The Indispensable Apron.

Around the house, until the daily duties are over with, housekeepers wear aprons of a two-thirds length of lawn, nainsook or dimity, trimmed with a hem four inches deep and clusters of tucks divided into threes by insertion or rows of feather-stitching, says Emma M. Hooper in the Ladies' Home Journal. This last trimming can be done with flax or cotton on the garment or the ready made be had by the piece of twelve yards, costing from fifteen to thirty cents a piece. The belt and long, wide strings, which are to be tied at the center back, are of the material, and if a more fanciful effect is wanted a ruffle of Hamburg or nainsook edging trims the bottom.

A pocket on the right side is indispensable with all sizes and kinds of aprons.

A pretty apron made of lawn is trimmed with three clusters of five tucks, each divided by two rows of feather stitching and edged with a ruffle of embroidery. The belt is also feather-stitched, and a tiny ruffle of embroidery is gathered with the top of the apron and forms an unusual finish. Strings of the material and a square pocket laid in a double box-plait and caught with a narrow bow of the material.

APRONS FOR ARTISTS.

As paint leaves a never-to-be-forgotten stain, it is well for the artist to cover the dress entirely with an apron of blue denim, brown Holland or gingham. Trimming seems out of place, though some artists choose an edging of white braid or a bias band of the goods piped with white muslin. A sensible pattern for an artist's apron has a full skirt gathered to a pointed yoke, with a baby waist cut with a deep, V-shaped neck, shirred to form a standing ruffle. The lower part is shirred to the upper part of the yoke, at outer back and front, and fastens with buttons at the back. The sleeves are gather full at the top, and while tapering at the wrists are sufficiently full to go over any dress sleeve; they are shirred at the hand, leaving a ruffle. This apron, which must meet at the back, requires four widths of twenty-seven inch goods.

THE DRESSMAKER'S APRON.

Dressmakers and milliners while at work must wear aprons to protect their dress, to keep the materials clean that they are using, and to give them a tidy appearance when interrupted by a customer. White aprons of cambric, lawn, or nainsook and made of a center front and two gored side pieces reaching nearly to the foot of the skirt, are usually worn for this purpose. Such aprons need only a deep hem, though clusters of tucks and bands of inserting are never out of place as trimming. The belt and wide strings are of the material, and a large pocket on either side is an absolute necessity. The waitress' apron is often bought ready made for this use and large pockets added.

THE CLERK AND TYPEWRITER.

Fast black cambric at eight cents and sateen at twenty cents are worn by clerks in general retail stores and typewriters, both of whom would soon ruin their clothes without such a protection. These are simple in construction and must be of a fast black material, to prevent any unpleasant rubbing or staining. The aprons are of two widths simply hemmed, gathered to a belt and either buttoned in the back or tied with long and wide strings. They are provided with a pocket and reach to the bottom of the skirt.

FOR KITCHEN WEAR.

Striped and checked gingham aprons of two breadths simply hemmed and with a belt and strings of the goods may be bought for 25 cents, which is remarkably cheap, when we consider that they contain two yards and a quarter of 8-cent gingham. After adding the cotton, the apron costs many a weary woman 20 cents, and she might snatch an hour's rest or reading if she would buy it for 25 cents.

Striped gingham aprons trimmed with a bias band of the goods are a little more ornamental. Aprons of this sort are also excellent for wear when sewing. The sewing apron proper has a gored front and side pieces in one-piece style, the latter meeting at the back after forming a curve below the waist line and fastening with one button. The waist or bib is fitted with two darts and the gored side seam, with two long tabs passing to the back of the neck where they button. The large pocket is placed at a convenient distance for the hands in the outer front and stitched down the middle to form two divisions.

Such an apron without the pocket being divided is very convenient for use while washing, the clothespins being carried in the pocket while hanging out the clothes. For this purpose aprons of light weight or table oilcloth are unrivaled. They should have the edges bound with skirt braid. These aprons protect the front of the dress on wash days. The next choice for a wash apron would be striped ticking made in the same manner and with the deep pocket. Surely when aprons are useful for so many occasions, and when they may be made of such a variety of fabrics, we may well call them indispensable.

WHAT CHILDREN WEAR.

White wash material, plain, striped and checked, trimmed with white or colored embroidery, the patented frilling or cotton lace, as torchon or Valenciennes, are worn by children of 3 to 12 years. It is no longer customary to wear aprons at all times and places in lieu of dresses or to hide a shabby frock. Now they are worn by city children only while at play or during the morning hours, though country lassies still wear them to school, which is a sensible plan that should never have fallen into disuse. Caprice is found with as homely a matter as a useful apron, age not influencing the effect, as a school child of 10 years will not wear an apron without vigorous protest if "the other girls don't wear them." At some of the large boarding-schools aprons of black silk or white wash goods are insisted upon. The former naturally are preferred, as they do not increase the wash list. Surah and taffeta are the neatest materials for black silk aprons intended to be worn by school girls, and consist of a gored front and sides, with a belt and ribbon strings, one pocket and a simple hem or rows of feather-stitching for a finish on the entire edge. Others will have a row of heavy inserting let in above the hem.

APRONS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Tiny girls wear full, gathered skirts sewed to a waist shaped like a skeleton yoke and edged with a frill of the pretty colored embroidery now in vogue. Another style has a low, round, baby waist, with a full, gathered skirt, belt of insertion, and frill of embroidery around the yoke. Girls of ten years have a fitted bodice belt buttoning in the back, to which the full skirt is gathered. Sometimes the front of the waist is most elaborately trimmed in the shape of a vest of lace or the goods edged with jabots of lace. However, as aprons on children are intended solely for use, it seems to be poor taste to trim them in such a fanciful manner.

A very popular design has a bib waist buttoned in the back, with a full skirt gathered to a feather-stitched band, ruffle of embroidery around the low neck and similar edging on the sides of the bib, with a V of the embroidery let in the front of the bib; the skirt portion is trimmed with a cluster of tucks divided by feather-stitching. Another apron for a girl of eight years is of dotted Swiss, with an entire waist, having a low, square neck and a cluster of plaits at the center, back, and front. There are sleeve frills of Valenciennes lace and bretelles of the same lace from the belt over the shoulders. The neck and belt have a row of inserting threaded with "baby" ribbon in pink, blue or yellow.

Dimity and checked nainsook offer two well-wearing materials for girls' aprons, though not as well known as other fabrics. The ready-made, plain and edged frilling will trim them prettily.

Prices this Morning at Center Market.

Tuesday, the first full market day of the week, is usually well attended by both retail dealers and buyers. The country wagons now extend at the Central for the length of the blocks between Seventh and Tenth streets on the south side of the main building, and along that route some very good bargains can be picked up about 10 in the morning. All the market houses of the city hold their fullest markets on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings, but several of them are open every day in the week.

The hothouses are now beginning to bring in lettuce, radishes, cress and greens of all sorts, and prices in that line of eatables are on the downward tendency. Oranges are not quite as much in season as they were, and prices remain firm or are going up.

If it had not been for the recent cold snap many might have been eating strawberry cake by this time.

The early crop here and as far south as Florida was nipped, and that will keep prices steady until the second crop comes. There is no need to hurry up one's buying of these dainties, since there is sure to be an abundance of them when they are in season.

The current quotations are by no means a time index of what bargains a shrewd buyer may pick up on a market day, for there is no board to regulate the prices for produce. The wholesale dealers generally pay for what they get according to quality, and as they expect to live, they charge a fair profit, and so does the retail dealer, unless it grows too hot or cold for his wares. Then one can pick up bargains at one's own prices almost. The best place for bargains probably is with dealers out of doors, who do not avail themselves of the cold storage privileges but are anxious to make sales and get home.

Prices reported this morning are:

Mutton chops, 18 cents per pound.	Dried peaches, 18 cents per pound.
Mutton foreleg stew, 12 cents.	Evaporated apples, 15 cents per pound.
Leg of lamb, 25 cents per pound.	Shaddocks or grape fruit, 8 to 15 cents.
Beef roast, 12 cents per loin.	Old potatoes, 12 cents per quarter peck, or 80 cents per bushel.
Corned beef, 8 to 10 cents per pound.	Parsnips, 15 cents quarter peck.
Roast rib, 10 cents.	Spinach, 25 cents per peck.
Roast bullion, 10 cents.	Kale, 15 cents per peck.
Chuck roast, 6 to 8 cents.	New cabbage, York, 8 to 10 cents per head.
Veal cutlets, 25 cents.	Squash, new, 5 cents per pound.
Veal chops, 18 and 20 cents.	Tomatoes, 15 cents per box.
Shad, 50 cents to $1 per pair.	Rhubarb, 5 cents per bunch.
Pork chops, 12 cents.	Celery, 8 to 10 cents per bunch.
Perch per bunch, 15 cents.	Turkeys, 13 cents per pound.
Herring, 1 cent a piece.	Chickens, 12 cents per pound.
Oranges, 40 to 50 cents per dozen.	Ducks, 11 cents per pound.
Tamarinds, 25 to 30 cents.	Butter, 35 and 40 cents.
Pineapples, 15 cents.	Butterine, 20 and 25 cents.
Bananas, 12 cents a dozen.	
Strawberries, 25 to 75 cents per quart.	

To Remove Iron Rust.

Iron rust may be readily removed by drawing the affected spot over a board, so that it will lie smooth, covering it with salt, and squeezing on lemon juice until a sort of paste is formed. Of course, a subsequent thorough rinsing is necessary. Cream tartar will also remove the stain if a small quantity be tied into the stained part and boiled in clear water.

Household Hints.

Loaf sugar should be used always for tea.

Pole rings can be made to run easily by rubbing the pole with kerosene until thoroughly smooth.

Cauliflower used for pickles should be prepared first by boiling the vegetable and then pickling it.

Chocolate pots, cups and saucers, and bread and butter plates all of one color are used at informal breakfasts. Blue and white china is the most fashionable.

To render an ordinary boarded floor the rival of a hardwood one, putty up each board, then stain either mahogany, walnut or ash. After it is dry varnish twice and a fine polish will result.

Steel knives used at table or for cutting bread, meat, or for anything for which a sharp knife is needed, should never be used for stirring or cooking anything in hot grease, as it makes them very dull.

A most useful article with which to scale fish is the ordinary currycomb. Grasp the fish by the mouth with a protected finger, and the operation pursued from tail to head will be found very practical.

A range that is carefully cleaned every morning and all the ashes and clinkers removed will consume a third less coal to do a given amount of cooking than one that is only cleaned in a half-way fashion.

Insects may be destroyed with hot alum. Put in hot water and let it boil until the alum is dissolved. Apply hot with a brush, and all creeping things are instantly destroyed without danger to human life or injury to property.

Opening of the Soda Season.

I desire to inform my patrons and the general public that I have opened the soda season at my store. Our syrups are always fresh and made from sound, ripe fruit. Our soda is made of the purest spring water. Our ice cream is delicious. Try it and be convinced. Six tickets for 25 cents. D. O'DONOGHUE, proprietor District Pharmacy, First and C streets Northwest.

A NEW GEORGIA SENATOR

Editor Patrick Walsh, of Augusta, Named as Colquitt's Successor.

IS A GREAT FRIEND OF MR. HILL

He Favored His Nomination for Presidency in 1892—Believes in the Income Tax, Free Coinage, and Repeal of the Tax on State Banks.

The Georgia representatives in Congress are all enthusiastic over the appointment of Mr. Patrick Walsh, of Augusta, to the Senatorship made vacant by the death of the late Alfred H. Colquitt.

Mr. Walsh is described as being a man of charming personality, with a devoted loyalty to friends and a strict adherence to principles. He has a large circle of political admirers throughout the state, and is popular inside the state and out.

Just which wing of the Democratic party in the Senate he will affiliate with is not certain, but it is admitted without controversy that he is in favor of incidental protection in a tariff, and believes firmly in free silver coinage and the repeal of the ten per cent. tax on sate bank notes.

He was in favor of Mr. Hill for the Presidency and supported him before the convention with greatest ardor, although he telegraphed, it is said, to the New York Senator at the end, declaring that it would be wiser to withdraw, as the sentiment in favor of Mr. Cleveland was irresistible.

In Georgia politics he has been largely connected with younger men, and, to an extent, is like the late Henry Grady in his independence in political life. He writes most of the editorials in his paper, the Augusta Chronicle, and has of late criticised the veto of the Bland bill most vigorously.

The view is quite generally expressed that coming into the Senate at this time Mr. Walsh will not be likely to oppose those parts of the tariff bill which he may not favor, but that after the full discussion he will undoubtedly remain a party man.

It is thought, however, that he may join the little coterie of protectionist Democrats, Hill, Gorman, Brice, Smith, and Murphy, on different parts of the bill. He is a believer in the income tax and will not join Mr. Hill in that issue. Mr. Walsh is a clear, forcible speaker, without show.

Many of the Senators are personally acquainted with Mr. Walsh, and all who know him speak of him in terms of praise. He is a native of Ireland, 54 years old, and is a practical printer.

He went to Atlanta about the close of the war, where he was first connected with the Constitution, and afterwards became manager and then proprietor of the Augusta Chronicle. He has always taken a prominent part in state politics, and has occupied the position of a member of the legislature, and was also at one time a member of the national Democratic committee from Georgia. He has been for years a warm supporter of Senator Colquitt, whom he succeeds, and a complication arose in the last campaign of Mr. Colquitt, which, it is said, would have made it possible for Mr. Walsh then to be elected to the Senate, but he declined on account of his loyalty to the late Senator.

Col. Walsh was not a candidate, and has protested from the beginning against the presentation of his name by his friends, having been a loyal supporter of his friend, Major Cummings. He has been long recognized as the most intimate friend and supporter in public life of Governor Northen.

Col. Walsh vigorously opposed Cleveland's nomination the last time, and is emphatic in his views that every pledge of the Democratic platform should be redeemed.

The following correspondence has passed between Mr. Walsh and Governor Northen:

PATRICK WALSH: I have appointed you to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Hon. Alfred H. Colquitt. Send messenger to the Capitol to-morrow to receive your commission. W. J. NORTHEN, Governor.

To His Excellency W. J. NORTHEN, Governor, Atlanta, Ga.: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your dispatch of appointment to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Hon. Alfred H. Colquitt. I accept the appointment as the highest honor that can be conferred upon me. I appreciate the responsibility that the trust imposes, and will endeavor, by a faithful discharge of duty, to merit your confidence and the approval of my fellow-citizens of Georgia. Every measure of reform pledged by the national Democratic party will receive my cordial support. PATRICK WALSH.

Yoke Fellows League.

At the close of the morning services in the Eastern Presbyterian church last Sunday Rev. Dr. Easton organized a Yoke Fellows League. Over forty young men of the congregation enrolled themselves as charter members. The object of the league is to develop their talent as Christian workers, bind the young men of the congregation together socially, and aid in all that will advance the interests of the church.

People's Church Lunch.

The People's church will give a lunch on April 3, 4 and 5 at Typographical Union Temple, 423 G street. Friends of the church are invited to avail themselves of an opportunity to enjoy a good meal and assist a good cause.

In the Higher Courts.

COURT OF APPEALS—Admissions: Thompson, receiver, vs. Pickrell, executor; Johnson vs. Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company; National Union vs. Casy; Todd, administrator, vs. Presbrey and Green; motion to docket and dismiss submitted and granted. Warder vs. Muse et al.; motion that American Security and Trust Company be made party appellant be submitted. Nailor vs. Corcoran; motion that Mr. Corcoran et al. be made appellees; so ordered. Jenkins vs. Locke et al.; motion that Charles N. Sehman, executor, be made party appelle; so ordered. Electrolibration Company vs. Sanche; petition for allowance of appeal argued and submitted. Cummings vs. Baker; petition for allowance of appeal submitted. United States vs. Belt et al.; motion to docket; cause submitted. In re John T. Dries; petition for writs of habeas corpus et certiorari submitted. De Vaughn vs. De Vaughn; decree affirmed with costs; opinion by Chief Justice Alvey. Mehler et al. vs. Cromwell; decree affirmed with costs; opinion by Justice Shepard. Cake vs. Woodbury et al.; decree affirmed with costs; opinion by Chief Justice Alvey. National Bank of the Republic et al. vs. Hodge et al.; decree affirmed by Justice Morris. Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company vs. Carrington, administrator, etc.; judgment affirmed with costs; opinion by Justice Shepard. Security and Investment Company et al. vs. Garrett; decree affirmed with costs; opinion by Chief Justice Alvey. Paul Butler administrator et al. vs. Browning vs. Kirk; decree vacated and reversed and cause remanded; opinion by Justice Morris. Butler, administrator, vs. Strong et al.; Campbell, executor, vs. Strong et al.; Peugh vs. Strong et al.; remanded to Supreme Court, D. C., to be proceeded with in accordance with opinion of this court; opinion by Justice Morris. Middleton vs. Parke; judgment affirmed with costs; opinion by Justice Morris.

EQUITY.—Division No. 1.—Justice Cox.—Motions, orders, etc.—Zurhorst vs. Murray; James Quinn appointed guardian ad litem. Power vs. Downing; Robert S. Downing appointed guardian ad litem. Galleher vs. Pope; trustees directed to turn over funds. Fowler vs. Slater; plea overruled, with leave to answer in thirty days. Park vs. West; rule on complainant, returnable April 5, 1894, granted. Baker vs. Baker; decree of March 10, 1894, vacated. Hutchinson vs. Hutchinson; rule on defendant, returnable April 6, 1894, granted. In re William J. McCutchen, a lunatic; Martha J. Peabody appointed committee, vice William McCutchen. Childs vs. Pabst; reference to auditor ordered.

EQUITY—Division No. 2—Justice Hagner. No assignment. Motion, orders, etc.; Carter vs. National Sanitary Company; Horatio B. Arnold allowed to intervene.

HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

Bill for an Electric Road from Washington to New York.

In the House yesterday Representative Catchings, of Mississippi, introduced a bill to incorporate the National Rapid Transit Company. The bill creates Noah L. Jeffreys, L. A. Grant, Hiram W. Woods, John J. Hemphill, Hamilton Disston, and others a body politic by the name of the National Rapid Transit Railway Company, which is authorized to construct and operate a continuous elevated electric railroad from Washington to a point on the Hudson river opposite the city of New York, or to some point in New York, the road to be built upon such line in the District of Columbia, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey as the company may select.

The road structure and supports are to be made of iron or steel of sufficient size and strength to permit the passage of cars over it at a speed of 120 miles an hour, and the conduits for the electric current are to be so adjusted as to prevent any person from coming in contact with the current having sufficient voltage to endanger life. The roadway is to be elevated so that the tracks will be two or more feet above the ground, and are to be provided with one or more side rails at such elevation as will reach above the floor and under the sills of the windows of the cars to prevent derailment.

The company is to have the right to connect its road with others, and to transport its passengers, mails, etc., across the Hudson river to New York in ferryboats. The capital stock is $15,000,000 which may be increased to $25,000,000. The schedule time for mail and passenger cars is not to be less than 100 miles per hour, and the charge for transporting passengers is not to exceed 2 cents per mile and the government is to pay a reasonable compensation to the company for all transportation charges it may incur. A preamble to the bill recites that the proposed elevated structure and railway will require but one-third of the land necessary for the right of way required for surface roads, will reduce the time of transit one-half, and afford greater security to life.

Building and Repair Permits.

Inspector Entwisle yesterday issued building permits as follows: Ellen Sullivan, to erect one two-story-and-basement brick dwelling at 114 S street northwest, to cost $2,500; John R. Sevor, to erect one two-story frame dwelling on Bladensburg road, to cost $900; F. J. Ettinger, to make general repairs to 205 Twelfth street northwest, to cost $2,500; J. B. Seippold, to build bay windows at 1839 and 1841 Sixth street northwest, to cost $800; C. M. Emerick, to make general repairs to 487 Pennsylvania avenue northwest, to cost $600; R. G. Campbell, to build bay window at 1610 Tenth street northwest, to cost $550; Mrs. Cande, to roof porch at 24 Fifth street northeast, to cost $187; Mrs. J. Baier, to build two-story open porch rear of 329 A street northeast, to cost $150; J. Harble, to build frame kitchen at 821 F street northeast, to cost $100; William B. Boggs, to repair building on Dover street, between Duncan and Burns streets, Brookland, to cost $100; George P. Cooper, to build fuel shed at 528 Tennessee avenue northwest, to cost $30; Mrs. S. Lusby, to build frame kitchen at 1319 K street southeast, to cost $35; J. Winslow, to build frame kitchen at 337 Wilson street, country, to cost $100.

Deprecated Haste.

Old Gotterof—So you really love our daughter?

Charlie Van New—I do.

Old Gotterof—Very well; you may have her. But don't take her from us too soon, my boy—not too soon, from her old father and mother. Not before tomorrow! Promise me that!"—Puck.

A Few Spring Don'ts.

Don't leave off your overcoat too soon.

Don't believe that loose habits are an antidote to tight money.

Don't talk economy to your wife and fail to practice it yourself.

Don't wear violets in your coat while anybody is suffering for bread.

Don't put off your dress-suit manners when you get into your business clothes.

Don't believe there's any permanent relief in alcohol for "that tired feeling."

Don't be misled by the assertion that chewing gum in public will cure indigestion.

Don't send spring poetry to the editor unless you can find relief in no other way.

Don't estimate the greatness and goodness of a political boss by the elegance of his private car.

In the World of Labor.

The weavers in the Riverside mills at Olney, R. I., went out in a body yesterday morning. A general strike will follow.

The Evansville (Ind.) woolen mills, employing several hundred persons, will open again Monday on full time.

The journeyman horseshoers of St Louis have struck against the master horseshoers and a long deadlock is inevitable.

Fifteen hundred plumbers struck in Chicago yesterday because of a proposed reduction of wages. This swells the number of strikers in the neighborhood of 5,000.

One hundred warpers at the Standard silk mill, Phillipsburg, N. J., who quit work out of sympathy for the striking weavers, voted yesterday afternoon to return to work at the old wages.

Edward H. Stevenson, secretary and treasurer of Trenton (N. J.) Typographical Union, is missing. He went away two weeks ago, presumably on a visit of a day or two. He is short over $400 of the union's funds.

PUTTING HIM ON THE RACK

Continued from First Page.

"Are you a member of the masonic fraternity?"

"I am."

"You knew that Miss Pollard's father was a Mason?"

"I did not. I knew he was an Odd Fellow."

"Are there any obligations to the widow or daughters of members growing out of membership in those organizations?"

Phil Thompson objected to this question, and the objection was sustained.

"You are a wide reader?"

"Without vanity, I think I may say yes."

"You are familiar with the history of Louis XIII and XIV, Henry VIII and George IV?"

"In a general way I am as well acquainted with them as most men of our profession."

He had read Thackeray and Dickens, so Mr. Wilson found on cross-examination; was not so well acquainted with Addison as he wished he had been, because bread-winning prevented; had read all of Fielding and Smollett, but not Zola and Dumas, because the war broke in on his French. Considered George Eliot the greatest literary woman with the exception of Mrs. Browning; was not custodian of the mails, but had never heard that George Eliot's works were excluded from the mails.

"I assume," explained Mr. Wilson, "that when Mr. Butterworth asked you about George Eliot he had some object in view. I want to know what it was."

"Well, the plaintiff said," continued Col. Breckinridge, "that she considered the life of George Eliot with Mr. Lewes a protest against mawkish sentimentality concerning what were often considered improper relations, and said that she would rather live as George Eliot did than to sew on buttons, churn butter, and live the life of a woman in somewhat straightened circumstances on a Kentucky farm."

"And when did the plaintiff first broach the subject of the life of George Eliot?"

"I remember that distinctly. It was on the 1st day of August, 1884. She said that George Eliot was the authoress after whom she intended to pattern in speaking of her aspirations."

"You mentioned George Eliot to place the plaintiff in the same category with her and to compare your relations with her to those of Lewes with George Eliot?"

"Oh, no. My relations with the plaintiff were much more improper with her than those of Eliot and Lewes." [Very cooly.]

"Mr. Butterworth was very careful to ask the plaintiff whether she had read Byron. Now, have you read Byron?"

"If there is anything by Byron's pen that I have not honestly endeavored to read I don't recall it."

"Childe Harold, Don Juan, etc.?"

"Yes; but I don't pronounce it in that way." [Laughter.]

"Do you know of any reason why ladies should not read Byron?"

"Oh, I suppose there is a great deal of Byron the purest girl could read."

Col. Phil Thompson objected to this line of examination, and after the same train had been followed concerning Burns, objected again, and Judge Bradley said it was immaterial. In the course of this examination Col. Breckinridge said, "From what I know of the plaintiff and of Burns I don't think it would hurt the plaintiff to read Burns."

Col. Breckinridge again declared, referring to his father, "I cannot overestimate the great advantages I had when a young man by a constant contact with one of the greatest minds I ever knew."

"And when you met the plaintiff," continued Mr. Wilson, "she was a young school girl with none of those advantages?"

"I did not know that," was the reply. "I knew her father, and remember him because of some peculiarities. He was a fine Shakespearean scholar, and was understood to have a better mind than most men of his general vocation."

Attorney Wilson tripped Breckinridge badly when, after apparently immaterial questions as to his family, he inquired if he had not had a typewriter make copies in 1886 (the time when Miss Pollard was confined in Cincinnati), addressed to "My dear sister Louise."

Breckinridge denied absolutely writing such a letter, and pronounced any such a forgery, after he and his attorneys had objected to the question. Wilson said the original and copies were returned, but he would produce Louise Lowell, the typewriter who wrote them.

After Col. Breckinridge had admitted that he was in good health on the night of his first ride with Miss Pollard and had no throat trouble nor chills (as Mr. Wilson jocosely asked), he was asked whether it was not a rather unusual proceeding to select a closed carriage for a drive on a hot summer evening, to which the colonel replied: "Oh, no, I don't think it was," and the audience laughed. Of the conversation or the ride he could only remember that Miss Pollard had done most of the talking.

"You were not inclined to talk?" Mr. Wilson commented.

"Oh, that depends on the company I am in," replied the colonel. Continuing, he described how Miss Pollard had talked of her aspirations to be an authoress, and how he had encouraged her, telling her that other women had been, but that it was a matter of work, like any other vocation.

"When you put your arm around her had there been anything of a suggestive nature?"

"Well, I cannot answer that definitely. There was no particular word or act that I could lay my hand on. There was just something internally that moved me to. If she had reproved me, I could not have said you have encouraged me, and yet I would have been surprised if she had resented it."

"Well, then, you drew her to you, and how long were you in that position?"

"Oh, I cannot say."

"And what was talking about?"

"Nothing was said."

(Laughter and rebuke from the judge.)

"I want to know how long you held her in your arms."

"The transaction could not be stated as to time. It was all one transaction. I took her in my arms, drew her across my lap, drew her to me. It was all one action."

"Did you give her any friendly advice on that occasion?"

"I did not."

"You were a man of forty-seven and she a girl of seventeen to twenty-one?"

"That was all true and much more. No man in America had less excuse for such an action than I with the domestic surroundings I then had. I have attempted to make no excuse for it; it just happened so."

"And the fact that she was a young girl in school makes it all the worse?"

"You cannot frame words too strong to characterize it. I have not attempted to justify it or even to defend it, and all the hell I have suffered since then I have deserved."

"Then I understand you to say that the enormity of the act cannot be overestimated?"

"There is but one punishment which I have not deserved, and that is to marry the woman who was concerned with me in the act."

"As a lawyer, since you claim you did not seduce her, will you tell us what you consider seduction?"

"I mean to say I did not seduce her by any protestations of love or reward; that she did not come to me a maiden or a virgin; that I did not seduce her in a physical sense; that she came to me a maiden and I left her otherwise. Now, in the lower sense, that I did not offer her money."

"Do you not know that a dumb man can seduce a woman; that by taking her in your arms and exciting her passion, without opening your mouth or winking your eye, you can seduce?"

"I am not prepared to attempt under oath to give a definition of seduction. I only know that what happened in that carriage that night was not seduction."

"Do you not know that a married woman can be seduced?"

"I suppose in a moral sense that is possible."

"Now you went there as her attorney?" asked Mr. Wilson, after going over the giving of the ten-dollar bill to Miss Pollard.

"Oh, no, there was no thought of my going in the capacity of attorney. There is the letter; it speaks for itself. I expected no fee. I supposed she wanted to talk to me about some little childish trouble which she had gotten into which she greatly exaggerated when she said it was worse than a divorce suit."

"You had never seen her but once before and you came at her request."

"The letter speaks for itself."

When they met on the train to Lexington the next day Colonel Breckinridge said he had not known Miss Pollard was to be on the train, and supposed she could not know he was there. While this was being related Miss Pollard and Mrs. Ellis rose and threaded their way from the courtroom.

Describing the interview on the train, the colonel said: "I suggested to her that if she stayed over in Lexington wouldn't she meet me, and asked if there was any place she could go. She said she could go to Sarah Guess' house, and with some surprise I asked: 'What do you know about Sarah Guess?' She said that Mr. Rhodes had once tried to get her to go there with him, and she had gone as far as the gate, but refused to go in."

"Nothing had been said about your meeting the night before."

"Nothing had been really said, only when we met there was some sort of indefinite look, something more than a formal recognition."

"You knew of places in Lexington where you could go?"

"I knew of no particular place where I could take this person."

"How many places did you know of?"

"Do you mean in the sense of having been there," returned the colonel.

"No; that you knew of?"

"Lexington was a place of 20,000 inhabitants. There were such places, but I would not have put such a girl as I supposed the plaintiff to be in the power of such a woman as I supposed Sarah Guess to be."

Miss Pollard had known the way of the house, the colonel continued, and then, in response to questions as to his going home to dinner and returning to the assignation house, he responded continuously, "I did, I did," with bowed head.

"The next morning did you go to church?" Mr. Wilson persisted.

"No."

"To Sunday school?"

"No."

"To Bible class?"

"I was not a member of any Bible class," responded the Colonel, lifting his head and tossing back his silvery mane. After going over again the visit to the house of Sarah Gess, Sunday night, when he was uncertain whether he would find the plaintiff there, his payment of money to her at the close of the evening before his departure, the conversation with Rhodes on election day, Monday, was touched upon and he declared that he had not considered that he was acting in the capacity of attorney in that talk. Afterward the lawyer asked if Breckinridge had taken Miss Pollard to the house of Mrs. Rose in Cincinnati when they went there. He replied:

"I want to be candid and I will say frankly that I did not take her in the sense of going on the same train, but we had made the arrangement to go in Lexington." This was in October.

The colonel had known Mrs. Rose in Louisville, when she kept a cigar store, but not in "an improper way" and under circumstances involving another person, in his capacity as attorney. "I had met her on the street, we had shaken hands, and she knew that I knew certain things about her which I had obtained professionally, and she gave me her card."

"When was that?" Mr. Wilson inquired.

"About eighteen months before."

"And you had kept her card all that time?"

"No. I knew her name and I looked it up in the directory."

"How long were you there that day?"

"Perhaps half an hour, perhaps an hour."

"Was that the only time you two were there?"

"Guess not."

"How many times?"

"Perhaps four or six times during the two years."

Later, in speaking of their visits to Sarah Guess, he said: "Every arrangement, as I remember it, for us to meet was accidentally made. When we went to Sarah Guess there was never any agreement to meet there at any future time, but we would meet on the street, and from these accidental meetings would come arrangements to visit Sarah Guess."

"From whom would the solicitations to meet there come," Mr. Wilson asked; "from you or the plaintiff?"

"There were no solicitations. We would meet, walk along the street together, and the matter would be arranged."

"Did you have a sister in Lexington by the name of Louise?" asked Mr. Wilson, after Mr. Breckinridge declared that he had not corresponded with Miss Pollard in 1886.

"I never had a sister by the name of Louise," was the reply.

"Do you know a woman in Washington by the name of Louise Lowell?"

Col. Breckinridge looked puzzled, and declared that he knew no such person. Then to Mr. Wilson's inquiry whether he remembered a typewriter whose machine was in the corridor of the Capitol, between the rooms of the House Committee on Post Offices and the Committee on Printing, he said that there had always been a typewriter and stenographer there, but he could not remember her name. If she was produced he might recognize her.

"You have said you wrote no letters to her in 1886," continued Mr. Wilson. "Now did not you take to that lady in February of 1886 a manuscript letter beginning, 'My dear sister Louise,' and ask her to render it into typewriting?"

"I decline to answer that unless you show me the paper you are asking the questions from. I have given you notice to produce all the letters you have from me, and you have said you have none."

The colonel was for the first time getting somewhat excited. It will be remembered that he had denied the statement of Miss Pollard that he had addressed letters to her under the name of Louise Wilson. His attorneys, Major Butterworth and Col. Phil Thompson, backed him up in his refusal, but Judge Bradley decided that the question was a fair one.

"Since I have no recollection of a woman named Louise Lowell, I cannot remember having sent any letter to her," was the reply. "Of course I have a very large correspondence. I have a sister-in-law named Louise, the wife of Gen. Breckinridge, but since she is called "Lou" in the family I do not think I could have written her in that way."

The sparring became warm. "Let me see the letter," persisted Col. Breckinridge.

"That will come out in time," remarked Mr. Wilson, coolly. "Now, to refresh your memory, did you not in that communication refer to the disparity of ages between yourself and your dear sister Louise?"

More protests that the letter should be produced, to which Mr. Wilson said: "For the comfort of yourself and your attoryeys I will say that the manuscript was returned to you."

"Well, now, you need not make any such statement, for I don't care anything about it either way," interposed Col. Breckinridge, visibly nettled.

"And to further refresh your memory," continued Mr. Wilson, "did you not say how anxious you were to get back and meet your dear sister once more?"

"I have not the faintest recollection of any such letter, and I don't care to discuss it," responded the defendant. "If you will bring the Lowell woman here, if there is such a person, and let me see whether I have ever known her, or whether her testimony is a fabrication, like those of Sarah Guess, I can tell you."

"That will be something for the jury to pass upon," remarked Judge Wilson, and then asked him if he had not cautioned his dear sister Louise not to leave the letters around, as curious persons might search bureau drawers.

"I never under any circumstances wrote any such letter," replied the colonel, and then he tapped the witness box sharply as he asserted, "If any such letter is in existence it is a forgery, and if notes of any such they are a perjury."

More arguments from Messrs. Butterworth and Shelby against the right of Judge Wilson to catechise the witness line upon line regarding the existence of a letter not in evidence, to which Mr Wilson replied that since the defendant has denied having written to Miss Pollard he has a right to test his memory on that point, and adds: "I will say frankly that we have not the manuscripts here, and I do not mind telling the court upon what evidence I base these questions."

"Now, my brother Wilson is getting into argument, as he always does," said Mr. Butterworth.

"Well, if you object, I will drop it," said Mr. Wilson.

"Now, that is not a fair way of putting it, I insist," continued Mr. Butterworth, "to say that I object."

"I will pass from that until to-morrow morning," said Judge Wilson, turning from the point, "and I will ask you whether you had that lady address envelopes in the year 1886?"

"I can only say if you bring that lady here I can tell you whether she ever did any work for me. Several women or females have done typewriting for me in Washington, but I do not remember this particular one."

"I will ask you whether you did not bring bring to her in the Spring of 1886 a package of a dozen envelopes, somewhat yellowed by age and of different dates, and have her address them to Miss Madeline Pollard, 76 Upper street, Lexington, Ky.?"

Col. Breckinridge was very strenuous in his denial.

"I never under any circumstances had any such envelopes addressed, and I do not care who the woman is who says so," he asserted positively.

The court here nodded for an adjournment, and the usual rush from the room was about to begin, when Judge Bradley rapped for order, and Mr. Henry E. Davis, a well-known member of the bar rose.

"It is my painful duty," he began, and all sorts of things were thought of by the crowd before he could announce the sudden death of a member of the bar, Mr. Charles Matthews. According to custom, the judge spoke of the character of the dead man, and court adjourned out of respect for his memory.

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Sin Ain't Satisfying.

[From the Des Moines Register.]

Colonel Breckinridge can now appreciate the full meaning of what a southern colored brother put into these words: "I tells ye, brederin, I am a man of speriance, and I say to you that sin ain't satisfyin'—no, it ain't satisfyin'."

They Can Get Their Bounty Land.

The Senate Committee on Public Lands has agreed to report favorably Senator Kyle's amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill providing that any honorably discharged soldier of the late civil war not now the owner of 160 acres of land and who has not availed himself of privilges under the land laws of the United States may acquire title to 160 acres of land by making application thereof, in person, at any government land office and paying the minimum price of $1.25 per acre. The law now requires a residence of six months on the part of the ex-soldiers.

Industrial History.

In 1286 public bakeries were established in Paris, and inspectors were appointed to see that the loaves were of proper weight and that no lime or clay was mixed with the bread.

The first English clock was set up at Westminster in 1288; the first Italian weight-clock was put in place in Bologna in 1356; the first French clock was placed over the Palais de Justice in 1300.

The woolen manufacturers of England were begun by a party of Flemings, who were driven from their own country and took refuge on the island during the reign of William the Conqueror.

The silk manufacturers of Europe began in the isle of Cos, off the Greek coast, about A. D. 274. The Oriental silks were imported, unraveled, and the thread woven into a loose, semi-transparent tissue

Some of the bricks found in Babylon indicate by the stamps upon their surface an age of at least 5,000 years. The art of brickmaking was well developed at that time, for no bricks are better made than these.

In A. D. 982 a town law was promulgated at Strassburg requiring the carpenters to do a prescribed amount of work every Monday for the bishop. No compensation was given for the work.

"TOOTS."

A Story of a Bandy-Legged Bulldog.

"Swing low, sweet chari-o-ot!" shrilled old Dinah from the kitchen, in a high and penetrating falsetto, whose many quivers were jerked out in a way that sounded as if the singer were undergoing some mysterious torture.

Mrs. Stocker, tending flowers in the back garden of her ranchhouse in the San Fernando valley, stopped to listen.

"Gwine for to carry me ho-o-ome!" continued Dinah, in a deep, rumbling tone, suggestive of an asthmatic bass and accompanied by an energetic rattling of dishes.

As the negress paused for breath Mrs. Stocker heard a heavy pounding at the front door, and, still smiling at Dinah's duet-like efforts, hurried round the house.

On the porch she found a testy and eccentric old man, who gazed with marked displeasure at her lovely face, and unappeased by her friendly smile roared out: "What in thunder's going on in this house—a prayer meeting or a catfight? I've been hammering on this door for ten minutes, seems to me!"

"I'm sorry if we've kept you waiting," she answered, gently.

The various hard knots into which his face seemed to be tied slightly relaxed, but he vouchsafed only a skeptical grunt in reply.

"I've come to see your husband," said he, abruptly; "is he at home?"

"No, he is not."

"When'll he be back?"

"Not until to-morrow."

"I s'pose you don't know how to write a receipt?" he queried, with his chin cocked scornfully in the air.

"I think I could," said she, smiling.

"Well, I've been owing your husband some money for three years, and couldn't even pay the interest, 'cause people didn't pay me, but I've had a stroke o' luck, and here's the money. Gimme a receipt, and we'll be quits," he said, as he lifted a heavy bag [illegible] beside him.

"Oh, dear me!" she exclaimed; "could you not give me a check for it? I'm afraid to have so much money in the house."

He looked upon this feminine timidity with the contempt of a bitter old bachelor, and promptly snapped: "No, I can't. It's all the money I've got. People seen me luggin' it from the bank, and if you don't take it likely some one else will. I'm skeered myself!" with a sardonic grin.

She reflected that this crusty person might never make another effort to pay, and that no one need know she had the money; so she asked him into the house, where she counted the coins and give him a receipt.

When he was gone she hid the gold among some scrap bags in a dark corner of her bedroom closet.

As the day wore on she grew anxious and nervous. There occurred to her the fear that some passerby, who had seen the old man bring the bag from the bank, had noticed his horse standing at her gate, and would suspect that she had the money.

It seemed to her that the very birds had too knowing an air as they tip-tilted on a branch outside her bedroom window and cocked their heads on one side to look in.

If any one broke into her lonely house, which was a half mile from the nearest neighbors, the Gordons, she and her feeble old Dinah would have no defense.

It was with a feeling of relief that she saw John Gordon, her husband's best friend, walking toward the house. He was a dark, slender man, with a nervous manner and a rather joyless smile.

"How are you, Mrs. Stocker? Feeling rather lonesome, eh?" he called out. "We saw your husband driving by this morning with his regimentals on, and knew that meant he'd be gone some time. Wife isn't very well, and wants to know if you won't go over and stay with her while I'm away."

"Thank you. I wish I could. But Mr. Stocker can't possibly be back until to-morrow, and Randall has paid me a large sum in gold that I dare not leave."

"Has he, at last? I saw his horse standing here, but had no idea you'd ever see that money again." After a moment's thought he added: "But why not leave it? Does any one know you have it?"

"No one but the man who paid it to me that I know of, but he looks like a brigand."

"Nonsense, my dear woman. You're letting your fears run away with you. Brigands don't usually pay debts, and there's nothing to be afraid of. Just leave the money here and go over to our house to spend the night. Darkies are a scary lot, and you haven't even a sensible dog to keep you company."

She longed to yield; but she thought of all that this money would mean to her overworked husband, and, hardening her heart against Mr. Gordon's repeated urgings, persisted in staying at her post.

Saying that he was late for an engagement, her neighbor bid her a hasty farewell.

As the early darkness of the December night began to close in nature herself seemed to Mrs. Stocker, in her overwrought condition, to be conspiring with evil beings to heighten her helpless terror.

At last Dinah ponderously waddled in and broke the gloom by cheerfully announcing the evening meal. While this was in progress a wagon drove up, and Mrs. Stocker heard the gentle voice of Ranney, a sturdy, jolly Irish peddler, with whom she had had dealings for several years. His was one of those round and jovial personalities that look like embodied jokes, and the very sight of whom makes every one feel cheerful.

"Now, Toots," he was saying, "don't ye be for ating me up the minute I git down. It's so long since I've had a bite that I'd be mighty poor picking. Be aisy, now, and the lady'll give ye a bone, maybe, with some marrow in it. I'm hollow clare through."

Mrs. Stocker opened the door in time to hear these last words, and called out: "We shall be glad to fill you up, Mr. Ranney, and Toots, too. Come in both of you."

In walked master and beast, the man with something of a roll on his bandy legs, the white dog—whose legs seemed respectfully modeled on the same plan—with the air of conscious power and dignity belonging to a pure-blooded bulldog.

As the peddler took his seat at the table Toots sat down beside him, and, without taking the slightest notice of anyone else, looked quietly into his master's face.

"I've been driving without a bite since airly this morning," said Ranney, "and thought I'd stop here for supper and drop the thing that ye ordered last trip, Mrs. Stocker. I knew that Toots was hungry, too; but, ye see, he don't beg, like common dogs. He's too much of a gintleman for that. He knows his master'll feed him when he can, and he has no patience wid whining, let alone doing it himself."

"Toots is the best dog I know," Mrs. Stocker answered, enthusiastically. She took up a bone and held it out, saying: "Toots, nice dog, will you come and get this?"

Toots eyed her gravely, with an expression which said that he knew she appreciated his worth, but thought her tone was unduly familiar.

Then he looked inquiringly at his master to see if he approved of accepting a bone from a strange hand.

Ranney nodded and said: "Yes, old boy; go and get it."

Toots walked calmly round to Mrs. Stocker without any undignified haste, and with one polite wag of his tail took the bone, which he crushed in his powerful jaws as if it were an eggshell.

Dinah eyed him at a respectful distance, and was visibly relieved when the meal was over and she could go to the kitchen.

"Mr. Ranney," said Mrs. Stocker, hastily, "my husband is away and I feel very timid. Can't you stay with us all night?"

"Indade, mum, now I'm rale sorry, for I'd dearly love to be any comfort to ye; but I got word that me friend, Charlie Craig, was down with fever and begging every minute for me to come to him. They say he may not live the night out, and I've been driving like mad all day to git to him in time. If 'twas anything else, I'd stay. But you've no call to be anyways afeerd, me dear lady. There's no robbers about here, and no one has iver molested ye, ye know."

She thought to herself: "Dare I trust him? Perhaps he could send me some one from the village," and she told him of the money.

"Oh, now," said he, "I'll fix it. Jest as well not talk about it in the village. I'll leave ye, Toots, and he won't tell, anyhow. I don't think any one could know ye have that in the house; but if they did, they'd have a hard time gittin it with Toots here. It 'ud be a new sort o' man that 'ud git the better o' him."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Ranney. But would Toots mind me?"

"Sairtainly he will, if I tell him. He's a knowing fellah. And there's nothing he can't do for ye, from minding a baby to chewing up tramps."

During this talk Toots listened with an air of interest. Ranney turned to him and gravely spoke in tones of respectful politeness that he would have used toward an intelligent man.

"Now, me boy, ye see it's this way. This lady needs ye more'n I do to-night, and so ye'll plaze me best if ye bide here with her. Don't let any one harm her and stay here till I come for ye."

Toots walked over and licked his master's hand.

"Good boy! Ye're the best friend I have," said Ranney, patting him, whereat Toots cocked up his ears and wagged his tail.

"Now lie down and show the lady ye mean to stay."

Toots obeyed, and quietly watched his master go.

After carefully locking every door and window Mrs. Stocker sat down to write a letter. She found it hard to infuse a properly cheerful tone in it, and caught herself listening fearfully to every sound. The dog settled down to a comfortable nap, and seemed not in the least disturbed by the shrieks of the wind or the rattling of windows. She began to fear that if any one broke in Toots would not even hear it.

The ticking of the clock was almost unbearable, while the deliberation seemed purposely to lengthen the minutes as they passed. The wind increased in fury. She peered into the darkness, but could see nothing beyond the swaying trees. Toots looked at her inquiringly, but as nothing alarming was to be heard settled down once more to sleep.

Mrs. Stocker took up a book, but found it impossible to keep her mind upon it. Frightful and menacing faces rose before her, and all the tales of violence that she had ever heard came back to her. She walked the floor, forcing herself to think of far-away scenes in her happy girlhood, only to be brought back to the present by some fresh rattle of a door or window that sounded as if some one were trying to get in.

At last fatigue made her drowsy. She carried the lamp into her bedroom and left it burning, so that anyone who passed might think the family were awake, and then lay down without undressing. As she dozed off she was now and then awakened by the scraping of the shrubbery upon her window, and, though she did not believe in signs and portents, it sounded to her like the tapping of the willow wand that foretells approaching death

At last she looked at the clock and saw that in all these sleepings and wakings, which had seemed to occupy a lifetime, a half-hour had gone by. She lay down again, and at last sank into a deep sleep.

She was awakened by a gust that shook the house. As the wind lulled she thought she heard a noise at the front door. She rushed into the parlor. There sat Toots, with his eyes fixed intently on the door, but not moving a muscle. The noise ceased, and she went back to bed—but could not sleep.

Again she heard a metallic sound in the lock. She got up and called: "Who's there?" but there was no answer. The dog sat upright and looked at the door, but kept perfect silence. Mrs. Stocker listened. All was quiet for several minutes, but again came that metallic clink.

"Who is there? What do you want?" she cried.

No answer; but this time the sound continued.

"At him, Toot!" she screamed; "at him! Bark!"

Why was the dog so still? In an instant the reason flashed before her. Toots must have recognized the step of his master, who had come back to rob her, knowing that her only protection was the dog!

She saw the door yielding, and fled through the rear of the house. On, on, she ran toward the Gordons, stumbling, falling, getting up and running again, unconscious of fatigue. Her breath came in gasps, and she could scarcely utter a cry of "Help! help!" as she threw herself against the door of the Gordon house.

Mrs. Gordon, who was awake listening for her husband, who had gone to prayer meeting and had not yet returned, heard the cry. She roused the household, and soon they were hurrying toward the Stocker house.

As they neared it their nerves were tense. There was a pale moon struggling through clouds, and even the most familiar objects looked strange and spectral.

The front door was wide open. They walked cautiously toward it and looked in.

On the floor lay the figure of a masked man, while over him stood the bulldog, bleeding from several cuts and his jaws horribly red. The man's throat was a gaping wound, and his right hand still clutched a knife. A few feet away lay a revolver, evidently fallen from his grasp.

Mrs. Stoker leaned pityingly toward him. "Perhaps he has only fainted. Do see if we can help him! Come away, Toots—good dog, brave dog!"

Toots looked at the motionless form beneath him and then limped toward her.

Mrs. Gordon bent over the prostrate man and pulled off his mask. An awful cry sounded through the house.

The man was John Gordon—dead!—[A. L. Wing in the Argonaut.]

How He Won Her.

"John," said Maude, "do you know the height of sweetness?"

"Well," said John, sizing her up, "I should say about five feet four inches." That was the beginning of the engagement.—Harper's Bazar.

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