ONLY FOUR WEEKS MORE TO LIVE.

This is the Best Missoury's Governor Can Do

for Brooks, the Murderer, St. Louis dispatch: The governor this morning rendered his decision in which he declines to grant a commutation of the sentence against Hugh M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, but granted a respite for four weeks.

The first news that young Brooks reernor had simply granted him a respite for twenty-one days. This he construed to mean that the governor intended to take time to fully examine the case. his attorneys announcing a respite of four weeks and stating that the governor refused absolutely to commute the sentence or interfere in the matter. This was a sad blow to Brooks' hopes, and he said that he could not understand it. He had felt confident that the governor would see his way clear to grant his appeal for commutation, but now all hope is gone and he must prepare for the end. There was no excitement and very little enriosity about the jail or four courts when the news came. and there doesn't s e a to be much interest taken in the matter by citizens

Mrs. Brooks said, after the governor's whereabouts of Mrs. Bayley, and will redecision was known to her: "I confi- turn to-morrow, when he will have somedently expected commutation for my son. The poor boy has never had a fair trial. In that, I believe every fairminded person will agree, whether he be an Englishman or of other nationality. Not an atom of justic has he had from the beginning to the end. My son is not guilty of murder, and I did hope that Governor Morehouse would save his life and spare his family from the grief don't know what I shall do. I have not determined on my plans. I wish I was at home. Beyond the pleasure of seeing my son, my journey of several thousand miles has been a fruitless one. I don't know whether my husband will visit Missouri again or not.

The lady broke down in her deep grief, and the sorrow and disappointment of both her and her daughter was very

The Minneapolis Flour Output.

Minneapolis dispatch: The Northsays: The mills ran unexpectedly heavily last week, and averaged over 25,000 barrels of flour per day. The week's rels the week-before, and 139,400 barrels fraud can only be guessed. for the corresponding time in 1887. The West Side Water Power company has some work to do which requires an empty canal, and the water was shut out Tuesday and kept out Wednesday and will be readily seen that at least one- Nevada. Judge Thurston, of Nebraska off, and many look for to-day to pracand cuts down the working capacity of the mills to quite a perceptible expast week, it taking the form of a conand abroad. The feeling is evidently gaining ground among conservative members of the trade, that values will rather advance than decline further. and there is an inclination to buy more freely in consequence. Local quotations for flour are the same as a week ago, but they are held more firmly with buyers bidding quite freely at figures higher than heretofore offered. Several orders of 10,000 to 15,000 barrels are reported to have been booked for export, and this branch of trade is regarded as of much more encouraging appearance flour for the week were the largest for

A Brutal Father Fittingly Punished. was committed by a father here that has the leagues to confer with a similar combeen seldom equaled in the state, and one mittee of the national republican commitwhich was followed by summary punishment by rightly indignant citizens. For some time past Gust Johnson, a home-Worcester, tied the youth to a post with a log chain and flogged him to a point where until Monday night, when he succeeded in making his escape to the woods, where he roamed about until Wednesday night withand as frightened as a wild animal. He reported his father's cruelty to the crew, and, with other indignant citizens, they waited upon Johnson Thursday night, and, and pitifully and promised so faithfully never to whip the boy again that he was lowered to the ground, and, after receiving a sound threshing, marched to the railway tank, and was given a cold bath.

It has since come to light that Johnson has been in the habit of tieing his son with a lock and chain for weeks at a time, feeding him on bread and water and administering a whipping every day. The people of the settlement.

A Disastrous Cloud-Butst. WHEELING, W. Va., July 13 .- Advices through Doddridge and Ritchie counties, say hundreds of farmers in those counties are absolutely ruined. On Monday even- tariff. ing a cloud burst, and in a short time the higher than ever buildings.

The Republican Committee. NEW YORK, July 13.-The republican national executive committee was in session Clarkson, New, Dudley, Fessenden and show it to be murder. She was a bright the Omaha fair, which convenes Sep-

BASELY BETRAYED.

Robbery and Desertion of a Devoted Husband by his Bride of a Month. MARYSVILLE, O., July 15. - Quite a sensation developed in our city yesterday morning by the report that Mrs. Emma ceived this morning was that the gov- years old. By care and industry he had, struck the strong iron railroad bridge here. married in Springfield, Ohio, to a Miss Emma Fleming, who, it is said, married him not for love, but in order to save her-Later Brooks received a telegram from self from expsosure for intimacy with a Raullsburg will reach \$125,000. wealthy and prominent married man of this city. Since her marriage she has striven in every way possible to get possession of what little property he possessed. He de-termined to go west, and, drawing his trunk, which she immediately appropriated and deserted

Boyley immediately went to Springfield and secured the arrest of Mrs. Magaw, a spiritualist and fortune teller of Springfield, as an accomplice, and brought her to Marysville this morning. She was released this afternoon. The detective who made the arrest left on the 5 o'clock train going east. While here he found a clew of the thing sensational to reveal.

IN MALE ATTIRE.

A Woman Masquerades for Six Years, But is Finally Exposed. Sloux Ciry, Ia., July 9.-A few days ago the officer of the Fort Madison penitentiary discovered that a prisoner conand shame that now hangs over them. I victed and sent up for horse stealing at this place was not a man, but a woman, and the was promptly transferred to the woman's department of the penitentiary. The woman was convicted under the name of Charles Miller. She had lived in this place under that name for six years and a half, and there never was a suspicion that she was anything but a man. She passed as the husband of a woman with whom she lived, and whom she supported by man's work. For two years she worked on a rented farm, and then earned a living for herself and family as a barber. About a year ago she and her supposed wife adopted western Miller, in its issue of to-day, a child, taking it from the poor house. She took a team from a livery stable and was convicted therefor, having maintained the fraud as to sex both through trial and in jail. The alleged wife has suddenly disoutput was 152,500 barrels-averaging appeared and cannot be found. Whence 25,420 barrels daily-against 109,200 bar | Miller came or what the motive for the

Getting Ready for the Campaign. NEW YORK, July 11.-The republican national committee at 3 p. m. received the Thursday. As all but three of the mills executive committee of the league repubdepend on this canal for their power, it lican clubs, headed by W. W. Johnson, of third of the week's output will be cut was introduced as their spokesman. He tically end this week's operations with said the coming campaign was one of war. the mills on the west side canal. The and that his committee came to receive inextremely hot weather lately prevailing structions as to their position in the battle. makes the wheat grind much less freely, Chairman Clarkson in reply said the national committee appreciated their adtent. There has been a very apprecia- vice and were glad to have the coble improvement in the flour market the operation in the campaign. It was decided to request the national committee to apsiderably better demand, both at home point a committee to confer with the executive committee of the league as to the best plan of utilizing the support of the league. Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, the woman's temperance advocate, was ushered into the rooms and in a long address presented plan for the tormation of woman's national republican club. At a meeting of the national committee to-night Senator M. S. Pennsylvania, Quay, chosen chairman, and State Senator J. S. Fassett of New York, secretary. They were also appointed to hold the same offices on the executive committee. The exthan formerly. The direct exports of ecutive committee was chosen as follows: M. H. DeYoung, Samuel Fessenden, Geo. several weeks. They were 59,200 bar- B. Davis, John C. New, J. S. Clarkson. rels against 31,700 barrels the preceding | W. C. Goodlee, J. Manchester Haynes, Garrett A. Hobart, A. L. Conger.

The presidents of state leagues of repubthe national republican committee. A PHILLIPS, Wis., July 15.-An outrage conference committee has been appointed, tee to-morrow.

The Iowa Railway Traffic.

Dubuque, July 13.—The last Iowa steader, has been punishing his 10-year-old | legislature passed a law requiring the R.R. boy in a most inhuman manner for some commissioners to fix a distance tariff for trifling misdemeanors. Last Sunday morn- Iowa railways to take effect July 10. An ing Johnson, who lives in the township of order was obtained by several of the roads from Judge Brewer on June 28, redeath would have been preferable. The straining the publication of the law, but little prisoner was not released after the the Commissioners claimed that the pubflogging, but left to suffer from his wounds | lication was completed before the restraining order was served. The tariff therefore went into effect on July 10. The out food or shelter. He was found by Secretary of the jobbers' and Shippets' a Wisconsin Central station crew nearly Association of this city telegraphed the famished and exhausted with hunger, Commissioners to learn if the new tariff was in effect. The Secretary answered that it was. The Dubuque shippers now announce their purpose to prosecute any with a rope, proceeded to string him up to railroad making a freight charge in exthe limb of a tree, but he begged so hard | cess of the rate fixed by the Commissioners. Under the law suit for violation of the tariff must be brought by the Commissioners, whenever such violation is called to their attention. The penalty for the first offense is a tine of not less than \$1,000 nor more than \$5,000; for each subsequent violation not less than \$5,000 nor more than \$10,000. The Commissionboy is now being taken care of by the ers may dismiss suits with the consent of Attorney General of the State. The officers of a railway company, making excessive charges, may also be indicted and the penalty recovered by criminal profrom Hughes river, a small stream flowing ceedings. So far, agents of railroads centering in Dubuque have received no instructions to use the Commissioners'

Was She Killed for Blackmailing! Des Moines special: An Ottumwa known. Every bridge on the stream special says Alice Kelly, a fine-looking is gone; houses, barns, granaries, woman 25 to 30 years old, was found and growing crops have disappeared dead at 7 o'clock this morning on the entirely, and piles of drift and debris are edge of the timber on the "Old Field" left ten or twelve feet deep in the valley. in the outskirts of the city. A horse For miles soil was washed off as clean as a and buggy standing hitched near at- Commissioner Henry Langle, of Liberty Mrs. Microbe, or the professor either, Boor, leaving a hard, smooth clay surface. tracted the attention of two passers-by, township, met with a singular and terrible in his own house; books, music, flow-The loss is placed at \$500,000. On Wed- who found the body covered by a lap- accident yesterday. Mr. Langle is a man nesday Terra Alta, Preston county, was robe, the throat cut, and head badly of heroic size, weighing 325 pounds and visited by a cyclone. The track of the cyclone lay through the heart of the town, an iron bolt a foot long. Miss Kelly's and twisted houses from their foundations and twisted houses from their foundations first appearance here was on June 13, both and the control of the town, and twisted houses from their foundations and twisted houses from their foundations and twisted houses from their foundations first appearance here was on June 13, both and the control of the town, and the control of the town, and the control of the cyclone. The track of the cyclone. The track of the cyclone. The track of the cyclone and twisted houses from their foundations and twisted houses from their foundations and twisted houses from their foundations are control of the cyclone. and carried roofs hundreds of feet from the when she registered at Dick's hotel as the knife up to the hilt in his bowels. A hailing from Detroit, Mich. About two weeks later she left and went to a private boarding house, and was arrested for jumping a board bill. She escaped on a point of law. Yesterday she left her boarding house, the proprietor reto-day. Vice-Chairman Clarkson, of Iowa, fusing to keep her longer, and went to presided in the absence of Senator Quay. the Revere house, where she took sup-Among the business transacted was the per. About seven o'clock last evening creation of a sub-committee for Minnesota, she engaged a buggy and drove alone Dakota and Montana, with Evans, of Min- to the green house, where she got a bonesota, as chairman, and a similar sub-committee for California, Oregon, Nevada hour later she was seen on Third street and Arizona, with De Young, of California, alone in the buggy. This was the last chairman. A committee consisting of seen of her. The nature of her wounds

Overflowing Rivers.

WHEELING, W. Va., July 11.-The rise in the Valley river at Grafton yesterday from rains for the past two days was unprecedented, and to the lumber interests of this section is disastrous. Thousands Bayley had left for parts unknown, taking of logs were swept away, booms destroyed. with her over \$800 of her husband's and mills near the river badly damaged. money. Mr. Sylvanus Bayley is a hard- several buildings were washed down the working young man about twenty-five river and crushed to atoms when they as a common laborer, accumulated about This flood so far is more disastrous to \$1,000. On the 13th of June he was Grafton than the fire of a year ago, and the loss to the town and section will not fall far short of \$250,000. The damage at Around Parkersburg the railroads have been badly washed out in all directions. Farms are flooded and hundreds of acres of growing crops and harvested grain money from the bank, placed \$800 in his deluged. Millions of feet of timber were affoat in the swift current going to destruction. Every stream is out of its banks, and numbers of families have had to move to higher ground. Parkersburg losses are over \$100,000. At Clarksburg twenty houses were carried away and an inestimable amount of property has been ruined. Last night was a night of terror. The water reached the highest stage at 1 o'clock, and by those who remember the floods of 1852 it is conceded that it entirely surpassed it. The loss to the town and county cannot even be estimated, but is very heavy.

A Papal Encyclical Letter. DUBLIN, July 15 .- A papal encyclical letter was read to-day in all the Catholic churches in the diocese of Dublin. In it the pope says he has heard with regret that excited meetings have been held at which inconsiderate and dangerous regarding the recent papal decree have been uttered. He has seen forced interpretations put upon the decree, and statements made that it was prepared withoutsufficient inquiry having previously been made. The pope says his decree was based upon the most complete information, His holiness reiterates his affection for the Irish people, and says he has always urged them to keep within the bounds of justice and right. The bishops, he says, must remove conception and leave no room for doubt as to the force of the decree. The whole system of the plan of campaign and boycotting is condemned as unlawful. The encyclical letter causes intense dissatisfaction. At Bray the people left the church during the reading of the letter.

Horrors of the Flood in Mexico. St. Louis, Mo., July 11.-Late advices from Leon, Mexico, the principal scene of the great flood, say that masses of people are packed in portals, stables and every available place of shelter, averaging one person to less than a square yard of space. Everything possible is done to relieve the suffering. Children up to 12 years of age are among these masses without a thread of clothing, and at night are wrapped in whatever rags the family has for covering. In view of the nature of the buildings involved-they being constructed of adobe-and the great number of them which were destroyed, it is still believed that the bodies of many hundred people are in the ruins. Some three hundred were recovered, but the stench was so great that further search was abandoned.

A New Counterfeit.

Washington dispatch: Yuisse Crugiera, an Italian, was arrested in a furniture store in this city while attempting to pass a counterfeit \$5 silver certificate of the new issue. The appearance of the note aroused the suspicion of the salesman, and Crugiera was arrested. He said that he had just come from New York, knew nothing about the note, and did not remember where he got it. The note was examined at lican clubs held a conferenc to-night with the treasury department, and protroit. They are said to have been made by Charles Johnson, alias Davis, a notorious counterfeiter who was arrested in Toronto for making money on his own account.

Calling Upon Gen Harrison. INDIANAPOLIS, July 12 .- A number of visiting delegations have called upon General Harrison. The principal event of the day was the reception of a delegation of about 2,000 persons from Boone county, accompanied by three bands and which might have held two or D. C. livered an address on behalf of the delegation, to which General Harrison replied. and concluded by thanking them for their early interest in the campaign. After the speaking was over an informal reception and general handshaking took place.

Brutality of a Father and Son. DECATUR, Ill., July 12 .- Marion county is terribly worked up over a dastardly assault committed on Blanche Peck, the 17-year-old daughter of a wellto-do farmer living rear Argenta. The girl, who bears a clean reputation, was found this afternoon tied to a pose. She charges Alfred Williams and his son John with committing the crime. the country all day in search of them.

The Engineers Stand Alone. Cleveland dispatch: Concerning the statement telegraphed from Philadelphia that several labor organizations of America would be consolidated, Assistant Chief Engineer Ingraham, of the Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood, says: "The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will stand upon its own strength, and will consolidate with no other organization. No such step has ever been contemplated by us. I know nothing of the intentions of other unions.

Accidentally Disemboweled Himself.

LANCASTER, O., July 15 .- Ex-County surgeon was quickly summoned from the nearest village, who pronounced the ghastly wound most probably a fatal one.

-The B. & M. has established a commercial agency in Lincoln. This agency will look after the commercial interests of the entire Burlington system in the -The Union bank of Fairmont has

closed its doors. It is not thought the suspension will be permanent. -Secretary J. H. McShane is sending out the fourth annual premium list for national headquarters, and to act for the that the murder is the result of her 8. Premiums amounting to \$20,000 will be given.

UPON THE BALCONY

Professor Paul Microbe sat intently gazing at the house across the way, and for once in his life lounged in perfectly natural position, with a relaxed and human look on his face. It would have been plain to the dullest that for once in his life, any rate, the professor had torgotten all about himself, his stomach, his dyspepsia and malarial tendencies, his theories on bacteria, and, more than all, the important fact that precisely at 6:15 it was his custom to partake of a pint of new milk scalded and two slices of stale Graham bread toasted. The professor was tall, lantern jawed, slabsided and sedate. He lived by theory; in fact, life itself was a theory to him; he had a theory by which he fed his stomach, a theory by which he pruned his mind and made it sprout only on the north or scientific side, a theory by which he raised his children, and innumerable theories regarding diseases on which he wrote books, taught in college, lectured in Boston and killed people in an experimental way. He only ate certain foods, and then only at certain times, and in the capacity of a guest would have been, I fear, thoroughly impossible. A person who sniffs at a salad and asks suspiciously "is that oil in it?" who holds your hospitably offered cup of tea off at arm's length while he rudely queries "green or black?" who can't or won't ride backward, nor sit in a room without an accurately measured amount of ventilation, is, I contend, a thoroughly impossible person and not to be thought of as a chum, a guest or in any of the more intimate relations of life. Your new milk will be h'old if you do Professor Microbe lived in a city tar

removed from this gay, seductive southern town, and his duty was far from here, but what with his theories, his dyspepsia and his skim milk system of starving his stomach, he had pretty nearly experimented himself off into the land from which no experimenter has yet returned, and had been ordered off south for a complete change of scene, food, air and mode of

Said his doctor to him: "For heaven's sake, man, quit your fooling with yourself; shake yourself together and live as God Almighty intended you should. You are a monster now-a deformity. Eat plenty, drink plenty, laugh, go to the opera, to the theatre, dance, and, it Mrs. Microbe here will let you, fall in love." "If that is your theory, of course, doctor," said that sandy lady. Mrs. Microbe really was a lady who seemed to grit in the teeth. The professor had married her in pursuance of a theory, and the result of that marriage had been two or three surly, unruly, ill mannered cubs, who bid fair to grow to man's estate heartily hating theories and theorists. And so, to cut a long story short,

the professor came south, leaving behind him everything and everybody which comprised life from his point of view. The savants welcomed him, and made much of him, therefore he liked the south. A man would think it fair summer at the south pole if only there was some one there to keep his vanity warm. But the hotel did not suit him, as he was constantly uncertain about the newness of his milk and the age of his Graham bread, and so, by a stroke from Fortune-a merry dame who marked him for a victim, and intended to have some fun with him -he found lodgings in a charming nounced to be one of the counterfeit old Spanish house in the very heart issue discovered last February in De- of the French quarter. It was a room quite too lovely for desecration by a dusty old professor, however distinguished, who lived on theories and oat meal mush and was full of bacteria. It was a front room in an entresol over a furniture shop, with arched Spanish windows blinking out on a balcony of wrought iron of most exquisite beauty, In a corner of the balcony stood one of those grand old water jars with peeling sides of yellow, brown and salmon three of the "forty thieves," but instead was full of earth, for a splendid rose vine that clambered all over the railing and sent its tender, sweet perfume stealing shyly into the room so desecrated by microscopes and bottles of liver pills and bundles of medicated red flannel, and the Lord knows what in the way of instruments for the detection and location

of bacteria. There was a faded Axminster carpet on the floor, a carved bed in which had slept a king of France and a prince of Spain, an armoir large enough for a tomb for some Italian benevolent association, a dressing post, where she had been left by the vil- stand inlaid with mother of pearl, lains after they had accomplished their pur- | cabinets, arm chairs, tete-a-tetes covered in frayed brocatelles that had cost a fortune a yard, a pier glass and officers and farmers have been scouring | that one could not break with a sledge hammer, faded tapestries at the arched doors, old marble vases in the niches where once some demoiselle had praved to her shrined Virgin, and in the midst of all this the professor, or, to speak correctly, his belongings, for at the moment the learned member of a dozen scientific societies, the eminent Fellow and Ph. D., was hanging over the balcony watching the

house across the way. Wax tapers burned on the marble table and the steam had ceased from the pint of new milk in its fragile bowl, but still he sat watching the house opposite. He saw lights, colors and many persons moving about, chairs scattered any how in a fashion that would have scandalized ers, magazines, an open piano, a guitar, a dog all ruffled up in old gold ribbon, a cat jingling a silver bell at beer, and moving about here and there a glorious woman with night black hair piled on the top of her arms, daintily slippered feet and a laugh that seemed to stir the few refastened them on her breast, turning

cheek. As the roses fluttered on their new, sweet shrine, the professor reached out his hand, letting fall, unknowingly, a new work on bacteria, that he ought to have been reading, but was not. His fingers touched the rich blossoms of a rose upon the balcony railing; the petals felt soft and

cool to his nervous, acute touch; the perfume came up to his nostrils like the sweet breath of a child or a woman, and then his hand closed over the flower, tearing it from the stem and bruising it beyond repair. Down in the street all was gay and cheerful. Women stood in their shop doors chattering; open carriages rolled by; somebody in the piano shop was playing the quartet from "Rigoletto." and between the jalousies of a near house the professor could see a party

of men and women playing cards at a round table. A man who believes in bacteria will go to any length, and there is no doubt the professor, eyeing them pitifully, thought their frivolity the sign of unmistakable bacteria which he hoped to locate and discover some day. But to-night the professor was less disposed than usual to be critical or severe, and he leaned over the railing looking at life from a new point of view with such an unmistakably healthy and human curiosity as would have delighted his doctor. A crowd of opera singers came out of the restaurant at the corner, and as the latticed doors swung like pendulums, he had winks of views of a sanded floor, round tables, waiters in white linen jackets, little hillocks of golden bread piled on the counter, little green forests of chicory, tumblers of red wine. The opera singers were talking away and singing airily scraps of Rossini and Verdi as if there was nothing in the world so common as grand opera. The women were fat and reminded him of the rue de la Paix and the boulevard des Italiens, and the men had beautiful throats rising above their low cut collars. And then he looked over the way again. She was at the piano singing, with her beautiful head on one side like a bird's. "Monsieur Microbee, Monsieur!

not soon drink it up," called laughing Nanette from the balcony above the entresol and pelted him with a rose. Professor Microbe smiled. Not the way he smiled when he evolved a new theory or when he read his scientific papers, or even as he smiled in the stilly starched bosom of his own family, but a genuine smile that said. "I don't care, Nanette," and he caught the rose and fastened it in his button

The beautiful woman was going to the opera: A carriage was at the door, and she stood before the mirror, pulling out the rich puffs of her night black hair and fastening a red rose behind her ear. Her lovely arms were uplifted, and a song and a laugh came from her red mouth. Some one wrap ped a cloak about her, gave her her fan, glasses, gloves and flowers, and then she was gone.

Is it necessary to explain that Pro fessor Microbe followed her to the opera, nearly paralyzing Nanette when she met him in the corridor dressed in faultless evening attire and looking sc distinguished and every inch a profes-

He looked about the grand old building, crowded with women and here and there the black oasis of ε man, and he recognized with amazement and relief the familiar faces and bald heads and peculiar bumps of quite a number of learned professors and distinguished M. D's. These sat listening to the music of "William Tell," grunting contentedly over the sweetest passages and at the difficult bars, saying broadly and loudly, "Bravo! bravo!" as if grand opera and not bacteria, music and not metaphysics, was the very best thing in life. Under the mummy cloths in which the professor had persistently wrapped his soul, he was a good deal like other men. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do, nothing he wouldn't enjoy, if only he was kept in public countenance by those of his own kind, and the sight of those familiar bumps-for no man in the world who knew of such things could fail to recognize the bumps of our learned men, once he had seen 'em-did more to revolutionize the professor than gallons of pepsine or whateve might be the stuff dyspeptics are made of. He at once and forever flung his theory about midnight suppers to the deuce, as his doctor had ordered, when he heard her say to some favored mor-

tals: "come home to supper with us after the opera.' And that night after the opera he followed her home, and went again to his balcony to gaze into that free, jolly, joyous dining room, where no blinds were pulled down and where people sat about eating chicken salad with oil in it and boned turkey and cold breasts of pheasants with dry

He went into his room finally, and, heating up a little tin of water over the gas, took his nightcup-a cup of boiling water. What would Mrs. Microbe say to you scene of revelry and cold turkey, to the piano trolling out in the midnight air, to the gay voices, to him listening and watching outside? His thoughts went back to the pure if stiffly starched bosom of his family in their far off home; he remembered the sedate order of everything, the rules governing his always tidy home, the regular hours, the days for doing this and the days for doing that, the absolute correctness of everything and everybody. Life went on in a groove, and was narrow, but pure and sweet and clean. He had the best of it, he knew; over there was much tinsel and flippancy, and too much laughing and singing. He liked that too, or he thought he would if he might try it once. It was a little hard that oatmeal mush should be so tasteless and chicken salad so full of flavor. What would Mrs. Microbe say to a midnight supper in her leather hung dining-room. By no flight of fancy could he think of her as sweeping her hand around in a genial, general way, and saying to all who might be present: "Come home to supper, all of you. We will find something to eat, I

know." Professor Microbe wrapped his dressing gown around him and crept out upon the balcony. How jolly beautiful head, with bare neck and a they were across the way, singing arms, daintily slippered feet and a "William Tell." After all, did his theories and his oatmeal mush diet maining bristles on the professor's and his laws of abstinencedo him any head as he listened, so sweet and se- more good than "William Tell" and ductive it was. She wore a black and | boned turkey! "Live as God Almighty

them across the way upon the balcony. And the next day, in writing up items for the paper, I made the following: "Professor Ebenezer Microbe, the distinguished scientist, who has been spending some time in the city, returned home this morning, finding that the climate of the south did not agree with him."-Catharine Cole in New Orleans Picay-

Justice in Nevada.

high-topped boots and broadbrimmed hats well smeared with grease, met at the corner of Broadway and Seventh street, the other day, says the Oakland (Cal.) Herald.

"Hello, Jim!" said the tallest man, "I thought you wuz up in Nevada, When did yer come down?"

"Jest got in," replied the other. fur ther past year er two?" "Sort o' lively. Er little while after

you left Swaphorse Gulch I wuz erected chief ov perlice," "Sthat so?" "Yaas. Er few months after that I

knited Billy Botts fur makin' er fivecard draw an' catchin' four aces agin my four kings pat, an' by er speshul erlection I wuz made mayor of ther town without er dissentin' vote." "Yer don't say so!" "Yaas. Purty soon after that got stuck on Dave Sweeney's wife,

filled Dave with lead, got him planted out in ther corpse patch, an' married ther woman. Ther citizens showed ther erpreciation ov me by givin' me er gold-headed cane an' er interest in ther town-site."

"You wuz havin' er run ov luck. Whut made yer pull out?" "Waal, I got mad er few weeks ergo

an' made er fool ov myself." "How?"

"Twurz erbout er horse belongin' ter Joe Comstock, ther drayman. Yer see, Joe's horsegot inter my yard one day, an' begun ter eat up some flowers my wife had planted out in front ov the house. I got mad an' throwed er stun at him. It hit him on ther leg, an' made er ringbone. Ez soon az ther horse begun ter git lame Joe told ther citizens erbout it, an' they started out ter string me up to a tree; but I got onto 'em an' skipped ther town.' "That's tuff."

"I wouldn't care so much erbout it but I've jest heerd that sence I left Joe's gone ter livin' with my wife an is wearin' my black hat an' goldheaded cane, an' I hear thar's er move on foot ter elect him mayor in my place an' run him fur the Legislatur' next year."

A Curious Lightning Stroke. Atlantic Constitution.

The lightning's freaks have been strangely illustrated in Burke county, where the fluid struck one of the caba small, one-room cabin, was occupied by an entire family of seven. The house was struck upon the cone, the current running along the edge of the roof for several feet, thence to the inside, where it ran down the studding, which was about six inches in diameter, tearing it into splinters, this within two feet of the head of a bed occupied by two children. These were not even shocked, but the light ning flashed across the six feet intervening between the other bed occupied by the mother and three children, setting the bedclothing on fire and severely burning three of the children, but the mother was left unharmed. Thence the current ran into a chest under the bed, setting fire to the clothing in it. The eldest boy, 13 years of age, hasn't the smallest vestige of skin left on his back from small of his back to his heels, and his for his second lead. off from the hips down.

Equilibrium of the Sexes.

In Europe there is a greater excess of women in the north than in the states of middle Europe and the east, in some of which the women are in the minority. Through Europe as a whole, the number of women is very definitely in excess appears to be increasing. It was very great after the Napoleonic wars; then the numbers gradually tended toward equality, and | tempting to read the paper. nearly reached it (1847 to 1850. 1.009 to 1.000); then they diverged again, and stood in 1870, 1,037 to 1,000. The phases of increased difference are generally observable after wars, and, latterly, appear to be the result partly of the enormous emigration which has taken place to other quarters of the earth. In America, as a whole, and the Australia and Africa, on the other hand, whither this emigration with its preponderance of males is tending, the men are in excess, and the excess are increasing with the constant arrival of new parties of emigrants. Nevertheless, a near approach to equality prevails over the earth as a whole, and this whether we regard the white, black, or red races, or their mixtures.

Easy to Hit,

The following anecdote admits of wide and varied application. Most of us can apply it to ourselves if we will. It was the story of a minister who, With an agonized expression on his preaching in the pulpit of a brother face, he slowly produced a piece of clergyman, said some things about bent wire. There was no room for racing and fast horses.

He was told after the sermon that mit it. It was a hairpin. he had touched one of their best mem bers at a tender point.

"Well," said the preacher, "I cannot change my sermon for him." In the evening the man was introduced to the minister who said, "I unthat I was altogether unconscious of

the weakness when I said it." "Oh, never mind," said the man, "It is a poor sermon that does not hit me somewhere."

A few days ago a drunken Kentuckian of the name of "Dick" roamed around to the cafe of the New York hotel threatening her long fair arm after red roses crammed in a blue bowl. She gathered up a handful of the flowers and fastened them on her broact turning fastened to the fastened turning to "do up" any one who would not agree The professor reached out to Nan- and knocked him down. Before the Kenher head as she did, so that the un- ette's lovely rose vine, he plucked off tuckian knew what had happened he reregarded looker on had a most deli- every royal sweet blossom and, like a make his escape. The good-looking young becase he had married a young wife of rious profile of throat, chin and oval boy throwing snowballs, he flung man was Fred May.

A Home in India.

The Quiver for May.

A mud paved court, open to the sky-that glorious sun-illumined sky of India, that gives poetry to everything, but enclosed with walls and surrounded by a sort of arcade or veranda. Within it three or four women-wearing the loose trousers of Mussulman women and colored sarees like the Hindus-and several young girls. They were not handsome, being rather of the thick-lipped Nubian Two husky-looking men, wearing type; but several of them, and especially the elder woman, who teaches in the little school, looked intelligent, and they received us with courtesy and apparent pleasure. The children from outside were not present, a circumstance for which the elder woman apologized; but she brought forward her own children to be examined, and they acquitted themselves with credit, reading fluently from an Indian primer and answering "How's things been goin' up thar all the questions my friend put to them.

> This family, poor as their surroundings seemed to be, enjoys a moderate prosperity. Comfort, as we understand it, is unknown in Indian homes. Our next visit was to be to a Hindu family of the poorer class. Our scramble over rubbish heaps and drains recommenced, and landed us at the foot of a breakneck flight of stairs which, when we had ascended, we came upon the funniest little corner of the world in which it has ever been my lot to find myself. It was part of a house, but what part it was one found it difficult to make out. To me it seemed like a balcony or edge, hung on the side of the house. On one side, guarded by a high parapet, it was open to the sky, and looked down on a large, bare court; while on the other side was a range of untidy looking cupboards and cells. In this curious nest a little flock of

> women, young and old, with a few children were gathered together. They received us with the utmost courtesy-a grace that never deserts the Hindu at home-set for us the wicker stools that are kept for visitors, and drawing their sarees around them, squatted around us after their fashion. One and another, in the meantime, were pouring out little ejaculations of welcome, which my riend, who is a fluent speaker of Hindostani, answered smilingly. Presently there came out from a small enclosure, which was more like a bathing machine than anything else I can think of, a young and very pretty woman, with a small baby in her arms. The little creature, who appeared to be the latest arrival in the rowded nest, was handed round, kissed, praised and commented upon, while the young mother stood by smiling. I learned, upon inquiry, that sne was eighteen years of age, and

that this was her fourth child. The baby having received the fitting amount of attention, a bright little girl, with eyes as brilliant as stars, was brought forward to read her lesson. She was only seven years old, ins on McMaster's place. The house, and her readiness, intelligence and pretty, winsome manner made her one of the most bewitching little creatures I had ever beheld, while I must say that no English child of her years could have surpassed her in knowledge. Other little ones, who were not so brilliant, follollowed, and then the women took their turn, spelling out of the Indian primmer patiently.

Collision With a Hairpin. "Marchy weather," remarked old

Mr. Rottle, as he seated himself at the breakfast table and examined his napkin to see whether he recognized

It was one of those rare mornings when all the boarders had come down early to breakfast-an incident, the Landlady remarked, which restored her flickering faith in human nature. his neck down, and is perfectly raw, No one answered old Mr. Rottle's while the next, a boy of some 5 years remark. He took the conversational old, has the skin burned off from the | trick, as it were, and everbody waited

hand is terribly burned. The third a | The Bank Clerk was bending all his baby, 2 years old, has the skin burned | faculties to decide whether the egg he had just opened was genuine or a counterfeit, and the Younger of the Two Maiden Ladies, who disliked condensed milk in her coffee, was watching for an opportunity to appropriate unnoticed a goodly share of all the

natural articles on the table. As for the Young Lady Boarder, she was busy with the marriage notices in the morning papers, and of course could not be expected to answer. Old Mr. Rottle finished his oatmeal, and finding that he had left his spectacles up stairs gave up at-

"Thanks, Mrs. Codhooker," he said affably, addressing the Landlady, "you may give me a bit of hash this morning. The fact is," added the old gentleman to the table generally, "I find it delightful to be in a really homelike boarding house, where I can feel that the food is trustworthy, and I am not continually tortured by the profound conviction that every article of food I eat is composed of alien sub-

"I remember," he continued genially. "when I was at college years ago, we boarded in commons, and you never could tell just what you ate. The food was fearfully and wonderfully made. One day my chum, who was sitting next to me eating apple pie as calmly as you please, all at once struck a stratum of unmistakable kerosene in that pie, real coal oil, mixed with the pie crust, and ap--' Old Mr. Rottle suddenly stopped his reminiscences. He was on his last mouthful of hash, and there seemed to have been a collision of some sort. doubt. Even the landlady had to ad-

There was a pause before old Mr. Rottle gathered strength to speak, and then he spoke in tones of deepest sorrow as of one whose confidence is shattered:

"Mrs. Codhooker, I did not expect derstand that what, I said touched this of you. If I were young and my one of your weaknesses. I assure you eyesight sound, I shouldn't mind, but o' me, an old man, and my spectacles upstairs-it's cruel."

The landlady, in a horrified state murmured that it was a mistake. But somehow the excuse didn't seem very fitting, and the kerosene pie episode remained unfinised. Old Mr. Rottle sat in silence shipping his coffee in a suspicious manner, and the Bank Clerk remarked to the landlady that perhaps he had better take another egg and be on the safe side.

It is said that a man named John B. Murray, a wealthy citizen of New York,