

REQUESTED TO RESIGN.

In a rather luxurious furnished office, behind a carved oak desk, sat a man on the right side of forty—a man who looked just what he was—a live, bright, shrewd and successful American railroad official. For nearly two hours General Superintendent Lockwood, of the United States Midland railroad, had been opening his mail (the accumulated correspondence of several days) and keeping his stenographer busy taking down replies and sundry memoranda. The stack of letters and telegrams had very perceptibly diminished when the door of the office opened to admit an old man. Not a very old man, perhaps, and yet one whose shoulders were decidedly bent, whose hair was scant and grizzled and whose weather-beaten face was marked with many a deep furrow.

Half way from the door to the large desk, cap in hand, the man stood while Mr. Lockwood finished the dictation of a long letter. Then the official looked up.

"Ah, Rainsford," he said, "good morning. Let me see. I said 10:30. You are ahead of time. Just take a seat and I will be through here in less than fifteen minutes."

The man seated himself in one of the capacious, leather-seated chairs, while the superintendent went on with his work as though there had been no interruption.

Having dictated a reply to the very last letter in the stack, Mr. Lockwood rose from his chair and walked over to where his visitor sat. On his way he lit a cigar, and then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, thus began:

"You have worked for the company—how long, Rainsford?"

"Thirty-three years, sir."

"In the cab all that time?"

"Every year of it. Three years firing and thirty years an engineer."

"It's a good record, an almighty good record, Rainsford."

Mr. Lockwood coughed, a little, hard, dry cough not caused by the cigar smoke. Then he walked to his desk, walked back, and coughed once more. "Yes, it's an excellent record. But, has it ever struck you that you are not as young as you were thirty-three years ago? You know, Rainsford, every dog has his day. We are all growing old. It is merely a question of time."

The superintendent smiled grimly, and the engineer smiled also, though he could by no means comprehend the drift of the official's morosely remarks.

"Well, sir," said he, "there's no denying what you say. I can't as limber as I used to be. A man on the shady side of sixty can't exactly call himself one of the boys. But, please, God, Mr. Lockwood, I'm equal to a good many more runs before we go into the round-house for the last time."

Mr. Lockwood coughed again, and looked the asses off his cigar.

"The fact is, Rainsford, that we are going to make several changes on the Midland. I've been put in here by the directors and they expect a good deal out of me—more than I can get out of the road as it is manned at present. I believe in young men, so, though I have nothing whatever against you personally, I shall have to request you to hand in your resignation. Let me see; this is the twenty-second—let us say on the last of the month."

The words fell on old Dick Rainsford's ears with a dull thud. Such a possibility as this, while he was still in good health—sound mentally and physically—had never entered into his mind. Thirty-three long years of faithful service in sunshine and in storm, in prosperity and in adversity, through evil report and good report, under receivers and under presidents, through strikes and financial panics—the thirty-three best years of his life, and then a request to resign.

The fine old fellow's tongue was tied, and he did not even make an effort to move. He just sat still and twirled his cap in his fingers while over and over and over the words followed each other through his partially-stunned brain—requested to resign.

Even the cold-blooded, selfish and calculating official was a momentarily affected.

"We might find a crossing or a target or something of that kind for you to put in your time at; that would be easy for you and might help you out a bit. We don't want to be hard on you, Rainsford—indeed, that isn't the question. It's a matter of business and expediency, for you may be sure that the directors do not run this road for glory and can not afford to work it in the interest of a lot of pensioners. So—"

"That will do, Mr. Lockwood," said Dick, hoarsely, as he slowly arose on hearing the

word pensioner. "Never mind the crossing—I am an engineer, not a gate-keeper. You shall have my resignation just as you desire."

With a heavy, dragging step, Engineer Rainsford descended the long flight of steps which led from the general superintendent's office to the street. But he did not turn his face homeward. Strangely enough he sauntered towards the little cemetery on the outskirts of the town and paused before a grassy mound at the head of which was a white marble slab that told its own story in the words: "Sacred to the memory of Martha Rainsford."

Dick sat there silently for half an hour, and when he rose to go only said, oh very quietly:

"I'm glad you went first, wife. I wouldn't have wanted you to see me discharged, Martha."

As for Mr. Lockwood, when Dick left his office he threw himself into the very chair which had been vacated. He stretched his legs, pulled very hard on his cigar, and muttered to himself:

"It's dirty work, Lockwood, but it's business. 'Business or bust' is my motto from now on. Poor old cuss, he takes it badly to heart, too. Well, it's done and I'm glad of it. I shall like it a good deal better when I

am rid of all such confounded old fossils as Dick Rainsford."

It was the thirty-first day of the month, though the thirty-first day of the month was still very young. It was about two o'clock on a pitch-dark night, and the limited mail train on the United States Midland railroad, was running west, fifteen minutes behind time.

In the sleeping-car Superintendent Lockwood was just preparing to "turn in," and as he stood by his berth, divested of his coat, collar, etc., he glanced at his watch and also at the time schedule.

"More than fifteen minutes late, and no earthly reason for it. Well, it's that old slow-coach's last trip on the Midland."

Dick Rainsford it was, indeed, who stood in the cab of the mighty locomotive which bravely snorted onward through the rain and the darkness. With his hand on the lever, Dick peered with one eye into the dense blackness ahead, while the headlight only seemed to render yet more dense and black, while with the other he watched the steam-gauge.

With him for fireman was Bob Lockwood, the young brother of the superintendent, who was really serving his apprenticeship with old Rainsford with a view to mastering the intricate machinery of a locomotive.

"It's pretty hard on the old girl," shouted Dick to his assistant—meaning by the "old girl" the ponderous locomotive. "We've got four extra coaches on, and the rails



THEY PRESSED THE DOOR CLOSE.

as slippery as a mess of cels. Warm her up, Bob; we haven't got any too much steam."

The fireman shoveled in fuel until the perspiration poured off his grimy brow, the result being that there was, before long, a perceptible increase in the speed of the mail-train.

"Give it to her again, Bob," said Dick, when half an hour had elapsed.

The fireman complied, and the giant engine throbbed with the soothing water in her boiler, while the roar of the flames in the furnace almost drowned the clatter and rattle of the wheels.

Suddenly there was an extraordinary roar and a loud noise of hissing steam. The door of the furnace flew open with a crash, and the cab of the locomotive was enveloped in flames.

Both Dick Rainsford and his fireman were involuntarily forced back from their places in the cab.

"Shut the furnace door!" roared Dick, and the two men, seizing the coal shovels, attempted to close the heavy iron door. But it was a vain effort. They pushed the door close, but it was forced open immediately, and they could not stand within a shovel's length of the furnace because of the relentless flames, with which were mingled clouds of escaping steam.

Rainsford knew only too well what was the trouble. The safety blow-back valve had burned out or broken near or in the smoke-stack, and the steam, instead of escaping in the usual way, was blowing back through the flues, forcing itself and the deadly flames through the furnace door into the cab.

The train was now running at full speed, and if the locomotive could not be "shut off" at once it would be impossible to avert a most fearful catastrophe. Dick knew this, and so did young Lockwood. But no man could stand in that doomed cab for ten seconds and live—nay, not for ten seconds—both of the men knew that.

"It's my last trip anyhow," said Dick to himself. Aloud he shouted, almost savagely: "Get back there, out of harm's way—tell them how it was, Bob!"

And the old engineer, who in all his thirty-three years on the foot-plate had never shirked his duty or shown the white feather, with iron nerve and with the courage of a hero-martyr, plunged into the roaring furnace-trap. The flames whirled about the brave old man as he shut off the steam, and the cruel heat singed the grizzly beard, blackened the gray locks and charred to a crisp the blue overalls as he threw over the lever, but before the engineer felt back on to the wet coals in the tender he had done his work and done it well.

But when the train came to a standstill and the remorseful superintendent and grateful passengers stood around the blackened and lifeless body of their plucky senior, they knew, sadly enough, that Dick Rainsford had indeed resigned.

W. H. S. ATKINSON.

An Interesting Place to Visit.

The cash room of the Treasury Department is an interesting place. It is one of the handsomest rooms in the world, certainly the most beautiful piece of architectural work in Washington. The ceiling is very high, and about midway between floor and ceiling there is a balcony around the wall. It is of bronze. Visitors always go to the cash room and look down upon their public servants handling millions of gold, silver and greenbacks. The paying tellers here deliver all of the money which goes out of the Treasury. The paymasters of the army and navy and the disbursing officers of the other departments come here and draw immense sums for disbursement among the employees of the Government. Here any one and every one may come for change. People go in throngs and form long lines in the cash room, waiting their turns, just before Christmas, getting bright new pennies by the hundred for distribution among the children. A little pocketbook filled with bright new coppers makes a very welcome Christmas present for little boys and girls.

The Tune Was Appropriate.

The reporter for the Associated Press did not mean to perpetrate a joke. He merely wrote out and sent for cold type the actual occurrence. There was a great procession and President Cleveland was reviewing the troops in New York City. The time was about two weeks before his marriage with Miss Folsom. The reporter wrote: "As Gilmore's band passed the reviewing stand they struck up the popular operatic air, 'For he's going to marry Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum,' and the President smiled as he bowed to the leader."

Forever and Ever.

"Charley, dear," said the rustic young girl, "will you love me as now and cling to me always?"

"Yes, darling," replied the matter-of-fact lover; "I'll stick to you as tight as that war on your chin."—Arcola Record.

STREET LESSONS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses On an Every Day Topic.

What Can Be Learned From Our Great Business Thoroughfares—All Equal in the Street—The World of the Future.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn Dr. Talmage took for his subject: "The City Streets." His text was: "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets." Proverbs 1:20. He said:

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountains, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature-day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star, in the great harmonies of the universe. The springtime is an evangelist in blooming preaching of God's love; and the winter is a prophet—white bearded—announcing we against ourselves. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature; but how few of us learn any thing from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your merchandise, your mechanism, and to your work, and you come back again—and often with an indifferent heart you pass through the streets.

Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no truths growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil, and pain, and pleasure, and the slow tread of old age, and the quick step of childhood? Are there great harvests to be reaped; and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets."

In the first place the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By ten o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and shuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smokestacks, and with the roar of traffic. Once in awhile you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do; but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets, on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a host of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this way with a load of goods, digging a cellar or shingling a roof, or shoving a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms, and thousand eyes, and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work! work! work! while the mills drum it, and the steam whistles file it. All this is not because men love toil. Some one remarked: "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity, with stern brow and uplifted whip, stands over them ready whenever they relax their toil to make their shoulders sting with the lash. Can it be that, passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business, you do not learn any thing of the world's toil, and anxiety, and struggle?

O, how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many exasperations endured—what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what despair. Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street, and I would stand there and you, it has seemed to me a great pain, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid, tossed and turned aside, and dashing about and driven back—beautiful in its confusion and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and you see in the best place, the best place; but in the rushing, swirling, raving street is the best place to study man. Going down to your place of business and coming home again, I charge you look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrows, all the losses, all the suffering, all the bereavements of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before the throne of the living God. This is the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will raise up and call you blessed; and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in Heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry, and sick, and wandering, and lost, and heart-broken. That is the man, that is the woman," and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry, and ye fed me, I was naked, and ye clothed me, I was sick, and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to these poor waifs of the streets, ye did it to me."

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commune. We sometimes cultivate a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boresness. Gloves hate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head; and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild cypresswood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not to be so. The astronomer must come down to the stargazer, and the lawyer must come down to the layman, and the surgeon must come down to the patient, and the chemist must come down to the laborer, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soil. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheels clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Every class of people meets every other class. Independence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. O that it were what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all." I like this democratic principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that we stand before

God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs; whatever position you have gained in society, you are nothing but a man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed by the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledged not only the fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right, and to get to Heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much influence how much temptation to covetousness, and to be discontented with our humble lot. Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to vanity. Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurements to dissipation. In the maelstroms of the street, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck. If a man of war comes back from a battle, and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes, and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the main-mast. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of the sharp-shooting of business life, and yet sails on, victor of the temptations of the street. O! how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they perished. They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an ax and could split open the beams of that fine house perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very belt were there: a smash of the poor man's sweat. O! it is strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indignation? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him and the earthquake to swallow him and the fire to consume him and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of Heaven are distributed some of the brightest will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of a street as they were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretensions and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what two facedness! Do all the people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? In there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show window?

Passing up and down these streets to your business and your work are you not impressed with the fact that much of society is hollow and that these are subterfuges and pretensions? O, how many are there who swagger and strut, and how few people who are natural and walk. While fops simper, and fools chuckle, and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh. The courtesan and the littering go down the street in beautiful apparel, while in the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create you incredulity and misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem; but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to King Eglon, and while he stands in front of the King, stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

Again the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering, and want and wretchedness in the country; but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls, and drunkenness staggers, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for aims. Here want is most squallid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man going along a street in New York saw a poor lad and he stopped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write? If you made no answer, the man asked the question twice and then: 'Can you read and write?' and then the boy answered with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said in defiance: 'No, sir; I can't read nor write either. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't He take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him? and haven't I had to go along the street to get something to fetch home to eat for the folk? and didn't I as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up food, and never have no schooling?' God don't want me to read, sir. I can't read nor write neither."

O, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. If you are not willing to go forth yourself then give of your means; and if you are too lazy to go and too stingy to help then get out of the way and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest when Christ's chariot comes along the horse's hoof will trample you into the mire. Behold the thousands of the destitute of your city in the last great day rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. One cold winter's day as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York he saw a little girl seated at the gate shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for this cold day?" "O," she replied, "I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why," said the man, "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "O," she said, "my mother died last week and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, my dear, though I am gone and your father is gone the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie; she said somebody would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." O, yes, they are waiting for you. Men of great hearts gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on every face I meet between here and Brooklyn bridge, or walking the whole length of Broadway. When you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the streets, I hear the tramp of a great host, marching and marching for eternity.

Beyond the office, the store, the shop,

there is a world, populous and tremendous, blessed through God's grace, may you reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those boulevards and the streets are arched with the conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toil. A river flows through that city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and trees of life laden with everlasting fruitage bend their branches to dip the pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. O, Heaven, beautiful Heaven! Heaven, where our friends are. They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by a "multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery, sweeping all round the heavens. Thousands of thousands. Millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through that gate into that city. O, start for it to-day. Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God, take up your march to Heaven. "The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching Heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and there were twelve pearls."

THE KAISER'S TITLE.

William II. Is German Emperor, and Not Emperor of Germany.

Should it be "Emperor of Germany" or "German Emperor?" This is one of the questions periodically in dispute. Every year or so the same mistake is made, and is followed by the same correction. Some one speaks of the head of the German Confederation as the "Emperor of Germany," and then the fact is in the fire. Some one else of the "Superior-Person" type writes to say that he has always been taught to use the title "German Emperor" and would be glad to know if he is wrong in so doing. And then a day or two after all the special correspondents weigh in with an assurance that the Superior Person is all right and the "Emperor of Germany" all wrong. During the last day or two the disease has appeared and run its usual course. "The Court Circular," in its account of William II.'s visit to England, spoke of him throughout as the "Emperor of Germany;" "M. P." wrote to the Times to call attention to this fact, and to ask for explanations, and the explanations are to-day provided by its Berlin and Brussels correspondents. "German Emperor" is right, of course, and really it should not be very difficult to remember the fact, when the origin of the present German Empire is taken into account. The head of the old German Empire based his title, to a large extent, upon territorial right. But the modern head of the Germans bases his pre-eminence upon no considerations save those laid down in the Imperial Constitution. In 1871 the other German nationalities were much too jealous of the Prussians to restore the old empire for the benefit of their King. Instead they raised up a new empire, and gave it a new title, as a standing memorial of the various forces which brought it into being. William II. is "German Emperor": it is possible that he would like to be "Emperor of Germany;" but while he may long retain the former title, he is hardly likely ever to gain the latter.—London Globe.

GREAT WILL POWER.

Illustrations of How Some People Hold On to Life.

Three stories were told over after-dinner cigars the other day, showing the power of a man's will. One was of a young officer in the English army who was peculiarly stubborn and irascible. He had been confined to his bed after a severe attack of the heart and was unable to move. His physician asked one of his fellow-officers to warn him that he would never get out of bed again, that he might arrange his affairs before death. When the sick man was told what the doctor had said he arose in bed excitedly and said: "I will never get up again, eh? I will walk to the doctor myself and show him." He jumped to the floor, walked across the room and fell dead.

The other was about a sheriff out West, who, when arresting a man, was stabbed through the heart. He seized the man by the shoulders, after the blade had stuck him, pressed him to the ground, drew his revolver and deliberately thrusting it down the struggling prisoner's throat, pulled the trigger at the instant he himself died.

The third story was regarding another officer who was hunting down a thief. The man thought he had given his pursuer the slip, but just as he entered one door of a railroad car the officer appeared in the other. The thief instantly fired, the bullet penetrating his pursuer's brain. The officer, however, returned the shot, bringing his man to the ground. He then dragged himself along the aisle of the car, firing as he crawled, until his revolver was empty. He was dead when he was picked up, a second after he ceased to shoot.—Boston Gazette.

She Carried the Day.

"Maria," demanded Mr. Billus, "do you intend to wear that ridiculous hat to church this morning?"

"I certainly do, John," replied Mrs. Billus. "This is a lovely hat. There will not be a nicer one there."

"If you go to church with that thing, Maria," he stormed, "I'll wear the squeakiest pair of boots I've got!"

"I can't help it, John," said his wife, sweetly.

They were late at church, Mr. Billus wore his squeaky boots, every body looked round and saw the hat, and Mrs. Billus was happy. O, woman, woman! What fools men continue to make of themselves in thy name!—Chicago Tribune.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Truthful Statements Contained in a Recent Issue of the Sheet.

IT HAS FALLEN.—Mr. Wanamaker has refused to appoint us to the post-mastership of this town. The blow has at length fallen. Honesty, integrity, merit, intelligence and enthusiasm have gone for naught. A wall-eyed, hump-backed ignoramus, who can't spell gum, and can scarcely add two and two, is retained in preference.

Do we turn the other cheek?

Not much! The first thing we did after receiving the news last night was to burn up a vest which was purchased at Wanamaker's ten years ago. We shall never, never buy another dud from his establishment. We ask our friends to make the same resolve. The Nero must be brought to terms. His haughty form must be rubbed in the dust. He must be given to understand that the bulwarks of American liberty still tower aloft, and that no free-born American can be trampled on with impunity.

Sic Semper tyrannis! Which means that we have camped on his trail.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—Together with about twenty other gentlemen, we were sitting in front of the Crook House last Tuesday evening, when the Tuscan stage suddenly drove up, having unexpectedly arrived fifteen minutes ahead of time. One of the outside passengers had the appearance of a detective, and there was a sudden scattering of loungers. It was laughable to see Colonel Jones, Major Wickham, Judge Perdue, Professor Wise and others tumble over each other as they broke for the sage brush. An unfortunate accident occurred in this connection. The Hon. Timothy Shooks, late, of Indiana, probably believing that he had been sent for for barn burning, or horse stealing, fell over a bench in his hurry to abscond and broke his left leg, and it will probably be two months before he will be able to be about again.

A POSSIBLE MISTAKE.—Colonel Kebo Jones, who was pulled up to a limb by the boys the other night as a warning that no snide games will be allowed in any gambling house in this bailiwick, has called at the Kicker office to protest that we were mistaken in the way we sized him up in our local columns. He showed us letters of recommendation from prominent parties in Washington, Philadelphia and New York, and he exhibited the Testament given him by his mother twenty-three years ago and worn over his heart ever since. We may possibly have been mistaken in writing the gentleman up as a forger, embezzler, bigamist and escaped convict, and in encouraging the boys to pull his neck as a warning. If so, we are very sorry. The only way he can satisfy us of his integrity is to frown upon any thing like a skin game in his establishment in future.

SOLE AGENT.—We have been appointed sole agent in this town for the Kentucky Hemp Company, limited, and will be the only one handling their famous "No. 6" rope. This rope, as most of our readers are aware, is made for and exclusively used as neckties for bad men. It will stand the greatest strain, run easier, fit tighter and give more general satisfaction, than any other hanging rope in the market. No matter what sort of a neck a man has, this rope settles to the right spot at once. We sell it in twenty foot lengths at two dollars per length, and where more is wanted the price will be made satisfactory. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

THERE IS ONE.—In answer to "correspondent" last week, who asked if there was a railroad line running through this town, we replied that if such a line existed we had never heard of it in the two years of our stay. We now desire to inform him that there is a line—a branch of the U. P. Road—and that it runs two trains per day and gives excellent service. The manager of the line, Mr. Ben Davis, called at our office yesterday and handed us an annual pass over the line, and we take pleasure in saying that the cars are of the best make, the fare reasonable and that the line has done much to build up our town.

NOT YET.—We have often been asked why we did not establish a Daily Kicker, and many individuals have promised us their hearty support. In the first place we are now running under one roof a great weekly newspaper, a harness shop, a grocery, a feed store and a great boot and shoe house; and we haven't much spare time; and in the second place when we have any money to throw away we'll do it by establishing a school of philosophy for Indians. We've got a good thing as it is, and we don't sigh for the whole earth.—Detroit Free Press.

A venerable member of the House had watched the pages flitting up and down the aisles, and had indulged in considerable speculation as to why they were there. A day or two ago his curiosity became so great that he asked a fellow member: "Say, John, who are them boys that play around the hall?" "Why," was the reply, "they are pages." "Gosh all thunder!" said the astonished gentleman, "you don't mean to tell me them's all Sam Page's boys, do ye?"—Concord (N. H.) Monitor.

Catching frogs to sell them to restaurants is a brisk industry around Chambersburg, Pa. The hunter carries a torch which he flashes on the stream, and if a frog is there it sits dazed, and with a dexterous thrust of a spear he pins it.