STORIES OF FANTASTIC LUCK.

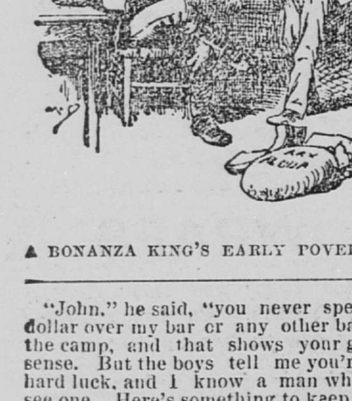
They Truthfully Show How Fickle Is Dame Fortune in Bestowing Her Favors Among the Masses Among Humankind.

The Historic Hole in the Ground Out of Which the Millionaire John W. Mackay Extracted the Fabulous Sum of $150,000,000.

Rich and Lusious Strikes in Coal Oil That in the Days Agone Filled to Overflowing Many an Empty Pocket.

Georgia Ann Shy, an Erstwhile Louisville Mendicant, Will No Longer Be Shy the Money That Makes the Wheels Go Round.

JOHN W. MACKAY once worked a claim that was a failure. He had scarcely any supplies left, says the San Francisco News Letter. He sat in his lonely cabin a rainy night, supperless, reading by his last tallow candle a work on mineralogy which he had borrowed from a lordly and surprised engineer. Above the noise of the storm came a knock on the door. Andy Hepworth, keeper of the All Souls' saloon at Thompson's Bar, staggered in. His stagger was caused by several things. One of them was a lot of his own whisky, which was under his skin; the others were two sides of bacon and a sack of flour, which weighted his shoulders and hands.



A BONANZA KING'S EARLY POVERTY.

"John," he said, "you never spent a dollar over my bar or any other bar at the camp, and that shows your good sense. But the boys tell me you're in hard luck, and I know a man when I see one. Here's something to keep you going." And he threw on the rough floor the sack of flour and two sides of bacon. He retained the whisky.

It was a good many years later, when Mackay had become a rich man, that he again met Hepworth, gone in health, crushed in spirit, lounging among the crowd of hopeless ones who hang like flies about the bungholes of the stock market, sugarless for them.

"Hullo, Andy," cried John, delighted.

"You don't mean to say you remember me?" said the broken man.

"Remember you!" laughed the millionaire. "You bet I do, and that flour and bacon, too. Broke?"

"Flat."

"I'll carry you a hundred of Con. Virginia."

"Good enough, John. You've rescued me from hell. When shall I sell?"

"When I tell you."

But he wouldn't sell when he was told, and Mackay had to pay the loss.

This thing happened three times.

Then the millionaire put his arm through Hepworth's and took him up to his office one day.

"Andy," he said, seriously, "has whisky got you, or can you let it alone?"

"Yes, I can."

"Honest Injun?"

"Straight."

"All right. There's no use in trying to help you in stocks. You're a gambler, and when the fever get's hold of you you won't listen to me or anybody else. All Souls' was a first-rate saloon, and you knew how to run it. That's your forte. I'll send Dick Dey out to find a good place, and you put yourself behind the bar. Come back in two days —3:30 p. m.

At the hour appointed Mr. Dey and Hepworth were there.

"Here," said Mr. Mackay, drawing a check; "there's $10,000, Andy. Dick struck an A1 place on Market street. You can buy it and have something left to stand a run of barasca if need be. Keep the bottle for other folks and you'll be all right. If you don't—but I hope you will for your own sake. And don't you ever forget, Andy, that flour and bacon will always be a draft at sight for a grub stake."

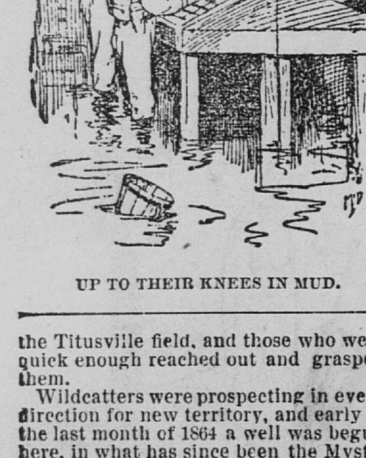
I'm happy to say that the new All Souls' is a success; that Andy is as temperate as a parson, and he's done the manly thing and paid back every cent of that $10,000 out of less virtuous men's pockets. If you don't believe it ask Dick Dey.

MILLIONS FROM PITHOLE.

An Oil Town That Produced Many a Mushroom Fortune.

No city in America, and few in the world, have had so wonderful a history as Pithole, which lies in a little valley some five hours' journey from Pittsburg, and about as distant from Buffalo. Early in December, 1864, the site of this town was occupied by two farms, and its inhabitants could be numbered on one's fingers, says the Philadelphia Press.

At that time the oil regions were in the most terrific throes of the initial petroleum excitement. Fortunes were flying by on the wings of the wind in



UP TO THEIR KNEES IN MUD.

the Titusville field, and those who were quick enough reached out and grasped them.

Wildcatters were prospecting in every direction for new territory, and early in the last month of 1864 a well was begun here, in what has since been the Mystic City. Work was continued until Jan. 7, when oil was struck. No pumps were needed. The well, No. 4 U. S., proved to be a gusher. Great streams of fluid gold burst from the bowels of the earth and rose high in the air, overrunning all the surrounding land. Oil was then selling at $5 per barrel, and this well was making 1,500 barrels per day.

Those were the days of "Coal Oil Johnny" and other famous characters—days when all were on the alert for news from the field, ready to move at an hour's warning. So, when a horseman dashed over the wild road from Pithole to Titusville with word that No. 4 U. S. had proved a gusher, excitement knew no bounds. Hundreds started at once for the new field, on horses, in wagons, on foot, with baggage and without.

In six weeks from the time the first well was struck the population of Pithole reached 6,000. By October the Magic City had reached its most astounding stage of development. At that time two theaters were in full blast, one of which—Murphy's—cost $20,000.

In the town were a dozen hotels, among them the Chase house, the St. Cloud, the Danforth, the St. Nicholas and the Morey, some of which had been built at a cost of $40,000 each. A Roman Catholic and a Methodist church were completed and a Presbyterian church, "built just for fun," was under way. Two railroads were finished and others were being surveyed.

The postoffice handled more mail matter than any other in the state of Pennsylvania, except those at Philadelphia and Pittsburg. Residences, bar-rooms, dance-houses, brokers' offices, banks, drug stores, law offices and other buildings covered what a few months previous had been tilled fields. Rattling old Dick Longwell (since then of the Oil City Dersick) burst into town one day ready to start a daily newspaper, but he couldn't get a building for love nor money. Longwell, however, wasn't a newspaper man.

"I'll issue the first number of the Pithole Daily Record," he roared, "before daylight tomorrow, if we have to work in a balloon."

And he did issue it, but his compositors stood knee-deep in mud while working at their cases.

At this time, October, 1865, Pithole was a seat of trade employing millions of dollars in money, a city with the third largest postoffice in the state, a city with water works, efficient fire and police departments, magnificent hotels and theaters, teeming with a busy, industrious, enterprising general population, and with artisans, merchants, speculators, agents and professional men, a city with railroads, express and telegraph offices, and the ordinary accessories to populous municipalities.

A party of Philadelphia capitalists found an ignorant old farmer named Copeland, who owned 220 acres of land three-fourths of a mile south of Pithole. They offered him $700,000 for the property, but he refused it, saying he "wouldn't hev no home ef th' old house wuz sold."

Another man, living two miles north of the city, was offered $750,000 for his farm of 200 acres, but he swore it would not be sold for less than $100,000,000. Both of these farms were tested and not enough oil was found to pay for pumping the wells.

When the Press correspondent came to Pithole a short time since, he had to let down the bars of a fence to get in. Not a soul lives there. A farmer in the valley four years ago purchased the entire city, buildings and all, for $1,200, which was paid to the collector of taxes. Your correspondent drove to the renowned postoffice. Two calves thrust their heads through an empty window frame and gazed at him. Three or four sheep scampered out of what was once the $60,000 Danforth house. Graded embankments of the railroads remain, but the rails and ties are gone.

A popular tree twenty feet high is growing in the cellar of the National hotel. The Metropolitan theater is gone. Grass, stones and underbrush cover the site of Murphy's theater. The Morey hotel, the Battersea, the St. Cloud, the St. Nicholas and the Hubbs house have vanished. The sites of Delmonico's cafe and the Johnson house can be located by only half-filled cellars, overgrown with weeds and brambles.

Dr. Christie's house on First street and the banking house of Prather & Wadsworth on Holmden street remain in a fair state of preservation. Our correspondent climbed through the broken door of a large drug store on First street and brought away from the shelves several fancy vials as souvenirs. In Main street, where millions of dollars once daily changed hands, are stacked cornstalks. The avenue erstwhile lined with residences are tilled fields.

Today Pithole is a scene of the most abject desolation.

Upon the hill overlooking the ruins stands the Presbyterian church. Its bell still hangs, its pews remain, and on the pulpit desk rests the clergyman's bible. One of the builders of the edifice was a Scotchman, who amazed great wealth and left Pithole in its glory to go to his home across the water.

A few years since he died, leaving a large sum to the church away out there in Pennsylvania. But the society had long before disbanded, and the money could not be disposed of as directed.

The decline of the magic city commenced within a year of its wonderful rise. Oil gave out in 1886, and a terrible fire swept the town. All the old-timers moved away. All? No, all but a score. These quietly sleep among the briers and bushes that run riot over the little graveyard where they were laid away when the now dead city was a boiling, seething caldron of business.

COAL OIL JOHNNY.

Most Eccentric of All Men Who Got Rich Quickly in the Oil Regions.

Mrs. John Steele, of Ashland, Neb., has been here on a visit for the past week. Mrs. Steele is the wife of a man to whom the discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania gave a wider reputation than any other man, and one concerning whom many true stories and many noble lies have been told. He is none other than the famous "Coal Oil Johnny," whose former home was near Rouseville, this county, and who now has a farm near the Nebraska town named after him, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mrs. Steele was given an opportunity to correct in an interview some of the "Arabian Nights" tales told about her husband's eccentric actions in the days when he was a reported millionaire and when his source of wealth seemed limitless. She had been wearied long ago by exaggerated interviews with her husband and herself and declined to talk, but the following interesting points were obtained from an authentic source. The wealth of Mr. Steele has undoubtedly been overrated—that is to say, his wealth in cash.

At the time the Pittsburg sanitary commission made an offer to donate a soldier's monument to the county making the largest contribution, the producers of this section agreed to set aside for that purpose the proceeds from their wells for one day. Mr. Steele's contribution for that day was $2,500, which was a fair gauge of what his wells were doing.

The farm and the conjunctive interests bequeathed to him by his grandmother he probably could have disposed of for $500,000 or more when the same came into his possession, but it is doubtful if at any time he possessed more than $100,000 in cash.

His expensive eccentricities were many, but did not include, as often reported, the purchasing and giving away of a hotel in Philadelphia. The story probably grew out of the fact that while in Philadelphia at one time he experienced some difficulty in securing a hack, and finally bought one outright; that when he got through with the rig the driver asked him what to do with it and he told him to keep it. It was on that trip to Philadelphia that he, while with Slocum, the fellow who was "showing him the world," attracted so much attention by going about with bills of various denominations tied in the buttonholes of his clothing—by making small purchases with good-sized bills, taking no change back, and even lighting cigars with his money.

Another of his eccentricities on that trip was the forming of a negro minstrel troupe at random, for each of the members of which he bought a suit of clothes when he engaged him. He brought his troupe here, and that was about all he did with it.

The details of his doings in Philadelphia, New York, Saratoga and elsewhere, including his experiences with sharpers—notably his $10,000 acquaintance with John Morrissey—have been written threadbare. Summed up briefly the main points in his life are these: When quite young he became an orphan, and was adopted by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William McClintock. He was married two or three years before he became of age, and worked at farm work until the oil excitement began. He then engaged in hauling oil down Oil creek and hauling coal back with a pair of old plugs. The result was the possession of a good team of his own. The McClintock farm became one of the

COAL OIL JOHNNY.

most valuable along Oil creek. Mrs. McClintock survived her husband several years, and when she died, in 1865, the adopted son, Steele, became the sole heir to her property.

He soon concluded to see some of the world with his wealth and he saw it. He sought notoriety and he got it. He spent his money like a man with Monte Cristo backing—was bled by leeches, fleeced by sharpers, and in a few years, his oil interests in the meantime rapidly depreciating in value, he soon found himself again a poor man. But no one ever heard him express particular regret over the return he received for his money.

At one time when he was highest in his eccentric extravagances, Capt. J. J. Vandergrift, T. H. Williams and others sent for him and kindly expostulated with him on the point that he ought to save some of his money. He thanked them for their friendly advice, but said that he had made a living by hauling oil, and could do it again if necessary. He couldn't rest until he had spent that fortune. Ultimately he got the required rest.

A cousin of Mr. Steele maintains that the estimates which have been put upon Steele's wealth have not, as a general thing, been exaggerated. He says that he personally knows that when Mrs. McClintock died Steele inherited $125,000 in gold and about $100,000 in other money. The income from his wells then was from $1,000 to $2,000 a day. The cousin says that, from his knowledge of Steele's affairs, he should say that at one time "Coal Oil Johnny" could have produced $1,000,000 in cash.

GREAT LUCK OF A BEGGAR.

A Louisville Mendicant About to Inherit a Fortune.

There is no better known figure in Louisville than Georgia Ann Shy, who for the last four or five years has hobbled through the streets on her crutches, getting drunk when she could beg or borrow the price of a drink, and spending the most of her time at the workhouse, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. She has made out an existence in this way for years past, and though hardened in sin and wickedness generally, she still has a generous spot in her heart for others who are in distress. Her maiden name was Georgia Ann Meeks, and being the youngest child of a family of fourteen, she was petted and spoiled, so that long before maturity she was a spirited and headstrong young waman. At the age of twenty, after having betrothed herself to half a dozen suitors, she was married to a young man named Shy. For a short while they lived happily together, when her vicious temper asserted itself. A quarrel ensued and her husband left her. After the separation she returned to her home, and for a while lived with her father and mother.

A year afterwards her mother was taken sick and died. The grief occasioned by her mother's death for a while seemed to curb her evil nature, but it only lasted a short time. She began to keep fast company, and, after a quarrel with her father, left her

A LUCKY MENDICANT.

home and began a life of shame. Shortly after she left her home her father married his second wife, with whom he lived until his death, which occurred some years ago, his property, amounting to over $50,000, going to her. Since then Mrs. Meeks, Georgia Ann's stepmother, has lived quietly at her home on East Jefferson street. The fortune which had been left her by her husband by good management had accumulated to a much larger amount, and at her death, which occurred last week, it was reported to aggregate $65,000. The relatives of Mrs. Meeks have searched high and low for the will, but to no effect, and it is the general belief that she died intestate, in which case the entire fortune will be inherited by Georgia Ann.

"Dame Fortune has at last smiled upon me," she said, as she told the story of her probable inheritance.

"But what will you do with so much money?" queried a reporter.

"Oh, there are a lot of people who have given me money and treated me well, and I mean to repay them, or at least partly so. No, I never intend to drink again. I know that kind of talk is getting old from me, but if I get this money, and I hope I shall, I mean to lead an honest and straightforward life in the future."

PEGGY O'NEILL'S FORTUNE.

A Humble Innkeeper's Daughter Who Afterwards Shone at Isabella's Court.

The other day there died in New York an Italian by the name of Gabriel Antonio Buchignani. For years he had kept a little hotel on Third avenue, just back of the Academy of Music, which has always been the resort of Italian opera singers and Bohemians of the better class, says a New York letter to the Columbus Inquirer. No man in the Italian colony in New York was better known than "Buck," as he was familiarly called, and few men have had a stranger or more romantic career. He came to America in 1855, a boy of twenty-one. At the outbreak of the war he was the close and trusted friend of President Lincoln, who first appointed him to an important diplomatic post in Rome and afterwards intrusted him with the delivery of important state papers to all the courts of Europe. The above facts and his romantic elopement and marriage with the aristocratic Miss Randolph, of Washington, who was his second wife, were fully written up in the New York papers; but the strangest experience in "Buck's" eventful life was not touched upon at all. This was his marriage with his first wife, who was no less a person than the famous Peggy Eaton, and from whom the young Italian ran away to marry her granddaughter, Emily Randolph! The facts were well known to but few perhaps, and those his oldest friends, for it was a subject on which Buck's lips had been sealed for years.

Peggy O'Neill was the daughter of an Irish innkeeper in Washington, where, before the present century had turned its first quarters she was notorious for her escapades and her beauty. Senator Andrew Jackson and his colleague from Tennessee, Maj. John H. Eaton, boarded at her father's house, and were both warm admirers of the lovely Peggy, who had been publicly crowned at a public ball by Dolly Madison as the prettiest girl in Washington.

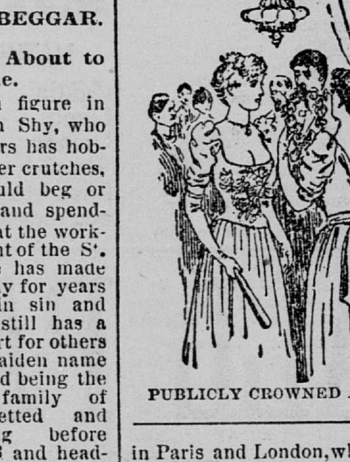
In 1828, the year that Andrew Jackson was elected to the presidency, Peggy became a widow by Purser Timberlake, of the United States navy, whom she had married a few years previously, committing suicide while on duty in the Mediterranean. A few months afterwards she married Maj. Eaton, and when Jackson returned to Washington as president, he invited his friend Eaton into his cabinet as secretary of war. This raised a tremendous row, as the wives of the other cabinet officers refused absolutely to associate with Mrs. Eaton. The wives of the foreign ministers followed suit, and the whole country was stirred up over the scandal. A committee of clergymen was sent to remonstrate with the president, and even his niece, Mrs. Donelson, mistress of the White house, declined to call upon Mrs. Eaton.

"Then you'll pack up and go back to Tennessee on the next stage!" said Jackson, and pack up and go she did.

During two years poor Peggy was snubbed at every ball or reception which she attended, and at the end of that time Jackson, who had been the firm friend of Eaton and his wife throughout the whole quarrel, demanded the resignations of Attorney General Berrien, Secretary of the Treasury Ingham and Secretary of the Navy Branch, the three married members of his cabinet, whose wives had scorned "good little Peggy," as the president called her. These resignations were shortly followed by that of Vice President Calhoun, whose wife had been one of Peggy's strongest opponents.

Secretary of State Van Buren espoused the president's side in the quarrel and stood up for Peggy. Jackson wrote a letter at this time, "to be published only in case of my death," in which he definitely named Van Buren as his successor.

Soon after this Eaton resigned and was appointed minister to Spain, and fifteen years Peggy shone with brilliancy in the court of queen Isabella and



PUBLICLY CROWNED AT THE BALL.

in Paris and London, where she became a great social favorite. Her life during these years seems to have been above reproach. In 1840 she returned to Washington and lived quietly until Maj. Eaton's death. This second Ninon de l'Enclos, at the age of sixty-one, met and fell in love with the fascinating Italian Buchignani, who in 1857 was teaching music and languages in Washington. He was then twenty-three years old, and, although Peggy had passed her prime, she was still a handsome woman, and it may be that he loved her. At any rate, they were married, and it was the crowning folly of Peggy O'Neill's life. One of her daughters had married Dr. Randolph, of Virginia, and had borne him a daughter, who was named Emily. It was this very Emily Randolph, then a lovely girl of eighteen, who inspired in the heart of the Italian a genuine love passion. She returned it. He had quickly grown weary of Peggy, and Peggy was disappointed in him. The young people forgot everything but their love, and ran away together. Peggy in disgust got a divorce, and resumed the name of Eaton. She died 1879 at the ripe old age of eighty-three. Buchignani and Emily were legally married, and lived together in perfect happiness until the death of the latter, eight years ago. During the first years of their married life they visited together the capitals of Europe where the woman who was the grandmother of the one, and who had been the wife of the other once reigned a social queen. Does history afford a parallel to this?

FORMERLY A TRAMP,

But Since Then He Has Had a Fine Run of Luck.

Seven years ago Harry Schrader lived in Indiana. He is the son of Adam Schrader, of Water street, and is not yet thirty years of age. He entered the bakery of C. U. Gessler, and, after a year's work there, he went to Philadelphia and completed his trade. Then he took a notion there was room for him in the far West, and started there to make his fortune, says the Indiana (Pa.) Messenger. But fortune is fickle, and often those who woo it ne'er so hard are doomed to disappointment. In his journeyings towards the sunset one misfortune after another overtook and sometimes nearly overwhelmed our Harry, until one day he thought he had got to the bottom rung of misery's ladder.

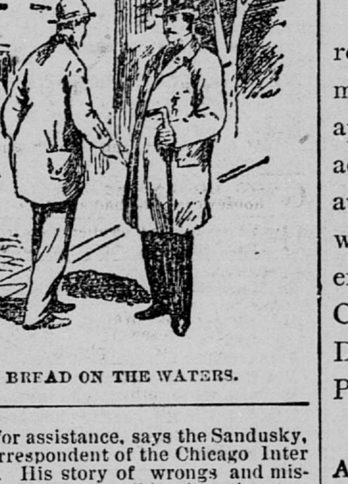
APPLIED FOR WORK.

This eventful day was some seven years ago when, as the shades of night were falling fast, he entered the city of Durango, Col., barefooted, hungry, unkempt and sorely disheartened, and with only a few hoarded dollars in his clothes. He hunted up a bakery and was promptly given employment. At the end of the tenth day his boss took the silver fever, and sold out to Harry, and he found himself in the possession of an oven, a long-handled peel, half a dozen pans, two sacks of flour, and enough yeast to set one batch. In a month he was fairly prospering, and at the end of a year he was looking around for something to invest his surplus capital in. This materialized in the shape of a tract of fifty-five acres of land just outside the then city limits, and was not considered particularly valuable. He bought it and waited. Silver mining became a great pursuit in the surrounding mountains. Durango grew and became the seat of supplies for the thousands of prospectors hunting for silver lodes. The growth of the town was phenomenal, and grew over Harry's fifty-five acres, and the chaparral farm increased in value. He built a half-dozen brick houses, and a fine three-story brick for his bakery business and for a wife he took about the time of the boom. He now controls the entire bakery trade of the city, and handles vast quantities of flour and mercantile hardware. Fifty thousand dollars would not induce him to part with his possessions today, and the barefooted tramp who entered Durango seven years ago is now recognized as one of the city's most substantial and progressive citizens.

CHARITY'S RICH RETURN.

A Grateful Baron Repays a Small Gift With a Gem Worth $8,000.

Dr. A. Billhardt, of this place, many years ago while in Philadelphia one evening, walking through a well known quarter of that city, was stopped by a pale-faced gentleman who begged pite-



BREAD ON THE WATERS.

ously for assistance, says the Sandusky, (O.) correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean. His story of wrongs and misfortune was so plausible that the doctor handed him the amount asked for and was on the point of continuing his walk when the stranger stopped him again, asked his name and address, promising that when fortune smiled upon him he should be well rememeered.

Yesterday, upon opening a small package directed to him from Mellmore, a mining town in South America, the doctor found glistening in a downy bit of cotton a brilliant scintillating with all the colors of the rainbow. Inclosed with the gem was a card reading:

Dr. A. Billhardt—Dear Sir: Several years ago I met you in the streets of Philadelphia. I was starving and asked you for bread; you gave it to me. For your kindness I return you a stone. It is of great value, but nothing, I assure you, in comparison to the gratitude I feel for the kindness you extended.

"BARON INO ROSSA."

That the doctor was amazed goes without saying, and no wonder. The gem weighs twenty karats and its value is estimated at $8,000.

REVENGE UPON HIMSELF.

Arkansaw Traveler.

My revenge was terrible. I had been cruelly wronged, however, and can scarcely be blamed for what I did. For the purposes of this narrative, I will call myself Luke Gilbert. I am a native of Coventry, in England, and went to Australia to improve my prospects in life. The other man, the reader must know, was Victor Lambert, a native of New York city. I had been an old and trusted employe in Gerald's large jewelry establishment at Staunton, Australia, and was greatly esteemed by my employer, a man well advanced in years. When Lambert came he presented unimpeachable references. He was a tall, handsome fellow, with a captivating manner, and it was not long before he became a favorite with every one.

I never liked him from the first, and I liked him less when he innocently won away from me the affections of Amy Gerald, a girl I had loved with passionate idolatry from early childhood. Often had she entwined her white arms around my neck, and, nestling her pretty face upon my breast, vowed that she held me dearer than any other on earth; and when he came she was wearing a ring I had given her as a pledge of betrothal. But, after Lambert had been with us a little over a year, her manner grew strangely cold to me; and one night when I called to see her, she told me, with great tears standing in her eyes, that she had been mistaken—she had never really loved me; and what she had felt for me was only esteem and friendship, and she added, as she handed me back my ring:

"Luke, you will forgive me, won't you, and still be my friend?"

I made no reply—I could not. Every drop of blood in my body seemed to surge in fiery torrents to my face and head. I reeled like a drunken man and went out into the open air. I think I should have killed myself there and then had not thoughts of revenge entered my mind. These thoughts kept me alive and enabled me to go about my duties as usual.

One day Lambert came to me, and, in his usual pleasant way, said:

"Luke, old fellow, you must congratulate me, for I consider myself the most fortunate, as well as the happiest man on earth."

I knew well enough to what he was alluding, and, though a dreadful pain convulsed my heart, I maintained a steady countenance and replied:

"Congratulate you! Why, what has befallen you?"

"Why," he said, with a little laugh, "I am going to marry Amy Gerald in the autumn, and I want you to rejoice in my good fortune."

"Ah!" was all I said, as I took his proffered hand. Oh! how I hated him then, and how I longed to deprive him of his boasted happiness; and soon after that the means was given me to do so.

One night during the summer a jewelry store on a continguous street was entered by burglars, and a large amount of valuables taken therefrom. This alarmed old man Gerald, and he requested that I and Lambert should lodge in the store for a period of two or three weeks.

Lambert talked in his sleep, and one night he babbled forth words that placed him in my power. How I gloated over the prospect of a speedy revenge! I felt easy in my conscience, too, for the means had been placed in my hands without any efforts of my own.

A direct interposition of Providence, I argued then—a fiendish scheme, I say now.

The weeks rolled by, and Victor Lambert was more popular than ever. His praises were rung daily into my ears. "Has the making of a fine man in him," was the universal comment. I smiled in a grim kind of way when I heard him spoken of, but I never said yea or nay. I held to my secret—the secret that was to destroy the man who had come, like a thief in the night, and stolen away my happiness.

The autumn came on, and the day that Amy Gerald was to become the bride of Victor Lambert arrived. The marriage took place that morning, and the couple were to leave early for an extended bridal tour.

The spacious mansion was crowded with guests. Everybody was happy except myself. I went around morose and heavy-hearted, feeling more like a condemned criminal than a guest at a merry wedding. I drew away from the gay assemblage and sought a secluded corner, where I stood alone and communed with myself. Now, as the hour drew near, I dreaded to strike the blow that was to ruin two young lives forever.

"Why do this?" a small voice whispered in my ear. "Better far, and more noble, to smother revenge and anger, and go forth into the world with ill-will toward no one."

"But," interrupted another voice, "you have been deeply wronged. You have been robbed of a happiness that was rightfully yours by one who is totally unworthy. Strike! Revenge yourself ere it is too late."

I came to myself with a start, and all the old bitterness surged through me. "Strike—avenge yourself!" rang in my ears with fearful distinctness. Yes, I would strike, and deeply, too. I looked around me. The vast room had been emptied of all save Victor Lambert and myself. He was standing leaning against the mantelpiece, unaware of my presence. The time for my revenge had come. I advanced noiselessly, and, laying my hand heavily on his shoulder, I hissed in his ear:

"Henry Merving, you are an impostor! I know your past life. I know of the forgery you committed in New York, for which crime you were sent to prison for a term of years. I know all about your escape after serving two years of your sentence; but for you I should have been a happy man tonight. You have blighted my life and robbed me of the only joy I ever had. The happiness you have deprived me of shall not be yours. The officers of the law shall be put upon your track."

When I ceased speaking Lambert's face had assumed the hue of death and he was trembling in every limb. Raising his hand in a supplicating manner, he said in a scarcely audible voice:

"For heaven's sake, Luke, have mercy on me! You surely would not blight my life and hers? Give me a chance, Luke, only a chance."

"No," I said, in a cold, hard voice, "I will show you no mercy. It is too late to think of that."

He looked at me with an expression of mute despair. Then he turned and strode from the room, muttering as he went:

"Heaven have mercy on us—have pity on us!"

A faintness came over me, and I stood, I know not how long, in a dazed and helpless manner.

Presently I was aroused by people entering and calling for Victor. He could not be found, and the train in which the bridal party was to leave would start in twenty minutes. All was excitement and bustle, in the midst of which a servant entered, and, advancing to Amy, handed her a note. She hastily tore it open and read it. Suddenly she swayed to and fro, and, before assistance could reach, fell, with a loud cry, to the floor. In a few seconds she lay a corpse where she had so lately stood a happy bride. I picked up the note that had fallen from her hand, and read:

"I am going, heaven only knows where. My life is ruined. I shall never return. Do not seek me. Good-by.

"VICTOR."

No one knew of the part I had played in the tragedy of that awful day. Terrible, indeed, was my revenge.

Years passed by. At the death of the old man Gerald I became proprietor of his establishment. I left my place of business only long enough each day to visit Amy's grave.

One winter's morning I started out to make my accustomed visit. As I turned the corner of the little church the cemetery came in full view. I was greatly startled to see lying at full length upon the grave where Amy Gerald was sleeping the figure of a man. Slowly I approached. The man was either unconscious or asleep. His hat had fallen from his head, and his hair, which was snowy white, fell over his shoulders. I bent over the prostrate form of the sleeper, and called to him to arise. He heeded me not. I placed my hand upon the body and turned the face upward. I knew it instantly, despite the worn and haggard look, the long, white hair. It was Victor Lambert, and dead. He had found peace. A week afterward I left Australia forever, to pass my life in aimless, unhappy wanderings. The revenge I took upon my enemy was terrible, but that which I wreaked upon myself was much more so. I am anxiously awaiting the end.

A bar to happiness is a bad breath, both in man and woman, and many a good catch has gone a-sailing on account of it. Are you troubled with it? The general cause of it is a disordered stomach; at least ninety-nine cases out of one hundred can be traced to that cause. There is a sure and certain cure. That is regulate your stomach and make it strong and healthy. Nothing will do this so permanently or quickly as the genuine Carlsbad Sprudel Salts. Every drugstore has them. The signature of Eisner & Mendelson Co., N. Y., Sole Agents, will be found on every bottle. Look out for imitations.

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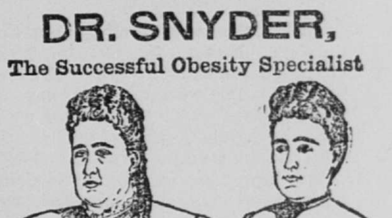

Mrs. Etta Mullican before and after treatment by Dr. Snyder.

McMinnville, Ore., Jan. 13, 1892.—Dr. Snyder, Dear Sir: I have just finished my eighth month's treatment. My health is as nearly perfect now as I could wish. I used to suffer intensely with sick headache in its worst form, also with kidney trouble and rheumatism. My general health is so much improved it is almost impossible for me to realize the great change and blessing that has befallen me. The following will show my weight and measurement before and after taking treatment:

	Before.	After.	Loss.
Weight,	255 pounds.	172 pounds.	83 pounds.
Bust,	46½ inches.	33 inches.	13½ inches.
Waist,	36 inches.	24 inches.	12 inches.
Hips,	52 inches.	30 inches.	22 inches.

I feel very grateful for the benefit I have received, and can heartily recommend your treatment to any one suffering from that most discouraging of diseases—Obesity. While nearly all other diseases gain sympathy, that of Obesity calls forth nothing but ridicule on its unfortunate victim. All inquiries with stamp inclosed will be most cheerfully answered. MRS. W. W. LEVIS.

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Manitoba and Pacific Express, daily for Crookston, Grand Forks, Grafton, Winnipeg, Fargo, Bismarck, Livingston, Bozeman, Helena, Butte, Missoula, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia and Portland	4:15 p.m.	12:45 p.m.
Dakota Express, daily, for Fergus Falls, Wahpeton, Moorhead, Fargo and Jamestown	8:00 p.m.	7:05 a.m.
Brainerd Express, daily except Sundays, for Anoka, St. Cloud, Little Falls and Brainerd	9:00 a.m.	10:30 a.m.

Dakota Express does not run west of Fargo on Sunday.

Pullman Sleepers daily between St. Paul and Grand Forks, Grafton, Winnipeg, Fergus Falls, Wahpeton and Fargo. Pullman First-Class and Tourist Sleepers and Free Colonist Sleepers are run on through Pacific Mail Trains. C. E. STONE, City Ticket Agent, 162 East Third Street, St. Paul. G. F. McNEILL, City Ticket Agent, 19 Nicollet House Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

Trains leave for Chicago and intermediate points daily. Minneapolis, 12:45 p. m.; 6:25 p. m. St. Paul, 1:30 p. m.; 7:15 p. m. Arrive St. Paul daily, 8:40 a. m.; 3:45 p. m. Minneapolis, 9:15 a. m. and 4:15 p. m.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'Y

Trains leave St. Paul Union Depot as follows: For Winona, La Crosse, Milwaukee, Chicago, B, 7:35 a. m.; A, 2:45 p.m.; A, 6:55 p.m; A, 8 p.m., Mason City, St. Louis, Kansas City, A, 9:15 a. m.; C, 7:25 p. m. Dubuque & Rock Island, B, 7:35 a. m.; C, 7:25 p. m. Aberdeen, Mitchell, A, 6:15 p. m. Calmar, Davenport, B, 9:15 a. m. Austin & Way, A, 9:15 a. m.; A, 4:25 p. m.; C, 7:25 p. m. Milbank & Way, B, 8:00 a. m.; Red Wing & Rochester, B, 4:40 p. m.

A means daily; B, ex. Sunday; C, ex. Saturday. For further information see Company's time tables. Ticket Offices, 176 East Third St. and Union Depot.

Chicago, St. Paul & K. City Ry. trains leave union depot 8:30 a. m. ex. Sunday, 7:30 p. m. daily; arr 7:50 a. m. daily, 9:40 p. m. ex Sun

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE C. St. P. M. & O. RY.

ALWAYS ON TIME

Ticket Offices—159 East Third street, St. Paul; 13 Nicollet House, Minneapolis, and Union Depots in St. Paul, Minneapolis and Stillwater. Minneapolis, St. Paul and Stillwater Trains—Leave St. Paul *7:50, †8:35, s9:00, †9:35 and †11:45 a. m., and †12:00, *2:05, †4:05, †5:05, †6:20, *7:30 and *10:25 p. m. Returning, leave Stillwater *5:30, †7:30, †8:10, †9:40 and s10:30 a. m., and †12:30, s12:35, †1:40, †4:05, †5:10, †5:20 and s6:10 p. m. (*Daily. †Ex. Sun. ‡Ex. Mon. sSunday only. d Ex. Saturday.)

Through Trains.	Leave St. Paul.	Arrive St. Paul.
Chicago "Daylight" Ex	*7:50 a m	*1:00 p m
Chicago Vestibule Lim'd	*7:30 p m	†7:25 a m
WestSuperior and Duluth	†9:35 a m	†5:00 p m
	*10:25 p m	*5:50 a m
Ashland, Hurley	†9:35 a m	†5:00 p m
Bayfield & Washburn	*10:25 p m	*6:50 a m
Chippewa F'lls&Blk Riv	†5:05 p m	†6:15 p m
St Joseph & Kansas City	*7:35 a m	†7:35 a m
Omaha & Kansas City	*7:55 p m	*7:35 a m
Sioux City, Shakopee,	*7:35 p m	†6:52 p m
Denver & San Francisco	*7:55 p m	*7:35 a m
Pipestone & Sioux Falls.	*7:35 p m	†6:40 p m
Shakopee & Mankato	†5:00 p m	†10:10 a m
Tracy, Wat'town&Pierre	d7:55 p m	‡1:35 a m

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY LINE

TICKETS.

115 East Third St., St. Paul; 300 Nicollet Av., Minneapolis; and Union depots in both cities.

Leave	St. Paul Union Depot.	Arrive
b8:05 a.m.	Willmar, Morris, Brown's Valley and Breckinridge.	b6:30 p.m.
b8:30 a.m.	Fer. Falls, Fargo & G. Forks	b6:10 p.m.
b3:30 p.m.	Osseo, Clearwater & St. Cloud	b11:55 a.m.
b3:30 p.m.	Anoka, St. Cloud & Willmar	b10:55 a.m.
b3:30 p.m.	Excelsior and Hutchinson	b11:55 a.m.
a6:30 p.m.	Willmar, Sioux City, Sioux Falls, b Watertown, b Huron, Wahpeton, b Aberdeen, b Ellendale, †Fargo, b Casselton, Grafton, Winnipeg and Pacific Coast.	a7:15 a.m.
a7:40 p.m.	Anoka, St. Cloud, Sauk Center, Fergus Falls, Fargo, Crookston, G. Forks, Great Falls, Helena, Butte and Pacific Coast.	a6:55 a.m.
	—Eastern Minnesota.—	
b1:05 p.m.	Duluth, W. Superior, Elk River, Milaca, Hinckley, Princeton, Anoka.	b7:00 p.m.

a, daily; b, except Sundays. *Buffet parlor cars on trains to Duluth and West Superior. †Buffet sleepers. ‡Dining cars, palace sleepers and free colonist sleeping cars.

Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Ry

CITY TICKET OFFICES { Mpls. Guaranty Bldg., St. Paul, 185 E 3d st.

SOO LINE

M'tl-Boston Ex lv St Paul (A) 5:55 pm; M'tl-Boston Ex lv Mpls (A) 7:35 pm; Wisconsin Div. lv Mpls (B) 8 a m; Minn. Div. lv Minneapolis (B) 8:45 a m; (B) 4:20 p. m.; St. Croix Falls ac. lv St. Paul (C) 5:45 p m.

A, daily from Union station; B, except Sunday from Union station; C, except Sunday, from Broadway station, St. Paul.

Chicago, Burlington & Northern Railroad

Leaves for Chicago, St. Louis and down-river points, 7:50 a. m.; arrives from same points, 6:10 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Leaves for Chicago and St. Louis, 7:30 p. m.; arrives from same points, 7:35 a. m. daily

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*9.45 am	For Waterville, Mankato, Albert Lea, Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Chicago, Kansas City and West.	*7.20 pm
†6.25 pm		†9.10 am
†6.25 pm	St. Louis and the South.	†9.10 am
*8.00 am	Watertown Express.	*5.10 pm
*3.45 pm	Waterville Express.	*10.20 am

†Daily. *Ex. Sun. ‖Ex. Mon. ‡Ex Sat.

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