

# THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

An entire new glass covering has been ordered for the roof of the Crystal palace, in London. The total glass area to be covered is about 15 acres.

The results of preliminary surveys for petroleum on the island of Sumatra are so encouraging that the land examined by a Russian engineer from Baku has been leased and workings will shortly be commenced. The petroleum thus found will probably be shipped to Japan and China.

There is a zinc and lead mine in Davidson county, North Carolina, which is in the control of an English syndicate, which is doing well. This mine carries copper in its ore, while the other zinc and lead mine in the same county, which is down 600 feet, shows similar ore, but without any copper.

There were only 31 ballots in the package containing the soldier votes sent from Cuba to the New York police board and opened late the other day. As each ballot is for a different election district there will have to be 31 polling places reared and 31 boards of inspectors will have to meet. Each vote will cost \$30 by this method.

Corn would still be standing in the fields of Marshall county, Kan., if the women had not turned out and helped to gather it. The crop was unusually large this year, and help was not to be secured at any price. The women, seeing that men could not be secured, and that the crop was going to waste, turned out and husked the corn themselves.

The French war office is rejoicing over a new civilizing influence which may outdo even our dum-dum bullets. It is a rifle, and experiments have proved how deadly a weapon it is. At 2,000 yards the bullet went right through a horse placed obliquely to the line of fire, the bones in the track of the bullet being shockingly smashed.

There are places where it is dangerous to wear a ring on one's finger. A workman in the Augusta cotton mill got his hand too near a pulley, on which was a hook, and this hook caught a ring on the man's hand. He knew that if he did not break the ring or finger his arm would go, and he threw himself backwards, tearing the finger entirely from his hand, but saving his arm.

Since the report that Miss Josephine Drexel was about to renounce the world and enter a convent—a report that was promptly denied—the young woman has been overwhelmed with letters from people who would be willing to burden themselves with a part of the whole of her fortune of \$15,000,000 which she would not be likely to need after taking the veil. She has recently joined a swell dancing club of New York city.

To enable travelers to cross the channel without suffering from sea sickness, a Frenchman has designed a submarine boat to be propelled by cable traction, the motive power being electricity. The boat will accommodate 240 passengers and perform the journey in one hour. Should the cables become fixed in going over the drums, the boat can be detached so that it may rise to the surface and continue the journey like an ordinary vessel.

Several of the largest abandoned copper mines in Eastern Maine will again be operated. The Maine copper mines were in successful operation in 1879, and showed good profits while copper was quoted at 14 cents. The mines could also be operated on a paying basis with copper at 12 cents, but the crash came when the Wisconsin mines put down the price of copper to eight cents. Now that copper is so high, it will be very profitable to mine it.

Paper teeth are the latest thing in dentistry. For years some substance has been sought for which could replace the composition commonly employed for making teeth, and a fortune awaited the man who was lucky enough to hit upon the right material. Although paper has some disadvantages, they are small compared to its many qualifications, and paper teeth are likely to be used exclusively, at least, until a more perfect material is found.

The rapid development of Africa is due to the gold, iron, coal and other mineral deposits. The Kimberly mines are located in British territory, just outside the boundaries of the Orange Free State, about 600 miles from Cape Town, and supply 99 per cent. of the diamonds of commerce. The existence of these mines was unknown prior to 1867, and since their discovery \$350,000,000 worth of rough diamonds have been taken from them, which, after cutting, were easily worth double.

Vegetarians who are so strict that they do not care to wear an article of clothing into which any animal properties are introduced are catered for in the boot line by a London boot-maker, who is the inventor of a vegetarian shoe. For some years he has been experimenting and as a result he has produced a boot, in the construction of which there is absolutely no paper or leather of any description. Not only this, but, according to his assertion, these wear one-fourth longer than leather shoes, and the upper material is always soft.

## LOST PROMISES.

My heart grew away from the good,  
When I left my ways  
In the golden days  
Where I stood all day in the wood;  
Now often stand  
On the shell-strewn sand  
And think of the seas between.

My heart passed away from the true  
When my dreams were young  
And my harp was hung  
On willows in the sunlit dew.  
While I laughed at will  
At the sleeping hill,  
That wakened to answer me.

My heart grew away from the sky  
That showered its joy  
When I was a boy,  
When tears never blinded my eye;  
But with hope and care,  
And an earnest prayer,  
Will bring all that has gone away.



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## CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

We now began to hurry a little, and found that Corto was right, for the soldiers who had lined the passage inside the Bronze gates had taken D'Amboise off, and a considerable number of servants and followers were enjoying here the results of practical raids on the supper tables.

Outside, however, everything was in order, for De Leyva was a thorough soldier. I found both the Spaniard and De Briconnet cursing their luck at being on the guards, and attacking a capon which they were washing down with copious draughts of Falernian. Their duties kept them outside, and it was a poor supper they were making, by the light of torches, seated together on the steps of the vestibule.

"What! out already, cavaliers?" asked De Briconnet. "Is the cardinal going?"  
"No, but there is a little business," I answered, as I called Jacopo.  
"Nom du diable! Can I not come?"  
"It would be a relaxation," said De Leyva.  
"I am afraid not, gentlemen, although we thank you. Here, Jacopo! Get three of our fellows and follow me. Tell the others to hold their horses."

It was done in a twinkling, and in a few steps, having harked back, we were in the hall again. The casino or summer-house of the pope was in full light, and we directed our steps there without difficulty. I made two of our men walk in front, Jacopo and the third behind us, and we remained in the middle. Strict orders were given to have swords ready, and to use them at once.

Except for the moonlight, the gardens themselves were not illuminated, and as we tramped along the paths I thought to myself how easy it would have been for Michelotto to have got rid of both St. Armande and myself, if we had been fools enough to go without escort.

Nothing happened. We reached the casino and waited there a full hour; but there was no sign of Michelotto.  
At last I lost patience.  
"He never meant to cross a sword with you, chevalier. I can bear witness you were here, and kept trust. We have escaped a felon's blow, together. Come back—it is getting late—even for his eminence." We turned, and made our way back, but it was a good two hours before D'Amboise retired. Bayard had gone on long before, declining all offers of escort. When we reached the palace we found he had arrived safely.

I wished St. Armande a good night, with more respect for him in my heart than I ever felt before, and turned to seek my apartments. Late as it was, however, there was to be no sleep for me, as De Briconnet, whose brain the Falernian had merely made more lively, insisted on accompanying me, and we split another flask, and talked of falconry till the verge of the morning.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE OPAL RING.

"His eminence will await the Signor Donati at supper this evening."  
Defaure delivered his message, received his answer, and tripped away, his little ring's cap set jauntily on the side of his head, and the haft of his dagger clinking against the silver chain which held it to his belt. As for me, my heart leaped at the words, for I felt sure my business was come, and, summoning Jacopo, I gave him the necessary orders to have our men in readiness for an immediate start. I then sought St. Armande, and told him what I expected.

"I am ready," he said, simply.  
"Very well, then sup light up, and await me in my apartments."

I turned back, and on reaching my rooms was surprised to find I had a visitor awaiting me. It was Corto. As I have said, he has cast aside his fantastic dress, and was robed as a doctor. He still kept his heavy book under his arm, and the features of his curious seamed face, and thin, bloodless lips, were as pale as if he had arisen from the dead. His eyes alone blazed with an unnatural brilliancy, but he was outwardly calm.

"I came but to see if you were safe, signore, after last night," he said, as he took my hand.  
"Thanks," I replied, offering him a seat, "we are all quite safe. Nothing happened. The don was not there. Either he had changed his mind, or we were too strong in force."

"A little of both, I should think," he said, with a thin smile, as he placed his book on the table. "Signore," he went on, "are you not a little surprised and curious to see me as I am?"

"Well, Messer Corto, I will own to it. But I am honestly glad that fortune has given the wheel a right turn for you."  
"It is not fortune," he said, "it is something greater. It is fate. No chance turn of the wheel of a sleeping goddess. When I fled from you, signore, on that day, his voice choked a low, 'I came to Rome. Never mind how. Here a great man found me. Great men pick up little things for their purposes sometimes. And Matthew Corto, who is but a little man, knows things the great man does not know. Ho! ho!" and he laughed mirthfully.

"And that has put crowns in your purse?"  
"Yes, crowns in my purse, crowns in my purse," he repeated, and then the old madman came upon him, and he rose and paced the room. "I could have done it last night, made the hit of my dagger ring against a heart—the devil—the devil. But he is not to die this way—not thus—not thus. He will die as no other man has died, and it will come soon, very soon—Matthew Corto swears this."  
He stopped suddenly, and turned to me with the question:

"Have you ever seen a mad dog die?"  
"No," I answered, wondering what would come of it.

"Well, my dog is dead."  
"I am sorry," I began, but he interrupted.  
"Dead, I say. Life went from it in writhings and twistings, in screams of agony—the little beast, poor little beast! I would have ended its misery, but I wanted to see. I wanted to find some death so horrible that it would pass the invention of man. And I have found it, signore. See this toy of a knife! This fairy's dagger!" and he held up a tiny lancet, "only a touch of it, and a man would die as that dog did, in writhings, in twistings, in screams—"

I rose and put my hand on his arm, keeping my eyes steadily on his face.  
"Corte," I said, "this is not like you. You are not well. Here is some wine," and I poured him out a goblet of Orviato. He drained it at a gulp, and sat with his head buried in his hands.

As he sat there, the scene in the lonely hut, when I went forth an outcast from Arezzo, came back to me, and there rose before me the dim light of the torch, the mad glare of his eyes, and I could almost hear the pattering of the rain and the dying hisses of the log fire without. Then I saw other things as well, and a pity came over me for the man before me. A sudden thought struck me, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, I spoke:  
"See here, Corte! If you are ill, you want rest, quiet. Throw off these dark thoughts, and do what I say. Two miles from Colza, in the Bergamasque, lies a small farm, a mine. Mine still, though mortgaged. Go there, ask for the Casiro Sarelli, and say you have come from me—from Ugo di Savelli. You know my name now, and they will want nothing more from you. Live there until you are better, or as long as you like. The air is pure, in the hills there is the boqueton for you to hunt; the life is good. Will you do this?"

He lifted his head, and looked at me. Then, rising, he placed one hand on each of my shoulders, thin hands they were, with long bony fingers that held like claws.  
"Signore," he said, with emotion, "Donati or Savelli—whatever you are—you are a good man. I thank you, but it cannot be. Good-by!" And, lifting up his book, he turned and strode out of the room, leaving me a little chilled.

After that I waited for my meeting with D'Amboise. I saw to the packing of a valise, went down and looked at the horses, closely inspected the arms and mounts of my men, who looked capable of anything, and, in one way and another, managed to get through the time, until about the sixth hour when his eminence supped. I presented myself punctually, and was ushered into an inner apartment which I had not hitherto seen, and where the supper was evidently to be held, for the table was set out there. I was alone at first, and, seating myself on a lounge, looked about me. The room was small, but beautifully fitted up, and had all the appearance of being the cardinal's private study. By my side was a table on which was spread a map, with various crosses marked on it in red chalk, the chalk itself lying on the map, where it had been carelessly flung. In front of me was an altar, surmounted by a silver crucifix, bearing an exquisitely-carved Christ. Near it, in a corner, leaned a long straight sword, from whose cross handle hung a pair of fine steel gauntlets. Resting on a cushion, placed on a stand, was the cardinal's hat, and behind the stand I could see the brown outline of a pair of riding boots and the glitter of burnished spurs. In a corner of the room was a large table, set out with writing materials and covered with papers. Running my eyes over these idly, I finally let them rest on the supper table, which was arranged with lavish profusion. The curtains of the windows were drawn, and the light from eight tall candles, in jeweled holders, fell on the red and amber of the wine in the quaint dials, on the cheerful brown crusts of the pasties, on the gay enameling of the comfitures, and on the red gold of the plate. I noticed, too, that the table was set for three only. It was evidently a private supper, where things were to be discussed, and I became glad, for I felt already a step onwards towards winning back my name, and I seemed to see in the mirror on the wall to my left, a vision of a woman with dark hair, and dark eyes—

"Your eminence!" I fairly started up. I had not observed the entrance of D'Amboise until he stood beside me and touched me lightly on the shoulder.  
"Dreaming, cavaliers! I did not think you were so given. I am afraid that, late as I am, I must still keep you from your supper, for I expect another guest. Ha! there he is!" and, as he spoke, the door swung open noiselessly, and Machiavelli entered. He was plainly and simply dressed, and wore no sword, merely a dagger at his side. I thought, however, I caught the gleam of a steel corselet under his vest, as he greeted the cardinal, and D'Amboise's own sapphire was not more brilliant than the single opal which blazed in the secretary's hand.

"This is the Cavalier Donati, your excellency," said the cardinal, "but I think you know each other."  
Machiavelli extended his hand to me with his inevitable smile; but as I met his eyes I saw that they were troubled and anxious. He, however, spoke with easy unconcern.  
"Well met, Messer Donati. I can only say I am sorry we parted so soon. I would have given much to have had you in Florence for a few days more."

"Your excellency is most kind."  
"St. Dennis!" said the cardinal, "but are you gentlemen going to exchange compliments, and starve instead of sitting down to supper. Burnin, are we not ready?" and he turned to his gray-haired major-domo, who had entered the room.

"Your eminence is served," replied the man, and we took our seats on each side of the table, D'Amboise between us.  
"You need not wait, Burnin, but remain in the passage," Burnin stepped out silently, and the cardinal said, with an air of apology: "You must not mind so informal a repast, gentlemen; but we have much to discuss—pleasure first, however—my maitre d'hotel has an artist's soul, and he will have a fit if we do not touch this pastry."  
The cardinal ate and talked. I now and then put in a word, but the secretary was very silent, and hardly touched anything.

"St. Dennis!" said D'Amboise, "but your excellency is a poor trencherman. And I heard so much of you."  
"Your eminence will excuse me, when I say I have had news."  
D'Amboise became grave at once. "Let me say how sorry I am. It is not a matter of state?" and he glanced meaningly at the secretary.

"Not in the least; but much worse—a domestic matter. I do not see why I should not tell you. This cursed brigand Baglioni has seized on my ward Angiola Castellani, and holds her a fast prisoner in Perugia."  
I felt cold all over to my feet.  
"The Lady Angiola?" I exclaimed.  
"Precisely," said Machiavelli, dryly; "I think you have met."

"But this can be easily remedied," burst in D'Amboise; "a demand from the Signory, a word from France."  
"Will not bring the dead to life again," put in the secretary.

"My God!" I burst out, "she is not dead!"  
"Worse than that," he said; "it was done by Cesare's orders."  
"Then Cesare Borgia will pay with his life for this," I exclaimed.

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and Burnin entered, bearing a silver platter, the stopper of which was made of a quaintly-carved dragon.  
"Your eminence ordered this with the second service," he said, placing it before D'Amboise and retiring.

"I pledge you my word, your excellency, that I will not rest until full reparation has been made for this outrage on an ally of France," said D'Amboise. "I could almost find it in my heart to let loose open war for this."  
"We are not ready, your eminence. Rest assured of my thanks, and I will gladly accept your aid; but at present we can do nothing. This, however, has not decreased my zeal for the measures we are planning, and with your permission we will now discuss these, and put aside my private trouble."

"For me, I could hardly breathe. A hundred feelings were tossing together within me; all that I could think of was to throw aside everything, to gallop to Perugia, to save her as any cost. The cardinal's voice came to me as from a distance."  
"I agree—one glass each of this all round, and then—cavaliers, would you mind handing me those glasses?"

Three peculiar-shaped, straw-colored Venetian glasses were close to me; these I passed onwards mechanically to D'Amboise, and he went on, filling the glasses to the brim with wine from the flagon, as he spoke.  
"I admired the rare workmanship of this flagon last night, and his holiness sent it home with me, full to the brim with the Falernian, which Giulio Bella herself poured into it. The wine is of a priceless brand, and our lord was good enough to say that if I liked it he would send me all in his cellar, if I only let him know."

"We will drink this, then, with your eminence's permission, to the success of the undertaking," said the secretary, pouring his glass in the air.  
"Right," said D'Amboise. "Gentlemen, success to your venture!"

He raised the wine to his lips. I silently did the same.  
"Hold on!"  
We stopped in amaze, and Machiavelli, who had spoken, quietly emptied his glass into a bowl beside him.

"What does this mean?" said the cardinal.  
"This, your eminence," and Machiavelli held out his hand, on which an opal was blazing a moment before. The stone was still there, in the gold band on his finger; but it was no longer an opal, but something black as jet, devoid of all lustre.

Startled by the movement, D'Amboise bent over the extended fingers, and I followed his example. The red on the cardinal's cheek went out, and his lips paled as he looked at the ring.  
"Poison! Heart of Jesus!" he muttered through pale lips.  
"Yes," said Machiavelli, slowly, withdrawing his hand, "the ring tells no lies. Diavolo! Was ever so grim a jest? Asking you to tell him if your eminence liked the wine!"

It was too near a matter to be pleasant, and the hideous jest, and the treachery of Alexander, filled me with a hot anger. It had the effect, however, of pulling me together at once, the sudden presence of death, and the danger, recalling me to myself, for all my thoughts of Angiola. I breathed a prayer of thanks for our escape. It was a good omen. My luck was not yet run out.  
D'Amboise sprang to his feet. "By God!" he said, bringing his clenched fist into the palm of his hand, "the Borgia will rue this day; here, give me those glasses." He seized them, and, drawing back the curtain, flung them out of the window, where they fell into the court outside, breaking to splinters with a little tinkling crash. Then he emptied out the contents of the flagon, and lurched it into the grate, where it lay, its fine work crushed and dented, the two emerald eyes of the dragon on the stopper blinking at us wickedly. This outburst made D'Amboise calmer, and it was with more composure that he struck a small gong, and retreated himself at the table. As he did so Burnin entered the room.

"We want a clear table," said the cardinal; "remove these things and hand me that map."  
By the time Burnin had done this, his eminence showed no further trace of excitement, except that his lips were very firmly set, and there was a slight frown on his forehead as he smoothed out the roll of the map. One corner kept obstinately turning up, and as Machiavelli quietly put his hand on it to keep it in position, he said: "See! The ring is as it was before."

We looked at the opal, and, sure enough, the poison-tint was gone, and under the pale, semipaque blue of its surface lights of red, of green, and of orange, flitted to and fro.

"It is wonderful," I said, and D'Amboise smiled grimly to himself. The cardinal placed his finger on the map, where the port of Sinigaglia was marked.  
"Is it here he lands?"  
"Yes," replied Machiavelli, "and then straight to Rome."  
"You have sure information?"  
"Yes."  
"Then will your excellency instruct M. Donati? As arranged, I pledge an immediate movement on the part of Tremouille, at the first sign of success?"

"You have agreed, cavaliers, to undertake the task?" and the secretary turned to me.  
"I have, your excellency."  
Machiavelli then went on, speaking incisively, wasting no words. "In ten days or thereabouts from now Monsignore Bozardo, the Papal envoy to the Grand Turk, will land at Sinigaglia and start for Rome. He brings with him a letter and a sum of money, 40,000 ducats. These are for his holiness. Bozardo and the letter may reach, if you like, the ducats must not."  
"Where are they to go?"  
"To the Duke de la Tremouille."  
"I follow."

"Understand that you take this venture at your own risk."  
I saw what he meant, if I failed I was to be sacrificed, and my mind was made up. I would understand—with a condition.

"I quite understand—there is one thing."  
"What?"  
"Ten days is a wide margin. I will stop Bozardo or die; but I propose effecting the release of the Lady Angiola as well."  
A glad look came into Machiavelli's eyes; but the cardinal flashed out:  
"Nom du diable! What grasshopper have you got in your head? Leave the demoiselle to us. You cannot do two things at once."

"Then, with respect to your eminence, I decline the affair of the ducats."  
D'Amboise looked at me in sheer amazement.  
"You decline—you dare," but Machiavelli interposed.  
"A moment, your eminence. Can we get another agent?"  
"Not now; it is too late now."  
"And we have no money for active measures?"

"Not a live."  
"It seems to me that the cavaliers has us in his hands, and we had better agree. After all, he only risks his head twice, instead of once."  
D'Amboise bit his lips, and with a frown began to drum on the table with his fingers. I sat silent but resolved, and Machiavelli, rising, went to the writing table, pulling out from his vest a parchment. In this he rapidly wrote something, and, dusting it over with drying powder, held it to the flame of a candle. Then he turned back leisurely, and, as he resumed his seat, handed me the paper.

"I have just filled in your name on this blank safe-conduct through the Papal States. I took the precaution of obtaining this from Strozzi to-day. When can you start?"  
"Now, your excellency," and I put the safe-conduct securely by.

"I suppose I must agree," said the cardinal, suddenly. "If it fails, all is lost; if it succeeds—"  
"There will probably be a new Conclave, your eminence," said Machiavelli.

D'Amboise's forehead flashed dark at the hidden meaning in the Florentine's words. But we all knew that the chair of St. Peter was ever before his eyes, and for this he schemed and saved, although profane in his habits. George of Amboise never gained his desire, but when he died he left a fortune of eleven millions. This, however, was yet to be.

I had already risen to take my leave as Machiavelli spoke, and the cardinal, taking no notice of his last remark, turned to me, with something of his old good temper. Perhaps the hint of Florentine support at the next papal election was not without its softening effect.

"Did I understand you to say that you were ready to start at once, cavaliers?"  
"Yes, your eminence."  
"Then let me wish you good fortune—adieu!"  
"Your eminence has my grateful thanks."  
I bowed to D'Amboise and the secretary, and withdrew; but as the door swung behind me I heard Machiavelli's voice.  
"The air of Rome does not suit me, your eminence. No, thanks. No more Falernian."  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A HERO OF THE MINES.

The Noble Act of Self-Sacrifice Performed by a Rough Miner.

A western mining journal records a shining act of self-sacrifice on a miner's part. Michael Veran was engaged with two men in sinking a shaft. They had drilled a hole in the usual way for blasting, and then, according to custom, one of the three ascended the shaft, leaving the others to finish preparations for firing the charge.

Michael and his companion had become familiar with danger. They were heedless, and while the fuse was attached, they set to work to cut it off with a stone and an iron drill. At the first blow the drill gave off a spark, and the hissing of the fuse told the miners that the charge was fired.

With the impulse of self-preservation, both miners dashed to the shaft, and holding to the bucket, gave the signal to be drawn up. But alas! the strength of the man at the windlass was unequal to lifting two; he could wind up only one man at a time.

To remain was death to both, and by right it was Michael's turn to ascend. He looked at his companion, stepped from the bucket, and said, resolutely:  
"Go up, lad. You have a wife. Don't mind me," and he pushed his fellow almost roughly into the bucket.

The bucket swiftly ascended and the man was safe. A great roar and boom arose from the shaft, and then up came the smoke and rubbish. Following this all was still in the shaft. There could be no doubt of the unfortunate miner's fate, imprisoned in that deadly shaft. Yet one and another hurried down and began shouting, in faltering tones:  
"Michael! Michael! Are you here?"  
And the answer came, muffled but distinct, "I am here, thank God!"

They found him, unhurt, beneath a huge slab of stone that had blown across him and lodged against the wall of rock, protecting him from all harm of flying fragments. Truly his escape seemed miraculous, and little else was talked of among the miners for days afterward.—Youth's Companion.

## The Man Who Was "Gone."

In a case which recently came up for hearing a certain witness was called. On the mention of his name a man rose up and said: "He's gone." "Where is he gone?" said the judge; "it is his duty to be here." "My lord," was the solemn reply, "I wadna care to comit myself as to whaur he's gone; but he's deid."—Scottish Life and Humor.

## The New Girl.

Real Head of the Family—John, our new girl is a jewel. She's the chertiest, most lively creature I've ever had in my kitchen. Always flying around and always singing.  
Ostensible Head of the Family—Then she isn't a jewel, Martha. She's a bird.—Chicago Tribune.

## Where They Were First.

Mrs. Fuzzy—They claim to be one of the first families in the city, those Attertons.  
Mr. Fuzzy—So they are—in the city directory.—Syracuse Herald.

How to Avoid Colds During Winter.  
"This idea that many people have, that winter is an unhealthy season, is all wrong. Winter is just as healthful as summer, if people will take care of themselves. If you want to go through the winter without a cold, observe these few simple rules:

"Don't overheat your house, and don't stop all ventilation. Sleep in a cool room, but keep warmly covered. Always take off your outdoor wraps when you come in the house, and always put them on when you go out. And, lastly, just as long as there is snow on the ground, don't go out without your rubbers. This last rule is the most important of all, for two colds out of three come from wet feet."—The Independent.

## PORTER RUNS A RAILROAD.

All the Officials Were Abroad and He Was the Only One to Do It.

Senator Depew does not tell how the following came to be reported to him, but it is such a good story that he uses it continually in dismissing dignified burrs or influential beggars from his office. The senator was on his summer vacation when a pompous little man called to see him and encountered the colored porter who guards the outer gates of the Depew sanatorium.

"I want to see Chauncey Depew," said the little man.  
"You can't, sah. He's gone to Europe, sah."  
"Well, then, I'll see his secretary."  
"Sorry, sah, but Mistah Duval, he's done gone to Europe."  
"Then I'll see Cornelius Vanderbilt."  
"He's in Newport, sah."  
"Well, is W. K. Vanderbilt in?"  
"No, sah. He's done gone to Newport, too."

"That so?" Then I'll see the vice president of the road."  
"He's in Albany, sah."  
"How about the second vice president?"  
"He's down to Long Branch, sah."  
"Is the superintendent in?"  
"He's out inspecting the road, sah."  
"How about General Passenger Agent Duval?"  
"He went away to Cape May do maw-ine."

"Who in thunder is running this road, anyway?" shouted the little man, getting very red in the face.  
"Well, I'll tell you, boss," replied the colored attendant, "dis yere road jes' run inteh sah, as dere han' nobody need no road to look after things but me."—Saturday Evening Post.

## The Ruling Passion with Him.

"Elvira is upstairs getting ready," said the little brother to the stout caller. "I'll go and tell her to hurry up."  
"Thank you," said the stout caller. "Tell her to hurry up or to hurry down, just as you think best. Anything to reduce my wait."—Somerville Journal.

Selfishness is the only thing that stands between some people and happiness.—Chicago Daily News.

Gratitude, like everything else, is obnoxious when it is overdone.—Aitchison Globe.

The daughters of a millionaire always have fine figures.—Chicago Daily News.

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## AND BOWELS

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## OVERCOMES

## HABITUAL CONSTIPATION

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