

**SCOTT'S MURDERERS.**

**TWO WOMEN WHO POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED THEM.**

Mrs. Scott, wife of the murdered Ex-Treasurer, and Miss McWhorter recount their fearful experience with the vigilantes—leaders of the mob recognized—Elliott, Mullihan and Harris positively identified as the guilty gang who participated in the hold-up.

**Mrs. Scott Tells the Sad Story.**

O'NEILL, Neb., Feb. 1.—The only evidence of importance introduced yesterday in the hearing of the vigilantes was testimony corroborating the statement made by Schmidt the day previous that he recognized Elliott as soon as he saw him. Several witnesses were on the stand in the forenoon. Miss Etta McWhorter was the first witness called this afternoon. She testified as to the assault at Parker, the shooting of Scott, herself and the horses. They all got out of the buggy when told to do so. Three men stood guard over Schmidt and three stood guard over Scott, his wife and herself. They allowed Mr. and Mrs. Scott to talk as much as they wanted to, even after they were placed in the buggy Mrs. Scott wanted the man to drive to O'Neill, but he said no, but that they would get to O'Neill probably not before morning, as the man to whose house they would go would not be ready to take them. The driver said it was a shame that she was shot, said he did not do it; that he was a detective. She scratched the hands of the leader when he was trying to pull Scott out of the buggy.

"I recognized a ring that one of the men had on the little finger of his left hand," she said, "as belonging to Mose Elliott, but could hardly believe it was him, as I did not think he could be so dirty, low down as that."

She then described the ring as a plain gold band ring, marked on top. She is sure that it was Elliott. She identified Harris by his eyes. He had a piece of gunny sack over his face and the space for his eyes being large she had a good view of them and was positive that Harris is the man.

On cross-examination the attorney asked her if she meant to say that she recognized the defendant as being one of the mob when she could only see his eyes. The answer was: "Yes, and I can't be fooled in them, either."

She identified Mullihan by his actions and his voice, and was positive that he was the leader of the mob and the man whose hand she scratched.

Dr. Gilligan was recalled by the state and questioned as to the marks that were upon Mullihan's hands after being arrested, which Mullihan claimed were caused by a horse kicking him. The doctor swore that they were undoubtedly scratches.

The next witness called was Mrs. Scott. A deathlike stillness prevailed as she took the stand, and during her testimony was eagerly listened to by the prisoners, attorneys and the throng that filled the room. Her story is about as follows, shorn of the interrogatories of the counsel:

"When about forty rods from the old sod house near Parker, I saw a man stick his head up over the wall, and I remarked: 'There is a man.' I looked again and saw one and thought I must have been mistaken, when I saw five or six men. Our team was going on a good fast trot, and when we were about opposite the sod wall I saw six or eight men come out of the old wall. They made a lot of noise and commenced shooting and Etta said: 'Oh, I am shot.' The horses broke loose and pulled Henry over the dashboard. There was blood on Barrett's neck, and he said he was shot. There was a wagon, buggy, road cart and two on horseback, one of them a gray horse. Three men covered Henry and took him to one side. One of the men said to Barrett:

"We want to know where the Holt county money is."

"Barrett said: 'I can't tell you. If you will come to O'Neill I will tell you as best I can.'"

"The man said: 'We want it now.' 'We were all pleading for Barrett's life, begging them to save him. I stood up as close to the leader as I could get, trying to see if there was any goodness in his eyes, and begging for my husband's life. The man said several times: 'We won't kill him. All we want is the Holt county money.' I have seen that man since. He is now sitting here in the court room and his name is Mullihan. There he is pointing him out. I am positive that he is the man. After we were placed in the wagon Barrett whispered to me and said:

"That man doing the talking is Mullihan."

"I recognized another man that was there. He is in the court room now. There he is at the side of Mert Roy (pointing to Harris). I did not know Harris and never saw him until we were assaulted. When I came in the court room this morning and first seen him I told a lady I would like to see him with a mask on, as I am sure he was one of the party. When they were taken away in and one of the horses since that memorable day and recognized them. They belong to Mert Roy. One of them searched our valises after the assault. When the sheriff came to me that evening I did not tell him who I recognized, as I did not know just what to say or who to tell. John Weeks was the first one I told that Mullihan was recognized, as I felt that could trust him and he would do what was right."

**ANOTHER LOAN EXPECTED.**  
New Yorkers Expect That a Bond Issue Will Be Announced Soon.

New York, Feb. 1.—It is believed in financial circles here that a government loan is certain to be issued and this view is reflected in the activity of the market for time loans.

Charles M. Hughes, ex-cashier of the First National bank of Lima, Ohio, was arrested, charged with misappropriation of \$140,000.

**TO SETTLE AN OLD DEBT.**

**Arkansas Called Upon to Give Lands for Money Borrowed in 1838.**

HOR SPRINGS, Ark., Feb. 5.—George C. Ross and B. I. Doyle, attorneys of Washington, D. C., are here representing respectively the secretary of the interior and the secretary of the treasury in the case of the United States government against the state of Arkansas to recover a loan, or rather settle a claim involving about \$2,800,000. It appears that in 1838 the United States government loaned to the state of Arkansas \$500,000 with the understanding that the bonds issued to secure the loan by the state were themselves to be secured by 132,000 acres of land to be selected in any part of the state and these agents of the government are here looking up these lands and getting estimates of their value.

**BURGLARS WRECK A BANK.**

**An Ohio Village Startled by an Explosion—They Secure \$30,000.**

TOLEDO, Ohio, Feb. 5.—About 4 o'clock this morning a terrific explosion awakened the people of Milan, east of here, and it was found that the Lockwood bank building had been blown up, the safe cracked, and its contents, about \$30,000, taken by five masked men who had demolished the building and started an alarm all over the village.

A posse of men was hurriedly organized and followed in pursuit. At the same time notices were sent by wire in all directions. At Sandusky two men were caught, while it is only a question of a few hours before the remaining three will find themselves in toils.

**United Boys' Brigade of America.**

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—A central organization of the United Boys' Brigade of America has been organized and will have its headquarters here. The directors are Dr. H. W. Bolton, Dr. P. S. Henson, Dr. B. C. Milner, Dr. John Rusk, the Rev. C. E. Morse, Dr. C. B. Morrill, F. L. Chapman of the Lam's Horn, O. L. Rickard of the Sentinel and W. G. Robinson of the Church Press. The brigade has been in existence in this country for a number of years, but heretofore it has had no definite head and there has been no common line of work such as is now contemplated.

**Mr. Simpson Lectures the House.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Mr. Simpson to-day lectured the house on its daily habit of granting a franchise to build a railroad through the Indian territory. He said that it was perfectly evident that not half of these roads for which franchises were granted would ever be built, that they were merely forestallers speculatively projected for sale. Mr. Mills assured him that the Arkansas and North-western would be built and the house thereupon passed the bill.

**One Elbe Victim Found.**

LOWESTOFF, England, Feb. 5.—The fishing smack Verena has landed here the body of Frederick Ernest of Magdeburg, Prussia, one of the drowned passengers of the Elbe, and some mail bags, one of which was marked "Stockholm." The body of Ernest presented a sickening appearance, with its hands clenched across the chest and the mouth wide open. The body was found forty-five miles southeast of this place.

**Strikers Fire at a Manager.**

MARTIN'S FERRY, Ohio, Feb. 5.—As Alexander Humphrey, manager of the Buckeye glass company, was starting to work this morning three shots were fired at him by a crowd of union strikers who had followed him. None of their shots took effect and the men escaped. Manager Humphrey and nine employees were arrested to-day, charged by an officer of the Glassworkers' union with unlawfully assembling with loaded Winchester.

**Theater Manager Shelby Dead.**

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 5.—Daniel Shelby, manager of the music hall in this city, died suddenly of heart disease this morning, aged 57 years. He was well known in the theatrical profession, having managed houses in New York, Buffalo and Chicago. His wife is now with an opera company.

**Shot His Sister-in-Law and Himself.**

PEORIA, Ill., Feb. 5.—Frank Atkinson, a patent medicine vander, shot his sister-in-law, Lena Sitter, this noon, killing her instantly. He then shot himself three times, twice in the breast and once in the head, and cannot live. The cause of the act was family troubles.

**Neighbors of a Murderer Feared.**

WICHITA, Kan., Feb. 5.—Mrs. Barney McGibbons, who was shot six times by her husband several weeks ago, died last night. The neighbors had threatened to lynch McGibbons in case the woman died, and he has been placed in the rotary cell in the jail for protection.

**Called to the Door and Shot.**

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 5.—John S. Hayes, a laborer, was called to the door of his home, 61 North Second street, Kansas City, Kan., at 1:30 o'clock this morning and shot and killed by an unknown negro who escaped. Hayes had a wife and two small daughters.

**Against Mail Street Cars.**

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—The Trade and Labor assembly adopted resolutions condemning the proposition to place mail boxes on the street cars, and appointed a committee to present the resolutions to Postmaster Hising.

**"Puts" and "Calls" Favored.**

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—The Chicago board of trade to-day refused to adopt an amendment to the rules making the trading in "puts" and "calls" a misdemeanor. The majority against the amendment was 99.

**Wichita Saloons Closed.**

WICHITA, Kan., Feb. 5.—The doors of every saloon in Wichita were closed to-day by order of Sheriff Royle, who says that as long as he is sheriff no saloons will be permitted to run.

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.**

**THE MYSTERIOUS PROCESS OF SNOW-MAKING.**

**The Fairy That Turned Four Little Drops of Water Into Sparkling Snow Crystals—Little Paul's Picture Book—On Second Thought.**

With the Snowflakes.  
"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Maude, as she opened her big blue eyes, and looked out of the window. Then her chubby hands—little pink hands all covered with dimples—went "clippy-clap-clap," and, in less time than it takes to tell it, something very like a ball of tangled curls had tumbled out of bed, and two bare feet were pattering across the bedroom floor. They went straight to the window, and, after their little mistress had taken one look at the beautiful picture outside, with a hop, skip and a jump, they took her across the hall. Two minutes later the whole family, baby and all, had been awakened to see what had happened to the green world outside.

It was no longer a green world, for the first thing Maude had seen when she opened her eyes was the snow. A great, smooth, white carpet of it was spread over the brown earth. The trees, covered with ice, while, floating softly down, came the snowflakes, great big ones, and lit upon the window sill, as if stopping to say "good morning" to the little girl, who clapped her hands to see them fall.

No wonder Maude exclaimed "Oh, oh!" and jumped out of bed. It was the first snowstorm of the season. Only last winter Santa Claus had brought her a new sled with "Modoc" painted in bright letters across the top; a pair of red mittens, too, had come from the Christmas stocking, and, best of all, a soft, white collar, that she declared was "grandpa's hair."

Besides, last night, when she had truged upstairs to bed, she had looked out upon the gray trees, that had lost their pretty gowns, and were shivering with the cold as they looked down upon the faded leaves that lay upon the ground. Only then the whole world seemed dressed in gray and brown, but now, oh, joy! some magic touch had changed it into a real, true fairy land, with diamonds glistening on the trees, and little fairy folk, all dressed in white, flying everywhere.

As soon as breakfast was over Maude, wrapped in her winter coat with hood to match, with the red mittens on her hands, and the white fur collar tied closely around her neck, led "Modoc" out into the snow for a frolic.

All day long they played together. When baby at the window, waved his hands and laughed to see the fun Maude tried to tell him all about the snow, for he had never seen it until that morning, and his wise brown eyes seemed full of baby questions. "It comes from heaven," Maude explained, "and is made of—of—feathers I guess, though I'm not sure, for no one ever said to me the leastest thing about it. And, oh, perhaps they're little fairy folks!"

"Look!" she called, as the snowflakes, great big fellows, fell upon her mittens. "They look like little stars! One's like the tin thing mamma cuts cookies with, and this one, just lighted on my thumb, is pointed like the daisies on my summer hat! See, quick, this one on the other hand is like a wheel that's lost its outside piece!"

"I'll bring some to you," she called, while baby danced with joy. Then, pulling off her mittens, she held up both her hands to catch the snowflakes as they fell. Up the steps she ran, but when she reached the door there was nothing in her hands but a few drops of water.

"Oh, where have the pretty creatures gone?" she cried, looking all about. "Have I lost them?" She tried again to catch them, and this time, when the snowflakes left her as before, the big tears filled her eyes, and, rolling down her rosy cheeks, tumbled off upon the collar of "grandpa's hair." "I'm afraid the fairies don't love me," she sobbed, "I wouldn't hurt a single one, not for anything."

Just then she saw her father turn the corner, and starting down the steps she ran toward him, holding out her hands and calling: "The snowflakes won't stay in my hands! Tell me, quick, are snowflakes really fairy folks, or are they only feathers? Why won't they let me catch them when I love them, oh, so very much?"

Two kind eyes looked down into the tear-stained face, and the next minute Maude was being carried up the steps and into the house.

"That night after supper her father called her to him, saying: "There is just time for a story before my little girl goes to bed."

"Oh, goody!" said a happy voice, for Maude, like many other girls and boys, was always ready for a story.

"Just the other day," her father began, "out on the lake, the very lake where last summer you gathered sand along the shore, four water-drops were floating. A sunbeam came along with his golden chariot. He lifted those drops out of the lake up into the air. Then with his fairy wand the sunbeam changed the drops into a kind of water 'dust,' like that you see coming from the teakettle. Up, up went the chariot, loaded with water dust. The little particles of water dust began to shiver. They huddled closer together, and they were floating in the clouds. Then, just think of it, they found that they themselves were little clouds. Through the sky they floated, first in a bed of blue, then of grey, till, all at once, a cold breeze came along. It was a freezing breath from the North

Wind's home. So frightened at the sudden change were the tiny creatures that they began to fly apart, to run here and there, and shiver in the cold.

"But listen! As the air grew colder they could hear fairy voices calling to them. They were voices of crystal fairies, hundreds of them, little sparkling creatures, all calling to the particles of water dust. Then the water dust turned white. As the bell-like voices of the crystal fairies called the tiny creatures, now white like feathers, came together, taking stars and fern-like pointed shapes, that sparkled in the sunlight.

"The little stars could feel themselves growing heavy. They were falling, falling, down, down to the earth. When at last they lit upon the window sill they saw a little girl behind the glass, clapping her hands and calling: 'Oh, see the great big snowflakes fall!'"

By this time Maude was sitting up straight, looking into her father's face. There were a score of questions in her eyes.

"Yes," her father said, for he knew of what she was thinking, "that little girl was you. Those snowflakes, made by crystal fairies, themselves almost like fairy creatures, were once water drops. This morning they came from their new home in Cloudland, where Old Winter lives, with all his cold, cold breezes. When you took them into your warm hands the cold that made them snowflakes was gone, and they turned to water drops again."

"Is it all true? Then that's the bestest story ever told," said Maude, jumping down from her father's knee, and running to the window to take another look at the snowflakes on the sill.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo," said the clock in the corner. Eight times it called.

"Do you know what that means?" "Yes, bedtime."

A half hour later Maude was in dreamland. There she saw the sunbeam at work making the water drops into water dust. There, too, were the fairies with their magic wands changing it again into little crystals, that glistened in the light, and looked just like the snowflakes you see here in the picture.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

**Fun With Peanuts.**

A peanut hunt is lots of fun for an evening party. The hostess hides peanuts in all sorts of queer places about the room, sometimes putting two or three nuts in the same place. Then she provides each of her guests with a little basket tied with gny ribbons, and then the "hunt" begins. After a certain time the finds are compared. The one who has the largest number wins the first prize, while the "booby" prize is fittingly awarded to the one having the fewest.

Some other trials that are great sport are often introduced. One is to see who can carry the most peanuts in one hand from one table to another. A boy ought to win this. Forty-two is a good number. Of course, the winner is to be rewarded, while the "booby," too, must have a simple something.—New York Journal.

**Ring for Prayers.**

A very pretty story about a confident child is told of the 4-year-old son of a member of the Georgia legislature. Having left the boy in a room of one of the big hotels of the metropolis, with the command to go to bed immediately, he went down to seek his congenial friends in the office. The bell-boys were soon thrown into consternation by the many and various calls from the room in which the little fellow had been left, and quite a number of them were soon collected there. But it was not ice water, nor fire, nor a "band-s," that the child wanted. He astonished the boys with this unusual request: "Please, sirs, send someone to me to hear me say my prayers."—Harper's Magazine.

**Little Paul's Picture Book.**

In Little Paul's "Instructive Illustrated Picture Book" There are scenes in foreign countries, showing how the people look.

There's a "Scene among the Africans," In colors gay and bright  
A scene called "Chinese People"— An interesting sight.

There's a picture named "Among the Turks," Where turbaned men go by  
And some "Italian Natives" Beneath an azure sky.

But, strange to say when Paul walks out and sees about the town  
Turks, colored men, Italians, too, with skins of olive-brown,  
And even plumed Chinamen—these people never look

As they do in his "Instructive Illustrated Picture Book."  
—St. Nicholas

**He Saw the Fireflies.**

Harold all his short life had to go to bed very early. One evening, however, he was allowed to set up, and then for the first time he saw the fireflies. "Mamma," he cried, rushing over to her in the greatest excitement, "Mamma, look—the dark is all cracking open!"

**Mary's Daily Bread.**

Little Mary, repeating her prayers, after her mother, paused at "Give us this day our daily bread," and said wearily: "Oh, what's the use asking that, mamma? You know we get all our bread from the Vine Street bakery."

**On Second Thought.**

Little Ned—Don't take away the light. Mamma—I want you to learn to go to sleep without a light. "Must I sleep in the dark?" "Yes." "Well, then, wait a minute. I guess I'll get up and say my prayers a little more carefully."—Good News.

**His New Sister Was a Brother.**

"How is your little new sister this morning, Johnnie?" "He ain't a she—she's a he!" indignantly replied the boy.

**THE TALMAGE SERMON**

**"OPPORTUNITY" THE SUBJECT OF AN INTERESTING TALK.**

**"As We Have Therefore Opportunity Let Us Do Good"—Gal. 6: x—A Story of the Great Preacher's Boyhood Days—Life's Sublime Victory.**



T DENVER, COLO., years ago, an audience had assembled for divine worship. The pastor of the church for whom I was to preach that night, interested in the seating of the people, stood in the pulpit looking from

side to side, and when no more people could be crowded within the walls, he turned to me and said, with startling emphasis: "What an opportunity!"

Immediately that word began to enlarge, and while a hymn was being sung, at every stanza the word "opportunity" swiftly and mightily unfolded, and while the opening prayer was being made, the word piled up into Alps and Himalayas of meaning, and spread out into other latitudes and longitudes of significance until it became hemispheric, and it still grew in altitude and circumference until it encircled other worlds, and swept out and on, and around until it was big as eternity. Never since have I read or heard that word without being thrilled with its magnitude and momentum. Opportunity! Although in the text to some it may seem a mild and quiet note, in the great gospel harmony it is a staccato passage. It is one of the loveliest and awfulest words in our language of more than one hundred thousand words of English vocabulary. "As we have opportunity, let us do good."

What is an opportunity? The lexicographer would coolly tell you it is a conjunction of favorable circumstances for accomplishing a purpose; but words can not tell what it is. Take a thousand years to manufacture a definition, and you could not successfully describe it. Opportunity! The measuring rod with which the Angel of the Apocalypse measured heaven could not measure this pivotal word of my text. Stand on the edge of the precipice of all time and let down the fathoming line hand under hand, and lower down and lower down, and for a quintillion of years let it sink, and the lead will not strike bottom. Opportunity! But while I do not attempt to measure or define the word, I will, God helping me, take the responsibility of telling you something about opportunity.

First, it is very swift in its motions. Sometimes within one minute it starts from the throne of God, sweeps around the earth, and reascends the throne from which it started. Within less than sixty seconds it fulfilled its mission.

In the second place opportunity never comes back. Perhaps an opportunity very much like it may arrive, but that one never. Naturalists tell us of insects that are born, fulfill their mission, and expire in an hour; but many opportunities die so soon after they are born that their brevity of life is incalculable. What most amazes me is that opportunities do such overshadowing, far reaching and tremendous work in such short earthly allowance. You are a business man of large experience. The past eighteen months have been hard on business men. A young merchant at his wits' end came into your office, or your house, and you said, "Times are hard now, but better days will come. I have seen things as bad, or worse, but we get out, and we will get out of this. The brightest days that this country ever saw are yet to come." The young man to whom you said that was ready for suicide, or something worse, namely, a fraudulent turn to get out of his despairful position. Your hopefulness inspired him for all time, and thirty years after you are dead he will be reaping the advantage of your optimism. Your opportunity to do that one thing for that young man was not half as long as the time I have taken to rehearse it.

In yonder third gallery you sit, a man of the world, but you wish everybody well. While the clerks are standing round in your store, or the men in your factory are taking their noon spell, some one says, "Have you heard that one of our men has been converted at the revival meeting in the Methodist church?" While it is being talked over you say, "Well, I do not believe in revivals. Those things do not last. People get excited and join the church and are no better than they were before. I wish our men would keep away from those meetings." Do you know, oh, man, what you did in that minute of depreciation? There were two young men in that group who that night would have gone to those meetings and been saved for this world and the next. They are social natures. They already drink more than is good for them, and are disposed to be wild. From the time they heard you say that they accelerated their steps on the downward road. In ten years they will be through with their dissipations and pass into the great beyond. That little talk of yours decided their destiny for this world and the next. You had an opportunity that you misimproved, and how will you feel when you confront those two immortals in the last judgment and they tell you of that unfortunate talk of yours that flung them over the precipice? Oh, man of the world, why did you not say in that noon spell of conversation, "Good! I am glad that man has got religion. I wish I had it myself. Let us all go to-night. Come on; I will meet you at the church door at 8

o'clock." You see you would have taken them all to heaven and you would have got there yourself. Lost opportunity!

The day I left our country home to look after myself, we rode across the country, and my father was driving. Of course I said nothing that implied how I felt. But there are hundreds of men here, who from their own experience knew how I felt. At such a time a young man may be hopeful, and even impatient, to get into the battle of life himself, but to leave the home where everything has been done for you; your father or older brothers taking your part when you were imposed on by larger boys; and your mother always around, when you got the cold, with mustard applications for the chest, or herb tea to make you sweat off the fever, and sweet mixtures in the cup by the bed to stop the cough, taking sometimes too much of it because it was pleasant to take; and then to go out with no one to stand between you and the world, gives one a choking sensation at the throat, and a homesickness before you have got three miles away from the old folks.

There was on the day I spoke of a silence for a long while, and then my father began to tell how good the Lord had been to him, in sickness and in health, and when times of hardship came how Providence had always provided the means of livelihood for the large household; and he wound up by saying "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." My father has been dead thirty years, but in all the crises of my life—and there have been many of them—I have felt the mighty boost of that lesson in the farm wagon: "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." The fact was, my father saw that was his opportunity, and he improved it. This is one reason why I am an enthusiastic friend of all Young Men's Christian associations.

They get hold of so many young men just arriving in the city, and while they are very impressionable, and it is the best opportunity. Why, how big the houses looked to us as we first entered the great city; and so many people! It seemed some meeting must have just closed to fill the streets in that way; and then the big placards announcing all styles of amusements, and so many of them on the same night, and every night, after our boyhood had been spent in regions where only once or twice in a whole year had there been an entertainment in school house or church. That is the opportunity. Start that innocent young man in the right direction. Six weeks after will be too late. Tell me what such a young man does with his first six weeks in a great city, and I will tell you what he will be through out his life on earth, and where he will spend the ages of eternity. Opportunity!

A city missionary in the lower parts of the city found a young woman in wretchedness and sin. He said, "Why do you not go home?" She said, "They would not receive me at home." He said, "What is your father's name, and where does he live?" Having obtained the address and written to the father, the city missionary got a reply, on the outside of the letter the word "immediate" underscored. It was the heartiest possible invitation for the wanderer to come home. That was the city missionary's opportunity. And there are opportunities all about you, and on them written by the hand of the God who will bless you, and bless those whom you help, in capitals of light, the word "immediate."

A military officer very profane in his habits was going down into a mine at Cornwall, England, with a Christian miner, for many of those miners are Christians. The officer used profane language while in the cage going down. As they were coming up out of the mine the profane officer said, "If it be so far down to your work, how much farther would it be to the bottomless pit?" The Christian miner responded, "I do not know how far it is down to that place, but if this rope should break you would be there in a minute." It was the Christian miner's opportunity. Many years ago a clergyman was on a sloop on our Hudson river, and hearing a man utter a blasphemy, the clergyman said, "You have spoken against my best friend, Jesus Christ." Seven years after, this same clergyman was on his way to the general assembly of the Presbyterian church at Philadelphia, when a young minister addressed him and asked him if he was not on a sloop on the Hudson river seven years before? The reply was in the affirmative. "Well," said the young minister, "I was the man whom you corrected for uttering that oath. It led me to think and repent, and I am trying to atone somewhat for my early behavior. I am a preacher of the gospel, and a delegate to the general assembly." Seven years before on that Hudson river sloop was the clergyman's opportunity.

**Lost Laurels.**  
First Express Train Robber—Say, this here paper says detectives have been sent out after us.  
Second Robber, disgustedly—Oh, psaw! Now they'll get all the credit for the beautiful escape we made.—Chicago Record.

**A Century's Wealth.**  
The grandfather of the Rothschilds did not own a penny in 1800. The Rothschilds family owns \$2,000,000,000 and is the richest family in the world, but its individual members are no longer the richest individuals in the world.

**Bees.**  
One species of bee more determined to secure safety and privacy fashions a neat tubular gallery of clay outside its doorway, and at the entrance to these galleries a number of the pigmy owners are always stationed, apparently acting the part of sentinels.