

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

JANUARY—1900.

Calendar table for January 1900 with days of the week and dates.

The maidens of Denmark never experience the pleasure of receiving a diamond engagement ring.

In the battle of Gapote river, which Gen. Lawton said was the hottest fire he had ever been under, his little son was by his side, and preserved the same coolness as his father.

A never-failing object of interest to visitors at the capitol in Washington is the group of instruments in the little apartment adjoining the marble or reception room of the senate.

During a recent holiday in New York the price of American Beauty roses went up to the usual figure of \$30 a dozen and remained there.

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J. Overton Paine is at present assisting Wall street with the boldness and success of his speculations. He came to New York from Atlanta three years ago with a capital of \$3,500, and is said to be \$5,000,000 to the good since his arrival.

Cape Hatteras, which has earned a bad name as a place for storms, is a dangerous place for shipping, more because of its dangerous coast than because of the storms.

Mr. Ramin, a wealthy Prussian, owning property near a military maneuver ground near Stettin, lately wrote the minister of war to complain of certain damages done by the soldiers, and asking for compensation.

Chief of Police Broder, of St. Joseph, Mo., evidently believes that the way to curb highway robbery is to kill the footpads.

The golden hammer which the pope uses in the ceremony of opening the holy door of St. Peter's on December 24, is the shape of an ordinary mason's mallet.

WARNED IN A DREAM.

Last night I dozed in my easy chair. For my active brain was tired: And she came and stood beside me there— The girl I had long desired.

I knew that this was another life. And it seemed more odd than strange. For she said, like a real and living wife: "Say, Harry, I want some change."

She told me the baby had a rash. And the cook was drunk all day: She spoke of her usual need of cash, And the bills she had to pay.

She said that Tommy had hurt his knee. And Bessie had had a fall. And I might stop to-morrow and see If the doctor could not call.

She owned that Johnny had grown too large. For her to correct any more: And would I kindly take him in charge, And investigate why he swore?

She said there were holes in the kitchen sink. And the skylight leaked again. And Bowers, the plumber, didn't think The boiler would stand much strain.

She asked me what was the price of wheat. And hinted I should have known enough to keep away from the Street, And let "such things alone!"

In her calm, persistent way she spoke Again of the butcher's bill; And then, with a lucky start, I woke— A "lonely bachelor" still!

—The Puritan.



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CHAPTER XX.

"A BROWN PAUL—A LITTLE COPPER."

Such as they were, the troubles of the ancient and his cronies Luigi could not have ended soon, for, although at first they were surrounded by a jarring crowd, fresh things caught the minds of the people after a little time, and they were left to themselves.

As the following day was a holiday in Todi, the innkeeper probably let them lie bound until he had more leisure on his hands, which were in truth full enough, as the albergo hummed with custom. I never heard or saw anything more of either of the villains again.

During a recent holiday in New York the price of American Beauty roses went up to the usual figure of \$30 a dozen and remained there. Pinks sold in some places for \$4 a dozen. But it was the azaleas that brought the highest prices.

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Senator Cullom the other day introduced a bill, by request, which he had received from a man in whom he had entire confidence. The next morning to his surprise and horror, he found he had introduced a bill to give pensions to deserters, and he has been receiving letters of protest from every direction ever since.

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"No, excellency; but in the Canno Baglioni, behind Santa Agnese." "How did you find out?" "I was brought here prisoner, excellency, and was allowed to be in attendance on her ladyship, together with Madonna Laura, her maid. I escaped back to Florence with a letter from the Lady Angiola a day or so after. It was by her orders I went."

"Then she may not be there now?" "I have made sure of that, excellency—but Madonna Laura—" he stopped. "The maid—what of her—no doubt with a mistress?" "Alas, no, excellency! She was killed by Pluto."

"Yes, your worship. A black bear that the Cavaliere Paolo, who holds the house, has as a pet." And he commenced to weep. I felt for the faithful fellow's grief, but said nothing, and after a little he composed himself. "Come, Gian," I said, laying my hand on his shoulder, "be a man, and we will have an eye for an eye."

He ground his teeth but made no reply, and I went on. "How far is the house from here?" "Close," he said. "We can reach it by the Porto San Angelo." "Come, then." "There is no need for the crutches now," he remarked, as he tucked them under his arm. "I will use them when we come to the gate. Will your excellency follow?"

As he walked northward over the hills, I continued my questions. "Who is the Cavaliere Paolo?" "A cousin of Count Carlo Baglioni, your worship. A man in middle life—my age—and a perfect devil."

"I doubt not, the breed is a bad one. Has he many men with him?" "About six, excellency, and then, of course, there is the guard at the Porto San Angelo always at hand." "Now listen to me, for we may not have time to talk further of this. When you have shown me the house we must separate. Go to the Albergo of the Rubicon—you know it?"

"Alas! no, excellency." "It is behind the Palazzo Piccinino; you cannot miss it. Go there, and await me a few steps from the doors—you follow?" "Yes, your worship." "We had now crossed the Vicci dell' Elice, but passing the gate of that name, went onwards, and after a stiff climb reached the Porto San Angelo. Here my companion, balking himself once more to his crutches and keeping ahead of me, turned southwards along the road which lined the walls towards Santa Agnese. Shortly before reaching the church, we came to a small but solid-looking building, half fortress, half dwelling-house, and Gian, stopping dead in front of it, turned round and began to whine:

"A copper for the poor cripple—a brown copper. The house, signore," speaking the last words under his breath as I came up. "Do you know the room?" I asked, pretending to fumble for a coin. "In the tower behind," he answered rapidly, "may the saints bless your lordship, and he limped away."

In order to gain time to look about, I put back my purse leisurely, and then, with the same object, proceeded to rearrange and retie the bows on my doublet. The face of the house was a little way back from the wall, which it overlooked. The massive doorway was shut, and the windows on each side of it, as well as those set above, heavily grated. I was too near the house to see the tower behind, and it looked so deserted that it was hardly possible for six men to be on guard there.

"An odd sort of a bower to place one's lady-love in," I said, half aloud, to myself; but then Baglioni's wailing was a rough one. There was obviously nothing to be got by staring at the front of the house, and I turned to my left, pausing between two dead walls, until I obtained a view of the tower behind. The windows of the topmost room were all closed and strongly barred, and I seemed deserted. I glanced lower down, and to my joy saw that the room below was evidently occupied, and once I caught a glimpse of a figure moving within. It was a brief glimpse; but the eyes of love are sharp, and I knew it was Angiola. I made up my mind at once, and stepping back quickly to the front of the house, hammered loudly at the door with the knocker. After a moment's silence I heard the firm tread of a soldier. A small barrier was let down, a bearded face looked up, and a rough voice asked:

"Who knocks?" "Diavolo!" I exclaimed. "You are polite. Is the Cavaliere Paolo within?" "He is not," replied the man, shortly. "Expected soon?" "Cannot say."

"If you do not answer more civilly it will be bad for you. Tell him when he comes that the Cavaliere di Savelli—I gave my proper name—has arrived from Rome on an urgent affair, and will call on him to-morrow; forget, and it will be worse for you."

The man seemed a little surprised, and altered his tone at once. "I will give your message, signore." "Beware how you fall—hark—there is a road to the Via Appia behind this house?" "Yes, signore, straight on, after taking the passage."

I did not even thank him, but turned on my heel and walked off whistling a catch. I went down the passage between the two walls, and after some considerable stumblings up and down the vile roads reached the Via Appia and turned southwards to my hotel. I had formed the somewhat daring plan of trying to force the house in broad daylight, choosing my time an hour or so after dinner, and if done boldly this would probably be successful, as my own force was nearly equal to that of the garrison, including Pluto.

As I was approaching the Rubicon I heard a voice at my side. "A copper, signore—a brown paul." "Gian." "Excellency." "Drop the beggar and attend—can you ride?" "Yes, excellency." "Very well!" I said no more and went on in silence, but a little distance from the hotel I bade Gian stop, and, entering the yard, sought out Jacopo.

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"Has the landlord any horses for sale?" "Two, your excellency." "Good ones?" "Fairly so, excellency—about 20 crown apiece, with saddle included."

"Then buy one—and here—a few steps to the right of the entrance you will find a cripple; he is one of my men; do not speak, but attend—go out quietly—get him—decently clothed, and bring him back here, the horse will be for him. You can get clothes to fit anywhere, for the shops do not shut until late; get him a sword, too; there are some good and cheap weapons in Perugia."

"It shall be done, excellency." "Then be off at once." I went on, and had a look at the horses. Bando Nere was with them, seated on a rough wooden bench cleaning his corselet, which already shone like silver. He rose to the salute as I came up.

"How are the horses, Bando Nere?" "As well as possible, signore; they are all in high mettles." With a parting pat to Castor I sought my chamber, reaching it a little after the supper hour. I kept up an outward composure, but my mind within me was aflame with excitement. I ordered another flask of the Burgundy and forced myself to eat and drink a little. Then I betook myself to the armchair, and my thoughts. So impatient was I that the idea came on me to make the attempt there and then, and it was with difficulty I persuaded myself to abandon such a plan, which could have only ended in disaster. Finally, I was about to retire for want of something better to do, when Jacopo came in, followed by Gian.

The latter was entirely transformed, except for the patch which he still wore over his eye, and I was able to recall him now as the old servant who had come somewhat fiercely up to me in the garden of St. Michael. He had the art which I found so difficult of completely disguising himself when he chose. Jacopo had performed his task well, and, bidding them keep their tongues closed, I dismissed them with a good night. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRIP IN HISTORY. Three Hundred Years Ago the Disease Was Prevalent in England. A book entitled "Queen Elizabeth and Her Times" contains the following extract, which may be interesting at present. It is a portion of a letter from Thomas Randolph to Sir William Cecil:

"May it please your honor, immediately upon the queen's arrival here, she fell acquainted with a new disease, that is common in this town, called here the new acquaintance, which passed also through her whole court, neither sparing lord, lady nor demoyseil, not so much as either French or English. It is a paine in their heads that have it, and a soreness in their stomachs, with a great cough, that remaneth with some longer, with other shorter tyme, as it findeth apte bodies for the nature of the disease."

The word "influenza" appears in "The Lame Lover," by Foote, date 1770. The complaint was common also in the year 1782 and was the cause of some rhymester having a spasm of the divine afflatus:

Influenza! haste away. Cease thy baneful empire here! The century dictionary connects the word with "influence," because it is "supposed to be due to some peculiar atmospheric influence." Besant, in "Fifty Years Ago," referring to the epidemic of 1837-38, rings the changes on the word pretty frequently in a few lines. He says:

"The year (1837) began with the 'Influenza.' Everybody had it. The offices of the various departments of the civil service were deserted because all the clerks had the 'influenza.' Business of all kinds was stopped because merchants, clerks, bankers and brokers all had 'influenza;' at Woolwich 50 men of the royal artillery and engineers were taken into hospital daily with 'influenza.' The epidemic seems to have broken out suddenly, and suddenly to have departed."—Chicago Journal.

Coppee's Unemployed Play. It was some 25 years after the Commune had reigned in France that Francois Coppee suffered the greatest disappointment of his life. His play, called "The Pater," was submitted to the readers for the Comedie Francaise, and accepted; it had successfully passed through the various ordeals through which a play must go before it finally appears at the famous theater, and the preparation for its production had been completed, even to the final rehearsals of the artists, when the government interfered and interdicted it. The French were still so sensitive on the subject of the Commune that the authorities refused to allow the production of a play dealing with an incident of that time. The managers of the theater were enraged, the artists in despair, and everyone was in a panic over the affair except Coppee, who admitted that he was thunderstruck, and that the failure to have his play produced at the Comedie Francaise dashed one of the ambitions of his life. He assumed a disdainful air, however, was sarcastic at the expense of a government that was afraid of a one-act drama, and announced that if the minister, by whose order the play was forbidden, expected that the author would plead for a revision of the verdict, he had made the greatest mistake of his life.—Detroit Free Press.

AIKE. "I write for fame, my dear madam; I write for fame and posterity," said the top-floor lodger loftily. "Poetry, true, high-sounding poetry, such as mine is, seldom pays."

"Yes, and no more do poets," responded the landlady, astutely.—Ally Sloper. A statistician states that there are fewer Free Masons to be found among lawyers than in any other profession.

HE WANTED THE TROUSERS.

Which Accounted for His Inability to Remove the Grease Spot.

A young fellow on the South side has a negro valet, an old-fashioned southern dandy. "Here, Jeff; I want those trousers cleaned and pressed to-day," he said, pointing to a rather loud striped garment that Jeff has long had his eyes on.

"All right, sah," said Jeff, with a sigh. Next morning Jeff brought the trousers back with a big grease spot still prominent on one knee. "Can't you get that spot out?" said the owner of the trousers.

"No, sah." "Did you try turpentine?" "Fo' de Lawd, I done seecurated 'em wid turpentine." "Did you try coal oil?" "Yes, sah; po'ed a quart ob 'em on 'em." "Did you try a hot iron?" "Putty nigh bu' 'em up!" "Did you try benzine?" "Done tried benzine an' kerosene, and all de other zines, an' tain't teck dat grease spot."

"Well, did you try 'em on?" queried the master with a twinkle in his eye. "Yes, sah," replied Jeff, with alacrity, "an' dey's a puffet fit, grease spot an' all, sah."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Boy on the Dachshund. This is what the boy wrote about the dachshund: "The dachshund is a dog, notwithstanding appearances. He has fore legs, two in front an' two behind, an' they ain't on speckin' terms. I wunst made a docksound out of a covecumber an' fore matches an' it looks as nuchral as life. Docksounds is fairly intelligent, considerin' there shaps. Three brains bein' so far away from three tales, it bechers them sum to wag the latter. I wunst nos a docksound who wuz too impashunt to wate till he eod signal the hole length of his body when he wanted to wag his tale, so he maid it up with his tale; when he wanted it to wag he would shaker his right ear, when the tale seen it shake it wood wag. But as for me, gimme a bull pup with a pedegree."—Chicago Chronicle.

cheerfully Indorsed. She handed the check to the paying teller. She was calm and collected, as if it was an everyday matter. "Madam," said the teller, gently, "you have forgotten to endorse it." "Indorse it?" with a little worried smile. "Yes; you must write your name on the back here to show that you will repay this bank in case the issuer of this check should fail to answer our call." "Oh!" she said, accepting the pen. When the teller looked at the check again this is what he read: "The — bank has always paid up what it owes, and you need have no worry. Therefore I indorse the check. Very truly yours, Mrs. J. B. Blanks."—Syracuse Herald.

A Favorable Notice. Wright—Old Dreiboan's book is having a wonderful sale. Finner—You surprise me! Of course, the book has merit, but it's the driest kind of a scientific treatise. "True. But some one of the reviewers referred to it as 'an immortal work,' and the press made it 'immoral.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Before and After. Singleton—Do you believe it is possible for two people to live as cheaply as one? Woderly—Before I married I read all the statistics I could find on the subject, and I was convinced that they could, but— "Well?" "After marrying I made a few statistics of my own, then changed my mind."—Chicago Evening News.

Impossible.—"In this third act," said the stage manager, "you must show that you violently in love with the heiress." "How can I," wailed the wailing gen, "when I know that she is drawing ten dollars less than I am?"—Philadelphia North American.

Money talks, but unless you have plenty of it, it stutters.—N. Y. Press.

Advertisement for Ayer's Hair Vigor. 'I Use It' 'I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years and it has been very satisfactory to me in every way. I have recommended it to a great many of my friends and they have all been perfectly satisfied with it.'—Mrs. A. Edwards, San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 9, 1899. Talk About It 'That's always the way with our Hair Vigor. When persons use it they are always so highly pleased with it that they tell their friends about it. If your hair is short, too thin, splits at the ends, is rough, or is falling out, our Hair Vigor will perfectly satisfy you. If your hair is just a little gray, or perfectly white, Ayer's Hair Vigor will bring back to it all the dark, rich color it had years and years ago. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. Write the Doctor 'If you do not obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. He will tell you just the right thing to do, and will send you his book on the Hair and Scalp if you request it. Address: Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass. PISO'S CURE FOR 'CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. See Good Use in Time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION'