

AT CANDLE LIGHTING.

I think it better to believe,
And be even as the children—
The children of the early day—
Who let the kindly dreams deceive
And joyed in all the mind may weave
Of dear conceits—better, I say,
To let wild fancy have her way,
To trust her, than to know and grieve,
A poet of old Colophon
A notion held I think was right,
No matter how or whence he got it—
The stars are snuffed out every dawn
And newly lighted every night.
I hope to catch the angels at it.
—John Vance Cheney in Century.

PARDONED.

It was long past midnight, but the governor still sat alone in his library, hard at work on his forthcoming message.

Absolute quiet reigned in the mansion, and not a light was to be seen in any of the neighboring houses.

The governor's wife was visiting friends in the country, and the servants were all asleep in their quarters in a separate building.

The governor's pen moved rapidly over sheet after sheet of paper.

Finally the writer paused and for a moment was absorbed in profound thought.

Then he rose and slowly paced the room, occasionally stopping, apparently to listen to some real or imaginary noise in another part of the house.

He felt that his work had overtaxed him, and a nervous feeling came over him, due partly to physical exhaustion and partly to his sense of utter loneliness.

"I wish that I had told John to sit up," he said to himself, "but he is like all the other servants, too sleepy headed to be of any use."

He resumed his chair and took up his pen.

What was that in the hall? Was it a footstep?

Nearer and nearer came the stealthy, shuffling steps.

The governor could no longer doubt the testimony of his own ears, but a strange numbness seized him, and he felt unable to rise from his chair.

In another moment it was too late. The door opened softly, and a man walked in—a big, stout fellow, roughly clad, with hard, wicked face and bold, daring eyes.

The intruder quietly locked the door and took a chair on the side of the table opposite the governor.

"Keep your seat, governor," he said, with a peculiar leer. "My business won't take long. Ten minutes will be enough."

"Who are you," gasped the governor, "and how did you get in?"

"Red Rube is what they call me," was the reply, "and I walked in at the back door. I knocked your nigger down and gagged him and took the key away two hours ago, when he left the house, and then I waited until everything was quiet. Any more questions?"

The governor's face turned pale. Red Rube was one of the worst desperadoes that have been sent to the penitentiary in many years, and his midnight visit certainly meant robbery and perhaps murder.

"So you have escaped from prison," said the governor.

"Yes; I skipped out last night. Then I came to town, called on a friend and got some clothes and these."

As he said this he exhibited a large bowie knife and a pistol.

"You see, I am well fixed, and I mean business," laughed the ruffian.

"But what do you want, and why are you here?" asked the other.

"Well, governor, to make a long story short, I want you to write me a pardon and let me have enough money to pay my way out west."

It was an outrageous request. Should the ruler of a great state allow himself to be bulldozed into pardoning a murderer and supplying him with funds?

And yet what was to be done? It was impossible to raise an alarm that would be heard. If the intruder's demand was refused, the governor would be a dead man, and the convict would rob his person and make his escape.

The heroic thing would be to resist to the end, but the governor thought of his young wife, and he felt that he must save his life at any cost. It was out of the question for an unarmed man in delicate health to struggle with a giant like Red Rube, who could finish him with his knife in a second.

"I won't be hard on you," said Red Rube, "but I must have the pardon, and I must have at least \$100."

"I will summon help," said the governor.

"Excuse me, but you can't," replied Red Rube. "The servants and the neighbors can't hear you, and if you raise your voice or try to ring a bell, why, I'll have to use this," and he pointed to his knife.

The helpless man on the other side of the table could not repress a slight shudder, but he made an effort to appear calm.

"You are drunk or crazy," he said sternly, "but I will give you one chance. Leave the house, and I will say nothing about your visit."

Red Rube laughed heartily. "You don't size up the situation," he said. "I have got to make this deal or go back to prison, and I will die before I will go back. Now, if I kill you and

they capture me, they will not hang me."

"I would like to know why," said the astonished governor.

"Because they have sent me to the insane ward," was the answer, "and they were getting ready to put me in the asylum. I am no longer a criminal, but a howling lunatic, don't you see? Well, if they try me for killing you, all they will do will be to send me to the insane asylum."

The governor sank back in his chair, and Rube grinned.

"You see," said Rube, "I was once acquitted of a murder in Texas on the ground of insanity and was locked up a year in an asylum, but I got out, and here I am. I can prove that insanity runs in my family. My father and two of my brothers have been crazy for years. When I am disappointed in anything, my fit comes on, and I try to kill everything in sight."

He looked like a madman, with his glaring eyes and unkempt hair.

"There is no glory in being killed by a lunatic," thought the governor.

But he tried one more appeal.

"I am sorry for you," he said, "if your mind is disordered. Here is a \$10 bill. Take it and go. Follow the country roads and get out of the state and try to lead a better life."

"Thanks!" sneered the robber.

Then, firmly grasping his knife, he walked to the governor's chair.

"Time flies," he growled. "Fix that pardon, and fix it d—d quick, and hand me that \$100!"

His look was that of a wild beast, and a white froth stood on his lips.

The man in the chair looked up into the pitiless face above him. Red Rube came closer with his big knife.

"Yes or no—say it quick!" he muttered.

"All right," was the hasty reply.

"Here's the money, and now I'll fix the pardon."

He opened a drawer in his desk and took out a printed form partially filled out.

"I was going to visit the penitentiary tomorrow," he explained, "and I had several pardons filled out by my secretary, with the great seal affixed, and all that I have to do is to put in your name and sign my own."

In a moment the blanks were filled, and Red Rube had the precious document in his pocket.

"Much obliged, governor," said he, with a smile, "but you won't play any tricks, will you?"

"Not if I can help it," was the answer.

"I don't want you caught. I am the last man in the world to make this business public."

"I thought so," replied Rube. "That suits me. If you offer no reward, I can get away, and if they ever find out who I am when I get out west this pardon will protect me. Walk to the door with me, governor."

The other followed without a word to the back door of the hall.

"Goodby, old man," whispered Rube. "No tricks, you know."

"I shall say nothing and offer no reward," said the master of the mansion.

Red Rube disappeared in the darkness, softly chuckling as he went.

"Pardoned by the governor!" he kept repeating to himself.

The governor locked the door and returned to the library. All night long he walked the floor, and it was not until morning that he sought his bed after a short talk with the servant who had given up the key.

Fortunately for him, Red Rube was never heard of again. If he had been captured, the developments might have been very sensational.—Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

Threats of Science.

Wonderful things are going to be done by the development of synthetic chemistry between now and the year 2000 if Professor Berthelot, the French savant, is to be believed. The food and drink producing animals and vegetables will not then be encouraged to exist for human life, but food and drink will be manufactured direct and to order by man himself and served in highly concentrated tablets, vest pocket size.

A person may then carry about him two or three table d'hote dinners complete, from Blue Point oysters or Little Neck clams to crackers, cheese and coffee, tobacco and with all his wine and cognac included. This change will be brought about, it is said, by the remarkable progress being made in compounding food and drink from their constituent elements—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. It has advanced so far already that the preparation of beefsteak from its elements is assured, and nicotine, the essential principle of tobacco, has been produced from coal tar.

Life indeed would not be worth the living should the professor have his way. The ready made tablets of food and drink would be horribly alike to the eye, the taste and the understanding; eating and drinking would be purely mechanical; good fellowship and wit and imagination would depart, and existence would be utterly material and dull.—Boston Globe.

English Evening Papers.

The education of the public is supposed to be advancing, but that view of affairs is evidently not taken by the editors, judging from the kind of matter

which they set before their readers, which gets scrappier day by day—evening by evening.

The so called "news" nowadays runs somewhat as follows:

Coal is black.

Herrings lay more eggs than fowls do.

The emperor of Japan has got a false tooth.

Water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen.

It is stated that Lord Rosebery, who is the prime minister, owns a race horse.

It is a curious coincidence that yesterday was wet and that the battle of Waterloo was fought on June 18, 1815.

We learn on good authority that Alexander the Great was not the originator of the electric light. It was Xerxes of Persia, who, however, did not take out a patent for it.

And so on, and so on.—London Judy.

An Abused Girl.

"Yes, I gave him up," sighed the young woman.

"Did he prove unworthy of your affection?" inquired her sympathetic friend.

"He—he became a spelling reformer," rejoined the other, with a shudder, "and signed his name 'Jorj.' It took all the poetry and romance out of the name. So we parted."—London Globe.

Ready to Perform.



She—Before we were married you said it would give you the greatest pleasure to gratify my every wish.
He—My dear, I said your lightest wish, and I'll do it too.—Vogue.

MR. WINSLOW'S LOAN BUSINESS.

When at Harvard, He Exacted a Latin thesis as interest.

When W. Rodman Winslow was killed by falling from the seventh story window of the Sevilla apartment house some days ago, a never failing source of revenue to those hard pressed for ready money was taken away. For years Mr. Winslow had an office on the third floor of the Vanderbilt building, at 132 Nassau street, and there he transacted an "interest and discount" business on a large scale.

The sign on the office door set forth that Mr. Winslow was a counselor at law. He was, it is true, educated for the law, but he had given little attention to its practice for many years. It was in the loaning of money upon chattel mortgages that he made a reputation for himself and acquired the fortune which he had when he died. His method of doing business was similar to that of chattel loan agents the city over. In addition to the legal rate of interest Winslow charged 30 or 40 per cent additional for the accommodation. To secure the loan he took a chattel mortgage upon almost anything of greater value than the amount loaned which the borrower possessed. The form of this mortgage he drew himself, and it was his boast that it had never been broken in a court of law.

Mr. Winslow was a college man, and, according to the story of an old friend of his, it was while still a student at Harvard that he began the business which he afterward made his vocation. A fellow student was hard up one day, and he asked young Winslow to lend him some money. The latter had some ready money which he signified his willingness to loan provided the borrower, who was a fine classical student, would write a Latin thesis for him. It was a good hard two weeks' work, but the student had to have the money, so he agreed to the stipulation. After that young Winslow frequently loaned money to others, exacting premiums of various kinds for the accommodation.

On leaving college the young graduate made up his mind that there were great possibilities for pecuniary gain in doing a money business on a larger scale, and thus it happened that he made it his profession. It was said that he did the largest business of the kind in the city.—New York Letter.

Dainty Strazini.

Strazini is the name of a wonder in Leipzig. Strazini astonishes his audiences by first eating a soup which consists of sawdust plentifully mixed with coal oil. The mess is set afire, and after the flames have been extinguished Strazini eats the peculiar mixture, lading it out with a spoon. He follows this up with biting piece after piece from the lamp chimney, crushing the glass between his teeth and swallowing it. He washes it down with a little water. For dessert he munches pieces of hard coal, peat, washing soap, tallow candles and pieces of plaster.—Leipzig Correspondent.

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