S AND VIEWS.

ll be fifty years old on t month.

hip Niagara, sunk last the Florida reefs, has

in Kansas City were yesterday. Only three d up, tight, in the sta-

Y ANN CHANDLER, secretary of the navy, night at Concord, N. ty-third year.

k place yesterday at ge, when a crowd col- against the refusal of t to extend amnesty to

the sun, indicated by ce, will cause violent does this week in the At least that's what eather prophets say.

rage by the French on ip, is reported from British lion is begin- gerous, and the Gallic er lay low or roost

k Central labor union KEARNEY permission meeting. The sand-lot his day. The dreadful ving to go to work stares e.

rs of MCGEOCH, EVER- have signed the fifty ise. The liabilities of e six millions, and by alf that sum they may turn another "corner" assignee will salt away his pew rent.

WOOD STRATTON, known General TOM THUMB, at his residence in Mid- He was forty-five years been before the public fourteen. There is not a ountry and but few in this mannikin has not thousands of the curious. ores of stories told about tours, is one to the ueen VICTORIA offered him upon her dignantly refused, ask- took him for a child. In arried to Minnie Warren smaller than himself, rvives him. "General" id to have accumulated fortune by exhibiting e person to children of a He was a Knight had the reputation of sted in Masonic matters.

ARD WOMAN.

f Fifteen Elopes From Her Comes to Fort Worth.

uple have been living in me two weeks past, who of more than common young man was former- t of some repute in the Sunset, but failed some- since then seems to have r employment. The girl, s and in fact in years than a child, is the n old gentleman, a resi- t, who is in very good and enjoys the respect of all of his neighbors. f the parties concerned for obvious reasons. The ad been paying the girl attention for some time couple suddenly disap- at first thought that er parents would object run off to get married. ssed and nothing was . The father then began rst, and instituted a dili- r his wayward daughter. the frailty of woman perfidy of man was learned that were living together wife, but were only such cannot be learned wheth- of the girl ever made to her then to return ertain it is that they have all idea of redeeming me. The reporter learned g man, after his arrival the habit of visiting the upon the arrival of trains ee if the father came to arch of his daughter. But ne, and the couple still of comparative security. man is rather with smooth and engag- and the girl is a lovely wavy golden hair and But her beauty proved now the finger of shame her and marks her as its tention of the authorities d to the case, and doubt- will be forced to marry te girl, or suffer the con- his crime.

LOAF BAKING POW- king the lead.

ck," a lasting and fra- e. Price 25 and 50 cents. Brunswig & Co.

Soda Water, Soda Water, Soda Water, Soda Water, Soda Water, Soda Water, Soda Water, Soda Water, At Capera's.

our wife with a box of LOAF BAKING POW-

y pipe is made at about 000,000 a year, worth five piece, or $10,000 or $20,- y comes from Martha's overnor's Island, New ke Michigan.

DEVILISH DETAILS.

OF THE RECENT COOKE COUNTY BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

Two Devils Incarnate at Rape and Robbery—Scenes and Incidents at the Trial.

[Cooke County Independent.]

Our justice court in the city, for the past three days, has been in a fevered state of excitement in its efforts to unfold, beyond doubt, the truths in detail concerning the rape of Miss Lydia M. Roy, residing about six miles west of town.

M. D. Haggard and Geo. B. Langley are held for the offense and the investigation thus far has been an unbroken chain of evidence coiling about them from which, in the opinion of this paper, it will forever be impossible for them to escape. Not a scintilla or ray of hope has thus far developed itself in their behalf.

As the facts continue to be disclosed the deeper do they become engulfed in the fangs of the law, and the general contempt of the people. So decided are the crowds who have been in constant attendance, of the damning guilt of the accused that lynching is freely and openly discussed upon every hand.

The family outraged consists of Joseph and Julia Roy, father and mother of the family, their daughter Lydia, about seventeen years of age, and three or four small children. They came here from Palo Pinto county, where they rented out their farm for the purpose of traveling about so far as their limited means would permit, for the benefit of the father's health, who was seriously wounded at Franklin, Tenn., by a minnie ball tearing way his left shoulder and the fragments of a bombshell seriously, and as the sequel shows, fatally injured his spine.

About six weeks ago the father left his family at Whitesboro and started to his old home in Arkansas for the purpose of collecting some money there due him and which he stood sorely in need of for the protection and maintenance of his family. Nothing has been heard from his arrival at Texarkana, where he wrote to his family that he had suddenly been taken very ill, and it is now believed that he died. The family present a pitiful looking spectacle and as the poor old nearly worn-out mother related to us the facts, the tears streamed down her cheeks as she told how they had wandered about from place to place traveling, for the last ten years, in the vain hope of recovering the health of their evidently dead father and husband.

In parting with them at Whitesboro, he told them to stay there, or come to Gainesville and remain until he returned. Meeting with but little encouragement in Whitesboro, they came to our city where, after staying one day, they decided to go out into the country where the old lady expected to get a little school by which she hoped to support herself and family.

She had been there about a week when the outrage upon her daughter was committed. That the reader may know the facts concerning the shocking deed we will repeat the statements made in court by Mrs. Roy and her daughter, which agree throughout.

They had laid down on the bed, leaving the lamp burning, in order that they might be enabled to give medicine regularly as prescribed, for one of the little children which was very sick. While thus dozing, about half asleep, the two ruffians bounced into the house with pistols in hand, and demanded the money about the premises. Langley knocked Mrs Roy down with a pistol and told her to give up her money. Lydia began screaming at the top of her voice, when Haggard grabbed her and began choking her, placing his fist over her mouth, telling her if she didn't hush up he'd kill her. He dragged her to a bed where a terrible and most outrageous scuffle took place for an hour and a half, when she was finally overcome and forced, through sheer exhaustion, to submit to his foul demands. During this Langly stood over Mrs. Roy with his pistol, making her turn her face to the wall that she might not witness, with her eyes, the heinous work going on. Haggard, during his scuffle, would shout at intervals to Langly, "Keep her there; don,t let her loose; don't let her come here;" and on and on it went until he had gratified the lusts of his foul carcass.

After accomplishing the purposes of their going there, they sat down for half an hour and attempted to engage in a sort of a pitifying conversation, with threats now and then that the bare mentioning of the affair would lead to the murdering of the entire family.

Mrs. Roy plead, in the name of her sick children, to leave the house when they gave her to understand that they would stamp their brains out if they didn't hush. After this the villains got on their horses and rode home.

The family started, half frightened and scared to death for fear of a return of the brutes, over to a Mr. Wallace's, where they went for protection, with the few fragments of clothes on that were not torn from them. Here they related their story and asked for protection. This was on Saturday night, and Tuesday the accused were in the clutches of the law. During the talk of the scoundrels at the house, before taking their leave, they enquired very earnestly of the family if they knew them, and also if they would know their "nearest neighbors;" (Haggard and Langly being their nearest neighbors.) The family, fearing of being murdered, stated that they were strangers and knew no one, and did not have any idea even whom *they* were. They asked her if she knew Wallace, when she told them she did not. They told her he (Wallace) was there that morning after a harrow.

Wallace, when called to the witness stand, testified that there was no man on earth who knew that he went for the harrow but Langly. This was regarded as a clinching and co-operative bit of evidence that seemed of itself to be convincing a'one, an obstacle in the path of the defense, which is impossible to move.

Langly, one of the accused, has only been here about ten days, and is believed to have been led into the trouble by Haggard, who is generally regarded as the especially bad egg of the two, and who is not unknown to the "ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain." Some little sympathy is expressed for Langly by reason of this construction of the case. He has a wife and two little boys, the former of whom has been standing around the court-room during the investigation, crying and nervously watching the comers and goers, carefully scrutinizing and, if possible, to understand the meaning and purposes of all. She is the picture of sadness and depression of spirits. Langly is direct from Northern Arkansas, and was at the time of the outrage living on a place owned by Judge Lindsay where he came in contact with Haggard.

NOTES.

The writer went to the jail Tuesday morning, after their incarceraaion. Both persons stoutly denied their connection with the crime. Langly burst into a flood of tears, asserting his innocence, saying that he had only gotten here from Arkansas, and that he knew nothing on God's earth about the affair. He said his poor wife and two little boys had been there that morning crying, and that he had nothing but the horses and wagon, and that if he had to stay there it would take everything he had and leave them with nothing (here the prisoner completely broke down and could only speak between sobs.)

During the trial Thursday evening, the two little boys came to Langly and told him good bye; he broke down in tears as they left the room. Whatever may be the extent of his guilt, it can be truly said of him that he is strongly attached to his family. His two little boys seemed to play about outside unconcerned, without apparent knowledge of the character and magnitude of the crime for which their father was held.

The outraged girl, Lydia Roy, is about seventeen years of age, low in stature but rather heavily built, and though not cultured, is a girl of good natural sense, of pleasant and modest expression; and during the cross-examination did not suffer her evidence to be tarnished in the least by the efforts of the opposing counsel to place her in the ridiculous attitude of contradictory statements. Herself and mother both, during all the examination, told one straightforward tale concerning the affair, despite the improper and cheeky demonstrations of the defense to thwart her testimony and render it valueless in the prosecution.

To the lookers-on it has become a settled conviction that the accused are guilty, and the outrage one of the foulest in the criminal annals of our state.

The prisoners have been held over to await the action of the grand jury, it not being a bailable case.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Two South Carolina congressmen, Bibble and Tillman, are for Randall for speaker.

The closest political friends of Sam. J. Randall say that there will be no other candidate for speaker heard of, except the Philadelphian, when the vote comes to be taken.

The St. Joe *Gazette* regards the Downing high license law as a great blunder, and one for which it hopes the Democratic party will not have to apologize to the people.

Jefferson City *Tribune:* If the Democratic party never has greater cause for shame than the passage of the Downing act, it ought to be the happiest party on earth. It never need to apologize to the people, unless it may be, unfortunately, for a failure to have the law enforced.

The Anderson *Intelligencer* and Columbia *Register*, leading South Carolina papers, both take Congressman Dibble severely to task for his support of Mr. Samuel J. Randall.

The Boston *Post* thinks the troubled little coterie of William's College graduates, who have thought it necessary to protest against the manner in which political economy is taught at that institution, are fit subjects for profound commiseration.

Senator Butler, of South Carolina, admits that the multiplication of ballot boxes in that state is designed to make it difficult for ignorant negroes to vote. He says: "I am waiting for some one to attack our way in the senate, and then I will ask about the way the Rhode Island people take to disfranchise voters who cannot read."

St Joe *Gazette:* Carry out the high license law to the letter in all those provisions which provide for an increase in the license, and, thereby, an increase in the revenue. But leave the German his beer on Sunday. Leave well-regulated saloons to keep open if they choose. Leave liberal men of all shades of nationality and politics a chance to enjoy their Sunday as they please, so only that they please to be quiet, orderly and well-behaved.

C. F. Clarkson, who was for a term the head of the United States of the order of the Sons of Temperance during its prosperity, was recently elected grand patriarch for Iowa. He says it is expected to have a hundred thousand Sons of Temperance in line and marching to the polls by election day in October, and that a division should and can be organized in every township in Iowa.

The Little Rock State *Gazette* announces as probable candidates to succeed Senator Walker, of Arkansas, Governor James H. Berry, the Hon. J. K. Jones, Poindexter Dunn, T. M. Gunter, General D. H. Reynolds, Judge W. W. Mansfield, W. M. Fishback, General G. D. Royston, ex-Governor Hill Rector, Colonel M. S. Bell and C. B. Breckinridge.

The Charleston (S. C.) *News* (Dem.) says that South Carolina congressmen who vote for Randall for speaker will vote contrary to the wishes of their constituents. It declares that there is no mistaking the sentiments of the people of South Carolina on the tariff question and their rooted opposition to the election of Mr. Randall as speaker of the next house of representatives.

"With all his ability and paliamentary skill," says the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* (Dem.), "Mr. Randall is not the man to be made Speaker of the Democratic House of Representatives. The party as it stands has a fatal facility for blundering. To elect Mr. Randall Speaker would be to serve notice on the public of a desire to cease blundering and commit suicide."

Jacksboro *Citizen:* The general cry is against big pastures. If the people wish the roads kept open they should stand together as one man, and not be afraid to let the commissioner's court know it.

MAJOR PENN'S CAMPMEETING.

Some Suggestions From Him to the Churches Interested.

[Belton Journal.]

My next campmeeting will be at Cameron, beginning on the 20th of July, and will continue about twelve days.

I suggest that all the churches expecting to be benefited prepare two boxes like ballot-boxes, one for all the unconverted people, who are willing to be saved, to drop their names in, and one for Christians to drop in the names of all they hope or desire to be converted in the meeting; then all Christians make these the subject of special prayer. Let the boxes be brought to the camp-ground on the first day of the meeting without opening.

As to stands the best arrangement is to have a limited number of each kind allowed on such occasions, and if any one shall be found selling or having about his stand anything not mentioned in his privilege, or his lease, such as any kind of intoxicating drinks or playing cards, or anything of an immoral character, he shall forfet his right to sell, and everything he may have on hand shall be sold or destroyed, and, if sold, the money to be given to the poorest widow or orphan on the ground. The reason I include or say "having anything about their stand," is that whiskey, etc., is often carried to the stands in saddle bags or valises, and when caught, very innocently say that it belongs to a gentleman(?) who just asked the privilege to set it there for a while. I have been searching for that gentleman(?) four years, but have never found him. The truth is, that gentleman(?) is always a silent partner! Now, if the right kind of men are appointed on the police force, we shall be apt to not have any trouble; at least two of them ought to be special deputy sheriffs, and one deputy United States marshal, who is not known to be such, so that those who may violate the revenue laws can be arrested and jailed without delay.

All owners of lands and clerks and agents, must close at every service and remain closed during each service, and they must attend every service.

W. E. PENN.

ALLIGATOR LEATHER.

First Tanned as a Curiosity, But Now Used to make a Multitude of Articles.

[New York Sun.]

A large variety of pocket-books, card cases, hand bags and other articles made of a peculiar mottled leather was seen in a Chambers street show case. A long narrow piece of the same kind of leather hung over them. It was rounded at one end and tapered away to a point at the other. Two flippers projected from each side of it.

"The use of alligator skins seems to be increasing," the reporter said to the proprietor of the show-case.

"The increase is astonishing," he replied. "Twelve or fifteen years ago alligator leather was tanned as a curiosity. Few articles were made of it. About four years ago, however, the manufacture of alligator leather began in earnest. First a few shoes were made of it, and the manufacturers of such goods saw there was something in it. It is a peculiarly beautiful leather. There are no two skins marked just alike, and it follows that no two articles made of the leather can be alike. The natural color of the leather is attractive, aside from the beauty of the markings. It finishes soft and flexible. It is conceded that Americans tan and finish it in a manner superior to the best workmanship of the old country. Here is a pocketbook; American alligator skin forms the outside; American calfskin the lining. Any judge of such goods will say that it is by all odds the handsomest as well as the best leather of the kind in existence. Sixty dollars a dozen for such goods, small as they are, is a low price.

"While the beauty of alligator leather is its chief characteristic, its durability is of hardly less importance. These gripsacks of alligator leather will outwear their owners, no matter how youthful. With these two things in its favor, it is no wonder that the sale of alligator leather is increasing."

"How many alligators were slaughered to satisfy the demand last year?"

"Not less than half a million."

"How do you get the skins and where do they come from?"

"Most of them come from Florida and the other gulf states. The alligators are shot with rifles, and the negroes have almost a monopoly of the business. When an alligator crawls out on the sand for his after-dinner sleep he falls a victim. The negro gets from fifty cents to one dollar apiece for aligators. The hunt is carried on so vigorously that the reptiles are beginning to grow scarce. Laws will have to be enacted to protect them during the breeding season and when young.

"All sizes from two to eighteen feet in length are now killed. The choice skin is six feet long. There is as much difference between the six-foot skin and the eighteen-foot-skin as there is between a calf skin and an ox hide. The skins are packed in lime for two months, to remove the horny scales. The remaining process is much like that for any leather. It takes four months to prepare a skin. There is a tannery for alligator skins in Brooklyn."

"Has any one developed an imitation of alligator leather?"

"The frauds are in using imperfect skins. No lime will soften the horns that have stood the attrition of red-hot sand for half a century. Those skins do not wear well between the scales. There are other imperfections in the skins. The demand for colored goods helps us out, however, as the coloring matter covers a multitude of imperfections. When you want an alligator leather article of any kind choose the uncolored goods, pay a fair price, and you will get the cheapest as well as the handsomest and best."

Their Bathing Dresses.

[Philadelphia Times.]

One thing has to be said to the credit of the Atlantic City girls, all of them, the tall, graceful girls from the seaside and Brighton, from the Dennis and Haddon houses, and the girls from the cottages as well—they do not use padded bathing suits. A gentleman who has visited several of the other and more pretentious seaside resorts has seen these delusions and snares before they were worn, and then seen them with their living skeletons inside of them in the water. Of course they are strictly for that very spirituelle style of girls known in the technology of dressmakers' art as "plank-shaped." At two or three of the fashionable resorts these symmetrical suits, with padding so arranged as not to be displaced by getting wet, have been introduced, and at Cape May they are hired. At the other places they are sold. As they enable the wearer to display dimensions just where dimensions are most lacking they are considered a great public benefit. At Atlantic City none of the girls will have anything to do with them. The Philadelphia girl especially regards them with scorn and evasion. She is not that kind of a girl. In her natty little dark suit, with out a touch of color and palpitating with each onward step, she enters the breakers all by herself, and after the first douse comes up just as real and tangible and genuine as before she entered. This probably is the first season that attention has been given to really elegant bathing suits, but few of them are to be found at Atlantic City. They are well made and of good material and fit nicely, but they are not fancy. There are occasional exceptions, and a lady was seen bathing yesterday with cream-colored hose, canvas gaiters bound with blue, a red silk turban a red jersey and pale blue breeches, cut short and edged with lace. One of the most modest and yet elegant bathing suits on the beach is worn by a young married lady of Philadelphia. It is all of black, with long trousers below the skirt, which is very much plaited.

An Early Morning Incident in a Horse-Car.

[New York Tribune.]

The hour was within a few minutes of 4 a. m., and a Third avenue surface car had just stopped at the down-town terminus. It was an open car, and the passengers, half-asleep or half-intoxicated, began to discharge themselves in a mechanical manner, to escape the inevitable summons from the conductor. One passenger only made no motion and gave no sign. Him the conductor collared promptly and shook vigorously, with the admonition, peremptorily given: "Hi! young feller; change cars and take a walk in the fish market." The "young feller" was a man whose gray and scanty locks and tremulous movements when thus rudely disturbed indicated on who had very nearly seen the weary winter sun twice forty times return. But there was about him a jaunty look, although he was poorly clad, that positively forbade the inference that ever time had added proofs that man was made to mourn.

It was evident to a spectator that the old man did not wish to quit the car and that he did not know how to avoid doing so—in other words, that he was penniless. Accordingly a nickel found its way into the aged hand that was moving about in an apparently aimless way, but which probably was kept in motion in a feeble attempt to hoodwink the conductor into the belief that its owner was on the point of departure. The effect of the touch of money was magical. From a creature ready to deprecate a horse-car conductor's wrath the old man was transformed into an independent, self-asserting being. He handed over the paltry piece with an air worthy of imitation by a duke when he gives his last half dollar to a Delmonico waiter.

Turning to his friend in need, the old man lifted his hat and said impressively: "God and His Holy Mother forbid you ever to suffer, sir." Then becoming confidential, he said: "Do you know the reason? I'd as soon be in Filadelfy as here; as soon be down town as oop. Well, I'll tell you. I buried me brother two weeks ago. He left me his money and his clothes, and I'm just afther administerin'." And there was no doubt that he had administered to the very dregs.

DEATHS IN TEXAS.

At Melrose, July 3, Dr. R. A. Leak, son of Dr. Robert Leak.

Near Palo Pinto, July 4, Mrs. Emma Lawson, wife of J. L. Lawson, aged 29 years.

At Haught's store, Dallas county, July 9, J. K. Potter, aged 18 years.

In Longview, July 6, Mrs. C. E. Tilley, aged 54 years.

Near Oeangeville, Fannin county, July 2, Mrs. John Cobb, wife of John Cobb.

Daingerfield, July 10, Mrs. Hines, wife of M. F. Hines.

In Denison, July 10, Clyde, the little son of Mr. J. T. Lindsey.

In Denton, July 8, Dr. A. T. Donaldson, aged 65 years.

In Denton, July 10, Wm. Smith, son of Rev. J. C. Smith.

Near Waxahachie, July 11, William Norwood, aged 75 years.

In Waxahachie, July 11, Miss Cora Waller, aged 18 years.

At Wharton, July 3, Peyton D. Randolph, aged 28 years.

Gainesville *Hesperian:* Bill Quail, musician at the dance hall, while sleeping off the effects of a drunk on the awning of the Anchor saloon, on Saturday morning, fell from that height to the ground, sustaining injuries which will no doubt prove fatal. A hasty examination shows that his hips are crushed, left arm broken and neck badly cut, with every evidence of internal injuries.

Texarkana *News:* Mr. Rome Barkman had his little two-year-old child and wife in a boat in McFarland's Springs. In sport he told the little one to jump, and without a moment's hesitation the obedient child sprang into the water. In a second Mr. Barkman sprang after it and plunged into water over his head in depth. Without reflecting the maternal fears of Mrs. Barkman became alarmed and she, too, sprang into the water to save her child, and poor Rome literally had his arms full in saving both at the same time. He protests he is satisfied with his child's obedience and will not again test it.

Col. Shaw, the American consul at Manchester, has received from President Arthur an autograph letter acknowledging the receipt of the portrait of John Bright, with the latter's autograph, sent as a souvenir of the Birmingham celebration. The president gracefully accepts the gift, and adds: "I have had the portrait appropriately hung upon the walls of the executive mansion."

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HOW SHE BOUGHT GARTERS.

A Seminary Girl's Attempt at Economy Rudely Checked by Impertinent Young Men.

[Chicago Herald.]

"You'll never tell if I tell you something?"

"Never!"

The first speaker crossed her thin little bony legs as a Turk tossed her high-crowned straw hat off, and began to pull up the grass in handfuls. "Well, you remember Mr. H., whom we met on class day with Kit? Well, I went around with him to show him the drawings, and he told me all about the store on Monroe street, and said if I ever wanted anything to come around and he'd sell me at wholesale. Well, the garters I got in Boston last summer were all worn out, and I thought it would be a good chance to get some more and at wholesale too. So yesterday about noon I went into that horrid wholesale house, and as I had forgotten just how he looked, I asked the first fellow I met if Mr. H. was in. He said: "Of course he is, and mighty glad of it and I'm your man." I told him in as low a tone as I could use that I wanted some garter-rubber, but he became awfully deaf all of a sudden, and I had to ask him three times before he heard me. Then he called 'Jim' as loudly as he could because he said he didn't know much about staples. Jim was his partner and a perfect Adonis. He was introduced and began to cut up and joke as though he had known me since I put my hair up. They both hunted all over for the garter-rubber; they found plenty of hat elastic, suspenders and those little fixins that men used to keep up their sleeves with. Such stupidity I never saw, for H. actually looked in a bustle-box, and pulling out a big red-cushioned affair that looked like a winter life preserver, asked me if that was what I wanted. I was so vexed with myself for laughing that I wanted to cry, and think Mr. H. saw that, for just then he found what I wanted. Then I did not know how much I wanted. It was lovely scarlet silk rubber, the prettiest shade I ever saw, and, just think, all silk. That handsome, saucy Jim wanted to measure me. Wasn't that shocking? And I was so mad. Then Mr. H. said, 'You'd better take the whole piece, so you'll be sure to have enough.' So I told him all right. I had to, or his perfectly abominable partner would have insisted on measuring me right there. Then they gave the bolt, which I guess had about sixty yards of rubber on it, to a clerk 'to bill,' and both stood there making puns about this whip barb pin, and my hair and hat, and wanted to know who ponied up the bangles of my bracelets. When the parcel came back and I asked how much it was, fat Jim said, 'Oh, never mind the money, we give away our stock to such charming customers and began to quote poetry. Finally I got him to take a $10 bill, and how much change do you suppose those leeches gave me back?"

"I don't know; about $8."

"Three dollars and sixty cents. I just jammed it into my reticule in the middle of my powder-box, which Mr. H. saw, and wanted to know if that was a sample of summer wheat. I was just about crimson with rage, and he took out a pencil and wanted to know where he'd send it. I grabbed it out of his hand and said 'no, thanks,' for I would like to have tied the bolt around their necks and choked both of them. As I was going out Jim bowed low and said: 'Maid of Athens, ere we part, give, oh, give me back my heart;' but I was so mad that I just run on without paying the least attention to him."

Both of these young ladies are graduates of one of the Chicago seminaries, and when the above conversation took place were seated in a very pleasant yard back of an elegant West Monroe street residence. As three-quarters of a yard of rubber is a sufficient plenty for any style of garters it may not be amiss to tell the fair reader what become of the rest of the purchase. The lovely scarlet silk elastic was cut up and made into side straps, feather-stitched with old gold floss, put into little bouquet-boxes, and sent to each of the senior class. The most perplexed youth in the block is that college cousin who cannot imagine what the things are for, or where the joke is.

A Texan who is in Washington looking for an office says that down in his section they put the spittoon in the center of the table while they play poker so they can spit without taking their eyes off the other players. When they have no spittoons they expectorate down their vests. They play under umbrellas so that nobody can look down through peep holes in the ceiling and give their hands away. When one player announces that he has four kings and another player asks what his side card is no further inquiries are made. It is taken for granted there are eight kings out, and the ranking side card takes the pot.