THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. MOSHER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA

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Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST.

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CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

And they had good neighbors, which added much to the pleasantness of their surroundings, for though never content to be separate from each other, even for a day, our young friends enjoyed having their acquaintances drop in on them, and often visited among their neighbors, spending the evening or Sunday afternoon.

They heard regularly from Lucy's parents, and quite frequently from Jennie and her husband, who were still in Chicago and doing well. At least Ensign had steady employment, and they were comfortable and happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Parsons had now fully decided to sell their home on the mountain at the first opportunity, and move to the Slough; their out-of-the-way location alone operated against the ready sale of the place.

Meantime Erastus and Lucy worked on.

The size of orchard and vineyard was increased by the planting of other trees and vines. Rose bushes were set out at the corners of the porch and beneath the windows, and evergreens and flowering shrubs in the front yard.

The main irrigating ditch having been completed the year before, the work of carrying the water wherever needed, by means of small side ditches, was comparatively easy and rapid, so that some pretty broad fields of grain and grass were beginning to stretch away on every side of their cottage.

But now came a terrible rumor.

It was told doubtingly at first, as something that could hardly be possible—that a railroad company had claim to the lands about the Slough, and would compel payment of their present market value, all improvements included, or evict the homesteaders from possession.

The settlers generally laughed at the tale, as being started by some one for the purpose of giving them a fright.

"What!" they said, "the railroad company claim our land! Why, the land was absolutely valueless, thought not to be worth paying taxes on, until we irrigated it and built houses and put out orchards and vineyards.

"Besides, the land grant by Congress was made to a company whose charter fixed the line of their road more than a hundred miles away, on the other side of a range of mountains; and even this grant the company has forfeited long ago, the time in which the road was to be built in order to obtain the land having expired two years since, and the road is not built yet."

It seemed absurd for anybody to talk about a railroad company having a claim to their lands, when they had received them from the desert, and were almost ready to prove up on them under the Homestead and Pre-emption laws.

Yet there were those who were less easily disarmed of fear.

They knew that in Iowa a railroad company had dispossessed settlers who had actually proved up and received deeds to their homes from the Government.

There were those among them, too, who had suffered from the overflow of hydraulic mines, others from the Suscol Ranch, and yet others who had suffered from encroachments of corporations in other States and other portions of this State, and these were prepared to believe that nothing was too preposterous for the railroad company to claim, if its officers thought there was the remotest chance of enforcing it, either by fair means or foul.

When Erastus Hemmingway heard the rumor his heart sunk, for he had seen too much of the heartlessness and greed of corporations not to fear the worst, and he at once took steps to ascertain the truth.

He wrote to the headquarters of the company, repeating what he had heard, and asking if there was any truth in the statement that the company professed to have any claim to the land in the vicinity of the Slough.

In reply he received a letter and also a circular.

The letter was signed by the President of the railroad company, and was to the effect that the company hoped to be allowed the original grant of lands made by Congress in aid of the road, but the boundaries of the grant had not been determined, and probably would not be for some time.

Meanwhile, the letter went on to say, the settlers could be assured that in no case should they be the losers, as, if it should eventually be determined that the land which they occupied was within the limits of the grant to the road, the company pledged itself to transfer it to the occupants on payment of the Government price, and attention was called to the accompanying circular, copies of which, the letter said, were being issued and distributed all over the State for the purpose of inducing people to take up land at the Slough. This circular also contained a pledge that if found to be within the grant of Congress to the road, the company would transfer the land to whoever had improved it, immediately on payment of the Government price.

This letter, taken in connection with the circulars, which were scattered freely among the settlers, if it did not remove all feeling of fear from the minds of Erastus and a few others, did serve to allay the general alarm, which was before on the increase, and improvements went on as usual.

The circulars of the company sent to other portions of the State had the desired effect, and very soon other families began to come in in considerable numbers, all taking up claims and relying upon the printed pledges of the company that in no case should the land cost more than the price asked by Government for wild lands.

So time sped on.

And now those who came first to the Slough began to reap abundantly of the fruit of their labor and perseverance.

The work of turning a veritable desert into a garden had been accomplished. It had been done, too, without capital, and by men who were forced to support themselves and their families while the transformation was being made.

Orchards and vineyards were loaded with fruit. Olives and apples, peaches, plums, apricots, pears, pine-apples, lemons, pomegranates, nectarines—all the semi-tropical fruits, and some which grow nowhere else outside of the tropics themselves, were to be found in full bearing upon the irrigated lands of the settlers at Mussel Slough.

Green fields grew broader and greener. Little flocks and herds of cattle and sheep were to be seen feeding on the rich vegetation which came with the water that overspread the land from the system of irrigating ditches; and as the result of all this, new and pretty cottages were taking the place of the wretched huts in which nearly all had been forced to live during the first years of their residence; and it was in the midst of this prosperity, when want had been banished by years of patient, persevering toil, and they were rejoicing over troubles past, and the thought that for the rest of their days they could take life easy, that the stroke came which turned all their joy into mourning, and changed the current of their blood from the peaceful flow of quiet, happy hearts to a seething flood in hearts made hot with fear and hatred.

This was no rumor from an unknown source that reached their ears, awaking doubt in some and ridicule in others. It was not the faint murmuring of a distant storm that might never reach them, but the sudden rush of the whirlwind; the flash of the lightning, the falling of the thunderbolt from a sunny sky. It came as a notice from the railroad company to each settler, informing him that he was a trespasser on the lands of the company, and must immediately vacate unless he was prepared to pay the value of the lands occupied by him, which had been carefully appraised, as the notice read, by competent judges, whose estimate of the value of each quarter-section accompanied the notice.

This appraisement ranged from ten to thirty-five dollars per acre; that of Erastus Hemmingway being thirty dollars per acre, or a total of four thousand eight hundred dollars, which he was asked to pay to the railroad company for the land he had redeemed from the desert, or failing therein was ordered to at once vacate the premises.

The excitement which the receipt of these notices caused can be imagined.

Threats of vengeance upon the officers of the company were both loud and frequent, and had they been present, there is no question as to what their fate would have been. Death in some form would unquestionably have been meted out to them.

But they were careful not to be present.

They had deliberately laid, and were now executing, a plan to rob these people of their homes, and they were too cunning to come within reach of their victims while the first hot flush of righteous anger was upon them.

With the power which their immense wealth, the gift of Congress, gave them, they did not fear the courts or the State authorities.

They already controlled these, and were prepared to bribe or threaten, as they deemed most likely to accomplish their ends, any official who stood in the way of their plans for wholesale robbery.

The leaders in the plot stood high in social and political circles.

The settlers had small means of making the outrage upon their rights known, and their cause was, indeed, desperate, and it is small wonder, when in every dwelling at the Slough were women whose eyes were red with weeping, that there should be men whose lips uttered curses, and whose muscles twitched with eagerness to lay hand upon the authors of their woe.

Only a few days before the notices to pay or vacate reached the settlers, Erastus and Lucy had received a letter from Mrs. Parsons saying that they had at last found a probable purchaser for their place.

They would know in a few days, she wrote, and if they sold they should pack up and start for the Slough at once, as they did not wish, even if the purchaser of the property would permit, to remain on the mountain through the winter. It would seem more lonely than ever when the place was no longer their own.

The only thing that would delay their coming, if they sold, was Johnny's health.

The boy had not been as well as common the past summer, and had been quite sick recently, but was getting better now, and she thought would be able to be moved, and if they sold she would take him and start at once by boat, leaving Mr. Parsons to drive across with their household goods, as Erastus and Lucy had done.

The reception of this news had caused much pleasure to the young couple, who were both desirous of having their parents near them.

Lucy was especially anxious for the presence of her mother at this time, and hastened to reply, urging that they sell if they could get anything like a fair price, and that they come at once.

But when the determination of the railroad corporation to rob them of their own home became known to them, they felt it would be better for their parents not to sell, at least for the present; and Lucy again wrote, telling her parents of the difficulty they were in, and that if they had not sold, it might be better not to do so.

It was a hard thing to do, and the poor young wife had often to pause and wipe away the tears that blinded her eyes as she wrote of their troubles—thinking, too, of the sorrow it would bring to the hearts of the old people upon the mountain side.

She was expecting to become a mother soon, and all the sweet joy with which she had been looking forward to the coming of the babe had given place to a terrible fear of what the future might have in store for them all.

Erastus had not been loud in his threats, as had others. Indeed he had not threatened at all; but he was not a man of many words. And she had not forgotten how at the Suscol Ranch, when but a boy, he had taken her mother and Mrs. Ritchie with the children, of which she was one, to a place of safety and then returned to defend the cottage with his life. And now the thought kept coming to her, "What if the company should actually attempt the eviction of the settlers and Erastus should again defend their home, and be killed?"

She tried to put the thought from her, but it kept coming back, each time with increasing strength, until it came almost to be a conviction. She knew, or thought she knew, that if efforts were made at an eviction, her husband would call upon his neighbors to defend their homes with their lives, and would set them the example.

It was a horrible thought. But it came and it clung to her; and though she tried hard not to make her fear to her parents be without a gleam of hope, she yet felt when it was written and sealed that she had failed, and was still rather depressed by the thought of the effect it would have upon those to whom it was to be sent; and especially upon her father, who she knew would bear the blow even less stoutly than her mother.

Meantime the verbal sale of the mountain ranch had been concluded between Mr. and Mrs. Parsons and the gentleman of whom Mrs. Parsons had written.

They were to receive two thousand dollars cash down and to give immediate possession; and on the morning but one following that on which Lucy's second letter was mailed, John Parsons started to town with the deed made out and signed by his wife.

He was to meet the purchaser at the court-house in Flippsburg, deliver the deed and receive the money, provided the title was found to be clear, of which there was no doubt in the minds of either party; the abstract, which Blake gave to Parsons when he bought the property, having been shown as proof of that fact when negotiations for the purchase and sale were first begun.

The sky looked cloudy and threatening when he left home, but it would not do to fail of being at the appointed place on time, and he kissed his crippled boy and his wife and left in good spirits, promising to be back by dark.

On reaching town he put out his horse, saw that he was properly fed, and then started for the court-house.

On his way there he had to pass the post-office, and, stopping to inquire if there was any mail for him, was handed Lucy's letter to her mother.

He recognized the post mark and opened it at once—not a common proceeding with him, for his eyes were no longer good, and even where letters came addressed to himself instead of his wife, he usually preferred to wait until he got home, and then have her read them aloud while he ate supper or smoked his pipe and rested.

But now something impressed him with the thought that he had better open the letter. He had a feeling that perhaps all was not right at the Slough.

Perhaps it was because it had been only a few days since they had received a letter from there, and so were not expecting another so soon.

Tearing off the envelope he began to read, but had not proceeded far before his hand trembled so that he could not hold the paper still enough to see the letters, and he folded it up and put it into his pocket.

He had read enough, however, to understand what had befallen his children.

He knew that they were to be driven from their home, as he and they had so often been before, by the merciless greed of soulless corporations, or combinations of rich men whose hearts had turned to stone beneath the weight of their immense wealth.

For a moment it seemed to him that he should die right there, and those who were looking saw him stagger like a drunken man, but he rallied at once and went out without a word.

The thought that the cottage on the mountain side was still theirs, and would afford an asylum for the children, had come to him, and he was hastening to tell the would-be purchaser that under the circumstances they could not let him have the place.

It was fortunate that the bargain was not closed, he thought. How lucky that he had opened the letter instead of waiting until he got home!

They could all live comfortably in the cottage together, and he and Marty should have those dearest always with them the little while they should continue to live, and by them to close their eyes when they died, and no one would disturb them on the mountain side, which was so secluded and lonely that hardly anybody appeared to want to live there. Yes, it was very fortunate that the bargain had not been closed, and he would pay the man for his trouble and ask to be released.

Entering the court-house he went directly to the Recorder's office.

The gentleman whom he expected to meet was already there, and in company with the Recorder was looking over the records.

Without so much as bidding them good morning, John Parsons began to say that he had changed his mind and wished to be released from his verbal contract, but before he could make his meaning understood the gentleman who had contracted for the place, said:

"How is this, Mr. Parsons? I find a mortgage on your place. I understood you to say it was clear of all incumbrances."

"A mortgage?"

The words came in a whisper from lips that were bloodless, which the other did not notice, for his eyes were upon the volume of records, and he answered:

"Yes. A mortgage for fifteen hundred dollars with interest for six years, unless it has been paid; making a total of about the amount I was to pay you for the place. The mortgage seems to have been given by Mr. Blake to a Mr. Jones, of San Francisco, and—"

But he did not conclude the sentence, for at that instant the two men at the desk heard a groan, and turning, saw John Parsons fall to the floor as if dead.

They picked him up and laid him on a bench, and one of them ran for the doctor, while the other attempted to pour some whisky down his throat from a flask.

In a moment he revived, and when the doctor came running in, followed by a crowd of business men and idlers, was sitting up with his head leaning upon his hands, his elbows upon his knees. As the crowd entered he looked up for an instant and then resumed his former position, but that instant sufficed to show to those present a face so haggard that not one among them all recognized it as the face of John Parsons, the owner of the mountain ranch.

The doctor advanced and laid a hand upon the wrist of the stricken man, as if to feel his pulse.

Then John Parsons again raised his head, and with an effort arose to his feet.

"It ain't no use, Doc," he said, recognizing the physician as one who had attended Johnny in his recent illness. "It ain't no use," he repeated, "it's the heart that's ailin' an' there ain't no medicine that'll do it any good; least-wise nothin' you kin give. The children is bein' robbed of their home just as their parents has been afore 'em, and there ain't anything left to live for.

"I thought when I read the letter jest now that we could all live together somehow on our own little ranch, but it 'pears that it is to be tuck from us too—though I don't know how it comes. I have an abstract that I got out of this very office when I bought the place and it says there weren't no mortgage onto it then, but now there 'pears to be one for all it's worth, an' they'll take it of course, an' there ain't no place left where an honest man kin take them as is dependent on him. It would be better if we was all dead, an' I 'spect we will be purty soon.

"The railroad company'll turn Erastus an' Lucy out, an' the girl'll die, may be, for want of a shelter, when her baby comes to be born, an' her father won't have any shelter to offer her; fer ef they were mean enough to mortgage the place and then sell it, they'll be devils enough to turn an old man an' woman an' a crippled boy out the minute they want possession."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DRINKING WATER.

One of the First Requirements of Success on a Farm.

One of the first requirements of success on a farm, says the report of the Massachusetts Experimental Station, consists in an ample supply of good water. Purity of the water used, for drinking in particular, is of vital importance. Cities and towns usually have their organizations for the supply of water, and they exact certain guarantees regarding the quality furnished for their use. The farmer, living as a rule more isolated on his farm, is in this respect largely left to his own counsel. His chances for obtaining good water from springs, and for protecting his wells against the access of obnoxious matters by infiltrations and otherwise, are, in the majority of cases, quite favorable, if intelligently turned to account.

A satisfactory supply of a good drinking water depends, in a controlling degree, on a judicious selection of the location of the well designed for the use of the family and for the live stock, and on the personal attention bestowed from time to time on the condition of the latter and its surroundings. Wells may be badly located in the start, or may become exposed to contamination by subsequent changes in the surroundings. Good wells are liable to change for the worse at any time, on account of circumstances too numerous to state in this connection. To periodically ascertain the exact condition of the well which supplies the wants of the family and of the live stock is a task which no farmer can for any length of time discard, without incurring a serious risk in health and prosperity. The subject receives, quite frequently, but little attention on account of the fact that the harmful qualities, which an apparently good water may contain, are disguised beyond recognition by the unaided senses. Certain delicate chemical tests, aided at times by microscopical observations, are, in the majority of cases, the only reliable means, in our present state of the sciences, by which desirable information regarding the true character of a drinking water can be obtained.

These tests, it must be acknowledged, although of the greatest importance from a general stand-point, have their limitations. They read to indicate the presence of organic matters, but give no unfailing decision regarding their origin—whether animal or vegetable—leaving thus, quite frequently, the degree of their harmfulness quite undecided. However, the chemical analysis may be depended upon for all practical purposes, as revealing the presence of objectionable qualities of the water. The harmful substances found in drinking water are of two classes—mineral and organic. Few natural waters are entirely free from mineral matters; nearly all contain small quantities of lime, soda, magnesia and iron—substances which may be considered harmless in that case. Larger quantities of these elements, however, render the water objectionable for drinking and also more or less unfit for various applications, as washing and cooking, feeding of steam apparatus, etc.

Foremost among the dangerous mineral substances which have been found in drinking water is the lead. Its presence is usually due to the use of lead pipes for conducting the water from the well to the pump and elsewhere. Lead is a treacherous and dangerous poison. Not a trace should be tolerated in drinking-water. The use of lead pipes for conducting the latter for either of the above-stated purposes should be strictly prohibited by State law. Arsenic and copper are rarely met with in natural waters; yet a careless handling of paris green is at any time apt to become most dangerous in this direction. These three metals—lead, copper and arsenic—are direct poisons to the animal system, and therefore are the most dangerous mineral impurities in drinking-water, though ordinarily rare. The most frequent source of danger comes evidently from the presence of organic matter, indicating contamination by decaying animal or vegetable substances. Wells are not infrequently found polluted by the gases and liquids emanating from sinks, privies, cesspools and farm-yards.—*New England Farmer.*

FALL COSTUMES.

The Latest Designs for Stylish Autumn Dresses.

Combinations of plain and figured goods will be used again for autumn and winter dresses. For woolen costumes two kinds of wool will be chosen, one of which is plain, and the other striped or in small set figures. The newest stripes shown are rough boucle or Astrakhan cloths, alternating with smoother stuffs, which, however, are only smooth by comparison, as they are heavily twilled, or in such wide diagonal lines that each line stands out like a separate row of braid. The boucle stripes are very effective, and will retain their appearance because they are formed of curls or loops of tightly twisted threads of mohair that are impervious to dampness, and are not easily crushed out of shape. Woven borders near a single selvedge are parts of many dress patterns, and these are of boucle stripes broad enough to be arranged as panels or as entire front of skirts in combination with the plain goods. Ten yards of double-width woolen goods are sold as a press pattern, and in the new combinations there are two and a half yards of fancy striped or figured stuff with seven and a half of plain material. The plan remains in favor of using plain goods for the corsage, sleeves and drapery, continuing the figured material to the lower skirt, and as garniture for the plain corsage. A panel, a border at the foot, a narrow front breadth, or else the entire front and side breadths, are to be made of the figured goods, and if a sash of the material is used, the figured fabric forms the end of the wide sash of the plain stuff. On the basque there are figured striped brotelles, or revers, or a plastron, and in many cases an entire vest in the fashion of the present season. The very high band or officer's collar and the small cuffs may be of velvet or plush entirely different from the other parts of the dress, but they are also made of the figured or striped goods. Flounces are not used on these heavy fabrics, and plaits of skirts are very scant, with all their breadth thrown on the outside to look wide, while many skirts have the front and sides entirely plain, with plaits only in the back.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The Mexican Government has resolved on undertaking a geological survey of the whole of Mexico, as far as practicable, and it has appropriated $10,000 for the preliminary expenses. A survey on an extensive scale can not fail to have an important influence in developing Mexican mineral resources.

A DELIGHTFUL LOCATION.

Why a Seeker After Rural Delights Keeps His Chopping Knife in Tip-Top Order.

At this season of the year to find a country friend who has desirable camping-out facilities on his place is considered the very best of good luck. Such a one is Mr. Ferryman, of Berkeley. This gentleman is a lord of the manor, whose possessions range from the prosperous valley in the neighborhood of the station named in his honor to the tops of the lofty hills clad in eternal chaparral.

Some days ago Mr. Ferryman perceived a friend on the boat. The friend had blankets, tent and frying-pan with him. Unmistakably he was bound for the woods.

"Where are you bound for?" said the Berkeley squire, genially.

"Oh, nowhere in particular," replied the seeker after rural delights. "Just going to lay out for a night or two."

"Shot your family along?" inquired Mr. Ferryman.

"Ay, the whole lot of 'em," said the friend.

"Well, then, why not come and camp in the canyon in the rear of my house?" said Mr. Ferryman. "There's wood and water and good shade, and if you should want anything from the house you've only got to ask for it."

This suited the camper, and with the hospitable Ferryman he pursued his tortuous path up the canyon. The air was balmy and the place came up to all its proprietor had claimed for it as a camping ground.

"Now here is a good place to halt, just by this cabin," said the friend, dropping his blankets.

Mr. Ferryman glanced uneasily at the cabin. "Well, 'tis pretty good," he said, "but I think you might find a more suitable place higher up."

"Can't get anything better than this," said the friend. "What's in the cabin, anyhow? I see a padlock on the door."

"Oh, nothing of any particular value. Still I really think you might come farther along the canyon."

"Why, confound it, man, you don't think I'm going to break into your old cabin. No, I stay right here," and he proceeded to get up his tent and collect wood for a fire. When the axe rang on the dry oak stumps Mr. Ferryman excused himself hurriedly on the plea of meeting some friend at the house, and the camper noted that as soon as he got round the bend he cast an uneasy glance over his shoulder and then ran as if pursued by a grizzly.

Early next morning the camper was rather surprised at the interest the neighbors seemed to take in his unpretentious little outfit. The tops of the various hills which commanded a view of his camp were tenanted, and some brought opera-glasses. "Surely," he thought, "camping out can not be so rare an occurrence in this canyon, yet these people take an interest in my tent. Curious that they do not come nearer and examine it if camping be such a novelty in this quarter." But they did not, nor did Mr. Ferryman himself put in an appearance. The next day the camper struck tent and departed. His surprise was increased by remarking the number of people who accompanied him to the station, but did not come near him, all following at some distance.

"The most remarkable experience I have ever had," he said. "I wonder what peculiarity about my get-up attracts the curiosity of these good people?" On the cars he met an acquaintance and explained to him the odd manner in which the Berkeleyans had acted. "And furthermore," he said, "I never have caught a glimpse of Ferryman since."

"Where did he put you?"

"Close by a little cabin in the canyon."

"A cabin!" ejaculated the friend, moving off from him, and regarding him with astonishment.

"Great heaven! Have you caught the infection, too? Yes, a cabin. What about it?"

"Why, no wonder the people stared at you. That cabin is a giant powder store-house, and of course the spectacle of a man camping by it and hammering at wood and building fires must have impressed them with the belief that he was a lunatic. And I appeal to yourself if they had not good grounds for such a supposition."

The camper felt for chopping-knife. "I see it all now," he said with a gasp. "If Ferryman comes this way, just hold me back, will you? I think there might be an unpleasantness if we should meet. Great heavens, what an escape I've had!"—*San Francisco Wasp.*

A SILVER-SHOD HORSE.

The Way a Wealthy Woman Disposed of Part of Her Income.

A visitor to the Westinghouse stables, in the East End, sees among an array of handsome blooded horses one of peculiar beauty of color and carriage. Casual notice is quickened into close inspection when it is noticed that the horse never moves. He is dead. Though lifeless, he is, perhaps, the only horse in America to-day which wears a full set of solid silver shoes. Mrs. George Westinghouse is the leader of the East End fashionable life. Her dresses are the costliest, her receptions the most brilliant and her turnout the finest in the city. Her husband is said to have settled an income of $150,000 per year in pin-money upon her. She is a lady of artistic taste and a year ago she decided upon a team of cream-colored horses, with flowing, snowy manes. Such horses are as rare as they are beautiful, but Mrs. Westinghouse, nothing daunted, set about to procure them. Four agents were employed, and for months the country was scoured, and stables and stock-farms were ransacked to find the silver-tipped horses. At last the team was turned over to their delighted mistress. They cost but $3,000, but the expense of getting them was enormous. Mrs. Westinghouse, early in the use of her new acquisition, became concerned as to what she should do if one of them should die. The agents who secured the first pair were sent out to secure a third. They were successful, and the three beauties were soon on friendly terms. The strangest part of the story is, perhaps, that what Mrs. Westinghouse feared, the death of one of the original pair, occurred but two weeks after the third had been acquired. So much had Mrs. Westinghouse become attached to the horse that she ordered him sent to New York to a well-known taxidermist to be stuffed. There he was treated to silver shoes, and given as near as possible a look of recognition, so that when his mistress enters the stables none appears more glad to see her than he. The horse is groomed, blanketed and attended as carefully as if alive. His bed is always made, and his manger is always full of hay.—*Pittsburgh Cor. Philadelphia News.*

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Bits of Information from the Centers of the Beau Monde.

Wide sashes of velvet are now in vogue.

Tulle gowns are trimmed with pearl fringe.

Striped guipure is the new material for tea gowns.

Very showy is an evening wrap of bright steel gauze.

Fresh butter is the newest color in satin and rich brocade.

Emu feathers border a novel mantle of rich Sicilienne.

A stylish evening dress of black tulle is garnished with gold thistles.

Crepe de chine is one of the most popular materials for evening dresses.

Gauze fans are decorated with landscapes and mounted on ebony sticks.

A fan of pale pink satin is exquisitely hand-painted in bright colored flowers.

Exquisite is a dress pattern of pink satin, brocaded in small silver feathers.

"Grant" braid is one of the novelties in dress trimming for fall and winter.

Field flowers mounted on flexible stems trim garden party dresses and hats.

White lace embroidered in colored silks are used to finish silk and satin toilettes.

Cream canvass worked with Marguerites in bright floss silks forms a pretty costume.

Wide ribbons and soft silks of all sorts are much used for sashes and sash draperies.

The new moire antique ribbons are preferred to all others for loops and ends on thin French dresses.

A butter-colored dress, embroidered with silver Marguerites, is trimmed with trails of Banksia roses.

A striking toilet of bright canary satin, decorated with graduated rushes of many colored silks, attracts much attention.

Plain cream white organdie muslin forms a dainty dress, which is finished with a multitude of ruffles edged with Valenciennes lace.

The newest hood for evening wear is formed of pink silk, covered with cream lace and ornamented at the top of the head and at the back of the neck with ribbon bows. The ends are crossed and are thrown over the shoulders.

Really novel is a tea gown of cream satin brocaded in pines, with small green leaves and flowerettes, trimmed with gold braid and shaded green beads. In front from the throat to the feet there is a drapery of twine-colored gauze worked in green and gold.

Pale blue crepe and moire forms an elegant toilette. The pointed bodice opens over a long chemisette of crepe and the front is trimmed with a cascade of crepe flounces, while at the side are panels of moire, edging a drapery of crepe, secured by flots of moire ribbon.

Pompadour muslins have skirts made with graduated pulls, separated by lace which is mounted over ribbon the color of the bonnet. The bodices of these pretty dresses are gathered and have brelelles of velvet or ribbon covered with lace; the braces cross, and one on the left side falls on the skirt with a flot of ribbon.

For a bride the dress is to be made of white watered silk, heavily brocaded in large floral designs. The train will be very long and the heavy trimming of frost-like beads. *Demorest* says that nothing will do but the dull white appearance of snow for such a dress, and for this purpose there are to be special beads of cold-looking frosted crystal.—*Philadelphia Times.*

FUN IN THE MARKET.

An Eel That Couldn't Be Held Even as Well as an Ordinary Eel.

"Any one who lifts that eel out of the tank may have it," said Eugene Blackford yesterday to a crowd of persons who stood in Fulton Market before an open aquarium watching a large eel moving gracefully about in the water. It attracted attention because it was not a common-looking eel, such as may be bobbed for any day at low tide in Newtown Creek. A hardy-looking fisherman, who had probably caught many eels in his time, asked Mr. Blackford if he was in earnest, and being assured that the offer was made in good faith he tucked up the sleeves of his pilot-jacket and after briefly explaining to the crowd the precise manner in which an eel should be grasped to prevent it gliding through the fingers he plunged his hands into the water to practically illustrate how the thing was done. He seized the eel very artistically, but, with a sharp explosion of blasphemy, he let it go again before he had brought it to the surface. The eel swam around indifferently. It had evidently grown accustomed to such experience. The fisherman followed it with his eyes. "It stung me bad," was the only explanation he cared to offer to the wondering spectators. Just then a whistling boy came up, and looked at the eel because the others were looking at it.

"I don't see anything uncommon in him," he said, contemptuously. "I've ketched bigger ones than that."

"Say, Bob," said the fisherman, struck with an idea, "pick that eel out of the tank and follow me down to South street with it, and I'll give you a quarter."

Without stopping to make any inquiries as to the legitimacy of the offer, the independent lad grasped the eel. He liberated it immediately and uttered a yell that brought in the policeman who twirls his club just outside the fish market to see what the matter was.

Later in the day many persons touched the eel and tested its curious powers. After the contact some shrieked, some laughed and some looked frightened, but none essayed to meddle with it a second time. New comers continued to touch it, until Mr. Blackford, fearful that its vitality might be exhausted, put it into a high closed tank, and pasted this legend upon the glass: "Gymnotus, or Electric Eel." The tank contained several "bell-benders," and the eel shocked them very much and caused them to spring around in the lively manner. It was given to Fish Commissioner Blackford by Mr. Donald Burns, who received it early yesterday morning from the Amazon River. Captain Beans brought it with him in the steamship Finance. He is rather a handsome creature, and a great point in its favor is that it keeps its mouth always shut, except at meal times, and seems to breathe through two rows of holes on its head and neck. It is about two and one-half feet long, and rather disproportionately thick. It has a heavy fin, like the keel of a boat, running along the belly the entire length of the body. The throat is of orange color, and the head, though short and clumsy, is ornamented with two little flaps that look like ears. It can administer an electric shock as powerful as that of a small battery. A man yesterday touched it with a steel fish-knife, and he felt the shock as forcibly as if he had touched it with his bare fingers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MERCHANT AND MELON.

A Wealthy Bostonian's Experience with a Country Constable.

One of Boston's richest and most respected retired merchants owns a large country seat in the near suburbs. The other Sunday morning he rose at four o'clock and spent the morning hours in walking over his broad acres. On this particular occasion his dress was more indicative of a tramp than of a millionaire. He wanted to go to an adjoining field to pick a fresh melon for breakfast. Going out well into the middle he deliberately chose the finest one in the patch and hastened to make his way out. As he jumped over a stone wall and was about to enter the highway, some one from the rear rushed up like a tornado, and grasping his collar with no gentle hand, exclaimed, while shaking the old man with a vigor that made that person think of his school-days:

"A'n't yer ashamed of yerself, yer old tramp, to impose on a respectable man this way. Stealing melons, are ye! Well, you won't steal any more this week, you contemptible old vagrant. I don't want to hear any of yer guff; I caught yer, that's enough for me." Then, with another shake that made his victim's teeth chatter with fear, he made tracks for police headquarters.

On the way the old farmer recovered in a degree his self-possession and ventured to remonstrate with his stalwart companion.

"How dare you attempt such a thing," sputtered the irate victim as he was forced over the road, regardless of mud or water. "Do you think I'll stand it? No, I won't," he shouted. "Pretty country this, if a man can't pick a melon on his own field. I say there, Mr. Jones, come here and help me!" he yelled as he was traveling past a neighbor's house at an extraordinary rate of speed.

"Oh, shut up," puffed the sturdy policeman, as he tried to force "his man" along at a faster gait. "That gag don't work in these parts."

Suddenly the "copper's" chin dropped until it seemed to touch his waist-band.

A weary, troubled sort of an oath escaped his lips. Neighbor Jones had responded with alacrity to his friend's call, and seizing a crowbar, came down the driveway like a steam engine.

"What's the matter, Samuel? Where ever going?" he shouted.

"A'n't going nowheres, if yer'll help me. Make that jackass of a constable let go my collar."

The crowbar and a word of explanation had the desired effect. As the crestfallen officer turned his course toward the melon patch he muttered to himself: "The stingy old cuss! it was good enough for him."

The police force is still employed to guard the fruit-laden acres, but that particular constable has retired. His health was poor, the pay small and the experiences unsatisfactory. He is now trying to keep a first-class grocery.—*Boston Globe.*

BILL NYE.

An Amusing Incident Which Occurred When He Was Wearing the Ermine.

I was once a Justice of the Peace, and a good many funny little incidents occurred while I held that office. I do not allude to my official life here in order to call attention to my glowing career, for thousands of others no doubt could have administered the affairs of the office as well as I did, but rather to speak of one incident which took place while I was a J. P.

One night after I had retired and gone to sleep, a milkman called Bill Dunning rang the bell and got me out of bed. Then he told me that a man who owed him a milk bill of thirty-five dollars was all loaded up and prepared to slip across the line overland into Colorado, there to grow up with the country and acquire other indebtedness, no doubt. Bill desired an attachment for the whole wagon-load of goods, and said he had an officer at hand to serve the writ.

"But," said I, as I wrapped a "welcome" husk door-mat around my glorious proportions, "how do you know while we converse together he is not winging his way down the valley of the Pardee?"

"Never mind that, Judge," says William; "you just fix the docky-ments and I'll tend to the defendant."

In an hour Bill returned with thirty-five dollars in cash for himself and the entire costs of the court, and as we settled up and fixed the docket I asked Bill Dunning how he detained the defendant while we made out the affidavit bond and writ of attachment.

"You reckollect, Judge," says William, "that the waggin-wheel is held onto the axle with a big nut. No waggin kin go any length of time without that there nut onto the axle. Well, when I discovered that what's his name was packed up and the waggin loaded, I took the liberty to borrow one o' them there nuts for a kind of memento, as it were, and I kept that in my pocket till we served the writ and he paid my bill and came to his milk, if you'll allow me that expression, and then I said to him: 'Partner,' says I, 'you are going far, far away, where I may never see you again. Take this here nut,' says I, 'and put it onto the axle of the oft hind wheel of your waggin, and whenever you look at it hereafter, think of poor old Bill Dunning, the milkman.'"—*N. Y. Mercury.*

A Prolific Composer.

In 1815, Schubert wrote nearly a hundred songs, besides his symphonies and other compositions. Everything he touched turned to music, from the most lovely poems to the most worthless verses; the text mattered little to him if only he could set it to music. It was during this year that he wrote the famous "Erl-king," through which he first became known to the public. "When I finish one song," he says, "I turn to the next." He wrote with the greatest ease, and never corrected his work. We are told that once, during a stroll through a little village, he happened to see a volume of Shakespeare, and on reading "Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings," he said "Oh, such a melody has come into my head; if only I had music-paper at hand!" Some one drew some staves on a bill of fare, and there, amid the noise and confusion of an inn, he wrote the lovely song that bears that title. Schubert was obliged to support himself from his songs, and as few of them were ever published, it is a mystery how he ever managed to live.—*Agatha Tunis, in St. Nicholas.*

—According to a Boston paper that has given special attention to the matter, more than twenty cen eanrians have been brought to public notice in the last three months.