

# The Commonwealth.

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## GRAPE UPON THE DOOR.

Somber grape, somber grape, morose mortal  
Use to drap  
Doors through which death uninvited came  
In dread and awful shape,  
Waving slow to and fro that the thought-  
less through may know  
One home-sickness was eclipsed beneath a  
cloud of bitter woe—  
Thou hast been through long years emblem  
Of earth's countless tears,  
When darkest certainty replaced alternate  
hopes and fears,  
When torn hearts long on the rack turned  
Like the lack-luster stone,  
And the stars no longer shone in heaven's  
Once hoped-for track.  
Yet those years have brought to me bet-  
ter views and thoughts of thee.  
For each sorrow hath its mellow which  
experienced souls may see.  
I have learned that "night" the veil shines  
The light which cannot fail,  
Harbinger beckoning homeward  
Through the darkness and the gate.  
Badge of grief, badge of grief, back of  
thee, in grand relief,  
Lies the glory which the reaper finds with-  
in the golden sheaf.  
Death is life, death is strife, close of years  
with evil rife,  
The beginning of the winning rest when  
sheathed the surgeon's knife.  
Ours the tear, the cheer, and Heaven  
vistas vast and clear,  
Where their wings may court the chrysalis  
which hampers spirits here;  
Where each joy they can see with new  
views from earth-mist free,  
Proves the story of the glory that is  
promised you and me.  
Somber sign, proof benight of a thought-  
ful life divine  
Which hath made death but its messenger  
to lead us o'er the line—  
Welcome, friend, who cannot end woes and  
shattered spirits mend,  
Unto thy kindly ministrant in grateful  
trust we bend.  
I. EDGAR JONES.

## MY FRIEND CARLO. A STORY OF ANIMAL SAGACITY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that  
dogs have been written of so vol-  
untarily, I venture to offer an ab-  
solutely authentic sketch of one whose  
transcendent merits while in life well  
deserve such recognition.

To give a detailed account of this  
noble creature's extraordinary doings  
would fill a large volume; therefore I  
will confine myself to recording a few  
of those which I deem the most notable.

Early in the spring of 1832, when I  
was nine years old and living in the  
township of Toronto, Canada, my father  
bought from the "Six Nations" Indians,  
then occupying a reservation on the  
river Credit, eight miles from our farm,  
a dog, whom, in honor of a deceased  
predecessor, we named Carlo. This animal  
was said to be then two years old.  
He weighed, perhaps, 60 pounds, and  
was not particularly prepossessing in  
appearance, being of a mixed reddish  
color, with an unusually large head,  
drooping ears, tremendously powerful  
jaws and a tail no more than ten inches  
long. That member had never been  
docked, however, but was a hereditary  
peculiarity, as was amply proven by  
the fact that many of Carlo's progeny,  
which, after a while, became quite num-  
erous in our neighborhood, were brought  
forth with precisely similar tails—a  
very strange, and so far as my observa-  
tion goes, quite unique circumstance.  
I have known hundreds of dogs born  
with only rudimentary tails, but never,  
except in this instance, of any that  
came into the world with one apparently  
cut off in the middle.

At first none of us thought much of  
Carlo; but it was not long before we  
discovered his value, and to me he soon  
became a constant companion, play-  
mate, protector and friend. Little by  
little, as his good qualities were re-  
vealed, we found that his sagacity was  
wonderful and his courage and faith-  
fulness beyond all praise. Not only in  
one way did he excel, but as watchdog,  
hunter, retriever, cattle driver and  
sheep herder he was perfection itself. He  
feared no living thing, and would, on  
occasion, tackle a bear, wolf or lynx  
as readily as a deer, fox or rabbit.

Of course he could not, unaided, kill  
a full-grown bear or an adult wolf,  
but would often harass and detain one  
or the other until the pursuing hunter  
got near enough to shoot it; but he did  
once, after a terrific fight, kill a large  
lynx, an animal so formidable that not  
one dog in a thousand will face it.

A curious peculiarity of Carlo's was  
that although the game he was at the  
moment chasing might never have been  
sighted by the listener, any such  
thoroughly familiar with him, could al-  
ways tell of what kind it was merely by  
the dog's manner of baying, and also  
whether the scent was fresh or stale.  
He had one style of bark for a deer, an-  
other for a bear, another for a wolf and  
still another for a fox, a wildcat, a rac-  
coon or what not.

He was the very best "coon dog" I  
ever saw or heard of, and would kill  
one of these mischievous creatures,  
however large and fierce, in less than  
five minutes after coming up with it.  
The raccoon always throws itself upon  
its back when fighting, and, instead of  
skirmishing around, and, instead of  
tearing the skin and snatching at the  
throat, and never let go until it was  
dead, thus not damaging the pelt at all.  
Between the ages of 11 and 17 years  
coon hunting by night was one of my  
favorite sports, and when following  
Carlo his voice always told me as plain-  
ly as by articulate speech whether he  
was running on hot scent, had caught  
his quarry on the ground or had treed  
it. In the latter case my comrade and  
I would build a fire and chop down the  
tree, whose top could scarcely reach to  
the earth before Carlo would have the  
coon. Never once did he let one escape  
to another tree.

Altogether, aside from the fact that  
their skins were worth in the proper  
season 50 cents each, it was very reason-  
able to destroy these obnoxious though  
interesting animals, as they wrought  
such havoc among the green corn and  
cattle and not infrequently carried off  
outlying young ducks and chickens.

Even then he would not lose sight of  
the unwelcome visitor until he had fol-  
lowed him beyond the boundaries of  
our 400-acre farm—all of which, in a  
best of so much intelligence, clearly  
proves, I think, that he had been cruelly  
trained by his first owners.

On three several occasions this dog  
saved my life, each time displaying a  
surprising degree of calculating judg-  
ment.  
Through the whole length of our  
farm ran a stream called Etobicoke  
creek, and in June, a few months after  
Carlo's acquisition by us, when I had  
gained his love and confidence, there  
occurred one night a tremendous down-  
pour of rain, swelling the creek to a  
wide, deep and dangerous torrent. Go-  
ing next morning, as usual, to bring  
home the cows, then pasturing on the  
farther side of the stream, I very rashly,  
instead of going around by a rather  
distant bridge, attempted to ford the  
angry flood. But in a moment I was  
swept off my feet and by the outward  
set of the current whirled like a feather  
toward its turbulent center. Being at  
that time unable to swim, I would cer-  
tainly have drowned then and there  
had not Carlo plunged in and effected a  
rescue—and in a manner evincing al-  
most human intelligence.

The brave fellow evidently knew that  
I was much heavier than himself, and  
was not to be retrieved so easily as a  
wounded duck. So, instead of seizing  
me haphazard and perhaps drawing  
my head under water, he dextrously  
caught hold of the front corner of my  
coat collar, thus, in effect, enabling me  
to rest my head upon his if I so wished.  
However, the moment he touched me I  
lost all fear, recovered my presence of  
mind and cheerfully said: "Let go, Carlo."

Securing to guess my intention, he in-  
stantly obeyed, whereupon I slid my  
hands along his back and grasped his  
stubby tail, when, with a yelp of man-  
ifest delight, he struck diagonally across  
and downstream, towing me safely  
ashore to the opposite bank, though at  
a point fully 100 yards below where I  
had entered the water.

Then it was most touching to wit-  
ness his joy. After lovingly licking my  
face and hands, he scurried up and  
down the bank like a wild thing, rap-  
tulously barking and showing his hap-  
piness in every possible way, while now  
and then darting back to my side to re-  
new his caresses and receive my own.

When satisfied with this fun, he col-  
lected the cows and made them swim  
the creek, but did not follow them  
across, thinking, perhaps, that I was  
not yet to be trusted alone, and that it  
was his duty to accompany me home  
by way of the bridge.

About two months afterward Carlo  
saved me from being torn to pieces by  
a cougar, an animal extremely rare in  
western Canada even at that early day,  
called "panther" by the old hunters,  
though the true panther does not exist  
in any part of America. As a full ac-  
count of this adventure has already  
been published, I can only say here that  
had it not been for my faithful friend's  
extraordinary sagacity in discovering  
the crouching beast and his dauntless  
courage in attacking it, I should most  
certainly have become its prey. As it  
was, thanks to the dog, the great cat  
was shot by my father, I receiving one-  
half the bounty money and my gal-  
lant hound unstinted praise.

Perhaps dogs may not possess what  
we, in our wisdom, call inductive rea-  
soning powers, but Carlo was gifted  
with something marvelously like such.  
Mere instinct will hardly account for  
his conduct in the following instance:  
One summer morning, in March, 1834,  
I was standing at our back door, which  
overlooked the creek and a little field  
opening out of the barnyard beyond.  
In this paddock were at the moment  
frisking a number of February-born  
lambs, while their mothers were nib-  
bling such chance tufts of grass as had  
escaped the winter's frosts.

While I looked delightedly at the in-  
nocent creatures' gambols, a great,  
giant-gray wolf, having sneaked unob-  
served from the forest, a half mile  
further up stream, suddenly leaped  
the low fence, dashed through the flock,  
seized a lamb in his mouth and was off  
like a flash.

Carlo lay dozing in the sun at my  
feet. "Look, Carlo, look!" I cried,  
pointing to the retreating wolf. In an  
instant he caught sight of the mar-  
auder, but did not rush across the creek  
in direct pursuit and thus prematurely  
alarm the hunter, give it a long start and  
thus entail upon himself a probably  
hopeless stern chase? No; he did some-  
thing far wiser and more effectual.  
Without giving tongue at all, he started  
off at full speed up my side of the  
stream, far enough from the bank's  
bank to prevent the enemy seeing him,  
and was at the edge of the forest some  
little time before the encumbered wolf  
could reach its shelter. Then, con-  
cealed by impinging bushes and trees,  
he bounded through and across the  
creek, hid himself in the brushwood  
and met the ravenous beast face to face  
when it came along. Meantime, hear-  
ing me call, several of the family came  
to the door and witnessed what fol-  
lowed.

On seeing Carlo, the half-starved wolf  
did not at once relinquish his prey, but  
scurried from his course and tried to  
gain the woods at a more distant point  
—a fatal mistake on his part, for the  
dog, nearly as swift as he in any case,  
was on him before he had gone 100  
feet. Then he dropped the lamb and  
attempted to close with Carlo in a death  
struggle. He might as well have tried  
to close with a lightning streak. Every  
time he made a rush at the dog the latter  
sprang aside, and the instant the wolf  
turned again he seized it by a hind leg,  
bringing it to the ground, while always  
avoiding the deadly grips of its fear-  
fully armed jaws.

This maneuver was repeated again  
and again, and, rage as he might, the  
wolf could neither get away from, nor  
fasten his fangs on, his persecutor. The  
result was that my elder brother had  
time to run up and shoot the beast,  
which was so wholly preoccupied with  
the fight as not to notice his approach.  
I leave the reader to judge whether, in  
this chase and attack, the noble dog  
did not exercise what may fairly be  
called reason?

Time, pregnant with many of my own  
and Carlo's adventures, passed on; I  
was 12 years old and he, presumably  
five, was in the zenith of his powers,  
and had become much heavier than  
when I first knew him, when he saved  
my life for the third time in this wise:  
One afternoon in October he and I  
were passing through a large field  
wherein were pasturing a number of

cattle. Among these was a three-year-  
old bull, which we had always thought  
a quite gentle animal. In fact, I had  
often ridden to and fro on his back.  
The evening being chilly, I was wear-  
ing at the time one of those camel  
cloaks, lined with red flannel, which  
were very much in vogue for boys in  
those days. A strong wind was blow-  
ing, and just as we got within about 50  
yards of the bull, a heavy gust threw  
one side of the cloak over my shoulder,  
thus exposing a large expanse of the  
lining.

On catching sight of this obnoxious  
color, the bull changed in one moment  
from a peacefully-grazing beast to a  
maddened monster, and, with a hoarse,  
bellowing roar, lowered head and up-  
lifted tail, charged furiously upon me.

There was no shelter—not even a  
stump or tree near us, and the crazed  
brute had but 50 yards or so to come.  
Flight on my part would have been  
worse than useless, even if I had  
thought of it, which I did not. But,  
in my mortal fright, I did think of  
it, gasping: "Carlo! Carlo! Sick, him,  
Carlo!"—a needless, almost, com-  
mand, for, swift as an arrow and fiercely as an en-  
raged tiger, the good dog sprang for-  
ward, not squarely in front of the bull,  
but with a little detour. Then, wheel-  
ing about, he came alongside the  
beast's shoulder, and deftly seized him  
by the nose. Now the tables were  
turned with a vengeance. No longer  
was the bull's deep roar the exultant  
trumpeting of an assured conqueror;  
in a second it changed to the pitiful  
calf-like bleating of a beaten coward,  
as, distracted by pain and fright, he  
tossed his head aloft in a vain attempt  
to free himself from the vice-like grasp  
of those jaws, which would never let  
go except at a master's bidding or un-  
til victory was achieved.

Finding all his efforts of no avail, the  
frenzied creature now set off in a mad  
run, carrying the clinging dog with him  
and utterly unable to strike the  
latter with his forefeet.  
Around and around the field wildly  
careened the interlocked combatants,  
while the other cattle, scared out of  
their wits at the strange spectacle,  
scattered away, leaving their whilom  
lord and master to his fate.

For what seemed to me a full half  
hour and to the bull probably an age of  
torment, the running fight continued,  
the sorely punished beast growing  
every moment weaker, until at last he  
sank to the ground utterly exhausted;  
whereupon Carlo came back to me, joy-  
ously wagging his short tail, and with  
his beautiful brown eyes and triumph-  
ant bark seeming to ask: "Wasn't that  
well done, master?"

After this severe lesson no creature  
could be better behaved than was the  
conquered bull, who thenceforth in Car-  
lo's presence always put on a particu-  
larly subdued air, while I might have  
flaunted my red-lined cloak in his face  
a hundred times without exciting him  
to more than an intense disgust.

By such deeds as I have herein re-  
lated, as well as by his invaluable ser-  
vices in the hunting field and on the  
farm, my dog became famous through-  
out our whole township, and had I been  
base enough to do so, I might, scores of  
times, have sold him for more than the  
price of a first-rate horse.

He lived to be 12 years of age, and  
then, though apparently in good health,  
painlessly died one day while his grand  
old head rested lovingly on my knee.  
I buried him on the bank of the stream  
wherein he and I had so often dis-  
ported ourselves, and, full-grown man  
as I then was, I am not ashamed to con-  
fess that I shed childish tears over his  
grave, which I afterward marked by a  
large stone slab, taken from the creek's  
bed and rudely engraved by my un-  
skilled hands: "My Friend Carlo;  
Faithful Unto Death."—N. Y. Ledger.

## SHE WAS A NEW WOMAN.

But When the Doves Began to Follow  
Her She Wakened.  
There is no earthly doubt as to her  
being a new woman. She was not born  
a new woman, neither was new woman-  
hood thrust upon her; she achieved it  
and is unreasonably proud of the fact.  
Nature cast her in round, soft, com-  
fortable mold. But she has risen su-  
perior to nature. She believes with all  
her heart, with all her soul, with all  
her mind, in the right divine of woman  
to govern, wrongly, perhaps, but still  
to govern. She is one of those Patrick  
Henrys in petticoats whose burning  
eloquence brings conviction to the souls  
of hundreds who already agree with  
her. As already stated, there is no  
earthly doubt as to her being a new  
woman—in theory, at least. In prac-  
tice? Well, that's different.

She's the sort of woman who shrinks  
and climbs on the table if anyone sug-  
gests that there is a mouse in the  
room. She believes the placid old fam-  
ily horse the fiercest sort of a steed,  
and knows that her life is in danger  
every time she climbs into the phaeton.  
She stands paralyzed with terror if she  
spies a cow at the far end of the field,  
and would probably faint if a little  
garden snake crossed her path. The  
dogs of the neighbors—she lives in the  
country, where no household is com-  
plete without several of them—fill her  
mind with mad, unreasoning fear.

One day she went down to the vil-  
lage and was tempted to buy some pie  
for the family meal. As she was bear-  
ing them home in triumph a large New-  
foundland, waking from his noonday  
nap, stalked out to meet her, sniffed  
at her pines and fell solemnly in behind  
her. At the next place she passed two  
more, and so on till every place she  
passed had yielded its quota of dogs.  
One by one they fell into line. Smell-  
ing her pines and following her loving-  
ly, they joined in the procession, pac-  
ing solemnly after this timorous new  
woman.

Her heart was as water and her  
bones were as wax. She knew that it  
would be a heroic thing and worthy  
of her new womanhood to die in de-  
fense of her pines. She saw visions of  
the neighbors finding her a mangled  
corpse, but still faithful to her charge;  
of a slender white shaft in some peace-  
ful cemetery bearing the inscription:  
"Faithful Unto Death." Then she  
thought of her motherless children, her  
sorrowing husband, with only a heroic  
memory to console them and her cou-  
rage failed her. She felt that it was  
better to live a new woman than to die  
a hero.

So she gently laid the pies down on  
the path that the dogs might devour  
them in peace and un molested sped  
swiftly homeward.—Chicago Chronicle.

## NEW BUILDING NEEDED.

Present Government Printing Of-  
fice Should Be Vacated.

In the Early Days All the Printing  
Needed by the Government Was  
Given Out by Con-  
tract.

[Special Washington Letter.]  
The government printing office is 37  
years old; but the building in which it  
is housed looks as though it might be 37  
centuries old.

Previous to the 31st day of May, 1860,  
the government printing had been done  
by contract in various ways. The first  
federal congress which met in New  
York, March 4, 1789, provided for the  
printing of 600 copies of the acts of  
congress, and 500 copies of the journals  
of the senate and house of representa-  
tives.

The first appropriation made by the  
federal congress which provided speci-  
fically for printing, was enacted in 1794,  
"for the expenses of fire wood, station-  
ery and printing work." The same act  
made an appropriation of \$2,261 for the  
secretary of state, "including the pub-  
lication of the laws of the first session of  
the Third congress."

From 1794 to 1819, the government  
printing was given by contract to the  
lowest bidder; but on March 3, 1819, a  
concurrent resolution was passed pro-  
viding for the election of a printer for  
congress, who would print all bills in  
English type on foolscap paper. The  
resolution fixed the prices to be paid  
for the various kinds of work to be done  
by the printer of congress.

A joint resolution was passed on Au-  
gust 3, 1846, dispensing with the services  
of a congressional printer, and reviv-  
ing the old contract system. This meth-  
od of printing the work of congress  
continued until 1852, but it grew to be  
expensive and unsatisfactory, and an  
act was passed providing for a superin-  
tendant of printing, whose duties were  
"to advertise for proposals from dealers  
in paper, and buy all paper used by the  
government, and superintend all the  
printing done for the government, by  
the house and senate printers." The  
act also fixed the prices to be paid for  
composition and press work.

It is a significant fact that the gov-  
ernment printing was regarded as a  
matter of such importance at this early  
day that on one occasion it almost led  
to a duel. In 1841, Senator King,  
of Alabama, and Senator Henry Clay,  
of Kentucky, became involved in a bitter  
controversy over the appointment of  
the senate printer, and Senator King  
challenged Senator Clay to fight a duel.  
A compromise was effected by the na-  
tional friends of the senators and no duel  
was fought.

Congressman John A. Gurley, of Ohio,  
was chairman of the committee on  
printing of the house of representatives  
in 1860, and he was the author of the  
bill to establish a government printing  
office, which was passed by both houses  
of congress and approved by President  
Buchanan on May 31, 1860. Although  
his name is not often mentioned now in  
public print or in private conversation  
of the employees of the government  
printing office know Mr. Gurley's name  
and reputation, and speak of him with  
profound respect and admiration.

On the day preceding the vote on the bill,  
Mr. Gurley delivered a speech in ad-  
vance of his measure which was con-  
vincing and eloquent. His speech was  
also quoted in the senate in full, and  
was influential in that body also. His  
most impassioned utterances in Ohio  
statesman declared that it could be no  
possible opposition to founding of a government printing  
office, except the opposition of parti-  
ship, which he deprecated with se-  
lucidizing the history of the pri-  
nting, Mr. Gurley said:  
"Sir, the public printing has be-  
come a subject of general discus-  
sion, and even quarrels, in both  
of congress, and between the vari-  
ous political parties, with short inter-  
vals, for a full half century, and up to this



FRANK W. PALMER.  
(Head of the Government Printing Office.)

very hour is as prolific a source of public  
debate, personal speculation and com-  
mon sense as at any former period.  
It has brought more contempt and dis-  
grace upon our government than have  
come from any single cause that can  
be mentioned.

"If we consult the records of 1819 we  
shall find as far back as that the con-  
gress of the United States floundering in  
the mire of printing rascality, unable  
either to get its work done at the prop-  
er time, as stipulated, or even with tol-  
erable accuracy. It was horribly execut-  
ed, on poor paper, and never ready when  
wanted."

"The efforts of the spokesmen of all  
parties have ever been to crush  
out the labors of those seeking  
a radical and genuine reform in  
that department. The mere partisan  
does not want the door of the  
treasury closed against him just as he  
is about to lay hold of its keys; and as  
the printing spoils have been regarded  
as among the most valuable under the  
government, mere politicians have al-  
ways had a strong desire to retain  
them."

Public Printer Palmer is a splendid  
executive officer who has had great  
experience in the printing business and  
who occupied the position of public  
printer under the Harrison adminis-  
tration. He says: "I am not a spoils  
man in the strict sense of that word,  
although I believe that the political  
party placed in power by the people  
should dominate the affairs of every  
administration. While I am not a  
spoilsmen, I am at the same time op-  
posed to the application of the civil  
service law to the government printing  
office. I think it is absurd to require  
printers and bookbinders to pass school-  
boy examinations. It is also the height  
of folly to require laborers and  
skilled workmen in the various  
branches of the printing office to pass

civil service examinations. The civil  
service commission knows nothing  
about the printing office, and certainly  
has but a faint conception of the ad-  
ministration of the office of the public  
printer, with his 3,000 assistants.  
Therefore I think that appointments to  
the government printing office should  
be made solely upon the judgment of  
the public printer, as to their fitness  
and character. Under existing civil  
service rules it is not possible for the  
public printer to select his assistants  
from the most important positions in the  
office. Only old men, who served in the  
union army, are given preference over  
school boys."

Every member of the printer's craft  
in the country who is connected with  
any department of the "art preservative  
of all arts," should insist that one of the  
nobliest temples on the globe be erected  
at the capital of the American republic,  
which would serve not only the purpose  
of a practical workshop, from which to  
issue all the public printing, but as a  
stately monument to that noble art  
which more than any other has contrib-  
uted to the advancement and progress  
of humanity.

Its site should be on a lofty elevation,  
above the possibility of flood or damp-



THE COMPOSING-ROOM.  
(Quaint Spot in the Government Printing  
Office.)

ness, or conditions not in harmony  
with the splendid architecture of the  
building. The people of this country  
will approve large appropriations to  
"it will come back with heaps and  
heaps of gold," he said, his bright eyes  
sparkling with the expectancy of its  
fulfillment.

"What will you do with it?" the re-  
porter asked.  
"Oh, I'll build a nice home for mamma  
and papa, and then I would start a big  
factory. I'd have no boys working  
either. If they were poor, I'd send  
them out in the country, like Mrs. Fri-  
field does, and if they got hurt at the  
machine I would give them lots and  
lots of money. We make out like we  
don't care, but we don't like to lose  
our hands and fingers, and it keeps us  
from work, and our mothers scold."

The good work manifested among the  
members of the Little Crooked Gang  
extends to hundreds of children in the  
district where the social settlement is  
located. Already its elevating influ-  
ences are being felt. The other day 15  
boys, who had been in the country

are for your cotton  
goods cheaper than  
in Greenwood.  
BELIEVE IT TRY HIM.

## MAIMED CHILDREN'S CLUB.

Call Themselves Little Crooked Gang  
and Get Enjoyment Out of Life.  
The Little Crooked Gang is the name  
of an organization of children, between  
the ages of eight and twelve years, who  
are employed in a large factory on the  
Kath street, near Victor. The members  
are not crooked in the criminal sense  
of the word, but each member has been  
maimed in some form or other. Elig-  
ibility to membership lies in being a  
cripple. Some of the boys are minus a  
leg, others count several fingers miss-  
ing, one little fellow exhibits the stump  
of a hand, but all must exhibit some  
physical imperfection before they are  
admitted to membership in the Little  
Crooked Gang. There are 12 of them,  
but they are modest and would not  
have their names in the paper for the  
world. The president is a bright little  
fellow, some ten years of age. He has  
only lost a thumb, and considers his lot  
very fortunate compared to some of the  
other members of the organization.

Off and on the Little Crooked Gang  
spends an evening at the social settle-  
ment headquarters, corner of Second  
and Victor streets. They have a fond-  
ness for the opportunities of pleasure  
and the improvement it affords. As  
young as they are, some of them have  
formed a fund for certain juvenile  
authors, and spend their evenings in  
the library, earning some legend hold  
or fairy tale. Mrs. S. E. Frisfield, ma-  
tron at the place, says that the Little  
Crooked Gang is among the best be-  
haved and brightest set of children who  
visit the place. The little fellows, who  
glad the sunshine of their lives out in  
the factory gloom, find there some-  
thing to brighten, some relief, from the  
less toll and dangers of the intricate  
machinery which has ready laid its  
disfiguring marks upon them for life.  
Though crippled, they do not seem to  
lead their affliction when holding ses-  
sions of the gang. Only the present is  
for them, and the morrow, with its  
toil and trials and dangers, has no place  
in the dreams they dream and the  
castles they build after the big factory  
has closed its doors for the day. One  
member of the gang, who has lost a  
finger, says that he is going to Alaska  
when he grows up to be a man.

"I will come back with heaps and  
heaps of gold," he said, his bright eyes  
sparkling with the expectancy of its  
fulfillment.

"What will you do with it?" the re-  
porter asked.  
"Oh, I'll build a nice home for mamma  
and papa, and then I would start a big  
factory. I'd have no boys working  
either. If they were poor, I'd send  
them out in the country, like Mrs. Fri-  
field does, and if they got hurt at the  
machine I would give them lots and  
lots of money. We make out like we  
don't care, but we don't like to lose  
our hands and fingers, and it keeps us  
from work, and our mothers scold."

The good work manifested among the  
members of the Little Crooked Gang  
extends to hundreds of children in the  
district where the social settlement is  
located. Already its elevating influ-  
ences are being felt. The other day 15  
boys, who had been in the country

## Bicycles

STRICTLY IN THE LEA

AT

\$35.00

UT.

—

C. E. GILLESPIE

The Chicago

IS FIRST

A GREAT NE

INCIDENTALLY it is an advocate of democracy

claim. The triumph of the republican party is

the destruction of the democratic party. The

organization on the lines of their own, and not

democracy, is the democratic party. The

will be the political mission of THE CHICAGO

As a newspaper THE CHICAGO will not

giving neither labor nor money to make its

and covering exhaustively the entire field

of publication a copy of a great daily

a miracle of cheapness and value combined.

For one cent a day every family within five

he would toss up to decide. One of our

passengers, who is taking \$1,000 with

him, has worked 100 feet of his ground

and refused \$200,000 for the remainder,

and confidently expects to clear up

\$12 from one pan of dirt. His pay

dirt while being washed averaged \$250

an hour to each man shoveling in.

Two others of our miners who worked their