THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 46, 1894.

CLARENCE.

By Bret Harte.

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PART II .-- Chapter L.

a great fight over. Even the excitement that a great fight over. Even the excitement that had swept this portion of the battlefield-only This was all they heard: a small section of a vaster area of struggleinto which a brigade had marched, held its own, been beaten back, recovered its ground, and, pursuing, had passed out of it forever, leaving only its dead behind, and knowing nothing more of that struggle than its own Impact and momentum-even this wild excitement had long since evaporated with the stinging smoke of gunpowder, the acrid smell of burning rags from the clothing of a dead soldier fired by a bursting shell, or the heated

reck of sweat and leather. A cool breath that seemed to bring back once more the odor of the upturned earthworks along the now dumb line of battle, began to move from the suggestive darkness beyond.

But into that awful penetralia of death and silence there was now no invasion-there had been no retreat. A few of the wounded had been ho retrait. A few of the wonthe a sight movement of his hand kept the support of guapower, the data the recessed staff from following. "A heavy loss here?" light and succor. For it was known that in light and succor. For it was known that in "It couldn't be helped. We had to rush in "It couldn't be helped. We had to rush in tic with the smell of blood, galloped wildly here and there, or, maddened by wounds, plunged furiously at the intruder, that the wounded soldier, still armed, could not al-ways distinguish friend from foe or from the ghouls of camp followers who stripped the dead in the darkness and struggled with the dying. A shot or two heard somewhere in that obscurity counted as nothing with the long fusilade that had swept it in the day-time; the passing of a single life, more or less, amounted to little in the long roll call of the day's slaughter.

But with the first beams of the morning sun-and the slowly moving "relief detail" from the camp-came a weird half resurrec-tion of that ghastly field. Then it was that the long rays of sunlight, streaming many a mile beyond the battle line, first pointed out the harvest of the dead where the reserves had been posted. There they lay in heaps and piles, killed by solid shot or burstheaps and piles, killed by solid snot or burst-ing shells that had leaped the battle line to plunge into the walting ranks beyond. As the sun lifted higher its beams fell within the range of musketry fire where the dead lay thicker, even as they had fallen when killed mutricht with arms extended, and feet at outright, with arms extended, and feet at all angles to the field. As it touched dead upturned faces, strangely it brought out no expres-t pain nor angulsh, but rather as frustrated the traitors' success. Then his these enough sion of pain nor angulsh, but rather as if death had arrested them only with surprise and awe. It revealed on the lips of those who had been mortally wounded, and beat the seal. The envelope was filled with papers if the trained in the relief which is the sealed packet in his beit. The envelope was filled with papers if the trained in the relief which is the relie had turned upon their side, the relief which death had brought their suffering, sometimes even with a smile. Mounting higher, it glanced upon the actual battle line, curiously curving for the shelter of walls, fences, and breastworks-and here the dead lay, even as when they had lain and fired, their faces prone in the grass, but their muskets still resting across the breastworks. Exposed to grape and canister from the battery on the ridge, death had come to them mercifully also-through the head and throat. And now the whole field lay bare in the sunlight-broken with grotesque shadows cast from sitting, crouching, half recumbent, but always rigid, figures, that might have been effigies of their own monuments. One half-kneeling soldier, with head bowed between his stiffened hands, might have stood for a carven figure of grief at the fect of his dead comrade. A captain shot through the brain in the act of mounting a wall lay sideways half across it, his lips parted with the word of command, and sword still pointing over the barrier the way that they should go.

But it was not until the sun had mounted higher that it struck the central horror of the field and seemed to linger there in dazzling persistence, now and then returning to it in

trously linked together? most instantly withdrew his leather gauntlet Luckily, however, the exposure of the chief Night at last, and the stir and tumult of The words of the heroes are scant. The 'Hullock tells me you're from California!"

Yes, general. "Ah! I lived there, too, in the early days, Wonderful country. Developed greatly since my time, I suppose? "Yes, general."

"Great resources. Finest wheat growing ountry in the world, sir. You don't happen to know what the actual crop was this year?' "Hardly, general, but something enormous." "Yes, I always said it would be. Have a

It was a fine specimen of the old colonial planter's house, with its broad verandas, its great detached offices and negro quarters, He handed his cigar case to the brigadier, Then he took one himself, lighted it at the smouldering end of the one he had taken and had, thus far, escaped the ravages and from his mouth, was about to throw the stump billetting of the war. It had been occupied carelessly down, but, suddenly received by its owner up to a few days before the himself, leaned over his horse and dropped it engagement, and so great had been the concarclessly down, but, suddenly recollecting himself, leaned over his horse and dropped it carefully a few inches away from the face of fidence of the enemy in their success that it had been used as the confederate heada dead soldier. Then straightening himself n the saddle he showed his horse against the in the saddle he showed his horse against the brigadier, moving him a little further on, while a slight movement of his hand kept the staff from following:

"Yes.

your brigade to gain time,, and occupy the enemy until we could change front." The young general looked at the shrewd, old eyes of his chief. "Change iront?" he choed

patriarchal simplicity was still there in the domestic arrangements of a race who lived Before a gun was fired it appeared that the enemy was in complete possession of all our plans, and knew every detail of our on equal terms with strangers and their own servants. The negro servants still remained with a certain cat-like fidelity to the place and

formed movements. All had to be changed." The younger man now instantly understood the incomprehensible order of the day before. The general of division continued: "You un-The general of division continued: derstand, therefore, General Brant, that in the face of this extraordinary treachery the utmost vigilance is required, and a complete isfied himself of their trustworthiness; there surveillance of your camp followers and civil-ians to detect the actual spy within our lines, or raitor we are harboring who has be-come possessed of this information. You will ished himself of their trustwortaness; there were the usual number of "boys," gray-haired and grizzled in body service, and the "mammies" and "aunties" of the kitchen. There were two or three rooms in the wing

overhaul your brigade, and weed out all suspects, and in the position which you are to which still contained private articles, pic-tures and souvenirs of the family, and a "young lady's" beudoir which Brant, with characteristic delicacy, kept carefully isolated take tomorrow and the plantation you will occupy, you will see that your private quar-

white walls and draperies and the narrow nun-like bed. It struck him that it might have belonged to some prim elder daughter or maiden aunt who had acted as house keeper, as it commanded the wing and the servants' offices with easy access to the cen-

a clew to his wife's participation in it, near isry protest, but he did not let his subordinate or remote. There was risk enough in the see the uncasiness with which it filled him. see the uncasiness with which it filled him. "Show her in." he said quietly. But she had aiready entered, brushing scornfully past the officer, and drawing her skirt aside as if contaminated. A very pretty southern girl, scornful and red-lipped, clad in a gray riding habit, and still carry-ing her riding why character anisously in or remote. There was risk enough in the former course, which his duty made im-perative. He hardly dared to think of the past day's slaughter, which, there was no doubt now, had been due to the previous work of the spy, and how his brigade had been selected, by the irony of fate, to suffer for and yet retrieve it. If she had a hand in this wicked plot, ought he to spare her? Or were his destiny and hers to be thus mon-Or were his destiny and hers to be thus mon-

"You have my permit in your hand," she said brusquely, hardly raising her eyes to Brant. "I suppose it's all straight enough,

and even if it isn't, I don't reekon to be kept waiting with those hirelings." offender and the timely discovery of his pa-pers enabled the division commander to keep "Your 'permit' is 'straight enough.' Miss Faulkner," said Brant slowly reading her name from the document before him, "but the affair discreetly silent, and to enjoin equal secrecy on the part of Brant. The latter, however, did not relax his vigilance, and after name from the document before him, "but as it does not seem to include permission to insuit my officers, you will perhaps allow them first to retire," He made a sign to the officer, who passed out of the door. As it closed, he went on in a gentle, but coldly unimpassioned volce: "I perceive you are a southern lady, and therefore I need not re-mind way that it is not considered mod the advance the next day he made a minute inspection of the ground he was to occupy, its approaches and connection with the out-lying country and the rebel lines, increased the stringency of picket and sentry regulations, and exercised a rigid surveillance of oncombatants and civilians within the lines oven to the lowest canteener or camp folmind you that it is not considered good form to treat even the slaves of those one lower. Then he turned his attention to the house he was to occupy as his headquarters. does not like uncivilly, and I must there-fore expect that you will keep your active animosity for myself."

The young girl lifted her eyes. She had The young gin inten her eyes, she had evidently not expected to meet a man so young, so handsome, so refined, and so coldy invincible in manner. Still less was she prepared for that kind of antagonism. In keeping up har preconcerted attitude toward the "northern hireling" she had met with official bemcaness with official brusqueness, contemptuous silence, or aggrieved indignation-but nothing as exasperating as this. She even fancied that this elegant but sardonic-looking soldier was inwardly mocking her. She bit her red lip, but with a scoraful gesture of her riding

whip, said: "I reckon that your knowledge of south-ern ladies is, for certain reasons, not very alone showed marks of the late military oc-

cupancy, and was pulverized by the uneasy horse hoofs of the waiting staff. But the mingled impress of barbaric prodigality with extensive." "Pardon me. 1 have had the honor of marrying one.'

Apparently more exasperated than before she turned upon him abruptly. "You say my pass is all right. Then I presume I may attend to the business that brought me here.

"Certainly, but you will forgive me if adapted themselves to the northern invaders with a child-like enjoyment of the novelty imagined that an expression of contempt for your hosts was no part of it. "He rang a bell on the table. It was responded to by an of the change. Brant, nevertheless, looked them over with an experienced eye, and sat-"Send all the household servants orderly. here.

The room was presently filled with th dusky faces of the negro retainers. Here and there was the gleaming of white teeth. but the majority of the assembly wore the true negro acceptance of the importance of "an occasion." One or two even affected ar official and soldierly bearing. And, as he fully expected, there were several glances of significant recognition of the stranger. "You" will give." said Braut tternly, "every

aid and attention to the wants of this young indy, who is here to represent the interests of your old master. As she will be entirely de endent upon you in all things connected with her visit here, see to it that she does not have to complain to me of any inattention-or o be obliged to ask for other assistance. As Miss Faulkner, elbeit a trifle paler i he check, but as scornful as ever, was about o follow the servant from the room, Brant

stopped her with a coldly courteous gesture "You will understand, therefore, Miss Faulkner, that you have your wish, and that you will not be exposed to any contact with the members of my military family, nor they with you.

"Am I then to be a prisoner in this houseand under a free pass of-your-president?" he said indignantly.

"By no means. You are free to come and go and see whom you please. I have no power to control your actions, but I have ower to control theirs."

She swept furiously from the room. "That s quite enough to fill her with a desire to firt with every man here," said Brant co himself with a faint smile, "but I fancy they have had a taste enough of her quality." Nevertheless, he sat down and wrote a few that he had already placed the owner's private property under strict surveillance, that it was cared for and perfectly preserved by was evidently obtained as a subterfuge. To this he received a formal reply, regretting that the authorities of Washington still found it necessary to put this kind of risk and burden on the army in the field, but that anated from the highest authorit and must be strictly obeyed. At the botton of the page, however, was a characteristic line in the general's own hand: "Not the kind that is dangerous." A flush mounted Brant's cheeks, as if it contained not only





startling flashes, that it might be seen men and those who brought succor. A tiny brook had run obliquely near the battle line. It was here that the night before the battle friend and foe had filled their canteens side by side with soldierly recklessness, or perhaps a higher instinct, purposely ignoring each other's presence. It was here that the wounded had afterward crept, crawled, and dragged themselves; here they had pushed, wrangled, striven and fought for a draught of that precious fluid which assuaged the thirst of their wounds-or happily put them out of their misery forever; here, overborne, crushed, suffocated by numbers, pouring their own blood into the flood and tumbling after it with their helpless bodies, they dammed the stream, until, recoiling, red and angry, it had burst its banks and overflowed the cotton field in a brave pool that now sparkled in the sunlight. But below this human dam -a mile away-where the brook still crept sluggishly, the ambulance horses sniffed and started from it.

The detail moved on slowly, doing their work expeditiously and apparently call usly, but really only with that mechanical move-ment that saves emotion. Only once were they moved to an outbreak of indignationthe discovery of the body of an (fficer whose peckets were turned inside out, but whose hand was still tightly grasped on his buttoned waistcoat, as if resisting the outrage that had been done while still in life. As the men disengaged the stiffened hand s mething slipped from the waistcoat to the proton. The corporal picked it up and handed it to his officer. It was a sealed packet. The officer received it with the carclessness which long experience of these

pathetic missives from the dying to their living relations had induced and dropped it in the pocket of his tunic, with the half dozen others that he had picked up that merning, and moved on with the detail. A little further on they halted in the attitude of attention as a mounted officer appeared riding slowly down the line.

There was something more than the habitual respect of their superior in their faces as he came forward. For it was the general who had commanded the brigade the day before-the man who leaped with one bound into the forward rank of military leaders. It was his invincible spirit that had led the advance, held back defeat against overwhelming numbers, sustained the rally, impressed his subordinate officers with his own undeviating purpose, and even impressed among them an almost superstitious belief in his destiny of success. It was this man who had done what it was deemed impossible to do-what even at this time it was thought unwise and unstrategic to do-who had held a weak position, of apparently no importance,

under the mandate of an incomprehensible order from his superior—which at best asked only for a sacrifice and was rewarded with a victory. He had decimated his brigade, but the wounded and dying had cheered him as he passed, and the survivors had pursued the enemy until the bugle called them back. For such a record he looked still too young and even effeminate, albeit his handsome face was dark and serious and his manner taciturn.

His guick eye had already caught sight of the rifled body of the officer and contracted. As the captain of the detail saluted him, he said, curtly

"I thought the orders were to fire upon any one descenating the dead?"

"They are, general, but the hyenas don't give us a chance. That's all yonder poor fel-low saved from their claws," replied the officer, as he held up the sealed packet. "It has no address."

The general took it, examined the envelope, thrust it into his belt, and seid, "I will take charge of it.

sound of horses' hoofs came from the rocky roadside behind the bush. Both men turned. A number of field officers were ap-proaching. "The division staff." said the captain in a lower voice, falling back. They came slowly forward, a central figure

turned. A number of field officers were approaching. "The division staff," said the captain in a lower volce, falling back. They came slowly forward, a central figures, as in history, on a gray horse leading here, as in history, and the serious formality of a respectable country deacon in his aspect, which even the single star on the shoulder strap of his loose tunde and his coldierly cent in the sadder single star of the first general of history cent in the sadder dentity perceived the general cent is that of the trattor without adding what might be all with some curiosity to witness the meet-ing of the first general of the armay with the statest. The division general saluted, but site

SAW HIS ADVERSARY COLLAPSE

pany,

"Yes."

memorandums. As he glanced at | which Brant felt a singular resemblance and in this southern mansion to the old casa at Robles. The afternoon shadows of the deep them his face darkened and his brow knit. He glanced quickly around him. The staff had trotted away; the captain and his de-tail were continuing their work at a little distance. He took a long breath, he was holding in his hand a tracing of their p-sition, even of the position he was to oc cupy tomorrow and a detailed account o he movements, plans and force of the whol division as had been arranged in council of war the day before the battle. But there was no indication of the writer or his in buried his past. tentions.

He thrust the papers hurriedly back into the envelope and placed it this time in his breast. He galloped toward the captain. "Let me see the officer from whom you took that packet?" The captain led him to where the body lay

with others, extended more decently on the grass awaiting removal. General Brant with difficulty suppressed an ejaculation. "Why, it's one of our own men!" he said

ulckly. "Yes, general. They say it's Lieutenant Wainwright, a regular of the division supply department."

"Then what was he doing here?" asked General Brant, sharply.

"I can't make out, sir; unless he went into the last advance as a volunteer. Wanted to see the fight, I reckon. He was a dash-ing fellow, a West Pointer—and a southerner, trans. too-a Virginian.

"A Virginian!" echoed Brant, quickly, "Yes, sir."

"Search him again," said Brant quietly He had recovered his usual coolness, and a the captain again examined the body, he took out his tablets and wrote a few lines It was an order to search the quarters of Lieutenant Wainwright and bring all papers, letters and documents to him. He ther one of the detail toward him. "Take that to the provost marshal at once. Well, captain," he added calmly, as the officer again approached him, "what do you

find ?' "Only this," returned the captain, with a half smile, producing a small photograph.

suppose it was overlooked, too." He handed it to Brant. There was a sudden fixing of the nanding officer's eyes, but his face did not

"The usual find, general. But this time

rather a handsome woman." "Very," said Clarence Brant quietly. It was the portrait of his own wife!

PART II.-Chapter II.

Manlys, who occasionally visits the servants here. A mulatto, I think." So complete was his control of voice and Brant reflected. Many of the mulattos and manner that as he galloped back to his quar-ters no one would have dreamed that General egresses were of good figure, and the habit carrying burdens on their heads gave them Brant had just looked upon the likeness of his wife from whom he had parted in anger four a singularly erect carriage. The lieutenant locked at his chief. "Have you any orders to give concerning years ago. Still less would they have sus-pected the singular fear that came upon him ner, general?" "No," said Brant after a moment's pause, that in some vague way she was connected with the treachery he had just discovered. and turned away. The officer smiled. It seemed a good story He had heard from her only once, and then through her late husband's lawyer in regard to tell at mess of this human weakness of his handsome, reserved, and ascetic-locking leader to her California property, and believed that she had gene to her relations in Alabama, A few mornings afterward Brant was inter

she had gene to her relations in Alabama, where she had identified herself with the routhern cause even to the sacrifice of her private fortune. He had heard her name rupted over his reports by the almost abrupt entrance of the officer of the day. His face was flushed, and it was evident that only the mentioned in the southern press as a fascinat-ing society leader, and even coadjutrix of presence of his superior restrained his extement. He held a paper in his hand. "A lady presents this order and pass from southern politicians-but he had no reason to believe that sho had taken so active or so Washington, countersigned by the division desperate a part in the struggle. He tried to think that his uncasiness sprang from his general.

recollection of the previous treachery of Cap-tain Pinckney, and the part that she had has not only declined the most ordinary civili-ties and courtesies we have offered her, but played in the California conspiracy-although he had long since acquitted her of the be-

has insulted Mr. Martin and myself grossly and demands to be shown to you alone.

verandas recalled the old monastic gloom of a hidden, but a personal significance. He thought of his own wife, -Singularly enough, a day or two later, at the Spanish house, which even the presence of a lounging officer or waiting orderly could dinner, the conversation turned upon the in-tense sectional feeling of southern womennot entirely dissipate, and the scent of the rose and jasmine from his windows over-came him with sad memories. He began to probably induced by their late experiences. Brant at the head of the table, in his habitual chafe under this inaction, and long again for the excitement of the march and bivouac, abstraction, was scarcely following the some-what excited diction of Colonel Strangeways, in which for the past four years he had

one of his staff. "No, kir," reiterated the in-dignant warrior, "take my word for it, a southern woman is not to be trusted on this He was sitting one afternoon alone before his reports and dispatches when this influence point, whether as a sister, sweetheart or seemed so strong that he half impulsively laid them aside to indulge in a long reverie wife. And when she is trusted she's bound to get the better of the man in any of those relations!" The dead silence that followed, He was recalling his last days at Robles, the early morning duel with Pinckney, the rethe ominous joggle of a glass at the speaker's turn to San Francisco, and the sudden rese lution which sent him that day across the continent to offer his services to the governelbow, the quick, sympathetic glance that Brant instinctively felt was directed to his ment. He remembered his delay in the western town, where α volunteer regiment own face, and the abrupt change of subject, could not but arrest his attention-even if he had overlooked the speech. His face, howwas being recruited, his entrance into it as a private, his rapid selection, through the force of his sheer devotion and intelligent ever, betrayed nothing. It had never, how-ever, occurred to him before that his family oncentration, to the captaincy of his affairs might be known-neither had he ever his swift promotion on hard-fought thought of keeping them a secret. It seemed fields to the head of the regiment, and the singular success that had followed his reso purely a personal and private misfortune that he had never dreamed of its having any sistless energy, which left him no time to think of anything but his duty. The sudden public interest. And even now he was a little ashamed of what he believed was his intrusion of his wife upon his career, even in this accidental and perhaps innocent way, had seriously unsettled him. sensitiveness to mere conventional criticism, which, with the instinct of a proud man, he had despised.

He was not far wrong in his sardonic intuition of the effect of his prohibition The shadows were growing heavier and deeper, it lacked only a few moments of the upon Miss Faulkner's feelings. Certainly that young lady, when not engaged in her sunset bugle when he was recalled to himself by that singular instinctive consciousnesscommon to humanity—of being intently locked at. He turned quickly—the door behind him closed softly. He rose and slipped into the hall. The tall figure of a woman was going down the parameters. mysterious occupation of arranging her uncle's effects, occasionally was seen in the garden and in the words beyond. Although garden and in the works beyond. Although her presence was the signal for the "oblique" of any lounging "shoulder strap" or the vacant "front" of a pisted sentry, she seemed to regard their occasional proximity with less active disfavor. Once when she down the passage. She was erect and grace ful, but as she turned toward the door leading to the offices, he distinctly saw the gaudily turbaned head and black silhouette of a negress. Nevertheless, he halted a moment at

had mounted the wall to gather a magnelia bloss in the chair by which she had de-scended rolled over, leaving her on the wall. the door of the next room, "See who that woman is who just passed, At a signal from the guard room two sappers and miners appeared, carrying a scaling ladder, which they placed silently against the wall, and as silently withdrew. On an-other occasion the same spirited young lady, Mr. Martin. She doesn't seem to belong to the house." The young officer rose, put on his cap, and departed. In a few minutes he returned, "Was she tall, sir—of a good figure and vory straight?" whom Brant was satisfied would have probably imperiled her life under fire, in devo-

i n to her cause, was brought ignominiously to bay in the field by that most appalling of domestic animals, the wandering and un-trammeled cow. Brant could not help smil-"She is a servant of our neighbor's, the ing as he heard the quick, harsh call to "turn out guard," saw the men marched solidly with fixed bayonets to the vicinity of the affrighted animal, who fled, leaving the fair stranger to walk shamefacedly to

the house. He was surprised, however, that she should have halted before his door and with tremulous indignation said:

"I thank you, sir, for your chivalrousness in turning a defenseless woman into ridicule "I regret, Miss Faulkner," began Brant gravely, "that you should believe that I am able to contril the advances of farm yard cattle as easily as—" but he stopped as he saw that the angry flash of her blue eyes, as she darted from him, were set in tears. A little remorseful on the following day he added a word to his ordinary cap lifting when he passed her, but she retained a re-prachful silence. Latter in the day he received from her servant a respectful re-

juest for an interview and was relieved t "A lady?" "Yes, sir-she is dressed as such. But she find that she entered his presence with no trace of her former aggression—but rather with the resignation of a deeply injured, yet not entirely unforgiving woman. "I thought," she began coldiy, "that I

ought to inform you that I would probably be able to conclude my business here by the

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eserved your animosity for me," returned Brant quietly. "If that is so, I see no reason for your hurrying your departure in the

She rose instantly, "I have," she said slowly, controlling herself with a slight effort, "found some one who will take my duty off my hands. She is a servant of one of your neighbors—who is an old friend of my uncle's—the woman is familiar with the house and our private property. I will give her full instructions to act for me-and even an authorization in writing if you prefer it. She is already in the habit of coming here-but her visits will give you very little trouble. And, as she is a slave—or, as you trouble. And, as she is a slave-or, as you call it, I believe-a chattel, she will be already quite accustomed to the treatment

least.

as her quick step died away in the passage. "One thing is certain, a woman like that is ltogether too impulsive for a spy. Later, in the twilight, he saw her walking n the garden. There was a figure at her side. A little curious, he examined it more closely from his window. It was already familiar to him-the erect, shapely form of his neighbor's servant. A thoughtful look passed over his face as he muttered: "So

A New Orleans paper says that the dome

Royal, where Governor McKinley stopped Dairymen in Convention NEW YORK, Dec. 15 .- An enthusiastic neeting of the members of the New York was famous before the war as the slave narket of New Orleans. The planters and Mercantile exchange and of the New York Auxiliary association of the National Dairy lave merchants used the St. Louis hotel as a sort of meeting place, and the slave block union, was held here. George A. Boyce of the New York Auxiliary league, presided. The object of the meeting was to receive the report of G. W. Wilson of Elgin, ill., secretary of the National Dairy union. Presunder the great dome was a convenience that grew more and more popular. It was here that Abraham Lincoln, when a boy, stood and watched the sale of slaves, and it was here that he made the remark, after-wards so famous: "If I ever get a chance to hit that I'll hit it hard." During the banquet, after the meeting at the Audi-torium, Governor McKinley stood over the ident Boyce, in his introductory address stated that the object and province of the dairy union was the suppression of fraudu-

suppression, by national and state legisla-tion, of fraudulent traffic in dairy products. TOOK ALL THE READY CASH. President of the Purington Brick Com pany Disappears with the Money.

Vengeance on a Murderer's Father. PAULDING, O., Dec. 15 .- An attempt was CHICAGO, Dec. 15 .- Charles S. Purington made last night to blow up the house of David Hart, father of the murderer of the David Hart, father of the murderer of the Good children. Three dynamite cartridges were used, but only one exploded. Had all gone off the house would have been wrecked. Hart and his family are terribly frightened and left this morning to go to relatives in Indiana. The common pleas court at Paul-ing is now being adjourned from day to dev \$40,000 of the firm's money. Purington was at his office Thursday of last week, when he sent a note to his wife saying he was going to Milwaukee, to be absent a few and and the common pleas court at Paul-ding is now being adjourned from day to day, so that the murderer, Charles Hart, may be arraigned without its being publicly known in time to attempt a lynching. If he pleads not guilty his trial will take place in some neighboring county. ys. He left then, without saying anything the office attaches, and has not been seen since, neither has any word been received from him. It was thought he might have been foully dealt with when his disappearance was first noticed, as no one suspected any irregularities in his business affairs. An investigation, however, Mr. Dobbins says,

Eighteen Thousand Wanting an Owner. Eighteen Thousand Wanting an Owner. SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15.—The Savings Loan bank is trying to find the heirs of Alexander Smith, believed to have been lost on the steamer Golden Gate, which was burned off the Mexican coast in 1862. Thirty-two years ago Smith deposited \$2,500 in the bank. With the accumulated inter-ext child, it has been learned, was to follow reveals that his accounts with the com-pany were not correct. The amount of the est child, it has been learned, was to follow her father on the next steamer for Brooklyn, where her relatives lived. If alive, Jane is now 50 years old, and is the only direct heir to her father's estate, comprised in the money at the Saviegs Loan bank.

New York Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.-The weakly bank statement shows the following changes: Re-serve, increase, \$443.175; loans, decrease,

serve, increase, \$43,175, 10ans, Gecrease, \$\$62,200; specie, increase, \$6,375,900; logal tenders, decrease, \$6,244,300; deposits, de-crease, \$1,246,300; circulation, decrease, \$22,-900. The banks now hold \$33,345,825 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

Mr. J. K. Fowler, secretary and ireasurer of the Corinne Mill, Canal and Stock Co., of Corinne, Utah, in speaking of Chambertain's Cough Remedy, says; I consider it the best in the market. I have used many kinds, but find Chambertain's most prompt and effectual is giving relief, and now keep no other in my home." When troubled with a cold or cough this remedy a trial, and we assure you

president of the Purington Brick company, is missing. His father-in-law, T. S. Dob-bins, who was his business associate. charges him with the misappropriation of

days.

which her class are in the habit of receiving from northern hands." Without waiting to perceive the effect of her Parthian shot, she swept proudly out of the room. "I wonder what she means?" mused Brant

this is to be her deputy!" (To Be Continued.)

New Orleans' Slave Block. of the old St. Louis hotel, now the Hotel

discrepancy is not yet known. The missing man was president and general manager of the Purington Brick Manufacturing com-pany, capitalized at \$100,000. Mr. Dobbins was the secretary and treasurer. It was he who put up the capital. All of the stock was held in the family. While Dobbins furwas held in the family. While Dobbins fur-nished the capital, he allowed his son-in-law one-half of the profits. This was consider-able for a period, but during last year the business was conducted at a loss. 'His crookedness does not cover a period of more than a month.'' said Dobbins, 'but he got away with all my ready cash in that time. The way he did it was to collect bills due

The way he did it was to collect bills due the firm and pocket the money."