

The Rudder.

Off what are you thinking, my little lad, with the honest eyes of blue. As you watch the vessels that slowly glide 'or the lake from floor to floor.

AT THE CLUB.

It was just turning midnight when Mr. Forrest and I entered the Jefferson club, where Colonel Hamilton was revisiting the pale glimpses of his pleasures of thirty years ago.

Colonel Hamilton had, upon entering, both whist and poker proposed to him. He chose the latter, but it seems, after pursuing fortune with even chances for a short time he had proposed that some of the gentlemen present form a bank for faro.

Major Kilgore sat across the table from him watching the changes of fortune in his serious and dignified way. The stakes were small and the game proceeded with much good humor and occasional laughter.

As had been said before, the door of the hall opened quietly and Count Meagher walked into the room as the game was proceeding amid good humor and laughter.

"I am too old a man to be fortunate with the ladies, and therefore I shall cower the queen to lose, Mr. Dealer." All the players and most of the spectators were gathered around Col. Hamilton, who had his back turned to the hall door.

"What! Is that man permitted here?" Instantly there was a hush. "What!—Is that man permitted here?" he said again, not interrogatively alone, but with indignation and scornful surprise in the tone.

"Every smile vanished; all present looked up inquiringly at Major Kilgore, and then, following his scornful look, saw Count Meagher in the middle of the room. I saw the smile fade from Meagher's face.

Then Major Kilgore arose from his chair, with his nervous hands at work, and, looking at the gentleman inquiringly asked again: "Does the Jefferson Club, gentlemen, permit that man to come here?"

"And, that there might be no doubt as to the man he meant, he leveled his finger straight at Count Meagher, as he spoke. As if by instinct, to avert or delay the catastrophe of a serious situation that nobody fully understood, several gentlemen moved towards Count Meagher and others towards Major Kilgore.

"Do I understand, sir, that you are speaking of me?" "I am asking you a question, gentlemen, sir," returned Major Kilgore. "I have not addressed you."

"The old major's voice was as cold as lead and his words as direct as bullets fired. He stood as erect as an athlete, as

rigid as stone, his head thrown back with an air of contempt, and fine scorn in every line of his face. His fingers were playing with the lapels of his coat, and his eyes were flaming.

"Why, Major Kilgore," he asked, deprecatingly, "what is the matter with Count Meagher?" "Is his name Meagher?" retorted the Major, as coldly and raspingly as possible. "I have given him no name, sir."

"You do?" returned Count Meagher. "Then I mean you when I say you are a miserable fool, and that you are impertinent, and that if these gentlemen will give us the room we can deal with each other."

He held his hat in his hand. As he spoke he tossed it to one side across the room and with a deft motion of his hand was about to draw a revolver from his hip pocket. But those who were intent upon averting the catastrophe were as quick as he.

"Gentlemen, I am not armed." "Gentlemen," said the speaker, "will some of you kindly lock the doors?" This was done, and then addressing himself to Major Kilgore, he continued: "As a member of the Governing Board of this club, I feel that I have a right to ask Major Kilgore the meaning of the serious words he has directed at Count Meagher, also a member."

"There was a silence to hear the reply. 'I have directed no words at Count Meagher,' said the Major, laying emphasis on the name. 'I spoke of that man!' And again he pointed with a glance of contempt at the Count, whose face, now pale and set, was a mask of defiant hatred. 'I do not know his name. It may be Count Meagher here, or as it was Jack Quinn at San Francisco, or may have been other aliases as a professional gambler and sharper needed the protection of disguise!'"

"It is a lie!" cried Count Meagher, leaping from the hands that held him and starting toward Major Kilgore, who instantly advanced to meet him. Both men were held back by those who had thrown themselves between the antagonists.

Major Kilgore's accusation had fallen like a bomb-shell, and every eye, that had turned on Count Meagher as the charge was launched, was now turned back again upon Major Kilgore. "I have proof of the truth," said my friend Colonel Buckley Hamilton, "whom all of you must know by reputation as a gentleman. For him I am responsible to the club, and to the members of the club. Col. Hamilton recognized that man this morning distinctly."

As he spoke Colonel Hamilton's name that gentleman came out from the group and stood beside Major Kilgore. Count Meagher gave him one look of implacable hatred, and then fastened his eyes upon the Major, who, waving his hand towards Colonel Hamilton, stepped aside.

"We all know Colonel Hamilton," said the Governor, "well enough by reputation and in person to accept him among gentlemen as worthy of fullest credence.—This is all true, Colonel Hamilton?" he concluded interrogatively a significant way of putting the question.

"And more," answered Colonel Hamilton, promptly. "He was Jack Quinn in Frisco, and Jack Quinn in the army who was a run-down from a good old New Orleans family, but I did not know him then. But this Jack Quinn here I did know in Frisco, and he was a 'skin-gambler.' I told Major Kilgore of it, and I say again that it's Jack Quinn—and you know you are Jack!"

The Colonel appealed innocently enough to Meagher, who stood without a tremor on his face, erect as a soldier, and coolly waiting for the story to end.

"Mr.—Meagher," said the Governor turning to him, "you are a member of the Jefferson Club, and you have a right to be heard. Do you care to say anything now, or would you prefer to wait until the matter is heard by the board? For, I take it, it must be heard, and, as a member of the board, I shall report it for investigation. But in the mean time, as a member, you have a right to be heard by all these gentlemen who have listened to the other side."

He was pale and deliberate under the scrutiny of those two dozen eyes, but he was prompt to answer. Bowing to the Governor, he said: "I am a stranger in this town, although I have many acquaintances. I have been here a year, and I have paid my way. I ask any gentleman here if I have not paid like a gentleman, or if he knows anything that I have done in that time which was unworthy. I am not to be catechized here or elsewhere, for that matter—as my honor, except to those having the right. But I will say this much of you Colonel Hamilton—and I leave it to those who know me to say whether I am a man of my word—that I never saw him in my life before last night, and that, old man as he is, he should know better than to gamble and to lie. And I will be pleased to repeat this anywhere else."

This retort was straight into Colonel Hamilton's teeth. It caused a flutter and a sensation, in the midst of which the Colonel smiled, and stepping a pace toward Meagher, answered:

"That's an right, Jack; you are brave enough, and if you were not such a scoundrel I'd give you a chance to say it elsewhere."

"Does it occur to you, gentlemen," asked Meagher at this moment, "that Major Kilgore is drunk and irresponsible. 'It occurs to me,' retorted the Governor, turning a withering glance upon him, "that this has gone quite far enough. I know Major Kilgore very well. He is quite responsible for all he says. I think you better go—Mr. Quinn."

There was a moment of dead silence. Count Meagher, being released, adjusted his disordered dress deliberately, buttoned his long frock-coat carefully across his breast, brushed his sleeve, looking intently at his hand as he did so, and seeming all the time to be meditating something to say. He walked to one side of the room, where he had thrown his hat, recovered and smoothed it with his silk handkerchief, placed it upon his head, and hesitated for a moment as he looked at Major Kilgore, who, exhausted, had sunk into a chair, where he was surrounded by friends. Then Count Meagher turned on his heel and walked to the door.

"I shall send your pistol to your hotel," called out the Governor, as Meagher stopped while the door was unlocked and opened. "I shall be in luck to get it!" was his last contemptuous retort, flung in the face of all, as he turned his back and walked out into the hallway and disappeared from view.—From the "Passing of Major Kilgore" in Lippincott's Magazine.

Well-Disciplined Ducks.

Blackwood has a good account of a journey of 1,200 miles up the Yang-sekiang full of description and leaving on the mind the impression that China, besides being one of the most original of civilized countries, must be one of the most beautiful. The following passage may raise in some fowl-breeds a new appreciation of Chinese skill in disciplining their feathered flocks:

"During our stay at Hankow we visited a duck farm. The process of keeping the ducks is simple. A large wooden shed stands near the edge of the river, where the owner of the farm or an employe spends the night with his feathered friends. There must have been several thousand of ducks in the farm we visited. Before sunrise the door of the shed is opened, and out run the ducks, scrambling, one over the other into the river, where they spend the day feeding. As soon as sunset approaches, from all parts of the river they come, for they wander far among the rushes and islands during the day, and there is still more hurry and scurry to get into the shed than there was to get out at dawn. The reason is simple. Immovable by the door sits the Chinaman, a long cane in his hand, and woe betide the last duck to enter, for down on its back comes the long bamboo with a painful infliction. In this way punctuality is insured among the ducks."

Children could hardly have learned their lesson better than the ducks.

Grown People.

The number of adults in the United States on the basis of a supposed present population of 64,500,000 (62,622,250 in 1890) are calculated to be 42,500,000. Of these about 21,000,000 may be supposed to be adult women, 21,500,000 adult men and the rest (22,000,000) minors.

Following Instructions.

The spirit of implicit obedience is always to be commended in a child, even though the too literal interpretation of instructions may occasionally have an unexpected and amusing result.

Mabel, a very circumspect and conscientious young maiden of 4, was sent into the parlor to entertain a caller for a few minutes until her mother could appear.

The conversation drifted to Mabel's intellectual acquisitions, and the visitor asked: "And do you know the alphabet, Mabel?" "Yes, ma'am." "Well, will you say it for me?" Mabel began very glibly, but after three or four letters she stopped abruptly and said: "If you please, ma'am, I guess I'd better not."

"Why?" asked the other in surprise. "What makes you think you had better not?" "Cause," replied this exceptionally discreet young woman, "that's about all I know, and mamma says I mustn't tell all I know."—Youth's Companion.

A man breathes seven hogheads of air in a day.

Rattled.

A story is going the rounds of a dear old northern general more noted for fighting capacity and goodness of heart than for eloquence, who, at a recent dinner had to propose the toast of the (say) 126th New York regiment. The general made a rambling but a highly eulogistic speech and concluded by saying:

"Here's to the gallant 126th New York regiment, the last to reach the field and the first to leave it." He sat down amid a shout of laughter and then seeing his mistake he strove to rectify it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you must forgive me for the slip I have just made. The toast I wished to propose was: 'Here's to the gallant 126th New York regiment, equal to none.'" There was another burst of laughter and the general rose for the third time, but his words were lost in the noise and merriment and the toast was honored as he had proposed it.—N. Y. Recorder.

The cod bank of Newfoundland is 600 miles long.

Roses in California.

Roses bloom every day in the year in California. Near Hayward there is a rose-bush that covers nearly half an acre of ground.

European travelers and merchants have gathered up all the ancient carpets that were for sale in Persia.

"In buying a cough medicine for children," says H. A. Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is always sure to follow. I particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

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January is gone, yet some papers are still publishing those lists of marriageable young men.

Do not confuse the famous Blush of Roses with the many worthless paints, powders, creams and bleaches which are flooding the market. Get the genuine of your druggist, O. H. Snyder, 75 cents per bottle, and I guarantee it will remove your pimples, freckles, blackheads, moth, tan and sunburn, and give you a lovely complexion. 1

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do what is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c and \$1 per bottle at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. 5

Church Howe has \$100,000 invested in his Nemaha county stock farm and has 125 head of trotting horses.

A Fatal Mistake. Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart troubles come from the stomach and are of little consequence. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary in his new book on "Heart Disease" which may be had free of F. G. Fricke & Co., who guarantee and recommend Dr. Miles' unequalled new Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

It Should be in Every House. J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cocksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it Free trial bottles at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. Large bottle, 50c and \$1.00.

A Mystery Explained. The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced; usually subject to headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nervine. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co., who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart-tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

Cough Following the Grip. Many persons, who have recovered from la grippe are now troubled with a persistent cough. Chamberlain's cough remedy will promptly loosen this cough and relieve the lungs, effecting a permanent cure in a very short time. 25 and 50 cent bottle for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

The principal of the Ulysses schools has been arrested on the charge of unmettfully beating his pupils.

Startling Facts. The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphonso Humpfling, of Butler, Penn., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance Dr Miles great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valparai and J. D. Taolnr, of Logansport, Ind each gained 20 pounds if an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastur Ind, was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much aeadach, dizziness, bockach and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine book of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke & Co., who recommends this unequalled remedy.

Ely's Cream Balm is especially adapted as a remedy for catarrh which is aggravated by alkaline dust and dry winds.—W. A. Hover, Druggist, Denver.

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