention to nominate a county ticket.

Four hundred and twenty-eight prisoners languish in the military prison at Ft. Leavenworth.

The Wichita Daily Times is doubtless a very interesting sheet, but three at a time in one wrapper is more than we can use.

M. S. Adams, late of Wichita, and twice speaker of the Kansas house or representatives, is practising law in Colorado.

McPherson county is howling for a jail. We have no doubt that such an improvement would supply a long felt want in that strip of timber.

Kansas raised 333 acres of tobacco in 1879, which produced 191,669 pounds. Frankling was the banner county in this product, and returned to the census taker 11,670 pounds.

"Let us irrigate." Farmers of the upper Arkansas Valley, who depend on irrigation, are having Early Rose potatoes, green peas, radishes, cucumbers and such other vegetables in abundance.

Strong City Independent: The shipments of stone from this station the past month foots up to 620 cars, or 8630 tons. There are forty cars of cattle and hogs, two cars of wool, six cars of lumber and two cars of hides, pelts, etc. During August the shipments of stone exceeded those of September by about 100 cars, but the above figures loom up very respectably.

Lawrence Journal: Mr. Morgan Jones, of this county, has just finished threshing his wheat, which measured up 1,400 bushels. Mr. Jones expects to realize from his wheat $1.40 per bushel and he stands a fair chance to get it. At that price the crop would bring $1,960.

Topeka Capital: There is at least one woman who is a partner in the publication of a newspaper in Kansas. This is Mrs. Waite, of the Lincoln county Beacon, and she bears the distinction, if distinction it is, alone.

Guess you don't see the Oswego Independent, published by Mrs. Magill.

Over 85,000 barrels of whisky in store in Frankfort, Ky. That is one of the results of Kansas prohibition.—Leavenworth Press.

If prohibition in Kansas results in keeping said whisky in store in Kentucky, it won't get down people's throats, and prohibition will do that much good at least.

The old Tefft house at Topeka has been formally christened, and its new name, "The Windsor" cut in enduring letters of stone, has been placed above the threshold of the remodeled hostelry. It is the earnest prayer of the public that the innovations being made by the new proprietors will not be confined to the exterior of the building.

General Alfred W. Ellet, of Eldorado, who has as much land under cultivation as probably any man in Kansas, says the farmers of his section of the State are more prosperous this year than at any previous time for ten years past. A fair crop and high prices enables them not only to pay their debts but to add needed improvements.

## AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

BY JENNIE WREN.

A pretty girl, scarcely numbering twenty summers, in a dainty room, surrounded by all her own dainty belongings, is the scene on which our curtain rises.

The small, jewelled fingers hold a card on which is penciled these words, "Introduce my friend, Jack Desmond." Below is the writer's own name—Ellis Minton—this in the engraver's best form; but the latter's name is written elsewhere as well, on no less a spot than Sydney Collin's heart—for she is Ellis Minton's betrothed wife.

How often has she heard of this friend who now awaits her coming in her father's drawing room.

"A royal fellow among men, but utterly impregnable to woman—carrying danger always; always escaping himself."

This so often had been the burden of her lover's strain, and was she ever to see and judge for herself.

What wonder that her heart beat a little quicker, or that, snatching up a fragrant bunch of red roses from her toilet, she fastened them at her slender waist, making the only spot of color on the white cashmere gown, and giving the one finishing touch needed to make her look as though she had stepped out from some picture frame?

Evidently some such thought as this crossed the man's mind, who started to his feet as the radient vision met his view.

"Yes, he is dangerous," was Sydney's inward comment, as she glanced up into the handsome, bearded face, and recognized the power which might lie in those laughing brown eyes, should their laughter turn to earnest tenderness.

Danger! Yes; but not to her. Wrapped in Ellis' love, surely she was invincible.

Suppose—suppose she tried the experiment of making him feel? Had the thought really given itself definite shape?

She hardly recognized it; yet, with her hand one moment clasped in a strong, warm grasp, her ear catching a few murmured words of courteous pleasure at the meeting, she felt, as does the war horse sniffing the scent of the battle from afar, and eager for the fray.

"Do you know," her visitor said, when he rose to take his leave, at the end of an hour, as marked by the clock—as scarce half that time Sydney would have said, had she been asked—"do you know I no longer wonder at Minton's anxiety to turn Benedict? Will you pardon me when I add that a little curiosity prompted my desire to see you to-day, and to learn how strong must be the temptation to forgo bachelorhood!"

"We must tempt you in turn to follow Ellis' example," she answered, with a blush.

"Had he not set it, I should have been more tempted," was the grave reply.

Five minutes later she was alone. Mr. Desmond was to be a guest in the city a fortnight. During that time she should see him often. Already she anticipated it with pleasure.

That night she wrote her betrothed:

"I have seen your friend; he presented your card to-day. I wonder did you paint one to him in the glowing colors you so often have painted his portrait to me, and if he, as I, laughed at your enthusiasm, found the reality brighter than the picture? I fear not. I fear in me he must have been disappointed; but in him I am not only not so, but I no longer wonder at your strange love for him. But one thing is wanting; his heart is sleeping. All women are akin to him. Do you know I feel tempted to make him single me out? Do you know I feel tempted to rouse the sleeping lion from his lair? Shall I try, Ellis? It would be an interesting experiment."

Three days later she wrote again:

"Do you know right, dear, in your delineation of your friend's character. Do you know I fancied I had made upon him a slightly favorable impression, sufficient for him to return and have it deepened—at least, sufficient for me to have the opportunity to test the interesting experiment of which I last wrote you; but evidently the latent distrust of the sex has awakened. I have not seen him since his first call, which could scarcely, I am quite sure, have exceeded twenty minutes in length. All my hopes of causing you to suffer from the pangs of the green-eyed monster have fled. He refused to be charmed—charm I never so wisely.

They were light words, lightly written, but none the less Sydney felt an unavowed disappointment she would not acknowledge to herself even as she penned them. It left no outward trace, however, as, a few hours later, she stood before her mirror dressed for Mrs. Crosby's german, which she was engaged to lead with Guy Rallings, the best dancer in her set.

She need not fear to-night that she should not hear sweet nothings whispered in her ear. Guy Rallings had been one of her adorers since he had doffed roundabouts, and never failed to show himself openly disconsolate that a hero from another town should have borne off the coveted prize. But even this balm to her wounded vanity to-night was not to be forthcoming.

Before leaving the house a note was brought her in which Mr. Rallings's regrets, on account of a sprained ankle, arose from the fact that he must be deprived of a pleasure which he had so long been eagerly anticipating, in feeling himself for one night, at least, the envy of all the men in the room, etc., to the end of the chapter.

But entering Mrs. Crosby's dressing room, her vexation vanished, as her hostess, impulsively greeting her, having followed her in an instant hurriedly up the stairs, met her with the announcement that, having known of Mr. Rallings' accident, she had supplied a substitute whom she was quite sure would do equally well, and would possess the charms of novelty—an old friend of her husband, Mr. Jack Desmond.

Then she retreated to her guests, leaving Sydney to follow, not noting the quick, crimson stain on the lovely cheek which had flaunted itself at her words.

"I might have spared him," thought the girl. "Now, to do so only one thing will be wanting, and that is my power!"

And, taking a last glance in the mirror, at the dainty vision it reflected, at the face men called beautiful, at the figure whose every curve was delineated by the exquisite Parisian toilet donned to-night in all its first freshness, it was small wonder that at the improbability of the latter a little, incredulous smile touched the rich red lips.

It still rested there when Mr. Desmond relieved her father of his charge, and drew her arm within his own.

"We have had much practice together, Miss Collins," he said, as he led her to the further end of the room; "but I rather think no one will be the wiser save ourselves."

"I should imagine you danced well," she replied indifferently, "and I can easily give you the figures Mr. Rallings and I had decided upon; or I should be happy to receive instructions in any new ones at your hands."

"You have not asked me why I have not been to see you," he questioned, a little later, as he kept time to one of Strauss' most charming waltzes.

His arm was about the slender waist; her little hand rested on his sleeve; his eyes for a moment met hers, but her laughter had gone, and in its stead was a new-born tenderness.

She strove to answer lightly, but the words refused to come.

"I dared not come," he whispered.

A little later he could have laughed at the singular influence the simple utterance had possessed over her.

Was not this man acting a part, and did she not know it? It was she who must hold away, not he; but even as she thus decided, she felt that she was trying with a flame which might scorch those who approach it, and yet burn on calmly and undimmed.

"I have a message for you from Ellis," she said, when he bade her good-night. "Will you not come to-morrow to hear it?"

He bowed assent. She had put his coming in such form refusal was impossible.

The next day found him in her presence. It was but a forerunner of the many days to follow. But they no longer spoke or hinted of danger to either; they talked of themselves, the past, the present. On the future they rarely touched, and then with but the passing lightness of a bird's wing.

Three weeks had passed, and Mr. Desmond spoke of leaving them. On the evening before the day fixed for his departure he came to bid Sydney good by.

"You have made me break the first promise I have ever broken, Miss Collins," he said to her. "I had promised Ellis to be best man at his wedding; but I telegraphed yesterday to have passage taken for me in the steamer which sails for Europe a fortnight from to-day."

"You are going to Europe!" she said slowly. "For how long?"

"Until I have conquered myself," he answered. He sprang to his feet. "Good-bye, Miss Sydney!" he said lightly. "God bless you and old Ellis in your new life!"

She, too, stood up, and strove to make a reply. Tears were not common visitors to the deep blue eyes—now that she would fain drive them back—they came welling up from some secret fountain, falling so thick and fast she could not wipe them away as fast as they fell, nor check the sobs which racked the slender frame.

"Instinctively he opened his arms and drew her to his heart. She felt it madly beat as in hoarse tones, but in every fond, endearing accent, he murmured her name. Suddenly she wrenched herself away. The tears were checked. She stood pale and trembling before him, but with the fixed light of resolve in her beautiful eyes.

"I heard that no woman had ever touched your heart," she said. "I determined to try—you see the result. For you is scored another victory—for me defeat! I wish my humiliation to be complete, therefore I make my unnecessary confession. Now, good-bye! But do not add the blessing; I do not deserve that."

"You tried to teach my heart?" he answered. "For once, Sydney, let me speak the truth The first hour I saw you, it passed forever into your keeping. Honor, loyalty to my absent friend, have led me to play my poor part in disguise; but you have wrung from me my pitifully-kept secret. Sydney, is it our fault that we have thus learned love's lesson? My love, my darling, what is all the world if it deears us from each other?"

"It is not of the world we have to think," she said, "it is of Ellis. Shall he be made a sacrifice on our altar? No, no, Jack, let us be true to him, and so true to ourselves. We will utter no sophistries. The way is clear. Life will never be quite dark, dear, now that I know that you, too, loved and lost. But Ellis shall not be the one to suffer from a girl's wanton experiment. This I swear."

And on the pale girl's face was something of the expression the ancient martyrs have worn

"Go!" she added. "I am not very strong. Leave me my faith in myself and in that in which you wood and won me. Should you stay, you would not be the man to whom I gave my heart, but another, base and ignoble, from whom I would withdraw it. Hush!" she entreated, as he was about to speak—"not a single word! Leave me my dreams"

A shudder shook his frame; then he stooped from his great height and let his lips' a moment touch her brow.

The next minute she was alone—alone heartsorrow, through the long, weary years to come—alone even as, three months later, on the eve preceding her wedding, she sat by her lover's side and listened while he told her of the morrow and the bright future of which it was to be the threshold.

"You bad Jack disappointed me," he added, presently. "Do you know I fancied you and he did not quite hit it together? You wrote me something about an interesting experiment, but you forgot to tell me the result. What was it, Sydney?"

"Not worth the telling," she answered, with a little laugh, which sounded strangely to the man's ear, as though it held in it a ring of unshed tears. "Or perhaps—perhads I was worsted in the fray. Ellis, will you promise to heal my broken heart?"

He thought she jested as he bent and hushed the red lips to silence with his kisses; but she knew that the jest was sorry earnest, and that in its answer lay the happiness of the life she had so nearly wrecked, the experiment the future only might solve.

## THE BORROWED BABY.

Detroit Free Press.

"Please, ma'am, I've come to borrow the baby!"

The speaker was a rosy cheeked girl who lived with the family across the way. It was a regular nuisance, this lending the baby all the time. She did not seem to belong to us, at all, any more. I suppose we were all a little jealous, because she really did love these new people so much, and they took so much pains with her, teaching her little cunning ways and pretty sayings; and I must say they were most judicious, never giving her sweet things to make her sick, or letting her take cold. So, for the hundredth time, I rolled little Dudu up and kissing her good-bye, sent her off to act her part as a borrowed baby.

When John came home to dinner and found the baby gone again he was just as angry as he could be.

"Why can't they get a baby of their own, and not always be borrowing ours," he said crossly. "They could go over to the asylum and take their pick of babies."

"But not like ours, John," I said quickly.

"Well, no, of course not; but I don't propose to have strangers going halves with our baby. Besides, I won't have them teaching that child any more nonsense of the religious sort, and they may as well know it; when they bring her back this time you may as well settle it up once for all."

I forgot to say that John and I were both free-thinkers and did not go to church or subscribe to any of the religious beliefs to which we had been educated. We had both graduated in a brilliant intellectual school, utterly devoid of the foolish superstitions of any religious faith, and we intended to bring up our child in the same severely moral atmosphere. It did not at once occur to us that ours was the strength of youth and presumption, or that our ignorance could pull down in a day what knowledge had been a thousand years building. We felt that we were sufficient to ourselves and our child.

The baby came home. She was nearly three years old, but, after all, only a baby, and as I took her from the girl I said:

"We won't be able to lend the baby any more, Mary; her papa and I both think it isn't a good plan, and we cannot possibly do without her; the house is too lonely. Tell your mistress so with my compliments."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said the girl, "because we all love little Dudu so much, and she's real sweet. She can sing 'Jesus Loves Me' all through and not miss a word.

"Superstition!" I exclaimed angrily. Tell your mistress for me that I do not wish my child to learn those senseless hymns. I do not believe in them, nor do I intend that she shall."

"N-o-t be-li-eve them," gasped the girl. "Why, you ain't a heathen be you?"

I dismissed her curtly, and when John came home told him of the message I had sent.

"That is right, little woman! I guess we know enough to take care of this little blossom, hey wee Willie Winkle, don't we?"

Somehow just then an old forgotten text flashed into my mind, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and it ran up and down the garret of my thought all the evening. When I put Dudu to bed I noticed that her hands were hot and her eyes seemed heavy. There was lots of diptheria in the place, but she had not been exposed to it in any possible manner, our neighbors who borrowed the baby being as afraid of it as we were, for that was why no baby was in their home.

Oh, that dreadful time. I cannot recall it now—the days—hardly more than a day—of anguish, that awful suffering and the end, the parched lips and the fever-bright eyes—the awful realism of death, and not one hope, one word of comfort, only the cruel, dreary, unlighted grave that yawned for our darling!

Just at the last there was a moment's peace. It was not on us that her last look fell. We turned to see who or what she saw, and there stood our neighbor over the way, whom she, at least, sweet darling, had loved as herself, and then she lifted the weary little hands and a glad look of recognition was in the wan face, and we all heard the last broken words as they fell in awful distinctiveness from the baby lips: "Deus loves me, dis I know."

Yes, they sung it at the funeral, for we buried her with no heathen rites, and some good men prefaced a few consoling words with the text, "My grace is sufficient for thee," but oh! the tender melody of the child voices that sang her above.

"Jesus loves me this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
We are weak but He is strong.

And when it was all over, and only the memory remained of so much beauty and sweetness, and our hearts were going back to the dust and ashes of unbelief, our good neighbor came like an evangelist, and giving us of her own brave Christian strength, gained at the foot of the cross, said wisely: "Be content; God has only borrowed the baby!"

Wilhoft's Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy now sells for $1.

## ANECDOTES OF GARFIELD.

Pleasing Reminiscences by Representative Williams, of Wisconsin.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Congressman Williams was in the city a few days ago, and, in answer to questions as to his acquaintance with the lamented President, replied:

"Happening to sit within one seat of him for four years in the house, I, with others, perhaps, had a better opportunity to see him in all his moods than those more removed. In action he was a giant; off duty he was a great noble boy. He never knew what austerity of manner or ceremonious dignity meant. After some of his greatest efforts in the house, such as will live in history, he would turn to me or any one else, and say: 'Well, old boy, how was that?' Every man was his confidant and friend, so far as the interchange of every day good feeling was concerned. He once told me how he prepared his speeches; that first he filled himself with the subject, massing all the facts and principles involved, so far as he could; then he took pen and paper and wrote down the salient points in what he regarded their logical order. Then he scanned these critically, and fixed them in his memory. 'And then,' said he, 'I leave the paper in my room and trust to the emergency.' He told me that when he spoke at the serenade in New York a year ago he was so pressed by callers that the only opportunity he had for preparation was to look the door and walk three times around the table when he was called out to the balcony to begin. All the world knows what that speech was. He was wrapped up in his family. His two boys would come up to the House just before adjournment and loiter about his desk with their books in their hands. After the House adjourned other members would go off in cars or carriages, or walk down the avenue in groups. But Garfield, with a boy on each side of him, would walk down Capitol Hill, as we would say in the country, 'cross lots,' all three chatting together on equal terms. He said to me one day during the presidential canvass, while the tears came to his eyes: 'I have done no more coming up from poverty than hundreds and thousands of others, but I am thankful that I have been able to keep my family by my side and educate my children.' He was a man with whom anybody could differ with impunity. I have said repeatedly that were Garfield alive and fully recovered, and a dozen of his intimate friends were to go to him and advise that Guiteau be let off, he would say: 'Yes, let him go. The man positively knew no malice. And for such a man to be shot and tortured like a dog and by a dog! He was extremely sensitive. I have seem him come into the house in the morning when some guerrilla of the press had stabbed him deeper in feelings than Guiteau's bullets did in body, and when he looked pallid from suffering and the evident loss of sleep; but he would utter no murmur, and in a short time his great exuberant spirits would surmount all, and he would be a boy again. He never went to lunch without a troop of friends with him. He loved to talk at the table, and there is no gush in say that he liked the good, social part intellectually. Some of his off hand expressions were like a burst of inspiration. Like all truly great men, he did not seem to realize his greatness. And, as I have said, he would talk as cordially and confidentially with a child as with a monarch. I only refer to his conversations with me because you ask me to, and because I think his off-hand talk showed his real traits best. Coming on the train from Washington after his nomination he said: 'Only think of this! I am yet a young man; if elected and I serve my term I shall still be a young man. Then what am I going to do? There seems to be no place in America for an ex-president!' And then came in what I thought the extreme simplicity and real nobility of the man. 'Why,' said he, 'I had no thought of being nominated. I had bought me some new books and was getting ready for the settle.' I laughed at the idea of his buying books, like a boy going to college, and remembered that during his congressional career he had furnished material for few books himself. And then he took his peculiar roll of laughs and slap on the shoulder with the left hand, which all will recognize, he said: 'Why! do you know that up to 1856 I never saw a Congressional Globe, nor knew what one was?' And he then explained how he came to for get for the time that there was any presidential canvass pending. He would refer to one thing then another, and always with that offhand originality which was his great characteristic. Suddenly picking up a smooth, round pebble, he said: 'Look at that! Every stone here sings of the sea!' Asked why he bought his farm he said he had been reading about metals—that you could draw them to a certain point a million times and not impair their strength, but if you passed that point, once, you could never get them back. 'See,' said he, 'I bought this farm to shift the muscles of my mind!' Coming to two small wooden structures in the field, he talked rapidly of how the neighbors guessed he would do in congress, but would not make much of a fist at farming. He called my attention to his corn and buckwheat and other crops, and said that, p