

ABELLE RIVES
BY FRANKLIN W. LEE

She smiled a smile, and the stars which showed from the diamond-encrusted gold had the glow of stars and the glow of stars.

For the faded fount of youth, when it was a crown of youth, and when it was a crown of youth, and when it was a crown of youth.

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HE WAS SOT IN HIS WAYS
A Southwestern Judge Who Could Not Be Trifled With.

The most sensational legal complication that ever aroused the interest of a law-abiding neighborhood was the outgrowth of a trial held before Judge B. W. Quirk, of the Hickory Flat circuit in Arkansas, writes Opie P. Read, in the Chicago Times.

The circumstances, told with the necessary dryness of detail, are as follows:

One John Peters, a sober and industrious man, failed to come home one night. This occurrence was so unusual that his wife, becoming alarmed, aroused the neighborhood, and men, women, and children turned out in a general search. The next day John Peters' coat was found near the river bank. Marks of a struggle were also discovered. Immediately there arose a cry that the man had been murdered; and, about this time, there came along a reputable citizen who declared that



SEARCH FOR THE DEAD.

he had, several days before, heard Jim White and Al Miller swear that they would kill Peters. The two men were arrested and taken before a justice of the Peace. They avowed their innocence, and their lawyer declared that they could not be held for murder until it was proved that a murder had been committed. This proof was not long wanting, for a fisherman soon arrived with the information that he had found the body of Peters. The body was identified, and the preliminary trial proceeded, resulting not only in establishing the fact that White and Miller swore that they would kill Peters but that they would drown him. They were held over and were indicted by the Grand Jury.

When the case came up before Judge Quirk of the Circuit Court some of the ablest lawyers in the State were in attendance, for White and Miller were not friendless, and moreover they were not without means.

After more than a week of "skirmishing" a jury was impeached, and then the great trial was begun. The majority of the people, including the press, a four-column folio set in small print and printed in the back room of P. B. Whitson's cross-roads store, believed that a verdict of guilty would be rendered, and bets were made with persons



GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.

who believed that the prisoners were guilty, but who thought that the jury might be "convulsed."

The trial had not proceeded far when it could be clearly seen that the Judge was convinced that White and Miller were guilty. This jurist was something more than a peculiar old fellow. He was a decided character, and so set were his opinions when once formed that no argument and no proof could change them.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the Judge, when all the testimony had

been heard, "I don't think that it is necessary to go into an argument concerning this case. The guilt of these men is so clear that it would be a criminal act to waste the county money in prolonging this trial. Now, prisoners, the last thing you can do is to confess your guilt and throw yourselves upon the mercy of this court. Have you any confession to make, Mr. White?"

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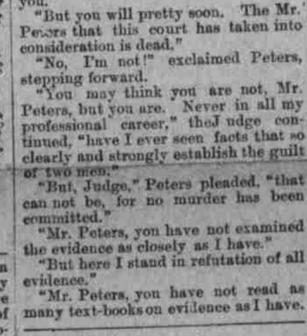
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BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.

peating his visit, he may come to distinguish words such as "buy" and "sell," but what is being done, and how, remains as great a mystery as ever.

But it is with the business and not the building that we have to do.

On the floor of the high-ceilinged hall, where the business of the Board is transacted, are a number of circular desks, furnished with steps, upon which traders can stand without obstructing each other's view. These are the "pits," and veritable pits—hills they have proved to thousands. This is the open market, where produce and provisions are bought and sold.

This is not done after the manner of an auction, with competing bids. One man is shouting "sell 10-11," another,

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THE MODERN RIALTO.

SIXTY MINUTES ON THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.

A Description of the Manner in Which the Business is Conducted—The Lines of the Institution—Bulls and Bears—Futs, Calls, Straddles, Margins, Etc., Etc.

HE Rialto, which Shakespeare's Shylock designates as "the place where merchants meet to congregate," was—at that golden time when the daughters of Venice had their dowry from spoils of nations, and the East poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers—the greatest trading mart of all the world.

But in the days when Antonio the merchant paced up and down the costly mosaic pavement, and looked in vain for the sails of his returning ships, the business of Venice had been transferred to a far distant time in the exchanges of our then undiscovered America.

While the palaces of Venice are crumbling to the shore, and she is sinking back to the morass from which she rose, Chicago, within the narrow span of one



SKETCHES ON THE BOARD.

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"Buy 5-87," which, in the phraseology of the pit means, that the one offers for sale 10,000 bushels of wheat, or corn, according to which pit it is, at 57 1/2 cents per bushel; and that the other offers one-



ON THE FLOOR OF THE BOARD.

eight of a cent less for 5,000 bushels of the same staple commodity.

As scores, sometimes hundreds, are shouting at once, it is often impossible for the sharpest ears to distinguish the words of any one in particular. To make them intelligible, a sort of deaf and dumb alphabet has been adopted. When a hand is thrust up with the palm outward it signifies sell; with the back exposed it means buy. Each finger allowed to remain upright stands for 5,000 bushels. A trader new to the business has, of

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It is only recently that deliveries were made on the board. Not very long ago they were required to be made at the different offices. Settling day then presented a lively scene. Young men, generally destitute of coats, few rather than run through the streets dodging relatives, dashed into buildings, vaulted up flights of stairs, and tumbled down again in mad endeavor to deliver their receipts before the striking of the gong. One bell upon the Board of Trade Building, which marked the close of the working day. Many a looker-on or other serious lawyer has been thus required,

and never again got on his feet. The city abounds in men whom speculation has ruined, without leaving them the energy to earn a respectable livelihood.—*Dwight Baldwin in Chicago Ledger.*

A Proposition in Physics.

The husband of a professor of physics at a "young ladies" advanced school was putting on his clothes the other morning, and his wife was lecturing on her favorite subject.

"The whole is always greater than a part," she remarked with confidence.

"Always?" he inquired, sticking his foot into his sock.

"Always," she answered with emphasis, aggravating tone.

"I think not," he rejoined in a quietly aggravating tone.

"But I say it is," she asserted.

"For example, my dear—and he held up his foot—my foot is a part of my body, but the hole in the sock is not larger than the part. You will observe that the part cannot get quite through it at this moment. But, my love, and his voice softened, "to-night I think your proposition will be correct."

Then he put on his shoes and completed his toilet in the midst of a silence that could be but double before it could be broken.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A now that can't bark is one of the curiosities at Edinboro, N. J.

been heard, "I don't think that it is necessary to go into an argument concerning this case. The guilt of these men is so clear that it would be a criminal act to waste the county money in prolonging this trial. Now, prisoners, the last thing you can do is to confess your guilt and throw yourselves upon the mercy of this court. Have you any confession to make, Mr. White?"

"No, your Honor, except that I am innocent."

"Have you any confession, Mr. Miller?"

"None, except to say that I had nothing to do with the killing of our friend Peters."

"All right," said the Judge. "I see that you do not desire any mercy, but if you expect to escape punishment by making a prolonged fight, let me tell you you will meet with nothing but disappointment. I am here as the fearless agent of justice. I have made up my mind. I have determined that you are guilty, and nothing on earth can change me. Gentlemen of the jury, you may retire and agree upon a verdict."

The jury, without leaving the box, rendered a verdict of guilty.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "to expedite matters, and thereby save expense to the county, I will sentence these men now. The law may be in favor of delay, but justice is not. The law might permit the Sheriff to take these men to jail and feed them at the county's expense until some distant day of execution should arrive, but justice, the one bright flower in our judicial garden of weeds, looks up and says: 'No, Mr. Sheriff, these men must be hanged forthwith.' So take them out when the death sentence has been passed and hang them to the most convenient tree. Prisoners at the bar, stand up and receive your sentence."

The prisoners stood up, and just as the Judge had pronounced the last words of the sentence the wife of Mr. Peters uttered a shout and bounding toward the door threw her arms around a man who had just entered the courtroom. A wild commotion followed.

"What's the matter?" the Judge demanded. "Who is the man that the bereaved widow is hugging?"

"I can't believe widow, judge," the woman answered, "for this is my husband, safe and well."

"Silence, woman," the Judge demanded. "You ought to have better sense than to interrupt this court."

"Your honor," said a lawyer, "I suppose my clients can now go free?"

"And why so, sir?"

"Can your honor ask such a question when Mr. Peters stands here before you?"

"Who is Mr. Peters?"

"Your honor, I cannot understand you."

"But you will pretty soon. The Mr. Peters that this court has taken into consideration is dead."

"No, I'm not!" exclaimed Peters, stepping forward.

"You may think you are not, Mr. Peters, but you are. Never in all my professional career," the judge continued, "have I ever seen facts that so clearly and strongly establish the guilt of two men."

"But, Judge," Peters pleaded, "that can not be, for no murder has been committed."

"Mr. Peters, you have not examined the evidence as closely as I have."

"But here I stand in refutation of all evidence."

"Mr. Peters, you have not read as many text-books on evidence as I have."

short human life, has far surpassed the highest commercial glory ever attained by the mighty city of the Doges.

Chicago was founded on trade. It had its beginning as a post where goods were bartered with Indians, and at many times their value, for the fur and pelts of animals, for the advance of civilization, it became a distributing point for the necessities of white settlers. The West, accordingly as "exoticisms" at the time, which Venice drew here splendid, continued her support. Thus trade increased, and with it came population, push, energy—and a great city was the result.

Of the institutions which have made the Chicago of the past, and are preparing for the building of a still more glorious Chicago for the future, the Board of Trade is entitled, perhaps, to the very foremost mention.

This is a theme of which, though much has been written, very little is probably understood. This is not because the subject is so intricate, but for the reason, probably, that so much is taken for granted, and passed by without explanation.

To write the history of the Board of Trade would be to write the commercial history of the Garden City. Suffice it to say that it has a beginning as small, in comparison, as the "acorns" from which the "oaks" of the old declaration grew. A membership, which costs now several thousand dollars, was issued to the charter members at the very modest charge of \$5. From insignificant quarters it has risen by gradations until it occupies a veritable palace.

The Board of Trade building stands on Jackson street, and occupies half a block. It is a majestic structure, rising to a vast height, its base being 335 feet above the pavement, making the ten and twelve story buildings in the neighborhood look dwarfed in comparison. In connection with the lower part of La Salle street, which terminates at its granite front, this building presents an appearance certainly as fine as any similar structure in America.

A stranger to the modern operand, entering one of the galleries, looks down upon what seems a second Babel. Re-

course, much to learn and is often confused. In time, however, it becomes a second nature, and he knows almost instinctively what is being said. In this he is largely aided by a study of the lips of bidders and comes to know the uttered words without having heard an articulate sound.

When an offer is accepted the parties make a note of the sale. At the same time a man wearing a gilt-laced cap and occupying an elevated box beside the pit, makes a memorandum of the transaction. These men, of whom there is one for each pit, are the official reporters of prices.

One portion of the floor is raised off, and here may be seen more than 100 telegraph operators engaged in receiving and sending dispatches. One man, the official telegrapher, occupies a commanding position and sends out a commanding word to the telegraphers, for the benefit of the commercial world, actual transaction the moment they are closed. It is upon these reports that the market is said to rise or fall.

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