LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

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[illegible] and they were sweethearts.

[illegible] course they were; that's what they [illegible] having ever since Bob, a [illegible] of twenty, had come out from [illegible] to the Texas Panhandle with [illegible].

[illegible] May was a bright-haired, [illegible] girl of fourteen whom [illegible] called her daughter of a "red-[illegible]."

[illegible] was a strong, good humored boy, [illegible] a deal of work; and he had a [illegible] like that gave him command of [illegible] mixtures. He rose rapidly in [illegible] Love's employ from simple cow-[illegible] to wagon-boss, then foreman; [illegible] he was only 23 went, with the [illegible] and good will of his employer, [illegible] the position of ranch manager for [illegible] company.

[illegible] a young lover. Bob was [illegible] a whole-hearted one, his state of [illegible] was patent, he took such delight [illegible] in chaing with each open [illegible] and enthusiasm, that all the Pan-[illegible] knew it and for him.

[illegible] begot a letter that a girl [illegible] daughter is apt to be, [illegible] any difficulty, anybody [illegible] a daughter to spare—might have [illegible] Bob for a son-in-law.

[illegible] old man Love was pleased enough [illegible] the match, and greatly given to [illegible] of Bob as a coming adjunct to [illegible] business, until the tragedy of [illegible] prettily, threatened to sever [illegible] hearts, and darken forever [illegible] life's proper horizon.

About this time, the mail coming the expectant justice came down to the fur-ther bank of the arroyo. The water was going down visibly but its roar was still considerable.

"Ho, Bob!" yelled the justice, above its sound, "got yer hosses?"

Bob took it out and waived it above his head.

Old man Love could see, from where he stood, hear a word; but he surmised what had been said; and the sight of the document was like as the red rag to the bull.

"I dare ye to marry 'em," he screamed. "I dare ye to do it." And in an ecstacy of rage and anxiety, he forced his way down into the foaming creek, among the whirling drift, where he was promptly pitched off by the terrified creature, which instantly returned. Pearsall, at the risk of his own life, had to fish him out, receiving (many of abuse for his pains, and returning it with biting irony.

In two minutes' time the shallower arroyo was fordable, though the creek down which big drift continued to come was out. Bob set May on her pony, mounted his own, and prepared to ride out. The sight of the justice—a plains cupid, with boots, slicker and coatless hat—preparing to take charge of the pair, was too much for old man Love; and, dismounted as he was, he plunged, in a delirium of rage, into the creek, spluttering and yelling:

"Stop! Hold on! You just dare!"

May hesitated, frightened; but old Hank Pearsall yanked her father out again and set him on dry land, snorting.

"Doggone ye! I pulled y' out once before! What for cuinor ye stay out! Hah? "When ye try lockin agin a boy like that, backed by a Texas mother, you're goin' to git left—don't ye know it? That kid's got a double cinch on Providence! Bet ye he had this hyer storm staked out!"

"Go it feller! Go it gal! I'm with ye ever time—I'm for ye! You the right sort! I wouldn't hender ye for all the darned old snake-bite fools in Texas! I'll jist gather up the scraps of this ole sejit an' tote 'em back to the ranch."

And as May and Bob rode off, tattered, beaten, draggled, but obliviously blissful and jaunty, a faint hail followed them.

"Goodbye kids—wish yer joy! Come on ole calamity!"

ALICE MacGOWAN.

A "LOAD."

McBride's Shortage Something Like Sixteen Thousand Dollars.

By Associated Press.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 10.—The committee recently appointed by the Supreme Lodge, Knights and Ladies of Honor, to examine into the condition of the books of Supreme Treasurer McBride made a report that a shortage of nearly $16,000 exists. The committee chooses to call it a claim against McBride, and say after Bob May's departure, like a roaring [illegible] Arrian lion with mustard in his [illegible]

[illegible] boys"—who knew well enough [illegible] was afoot, and what would be [illegible] of them—dropped their tin cups [illegible] Jasper on their waiting ponies [illegible] were out of hailing distance [illegible] fairly lit in their saddles.

[illegible] old Hank Pearsall, the cook, was [illegible] not long from Southwest [illegible] anyone of, nor caring [illegible] for Bob Holly and his love [illegible]. So he struck at his official post, [illegible] tail end of the chuck wagon, and [illegible] situation. To the impuis[illegible] bravado and singular antics of [illegible] and entertaining employer, [illegible] commanded to come along and [illegible] in creating loss and rescuing [illegible] mounted a serious appearing but [illegible] compact, black-and-white pony, [illegible] white eye, and much symmetry [illegible] much of a character in its [illegible] was in no—and elected, [illegible] considerably interested and curiously [illegible] rode hard, and were near over-[illegible] lovers within a mile of Hour-[illegible] creek. But while pursuer and pur-[illegible] passed on at their utmost pace, [illegible] faster was roaping with a han-[illegible] greater speed to take a hand [illegible] game.

[illegible] by last of Roaring creek was just [illegible] beyond that a tiny rise, then [illegible] and beyond that again, the roof [illegible] house, just in sight. As [illegible] May tottered over the creek [illegible] scrambled up onto the rise be-[illegible] both looked back, and their pe-[illegible] tossing their heads, pricking [illegible] and snorting at a curious hum-[illegible] that suddenly seemed to fill [illegible] air about.

"Hurry, darling," cried Bob, throw-[illegible] a hand to catch May's; "I'a a [illegible] coming from above!" but be-[illegible] they could descend the slope, to [illegible] the dry arroyo in front, it was run-[illegible] back to banks, and brimming [illegible] with a sudden flow of red, muddy [illegible].

[illegible] above the noise of the flood [illegible] they heard a sound like the [illegible] of furious multitudes, [illegible] backward and up the creek, [illegible] the sounds came, they saw a [illegible] shudder-wall—pushing [illegible] and bearing upon its crest all [illegible] of debris—advancing [illegible] the dry creek bed with such a [illegible] onslaught that the little mound [illegible] their good cheeks, and seemed [illegible] to cower under their feet.

[illegible] about them. The arroyo [illegible] creek below. Above, both [illegible] the creek had flooded out until [illegible] their little mound was an [illegible] momentarily growing smaller, [illegible] on every side by raging ro-[illegible] were driven and whirled [illegible] grown cattle, with [illegible] a frozen paw, whose trailing [illegible] caught in their barbs all man-[illegible] struggling [illegible] were about them; down [illegible] by.

[illegible] "darling, above, darling," [illegible] "It won't last long—the water [illegible] over d'e rise."

[illegible] Bob," said May, with [illegible] "I'm afraid I cr[illegible] any-[illegible] I'm afraid I'm going to die to-[illegible] I'm sure that's a heap [illegible] I've felt for the [illegible] years."

[illegible] of his pony and lifted [illegible] down. The ball was coming [illegible] and lost cruelly upon them. He wrapped his slicker about her, pushed the ponies close together, and sheltered her with them and his own body as best he could.

"We won't die," he said; "but poor little girl, what an awful storm I've dragged you into—"

Just then from the farther bank of the creek above the awful howling of the storm, came this intelligent command in old man Love's curr-splitting tones.

May Love! You come to me this minute!" And May laughed hysterically.

"Well, he can't get at us, anyway—but the hail can. O, look at your poor hands. O, Bob, I can't bear it—put the slicker back on."

"Why, honey," said Bob, as the [illegible] came in earnest now, "I'd get pounded just the same anyhow; and you must let me have the comfort of keeping some of it off you—it ain't a parlor on the way you're to wed'd do me if he could get me right now."

While the storm raged and the water rose nearly to their feet, Hank Pearsall had the almost exclusive benefit of old man Love's remarks, since only his wildest shrieks reached the young couple, who were too much absorbed in each other to heed either him or the storm very much.

These remarks disagreed with Mr. Pearsall, who was notoriously a man of judgment and observation.

"What's the matter with that young feller?" he queried angrily; "watch him a standin' to the north end in his gal a keepin' the hail offen her? He aint no chump! If he keeps that lick up right through he'll make a better husband 'n what you ever did!"

About this time, the hail ceasing the expectant justice came down to the further bank of the arroyo. The water was going down visibly but its roar was still considerable.

"Ho, Bob!" yelled the justice, above its sound, "got yer hosses?"

Bob took it out and waived it above his head.

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"Go it feller! Go it gal! I'm with ye ever time—I'm for ye! You the right sort! I wouldn't hender ye for all the darned old snake-bite fools in Texas! I'll jist gather up the scraps of this ole sejit an' tote 'em back to the ranch."

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"Goodbye kids—wish yer joy! Come on ole calamity!"

ALICE MacGOWAN.

A GREAT BEAUTY

IS THE NEW LIBRARY OF CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON.

FOR SIXTEEN LONG YEARS

The Architect Planned to Provide a Building to Hold All Our Books to the Year 2000, and Yet It is Not Completed.

Washington, Nov. 8.—Across the flat square of the capitol rises to its full height, about 125 feet, the new library of congress, the third conspicuous object in the city, some sixty feet lower than the capitol dome, which is some 270 feet lower than the Washington monument.

The library dome is gold, while the capitol dome is iron, painted white. The library is zipped by a bronze arm or valve, giving vent to gold flame, and has a gold skull below this, ribbed in bronze, and has a gold dome further below also set in bronze, while the exterior of the drum or dome walls is of granite, high and plain in massive abutments; yet the dome is not, as in the capitol, the principal feature, for while the capitol dome squeezes down the dwarfish center of the capitol, like a roll triple thick on an old and little Pope, letting the wings escape like a pair of fillies from a spiritless colt which a tall goose is roosting upon, the library dome is central to a building of such square proportions that it implies merely strength, stability and radiance from beneath.

An Assassin, with a shield black and flexible, bastardizes the Capitol top, but the library wears no other crest than sacred fire.

The capitol is a building to be admired, yet is incongruous in materials and architecture—a pair of marble Parthenons joined to a temple of shell, stone or sand by shallow arcades, like the entrance "redoubtes," and over the temple a mediaval or Christian dome.

The alternate feeling of Athens, Rome, Byzantium and Italy is conveyed to the mind, the painter working on the sea complexity of whiteness.

The new library, some 700 feet from the capitol, is a rectangle, a rectangle of white granite with a great mass of marble, on one side only, which is toward the capitol, as if Minerva presented to her creatures and representatives her warlike sandal as to say: "Unlike its strings if ye are worthy."

Back of the goddess' foot rises her little head, on shoulders nearly as stone. Whoever approaches farther than her shoe will find himself in a sacred temple, all infinite with shafts, capitals and marbles, and after that the circle, hemisphered above, makes a pantheon of books.

Three stacks of books depart from the circle between academic gardens, the fourth spoke or ray being the foyer or "TEMPLE ALREADY MENTIONED.

No chimneys break the seven sky lines, but at the rear rises a monument in the single chimney to the great furnaces, built far from the edifice, like an obelisk before a pyramid. The stomach of the library is not beneath its head, but does its work in vaults and lets Minerva's study float as free from smoke as in the sky of Hellas where roof were awnings and windows were not. Granite and iron, as in an ancient tomb, compose the building.

The library covers more ground than the capitol. It is nearly a square, with colonnadons at the four corners and a portico in front, the style of Corinthian, that most florid order of the Greeks interposed in a plain rectangle, like the Parisian palace walls, of alternate triangle and circle pediments and windows. In the front are twenty-seven openings, in the sides twenty. The treatment is a basement of three window deep, and a main story and attic over the great portico only, the roof elsewhere suppressed.

The Corinthian columns are plain, like smooth cabbage work, the capitals alone resplendent, like Helen disrobed, but in the double crown of Menelas and of Paris.

The great portico, covering the scaffolding or foyer, is in pairs of columns, and when completed will be worthy of the heroine's temple, with its 100 columns, the capitals of which cost $300 apiece. About $2500 was used in gold leaf upon the domes, the precious metal now so victorious at be capital hammered out between gold-beaters' layers of skin and released till a handful of it gilded the covering of all the literatures of man, as a little of it in reserve secures all the money of nations. As the dome was being gilded the parliament beneath was being divorced from silver, as the Leah of metals.

THE LIBRARY.

is now ready built all around to the cornice line of stone. It will be ready for occupancy two years from next winter.

In the four corner entablatures the great keystones over the basement windows are carved in the likenesses of the races of men, Mongol, Malay, African, American and Aryan. In the central portico the Saxon and Celtic types show out in but two heads, which might be taken for either of a hundred known persons, so equally does scholarship work upon the face under equal conditions.

The essential part of the library is the reading rotunda, 100 feet in diameter, lighted mainly by immense panes of glass, some eighty feet above the floor, which are hemispheres. From this rotunda the book-stacks depart in three vast cages, making three sides of a cross, the shorter line opposite to the entrance portico and academy and statuary hall. Courts of white porcelain bricks divide their corridors and let daylight in. Nine stories high are the book-stacks, a window between each pair of shelves, noiseless elevators to lower and return the books, and the stacks will hold 2,000,000 books, and one of these will store away the 650,000 volumes now possessed.

The new library, costing $6000,000, will hold all our books till the year 2000.

In the center will be the librarian surrounded by a manuscript catalogue ever up to date, and able to see every reader down the radii as he works. Special reading rooms with privileges, and work in answers in the drum above, exhibit visible spectators will not come about the floor, but look down from galleries.

IN THE DOME SIDES.

Senators and representatives have two large library parlors, with state fireplaces, nearest the capitol.

A single room is 225 feet long on the south side in the library's square, and will be used for an ill required in capitol century for books. The stone is all from the city of Concord, N. H., the brick from Washington, the iron from Pennsylvania.

Within the dome at present are dizzy temporary stairs leaping the triangular hole below, but the iron stairways within the concentric domes are well advanced, and soon, upon movable scaffolds, the decorators will crawl like flies around the ceiling of the dome, suspended beneath by nothing, and high as the Brooklyn bridge from the earth.

Ten cranes with giant masts raise these prodigious monoliths and feel to place their capitals with the intelligence of a barber working in your hair. An aerial man is seen about the building whose wrists were severed by a falling column. The carving is superintended by a Scotchman, whose models stand opposite the stone-cutters and an electric drill expedites the cutting.

When finished the library will be a noble oblong, nearly white, crowned with a balustrade of stone, an attic raised above its four pavilions at the corners, at its noble center, which suggests the Grand Opera in Paris—that central attic here supposed to overshadow the foyer where the double pairs of columns are its sides. Over the foyer or academy is a great gas skylight, the apex of the roof, and similar skylights crest each of the corner pavilions. The great double-staged basement is rusticated, the exposed stairway tripos arched and spreading far. The hate is Italian. The architect, Smithmeyer, told me he was sixteen years working out this library. GAIN.

DISCUSSING REVENUE LEGISLATION.

By Associated Press.

Washington, Nov. 10.—Chairman Wilson, of the ways and means committee, called at the White House to-day and was closeted with the president for some time. There is no reason to doubt that proposed revenue legislation was the subject of the discussion. It is understood that duplicate copies of all the information and statements prepared in the treasury department for the information of the ways and means committee have been furnished to President Cleveland, and inasmuch as the new tariff and internal revenue bill is to be made public as soon as, if not earlier than, the annual message of the president to congress, it is necessary that there should be a perfect understanding beforehand between him and the majority of the ways and means committee in order that the main provisions of the bill may be in harmony with the recommendations of the message. This fact of itself shows how intimate the relations of the legislative and executive departments of the government have become under this administration, even if it does not indicate an unusual degree of subserviency on the part of the former.

It is asserted by some of his warm supporters that President Cleveland does not regard with favor the proposition to impose a tax on incomes, and hopes that such a tax may be avoided. Whether he favors an increase in the internal taxes on whisky, malt liquors and manufactured tobacco nobody seems to be willing to assert, but Speaker Crisp is authority for the statement that such an increase will probably be recommended by the ways and means committee. There is reason to believe that Democratic members of the committee are by no means unanimously in favor of an income tax or of the impositions mentioned, although all of them realize that a heavy increase of internal taxation will be necessary in order to offset losses of customs revenue which will inevitably be caused by proposed additions to the free list and sharp reductions in the rates of duty on manufactured goods.

It is asserted that Chairman Wilson and his colleagues have been greatly alarmed because the fact has leaked out that work is to be placed on the free list. So far as any information which appears to be trustworthy indicates, they will recommend the whipping out of the duties on all so-called "raw materials," with the possible exception of wool, which, it is strongly asserted, will be retained on the dutiable list at a reduced rate of say 50 to 60 cents a ton in response to Democratic demands from West Virginia, Virginia and Maryland.

Both Mr. Turner and Mr. Montgomery, of the ways and means committee, today expressed the opinion that the new revenue bill will be completed and made public in a week or two days before the beginning of the regular session, but it is known that this opinion is not shared by all of their colleagues.

ANNEXATIONISTS HIT HARD.

Washington, Nov. 10.—Prof. W. C. Alexander, correspondent of the Hawaiian Islands is in the city. Prof. Alexander is an American, a graduate of Yale, and a man of great intelligence.

In response to queries this evening he said to an Associated Press representative: "Mr. Gresham's letter is a great blow to us. If the policy is carried out it means bankruptcy and ruin to the Islands. If the attempt is made to restore Queen Lilliokalani bloodshed will result. I doubt if the queen herself would live to sit again upon the throne. The people who established the provisional government in the Islands were the same who secured the constitution of 1887, which was acquiesced in by Kalakaua. There was danger of disorder at that time, and Secretary Bayard, President Cleveland's former secretary of state, was very vigorous in his instructions to Mr. Merrill, United States minister to Hawaii, that the rights and interests of Americans must be preserved, and that he was at liberty to call upon the United States armed forces to assure this. It was this constitution of 1887 that Lilliokalani sought to overthrow and to establish one which would make only native-born eligible to the upper house of the legislature, and which would deny white men the right to vote.

"The revolution of last January was the result of that. United States recognized the new government, has received its minister, has accredited a minister to it and has granted exequaturs to its consuls. How can it interfere with this government, seek to depose and set up another in its place? We come asking the United States to annex the Islands. Then apply it is not in accord with the principles of government to interfere in the affairs of another country and seek to overthrow one government, which the people of the islands have established, and set up another."

EXTRAORDINARY POWERS.

By Associated Press.

London, Nov. 10.—A correspondent of the Times at Madrid says: The powers have been conferred under the constitution upon the authorities of the provinces of Barcelona enabling them to arrest suspected persons without the prescribed forms and permitting the police to enter domiciles and examine documents without warning or warrants.

BY THE QUEEN'S ORDERS.

By Associated Press.

Barcelona, Nov. 10.—At the request of the queen regent, Captain General Martinez Campos has visited all the people wounded by the explosion of the bomb thrown from the gallery of the theater last Tuesday evening, into the audience below. The authorities continue to arrest all alleged anarchists supposed to be concerned in the plot.

AN OLD TIMER'S PREDICAMENT.

Chicago, Nov. 9.—The ball player, Ed Decker, who is said to be insane, was led back to jail from Judge Dunn's court this morning. Decker's case is peculiar. At one time he was the star player in the old Philadelphia club, and later his name became well known to all the patrons of ball as the man who invented the turnstile used in all the ball parks, race tracks and fair grounds of the country. Some time ago Decker became insane and while in that state, committed three forgeries for small sums of money. On the advice of medical men he was sent to Elgin and [illegible] improvement in his case. The state's attorney, thinking that the authorities were about to turn Decker out as cured, had the old forgery charges brought up and about a month ago he was brought back here and kept in jail. The matter was brought up before Judge Dunn, on the forgery charges, but as Decker appeared to be insane he could not be tried for the crime, and as the charges were withdrawn on the promise of Decker's friends that they would send him back to Elgin and have him kept there till he was cured.

WOMAN'S VOICE.

Bab Makes Bright Comments on That Organ.

ROSE COGHLAN'S IS FRUITY.

Bernhardt's Jekyll and Hyde Voice.

Jane Harding's Silvery, Langtry's Polite and Terry's False—The Tones of Mrs. Kendal, Ada Rehan, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Georgia Cayvan and Others Accurately Described.

(From our regular correspondent.)

New York, Nov. 7, 1893.—She would talk. I never deny a woman this, her infallible right, except when she happens to be sitting near me at the theater and has gotten a curious idea that her conversation is of more interest to the general public than the play which they have paid to see. If she ever said anything interesting, one wouldn't mind, but she seldom does. Her talk is limited to what "he says," "she says," and "I wouldn't do it for anybody," and "I never did such a thing in my life." The result, the other night, was that eight people were driven out of the theater; women couldn't hear a word of the play, and, naturally, when they departed they took four men with them.

Sitting down to dine, with a bird and a bottle of champagne—food to the queen's taste—the queen always represents an American woman—a roseate beacon of the feminine talker brought up the question.

"WHO HAS A BEAUTIFUL VOICE?"

The man was enjoying his supper sufficiently to let the women talk; the woman had the feminine ability to talk, and enjoy her supper, too, and this is what she said: I do think that more men remain unmarried, because women get their voices in too shrill a key, than for any other reason. No man wants to be whooped at. Any man will submit to a scolding, if the voice that says the disagreeable words is sweet, and the eyes laugh. There is no use to talk about the American voice. Such a thing does not exist. Personally, I believe a sweet voice is largely the result of good food, and next, of refinement. And yet, curious enough, my belief is continually shaken. Look at Bernhardt! She has a voice like an angel's! Seductive, alluring, determined, persuasive; it is—if there is any emotion possible to a woman; it is never loud and always sweet. And yet, nobody can claim that Sarah has the blood of the Vere de Veres in her veins, or that in her early life she lived off of delicate food. There are shrill voices, wellbred voices and exquisite voices.

Take Rose Coghlan for instance. Her voice is rich, full and what a man in speaking of a good bottle of Burgundy would call "fruity"—but it is never feminine. You love to hear it, but it strikes on your ear like a perfect contralto that is rapidly reaching a baritone. It gives you a delight but it never impresses you with an idea of womanliness. Jane Harding has a voice like silver—not gold; it is never either loud enough or strong enough to suggest the more glittering metal, but somehow it goes to the heart, and it makes you think of moonlight and silver streams, and softness, and femininity. Terry? I never cared for Terry's voice. That's curious, because most people like it; but it always sounded to me like a false chord. And after I met Terry, and saw how slovenly looking the woman was, sometimes I never wanted to see her act again. Mrs. Langtry's voice, while incapable of expressing many emotions, is essentially the voice of a well-bred woman; polite, sweet, low, it pleases you and unconsciously you feel that the woman who is speaking would think it bad form to wear her heart upon her sleeve for every day to pick at.

THE USES OF THE VOICE.

Mrs. Kendal has essentially the artistic voice. Speaking exquisite English in the most delightful tones, she can control her voice to suit her character. That is, the one which the public sees, and this, curiously enough, is an accomplishment which few of our critics have discovered. Ada Rehan? Well, people tell me that the admiration of her voice is a cultivated taste, and add, when you first taste of olives or snails, you don't like them, and I always answer by saying that I have never learned to like snails yet.

Clara Morris has a voice like a hacksaw, and Helen Dauvray one that is as hard and steel-like as a pocket knife. I tell you another woman who has a shrill, unpleasant voice; one that always gives an audience the impression that she is overbearing, self-conscious, and that is blonde-haired, childish-looking Effie Shannon. But when you come to a disagreeable voice, one that strikes the drum of your ear and makes you feel seasick, listen to Maud Harrison. When she was young her voice may have been better, and even now, if she played other parts, she might adapt it to suit them; but as she selects to be an ingenue forever, I suppose the audience will always be afflicted with those high, shrill notes that invariably give me the tooth-ache.

Sweet voices? Georgia Cayvan has one. It pleases your ear, and doesn't rise to a shrill note ever. Fanny Davenport's voice is clear, expressive, and with a lot-note of womanliness that many speaker women might pray for. Lillian Russell has a laughing voice, and you like it just as you like her beauty.

There are two sweet voices that one hears on the stage that you like, and you wonder why you like. They are soft, warmly, persuasive. The reason you like them is because they are Southern voices, and I put them down to the order of their charms. One belongs to Bessie Tyree, the other to Kitty Cheatham. Nattie's voice is incisive, clear, but—well, it runs a little hard. Miss Arthur's is a little too suggestive of her speaking from the collar and you don't like to think of a woman being in the depths. Blanche Walsh has absolutely dulcet tones—what can you expect when her mother was from New Orleans and her father from Ireland? Viola Allen's voice has all the beauty of Rose Coghlan's, and is purely feminine in addition. Lotta? I don't remember a thing about Lotta's voice. She is just herself, and while you are conscious of the fun she manages to evoke from everything, her tone leaves no impression upon you.

WOMEN AS CHATTERERS.

The woman who was talking had just gotten thus far, when, raising her eyes, she saw the other one who had driven her from the theater, sit down at the table next to her, as she said to her escort: "I'll just stop talking and eat, and let the woman at the next table entertain us," and she did.

This one began in a loud voice by announcing: Did you see me bow to Ann Louise as we were coming out? Well, that was Maud Harrison with her. I can tell you such a funny story about her. Years ago, when the Actor's Fund was started, the different actresses were told to go off to different parts of the city to ask for contributions. Some went to the newspapers, some to the judges, some to the brokers, and that way all around. Well, Miss Jewett and Miss Harrison went to the judges. One of them was awfully in love with me at the time, so when he came to see me that evening, he told me about the pretty visitors he had. I had never seen actress off the stage in my life, and so I said: 'Oh, that lovely Sarah Jewett and Maud Harrison; tell me all about them.' And he said: 'Well, they are both—extremely pretty women. Miss Jewett is a lady, and the other one would like to be.' Wasn't that Frenchy?

After this she took a large gulp of champagne, presumably to get her wind back, and then went on: "Somebody says that New Orleans is the worst city in the world next to Berlin. I wonder if it is true? I saw a woman at the theater tonight who has a face like an angel, and yet to my certain knowledge, she has ruined morally, and physically, four men; her husband adores her, and won't believe a word that anybody says against her. In fact, after getting one anonymous letter, he refuses to open his mail, insisting on her doing that, so that he might never hear a disagreeable word about her. Wasn't that lovely? But men are so lovely anyhow. They have got such a lot of belief—in a bad woman who knows how to manage them. Oh, no, I have never learned how to manage men. With this she took her last mouthful and deserted.

The other woman sighed, and the man who was with her asked quietly:

"WHERE DO SUCH WOMEN COME FROM?"

And she said: "I don't know, but their existence is probably the fault of men. If I were a man and went out once with a woman who talked like that, I should not only never take her out again, but I should make it a point to tell her the reason why, and after two or three men had done that she would learn a lesson that might result in the modulation of her voice."

But he said: "Let us return to our talk."

"I can't," said the woman; "I have been thinking of other things since. First of all, of what this winter is going to mean to us. I don't pretend to know anything about politics, but if the hard times are the result of the folly and nonsense of the senate, then, as sure as you and I are living there men will suffer untold agonies before they reach their end. Yesterday I was in a shop and they told me they had discharged fifty girls. Does that convey anything to your mind? It means fifty young women earning anything from four to ten dollars a week, thrown out in the world at the dull season, and with no likelihood of getting any other work until times are better. I heard of twenty-five men earning twenty-five dollars a week, each of whose wages had been reduced to fifteen. Do you know what that means? It means the giving up of what these people would call luxuries and what we call necessities; of a bit of meat, of some medicine, of the newspapers, of a single evening's music making life so close and narrow that there is nothing in it but bread and work.

Secondly might say I ought to be drinking this champagne, and yet if the people who had money would only circulate it, everybody would be better off. And do you know who suffers? It isn't the millionaire who owns thousands upon thousands of dollars, whose wife has bills whenever she wants; he is too hardened for money. It is the people who earn $25 and $50 who say I am just the way to give it out of their reduced incomes, and who are easily frightened and worried by rude calls. I stood by a woman the other day who owed $25 and I told her what to say, and when she lost her courage I said it for her. I said, 'This young lady has no intention of defrauding you, she acknowledges the bill and is willing to pay; she hasn't got the money now, but she will, you can have a dollar or two every Monday, more if possible, until she has given it all to you.' That man was grateful to the last degree. In talking to me afterward, he showed me a bill for $7000 owed to him by a man whose name is famous all over the United States, and he said he didn't dare dun him. That he might take advantage of some loophole and never pay him, whereas, if he let him alone, he had a chance of getting it. That's politics, isn't it? Oh, I get sick at times when I think of all this, and wonder what the winter is going to bring forth. You talk to me now."

WHY THIS DOG WAS NAMED MIKE.

"Well," he said, "I don't know that there is much that is new; I have got a new puppy; his father was Chum and his mother Daisy; he has been named Brian Boru, and is commonly called Mike. Why, Mike? Well, there are possibilities in Mike—in New York. He landed yesterday; tomorrow he will be engaged in the street cleaning business; next year he will have a better position; twenty years from now he will be mayor of the city; and he will be tracing his ancestor back to the days when Malachi wore the collar of gold, which he is forging the proud inscription." The possibilities of Mike in New York are beyond description. He may be the father of the next president, or he may be a first-class bartender. I'll tell you one thing, though, it's almost as difficult to find a good bartender as it is to find a good president. But then, what do we know about good presidents? Now you see why I have named Brian Boru, commonly called Mike. I want to give him a chance in the world which he wouldn't have if he belonged to any other mongrelity. You know I am a great believer in a name. From the beginning, a short name has always frightened a man. Look how Adam took to Eve and deserted Lilith. You never thought of that? Why, that is the only reason in the world why men like—" BAB.

A GOOD THING FOR RHEUMATISM.

There is nothing I have ever used for muscular rheumatism that gives me as much relief as Chamberlain's Pain Balm does. I have been using it for two years—four bottles in all—as occasion required, and always keep a bottle of it in my home. I believe I know a good thing when I get hold of it, and Pain Balm is the best liniment I have ever met with. W. B. Denney, New Lexington, Ohio. 50-cent bottle for sale by N. E. Grammer and J. P. Nicks & Co., Druggists.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

It is said that while a resident of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., was duck shooting recently, an eagle swooped down and carried off one of his duck decoys, slicker and all.

In Hartford the removal of the vermiform appendix, until lately considered as a rare and dangerous operation, has recently been successfully performed many times.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES as well as beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases and every Blemish on Beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of forty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure this properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the beau ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin Preparations." For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FRED. T. HOPKINS, Props., 37 Great Jones St. N. Y.

AFFLICTED But not Blind.

I have been afflicted for a long time with Catarrh and Catarrhal Bronchitis. It caused me to suffer untold misery in my back and side, shoulders and lungs, besides producing a very bad cough. Many times I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I took all kinds of remedies for my complaint, exploiting secret of the best physicians. I gradually grew worse until I was unable to get out of bed without assistance. Every one said I had consumption. I had given up all hopes myself, but wanted to live on account of my husband and little family. A kindly neighbor woman took me in her carriage to Dr. Fisk's office. He examined my case very carefully and said he could cure me. I have been under his treatment four months, and am only too glad to say I am most well, and am not blind as the fact that if it had not been for Dr. Fisk I would have been in my grave long ago. I want to say to any and all women who are afflicted, go and see Dr. Fisk and get cured.

MRS. J. B. GREER, 1817 Guy street, Fort Worth, Tex.

DR. R. W. FISK CURES CATARRH, DISEASES OF WOMEN, BRONCHITIS, KIDNEY, LIVER, BLOOD and NERVOUS diseases, DIABETES, DROPSY, BLADDER TROUBLES, CHOREA (St. Vitus Dance), RHEUMATISM, PILES, FISTULA and all forms of Chronic and Blood Diseases. Medicine furnished at the office.

TREATMENT BY MAIL.

The system of mail treatment adopted by Dr. R. W. FISK guarantees the same good results to those submitting their cases through correspondence as to those who come in person.

Write for diagnostic blank. It will describe your symptoms accurately. No. 1 for women, No. 2 for men. Business strictly confidential.

R. W. FISK, M. D.

Hendricks Building.

Cut this out and save it for future reference.

WILCOX COMPOUND TANSY PILLS SAFE AND SURE.

Tansy Pills are now prepositing Wilcox Compound Tansy Pills, the genuine are put up in Red Boxes with registered trade mark of three crowns on the cover. Sold everywhere. Wilcox Safe Guard and receive them by mail. Wilcox Specific Co. Phila. Pa.

ERRORS OF YOUTH completely removed by MARVELOUS DISCOVERY. Full of those suffering from Nervous Debility and Weakness, and having been unsuccessfully treated, will find this invaluable remedy a certain and speedy cure for lost manhood, premature decay, impotency, lack of confidence, nocturnal emissions, spermatorrhœa, the result of youthful indiscretion, or excessive use of tobacco, opium or liquor, weak memory, exhausted vitality and dreams, &c. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes, which will cure most cases, for $5, postpaid. Address our agent, N. E. MEDICAL INSTITUTE 14 Tremont Row, Boston Mass.

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A GREAT STOCK OF NEW AND STYLISH GOODS NOW ARRIVING

Good Paper, 5c Roll. Nice Gilt Paper, 7 1-2c. Elegant Designs, 15c Borders and Ceilings to match.

Send for Samples and state about what is wanted.

JAMES BUTE, Wall Paper Merchant, HOUSTON, TEX.

TEXAS AND PACIFIC ROUTE. EL PASO. THE SHORT LINE TO NEW ORLEANS, MEMPHIS And all points in the Southeast. TAKE "THE ST. LOUIS LIMITED." Trains Run Daily Between FORT WORTH, DALLAS AND ST. LOUIS And the East. The Direct line to all points in MEXICO, NEW MEXICO, ARIZONA, OREGON and CALIFORNIA. Through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car between Dallas, Fort Worth and St. Louis, New Orleans and Denver, St. Louis and San Francisco.

OFFICIAL TIME CARD. Fort Worth Union Depot.

EAST-BOUND—Leave.

No. 1	9:00 a. m.
No. 7	5:40 p. m.
No. 5	5:20 a. m.
No. 6	10:05 a. m.
No. 13	4:10 p. m.
No. 21	8:45 a. m.

WEST-BOUND—Arrive.

No. 1	3:00 p. m.
No. 8	9:05 a. m.
No. 6	10:30 p. m.
No. 5	3:50 a. m.
No. 14	3:10 p. m.
No. 22	1:20 p. m.

For rates, tickets and all information apply to, or address any of the ticket agents, or

JAKE F. KUHN, City Ticket Agt. GASTON MESLIER, G. P. and T. Agt. Fort Worth, Texas. E. B. THORNE, Third Vice-President.

CATTLE KILLED.

Special to the Gazette.

Santo, Tex., Nov. 10.—Early this morning an east-bound through freight met with an accident about three miles east of this place, derailing two cars of cattle that were bound for market. The wrecker was ordered out and reached the place of the accident about 10:30 a. m. Some twenty head of cattle were killed. None of the train crew were hurt, but the wreck delayed trains several hours.

GREENVILLE GRIST.

Special to the Gazette.

Greenville, Tex., Nov. 10.—Mr. Massey of Massey & Bro., ginners at Floyd, was in the city yesterday and reported to the sheriff that two bales of cotton had been stolen from his gin. He said that the thieves rolled the cotton about 200 yards to the south road before putting them into the wagon.

Officer English shot and killed a mad dog on the public square this evening.

THE GREEK CABINET.

By Associated Press.

Athens, Nov. 10.—M. Tricoupiss is forming a ministry of former office holders. He will submit the list chosen to the king to-morrow.

LEHIGH COMBINE.

By Associated Press.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 10.—The officers of the Lehigh Valley railroad company announced to-day that they had just completed an arrangement with the New York, New Haven and Hartford for an interchange of business. This gives to the Lehigh Valley an outlet into New England for its coal and other business.