A PRIEST ON WAR.

REV. FATHER DALTON TALKS OF THE DUTIES OF A NATION.

COWARDICE IS DISHONORABLE.

IT IS A SURE SIGN OF NATIONAL DECAY AND DEATH.

"The Catholic Church Says to Her Sons, 'Go Forth and Fight Until the Last Armed Man Expires,' " Says Father Dalton.

"If the God who guides the nations shall in His omnipotent wisdom decree that there shall be war between this nation and a nation across the sea, and if it becomes the duty of our president to proclaim the conflict, then if we are Christians we must be soldiers."

Round after round of applause swept through Irish-American hall last night as the words fell from the lips of a priest of the Catholic church—Rev. Father W. J. Dalton—in the course of a lecture on "Charity." Calmly and deliberately he spoke and more in a conversational manner than with any attempt to employ the eloquent powers he posesses. Only at times did his speech become impassioned and then when the picture of suffering Cuba came to his mind and war, if it be necessary, seemed to him charitable. Father Dalton said:

"The law of charity forbids the shedding of blood. The law of charity commands peace. Charity speaks to the nations and says, 'observe the law of peace.' "

A silence that was deeper even than the silence that marked his audience during the opening of his lecture followed the speaking of these words and every man and woman, too, in the hall leaned forward lest they might miss any of the sentiments of the priest on the events which have strained almost to the breaking point the relations of amity between this country and Spain, which everyone present instinctively knew were to follow.

"When Christian charity came upon the world through the teaching of the Nazarene wars ceased. That charity has always decried war. Yet while it is the proclaimer of peace, it preaches also defense of our country, of our flag and of our honor. It despises a nation that will cravenly submit to dishonor or cringe before any power or powers on earth. It says to nations, be proud of your virility; be proud of the arms you bear; be proud of the banner that flaunts itself over your land. Cowardice in a nation or among individuals is a crime. Not only is the very semblance of a manifestation of it a disgrace to a nation, but it is a sure sign of national decay and national death. We all of us admire the bold, defiant nation—the nation that is not seeking to be belligerent, but is ever ready to accept even war in defense of right and justice and a suffering people, and in defense of its own honor and integrity.

"War through such cause is ever charitable, ever Christian. Christian charity does not make cowards of men. The soldiers who were baptized have ever fought in battle as valorously as did ever the soldiers who bent the knee to pagan idols. The church has ever honored her sons who went to do battle in a just and charitable cause.

"When the time comes when patience ceases to be a virtue, when our national honor is at stake, when insults have been heaped upon the flag that flies above our heads, until patriotism demands of us as Christians that we fight for the defense of our land, then will the Catholic church say to her sons, 'Go forth and fight until the last armed man expires—fight for native land and God!' When any man seeks to teach the doctrine of a false charity that would command peace in the face of national disgrace, and make cravens of us all, though he wears the sacred cross on his back and stands within the sacred inclosure of the consecrated altar, though a miter be upon his head and a crosier in his hand, he should be cast out by his fellow men and driven behind the walls of a prison and denounced before the world as a traitor to mankind and to his faith. Just war has been ordained of God."

The priest was but speaking the sentiments of his listeners, for many times he was compelled to wait until the applause which greeted every emphatic utterance had subsided. There was a noticeable gleam of satisfaction in the eyes of the men at the vigorous language of the priest and when he spoke of the war records of Archbishops Ireland, of St. Paul, and Hughes, of New York, and many other members of the Catholic hierarchy, and of the valorous deeds of General Phil Sheridan, unable to contain their enthusiasm, they broke into cheers.

"We recognize no man as a consistent Catholic who can be a traitor to his native land. In our late war there were no men more dashing, more valorous or braver in deeds of battle than the men who before they went to war and after they came home again blessed themselves within the walls of Catholic churches. While we pray that a national conflict may be honorably averted and that peace may continue to reign over us, if the God who guides the nations shall in His omnipotent wisdom, decree that there shall be war between this nation and a nation across the sea, and if it becomes the duty of our president to proclaim the conflict, then if we are Christians we must be soldiers. We will practice God's commandments on the battlefield in the same spirit, with the same Christian fervor and just as well as we practice them in our daily lives. And we will be charitable in the same spirit that leads us to relieve the sorrows and the sufferings and the needs of the widows and orphans."

Not once did the speaker refer by name to either the United States or Spain or Cuba. When he had concluded there was much handclapping. The lecture on "Charity," by Father Dalton, at Irish-American hall, which is at 1715 Oak street, was given for the benefit of Mrs. Peter Hayden, whose husband recently died. In opening his lecture, the reverend speaker announced that he would discuss charity in its pathological, social and national sense. "Who Is My Neighbor?" was his text. He dwelt on the various answers that have been given to the question and the conception of neighborly relationships held by different nations until the advent of Christ. He saw that it was not relationship, not national ties, not religious convictions, that make the neighbor, but it is manhood. Philanthropy was the pagan idea of charity, yet it might be as circumscribed as the nation of the philanthropist. Christian charity bears not only no circumscription, but it stops at nothing that good may be done. It is a forgiving and a giving virtue.

Preceding and following the lecture there were a number of vocal and instrumental solos.

The Sturdy Little Dutch.

From the Independent.

When General Vaughan sailed up the Hudson over a hundred years ago to burn out "that nest of rebels" at Kingston, he found there no more stanch Dutch spirit than can be met with in its streets to-day. The allegiance of the old Dutch Reformed church would seem sometimes to engender in the minds of the more youthful citizens an exaggerated idea of that body's pre-eminence in matters spiritual. Two little Kingston sisters were quarreling one day when a relative, who was visiting in the household, tried to put a stop to the affair by a final argument. "No one would suppose," she said, severely, "from your behavior that you were Christian children!" "Well, we're not, you know," exclaimed the elder child, gravely, as hostilities ceased. "Indeed," cried the scandalized aunt; "then pray what are you if not Christians?" "Why, we thought you knew," was the amazed answer. "We're First Dutch!" After another altercation between the same children their mother, in her efforts to impress upon them the necessity of forbearance, told them the story of Cain and Abel. That night at prayer time after the petition for forgiveness, the younger one burst into tears. "Oh, mamma, I'm so sorry we quarreled to-day!" The mother's heart thrilled with joy over the penitent pugilist as she clasped her more closely. "I'm so afraid," the child went on, between her sobs—"so afraid that—God might put a mark on sister's forehead that would last her all her life."

True to America.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"My landlady is an out-and-out patriot."
"How—particularly?"
"Well, she hasn't bought a Spanish mackerel since this war-talk began."

THE BIGGEST NAVAL SPREE.

Cruiser's Water Casks Filled With Wine and 150 Men Drunk.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

"Did you ever hear of the drunk of the United States steamship Omaha, or rather the spree of the Omaha's crew? Well, it's a stock naval yarn, but a good one, and with the extra rare merit of being true."

The speaker was a gentleman, who as an officer, had paced the decks of many American warships in many waters. He continued:

"It was one of the earlier trips of the cruiser. The orders were for Rio, after putting into Madeira for supplies. The season was pleasant and the 350 officers and men were enjoying the voyage immensely. As the Omaha scudded along her machinery working beautifully, and sea easy as a bay, all felt satisfied with the service. There would be a number of warships with acquaintances aboard at Rio, and we knew their officers and crews would welcome us and admire the Omaha. We had her neat as a lady dressed for a reception.

"While we were taking on meat and vegetables at Madeira our captain conceived the idea of saving coal by filling the water tanks from the shore. From the island we could stand into a trade wind, and with half luck be able to make a fine run into Rio. By doing no condensing and taking advantage of all sailing chance it was calculated to make a fuel showing that would gain a few effective credit marks at Washington.

"A water party of about fifty, in charge of petty officers, handled the casks. They filled themselves with Madeira wine, then made a common purse and bought enough of it to load about half the casks. The scheme was to have Madeira on tap till we reached Rio. As usual, though, Jacky overreached himself.

"On a man-of-war, you know, the halliards are so laid that all the canvas can be spread at once. Well, it was done this time in a fashion that nearly drove the captain crazy. He was on the bridge and cursed a blue streak that poisoned the air and polluted the sea. He cursed officers and men, the service, the ship, all countries on earth and the universe.

"First the men talked as they tangled the halliards about. For this they were mildly and then sharply reproved. Next they sang. Then the officers were compelled to swear to drown the voice of the captain. The men staggered around and did all sorts of maudlin things. They fell and rose and fell again. They tried to fight among themselves. They talked back to the officers, cursed the noncoms and shouted badinage to the captain. It was a pronounced case of general, certain jag and no remedy to be suggested. At least 150 of the men were paralyzed drunk and those able to stand still drinking till the supply was shut off.

"It is a blessing there was no weather. Not a thing in the way of handling the ship was done after she was once headed. It did rain. It was quite a downpour, but the hopeless drunks lying on the decks, slept right through it. From them during the night there were groans and growls and an occasional attempt at a rally. Several times bo's'ns blew their pipes in a confused, halting way, without knowing what was wanted.

"At daybreak all hands able assisted in driving the carousers back to duty. The spree left them stupid, blear-eyed, with aching heads and sore bodies and a-wondering what the punishment was going to be. They had a mighty long day of it after the remainder of the wine was run over the sides.

"There was no court-martial. No one was cited or charged or placed in the brig. The task of inflicting punshment was too great, and the captain had to wink at the Omaha's big drunk.

"Bringing liquor aboard ship is the chief of the minor offenses, yet the Jackies are at it constantly. I once saw a smuggler caught in the act in such a peculiar and striking way that even the dominie sympathized with him. He was assisting with supplies. Every article was inspected as usual when handed up. The corporal of marines stuck his nose into a can of milk, followed it up with his fingers and brought out a whisky bottle label that was floating in plain view. The firewater container was anchored at the bottom of the can. I call this a good hard luck story, myself."

SHE MAKES UMBRELLAS.

Still a New Woman to Discover a New Means of Gaining a Livelihood.

"How is business?" asked one woman of another, a pretty, "homey" looking little woman at a gathering of women recently.

"Oh, very good," answered the little woman cheerfully. "It is a very good season for umbrellas."

The second speaker, who looked as if her most serious business in life might be that of making bonnets for her own pretty head, was a New York umbrella manufacturer.

"How did you ever come to go into business?" asked a surprised woman who overheard the question and answer.

"Well, you see," answered little Miss Umbrellamaker, "I had charge for some time of the workroom of one of the oldest and most reliable umbrella manufacturers in New York. But reverses came to him, he failed and went out of business. His employes were, of course, thrown out of employment.

"I had no knowledge of the business outside of my own department, but I concluded to carry it on. I was quite ignorant of methods, where or how to purchase materials. I looked up suitable rooms in the lower part of New York, had them arranged for work, and by making inquiries here and there learned where to get the best materials, and on what terms. A number of men encouraged me in my endeavors, and willingly gave me all the information they could.

"After getting my samples ready I concluded to be my own salesman. I visited the large stores, as I intended making only a first class article. I found, sometimes, ready access to the buyers in these establishments, and received some orders upon my first call.

"Sometimes I found it very difficult to see the buyers. At one of the large New York shops I called many times, but my card was always returned with the word that 'Mr. L.' was much engaged and could not see me.

"Being determined to persevere until I saw him, I continued to call, until one day the boy came back and said the buyer would se me; 'but,' he said, 'he told me first he was too busy, but when I said you had been here so often that he ought to see you, he told me to bring you in.'

"Well, he gave me a good order that day, and has been a regular customer ever since. So you see perseverance and persistency gained their reward."

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

Where Tombstones and Monuments Are Offered at a Great Sacrifice.

It was a Brooklyn widow who, on being chided for adding her diamond solitaire earrings to the details of her sable trappings of woe, justified herself by saying that they were the very condensation of grief-crystallized tears. It has been the fortune of another bereaved resident of the town of sepulchred popularity to attain an elegiac fame accomplished by few if any of her sex, says the New York Sun. Those in this vicinity who have recently had the misfortune to have a death in their families have been made the recipients of the following circular mailed them with timely enterprise by a woman who owns a marble yard near one of Brooklyn's best known cemeteries:

"I beg leave to inform you that if you intend or have concluded to purchase a monument or tombstones for your plot, I have a large assortment of the same, of the finest and latest designs to suit all tastes. Owing to the death of my beloved husband necessity compels me under the present circumstances to dispose of some of my stock at a sacrifice, thus offering you at the same time an opportunity which you will seldom meet again in purchasing a monument or tombstone at a very low figure. I therefore kindly invite you to favor me with a call and examine my stock, as it is no trouble to show it.

"Hoping you will give the matter close consideration, and realize my position, I remain, respectfully yours."

For several generations undue honor has been paid the French widow who made the "marble minstrel's voiceful stone" in Pere la Chaise relate how she continued her husband's business "at the old stand." But the professional Brooklynite has given her the appropriate spades and beaten her out of the game.

Demands $1,200 for One Kiss.

As a price for a single kiss, $1,200 seems rather high. This amount, however, is demanded by Mrs. Olegard Jacobson, of John Keldahl, and the case is now being heard before the circuit court in Eau Claire, Wis. The plaintiff, the wife of a shoemaker, alleges that the defendant, who is the proprietor of a meat market, induced her one day to step into the ice box on the pretense of showing her something and then kissed her.

GENERAL DIED IN POVERTY.

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR APPEALED IN VAIN TO HIS COUNTRY.

Ending His Days in a Lowly Home, This Revolutionary Hero at Last Found a Fitting Burial—His Final Resting Place.

There sleeps in a sadly neglected graveyard within the borough limits of Greensburg, Pa., one of America's noblest heroes, the grave marked only by a simple granite shaft, the stone now fast crumbling away, and the poison vines and weeds and briars clinging to the spot as it were to shield from the weather the grave of the noble man.

It is the grave of Major General Arthur St. Clair, of the Revolutionary war, says the Philadelphia Press. In that deserted village of the dead, the old St. Clair cemetery, named in honor of the distinguished soldier, the grounds are sadly neglected, and the scene is one of general rack and ruin. A few years ago the borough council enacted an ordinance prohibiting the burial of bodies in the old cemetery. New grounds were selected two miles east of town and christened the "New St. Clair Cemetery." Many of the bodies were taken from the old graveyard and interred in the new, and the desolation created by that movement in the old grounds was of the rudest nature. Many bodies still rest there in the wilderness, without the care of a sexton. In view of the great wreck of the once delightful burying ground, the ladies constituting the membership of the Greensburg chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, in the absence of any movement on the part of the nation, from which it is felt a suitable monument to the dead hero is due, have taken steps looking to the creation of a massive granite shaft over the grave of St. Clair.

The women will in all probability be aided by the Masonic brotherhood of Greensburg, who, seventy years ago, caused to be erected the simple monument which stands there to-day. The Daughters of the Revolution, among whom are some of the most prominent women of this country, are now engaged in gathering relics of the lamented General St. Clair. A story of the last days, the great tribulations and sorrow of St. Clair is filled with interest.

Upon his removal from the governorship St. Clair came back to the Legonier valley. Here, in the midst of a large tract of land, he had in the latter part of his official career erected a house in anticipation of the time when he should be relieved from public duties; here part of his family resided before he came back, and here he fondly hoped to pass the remainder of his days in the agreeable ease and rest which the soldier in the camp and the statesman in the council room always anticipates.

The mansion, a sumptuous and well appointed one, was situated about two miles northwest of Legonier. Nothing now remains of the original structure intact except the room in which he left his quaintly carved mantelpiece and wainscoting. Strangers and historians going to that locality find pleasure in visiting the famous old homestead of the great soldier and statesman.

His Financial Trouble.

The history of his financial embarrassment is not devoid of interest. The blind goddess in this as in all things treated him rudely. He got with his wife £14,000, equivalent to $70,000. Besides this he had large donations of lands from the king, the Penns, from the state and from congress. His investments in real estate, so far as the investments went, were judicious, but these all in his sinister fortune melted away like snow in the sunshine. He drew salaries and was in possession of emoluments and perquisites during all his public life, but these scarcely reached from the one accounting day until the next. It is, perhaps, true that some of his losses were caused by negligence, and might not have happened had he been more provident but nearly all his financial embarrassment is chargeable to the zeal with which he served his country, and were debts due and owing by the people to the republic, in whose service he was employed all his life.

From 1808 to 1813, at various times, St. Clair presented memorials to congress and to the assembly of Pennsylvania for relief. To the assembly he told that as early as 1774 he supplied nearly all the forts and blockhouses in Westmoreland county with arms and the means of defense at his own expense. When in the darkest days of the Revolution, Washington, seeing his army melting away like snow, appealed to him to save the Pennsylvania line, the flower of the army, St. Clair immediately responded by advancing the money for recruiting and bounty. The object was accomplished.

To part of that claim the government afterward pleaded the statute of limitations. He was shut out on this statute on substantially the following argument: "True it is, we, the government of the United States, do justly owe you so and so much, but because you have never asked to be repaid until now the presumption of the law is that you have been paid."

But the indebtedness which was the direct cause of losing his real property had been contracted during his governorship of the Northwest Territory. When he presented his account in 1799 for payment he was informed by the secretary of the treasury that there "were no moneys appropriated by the legislature to pay such further disbursements."

Little by little his landed estate was sold for debt. The tract of land upon which were the mansion house, grist mill and furnace was sold for $4,000, although at the time it was rented out at $3,000 per annum. The last tract was sold October 15, 1810. Previous to this a nameless, heartless wretch—a Shylock of a neighbor—had bought up all his duebills, brought suit upon each one separately, and then sold all his goods and chattels. They left him only one bed and bedding.

Sad Days of Poverty.

The last period of his life was a period not pleasing to contemplate. After he was turned out of house and home he removed to the summit of Chestnut ridge and there lived in a log house alongside of the state road. There, to nurse life a little longer, to keep his family together, to care for his wife, now weak in intellect, and to get coarse bread for his dependent flock of children and grandchildren, he kept tavern for the entertainment of the traveling public. There were those who mocked and jeered at the Samson now shorn of his locks, mean, brainless, insulting men, who in their cups sang ditties within his hearing which charged him wth the death of those who had fallen in battle. Here he forgot that the country had taken from him the best years of his life, and after having taken and appropriated his services and his money when it was needy and helpless, refused to help him now that it was able and strong.

At length the life, of which want, neglect, contumely, ingratitude and injustice, domestic disquietude and disease, so largely made part, drew to a close. On the 30th of August, 1818, as he was coming down the road to his home from Youngstown, this county, at the foot of the ridge, driving his pony in a rough, jolting wagon, by some means he fell or was thrown out upon the ground. He was taken home, but never gained consciousness, and on the following day he was at rest. When the news of his death reached Greensburg, the inhabitants of the town, who held his services in high esteem, met in a public meeting in Greensburg. James Brady presided and Richard Coulter was secretary. The following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, That the wishes of the corporation and citizens of Greenburg, that the remains of the late Major General Arthur St. Clair may be interred in the burying ground in said place, be respectfully communicated to the family of the deceased."

A Fitting Funeral.

The wishes of the committee were granted. The funeral was received about a mile from town by the Greensburg Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Ely Coulter, and the Masonic lodge joined the procession on the road about a half a mile out. The procession halted in the middle of the town, and from there all on foot walked to the grave. The body was interred with the rites of the Masonic brotherhood. The monument over his grave was erected some years later by the same fraternity, and the inscription upon it is perhaps the most appropriate one ever carved upon granite over any servant of the republic.

The death of St. Clair, surrounded as it was by many circumstances of neglect, was a fit occasion for writers of the old school to dwell on the romanticism of solitude and exile, and to write essays on the proverbial aphorism respecting the ingratitude of republics. One romantist, who wrote to satisfy the taste of the metropolis, described his death as occurring in a miserable hut on the mountain top in the midnight of winter during such a storm as howls through the Alps, or as that which swept over England and carried off the soul of the great Oliver Cromwell.

But there was no romance in St. Clair's latter end. It is true the tourist can stand near his old home, look out upon as fair and romantic a scene as he will see in America. Perhaps nowhere else could the shade of the dead see a landscape so nearly resembling those which he himself saw when a boy in his own Scotland. On the one side you may take a view of the broad Ligonier valley, with the long lapping hills losing themselves in the horizon in the distance. On the other side you shall see the valley which lies between the Western slope of the ridge and the Whortleberry hills. To the right, within a half-amphitheater, "green-walled by the hills," is the brisk town of Latrobe, the Ligonier Valley railroad winding along the basin of the Loyalhanna which, breaking through the ridge after devious windings through marshes and around shelving banks, loses itself behind the knolls of the North. You can trace the Pennsylvania railroad by its burnished rails where it crosses the valley.

Down beneath you, you will see the roofs and the long, single street of the oldtime village of Youngstown, and trace the gray turnpike as it crawls over the hills eight miles beyond. On an upland, against a background of woods, are the college and cloisters of the Benedictine monastery of St. Vincent's; to the left the slated roofs, the bay windows and the red chapel of the Convent of St. Xavier's; innumerable tasty farmhouses and broad expanses of meadows.

It was all different when St. Clair stood there. He might have seen when he came there a few poorly-built houses, forming a hamlet on one side and the same on the other. A little cleared patch, with its stony soil and deadened trees, that stood like giants to sentinel enchanted land, was about his door. The wild animals could be heard at night, and the lonesome birds of evil croaked in broad daylight around the edge of the clearing. To a place of such surroundings as these it was that the old man, broken with the storms of state, had come to lay his weary bones.

" 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true"—a man with a superior education and the instincts of a gentleman; a companion and associate of Lafayette, of Steuben, of Hamilton and of Washington, and a sharer of their glory; a president of congress closing his life in neglect and solitude.

MUNYON'S

Cold Cure cures colds in the head, colds on the lungs, old colds, new colds and obstinate colds, and all forms of grip. Stops sneezing, discharges from the nose and eyes, prevents catarrh, diphtheria, pneumonia, and all throat and lung troubles. These pleasant little pellets are absolutely harmless, have saved thousands of lives and prevented much sickness. The Munyon Remedy Company prepare a separate cure for each disease. At all druggists—25 cents a vial. If you need medical advice write Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch Street, Philadelphia. It is absolutely free.

COLD CURE

BULL FIGHTS IN HAVANA.

An American's Description of the Time Honored Spanish Pastime.

If a noted actor or prima donna visits Havana the probabilities are that a cold reception is in store, but let a noted matador arrive and the whole city turns out to pay him homage, says a writer in the Hartford Courant. At the present time the great matador, Mazzantini, is holding Havana spellbound. When he arrived at the Hotel Inglaterra a crowd larger than the renowned ex-pugilist, John L., ever attracted surrounded the building and filled the square. They peered through the window bars to see if he ate like ordinary human beings. He did eat and drink just like other mortals, only more. Posters confronted you whichever way you turned informing the public that on Sunday, February 13, the renowned Mazzantini would kill six wild and vicious bulls. Tickets were on sale at the hotels, cafes and many other places. There is a certain force in the atmosphere here that incites one to want to see a bullfight. A Spaniard likes to see blood run, provided it is not his. Americans are usually cured with one dose. The price of admission varies. A seat in the sun can be had for $1.50; one in the shade costs $3; a reserved seat is $4.

The "Plaza de Toros," where the fight takes place, is at Regia, across the bay from the city, and reached by a ferry. The building is a circular affair, open at the top, and seats are arranged in tiers similar to a circus. The arena is perhaps 100 feet or more in diameter. A high board fence separates the inclosure from a passageway in front of the spectators' seats. A band of music entertains you while you wait.

Four squads of soldiers, about 100 in all, are posted in different sections to preserve order. Senora and senorita are there with their lorgnettes and fans, some having lunches and a bottle of wine for a bracer. The seating capacity of the place is perhaps 5,000 or 6,000. At 3 o'clock the seats are full and the usual uneasiness, when the crowd is waiting for a performance to begin, is apparent. Instead of whistling to attract attention, everyone hisses, making a sound very much like a rattlesnake. This sounds uncomfortable at first, but one gets accustomed to it very soon.

At 3:30 one of the human participants comes out and addresses a functionary who manages the affair. He replies in substance: "The hour has arrived, and the public, who are just but exciting, expect full satisfaction for their money."

The man in antiquated uniform retires and at once the procession enters the arena. First comes the great Mazzantini, a powerful, athletic specimen of physical manhood, fully six feet tall and well proportioned. He is followed by two picadores on horseback, carrying lances, and four banderillas, I believe they are called, on foot. These are all uniformed in gilt and spangles, very much as they have been for centuries back. A half dozen attendants, whose duty is to drag out the dead and dying animals, follow in the rear. After each has taken his position, the double doors adjoining the entrance from which the procession started are opened.

In a second there appears out of the darkness a magnificent specimen of a bull. His head is erect, his horns are long and pointed. He looks a mountain of strength and courage, which he is. One glance at the strange scene before him, and he is off for the nearest man to his left. The footman sees him coming, and he spreads his bright colored cloth to the right. The brute charges at it and is surprised to find nothing substantial in it. The man dodges and the bull wheels around to charge again. He is confronted by a picadore, who thrusts his lance into the animal's shoulder. This enrages him. He is attracted by other bright cloths waved at him. He charges first at one, then at another. He is undecided which way to turn. Another horseman approaches with lance directed at his head, but this time the picadore fails to stop the bull, and horse and rider go down. The man falls on the side opposite the bull; he is protected, but the poor horse receives the bull's terrible horns, full length, in his abdomen.

The crowd now cheer. They see the blood followed by the entrails of the poor horse. Blood is flowing in streams from the bull. But that is not enough. The men on foot improve every opportunity to stick a banderilla or stick with sharp hooks into the bull's back. There are now half a dozen of them hanging from his quivering flesh. Apparently his strength is not oozing out with his blood, for he is more animated than ever. Another horse is gored, this time a white one, making the crimson current startlingly prominent. The first horse disabled is again on his feet and the picadore on his back, lance in hand. As the horse galloped by with entrails protruding and swaying in the wind, the heart sickened at the sight and one involuntarily closed his eyes. This horse was afterwards taken out, his entrails replaced, the skin sewed up, and he was placed in the arena again.

In about twenty minutes from the time the bull entered the arena the great Mazzantini indicated that it was time to kill him. Looking the bull in the eye and walking directly up to him, he stabbed him with a long sword just back of the horns and he was dead without a quiver. The boys with mules dragged the body out and the next bull was let in. Six bulls were thus dispatched. Five horses were killed and the crowd applauded.

Dr. Cleveland's Literary Style.

From the Criterion.

It is said that when Grover Cleveland was a very young man he wrote a story for a magazine. When he finally received his check it came to $11.73.

Somewhat surprised at the amount, young Cleveland called at the editorial rooms.

"How do you figure the worth of a story so exactly?" he asked.

"Why," answered the editor, "we pay so much a word, you know, and we like your work so much that we shall willingly pay you one-eighth of a cent more per word than our established rates."

Overcome by the generosity of this offer, the young man swore that they never should repent their kindness. He purchased a Webster's Unabridged and took it home with him.

"By heavens!" he cried. "My benefactors! You shall have the worth of your money! For each three-eighths of a cent you give me I will return you a word of at least four syllables, if none longer be obtainable!"

By following this noble impulse he laid the foundation of the remarkable style that characterized his presidential messages.

So is virtue its own reward.

ROMANCES AMONG INDIANS.

INSTANCES OF ELOPEMENTS WITH WHITE PEOPLE.

Some of These Odd Marriages Have Turned Out Well—Love Is All Potent, Notwithstanding Differences of Race.

The St. Paul Pioneer Press, apropos of an elopement which recently occurred from Fort Belknap, in Montana, makes some comment of other marriages between Indians and Caucasians, which is interesting. Strange to say, it speaks of Dr. Eastman and his wife, Elaine Goodale, as still residing in St. Paul, but they are now in Washington, where Dr. Eastman is in the service of the government. The article of the Pioneer-Press is as follows:

The elopement of Mrs. Minnie Cushman, the widowed daughter of G. C. Bateman, chaplain of the United States army at Fort Belknap, Mont., with Garrotte White, a fullblooded Piegan Indian, the other day, and their subsequent marriage, as announced in press dispatches from Great Falls, Mont., recalls similar cases which have occurred in the Northwest during the last ten or fifteen years. As in several other cases in which the daughters of prominent and wealthy Eastern people have run away to marry Indians, Mrs. Cushman was a teacher in an Indian school—that at Fort Shaw, Mont.

Several other attempted elopements and marriages of young white women who were society belles in the East to fullblooded or mixed-blood Indians have been prevented by the determined opposition of relatives and friends, and in at least one instance death alone prevented the consummation of the marriage rite between a white teacher in an Indian school, whose father bears a national reputation, and an Indian. The writer distinctly remembers the case, which came under his observation a few years ago. The young woman was a teacher in one of the Indian schools on the Sioux reservation near this city. She became attached to a young Sioux warrior, and would have married him against the protests of her Eastern relatives had not Providence interposed and thwarted the alliance. The Indian was stricken with consumption, and failed rapidly. During his last days the young woman teacher nursed him with the greatest devotion, and when he died she for a time refused to be consoled. Since then she has remained single, notwithstanding that it is said she has been offered the heart and hand of desirable white suitors.

Miss Goodale's Marriage.

The most notable instance of a white woman marrying an Indian was the marriage some seven years ago of Miss Elaine Goodale, the poet and teacher, to Dr. Charles A. Eastman, then a resident of Pine Ridge agency, where Miss Goodale was a teacher in an Indian school. Dr. Eastman is known as Many Lightnings among the Sioux. He is a graduate of Dartmouth college, and by those who know him is acknowledged to be a cultivated gentleman, who mingles with credit in any society. Dr. and Mrs. Eastman left the Sioux agency a year or two after their marriage and went East. They now live in St. Paul. Their married life is said to be ideal in every respect. The doctor is frequently called upon by his brethren to look after their interests before the various departments at the national capital, where he has materially assisted them in the carrying out by the government of its treaty obligations with the Indian tribes. Dr. Eastman has contributed articles to Eastern magazines on Indian life, and his wife is also a frequent contributor to the leading publications.

One case of a white woman marrying an Indian turned out very badly—that of Cora Belle Fellows. Her marriage eight or nine years ago to Chaska, or Sam Campbell, as he has since been better known, was the theme at the time for extended and sensational stories in practically every publication in the United States. Several years ago she and her children were basely deserted by her Indian husband. Campbell fell in love with a squaw, and accordingly did not hesitate in the least to desert his white wife and children. When last heard of Mrs. Campbell was residing in Nebraska.

The Episcopalian minister at Lower Brule agency, Rev. Mr. Luke Walker, an educated Sioux, is married to a white woman, and they live happily together. Mr. Walker and his wife are both well educated, and are respected by those who know them. They are doing good work among the Indians at Lower Brule, and to their efforts is attributed a great part of the credit for the rapid advancement these Indians are making toward civilization.

Miss Tucker's Marriage to Luman.

One of the most romantic frontier incidents was the elopement and marriage of Miss Alice Tucker, daughter of prominent white residents of Niobrara, with John Luman, a Sioux Indian belonging to the Rosebud agency. On December 31, 1893, when Alice was 16 years of age, her parents gave a ball in her honor. It was the event of the season, and was largely attended. Among those from the adjacent reservation who were present were Peter Lason and wife and the latter's son, John Luman, a quarter-breed. It was a case of love at first sight between Luman and Miss Alice, and the love which had its birth at that time culminated in the subsequent elopement. On a Saturday night about three months after the birthday ball Tucker gave another dance at the little town of Watson, where he had opened a branch store. Again his daughter and Luman were present. The girl returned home the next Sunday, and nothing unusual seemed to surround the peace of the family circle. It was, however, observed that a strange buggy was in the alleyway back of the Tucker domicile, but that not being unusual no suspicion was aroused. Monday morning dawned, but as the exertion of the Saturday night dance was sufficient excuse for the daughter's non-appearance, little attention was paid to the tardiness of the young lady in appearing from her room. Her absence was finally discovered, and upon investigation it was found that her trunk was gone, as was also the strange buggy which had hovered so mysteriously in the alley at the rear of the house. Tucker went to Lason's and a young man there was scared into giving some information. He said that Alice and Luman had gone to O'Neill, Neb., to get married. A telegram was sent to the authorities at O'Neill by the infuriated father, ordering them to arrest the elopers if they appeared there. The father then started by team, hoping to overtake them. Upon reaching O'Neill he found no signs of his daughter and her abductor. After returning home he sent telegrams to a number of sheriffs in the adjoining portion of South Dakota, and shortly received intelligence that the elopers had been lawfully married at Tyndall, this state. For a time the irate father refused to extend the paternal blessing, but declared that he would have the couple arrested and his daughter sent to the reform school. After the elopement Mrs. Tucker discovered that for some time her daughter had been in secret communication with the Indian, the letters being addressed to Ann Dewey, Alice's roommate, who acknowledged her interest in the elopement.

Last Queen of the Sioux.

Alliances between white men and Indian women have been much more numerous than those between Indians and white women. The last queen of the Sioux is the wife of a white man. Red Cloud, the last of a long line of famous Indian chiefs, himself gave her away at the altar on the Sioux reservation. The Sioux queen's husband is Charles P. Jordan, who bears the honor of being the only white man who was ever elected a member of the Sioux council. "The Beautiful Woman," as Jordan's wife was known among the Indians, grew up high spirited, proud and capricious. She was an ideal squaw, but as no chief came to woo her she scorned a Sioux husband. Young Jordan, a tall, bright-eyed fellow of good address, came West as a clerk for the Indian agent at Pine Ridge agency. He fell in love with the princess and she with him. They were married by a priest, and with all the formalities of the white man's laws and customs. The big Sioux chiefs came to the wedding, the army officers from neighboring military posts jingled their spurs in the "old Virginia reel," which followed the benediction, and the pretty Sioux princess has since been plain Mrs. Jordan. The Jordans have a fine farm and stock ranch, well wooded with oak, elm and boxelder, thirty miles from Rosebud agency. Wild fruits grow plentifully near the house in summer. There is a large orchard of cultivated fruits near by, and a series of artificial dams down the valley in which beaver are encouraged to construct their queer fortifications.

A Collector of Old Boots.

The queen of Italy is enthusiastically following the fad of collecting old boots and shoes of celebrated persons. She possesses the shoes of Marie Antoinette, Mary Stuart, the Empress Josephine, Queene Anne and the Empress Catharine, of Russia. Lady Ermyntrude Malet, wife of the British ambassador at Berlin, has a beautiful collection. They are of all shapes and sizes, from satin ball shoes to boots made for long tramps through the snow.

THE OWL

Cut Rate Drug Store,

The greatest money saving store in the city. We do not only save you in price but in quality. You know that a store selling the amount of goods we do has nothing old or stale. We buy direct from the manufacturer in large quantities for cash and get the best discounts. Because we sell you goods cheap do not think they are not the best. We will not sell cheap, poor goods at any price.

Lydia E. Pinkham Co.	65c	Juvenal Soap	13c
Castoria	20c	4711 Soap	13c
Syrup Figs	35c	Cashmere Bouquet Soap	21c
Pink Pills, Williams'	35c	Packer's Tar Soap	15c
Hobbs Sparagus Pills	35c	Mennin's Baby Powder	10c
Paine's Celery Co.	75c	Lyon's Tooth Powder	15c
Hood's Sarsaparilla	65c	Rubifoam	15c
Ayer's Hair Vigorator	55c	Pozzoni's Face Powder	28c
Malt Nutrine	15c	Large variety of flower seed, 5c packages, per package	1c
Pond's Extract	35c	Vegetable seeds, 10c size, per pkg.	2c
Woodbury's Soap	10c	Remember; all seeds are fresh and guaranteed to grow.	
Cuticura Soap	13c		

These are only a few sample prices. We cut everything and give you *better* goods. Let us be your druggist and supply your wants. For the well we have all kinds of toilet articles and the sick can depend on any of our five graduates in the Prescription Department. Send for our catalogue.

THE OWL CUT RATE DRUG STORE,
920 MAIN STREET.

The Kansas City
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA!
MR. JOHN BEHR, Conductor.
SEASON 1897-98.

Sixth Concert

Friday, April 1st, at 3:30 p. m.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
General Admission...75c
Gallery...35c

Reserved seats can be secured on Monday, March 28, at Burlington Route ticket office.

PORT ARTHUR ROUTE.

The only line running a Dining Car south of Kansas City.

Through solid train with Sleeper to Texarkana, Shreveport, Lake Charles, Beaumont and Port Arthur.

The shortest line to Hot Springs, Galveston, New Orleans.

Through train leaves daily at 7:30 p. m., and Pittsburg, Joplin and Siloam Springs Express daily at 9:45 a. m.

Ticket office, 106 West Ninth.
H. C. ORR, Gen. Pass. Agt.

ORPHEUM!
(Formerly Ninth Street Theater.)
LAST 2—NIGHTS—2 LAST OF OUR GREAT SHOW.
ADGIE AND HER LIONS.
The Doners, The De Filippis, Maud Beal Price, Conwell & Swan, Sherman & Morrisey, Clerise Sisters, 4 Thompson-Winslows, Gerome & Vandee.
Parquet, 25c and 50c; Dress Circle (reserved), 25c; Gallery, 10c; Box Seats, 50c.
REGULAR MATINEES—Wed., Sat., Sun.
Order Seats by Telephone 695.

GRAND.
Tonight 8:10
Popular Matinee Saturday.
CHAS. H. YALE'S Big Production, FOREVER "Devil's Auction"
Next Week—"The Gay Matinee Girl."

THE MIDLAND!
The only absolutely fireproof hotel in Kansas City.
American. European.

THE
8:45 P. M.
TRAIN

Wide Vestibuled and Pintsch lighted throughout, is available for all classes of travel to St. Louis.

Burlington Route

The Burlington Route is the only line maintaining this character of vestibuled train service from Kansas City.

City Office, 823 Main street.

The Harnden Seed Co.
SEEDS!
OF ALL KINDS. GARDEN, FLOWER and FIELD SEEDS.
General Western Agents for the Bateman Mfg. Co.'s Garden Tools and Implements.
Catalogue and Price List on application.
505 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

HUGO BRECKLEIN'S
RIALTO PHARMACY
Rialto Bldg., 9th and Grand Ave., TEL. 1991.
Physicians' Prescriptions and Sick-Room Requisites our Specialty.
We use only the best materials obtainable in our prescription department.
Our system of triple checking in filling prescriptions practically renders mistakes impossible.

QUICK DELIVERY
Railroad Transfer Co.,
3rd and Wyandotte Sts. Tels. 303 and 1517.
Freight, Baggage and Heavy Hauling. Prompt and satisfactory service guaranteed.
D. H. BOWES, Prop'r.

The KEELEY INSTITUTE,
716 West Tenth St.
(University Club Building).
Kansas City, Mo.

Why will you suffer? Why will you die?
with Rheumatism, when relief and a cure is within your reach?
THE GREAT TURKISH RHEUMATIC CURE.
A SURE AND POSITIVE CURE FOR
RHEUMATISM.

Ordinary rheumatism is caused by exposure to damp and cold weather, sudden chills or exposure to drafts of cold air when the body is overheated and wet with sweat, especially when there is a depression in health, bad assimilation, etc. This causes a derangement of the kidneys and other organs—they fail to do their duty—and the result is a poison is left in the blood, which becomes deposited in the joints, tendons, sheaths of muscles, etc. Now, a successful treatment must be such that it will dissolve these poisons and eliminate them from the system, and that is exactly what this treatment does—a cure cannot be made any other way.

Remedies innumerable have been vaunted for the cure of rheumatism, but none were specific until the discovery of THE GREAT TURKISH RHEUMATIC CURE which is undoubtedly one of the greatest discoveries in the annals of medicine. The cure is so sure and success so certain that I guarantee a cure (in recent, acute or inflammatory cases—no matter how bad) or refund the money, and, more than that: I will give $50 for any case of rheumatism that this treatment will not help or cure.

It gives relief from the first, and checks the fever rapidly—even one dose will give relief, and a few doses will give decided relief. It subdues the pain and swelling in the joints, movement becomes easy in four or five days, and a complete cure in about a week—often in a shorter time.

The above is the usual and wonderful action of the treatment, as hundreds of cases can testify, as hundreds of letters in my possession will show, and a test will prove. In fact, too much cannot be said in its praise, as it is no humbug and it is not a cure for any disease except rheumatism. State your case and send for terms. Send stamps for circulars, which will give full particulars.

Consultation free, personally or by letter. Call on or address,

DR. HENDERSON, 101 W. 9th, Kansas City, Mo.

F. A. FAXON. J. C. HORTON. J. A. GALLAGHER.
FAXON, HORTON & GALLAGHER
SUCCESSORS TO WOODWARD, FAXON & CO.
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. DEALERS IN PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS
Nos. 1206-8 AND 10 UNION AVE. (Near Union Depot.) KANSAS CITY, MO.

Milo E. Lawrence
TEL. 1201. FIRE UNDERWRITER.
WRITE.... Fire, Marine, Steam Boiler, Plate Glass, Accident, Employers' Liability, Bonds of Suretyship, Burglary and Tornado INSURANCE.

RICHARDS & CONOVER HARDWARE CO.
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, IRO, STEEL, WAGON WOODWORK, NAILS, GUNS AND AMMUNITION, SCALES, ETC.
Southeast Corner Fifth and Wyandotte Sts., - Kansas City, Mo.