AXTELL A WONDER.

HIS OWN PREVIOUS RECORD LOWERED.

Three-Quarters of a Second Taken From His Former Time for a Mile.

Within Three-Quarters of the Fastest Time for any Stallion—A Break Near the Close.

His Owner Offered $100,000 for Him—Richfield's Wilkes Breaks His Own Record—Races at Morris Park—Sporting Events Elsewhere—Base Ball, Etc.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WICHITA, Kan., August 23.—The highest temperature was 84°, the lowest 69°, and the mean 72° with gentle southerly winds, generally cloudless weather, stationary temperature and a slight fall in pressure.

Last year on August 23 the highest temperature was 84°, the lowest 69°, and the mean 72°, exactly the same as this year.

FRED L. JOHNSON, Observer.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., August 23. 8 p. m.—Forecast until 8 p. m. Saturday:

For Missouri: Fair; stationary temperature; variable winds.

For Kansas and Nebraska: Fair; slight changes in temperature; southerly winds.

AXTELL'S WONDERFUL BREAK.

His Own Previous Record Lowered Three-Quarters of a Second.

CHICAGO, August 23.—Admirers of trotting horses who went to Washington park enjoyed a great day's sport today, the fifth of the Northwestern Breeders' association meeting. The 3-year-old stallion Axtell trotted a mile in 2:14, which clips ¾ of a second from his former record, beating all records for 3 and 4-year-olds. It is also within ¾ of a second of Patron's 2:13¼, which stands as the best record for a stallion of any age. The mile was trotted squarely and without a skip to within about seventy-five feet of the wire, when, owing to bad judgment in handling of the runner, the little stallion was started into a run and galloped under the wire. Whether or not he gained by the break is an open question.

Before Axtell went his fast mile Colonel John W. Conley approached Mr. Williams and asked him to put a price on the animal. Mr. Williams replied he was not prepared to name a price.

"Will you take $100,000 for him?" said Conley.

"If I was offered $100,000 for him—a positive offer," replied Mr. Williams, "I would consider it."

"Think the matter over," were Judge Conley's parting words, "and if you decide to take that amount let me know."

The 2:21 class—Frank Middleton won, Albert second. Best time—2:21¼.

Second race, Washington park stake for the 2:22 class—Allerton won, Bassenger second. Best time 2:21.

Alcy Wilkes, bay stallion, 5 years old, owned by W. H. Richfield, of Jackson, Mich., was trotted to beat his record of 2:29 and turned the track in 2:26¾.

GOOD DAY AT MORRIS PARK.

MORRIS PARK, N. Y., August 23.—A cloudy sky and good track were features today.

First race, one and one-eighth miles—Seymour won in 1:59, Burnside second.

Second race, one-eighth mile—Lola May won in 1:27¼, Climax second.

Third race, five-eighth mile—Village Maid won in 1:01, Fordham second, Tom Hood third.

Fourth race, one and three eighth miles—Barrister won in 2:27, Niagara second, Larchmont third.

Fifth race, three-fourth mile—Miss Belle won in 1:14, Century second, King William third.

Sixth race, seven-eighth mile—Jennie McFarland won in 1:29¼, Vivid second, Fannie H third.

AT SARATOGA.

SARATOGA, N. Y., August 23.—The weather was delightful and track fast.

First race, five and one-half furlongs—Experience won in 1:10, Fellowship second.

Second race, one mile—Eight-to-Seven won in 1:45¾, Cheney second.

Third race, three-fourths of a mile—St. Luke won in 1:17¼, Emerald second.

Fourth race, five and a half furlongs—Gyda won in 1:09¾, Sunshine second.

Fifth race, one mile and a sixteenth—Sam D. won in 1:49⅛, Maid of Orleans second.

BASE BALL.

AT BOSTON.

Washington.....0 0 0 0 0 6 0 0 0 2— 8
Boston.....2 2 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 1— 7
Base Hits—Washington 8, Boston 13.
Errors—Washington 1, Boston 1.
Pitchers—Ferson and Daley.

AT CHICAGO.

Chicago.....1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 *— 2
Pittsburg.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1— 1
Base Hits—Chicago 5, Pittsburg 6.
Errors—Chicago 2, Pittsburg 3.
Pitchers—Hutchinson and Staley.

AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Indianapolis.....0 0 4 0 2 0 0 1 0— 7
Cleveland.....0 0 1 0 0 1 2 2 0— 6
Base Hits—Indianapolis 10, Cleveland 10.
Errors—Indianapolis 5, Cleveland 3.
Pitchers—Rusie and Gruber.

AT KANSAS CITY.

Kansas City.....1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 2— 7
Athletics.....3 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 1— 6
Base Hits—Kansas City 6, Athletics 8.
Errors—Kansas City 2, Athletics 4.
Pitchers—Conway and McMahon.

AT CINCINNATI.

Cincinnati.....0 0 0 2 0 0 2 0 0— 4
Brooklyn.....0 0 2 0 1 3 0 2 0— 8
Base Hits—Cincinnati 14, Brooklyn 14.
Errors—Cincinnati 3, Brooklyn 6.
Pitchers—Viau and Terry.

AT NEW YORK.

First game—
New York.....1 0 2 0 0 0 0 1 4— 7
Philadelphia.....0 2 0 0 0 1 0 0 0— 3
Base Hits—New York 11, Philadelphia 6.
Errors—New York 5, Philadelphia 2.
Pitchers—Welch and Gleason.
Second game—
New York.....0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0— 2
Philadelphia.....1 3 0 0 0 3 4 0 *—11
Base hits—New York 6, Philadelphia 10.
Errors—New York 1, Philadelphia 2.
Pitchers—Crane and Buffington.

Louisville-Columbus and St. Louis-Baltimore clubs did not play today.

HENRY SHAW DYING.

ST. LOUIS, Mo. August 23.—Henry Shaw, of Botanical garden fame, and one of the oldest and wealthiest of St. Louis' citizens, is dying at his residence in Botanical garden. Attending physicians express little hope of a rally. D. F. Kaine, Mr. Shaw's agent, arrived today from Mackinaw in response to telegraphic summons, and Dr. E. J. Kaine has been called from Liverpool, England. Mr. Shaw is 90 years old. This month was the first he ever failed to personally pay off his hands. He tried it but was too weak and gave up. His will is made and affairs in good shape. He will leave the bulk of his property to the

MATTER OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE.

WASHINGTON, August 23.—The Indian bureau has received through Indian Agent Cole, at the Colesville, Wash., agency, a reply from Special Agent Welton to a letter of inquiry relative to the arrest of certain murderers on the Coleville reservation. The special agent in his letter to the agent says that after only territorial courts have jurisdiction in such cases he made a complaint to District Attorney W. C. Jones, who refused to prosecute on the grounds "that he did not think if arrested and held to appear that any grand jury could be found that would report a true bill against one Indian for killing another, as such an act was not particularly objectionable or unpopular with the white people of Stevens or adjacent counties. Hence it would be incurring much legal expense without any beneficial result. In fact he (Jones) could not see that it was a matter of concern to the tax-paying citizens so long as no white persons were killed."

The Indian bureau will take such action as may be necessary to enforce the laws relating to the Indians within the Coleville agency.

SELF-DEFENSE AGAINST A DANGEROUS FOE.

Forewarned is not forearmed in the case of those who incur the risk of an attack from that dangerous foe malaria, unprovided with a means of defense. But if those in peril are aided, sustained and reinforced with the great fortifying safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, miasma, prolific breeder of evils manifested in the shape of bilious remittent and chills and fever, ague cake, dumb ague and the calentura of the Isthmus and Central American coast, is nullified and rendered harmless. Our western pioneer settlers and miners, dwellers in tropic lowlands, and visitants of and dwellers in malarious localities in this country and many quarters of the globe, have for years been acquainted with the fact and are constantly provided with this unparalleled defensive medicine and remedy. All disorder of the stomach, liver and bowels, rheumatic and kidney complaints and rheumatism are conquered by it.

A CHICAGO ROMANCE.

A Millionaire Secures the False Imprisonment of His Daughter's Lover.

CHICAGO, August 23.—Today the remarkable case of George Dunning was given authoritative form for the first time. In an interview held in Joliet penitentiary, where Dunning is still confined, he himself tells the strangest story which has been current for some time, and which exhaustive inquiry in Chicago appears to confirm in every detail.

Dunning is an intelligent looking fellow, 23 years of age, with a smooth rosy complexion and an appearance that might take the fancy of almost any susceptible young girl. He was very reticent when asked how he had been railroaded to the penitentiary, ostensibly for burglary, but really for having won the heart of a millionaire's daughter, and how the millionaire had afterwards been blackmailed by an editor who learned the facts. Mr. Dunning was sentenced to four years imprisonment and had seven months of it before him.

The young fellow, whose fault in the millionaire's eyes seems to have been his humble station, says the story regarding his meeting and acquaintance with the millionaire's daughter was a true one. Dunning was a newspaper circulator handling a route on the north side. While in the pursuit of his calling he went to the millionaire's door early every morning and was surprised after a time to learn he had been an object of interest to the plutocrat's only daughter, a handsome young girl just about entering society and chafing under the restraints that had been placed upon her. The lovers gradually became to meet about every morning for a few blissful moments at the door of the mansion. An inkling of the situation reached the prospective father-in-law and young Dunning was soon afterwards called to South Chicago ostensibly to see a gentleman regarding his sweetheart. While there he was met by a person named Frank Allen, with whom he was slightly acquainted. Suddenly, as the two were standing together, officers came up and arrested them on a charge of burglary. Both were convicted and sentenced to four years each. A few days later Allen's sentence was reduced to one year and after Dunning had been taken to the penitentiary Allen's sentence was cut down by a hocuspocus trial and he was released after a week in jail. When Dunning was arrested he was penniless and friendless, but the girl who loved him had sold her trinkets and hired a young lawyer to defend him. The millionaire, finding who was the lawyer, bought him off and the latter persuaded Dunning to plead guilty as the only chance of saving him from a severe sentence.

A hint of the real facts was obtained by an editor who subsequently figures in the story. The editor was at the time on the verge of financial ruin, and instead of publishing the news he promptly blackmailed the millionaire. Ten thousand dollars was the price of the newspaper man's silence.

When the young unfortunate entered entered Joliet prison, it is said, the officials were instructed to put him at the hardest and most trying kind of work in the penitentiary. Dunning was of slight build and was soon used up with a hacking cough and he in every way presented a sickly appearance. He could hardly talk a sentence without a severe fit of coughing. A police official who was an enemy of the editor and for personal reasons was running down the latter's part in the affair was horrified on going to the prison to find the pitable plight of Dunning. The police mogul used his influence with the officials of the penitentiary to have him removed from the quarters he was in and lighter work given him.

At this time there had been two attempts to get young Dunning pardoned, but for some reason they proved fruitless. Dunning was allowed to languish in prison despite everything until today. He appeared to fear to discuss his strange predicament, thinking it would cause him trouble when he regains his liberty. When asked what had become of the young lady he stated he had heard she was engaged and would soon be married to a Chicago man.

BRAINED FOR HIS MONEY.

And then the Murderer Got $6 as His Reward.

APPLETON, Wis., August 23.—What will probably turn out to be one of most cold-blooded murders ever perpetrated in Wisconsin has just turned to light in Gagen. A stranger went into the saloon of Ole Nelson, called for a drink and exhibited a large roll of bills. Nelson walked out from behind the bar and struck the man with a sling shot, knocking his brains out. The only witness was a man named Barlow and Nelson told him he would kill him if he ever told. Barlow made an affidavit and Nelson was arrested. Nelson buried the man at the back door of his saloon and afterwards dug him up and carried him off somewhere. Barlow says that all Nelson got were six $1 bills which were wrapped around a newspaper. He fought desperately when arrested and kept uttering the expression: "I did not kill him but was told to do so." His examination will take place Saturday at Pelican.

APPLICATION DENIED.

CHICAGO, August 23.—Chairman Walker of the Interstate Commercial Railway association has submitted a decision on application of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City road to make commodity rates to St. Joseph, Mo., to correspond with those between Chicago and St. Paul. The application is denied on the grounds that the conditions are not the same, the road not being forced by the competition of the Lake Superior and Canadian lines to make such rates.

Scrofula cannot resist the purifying powers of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by druggists.

HEADED FOR HOME.

Harrison at Cincinnati on His Journey to Washington.

CINCINNATI, O., August 23.—When the last preparations were being made at Indianapolis to leave the New Denison hotel and all was confusion a brawny and long-haired veteran after saying good bye to the president asked for his name and address. Halford wrote "Benjamin Harrison" on a card, and the old man satisfied put it in his coat pocket. The president and party left the New Denison hotel at 2:45 in carriages. In the first carriage was Attorney General Miller and the president, and facing them was George Igsdale, the president of the monument committee. The president was everywhere recognized by the citizens of Indianapolis and the veterans lined the route to the depot. At the union depot a repetition of the Wednesday night's scene was encountered. The depot was crowded, it being almost impossible to get through to their train. Mrs. Attorney General Miller, daughter and son came aboard to say good-by to the husband and father and wish him and the president a safe journey.

The party consists of the president, his son-in-law and Mrs. McKee, Attorney General Miller, Private Secretary Halford and Marshal Randall of the District of Columbia.

The president was dressed in a gray diagonal suit, in which he looks his best, but the appearance of his hat is explained by the fact that an admirer had sat thereon. At Greensburg the crowds struggled for a shake and the presidential hand did its duty as usual, giving to children and ladies preference. Ex-Governor Will Cumback and his daughter, Mrs. John W. Levett, got on and spoke to the president. As the train was passing the spot in southwestern Ohio where President Harrison was born the president got to ruminating on those days in Cleves where he used to attend the little brick church upon the hill and upon the old white water canal on which he had rowed his skiff. Anon the sun is reflected on the water of the Ohio river at North Bend and the train speeds by the birth place and the tomb of his grandfather.

The train arrived at Cincinnati at 6:20, the private car was reversed and later attached to the regular Baltimore & Ohio eastern express.

EAGER FOR AN UNDERSTANDING.

Settlement of the Behring Sea Difficulty Wanted by England.

OTTAWA, Ont., August 23.—It is now admitted in political circles here that Lord Stanley has made urgent representations regarding the recent seizures in Behring sea. A leading official of the fishery department says he feels certain that an International commission will be appointed after the expiration of the Alaska Commercial company's contract to settle the Atlantic and Behring sea question. He feels confident compensation for late seizures will be paid Canadian vessel owners. Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, minister of customs, has telegraphed to Victoria for information regarding recent seizures in Behring sea.

LONDON, August 23.—The press association says that the English government has intimated to the United States government a willingness to negotiate a settlement of Behring sea matter and now awaits the American governments reply.

OVERRUN BY INDIANS.

WASHINGTON, August 23.—The following telegram was today received at the executive mansion and immediately referred to the Indian bureau:

DENVER, Col., August 23.

His Excellency, the President:

I am just in receipt of the following communication by mail signed by forty-seven citizens of Rouette county, Col., adjoining the Ute reservation: The undersigned citizens of Rouette county beg leave to represent that large bodies of the Ute Indians from White Rocks reservation come into North county to hunt. They slaughter deer, kill and eat cattle and steal our horses. They have permits from agents for thirty and sixty days; some to Diamond mountain, some to Becoll basin Brown's park and Douglas Spring, etc. They together with their innumerable ponies and horses, have become a nuisance which we can not longer peaceably endure. We respectfully request your honor to prevent their coming into Route county. We refer you to J. C. Johnson, of Littleton, as to our statement."

I have to advise that our people have lost so much in loss of life and property by these Indians that they are in no temper to put up with their menacing presence again and nothing but prompt action on the part of the federal government will prevent trouble. If they are there by the fault of the federal government, the action of the agent in giving them permits is, in my judgment, a most indefensible crime and should be rebuked. Your excellency will have better means of gaining official information than I concerning their absence from the reservation, and I urgently request you to take steps to recall them before trouble ensues.

[Signed] JOB A. COOPER,
Governor."

Upon recommendation of the Indian bureau this telegram has been referred to the war department for such action as may be deemed proper.

Headache, costiveness and piles are thoroughly cured by a judicious use of Ayer's Pills.

DIED AS HE LIVED.

BUTTE, Mont., August 23.—Harry Roberts was hanged today for the murder of J. W. Crawford. The drop fell at 1:12 and Roberts' neck was broken by the fall. A strong pressure was brought to bear by the Grand Army comrades and a number of citizens to have sentence commuted to life imprisonment and it was not until 8:45 this morning that the condemned man abandoned all hope of clemency, when Sheriff Lloyd received a message from Governor White refusing to interfere. Roberts did not weaken at all, and died as he had lived—a cool and determined man. This is the first execution in Silver Bow county.

Roberts' crime was the unprovoked killing of Crawford on May 14 last. Crawford was a teamster under Roberts and they had a quarrel, and Roberts shot him while drinking.

PEAK'S SOAP secures a beautiful complexion.

ALL CAUSED BY WHISKY.

WASHINGTON, August 23.—Acting Indian Commissioner Bell has received a telegram from Agent Ronan at the Flathead Indian agency in Montana in which he says the trouble with the Flatheads at Domerswille, which is a hundred miles from the agency and off the reservation, was undoubtedly caused by whisky. The Indians, he says, buy from the people at the head of the Flathead lake all the liquor they can pay for and drunkeness is very frequent among them. One Indian has been killed.

A COLLECTOR'S SHORTAGE.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., August 23.—A committee appointed some months ago to investigate an alleged shortage in the accounts of ex-Collector Tandy H. Trice of this county, returned its report today. It shows Trice's accounts to be $36,000 short. Trice claims a credit of $34,000 which the committee would not allow.

WILL AGITATE A PARDON.

LONDON, August 23.—The Maybrick committee has resolved to agitate for a pardon on the grounds that the decision of Home Secretary Matthews shows there is a reasonable doubt whether Mr. Maybrick was poisoned.

Benevolence is a running stream. If cash flows out of a good man's pocket, it will almost miraculously flow in again. Just as water rushes into a channel whose waters have to gush out. Many a good man's purse is like a siphon, the very emptying of which insures its refilling.—Arthur Edwards.

CELEBRATED MIDGETS.

SOME DIMINUTIVE MEN AND WOMEN WHO ACHIEVED FAME.

A Dwarf Who Killed His Man in a Duel. A Short Pole with a Long Name and Title—Our Own Tom Thumb and the "Matron in Miniature"—Huldah Bump.

Sir Geoffrey Hudson is used for the genesis of this article, not because he was the smallest of the long list of midgets who have appeared upon the stage of action during the past 300 years, but for the reason that he is the earliest of which authentic record has been preserved. He was born in the year 1619, at Oakham, Rutlandshire, England. He first attracted the attention of the Duke of Buckingham in 1628, he being then 9 years old and but eighteen inches high.

Little Geoffrey, or Jeffrey, as it is sometimes written, remained in the service of the duke until the time of the tour of Charles I, king of England, through the different shires after his marriage with Maria Henrietta.

When the king and his new bride visited Buckingham, in order to serve their majesties with a unique surprise, Geoffrey, the dwarf, was incased in a large cold pie and served at dinner, much to the delight of the royal visitors.

THE DUEL ON HORSEBACK.

Her majesty was so pleased with the pranks of the little elf that she was allowed to take him with her to London. Soon after this event he began to grow rapidly and soon shot up to three feet; a calamity which he characteristically claimed was due to royal feeding. Still he retained his position as court dwarf under the suggestive name of Lord Minimus; was present upon all state occasions and knew more, perhaps, of the affairs of the government than the king's ministers themselves.

He was sent to France to bring an attendant for the queen, she being a native of that country. While on this errand, thinking himself a dwarf of considerable importance, he formed the acquaintance of Mr. Crofts, a young man of high social standing and position in France, who teased the poor little dwarf beyond the bounds of reason. Being a courtier when at home he naturally resented the treatment of young Crofts, which finally became unbearable, resulting in a challenge from the dwarf.

When Crofts and his friends appeared at the scene of rendezvous Crofts was armed with a squirt gun filled with muddy water. This enraged the little Englishman to the extent that a real duel followed, the participants being mounted on horseback, which put them more on a level. Crofts fell dead at the first fire.

The remainder of the adventurous life of Hudson reads like a romance. He was for some time a slave in Barbary; afterwards, upon his return to England, a captain in the royal army. In 1664 he accompanied the queen on a visit to France, but after the bestowal of all this royal honor upon him he was sent as a prisoner to Gatehouse, Westminster, having been suspected of being privy to the popish plot. He died at the Gatehouse prison in his 63d year.

BOROWLASKI AND THUMB.

Count Joseph Borowlaski was a Pole. He was born in the year 1739; he came of a family of six children, of which every other one were dwarfs. The first of the family was a son 3 feet and 4 inches high; then came another who was 6 feet in his stockings after he had attained man's estate; next came Joseph, the subject of this sketch, who was but 27 inches high on his twenty-first birthday; of the three that followed Joseph the first and last were of ordinary proportions, the middle one being a dwarfess, who died at the age of 22, being then but 23 inches tall. Joseph became celebrated for his remarkable longevity as well as for the brevity of his stature, he living to the advanced age of 98. After his tour through England he visited his native land, but returned two years later to the British Isles; married a lady of ordinary size, raised a large family and died at Bank's cottage, near Durham, in 1837.

About five years after the death of Borowlaski, in 1842, Tom Thumb, the most celebrated dwarf of modern times, although not the smallest by any means, began his triumphant march under the auspices of his patron saint, P. T. Barnum. Tom's real name was Charles Stratton. He was born in 1838, and was therefore but 4 years of age when put on exhibition at Barnum's museum, New York city. He weighed twelve pounds when first exhibited, soon became famous, and made his first trip to England in 1844, I believe, but it may have been a year or two later. He grew but very little until after the end of his fifteenth year, then grew until he was 23. At the age of 30 he began to "fill out," and during his last trip west, in 1883, he stated his weight to be seventy pounds! Not much of a "midget," sure. He died at his summer residence, near Middleboro, Mass., July 15, 1883, aged 45.

THE WARREN SISTERS.

Mrs. Tom Thumb, the wife of the subject of the foregoing, was, before she attracted the attention of her husband's patron saint, little Betsy Bump. When put on exhibition beside her future husband, at the New York museum, she adopted Lavina Warren as a stage name. She was married to the little general at Grace church, New York city, in 1863, and was, therefore, just twenty years a wife.

Mrs. Stratton, when young, weighed anywhere from fifteen to thirty pounds. As age advanced she became quite portly, and weighed, when she made the last trip west, not less than fifty pounds. Robust health, general portliness combined with a natural rotund figure, gave her quite a motherly appearance, which earned for her the sobriquet of the "Matron in Miniature."

After mourning the death of the renowned Tom for a year and nine months, Mrs. Stratton tried abbreviated matrimony a second time by a union with Count Primo Magri, April 6, 1885. The count is but thirty-two inches in height and weighs less than his miniature bride. Like her first marriage, this second one was also performed in New York city at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Rev. Dr. Watkins officiating.

Since her second marriage the late Mrs. Thumb has settled down to the enjoyment of an enviable reputation; but few inklings of her everyday life are given to the public.

Minnie Warren was another celebrated dwarfess. She was a sister to Mrs. Tom Thumb, and before being put on exhibition beside her sister was plain Huldah Bump. Minnie was some ten years younger than Mrs. Thumb and weighed 42 pounds. She was born on the Bump homestead, two miles out from Middleboro Center, Mass., and early began the show business. She was married to Maj. Newell in 18— and died July 23, 1878, eight hours after the birth of a girl baby weighing 6 pounds, one-seventh the weight of the little mother. The baby lived but a few hours. Mother and baby were buried in the same coffin.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

HOW TO WRITE A NOVEL.

An Example of How a Thrilling Romance Can Be Turned Out.

If we had time we would write novels—lots of novels. They might not be very novel novels, and they might not go bumping down the front doorsteps of time, but they would be a great relief to us. The truth is, there are whole swarms of novels buzzing around in our higher consciousness, poking their noses into the interstices and gnawing at the edges in their eagerness to get out. But there is no use thinking about it; we haven't time. It occurs to us, however, that we may make ourselves useful to somebody else.

There seems to be plenty of ambitious young persons who have all the time there is and who would like to write novels, they tell us, if they only knew how to start out. Now, possibly we can help where they are weakest. Almost every day we see some-

COL. JACK HAYS.

STORY OF HIS EARLY LIFE, WHICH HAS BUT LATELY COME OUT.

He Loved and Was Jilted, the Affair Ending Most Tragically—Left His Tennessee Home and Went to Texas—His Participation in the Mexican War.

There have been a great many stories written and published of the famous Jack Hays, the Texas ranger, whose name and fame is as well known in Texas as in California, but I have never yet seen anything in print in regard to the life or history of Hays before he come to Texas. Most of the stories about Jack Hays say he was a stranger when he came to Texas, in 1836, and but little was known of his history before that time. I have recently had the pleasure of meeting an old Tennesseean, Capt. Frank Bishop, who gave me a little piece of Jack Hays' history, which he says accounts for Hays' appearance in Texas, and which will no doubt be interesting to the many friends and admirers of the memory of the redoubtable Texas ranger, for there are few left now of those who loved and honored him in life.

Hays was born near the Hermitage, Old Hickory's place in Tennessee, and Capt. Bishop was born and raised on the adjoining farm. His father served under Gen. Coffee, for whom Jack Hays was partly named (John Coffee Hays was his full name), and Frank Bishop and Jack Hays were boys together, sharing in the game sports, attending the same school in winter, hunting squirrels, coons and possums together and growing up to manhood in close companionship and entertaining for each other the warmest friendship, which was only broken by the death of Col. Hays.

LOVE AND RIFLES.

When Hays was about 22 years old he fell in love with Miss Betty Donaldson, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and for a time the young lady seemed to return his ardent attachment. For a year or more she received his attentions and plighted him her troth. Preparations for their marriage were being made when there appeared in the neighborhood a young man named Talbot, from Mount Vernon, Ky., who was reputed to be immensely wealthy, and, who, besides being well educated, was a handsome and accomplished gentleman of pleasing address and polished manners, well schooled in all those arts which go so far in helping a man to win the good opinion of the fair sex.

Now, although Hays was a handsome young fellow, and was considered the best rider, the best dancer and the best shot among the youth of the country, Miss Donaldson took a great pleasure in showing him that the attentions of Mr. Talbot were not distasteful to her—in fact, that she rather preferred them to those of young Hays. Now, Jack Hays was not the man, even at that early age, to tamely submit to a slight or a wrong from either man or woman. He was a man of ardent temperament, and could not brook the idea of being second in anything. As was said of him a good many years later, "he never failed a friend or foe," and he quickly informed Miss Betty that he would have no double dealing; she must either remember her plighted word to him and cease to receive attentions from Mr. Talbot, or she must recall her vows and coquette with and marry whom she pleased. Miss Donaldson was a young lady of spirit, and, besides being piqued at being taken to task by her lover, was, after the manner of women, much taken with the handsome face, fine words and pleasant manners of young Talbot, and so it only required a few moments and a few sharp words to give Mr. Jack Hays his congé and to announce her determination of marrying Mr. Talbot.

Hays recognized her right to do as she pleased in this matter and there would have been no trouble about it had not Mr. Talbot, elated by his success in winning the affections of Hays' sweetheart away from him, boasted of his conquest on every occasion. At a party in the neighborhood shortly after the rupture of the engagement between Hays and Miss Donaldson, Talbot taunted Hays with his defeat and the result was that Talbot was knocked down and soundly whipped by the disappointed lover, who, though much smaller than his successful rival, was more than a match for him in agility and grit, two characteristics which afterward rendered him famous.

Smarting under his chastisement, Talbot sent a challenge to Hays, which was, of course, promptly accepted, and the preliminaries of the meeting were quickly arranged. Hays selected rifles as the weapons and Capt. Frank Bishop, my informant, acted as his second.

The duel took place at sunrise on a bright June morning, about two miles from the Hermitage, in a secluded spot. The distance was twenty paces, and Talbot was shot through the heart, never speaking after the crack of Hays' rifle, and dying almost instantly.

THE SPIRIT OF REMORSE.

Hays and his second, Bishop, left the country immediately, and after a great deal of wandering finally landed in New Orleans, where they remained for nearly a year, and, as Bishop says, had "lots of fun." They were well supplied with money, and they won a great deal while in the Crescent City, both at cards and horse racing, a penchant for the latter sport being always a noted characteristic of Jack Hays, though he foresworo cards, and it is said he was never known to hazard a cent at any game of cards during his career in Texas.

After remaining nearly a year in New Orleans Hays and his companion went home. Hays remained there a little over a year, and was never indicted or arrested for the killing of Talbot. It seemed to be the impression of the people of the community that he had done the fair thing in the matter, and he was not molested. Capt. Bishop says that Miss Donaldson and her family made overtures to Hays for a reconciliation, but that the latter would not hear it, saying that Miss Betty had been the cause of his killing a fellow man, and that he could never be happy with her or make her happy.

Capt. Bishop says that Hays suffered keenly from remorse for the killing of Talbot; a spirit of unrest seemed to take possession of him, and he finally decided to come to Texas, and seek in this new country forgetfulness of his early troubles in the home of his youth. Whether he ever found "surcease of sorrow" is not known, but that he found adventure in plenty, and went through enough to make any one almost "cease to remember," is a matter of history. Certain it is that the unerring aim which enabled him to kill his antagonist never failed him in his hour of need, and that he sent many an Indian to the happy hunting grounds, and many a Mexican went into the presence of his maker, without the benefit of clergy, when Jack Hays drew a bead on him and his finger pressed the trigger, though he never, as far as known, slew a man save in fair and manly battle.—Texas Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HETTY OGLE, OF JOHNSTOWN.

Something About the Heroic Telegraph Operator Who Died at Her Post.

Every one knows of the noble and tragic death of Hetty Ogle, but few have watched the consistent and well ordered course of her life.

Hetty Earl was born in the beautiful mountain village of Somerset, Pa., and there she grew to be a cheerful, helpful, happy, pleasant faced young woman.

Her father was for many years recorder of the courts there. He died a poor man. There were few educational advantages in Somerset, and though Hetty had a strong, well balanced mind, it had little school training. After her father's death she married Charles Ogle, a younger member of the family so distinguished in Pennsylvania politics. He was one of the first to enlist as a soldier in the civil war, and was killed in the Wilderness at the battle of Gaines Mill. His body was never recovered.

Mrs. Ogle was left with three little children to support, and she went to work calmly and bravely to do it. The telegraph office in Somerset was in a room also occupied as a store, and where the rough men of the town congregated to gossip and quarrel; but she undertook to learn that business, and she did it thoroughly, never getting a disrespectful word from any one, the hardest part of her task being that she left her babies at home to take care of each other as best they could. She soon became wonderfully proficient, and was given an office of her own in Somerset. From that she gained the confidence of the telegraph company so entirely that at the time of her death she had charge of three telegraph lines in Johnstown. Her two boys grew to be fine fellows, shaped by her strong will and good example.

Her daughter was always frail in health, and was only kept alive by the tender care of her mother. Their home was the most perfectly ordered that can be imagined. It was seldom invaded by a servant, but was kept exquisitely neat by the skilful and deft hands of the mistress. Everything that came upon her table was of the daintiest, and she shared what she had with rich and poor. Her friends always said Hetty's coffee pot was inexhaustible. She taught scores of boys and girls telegraphy for nothing and helped them to find situations. At the time of her death two young girls were gratuitously sharing her home and earning good wages in telegraph offices from the benefit of her instruction. They died with their benefactress. She even found time to do beautiful fancy work with her wonderful quick fingers. She was one of the sort of whom people say, "How does she find time to accomplish all that she does?"

She was a member of the Christian church. Her religion was certainly most practical. She embodied the golden rule.

She had at one time to endure a terrible surgical operation. After it was over, and she was just regaining consciousness, she saw her son, to whom she had taught telegraphy, standing by her side. He saw her fingers move, although she could not speak, and he understood that she was telegraphing on the bed spread, "It is over; I am safe," to a distant and anxious friend. She was entirely unselfish during every conscious moment of her useful life. While this illness was progressing, the telegraph company to whom she was so faithful a servant sent a man, at their own expense, to take her place in their offices. All the mill whistles in the region were hushed by a positive order from the owners while she was in a critical condition, and bulletins were regularly issued to the anxious town, where she commanded general love and respect.

The company which she served had just repaired and put in perfect order the house which she occupied, and the world never looked brighter nor fairer to Hetty Ogle than upon the morning of the day that she gave up her life in the effort to save her fellow creatures.

Not a trace of her drowned, burned, maimed, scattered body has been discovered by agonized searchers, but we, who believe in the reward of the faithful servant, are confident that Hetty Ogle has heard from the master, "Well done; enter into the joy of thy Lord."—Mary Black Clayton in Harper's Bazar.

Hard to Down the Sparrow.

The English sparrow has no friends, but there is no denying that it is chock full of pluck and perseverance. It is a born hustler and fighter, and never gives up while there is a spark of life in its little brown body. An instance is given by a Memphian whose word is not doubted by people who care to avoid unpleasant consequences. A mother sparrow built her nest in a tall mulberry tree, where in due time a half dozen little ones were hatched to her. She guarded the nest faithfully against all comers and fed her fledglings with the best the bird market afforded, so that they throve mightily and gave promise of becoming as great a nuisance as their parents. But one day there came a storm that beat away the sheltering branches about the nest and overturned it.

The little sparrows fell to the brick walk, a distance of at least twenty feet, and landed with a bump that would have paralyzed youngsters of any other breed. They were stunned by the fall, but soon broke up and answered the anxious cries of their mother. She flew down and comforted them with sundry loving caresses on their little fuzzy bodies, and having raised their spirits she called her mate. He came in hot haste, just as the storm subsided. The parents held a little council and finally hit upon a plan. The male bird flew up and righted the nest and then rejoined his family. The mother coaxed one of the youngsters to get on her back and the father did the like with another. When their freight was fairly stowed the old birds rose on steady wing. But the little ones were not used to such riding, and when about ten feet above the ground they tumbled off, landing heavily on the bricks again. Nothing daunted, the parent birds returned to the attempt. Again and again the little fellows tumbled off and got severe knocks, but they came up smiling from each round, and after an hour of hard work and harder bumps they were once more lodged in their leafy cradle.—Memphis Avalanche.

The Reason Why.

Miss Beaconhill—Oh, I have enjoyed your spread so much, Mr. Holworthy! I think it was awfully nice of you to ask me.

Hollis—Oh, that's all right. We always ask everybody, you know, so as to pay up old scores.—Harvard Lampoon.

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Not to Be Outdone.

The agriculturist, as everybody knows, does not like to admit that anybody can grow anything that he cannot. A city person asked a farmer out in the country a while ago if he had new potatoes on his table, and the farmer shook his head.

"But we," said the city person, "have had new potatoes for the last three weeks."

"Huh!" said the farmer, without a blush, "I might 'a' had 'em a month ago if I'd known that they was as big as they was; but I let 'em go till last week without diggin' en 'em, and then, when I went to git some, I'll be goldarned if they wa'n't too big!"—Boston Transcript.

Economy Crushed.

Jack Borrowit—There's no use in trying to economize, Tom. The money is bound to go one way or another.

Wiggins—Why, what's the matter now?

Jack Borrowit—Why, I've been walking home every night for a month to save my car fare, and now Mrs. Pancake has raised my board on account of increased appetite!—Life.

BURDETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

HANG IT ON THE WALL.

The rich American who pays $100,000 for a painting which the French don't want and won't pay half that money for, should also buy, to hang near it, that cheap but excellent motto, printed in colors that will bring a pang to his heart oft as he reads it, "Aphul annis muni ar sunpar t'ed."

COLD COMFORT.

"Have courage," says an exchange, "a mosquito does not last through the winter." Much encouragement that is to a man who isn't likely to last through the summer.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Ah," said the leading American humorist to a well dressed stranger whom he met at the Pesth house, down by the sea, "I think I have seen you before. You graduated at Snail university last June, did you not?" "I did," replied the stranger, with the air of a man who would not lie about a little thing like that. "Yes," said the leading American humorist, "I thought I recognized you. I wrote the affair up for The Slab. And what are you doing now? Waiting on table?" The aluminus shook his head. "Driving express wagon?" "No." "Oh, I see; pitching for the Grounders?" "No; I have been appointed managing editor of The Slab and am down here attending the national convention of marble cutters. If you like I will give you an assignment that will help pay expenses." And the leading American humorist went out and lay down on the shingly bench and died hard. Mighty hard.

DEPENDS ON THE SIZE OF THE BODY.

Mr. Harold P. Brown, the electric expert, says "the resistance of the human body is 2,500 ohms." A slim young man who has had great experience in swinging fat women at Sunday school picnics offers to lay dollars to doughnuts with Mr. Brown that it's nearer 40,000.

HANDED IN BY THE JUNIOR.

There was a first baseman of York,
Who batted a ball like a cork;
When asked how he did it,
He said, "I just hit it!"
Then he went out on strikes down in York.

BUT AGAIN!

There was an old man of Samaria,
Had an ague he caught in Bulgaria;