

Just Tell Them So.

There's much to do the whole way through.

And the darkest night will change to light.

And the blackest cloud will melt away.

If you find in weak mankind.

Twill do all good to know.

That some one thought they not wrought.

And frankly told them so.

Enough will remain of bitter pain.

With all the aid you lend.

Some will be sad and others glad.

On down to the journey's end.

As in the thought of the past.

That some one thought they not wrought.

If virtue you see in bond or free.

Just stop and tell them so.

There are many cases in home affairs.

That wear the brain and heart.

And many a way, most every day.

In which to bear a part.

If you love your wife as you do your life.

It will keep her heart aglow.

And make her feel your love is real.

To often tell her so.

If on the road you see a lead.

Some pilgrim downward pressing.

A willing hand to help him stand.

Will bring you back a blessing.

So the light will be seen and right.

That's waiting here below.

Should praise be said, don't wait till dead.

Before you tell them so.

## The Two Orphans.

By D'Ennery.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE OUTCAST.

As Pierre said the Normandy coach had just arrived; but the poor cripple saw at a glance that his chance of earning a few sous was hopeless.

The only passengers that alighted from the rickety old conveyance were two young girls whom we have seen in our first chapter.

They alighted in a dazed sort of manner, as if the bustle and din of the great city had confused them; and Henriette, leading Louise by the hand, entered the open space in front of the coach-office.

A bench (which, from the numerous marks of knives and pencils upon it, showed that it served as a resting place for the loungers who chose the noisier routes of this kind and talk horse) lay just outside the coach-office.

Henriette looked vainly round for the relative whom they expected to meet, but not a man was to be seen.

She could not repress a feeling of anxiety; but she bravely strove to hide her feelings from Louise.

But the blind girl was anxious as well as Henriette.

"I am surprised that Monsieur Martin is not here to meet us," she said, half to herself.

Henriette's quick ear caught the murmur, and she endeavored to divert her sister's mind.

"Oh, he'll come soon!" she said, reassuringly. Then, to occupy the blind girl's mind with other matters than their own condition, she added: "Oh, Louise! Paris is so beautiful! Oh, my sister, if you could only see its wonders!"

"Tell me what you see. Where are we?" asked Louise, excitedly.

"In an open square at the end of a beautiful bridge," answered Henriette, looking round her, "which has a magnificent statue in the middle."

"That must be the Pont Neuf," said Louise, as she remembered the picture Henriette had called up to her mind.

"Papa used to speak of it."

"As this is the first time we see two great towers," continued the beautiful girl, who was thus supplying the place of her sister's sight. "It must be Notre Dame."

"Notre Dame," repeated Louise, sadly, as she gazed from the street. "How I wish I could see it! It was on that spot, that I, a helpless infant, was left to perish," and as the blind girl thus recalled the thoughts of the past, the tears, unbidden, came to her eyes, and the sightless ones were turned toward the spot she would see, as if they would burst their filmy veil, and forced by her grief, gaze upon the spot where she had been left to die of cold or starvation.

"It was there, your dear father found me. But now I should have died—perhaps—perhaps—that would have been better," she added, in a tone of anguish that was almost a wail, so much misery was there embodied in it.

"Darling sister!" exclaimed Henriette, "why do you say that?"

"Because," replied Louise, in the same sad tone, "I should not have lived to become blind and unhappy."

"Louise, do not speak thus," said Henriette, as she clasped her sister in her arms. "Our dear parents loved us both alike—your consolation and happiness, as it was their first grief when Heaven deprived you of your sight."

"Unfortunate pursues me, sister," said Louise, refusing to be comforted, "for scarcely had this affliction befallen me when we were left orphans, without help or friends."

"No—no, dear Louise," interrupted Henriette, "I have turned all we possessed into money, and we are in this great Paris, where there are skillful doctors who will soon restore my poor Louise's eyes to their old time brightness, and there was in Henriette's voice something which ever had the power to cheer her afflicted sister.

"Heaven grant that your hopes may be realized," said Louise, more hopefully. Then thinking of their present situation again, she asked: "Monsieur Martin? Why does he not come for us?"

For a moment Henriette had forgotten the forsaken condition in which they were. Alone in Paris, without friends or even acquaintances, and expecting the relative whom they were expecting should come for them, what could they do?

Henriette hardly dared to think of such an alternative, and more to satisfy her sister than to gratify her own expectation of finding him, she proposed to go and look for M. Martin.

As Henriette went to look for M. Martin, a young woman of about twenty years of age entered the open space in front of the coach-office, and gazing sadly at the swift-running river.

Her face was that of a woman who had once been beautiful; but who was now pursued by remorse and sorrow. Her garments were scrupulously clean and neat but with no attempt at display, and she was waddled about like one having no aim or purpose save to escape from her own thoughts.

She stood silent and motionless, as if some one were speaking to her in whose breast love and hate could wage eternal conflict; so absorbed was she in her bitter thoughts, that her face expressed her feelings as well as words could have done.

Henriette returned to her sister with the information that her relative could not be seen, and just at that moment a burst of laughter and music came from the half open door of the cabaret, which prevented the wanderer from hearing Henriette's approach or advice.

Among the voices which could be heard from the drinking saloon, Jacques Frochard's coarse, brutal tones could be distinguished; and as she heard it, the poor woman started as though stung by a viper.

"Yes, it is his voice," she said, as she turned to face the doors of the cabaret. "This voice singing and laughing. Ah! drink and carouse! forget her whose heart you have broken. Enjoy yourself, while the victim of your brutality seeks the only refuge left her—death. The river is near, and plunge and it will all be over. May my dying shriek of despair ring in your ears as a never-ending curse!"

And in the extremity of her anguish the wanderer rushed toward the water, and the sudden death she sought, guided by despair, the unhappy woman was about to yield up her life to her Maker in all his sin, forgetting that it was too late for this, when she saw the appearance there where all was lost.

As she was about to commit this rash act, her wild and almost maniacal gaze rested on several persons who were passing near, and she drew back, shuddering.

"No! it is not yet dark enough," she muttered, "I should be seen and perhaps saved."

As she said this she clasped her hands on her head, and seemingly beseeching the heavens, she sank down upon the cold, damp pavement.

Henriette, who had been regarding the strange appearing woman, exclaimed as she fell.

"What can this matter with that woman? She has fallen; she must be ill!"

"Go to her and see if you can aid her—go—go, sister," exclaimed Louise, quickly, and in her excitement rising from the bench, she started to follow her sister's way to the prostitute woman.

Like some angel of mercy Henriette went to the world-weary woman and in a voice that resembled a silver chime of vespers bells, so gratefully did she fall upon the wanderer's ears, asked:

"Pardon me, madame: can I do anything for you?"

"You can do nothing."

"You seem exhausted—are you suffering?"

"Yes—yes, I am suffering."

As she said this, this inviting the pity, as it were, of the good angel beside her, she arose from the ground, and Louise, who had been listening to the strange appearing woman, called to Henriette—and there was a world of pathos in her voice:

"She said that with a voice full of misery and despair. Help her, sister."

Henriette could not resist the pleading of the woman, and she endeavored to help her sister's efforts to assist her poor woman.

"Madame, have confidence in us," said she kindly. "We are not rich, but we can help you."

"I have already told you," interrupted the woman, fiercely, "that I want nothing. There are griefs that cannot be consoled, sufferings that can not be alleviated. I only wish to die."

"You are mistaken," said Louise, as she clasped her hands in an agony of grief at the thought of the other's suffering.

"Who told you that?" asked the woman, passionately. "How do you know that I want to die?"

"I feel that I want to die," answered the blind girl, who, standing with her hands clasped, resembled more one of Raphael's Madonnas than a simple country girl. "Do you know that we who are blind, when we are alone, we object ourselves, listen with our whole being?"

"Tell us your troubles," said Henriette, soothingly. "Perhaps we can relieve them."

The woman gazed sadly at the fair girl who would thus take another's sorrows upon herself, in the hope of lightening the unhappy one's burden.

"Why should I tell you when you do not even know me?" she said, slowly, to pour out her troubles. "You have never seen me before, and yet you pity me. No—no, there is no help for me. Leave me, leave me, and do not attempt to speak to me."

"I am finished speaking, the unhappy woman turned away and would have left the place, but that she heard Henriette's voice.

"Stay," she said, in a pleading tone. "For the love of Heaven, do not leave me this way. I am alone, and I am dying."

The poor woman was not proof against these pleadings, and yet she hesitated to open her heart, wicker as it was, to these poor girls.

"I am pursued by officers of the law," she said hurriedly. "I have not strength to fly further, and they will arrest me."

"What have you done?" asked Henriette, pityingly.

"I have stolen," answered the woman, as she saw the young girls shudder, she added quickly, as if in extenuation: "I have stolen money committed to my care; all the savings of a poor working girl. I stole it for him, for a wretch whom I fear, but whom, alas! I love."

At this moment Jacques' voice was heard from the cabaret, and it sounded like some mocking devil exulting over its triumph.

"Good job! capital job!"

"What demon could have put into his mouth those words, which probably would have expressed exactly his idea of the repentance of the girl whom he had wronged?"

"Listen!" said the woman quietly, while a look of pain passed over her face, "that is his voice. He is there wasting in debauchery the money purchased by my crime. When I am away from him my reason returns, and I only feel that I am a wretch, and I wish to die. When he speaks to me my hate disappears; I cower and tremble before him and all his love. I have stolen for him, and I believe I would kill at his bidding."

She remained silent for a moment, and then, hiding her face in her hands burst into an agony of tears, and exclaimed:

"No—no! it is better that I should die."

"You can not atone for a fault by committing crime," said Henriette.

"If I am found they will arrest—imprison me!" exclaimed the woman, clasping her hands.

"And repentance will pay the debt you owe to Heaven," added the blind girl's low voice, like a song, sweet and well.

"Heaven! Do you believe there is a Heaven?" asked the woman, almost roughly, hiding her real feelings behind a mask of brusqueness.

"Yes, I believe there is a Heaven if they receive a blow, and their faces expressed the sorrow they felt at this implied atheism.

"Do I believe there is a Heaven?" asked Henriette, in astonishment.

"I can not tell you, but I believe in Heaven for outcasts like me."

"Oh, unhappy woman!" exclaimed Louise, in tones of deepest sorrow. Then drawing some money from her little store, she handed it to the woman.

But although she could receive words of encouragement and advice from the orphans, and be grateful, she drew back quickly, exclaiming, petulantly:

"No—no!"

"Do not refuse, I implore you!" entreated Louise, as she turned toward the woman, with an imploring look upon her face.

This entreated, the woman could do no less than comply with their request; and as she took the small amount of money, which was more valuable than priceless gems because of the sympathy which accompanied it, she said:

"Now I know that you are right. There must be a Heaven, for has not sent two angels to succor and to save me?"

And turning aside, the unhappy woman, who had been so long in this kind of agony had caused to flow.

"Courage, have courage," said Henriette, as she laid her little hand

on the woman's arm.

"Yes, yes I will have courage. I'll fly from Paris and from him. I wish I could give my life for you," she said, as she took the hands of the two orphans and pressed them to her lips.

"May Heaven bless you—farewell," she sobbed, as she turned to go.

But she had not seen the door of the cabaret open, nor did she see Jacques, as he stood just outside the door.

"Ah! ah! he chuckled. "Madame Martin, at last!"

Then he saw the woman moving quickly away, he cried: "Marianne!"

The sound of that voice was so potent for that poor woman.

"Where are you going?" demanded Jacques, coarsely.

"Away from you, whom I hope never to see again," answered Marianne, firmly.

Jacques went toward her quickly, and laid his hand roughly upon her trembling arm.

"Bibi!" he said, roughly, "you don't want to see me? Then why did you stop when I called? What makes your heart tremble?"

"It does not tremble," answered Marianne, with a superior air. "I have found strength to resist you. I am ashamed of the life I lead, and of the infamy into which you have plunged me."

"You are a woman!" exclaimed Jacques, as he went toward the door of the cabaret. "Put all of that stuff out of your head, and follow me!"

"I will not!" said the poor woman, as she turned again to go.

You must insist, Jacques, with an angry gesture, and then, as she did not move, he added: "Come—do you hear?"

For a moment Marianne was on the point of obeying him; but one glance at the two young girls, who were anxiously awaiting her decision, seemed to give her strength, and she answered, boldly:

"Yes, I hear, and I refuse. I will not obey you!"

"I want you to persuade me in the usual way, eh, do you?" cried Jacques, brutally, as he went quickly toward the shrinking woman.

"You shall not—never again!" exclaimed Marianne, as she endeavored to escape from this cruel grasp.

But she was too late; Jacques grasped her by the hair with one hand, while with the other he clasped her slender throat, and in a moment his brawny hand would have choked her senseless, had he not heard the heavy tramp of armed men approaching.

In an instant he had released her, and Marianne, rushing up to the guard, exclaimed:

"Monsieur, arrest me. I am a thief!"

Jacques was petrified with astonishment, while the two orphans waited with beating heart the denouement of this strange drama.

"Arrest you? Who are you?" asked the officer, in no little surprise.

"You know me, Monsieur Vauthier. Officers are in search for me. I escaped from them an hour ago," said Marianne, hurriedly, as if she feared her courage would give way. "Now I wish to deliver myself to justice."

"She has gone crazy," ejaculated Jacques, as he moved to a convenient distance, in order to make his escape should she denounce him.

"Marianne Vauthier," said the officer, reading from a paper which he had taken from his pocket, "accused of theft."

"Of which I am guilty," interrupted the woman.

"Well if you confess it, I must take you to La Salpêtrière," said the officer, who, looking at her, motioned her between two files of soldiers.

"My expiation begins," said Marianne, as she passed by where the two orphans were standing. "Pray that Heaven may give me courage to complete it."

The soldiers moved on, bearing the self-confessed woman with them, while Henriette and Louise could only pray silently that her expiation might be the means of restoring her to the place she had lost through her unhappy love.

Jacques remained looking after the departing prisoner for a few moments, and then giving vent to a low whistle, he crossed the street, and disappeared, shame, disappeared into the cabaret, saying, as he entered:

"To Salpêtrière! She's a fool!"

And in a few minutes he was joining his comrades in their debauchery, with not a thought of the unfortunate girl who, for his sake, had committed a crime for which she must now suffer long, weary months, perhaps years.

And while he was thus occupying his time, the two orphans awaited the coming of their relative.

(To be Continued.)

A Tidal Wave.

A dispatch from Rome announces that a severe cyclone has swept over Catania a city on the east coast of Sicily. For 24 hours before the cyclone burst over the island, a violent storm raged on the eastern coast of Sicily. The path of the cyclone was 124 miles long and everything in the line of the storm was destroyed. The sea swept inland for several kilometers doing enormous damage, while there were violent submarine agitations between Sicily and the mainland.

Along the railroad of the cyclone was such that rails were torn up and hurled to a great distance. It is reported from Modica, 32 miles west southwest from Syracuse, that a hundred bodies have already been found, but that the number of dead bodies swept away by the torrent is unknown.

He Fooled Them.

Clad in feminine apparel, with wig and veil to complete his disguise, Simon Shimborg, of Syracuse, N. Y., for whom a warrant has been sworn out by Isaac Liberman for alleged forgery attended the funeral of his father and successfully eluded the recognition of two detective who were watching for him. Shimborg not only attended the funeral, but rode in a hack with the other mourners to the cemetery, and when the function was over, he quietly got out of the city, he is charged with forging the name of George Johnston on a note for \$251.

Short of Funds.

State Treasurer Jennings will have to borrow \$500,000 for current state expenses this fall, the full amount allowed by law and still the appropriations go on. The levy has been raised from year to year and still the expenses of the state increase. The total amount of the deficit is expected to be about \$1,500,000 with no prospects of matters getting any better under the present method of large unnecessary appropriations and high salaries for public officials. It is up to the next legislature to attempt a remedy for some of these evils but we can only judge the future by the past—increased appropriations.

The Nevada Republican platform declares for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people, favors the largest use of silver as a money metal in all matters compatible with the best interests of our government, and pledges the nominee to Congress to exercise his best endeavor to secure the greatest possible use of silver. Bryanism must be making some headway among the Republicans of the West, and there are occasional signs of disloyalty to the standards of the East.

The Florence Times says Ed Bryant, a Savannah negro who was hobnobbing with home was struck Wednesday night as he was entering Florence, by a piece of wood that fell off 55, the evening train from Wilmington. It seems that he had gotten on a train at Richmond and found it convenient to get off at Marion and was walking from there when as 55 passed him a piece of wood fell off and struck him on the left arm, fracturing the arm very badly above the elbow.

The Spartanburg Herald says Speaker Henderson has evidently had his ear to the ground and discerns the approach of a tidal wave for tariff reform.

WRECKED A HOTEL.

Frank McKie, Blows Up the Golden Eagle With Dynamite.

THEN HE COMMITS SUICIDE.

Guests Blown from Their Beds. A Young Woman in the Case, But Yet It is a Mystery.

The Golden Eagle hotel, on the corner of New Jersey avenue and D street, Washington, D. C., was dynamited Tuesday morning at 4.30 o'clock by Frank McKie, one of the guests, who subsequently committed suicide. Between 20 and 30 guests were thrown from their beds by the explosion, but only the proprietor, Louis Brandt, and his wife were injured. The roof of the building was blown off and the falling wreckage crashed through to the basement, leaving the structure as it wrecked by a tornado. Every pane of glass in the building and the adjoining structure was broken. The explosion called out the fire department. The affair is involved in some mystery. The proprietor gave a banquet Wednesday night in honor of his wife, who had just returned from Germany, and McKie was a guest.

McKie had boarded at the hotel four years and had been treated as a member of the Brandt family, which includes a daughter, Sophie, with whom McKie, as he went quickly toward the shrinking woman.

"You shall not—never again!" exclaimed Marianne, as she endeavored to escape from this cruel grasp.

But she was too late; Jacques grasped her by the hair with one hand, while with the other he clasped her slender throat, and in a moment his brawny hand would have choked her senseless, had he not heard the heavy tramp of armed men approaching.

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(To be Continued.)

THE WESTERN TEACHER.

Troubles Experienced by Trustees on Account of Frequent Marriages.

From The Placer Gulch, Idaho, Daily, Palladium for September 6:

We take pleasure in announcing that our school board has hired Miss Eunice Peters to take charge of the recently organized school. Miss Peters comes to us from the East, highly recommended as an efficient teacher, and we welcome her to our bustling young city. The children of Placer Gulch are to be congratulated on the pleasant and profitable year before them. With four churches already built, six more projected, the foundation for the county jail laid and the best half-mile race track west of the Missouri River we are certainly booming.

From The Palladium for September 14:

A pretty wedding was solemnized at high noon today when our popular townsman, Jim Vancelo, to the altar Miss Eunice Peters, of Grammar School No. 1. They will begin housekeeping on Grubstake Avenue. The school is necessarily closed for the present, but our wide-awake school board has already engaged another teacher.

From The Palladium for September 17:

Miss Beatrice Hall arrived from the East last night and this morning took charge of our school. She is highly recommended as an accomplished teacher, and our children are again in their places. There are few things which do so much good as a well-conducted school and Placer Gulch has one of the best.

From The Palladium for September 24:

Our readers will rejoice to hear that another wedding has taken place in our thriving community. Tom Bankside is the lucky man, and his bride is Beatrice Hall, who has had charge of our school. The event took place last evening and they have gone to housekeeping on Laalal Avenue. The school will open again next week under the auspices of another teacher already engaged by our able school board.

From The Palladium for September 26:

Among the arrivals on the 8:30 train this morning was Miss Mary Clerkville, an experienced teacher from the East. She took immediate charge of our excellent school, and the pupils are again settled down to hard work. There is nothing in Placer Gulch which is doing more to attract the right sort of settlers than our school. It was a wise investment on the part of our taxpayers.

From The Palladium for October 1:

Lightning has struck again, and this time Hank Plummer is the man who is hit. He was married at 3 p. m. to Miss Mary Clerkville, of the grammar school, which closed at noon. The pupils will, however, have but a vacation, as our stirring school board has telegraphed for another instructor.

The happy couple will begin housekeeping on Golden Avenue.

From The Palladium for October 4:

The busy hum of study again comes from our commodious school building, Miss Katharine Jones having taken charge this morning. She comes from East, where she has been a highly successful teacher. We congratulate all concerned.

From The Palladium for October 8:

Married: Jones—Tompkins. At the residence of Mr. Peter Houston, by Reverend Short, John Tompkins to Katharine Jones. By the above it will be seen that John has got a good help-mate and has the prospect before him of years of happiness. The presents were numerous and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins have begun housekeeping on Prairiegold Boulevard. The school will open once more Monday.

Our bustling school board, seeing which way the wind was blowing, having sent for another teacher the day before yesterday.

From The Palladium for October 11:

We regret to report that the opening of Grammar School No. 1, announced for this morning, will be a day for some time. Miss Dorothy Sedgewick, who came from the East to take charge Saturday morning, as per schedule. The prospect was good, and our hard-working school board were congratulating themselves, but, alas! yesterday the wedding bells rang gayly again when Dan Noble led Miss Sedgewick to the altar. They have begun housekeeping on Sitting Bull Avenue.

From The Palladium for October 13:

Our school is once more open. Miss Amelia Dobbs and Miss Harriet Comstock arrived Friday from the East. Both are experienced teachers and Miss Dobbs has already taken charge of our school, and the prospect is now excellent for a year of profitable work by our many pupils.

From The Palladium for October 16:

Double Wedding—The M. E. paragon was the scene of a most interesting double wedding this morning when Jack Bailey and Miss Amelia Dobbs, and Bill Perkins and Miss Harriet Comstock, were united in holy matrimony. The Palladium congratulates all concerned except the school board.

From The Palladium for October 18:

It is our sad duty to chronicle an untimely death of our excellent grammar school. Our experienced school board promptly engaged Miss Henrietta Rose, of Cleveland, Ohio, on hearing the double wedding announced in our columns. She was to arrive on the evening train yesterday, but Bob Hickett (Bob was always a hustler) getting wind of it took Reverend Short and boarded the noon train for the East. Bob and Reverend Short met the westbound train at Silver City and before reaching Placer Gulch Bob and Miss Rose were married by the reverend gentleman.

From The Palladium for October 20:

Our school board for October 20: Glad Tidings—At last the schoolmaster's question is settled. This morning Miss Jessie Poindexter takes charge. She is from Washington D. C., and comes highly recommended. She has given bond in the sum of \$500 that she will not marry before June 15 next.

From The Palladium for October 22:

Unfortunate Event—Yesterday before breakfast Jeff Harrison called on our school board and informed them that Miss Poindexter wished her bond declared forfeited. He deposited \$500 in cash and drove rapidly away. Two hours later he and Miss Poindexter were married by the Baptist paragon. They will begin housekeeping on Amelter Avenue.

From The Palladium for October 23:

New Deal—Uncle Abner Pulverhook left for the East this morning bearing a commission from the school to secure a teacher for our school. It is understood that a good stiff age limit is part of the contract. Uncle Abner should be a splendid man for the work. He is not only an experienced business man, but is strictly honest, and was a teacher himself for several terms over forty years ago.

From The Palladium for October 26:

Letters just received from Uncle

Abner Pulverhook report a bright outlook. He has secured a lady in Philadelphia for our school, and will arrive in a few days. Uncle Abner is unable to state her exact age, but he writes that she owns up to fifty-eight, and he thinks she is older. This settles it.

From The Palladium for October 31:

Foiled Again—Our school board went over to the station last evening with a brass band to meet our new teacher, who was to arrive in charge of our well known townsman, Uncle Abner Pulverhook. As the train steamed in the band got into position and waited for the signal to begin but just as the chairman of the board started to give the word, Uncle Abner alighted and hastily explained that he and the lady had dropped off at Pittsburg and got married. The band struck up Mendelssohn's wedding march, and all proceeded to the Headquarters House, where a sumptuous wedding supper was served. An attempt to interview the school board to learn their future plans was a failure. Though diligent search was made by our reporter not one of the gentlemen could be found.

From The Palladium for December 7:

Professor Hiram Bonapace, of St. Paul, has been hired by the school board to take charge of our school. Professor Bonapace comes highly recommended. He has a wife and seven children, will be a valuable addition to our society. The members of the old school board have all been released as cured, no more trouble is expected.

USELESS ACQUISITION

French Chef Who Was Out of Place with Buffalo Bill.

The Man of Many Meals Soon Came to Be Regarded as an Expensive Wilds.

Some years ago, when Col. Cody started on a tour of the Rocky mountains as the host of a number of foreign military officers, having been lured by them in their clubs and homes, he was anxious to cater to their every taste and comfort while in camp life on this side of the great pond, relates the Detroit Free Press.

His orders were to spare no expense, and, among the "luxuries" taken along was a French chef with a record and a price. He was secured from the Brown Palace hotel in Denver, Louis Pierre Gascoigne was his name, but for the long trail, and the numerous trips paid to him, "Gas" plunked a week, a cowboy said the chef consented to be called "Gas" for short.

He had the selection of the canned goods to be carried along, and turtle soup, of the very best, M. Gas ordered, and it took an extra wagon to hold them. The chef was radiant in a snow-white suit and cap, and presented the appearance of a first night waiter, and was regarded with superstitious suspicion by the cowboys and others of that ilk.

"Gas" set in to show the wild west-erners a thing or two in the culinary art by his first camp dinner. He had a patent cooking stove, the wide world for a kitchen with heaven for a roof, while china, fine linen and wines were right at hand. Six o'clock was the dinner hour that first night at the base of the San Juan mountains, and Gas was in raptures over his dinner. Buffalo Bill, the host, looked serious, the guests more so. Such a dinner they could get in any club in a city, but they did not say so, if they did keep up a devil of a thinking. It was not what Col. Cody liked, but it was what he thought he ought to have for his distinguished guests. The latter stood it for two days and then went on a strike.

"Let Cody," ventured Sir St. John Midway, major of the Grenadier Guards, "do you call this wild western camp fare and cooking? You see, we are all half dead with dyspepsia now, and thought we would get some good, wholesome food on this thousand-mile trip in the saddle with you."

The others joined in the chorus to the same effect, while monsieur, the chef, looked as solemn as a country parson's face. As for Col. Cody, he seemed with delight, said that Rocky mountain trails and table d'hôte dinners didn't mix well, and Gas was at once given leave to go along, as he couldn't be sent back, as an ornament, a useless acquisition, and two suits were installed as cooks. And with the chef, the canned goods, china, fine linen and the stove were sent up in the wagon, and tin plates and cups were brought forth.

At last, the first night of the feast did not seem to be improved upon, while Col. Cody showed that he was a first-class cook himself. He could throw a steak from a frying pan into the air 15 feet, turn it over and have it come down on the other side, never once making a miss and falling into the fire. The guests tried to learn this trick, but it was found too expensive, as they never missed the fire, but always the frying pan. M. Louis Pierre Gascoigne could not be prevailed upon to taste any of the first night cooking, but stuck to his soups and plum puddings, while he looked as though he had buried his best friend. He sought excitement in riding a broncho, and was thrown away. He took to a wagon and was upset, after which he walked, dropped behind, and was scared nearly to death by the Indians. One day he stood looking up disconsolately at the sun and said in a funeral tone: "Dat sun do shine for all person, but it do not shine for me."

When the long trail ended at Salt Lake City the French chef was the only one of the party who had indignation, and he drowned his sorrows by getting gloriously drunk, hence was happy for the time being. But Col. Cody braced him up and returned him to Denver, having paid well for a "luxury" not to be taken on a Rocky mountain trail.

Invention to Bar Intruders.

Nervous travelers who dread sleeping in unknown houses will welcome the so-called "vigilant dragon," which is not unlike a small brass-shelled tortoise. It is, in fact, a dome-shaped table, with spiked legs and with a spiked dragon's head. When a bed is made, the dragon is placed in the floor and the spikes are placed in the floor and the dragon's tail just touches the door. This tail is connected with the bell clapper, so that if anyone endeavors to open the door from the outside an obstacle is met with, and the alarm is given. When the anxious watches of the night are over the "vigilant dragon" becomes a respectable bed for the writing table—London Express.

Blast-Furnace Gas-Motors.

In western Europe, and particularly in Germany, the employment of motors utilizing gases from blast furnaces is increasing. It is said that the use of these gases, which is not so common in England or the United States, effects a considerable saving in the cost of founding. The motors thus driven are employed principally for actuating compressors and electric generators—Science.

Appeal for the Orphans.

We have been asked to give place to the following appeal from the superintendent of the Epworth orphanage; it should, and doubtless will meet with a hearty response:

Dear Friends: We find it necessary to again call attention to the condition of our treasury and to ask you for immediate help for our large orphanage family. Contributions for the month of August have been less than one-half of the amount necessary to meet a month's expenses, and our September contributions are small and few. The generous responses to our June appeal helped us to bridge over August, but we are now facing another crisis and we ask you to relieve us from embarrassment and save us from want. Shall our orphan children stretch out their hands to you in vain? Have you ever helped them? Will you do so now?

R. W. Wharton, Supt.

President Roosevelt says that "political parties are formed for some time else than for good." However, suggests the Columbus Star, "spoils seem to be the main cohesive power of the G. O. P."

OPEN MART FOR PLUNDERERS.

Thieves Sell What They Steal in Mexico with Knowledge of Public and Police.

In the City of Mexico there is a place known as the thieves' market that has a large patronage, some of it coming from presumably respectable and honest citizens. That such a place should exist in any city appears almost incredible, yet it conducts business with the full knowledge of the police, and with that of every resident of the city. What is more, says the Chicago Chronicle, it is directly opposite one side of the national palace, the winter home of President Diaz, and is only one block from the offices of the city administration. And it is no small establishment, either, such as might be overlooked, for it occupies a court as large as a city block, and is crowded from morning to night with persons who are looking for bargains, and know that the place to find them is in the "thieves' market."

Naturally, the thieves themselves do not act as the salesmen for the stolen goods. They keep out of sight, and either dispose of the stolen goods for a lump sum to the hucksters or allow them to sell for them on commission. In either case the thief gets little, the dealer is content with a small profit and the goods, whose original owner is, unknown, can be obtained for a tenth of their value.

To the visitors to Mexico the market is well worth a visit, even if scruples of conscience should prevent the purchase of what are admittedly stolen goods. There will be no trouble in finding the place.

Any policeman or any citizen will direct you to it. It is just east of the Zocalo—the park of the people—and across the street from the south front of the national palace. Even with this knowledge, you might pass by a high wall, such as surrounds many of the private homes. But at the end of the wall is a huge gate, large enough to drive a loaded truck through. Passing through this gate you are in the market. It is a big open court, stone-paved and surrounded by buildings on three sides and by the wall on the fourth. Scattered over this, arranged in streets, are the booths, where the stolen goods are displayed for sale. These stalls are crude affairs. Usually they consist of a few boards, laid on supports which raise them two or three feet off the ground. Sometimes the goods are piled up carelessly on the stone pavement. But over each of the stalls are a number of coarse cloth, ston-paved and surrounded by buildings on three sides and by the wall on the fourth. 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