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The Pioneer Express circulates numerously in every neighborhood in Pembina county, and to a distance of over 60 miles west of Red river. It is independent in politics, though supporting Republican principles. Regular communications from all parts of the county published weekly. As an advertising medium it has no equal in North Dakota.

The Pioneer Express.

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JOB DEPARTMENT.

THE PIONEER EXPRESS
JOB DEPARTMENT

Is complete, and well supplied with latest styles of type. Our prices are as low as are consistent with a legitimate business.

We keep constantly on hand a large and varied stock of letter heads, note heads, bill heads, monthly statements, flat caps, fools cap, business cards, shipping tags, labels, envelopes, ball programmes, etc., which enables us to do all kinds of commercial printing, both plain and ornamental, on short notice.

We keep on hand a full line of Legal Blanks.

NEWS BREVITIES.

The Latest Telegraphic News Culled from Associated Press Dispatches.

WASHINGTON BRIEFS.

Mrs. Halford, wife of the private secretary to the President, is dangerously ill with consumption. Mrs. Halford's health has been failing for some years, and it has been found advisible to live in Florida eight months of every year.

The president will probably not issue the proclamation opening the Sioux reservation to a settlement for about three months. There are two principal reasons for this delay in declaring the 8,000,000 acres of land open to be taken up by settlers. The president believes that the lesson of the commissioners' promises to the Indians should be carried out. They promised several things which are not specifically stated in the bill creating the commission, and the president has signified that he will not issue his proclamation until he knows that congress will ratify these promises. He will, therefore, defer action until the committees on Indian affairs from both houses of congress have examined the report and signified that they favor legislation which will be the fulfilment of the promises made the Indians before they signed last summer.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Robert Garret is in very poor health. At times he is very much depressed, and occasionally becomes very excited. He is still at his country home, "Uplands," near Catonsville, Md. His friends have not been encouraged by reports from his physicians, especially as he has been unwell off and on for more than two years.

The estate of the late Alfred Cowles, business manager of the Chicago Tribune, is valued at from $1,200,000 to $1,400,000, and is left in its entirety to the three children, Alfred Cowles, Jr., the eldest son; Sarah Frances Cowles and William Hutchinson Cowles, each to receive one-third of the estate.

RECORD OF CASUALTIES.

While four boys between the ages of six and eight years were playing under the edge of a sand bank the bank caved in, burying the little fellows under about ten feet of sand. Life was extinct before they could be got out.

A frightful and fatal wreck occurred at Kokomo, Ind., on the Pan Handle railway, one mile north of the depot. Train No. 13, north-bound, met Train No. 14, south-bound running about fifty miles an hour. The two trains crashed together, totally demolishing the engines, and burning the baggage car and coaches of the south-bound train, which tumbled on top of the engines. The injured were confined to the engine and express baggage cars.

Dan W. Bowmar, formerly proprietor of the Woodford (Ky.) Sun, and later a well-known business man of Chicago, was found dead on the Monon road, 70 miles north of Louisville, Ky. He had fallen off the platform of a sleeper in some way and was crushed to pieces. He was preparing to commence the publication of a paper in Chicago in a few days. He was widely known throughout this state and throughout the South and West.

A family named Gross, consisting of the parents and eight children, with a visitor, were consumed in a burning dwelling at Hurontown Mich. Theodore Gross and wife returned from a dance near by at 2 o'clock. At 2:30 a son, Theodore Jr., returned from the Huron stamp mills, where he is employed. He went into the house and to bed. Shortly after he was awakened by his brother Nicholas, who heard screams coming from an adjoining room occupied by their three sisters and three little brothers. They ran to the partition door and found the room a mass of flames. Smoke and fire were ascending the stairway, and the boys escaped by jumping through a window. They attempted to enter the house on the ground floor, where the father, mother and two children slept, but were driven back by the flames that enveloped the building. It was impossible for the spectators, who quickly gathered, to save the inmates. They were compelled to stand by and hear their agonizing cries. In the course of three hours a searching party went over the ruins and discovered the charred remains of the eleven bodies, distinguishable only by the size of the bones.

SINFUL SIFTINGS.

Paul Young, aged twenty years, son of Col. J. J. Young, president of the Bolton Steel company of Canton, Ohio, committed suicide while suffering from influenza.

Mrs. Robert Stewart, the wife the of superintendent of telegraph of the New Jersey Central Railroad company, committed suicide by jumping overboard from a ferry boat between Jersey City and Brooklyn.

James Lenz, a Chicago peddler, was making active preparations to hang his wife, of whom he was very jealous, when an officer interfered, and after a fight with Lenz and the bulldog, the would-be murderer was taken to jail.

Johanna St. Clair was fatally stabbed by her husband, Christopher St. Clair in New York, and died at a hospital soon afterward. Immediately after the stabbing the husband gave himself up to the police. He is said to have been jealous of his wife, who, however, bore an excellent reputation among her neighbors.

A private telegram gives a menger account of a tripple killing which occurred at Brazonia, Texas. A man named Walker was returning home, when he was fired upon by three men lying in Ambush. He immediately returned the fire and succeeded in killing all three men, but in the conflict was severely wounded and is not expected to recover.

Dr. W. R. Henderson of Paynesville, Minn., was arrested and brought to St. Cloud on the charge of carelessly and feloniously using morphine. The doctor waived an examination and gave bonds in $500 for his appearance at the June term of court. A two-year-old child of Paul Rausch of Lake Henry was severely scalded and Henderson being called, gave it morphine. Six hours afterward the child died and the coroner's jury had Henderson arrested.

Two murders are reported from Darlington county, S. C. On Dec. 28, Aleck A. Sterling, colored, while sitting in his dining room with his family, was shot dead through the open door. The assassin escaped. On Dec. 29 George Windham, aged eighteen years, white, and Robert Gandy, aged seventeen, colored, quarreled in a wagon in which they were returning from a neighboring town. Windham stabbed Gandy to the heart, drove home, unhitched the horses and then fled, leaving the body in the wagon, where it was found the next day.

Three masked men visited the house of A. Jones, a prominent business man of Racine, Wis., and with a loud rap brought Mr. Jones to the door, where he was covered with a revolver by one of the men and the others searched his pockets and secured a small sum of money. The robbers then went inside the house and got a valuable sealskin cloak, but missed Mr. Jones' coat, which contained $300. The men camd out, bade Mr. Jones good night and escaped in the darkness. The police were immediately notified, but have no clue to the robbers.

James F. Woodward died in Atlanta, Ga., recently. Woodward, who is a well known business man, was walking out Marietta street, when somebody stepped in front o him and asked him if he was Jim Woodward. He answered in the affirmative, and the man pushed a pistol to Woodward's breast and fired. Woodward walked to his sister's house, a mile or more away, and told the story as here given. He treated the matter lightly and it was thought he would get well, but a relapse brought death. The police have kept the shooting quiet, hoping to catch the perpetrator.

Sarah Kelly, aged eighty-one, and Ann Kelly, aged seventy-nine, sisters, of Philadelphia, had their throats cut by some one unknown to the police. The women were living in a little frame dwelling and were awakened by an intruder after they had gone to bed. The man demanded money, which it was supposed the old women had concealed about the house. He clutched them by the throat when they declared there was no money in the house and then slashed each of them across the throat. The women were removed later to a hospita,l and an examination of the wounds showed that both women were dangerously hurt.

The hasty marriage of Bertha Belle Westbrook, a well known society miss, now a member of Agnes Herndon's company, to Hal Reid, the heavy villain of that company, at Kansas city, not only overwhelmed her family with grief, but proved a genuine shock to the circle in which Miss Westbrook moved. Reid has a bad record, being charged among other things with a criminal assault on a young lady in St. Paul, a member of a theatrical troupe with which he was connected. He was sentenced to the penitentiary and after serving about a year and half of the sentence was pardoned by the governor.

A startling revelation has been made at Illinois Station, a small town twenty-five miles from Tahlequah, I. T. On the evening of Dec. 27 "Mannie" Rogers, a colored gambler and whiskey peddler, was run over by a railway train and fatally injured. Before he died he made a statement regarding the murder in 1886, in the Cherokee Nation, of J. M. Pyle and Mrs. William Kerr. The couple were found murdered in their beds at their respective houses one morning, their heads having been crushed in by some implement. John Stephenson, towards whom suspicion pointed, was arrested, tried before Judge Parks, at Fort Smith, Ark., convicted and hanged. On his death bed Rogers confessed that he did the deed unaided. He swore that he had been hired to do it by an enemy of his victims.

Gabrielle Oberhauser, a pretty and talented young crayon artist, shot herself dead in New York in her apartments, where her brother Otto also lived. These two had become alienated from other members of their family. Gabrielle had recently learned that William Brill, a wealthy glove manufacturer who had been paying her marked attention was about to marry another young woman. This made her despondent. When Otto returned from a walk he found his sister lying dead on a couch. She had left a letter, dated Christmas day, thanking him for his kindness to her all his life and begging him to now become reconciled with his mother, and to tell all the family how she continued to love them. She also left a letter for Mr. Brill and asked Otto to deliver it. "He will perhaps be glad to know that you are not his enemy," she added.

A peculiarly horrible death has occurred at Kokomo, Ind., which created a great sensation. George Tykle, an eccentric character, has been running a bath house claiming a wonderful efficacy in his baths in the cure of all kinds of maladies. Among his patrons was John Clark, an old well-to-do farmer living near town, who was afflicted with paralysis. He has been for some months taking one or two baths a week at Tykle's room, and Tykle put him into a bath tub and left him to himself, while he engaged in revelry with some companions. Tykle finally went to bed and forgot his patient, whom he had left in a hot bath with the gas burning beneath the bath tub. He found Clark next morning dead, with the skin all peeled off his body, as well as portions of the flesh. He was literally boiled to death, being powerless to help himself out of his awful situation. He has a family of grown children and is about seventy years old. Tykle is in jail awaiting the result of the corner's inquest, which will be held in a few days.

A bold burglary was committed in a private house in the central portion of Chicago, Mrs. J. W. Miller, who occupies the second flat 83 Sixteenth street, stepped out, leaving a young servant girl in charge of the flat. The girl answered a ring of the door bell. Opening the door a man placed his foot so that the door could not be closed. He then drew a dagger and ordered the girl to stand aside. Stepping inside he turned and bolted the door. Then holding the blade of the dagger close to her breast he ordered her to sit down in a chair, where he tied and gagged her securely. The thief then started to plunder the establishment, breaking open doors and securing $20 in cash and about $100 worth of jewelry. He was finally frightened away by a knock at the door, making his escape by the rear staircase. Mrs. Shibley, the occupant of the upper flat, gained an entrance and cut the gag off the servant's head. The girl was almost suffocated and suffered severely from nervous prostration.

FOREIGN CULLINGS.

Mr. Parnell, at a meeting of the Irish party to be held immediately before the opening of parliament, will fully deny O'Shea's charges.

Telegrams from San Salvador state that the revolutionists in the department of Cascatlan are retreating before the government troops sent against them, and that the revolution is of no importance.

A London paper says that the marriage between Miss Gwendolin Caldwell of America and Prince Murat has been again arranged, and that Prince Murat will accept any allowance that Miss Caldwell may grant him.

The illness of the ex-Empress of Brazil suddenly assumed an alarming phase at Lisbon. It had been the intention of the imperial family to visit France. The doctors forbade the journey for fear that the excitement and fatigue would precipitate a crisis. The empress was, however, a little better. During the morning Dom Pedro went out for a promenade and visited the museum of fine arts. He was found there by the Brazilian consul, who had been dispatched to hasten his return to the hotel, because the condition of the Empress had suddenly become critical. Before Dom Pedro arrived the Empress was dead.

IN GENERAL.

Gideon P. Brown, formerly senior member of the failed firm of Brown, Steele & Clark and treasurer of Riverside and Oswego mills, has arrived in Boston from Canada and will attempt to straighten up his affairs.

The Kansas Farmers' alliance, state grange and Knights of Labor have formed an offensive and defensive alliance, the object being to co-operate in Kansas business and politics. The combined alliances number in their ranks over 125,000 members.

The New York electric light companies will sue the city for damages sustained by the cutting of their wires. The total amount demanded will be about $3,000,000, part of which is for damage to property, and part for loss of business.

After an Insurance Swindler.

Detectives are hunting for Dexter G. Turner, who, according to the statements of State Auditor Taylor, who is now in Sioux Falls, looking up some of his doings, is one of the most accomplished insurance rascals that has ever operated in this section of the country. "Turner," said the state auditor came to South Dakota June last, representing himself as the state agent of South Dakota for the Citizen's Life Association of Cherokee, Iowa. He immediately proceeded to organize the state in a systematic manner to solicit life insurance for his company. Agents were appointed among the farmers and laboring classes. The attractive feature of his plan was to issue a conjoint policy covering both man and wife, and in some instances the entire family. Business came pouring in at an enormous rate, notes or cash being taken for premiums from the policy holders, or anything that could be squeezed from their customers. When a note was taken it was sold at whatever figure the local bank was willing to pay for it. The amount of business that has been done is enormous, while the amount of policies written will reach $1,000,000. I believe over $100,000 worth of business was written in this city alone. If Turner can be caught he will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

THE MARKETS.

The Current Prices in the More Prominent Markets.

NEW YORK.

Wheat—No. 2 red, 85¼@85½c.; elevator, 86¾@87c.; steamer No. 2 red, 83c.; No. 1 northern, 92¾@93c.; No. 1 hard, 96½@96¾c. Corn—No. 2, 42½c.; elevator, 43⅜c.; afloat; No. 2 white, 43¾c.; No. 3, 39¾@40c. Oats—No. 2, 31½c.; mixed Western, 27@30c.; white do, 30@35c; No. 2 Chicago 30@30¼c. Eggs—Western 22½@23c. Butter—Elgin, 29c.; Western dairy, 9@18c.; do factory, 7@18c.

CHICAGO.

Cash quotations were as follows: Flour dull and unchanged; No. 2 spring wheat 77⅜c.; No. 3 spring wheat, 67@68½c; No. 2 red, 77⅜c; No. 2 corn, 33c; No. 2 oats, 20¾c; No. 2 rye, 45½c; No. 2 barley, 58@60c; No 1 flax seed, $1.36@1.36½; prime timothy seed, $1.22; mess pork, per bbl, $8.75@9:25; lard, per 100 lbs, $5.87½. Butter—unchanged. Eggs—20@21c.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—No. 1, hard 82c; No. 1, Northern, 78@80c; No. 2, Northern, 72@76c. Flour—Patents, sacks to local dealers, $4.75@4.80; patents to ship, sacks, car lots, $4.30@4.50; in barrels, $4.50@4.70; delivered at New England points, $5.30@5.40; New York points, $5.20@5.30; delivered at Philadelphia and Baltimore, $5.15@5.25; bakers' here, $3.25@3.60; superfine $1.70@2 25; red dog, sacks, $1.10@1.25; red dog, barrels, $1.35@1.50. Corn—No. 3, 27½c; choice yellow; 28½c. Oats—for samples, 19@21½c Barley—25@45c. Flax—$1.30½ Chicago $1.36½.

ST. PAUL.

Prices on incoming trains only: Wheat—No. 1 hard, 78@79c.; No. 1 Northern, 76@77c; No. 2 Northern, 73@75c. Corn—No. 3, 28@29c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 19½c. bid; No. 2 white, 21½@22½c; August, 21c bid; January, 21½c bid; No. 3, 19@21c. Barley—No. 2, 45@50c bid; No. 3, 38@42c bid Rye—No. 2, 32c bid. Ground feed $10.50@11.50 asked. Corn meal—Unbolted, $11.50 asked. Shorts—$7@7.75. Bran—bulk, $6@6.50. Hay—No. 1 upland prairie, $6.25@7; No. 1, $5@6. Dressed hogs—$3.75@4 asked. Eggs—Held at $5.70@6; fresh, $6.30@6.60. Flax seed—No. 1, $1.30¼. Butter—Extra creamery, 20@22c; extra dairy, 10@16c; medium, 10@15c; roll and print fresh 12½@16c; old, 8@12c; packing stock, 5@6c; grease, 3@5c.

A BLOODY TRAGEDY

A Cripple Kills One Man and Severely Wounds Two More at Merrill.

Col. Wilbur F. Sanders is Elected United States Senator for Montana.

MERRILL, Wis., Special Telegram, —David Sarvis, a saloonkeeper, and two policemen—Frank Hotz and Robert Truax —were shot early this morning by George Handler, a cripple, Sarvis dying a few moments later. Truax may die, but Hotz is thought to be out of danger. Handler was in Sarvis' saloon early Tuesday evening, watching a game of cards. Imagining that one of the players, who was under the influence of liquor, was being imposed upon, he made some remark that angered Sarvis, and, as Handler claims, Sarvis struck him in the face, causing his nose to bleed, and followed the act with insulting remarks. Handler left the saloon, and purchased a revolver at Fehland & Co.'s hardware store. Early this morning he went to the entrance of Board's opera house, where a firemen's ball was in progress, and asked Policeman Truax to ascertain if Sarvis was in the hall, explaining that he had had trouble with him a short time previous. To pacify him Truax went in and made inquiries, but was told by Sarvis' wife that her husband was not there. Handler then went to the saloon, where Sarvis was standing behind the bar. Two citizens had just dropped in for a glass of beer, who, while drinking, heard the report of a revolver. They saw Sarvis stoop behind the bar and run toward the exit end of it. Another shot followed before those standing by could interfere, when Sarvis called out: "Hold him! I am shot!" and in a stooping position ran out of the saloon and to the rear of Waklin's drug store, nearly a block away, where he was found two hours afterward.

POLICEMEN TRUAX AND HOTZ

were coming down the opera house stairs when notified that Sarvis was shot. After shooting Sarvis, Handler flourished the revolver, cleaning out the saloon. He then rushed across the street to Hyman Bros.' saloon, demanded a drink and said he would shoot the first man who laid hands on him. Just then Hotz entered the door, when Handler shot him through the shoulder. Another shot penetrated the right ear and scalp, when Hotz ran behind the bar. Handler then turned, firing at Truax, the ball lodging in the left lung. Truax exclaimed, "My God, I am shot!" when he rushed into the street, calling for a rifle, saying: "I must arrest that man, for he is a murderer." Handler soon had sole possession of the saloon, and while peering through the window was fired at by Israel Shank with a Winchester rifle, the ball grazing Handler's hat. As Handler ran down the back stairs another shot was fired, barely missing him, when he fell, dropping the revolver, and was captured by the posse who surrounded the building. Cries of "Lynch him!" were heard in every direction. Handler was taken to jail by the mayor of the city and F. E. Mathews, followed by an infuriated mob. The prisoner was taken from the corridors in the jail twice before he could be secured in a cell. The excitement runs high, and threats of lynching are still being made. Crowds to-day are surrounding the scene of the murder and the jail. It is rumored that friends of Sarvis are coming from Wausau to-night to hang the murderer. The jail is considered safe, and the police force has been strengthened. The mayor has ordered all saloons closed.

SOME INSIDE FACTS.

From a gentleman in St. Paul who formerly resided in Merrill, it is learned that George Handler, the murderer, formerly lived at Brownsville, Houston county, this state, where his parents now reside, but removed to Merrill some ten years ago. He is a brother-in-law of ex-Sheriff O'Connor of Lincoln county and was jailer during part of O'Connor's term of office. Handler is a man of middle age, married and has a family of several children. He is a short man of powerful build, but has a dislocated hip. Sarvis' saloon at Merrill is a finely fitted up place, and there formerly was a gambling room over the saloon. He was a man of fine appearance, very athletic, the owner of a fast horse and was considered as an all-round sporting man. He was about forty years old and was married during the past year. Truax was formerly chief of police of Merrill, a man of great physical courage. While conveying a prisoner from Merrill to Wausau several years ago his charge made an attack upon him and injured him about the head seriously, the prisoner making his escape. Hotz is an old soldier and a G. A. R. man. The gentleman says if a lynching is attempted the lynchers will meet with a warm reception, as Handler has many friends in Merrill.

IT IS SENATOR SANDERS.

He Receives all the Republican Votes of Both Houses in Joint Session.

HELENA, Mont., Special Telegram, —The first United States senator from Montana was elected to-day, and, as foreshadowed in the caucus, Col. Wilbur F. Sanders is the one so honored. At noon the Republican members of both branches of the legislature went into joint session. There were thirty-eight members present—two more than a quorum. On the first formal ballot Col. Sanders was elected by the unanimous vote of the body. The lobby was crowded, and when the result was announced cheering and hurrahing nearly raised the roof. It was several minutes before order was restored. Col. Sanders was brought to the floor and made a short speech, accepting the office. His appearance created great enthusiasm. A ballot for second senator was then taken, with the following result: Lee Mantle of Butte, 11; Lieut. Gov. Rickards, 11; E. D. Leavitt of Butte, 8; J. C. Powers of Helena, 4; L. H. Hershfield of Helena, 3; B. Platt Carpenter of Helena, 1. The joint session then dissolved until tomorrow without balloting again. The fight for the second senatorship is still waging. Judge Knowles of Butte could be elected if he wanted it, but to-day he absolutely refused to stand for senator. The most prominent West side candidate now is Lee Mantle and of the East side T. C. Powers. The vote given Rickards and Leavitt is regarded only as complimentary. It is impossible to predict a result. The Democrats of the legislature attempted to hold a joint session to-day, but could not get a quorum. It is rumored that Hauser, who was defeated by Maginnis yesterday for the senatorship, is purposely preventing a quorum so as to keep Maginnis from being formally elected by the Democrats.

William Fisk Sanders was born in Cattaraugus county, New York, in 1834. In 1854 he began the study of law at Akron, Ohio. He was admitted to the bar in 1856 and associated with his uncle, ex-Gov. Edgerton. He married Miss Harriet P. Fenn of Talmadge, Ohio, in 1858. He entered the Union army on the breaking out of the Rebellion and served with bravery and distinction until 1863, when he resigned, owing to ill health, and returned to Ohio. His former law partner having been appointed chief justice of Idaho, Col. Saunders was persuaded to start for that territory, which he reached after many hardships. The party reached Bannack in September, 1563, where they stopped and the colonel engaged in the practice of law. In the winter he moved to Virginia City. Here he prosecuted and secured the conviction and execution of the notorious murderer, George Ives. In 1865-6 he visited Washington City to represent the claims of the miners. In 1865 he removed to Helena, and was elected a commissioner to take such steps as were necessary towards holding a constitutional convention in 1889. He was elected a member of the legislature in 1872, 1874, 1876 and 1878, and was nominated for delegate to congress in 1864, 1867, 1880 and 1886.

BURNED IN BED.

Twenty-Six Boys, Inmates of a Pauper's School in London, Suffer Horrible Death.

LONDON, Special.—The [illegible]ys' sectic of the paupers' school, in [illegible]e district

Forest Gate, in connection with the Whitechapel and Poplar unions, took fire last night while the inmates were asleep and was burned, with terrible results, twenty-six of the boys who were in the upper stories being suffocated before they could be rescued. Fifty-eight other boys were safely taken from the burning building amid terrible excitement. Two of the matrons of the institution escaped in safety by sliding down the water pipes. Several of the boys escaped in the same way. The superintendent of the school repeatedly rushed through the flames and brought out a number of inmates. There were 600 persons in the institution. The bodies of those who were suffocated were carried to the main hall of the building, which was still profusely decorated with Christmas gifts. The fire was caused by an overheated stove. The female department, in which were 250 girls, was not touched. The boys retired last evening in the highest of spirits, having been promised presents and a New Year's fete to-day.

HEROISM DISPLAYED.

Thousands of persons, impelled by curiosity, have visited the scene of the fire to-day, and the police and attendants were kept busy in their endeavors to retain sufficient clear space wherein necessary work might be done. The school was filled with boys who had been committed to its care because of their incorrigible habits, and altogeter the inmates were of a character from which little discipline or obedience might be expected in moments when both were imperiously demanded. As a rule, however, the boys yielded readily to the directions of their superiors, and to this fact is due the safety of scores who otherwise would have perished. Of the twenty-six who lost their lives only two were burned to death, the others having been suffocated in their beds. Many of the latter were aroused with the rest, but became stupefied and crawled back to their cots to die. The hero of the occasion was a boy who acted in the capacity of monitor in the fatal ward, himself a boy whose vicious habits had made him an inmate of the institution. Through his efforts many boys were literally driven from the building, and he ceased his work of rescuing his fellows only when he was himself driven out by the flames. Several of his companions he dragged, unconscious, out of the windows, while others he carried into the air in his arms.

INTEREST RENEWED.

A St. Louisan Kidnaps His Two Children From His Divorced Wife.

St. Louis, Special.—Interest in the sensational divorce suit of Coates vs. Coates was renewed to-day when Mrs. E. H. Coates received a letter from Dr. Coates, her former husband, announcing that he had left for parts unknown, taking with him their two children, Emma, aged seven, and Mamie aged five years. When Mrs. Coates was granted a divorce it was stipulated that the father should have the children with him at certain intervals. Dr. Coates came to St. Louis from Montgomery, Mo., shortly before Christmas, and sent for children. This morning the mother received a letter from Coates stating that he and the children were hundreds of miles away and that she would not see them again for for four and one-half years. Mrs. Coates is prostrated with grief. Dr. E. H. Coates shot and killed Dr. Keith in St. Louis a couple of years ago. He claimed that the shooting was provoked by Keith's attention to his wife. Keith was a man of nearly seventy years of age, and Coates' assertions were not credited by the friends and acquaintances of the old doctor and Mrs. Coates. Coates was captured after the shooting and put in jail on a charge of murder in the first degree. When his trial came up his defense was insanity. The plea was sustained by the jury and Coates acquitted, but sent to the insane asylum. After remaining in the asylum for about three months he was set free on the grounds that he was thoroughly restored. The police were notified of the abduction to-day and furnished with accurate descriptions of the children and father so as to telegraph all over the country to have them intercepted. Emma, the eldest child, is a blonde with sharp features, blue eyes and of spare build. She is slightly under size and has a peculiar walk, dragging her feet. The younger, Mamie, is also a blonde, with blue eyes. Her features are full and she is considered pretty.

VIEWS OF BURNS.

England's;Labor Leader Addresses the Workmen in America.

London, Special—In response to a request for his views and wishes at the beginning of the new year, James Burns cabled a New York paper as follows:

To Friends and Fellow Workmen in America: The year that has passed away has been the most momentous for labor in England since 1848. Everywhere the workers have shown an enthusiasm for organization truly extraordinary in its effects. In London alone 300 trades have secured shorter hours or better wages, and demanded successfully from their present masters better conditions. This means that 30,000 more men and women in London have been added to the ranks of organized labor. The gas stokers in eight months have made 50,000 members and reduced their hours—at better wages—from twelve to eight per day. The baker, who formerly worked ninety and one hundred hours per week, now works, through his union, only sixty hours and for better pay. In the port of London every dock laborer, stevedore, lighterman and carman is and must be a member of the trades union. The working women are following the example of the men and pressing forward for better times. All this should be encouraging to Americans, who have often been pioneers. In America I trust that workers are imbued with the responsibility of their position in the universal labor movement that American citizenship bestows upon them. They are citizens of a republic that will be the central force and influence of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world and which may become a power for universal good. In the new year that is coming English and American sons of labor will have an opportunity of showing their sentiments toward each other by practical efforts to secure internationally the eight hours per day. Certain it is that to keep their relative position with other countries Americans have in the new year work before them. Believing that they would perform it and regretting my inability through pressure of work to help them by accepting their invitation to lecture through the United States, we send them from the old country our best wishes for their success and heartiest greetings for the new year.

AFFAIRS IN BRAZIL.

The Provisional Government Having a Hard Time of it.

New York, Special.—The steamer Strabo, arrived from Rio Janeiro, reports the situation is not very satisfactory from the standpoint of a believer in popular self-government. The people seemed overawed by the police and military. The soldiers ride about the streets constantly calling out "All is well," and notifying the populace that any one who attempts to raise a disturbance will be shot.

Capt. Mathesen says the people are unaccountably apathetic. If a citizen can be induced to express an opinion, he will admit lack of faith in the stability of the provisional junta, but will hold up his hands in horror at the idea of doing anything himself to alter the situation. Everybody is waiting for some one else to do something. Probably the initiative in the movement to establish a legitimate government will be taken in some province and the revolt will then become general. Then it will be found that the present government has absolutely nothing behind it. The genuine republicans secretly look to Silvera Martins as the hope of their party. The first act of the provisional government was to clap this able and patriotic man into prison, and it is feared he will die there. The provisional government manufactures cablegrams purporting to show that all the nations in the world and all the great bankers have recognized the junta. By posting and circulating these, and keeping strict censorship over the cables, it keeps the people misinformed as to the real situation. The captain of the Brazilian war ship Amazon remained loyal to the empire and refused to haul down his flag until all the guns of the fleet had been turned on his vessel. The Amazon was the training ship. Two of the cadets took the revolt so much to heart that they committed suicide.

THE CONTRACT BINDING.

Attorney General Clapp Holds the Merrill Text Book Law Valid.

Following is the response of Attorney General Clapp to a question by State Superintendent Kiehle as to what course his department should adopt with reference to carrying out the provisions of the school text-book law:

Dear Sir: You inquire what course your department should adopt with reference to carrying out the provisions of the school text book law, commonly known as the Merrill text book law. A full consideration of your inquiry involves two questions: First, Is there a valid contract existing between the State of Minnesota and Mr. Merrill? Second, What is the legal method by which the contract shall be carried out and the districts subject to the law supplied with books? As the latter question has been fully answered in a prior communication, I shall address myself to the consideration of the first question, making reference to the second only so far as may be necessary in explanation of some discussion that has arisen relative to the validity of the contract. In 1877 the legislature passed an act known as chapter 75 of the General Laws of 1877; this act authorized and directed certain officers of the state to enter into a contract with Mr. Merrill. By chapter two (2), General Laws of 1878, it was provided that the question of the continuance of the act of 1877 should be submitted to the legal voters of the state at the general election to be held in 1880. The provision referred to was in these terms.

"And if, at such election, a majority of the electors present and voting at such election shall vote against the further continutance in force of the said acts in the manner in this section provided, then, and in that case, the said act shall cease to be of further force and effect from and after the declaration of the result of such vote."

The validity of the contract with Mr. Merrill depends upon this provision, and the vote taken pursuant thereto. It appears by the canvass made by the canvassing board, that at the general election in 1880 there were cast against continuing the law forty-five thousand four hundred and sixty-five (45,465) votes, and there were cast in favor of continuing the law forty-four thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine (44,739) votes, and there were cast in the districts entitled to vote upon the question one hundred and twenty thousand six hundred and thirty (120,630) votes. It appears, therefore, that while more votes were cast against the law than in favor of it, yet a majority of all the votes cast at such election were not cast against the law, or in other words, a majority of the voters present and voting at such election did not vote against continuing the act in force. I do not know that the contract has ever been assailed upon any other ground, and it only becomes necessary to consider the effect of the language employed in the act of 1878, submitting the matter to a vote, and the language employed is very plain:

"And if, at such election, a majority of the electors present and voting at such election shall vote against the continuance of the act," in other words, the act was to remain in force unless a majority of those present and voting voted against it. Where subjects are submitted to a popular vote they are usually submitted under a law which provides for the determination by a majority of those voting upon such particular subject; in fact the law of 1878 provided for another submission to a popular vote to be determined by a two-thirds majority of those voting upon such particular question; but the provision under consideration is entirely different; here the act was to continue in force unless a majority, not of those voting upon the question, but those voting at the election, should vote against it, and no other meaning can be given to the language employed. Taylor vs. Taylor, 10th Minn. 107, and Dayton vs. St. Paul, 22d Minn. 400. It follows, therefore, that inasmuch as a majority of the votes cast at the general election in 1880 were not cast against continuing the act of 1877 in force, the latter act remains in full force, and the contract between the state and Mr. Merrill is a valid and subsisting contract, and should be so recognized by your department, and by the various officers who are charged with the duty of carrying it into effect.

While there is no escape from this conclusion, it might be proper to add that the state board of canvassers, consisting of two justices of the supreme court and two district judges, considered this to be the effect of the law, as plainly appears by the form of their returns of the vote, and such has been the construction placed upon it by the legislature, and also by this office by my predecessor. I have gone into this matter to some length for the reason that a recent communication from this office has been construed against the validity of the contract, and perhaps the language of the letter, which was hastily written, warrants such construction, but the letter referred to was based upon a decision of the district court of Hennepin county.

It appears that in 1883, the legislature attempted to amend the law relating to the distribution of books, but the bill as finally signed did not contain an enacting clause. In 1885 the legislature attempted to supply the defect by an attempted amendment to the act of 1883, and in an action brought in Hennepin county it was held that the law of 1883 was void; this being the decision referred to in the letter just mentioned. An examination of the records shows that this decision only involved the validity of the law of 1883, relating to the method of the distribution of books, and in no manner involved or affected the validity of the act of 1877. Not only does this appear from the records, but it also appears by a statement made by the judge who tried the case, from which statement it further appears that while the question was not involved in any manner, that in the opinion of the judge the act of 1877 was not defeated by the vote of 1880. As above stated, the objection to the validity of the contract being based upon the vote of 1880, and no other objection being made, the objection is untenable and the contract remains in force, binding alike upon your department and other officers. I am, very truly yours,

Moses E. Clapp, Attorney General.
St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 28, 1889.

A Bit of Colored Philosophy.

Detroit News: "This is the white man's kentry, an' no mistake," said the philosopher of the whitewash brigade on the market yesterday. "When I see a nigga polishing I jest laff. The idee of an nigga thinkin' that any white man is not a respectah of coloh air an unquivakel mistake.

"White men, gentlemen, doan't respec' your opinings on polyticks or civil gov'm't any moah than han' writin' on a wood shed. They use yer votes and that's where der civil attentions coms in. They loves you at a distance an' poak fun at your ign'rance when yer back is turned.

"The eddycated nigga is one step ahead of us, and yet he ain't recognized at restaurants and hoatels. I've overheerd white men say dat no nigga can ever be eddycated 'nough ter use big words in the right place, an' dat our wives and daughters wear velvet dresses with torn shoes an' no blackin' on 'em. De nigga is prejudicial against blackin' because de Lord shined him up so much when he put him in stock, but de whites doan' consider dat.

"Dey forget, too, dat our wives kaint get nuff money ter dress fine all through like de white women. A velvet dress is 'bout all dey can pay for 'thout gettin' de shoes, de bonnet, de necktie and silk hose. Dey forget dat de nigga takes more vacations dan de white man ter keep up de African traditions ob his tribe. Ye can't white man-ize yerselves in one generation. Ye'd better stay niggers an' command respect as sech. Yer nigga politikel clubs makes me weary in the serrybrum an' de serrybellum."

America.

America: America is the land of freedom for everybody but the Americans. It is likewise the home of the brave, particularly for the brave Irishmen who come here for the worthy purpose of dying for their native land, which desirable proceeding they might accomplish much better at home. America is noted for its free institutions, chief among which are free manners, free theater tickets and free lunch. Foreigners find America a very convenient country to have around, for when their several governments get tired of supporting them they can come here and be aldermen and policemen. America is also very convenient for bank cashiers, as it is so near Canada. It was to accommodate these gentlemen that America was built where it now stands. America is a very desirable neighborhood for Germans, Irishmen, Poles Hungarians and Scandinavians. Most Americans, however, prefer to live abroad,

A Puzzler.

Merchant Traveler: Farmer Begosh had been standing on the corner studying the letter box some minutes. Finally he remarked to the policeman who was passing:

"Great invention."

"Yes."

"But I can't make it out."

"It's very simple."

"I suppose so; but how much must you drop into the slot, and what is the blamed thing supposed to do?"

An Unfailing Supply.

Terre Haute Express: Wickars—Thompkins is going to make a lot of money this year, he tells me. I wonder were he got his capital?

Wickars—Oh, he h[illegible] making a draft on his imagination, I guess.

FOILED BY CHANCE.

Three years ago I was a girl of sixteen, unemancipated from the schoolroom. My father was—and is—banker at Siston. The town lies in a valley and by a great many people is thought unhealthy. Having a kinsman whom he can thoroughly trust as acting manager, papa these many years since has abandoned the red house in Siston Broadway, and resided at the Manor, Walnsey. This is, however twelve miles from his place of business—eight by rail added to four by road. The Manor has one drawback—it stands in a very isolated situation. Our nearest neighbors are our namesakes, the Escotts of Walnsey Cross; and Valentia Lodge, the country seat of Capt. Milne Escott, lies westward across the wilderness we call the Heath a good three miles.

The month when my story opens was that of February Fill-dike, and and it was justifying its name. Of storms we seemed to have a ceaseless succession. Heavy rains and high winds had been for several weeks the prevailing meteorological condition. Alice—my younger sister—and I were prisoners within doors; and we should have found time drag more heavily than it did but for the presence of Val. An only brother is always a girl's hero, and Val was ours. In age he came between us, and his proper place at this period of the year was at Rugby. But he had met with an accident at Christmas, and was only just convalescent. Hence his holidays had already lasted in excess a full fortnight of the working term. As perhaps Val may read this, I will be candid, and add that there were seasons when, owing to his teasing, we heartily wished him back in the Midlands. The Tuesday on which papa announced his urgent summons to Ferris court was, however, not one of those occasions. Boreas was doing his best to bring the house about our ears. We could not possibly go out in the tempest. We were not ultra enthusiastic readers, and fancy work was ever Alice's bete noir; therefore we must have settled into tame subjection to ennui but for Val. It was his business, as he put it, to make things lively, and he did.

I had ventured to demur to papa's going. Surely it was my place to care for him as mamma would have done had she lived, and his health had troubled me of late, thoughtless as I too frequently was.

"It is a dreadfully rough day, papa," I said. "Cannot Sir Hugo Ferris wait? It is such a distance too, to Ferris Court; and all across country. You can't reach the place readily by rail."

"No; I wish that I could," papa answered. "But the journey is quite imperative. Sir Hugo is one of our best patrons. He telegraphs that his departure for Algiers is fixed definitely for Thursday—an alteration of a week in his arrangements; and I have urgent matters to discuss with him. He insists—foolishly, but I cannot help it—on negotiating with the principal; he will have none of Mr. Bellews." I suppose my face was visibly lengthening, for before I could reply, papa added. "Don't look so glum about it, Maggie. You'll be quite safe here in charge of Mrs. Climber, our new housekeeper. I am convinced that, after many changes and mishaps, we have secured a treasure. I say this because it is uncertain if I shall return to-night.

"Not return to-night!" I echoed helplessly.

"No," he said. "I have decided to take the horses the whole way; and as the roads are in a bad state, Spence will put the cattle up in the next village and then drive me back the next morning. I shall be sure of comfortable quarters at Ferris Court."

"Is it quite—safe?" I asked.

"For me to do you mean?"

"No-o, for us. This house is so lonely, and it is known that there are mamma's jewels—and the pictures—and the plate."

Papa scoffed at my fears. "We are too far from the track of the light fingered prowler to receive his attentions," he answered.

But it was an error.

Ever since that day I have had a lurking belief in presentiments. I know very well that the confession will cause some superior persons, fortified in the lines of a sane common sense, to smile with pity at my girlish weakness. I am somewhat disposed to smile with them; and yet it is not more certain that a plot existed to rifle the manor, than that hour by hour after papa had gone I grew more and more vaguely but genuinely uneasy. I said nothing to either Val or Alice. What was there to say? Nor to Mrs. Climber. Somehow I had not taken to the fresh arrival so warmly as the others. I did not dispute that her recommendations were first-class, that her demeanor to each of us was precisely what it should be—neither overdeferential nor too familiar—that she was a skillful house mistress and a paragon of order.

Dusk thickened at last, and we had the approval of our consciences in closing blinds and drawing curtains to, and shutting out by every recognized expedient the driving cloud rack the desolate landscape, and the constant drip, drip of the complaining trees. And then Val accepted a stray challenge—mine or Alice's, I cannot now be sure;the point is immaterial—and proceeded, with a flow of boyish eloquence which promised well for his intended future at the bar, to vindicate his latest hobby, the science of graphiology. He had a notable little collection of autographs and specimens of caligraphy which he rummaged out of his hoard of treasures; and upon these he descanted with all the dogmatism of the professor and all the fervor of the disciple. As he was pointing out to half skeptical critics and listeners an alleged resemblance between traits in the historical character of the Duke of Wellington and features in the great warrior's handwriting, he was interrupted. To the surprise of each of us we heard the rumble of approaching wheels on the soaked avenue without.

"Can papa be back after all, and as early as this?" Alice cried.

"Not he. That isn't our carriage. It's a brougham certainly; but Spence isn't driving it—the rattle is different," Val answered, at the end of a short pause.

"Then who can it be?" I said with wonder and a recrudescene of anxiety.

Val crossed to the window and caught question and reply of visitor and coachman.

"Is this the place?" inquired the former.

"Yes; this be Mr. Escott's o' t' Manor, Walnsey," returned the latter.

Clang went the hall bell: and in another half minute Josephs, our butler, looking anything but pleased at the interference with his session of enjoyment in the kitchen, opened our door and ponderously announced: "Mr. Lidlaw."

The name was entirely unknown to me, as also the purport and occasion of the call. I debated for a second whether I should send Alice in search of Mrs. Climber—who was, I believed writing in her own room—or whether I should myself assume the responsibility of confronting the stranger. This question was decided for me. On the heels of the domestic advanced Mr. Lidaw; he, at least, appeared to have no doubt as to the course to follow. Under sized, middle aged, clean shaven, gray—this is the best and fullest description which I could have given at the moment of the easy going intruder, and it will suffice for my narrative.

"Ah, three of you!" he said. "My old friends's daughters and son, I presume. I wasn't aware he was so favored."

The human voice is a wonderful instrument. In one case it shall of itself convey suspicion; in another, reassurance. It was the latter here. A tyrannical imagination had painted before my mental vision with swift brush the portrait of a dangerous conspirator. The living enigma spoke, and however puzzling and mysterious his presence continued to be my courage revived. The circumstance is as I state; the explanation I leave to others.

"My name is Escott; this is my brother—and my sister," I stammeringly answered. "But who—to what do we owe"—— I was a pitifully poor inquisitor. Before I had framed my query I was stopped.

"Who am I?" the cheery stranger said. "Well, I suppose one can't claim universal fame; but it certainly strikes me as curious that you should have to ask. As to my errand, that is just pleasure and the resuscitation of old memories. Your father and I used to be stanch friends. You're not very like him, young gentleman." The latter sentence was, of of course, addressed to my brother Valentine.

"Indeed," the boy said laconically.

The stranger's glance had fallen upon the strange medley that decorated our center table. "Some one here is a collector of autographs, I see," he went on gayly. "May I inspect them? Thank you. It is a pursuit of great interest to me; I sometimes have to study—ahem—in a professional capacity contrast and likeness in penmanship." He bent over Val's specimens, among which were included examples of the hand of nearly all the boy's acquaintances, for Val played havoc very impartially with characters ancient and modern, great and small, famous or obscure. And by and by I noticed a queer little start, seemingly of recognition. Mr. Lidlaw looked up. "Who wrote this?" he said. It was a couple of lines—a quotation from Tennyson—and, beneath, the signature of Mrs. Climber.

It was Alice who replied. "That's the writing of our housekeeper," said she, wonderingly. "Do you know Mrs. Climber? She came to us from Leeds. I like her hand, it is so neat and pretty."

"And it bespeaks a strong will, decision, and perhaps finesse," said Val, sententiously, quite in the style of the lecturer.

But I felt it was time to know more of the visitor who seemed to be taking his footing in our midst so much for granted. I broke in with a direct demand. "I have never heard papa speak of you, so far as I can recollect, Mr. Lidlaw, and he is not at home. Did he expect you to night?"

Mr. Lidlaw awoke as from a reverie. "Capt. Escott not at home!" he repeated. "Expect me! I am here in response to his pressing invitation."

Val and I had the clew to the riddle simultaneously.

"You are wanting Valentia Lodge Walnsey Cross," I said.

"It is Mr. John Escott who lives here; there's been a mistake," cried Val.

Mr. Lidlaw stood as though paralyzed by the revelation of his blunder; then a shadow of intense vexation passed over his features; and this in turn yielded to a smile at his own expense. "Whew! This comes of not being sufficiently precise in investigation; a lesson I hardly ought to need to learn, after all these years," he grimly soliloquized. Then he bowed deprecatingly to us, and proceeded: "The storm was raging so fiercely that I was content in the station yard with little delay and few words. I asked the coachman who was handiest if he could drive me to Capt. Escott's, Walnsey, and he said 'Yes.' I suppose he did not catch more than the surname; and I was ignorant that Walnsey and Walnsey Cross are not identical places."

"They are three miles apart," said Val.

Mr. Lidlaw carefully inquired his way, and announced that he should walk. He asked, too—very oddly, as I thought, with a new twinkle of doubt—the nearest route back to Daleford village. Val's directions were clear and, full, and if the stranger obeyed them he could not possibly go astray in either direction. It seemed inhospitable to permit him to turn out unattended in the night; but I could perceive no alternative, and I have reason to think that he would have overruled any and every objection. Mrs. Climber had not appeared. This struck us afterward as strange. However busy she might be with her correspondence, it was curious that she should have heard nothing of the arrival, or that, hearing, she should have kept away. Some twenty minutes after Lidlaw had left she entered the drawing room and listened to our joint narrative of what had happened. I fancied that she was preoccupied to the visitor's inspection of her handwriting, and that then her manner changed, and she listened with more interest—even anxiety—than she cared for us to observe. From this fact—if such it were—I was, however, at a loss to draw any particular deduction.

I pass over the hours that elapsed between this episode and midnight. We had retired early, and the house ought to have been as dark and still as if unhabited. Older friends tell me that it is the privilege of healthy girlhood to sleep soundly and with ease. I do not doubt that they are right, but on this occaion I continued obstinately awake.

Suddenly, a chill shot through my veins; I sat up among the pillows, rigid, and, I doubt not, blanched almost to their own whiteness. I listened in a very agony of attention. From the depths below there had echoed distinctly upward—or my faculties were playing me false—the sound of a sullen yielding of a bolt. My apartment was immediately over the plate closet, and adjacent to the partition which closed in the second flight of stairs. This accounted for the transmission of the noise. But the noise was an ominous disclosure. In the dead of night, it was surely illegitimate and spoke of crime.

I pressed my throbbing temples hard against the wainscot, and found that the wood was a faithful conductor of sound. A rumbling and grating that could have no honest and satisfactory cause, jarred upon my highly strung nerves. I was not the victim of delusion. Assured of this, I began to dress, with quaking, fumbling fingers and in the dark. Plan I had none as yet, and my actuating purpose was merely to reach and alarm the rest of the household. It was just blind instinct, for I did not pause to ask what effectual resistance to a gang of robbers could be offered by a pack of scared women, an invalid boy and one tottering old man.

I thought first of Miss Turpin, our governess, and Miss Climber, and in this order. They both occupied rooms on the same floor as myself, but far in the rear of the building. It was an ugly venture to get to them. As I was debating, I remembered my mother's jewels. These were deposited in a dressing case locked into a wardrode strong box in papa's room. Had they escaped the thieves? Would they escape? By almost a mechanical impulse I unfastened and opened my door, and stepped lightly the five or six paces to that of the vast cavern like chamber in which, the fable goes, a queen once slept. There was a light within, other than that of the wan young moon, which glimmered feebly through lozenge shaped panes in a window high over my head. I sucked in my breath with a well nigh audible gasp and shivered; but it was as though a subtle fascination drew me nearer in spite of the peril. I crept to the tell-tale crack through which the penciled line of light fell. A single peep and I knew the worst; we were betrayed. Kneeling before the receptacle of my mother's family heirlooms was a woman holding a lamp for the guidance of a male confederate, who busied himself with a file at the wardrobe lock. They seemed equally absorbed in their nefarious task. The man I had never before seen; the woman was Mrs. Climber. I believe I was nigher to swooning than on any previous or subsequent occasion Luckly, with a supreme effort I was able to recover the self possession wrested from me by the double shock. I dare not think what might have been the denouement in the contrary vent.

How papa had been deceived! and all of us, for, though I had vaguely disliked the newcomer, no suspicion of her fidelity had entered my mind, yet my eyes had testified that she was an accomplice in a sinister plot. Very possibly she was its orignator.

It gave me intense anxiety to decide upon my next step. A daring suggestion flew to my brain, but I dismissed it, not so much as impracticable as useless. It was to lock the two thieves in. This was possible, if managed with adroitness, for the key cast a shadow on the polished floor. Mrs. Climber had locked the door of papa's room with hypocritical care as we retired that night, saying that housemaids were curious and had been known to walk in their sleep, and that it was not well to trust them to excess. And now the adventuress had left the key on the outside. But what would the countermove avail? There were villains below making away with the plate; I had heard them; they would come to the rescue, and I had no means of successfuly following up the temporary advantage. Yet my fingers itched to drag to that door and imprison my foes.

Clang! clatter! all our bells seemed to be ringing at once, and Mrs. Climber's precious confederates would not have given the alarm, it must mean for them interruption and discomfiture. And in a trice I had acted on my wild idea. The great oak door was fast—fast! I had the key, and with it I fled to my room. There I cowered as children do under the bedclothes, and suffered paroxysm after paroxysm of helpless, abject terror. Every vestige of bravery, deliberate or fortuitous, had forsaken me. But I was not molested.

What happened on the other side of my fortress can be simply and succinctly related in the words with which on the morrow our friend and benefactor, Mr. Lindlaw, enlightened papa, It will be needful to resume from the point of his recognition of Mrs. Climber's handwriting when chatting in our drawing room.

"You see, I am an expert in these matters," he said. Probably you may have seen my name in the newspapers in connection with some trial, civil or criminal, in which the identification of handwriting has formed a leading feature in the proceedings?"

"I have," papa answered.

Exactly. And two months ago I had to make a professional study of various documents and signatures in a north country case of systematic and long continued fraud. I am prepared to swear that the specimen of Mrs. Climber's alias Mrs Clegg's hand shown me by your son is the fac simile of a large number of those forged papers. The writer is the same.

And now that I have seen her—she had a most valid reason for keeping in the background yesterday evening—I recognize the woman too. She only escaped a long term of penal servitude through the plea that she was her husband's tool. And another thing made me startled and suspicious. It was this: at Daleford a man left the same train whom I identified in spite of his wrappings as the brother of the condemned Long Firm swindler, who stood in the dock with Mrs. Clegg. He'll soon follow him into a convict cell. He was involved in the Manchester case, though there was a flaw in the evidence, and he eluded the grasp of justice."

"But Mrs. Climber's testimonials—they were most excellent," murmured papa.

"Forged, my dear sir: I entertain no doubt of it," replied Mr. Lidlaw. "These people saw your advertisement, and application and references were all parts of a rather clever 'plant.' But the female trickster carried her daring a step too far, and will pay the penalty. When I was confronted with that couplet, in the hand I had so much reason to know, I got an inkling of the game that was on foot. And instead of going on to Walnsey Cross I returned to Daleford and intervied a sergeant of police. It seemed that he was in possession of an official warning that tended in the like direction of watchfulness. We both had a suspicion that you might have been lured out of the way by a bogus message."

"No; there was no stratagem there," put in my father.

"Then events conspired so far with the gang of rogues. Well, we came up to the manor to make sure that all was right, and we found an open window and moving lights. We were five in number and armed. The sergeant and two of his men entered by the same road as the burglars, and at a signal from the officer I aroused the household. One thief was taken in the act of selecting the choicest specimens of your old fashioned silver, and to our infinite bewilderment we discovered later that your clever housekeeper and a second confederate were caught like rats in a trap. That was the work of Miss Maggie here. As soon as we learned this we applied to the young lady, got the key and entered. We were only just in time to thwart an attempt to escape by the window. But for the height and the awkwardness of the descent, the man at least would have escaped. But the three are in Siston jail."

"And I have to thank you," said papa, "for the protection of my property, Mr. Lidlaw; I am sincerely grateful".

"And I am glad to have been of service," answered our friend.—Chambers' Journal.

* * *

Little girl (returning from fishin with a thread and crooked pin): got it mama; I got it.—Mother: don't see any fish. Little Angler: got it, but it unbit and div.

Wife Kissing in Various Cities.

Kansas City is all torn up [illegible] the question whether a man may kiss his wife in public, and, if so, under just what circumstances. It appears that a prominent physician of that city kissed his wife at the theater, and the management, fearing the influence of such an example, had him taken out of the building by a policeman, says The Philadelphia Inquirer. As a result the whole subject has come up as one of vital importance, and there is great uncertainty as to the decision.

Public opinion in Kansas City seems to vindicate the manager of the theater in his action, but insists that it must not be carried too far. It is held that there are certain circumstances under which a man may properly kiss his wife in public, but the line has not yet been drawn. The subject has excited the attention of other cities, which freely offer Kansas City advice as to the proper limit.

Chicagoans think a man may kiss his wife in a railway-car without overstepping the proprieties, but should not kiss her when parting at putting her on a street-car. In Denver this is considered a very narrow limitation, although it is agreeed that it must not be done in the theater. In that city public sentiment sustains a man in kissing his wife anywhere except at church, the theater or in a store. There is no limit placed on the exercise of this conjugal practice on the street.

St Paul, however, looks unkindly on the whole matter. It objects to a man kissing his wife anywhere in public, with the possible exception of the front doorstep if it is growing dusk. In strong contrast to this is the censensus of opinion in Bismark, now putting on airs as a state capital, that a man can kiss his wife whenever he pleases, so long as he doesn't kiss any other man's wife. This is the limit of liberalism, and shows the freedom from conventional restraints that abounds on the far western prairies.

So far as Philadelphia is conscerned, this is not likely to become a burning issue. Philadelphians are not overgiven to kissing their wives under any circumstances, and few instances of it in public are ever witnessed. A man may kiss his wife whenever he wants to and she will let him, but he is not likely to do so under circumstances which will be embarrassing to either party or distressing to the public.

Spaniards and Mexicans.

At the open air soirees in the Alameda on a bright Sunday morning may be seen the best examples of the beauty of Mexico. The national types are then out in full force and one can see faces of all colors, from tawny rose or olive to white, and then descending in the scale, from rose to a deep nut brown. The ladies of higher caste, that is to say, of pure Spanish blood are white, and removed from this white, by one degree you see a tinted face and so on until it reaches the dark brown of the pure Indian, in whose veins flows not a drop of Spanish blood, a fact to which they point with a great deal of pride. It may not be generally known, but it is true that a Spaniard is held in greater contempt by a Mexican than is any other foreigner. To call a Mexican Spanish is to insult him, and in spite of his accustomed courtesy he will tell you of it. To call a Spaniard Mexican is to commit an unpardonable breach of good manners. While it is the desire and purpose to every Mexican woman to be as white as possible, yet there is no color line drawn here. A woman may be as dark as bronze and yet enjoy the same society privileges that are granted to her more favored Spanish sister.—Cor. Kansas City Times.

Russia Unhealthiest of Lands

If St. Petersburg is the most insalubrious of European capitals, Russia altogether is the unhealthiest country in the civilized world. The latest statistics of the medical department for 1887 show a less satisfactory state of the public health than those of the immediately preceding years. The cases of infectious diseases, although far from having been all chronicled, were much more numerous in proportion to the population than in England, Holland, Italy, Belgium, or Prussia; leprosy was found in sixty-five districts and 615 fresh victims were registered during the year; there were 21 blind to every 10,000 inhabitants—a greater proportion than anywhere else on the continent—and 27,107 persons poisoned themselves. Every year 15 more persons in every 1,000 die in Russia than in England, which, according to the Novoe Vremya, makes an unnecessary loss of 1,650,060 persons annually sacrificed through inadequate medical assistance. An example of this latter deficiency is given in the Caucasus, where there is only one hospital for every 309,000 inhabitants and one hospital bed for every 12,000.—St. Petersburg Correspondence London Times.

An Old Custom.

A traditional usage of Portugal was carried out at Lisbon some days after the funeral of the late king. At three principal places in the city platforms were erected, covered with black cloth and a procession passed from one place to the other. The chief municipal officers of the city and the chief personages of the late royal household, all clad in deep mourning, formed the procession, which was preceded and followed by cavalry in mourning, the colors draped with black. Bands accompanied the march. Four shields, on which were borne aloft on long staves. At the platform all the principal persons took up their places upon it, and one of the shield bearers advancing to the front, proclaimed in a chanting tone "Weep, O Portuguese for your King, Dom Luis I., is dead." He then dashed the shield to the ground with such violence that it was shattered. The ceremony was repeated at the other platforms. Then the procession moved to the church of Santo Antonia da Se, where a solemn requiem service was held. During the entire ceremony all the bells of the city tolled.

Luck in the Plunk of the Banjo

"There's a prevalent idea in the profession," said Lem Woolcott, the enterprising advertiser for the Jacobs houses, "that a fellow who stricks to a banjo never goes broke. That's why I keep an old banjo always at my room, or in the den at the theater, to plunk away at in leisure moments. I'm a victim to the general superstition."—Buffalo Courier.