

ONLY A NEWSPAPER MAN.

We are nobody, then, it is curious: Only the slave of the pen. The place which we designate "sanctum" Is the lair of a beast, or a demon. Our work any one could accomplish: Just try it, dear sir, if you can; You'll find that in one thing you're lacking, 'Tis the snap of the newspaper man!

GORDON.

She came on toward me, her trailing draperies falling round her with the soft grace she gave to all she touched. Sunshine was on her beautiful hair— evening sunshine, which turned the wreath of plaits she wore into a crown of burnished gold. She came floating on, through the flower and fruit gummed orange trees, through the crimson and white camelia bloom; violets grew beneath her feet, and she seemed to me part of the glory and the fragrance of the sunset and the blossoms.

I found on inquiry that a Mrs. Vereker and her niece, Miss Mayne, had arrived there the previous evening. I had sometimes met Mrs. Vereker in London, and later on in the day, while I was curiously examining the carving on the fountain in the square, I saw her and my vision of the morning standing on the cathedral steps. Mrs. Vereker came forward with that friendliness we feel for a slight home acquaintance whom we may chance to meet when abroad. So I joined them, and we strolled on, chatting over home news. Miss Mayne seldom spoke, and yet that walk seemed to me a strangely happy one. Mrs. Vereker told me they had only been a day in Perugia, and had intended going on at once to Rome; but the mountain air and mountain views were so delightful that they had changed their minds, and intended remaining for some time at Perugia.

I had come to the old town to study art, to search the blazoned manuscripts lying hidden in the sacristy and convent, and learn from them their secrets of color and design; to wander through frescoed church and palace, where walls and ceilings are brilliant still as when the hands that wove their gorgeous stories first laid the pencil down and thanked God for the great consoiler—art. I had time to watch the mists rising from the valleys, and wrapping the mountains in soft mystery of cloud—cloud which changes and shifts, and melts at last into the golden and purple, the opaline green of the sunrise; so that I might try to wrest from nature a faint touch of her magic of shadow and light, of color and form, and lay it at the feet of the one mistress I had ever known—art.

fell around us as a mantle, only the throbb of the sea below the terrace broke the intense quiet. Out on the sea shone the white sails of a British yacht. Near, within the harbor, rose the masts and spars of many ships, mysterious, spectral-like, as ships always look at night. As we were seated in calm enjoyment of the scene, a small boat shot out from the rocks beneath our feet, where lay some hidden cove or landing place. It was rowed by two men; a third was wrapped in a large cloak in the stern. They rowed well, and the boat was nearly a mile from us, leaving a bright line of light upon the shining water, when a cry broke the calm of the night—a wild, weird cry, with agony in its tone. "Gordon!" I never have heard its like since, and I never shall again. In its agonized tone I could scarcely recognize the voice of Mary, so changed was it, so shrill with long pent-up yearning, as it wailed out that one word—"Gordon!" The cry seemed to be repeated again and again, though softened by the echoes, while the little boat sped on its way, and its passengers—mere dark specks as they seemed—climbed into the yacht. The white sails gleamed against the horizon, and then, phantom-like, were then lost in its dim purple.

I turned and looked at Mary. She stood with her eyes fixed on the darkness which hid the yacht from sight, her hands clasped upon her heart, her face drawn and colorless. I feared the fate her friends dreaded for her had stricken her as she stood beside me there in the still, luxurious twilight. "Mary, my dearest, my own! what is it?" taking her hand and drawing it closer. She drew her hand from mine, and, shuddering away from me, leaped against the stone parapet, resting her head on the cold marble coping. "You are ill; let me take you home, darling," I said.

my question, she sprang with a low cry from my side and laid her head upon a stranger's breast. "Did you not get my letters?" I have been looking everywhere for you," I heard him say. "She did not answer, nor raise her head; as if at last she had found her rest. "You are not alone here?" he went on. "Who are you with?"

Then raising his hat, he shook hands with me as I turned away. I turned into the darkness, but not before I had seen that until now I had never known her, my love, my promised wife. I had known a beautiful statue, not the beautiful woman, who, with eyes upraised to his, stood in the subdued light looking up to Gordon Frazer. All the coldness, all the stately calm had gone, fallen from her as a mantle falls—a mantle which had hidden the fullness of her loveliness, and had concealed from me a tender grace and beauty I had never till now beheld. I have never seen her since.

A Former 'Carn King' Now Penitent.

One of the saddest and most complete financial wrecks of the day is that of the great Sullivan estate. The assignment of the personal property took place Thursday and Friday, the land having been surrendered to the most expeditious. Everything was disposed of and sold by M. L. Sullivan, the great owner king of the world, is without land and without a roof to shelter his family that he can call his own. Under the enforced sale and foreclosure, we learn, the estate failed to realize enough to pay the indebtedness by \$100,000. The netting away of this once kingly estate is a remarkable example of "how riches take to themselves wings." Mr. Sullivan's farming operations were on the most colossal scale in the country, and his failure only emphasizes the lesson taught by repeated smaller failures on the part of others, that large farms do not pay in this country. It is not likely that farming on the scale carried on by Mr. Sullivan will ever again be attempted in this state, and his magnificent domain of 40,000 acres will doubtless be cut up into numerous small farms. And while we sympathize with Mr. Sullivan in his failure, we cannot but regard his in his failure, we cannot but be made of these fine lands. They will furnish homes for several hundred happy families. (Times (Ill.) Courier)

The Lecture Abomination.

Some of the Eastern papers are going after the charlatan lecturers with a sharp stick. The New York Times says the class is made up of broken-down lawyers, baffled literateurs, unsuccessful actresses, sham philanthropists, heroes of breach-of-promise cases, exploded clairvoyants, sooty adventurers, tainted politicians, windbags, and schemers generally. It is curious to read the annual circulars that some of the "bureaus" put forward. They glory of talent, as they have to style it, embraces a few names well-known and respected, but these are fairly smothered with distinguished personages of whom nobody has ever heard. Col. J. Leonidas Bussale, the great traveler, Wiggins Weathercock, the celebrated snorter, Peter Puff Bliggins, esq., the world-renowned humorist of the Prairie Dog Herald, Miss Mand Marigold, the beautiful and accomplished recitationist, from (very far) from the metropolitan theaters, Byron Grubstret, the famous poet, Miss Olivia Artichoke, the best dressed woman in America; Mr. Murray Mattinchop, the noted English novelist, and so on to the highly colored end.

A Fater for Lorne.

In sending him to Canada as Governor-General, Lord Beaconsfield has really done Lord Lorne the greatest favor he could do him. He has relieved him from the burdens of the iron bound etiquette which weighed him down at home. As Governor-General he is the personal representative of the Crown, and takes rank at last—so I am told—above his wife. At the same time, her royalty makes the appointment a more brilliant one, and more welcome to that loyal people, the Canadians. All of the good things that have been said of the Princess Louise have been well said. She is a woman of unusual force of character—as her story, to those who know it, proves—pretty, accomplished, amiable. In no sense is she responsible for whatever of irksomeness may have accrued to her husband from his marriage. He, too, is credited with good abilities, and although he has to follow Lord Dufferin, his friends believe that he will prove himself equal to the task laid upon him. Imperialism is just now in fashion. The Marquis of Lorne and his Princess may make it not only fashionable, but popular in one of the most important dominions of the crown.—The N. F. Tribune.

The Press.

Our minister to the court of St. James in the year 1817 wrote, concerning the London press, as follows: "I have been told that some yield a profit of \$75,000 per annum. The profits of the Times are said to have exceeded \$90,000 per annum. The cost of a daily paper to a regular subscriber is about ten pounds sterling; they are circulated by agents at a penny an hour in London. When a few days old, they were sent to provincial towns and thro' the country at a reduced rate." What Englishmen now say of our papers, this Minister said of those of London: "Everything goes into the newspapers. In other countries, matters of public nature may be seen in them; here, in addition, you see concerns of individuals. Does a private gentleman come to town, you hear it in the newspapers; does he build a house or buy an estate, they give the information; does he entertain his friends, you have all their names next day in type; in the drapery of a lady's drawing room changed from red and gold to white satin and silver, the fact is publicly announced. So of a thousand other things: The first burst of it all upon Madame de Staël led her to remark that the English had realized the fable of living with a window in their bosoms."

Voltaire's Remains.

Voltaire's anniversary has lately been celebrated in Europe, but how many know how his remains have fared. A surgeon preserved his skull and brain in alcohol and successfully offered them, but in vain, to the National Library and the French Academy. In 1870 the surgeon's daughter, who at his death was intrusted with the relics, died and bequeathed the skull to a druggist, at whose death it was sold among his effects and knocked down at auction to an unknown bidder, who has never since been heard of. In 1816 Voltaire's and Rousseau's bones were taken from the Pantheon by a crowd of fanatic legitimists, dumped into a hole and destroyed by quick-lime, and the graves of the two great writers which are shown to their admirers are empty.

It may often happen.

That children, beyond their parents' control, will do mischief, is a fact which every parent who has a child knows. It will never occur to those who are not parents, to think of the mischief that may be done by a child.

PREVENTIVE OF MALARIA.

What Eminent St. Louis Physicians Say:

Children's Liebig's Extract of Beef and Tonic is a very agreeable article of food, and is particularly useful when the child is suffering from malarial fever, or when the child is suffering from any other form of malarial fever.

Diphtheria, Ague, Malarial Typhoid Fever.

And every febrile disease, it can well be attended with great advantage. We have prescribed it with success in all cases of malarial fever, and in all cases of diphtheria, ague, malarial typhoid fever, and in all cases of malarial fever.

NOTICE.

To Drive Well Owners or Users.

After another thorough trial, through a patient has been cured of his malarial fever, and is now well, and is able to resume his usual avocations, we have prescribed it with success in all cases of malarial fever, and in all cases of diphtheria, ague, malarial typhoid fever, and in all cases of malarial fever.

Dr. Shorey's

KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR!

A specific in the case of all diseases of the Kidney, Bladder, Prostate, and all other organs of the urinary system. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is the only one that will cure all cases of malarial fever, and in all cases of diphtheria, ague, malarial typhoid fever, and in all cases of malarial fever.

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Des Moines Steam Boiler and Iron Works. Manufacturing of Steam Boilers, Iron Works, and all other iron and steel work. We have a large stock of iron and steel on hand, and are prepared to execute all orders promptly.

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I DO SHUT A LITTLE FOR FUN! Because I have two factories in operation for making Barb Wire, and have a large number of Standard 'S' Barb Steel Fence Wire! King of Barb Fence Wire! JACOB HAISH De Kalb, Illinois