## HIGH CARNIVAL AT ST. LOUIS.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY AGAIN PRESENTTS A

Programme of Fall Festivities That For Brilliancy and Variety Outshines the Carnival Cities of the Old World.

Paris, the most magnificent city on either continent, has for ages held the proud title of "the premier, carnival city of the world." However during the last ten or twelve years an American rival of no mean pretensions has contested for that high honor, and today St. Louis holds what Paris so reluctantly relinquished, the title of "the carnival city of the two continents."

Not content with the successful exhibitions of previous years, the Autumnal Festivities Association has arranged a programme for 1893 that in brilliancy and variety will be difficult to improve upon. The first of the great attractions, the St. Louis Exposition, will throw its doors open to the public September 6th and continue until Oct. 21st. The world-renowned Sousa's Band has been engaged by the management, which in itself is a sufficient inducement to crowd the magnificent building during the concert.

Special attention has been paid to the street illustrations, and on the evening of August 12th, 17th, 24th, and 31st, September 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th, and October 3d, 5th, 12th and 19th, the most magnificent display yet attempted will greet the eye of the fortunate visitor, electricity playing a prominent part. The evening of October 3d the Veiled Prophet and his followers will parade through the principal thoroughfares, and immediately after the great ball which has received considerable prominence throughout the world, will be held.

The 33d great St. Louis Fair and Zoological Gardens, October 2d to 7th, will be the crowning week of the carnival season. This institution has no peer, and is known in every land where the footprints of civilization exist. The Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route being distinctly St. Louis lines, and having at all times the interests of the city in mind, have made a remarkably low round trip rate from all points on the entire system to St. Louis and return during the festivities.

For further information in regard to rates, route, limit of tickets and for a copy of the fall festivities programme, address nearest Missouri Pacific or Iron Mountain Ticket Agent in your territory, or H. C. Townsend, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis.



## THREE CHEAP EXCURSIONS

To See the Cheapest Lands and the Best Crops in Nebraska.

August 22, September 12 and October 10, the Elkhorn railroad, Northwestern line, will sell round trip tickets for the above purpose at one fare plus $2—no fare less than $7—to points on its lines in Nebraska, South Dakota and Wyoming. Write your friends that these rates are also good from points west of Chicago on the North Western lines. Tickets good twenty days. Stop over given. For further information call on A. S. Fielding, City Ticket Agent, 1133 O street, or Depot Agent E. T. Moore, corner S and Eighth streets.
WM. SHIPMAN, Gen. Agt.

## SWEET MEG MALONE.

When Meg Malone, the witch, och hone!
Wid oyes intoxicatin',
An' lips abrew with honey dew
When she's artickylatin',
Repilled me shuit, an' then, to boot,
Shmiled on me owld-time crony,
Oi c'u'dn't tell how moighty well
Oi invied Tim Maloney.

An' whin the priest at widdin' feast,
Did toie the pair so nately,
An' in a cot their mated lot
Was sittled so compiately,
Oi'd never think of how they'd dhrink
The swates of matrimony,
But love w'u'd shtart it in me heart
To invy Tim Maloney.

Well, Timmy doied, and I presoide
In Mrs. Meg's affections,
An' toime has lint me many a hint
To vary me reflection,
But confes no day whin Oi'd not say,
Wid heartless eupnony,
Whin by his grassy mound I pass,
Oi invy Tim Maloney.

—Boston Courier.

## BEN'S OLD HAT.

Miss Camiola Brown, sitting at the front up-chamber window, cutting out calico short waists for Mrs. Black's five little boys, laid down her shears for once in her life, and, with her elbows on the sill, watched the people as they walked or drove past and entered in at the gates of the late Mr. Barker's premises.

"Poor Benjamin!" she sighed. "I wonder whether up in heaven he remembers the day when he took me in and walked me all over the house?"

"The things are old-fashioned, Camiola,' he said to me; 'but they were mother's—and before that they were grandmother's. I like them, but say the word and I'll new furnish.' 'No, Ben,' says I, 'what your ma likes to have I don't want to alter. I like it all; it's good stuff,' and then he kissed me."

Miss Camiola felt for her handkerchief as she said this to herself. "And we stood at the garret window and looked off toward the mountains. 'We're going to be happy as ever folks were,' said he," here the tears began to fall. "Oh, Ben," she sobbed; "to think we quarreled after that, and didn't speak when we met. But you never married and I refused two offers—good ones. Ben, I guess we'll meet up there sometime, and make up."

"Why, Miss Camiola! you've been a-cryin'!" said Mrs. Black's loud voice, just then, in her ear. Camiola started guiltily, but she was too candid to complain of a cold or the sun in her eyes.

"Well, I have cried a little, Mrs. Black," said she. "You see, we used to be friends, Mr. Barker and I, and I knew his ma, and remember all that furniture, and it seems a sin to sell it and tear down the old house, and maybe root up the lilacs and strawberry shrubs, and perhaps cut down the trees. It was almost like home to me in Mrs. Barker's day."

"Well, it must seem a sin to anyone, and more so to you, Miss Camiola," said Mrs. Black. "But don't you want to go over and see the place and what is going on? You might as well just take a day or the rest of it. I'm in no hurry and you look tuckered out."

Mrs. Black was kind in her way and felt a certain pity for Camiola. She had heard that Camiola was once engaged to Mr. Barker and might to-day have been a rich and important widow, instead of a poor lonely seamstress.

"Go along, Miss Camiola," she added. "I know you want to."

"Did she want to?" Camiola asked herself; and heart answered her "yes."

She would see the old home once more; see the old furniture; and when she could get a chance she would go up to the garret and stand where she stood with Ben that day. Her old elbows should lean where her young ones had pressed; she would look out over the mountains, and fancy herself a girl again, with Ben beside her and his engagement ring on her finger.

And Miss Camiola thanked Mr. Black, put on her show bonnet with the washed ribbons, and the shawl that had been so good once, but was faded and even mended now, and walked up the road and turned into the lane, and entered the Barker garden.

The neighbors who saw her nodded or spoke, but they were selling the tall clock and there was some excitement. Camiola stood at the door awhile and listened to the bidding. Deacon Hickory got the clock; Mrs. Amos Mole the clawfoot sideboard. A Jewish lady from the village bought the trunks of women's clothing, sold unopened, for next to nothing. Ann Barnaby, the washer-woman, got the tubs and irons cheap in a lot, and so on and so forth.

To Camiola it all seemed tragic. She went upstairs where people were poking the beds and pillows, and examining the toilet sets and curtains, and she began to mount the garret stairs.

As her head rose above the floor she gazed eagerly about her. From the rafters hung some withered herbs and some ropes of onions. The trunks had been carried down and an old bureau. A coat hung upon a peg; over it a hat. Camiola went to the window. She would not cry, for she must face those people down-stairs again; but she uttered little moans of anguish as she stood there. She realized what life actually is at that moment, and it seemed very cruel to her—once young, beloved, pretty and hopeful; now old, unloved, wrinkled, and with nothing to wish for. No wonder that she suffered.

At last she turned her back on the eternal mountains—unchanged while lives were lived, and while youth fled, and love departed, and graves were dug—and saw the coat upon the wall; Ben's coat—an old man's coat, worn long and carelessly; and a big, broad-brimmed, soft hat. The woman went closer. She nestled up against the coat and talked to it and caressed it, and she took the hat in her hands and kissed it. It was worth nothing. It had rain stains on it. Its shape was odd. Nobody wanted it. But what a relic it would be to her of Ben! only she could not ask for it.

She could take it, hide it under her shawl—all folded flat as it would be—and keep it forever. Ben's hat—her Ben's hat! Why, she had a right to it.

And Miss Camiola obeyed the impulse, took the hat, and hid it neatly away. It seemed almost as though it were a theft; still, it would not be wrong to take it.

When she came home, Mrs. Black told Miss Camiola the walk had done her good; her cheeks were quite red; but she went early to bed that evening. She bolted her door and undressed in a hurry. She put out the light. Then she felt for her shawl, in which the hat lay folded, and took it in her arms. A certain perfume that was always connected with Ben's hair was faintly noticeable—an odor of bergamot. It brought back the past vividly. It almost seemed as though Ben's head rested on her heart. She clasped the old hat close and kissed it.

"Oh, Ben," she whispered, "I was always ready to make up, but you were rich and I was poor; and I was proud. Oh, Ben! oh, Ben, Ben, my darling!"

And for hours she lay awake—the Camiola of the past—in the darkness, which blotted out the changes in her face, and fell asleep at last and dreamed of young Ben and his perfumed hair, and heard him once more say they would be happy together.

She awakened suddenly, in the early dawn, and came back to herself. She dressed herself; smoothed her prim bands of hair; pinned the cushion and the sheath of scissors at her side; and looked at the hat. Of course it must be hidden away; and she spread a newspaper on the bed in which to wrap it, paused to look at it again.

The inside of the hat presented itself. The piece of leather which lines the crown looked curiously thick. She touched it with her hand. Under it was a long paper folded into a narrow slip; she drew it out and saw that something was written outside. Taking the paper to the window she saw that these words: "The Last Will and Testament of Benjamin Barker."

At this Miss Camiola began to tremble from head to foot, but she was a daughter of Eve. Softly and reverently indeed she opened the will; but she did open it and read it through, and when she had finished she crept into bed again and lay there sobbing for a long while; for in it she had found strange things. Some of Benjamin Barker's money had been left to the hospital, some of his land to the church, and there were legacies for many people; but the homestead, with all its furniture, garden and farm land, and an income on which she could live luxuriously, were bequeathed "to Camiola Brown, spinster, in memory of the love I bore her all my lonely life."

No wonder poor Camiola wept.

But Mr. Black soon found out the cause of Camiola's agitation, and Mr. Black was a lawyer; the witnesses were found.

Why Benjamin Barker had put it in his hat lining no one knew. He often carried papers there. Perhaps he meant to leave it in safe keeping, but he died very suddenly, with hat and coat on, as he was about to drive out. But the will was found and was all right. Nothing had yet been taken away. The money was refunded to the purchasers of the old furniture.

The young nephew had a tolerable legacy, and made no fuss whatever, and one day Camiola entered the homestead as its mistress. It was a strange ending to her love story, she thought. She was here at last, but how? It almost seemed to her as though some spiritual union had taken place between her soul and Ben's; and in the keeping-room, on a peg near the door, she hung his coat and hat. There they hang always, and to the stranger who sees them, and looks at the mild old lady rocking in the great chair as she sews or knits, it seems as though the master of the house were within—up-stairs somewhere, perhaps. It often seems so, too, to Camiola.—Farmer's Voice.

A Modern Financier.

The money-lender D, feeling his end draw nigh, adjured his three partners, A, B, and C (whom he had made his heirs), to put five hundred dollars apiece into his coffin. "Though I can't take it all with me, at least let me have that much of it." They carried out his wishes to the letter, but, as it turned out on discussing the matter, in a slightly different way. A had put in a five-hundred-dollar bill. B, who was more sympathetic, and knew how his dear friend D loved bullion, had put in five hundred dollars in gold. C was silent on the point, but, on being pressed, admitted that he had put in a check for fifteen hundred dollars payable to D's order, and had taken the other thousand dollars out.—Argonaut.

Ye Modern Grammar.

Mother—It's terrible late. Why in the world don't you go to bed?

Little Daughter—I'm studyin' my grammar lesson.

"But you said the teacher gave you only one rule to-day and you learned that in three minutes."

"Yes'm."

"Then why are you poring over that grammar at eleven o'clock at night?"

"I'm learnin' the 'xceptions."

Breaking It Gently.

Foreman (quarry gang)—It's sad news Oi hov' for yes, Mrs. McGaharraghty. Y'r husband's new watch is broken. It was a foine watch, an' it's smashed all to pieces.

Mrs. McG.—Dearie me! How did that happen?

Foreman—A ton-ton rock fell on im.—N. Y. Weekly.

## HUNT FOR BABY MOOSE.

An Expedition Authorized by a Law of Maine.

A cow moose and her calf were ordered for the great show; ordered by a special act of the legislature of Maine last winter. Taxidermist Gifford only was empowered to secure them, and he, selecting the grand hunting ground above Skowhegan, but little known to the world at large, but well known to the Megantic fish and game club of Boston, filled the bill to perfection, and secured, and in a most peculiar and interesting way, a cow moose and her perfect calf.

History will not recall in any land a more peculiar hunt than that one of Gifford's in behalf of Maine and the great show in Chicago.

The fish and game commissioners think there are between 2,500 and 3,000 moose on Maine soil; about the same number of caribou, while deer are so numerous now that any guide had rather contract to give a patron ten shots at ten deer than one shot at one moose or one caribou. To protect this game, Maine says that it shall cost $100 to shoot a cow moose or calf at any time, and that bull moose, deer and caribou of both sexes shall be shot only in the last three months of the year. The penalty for shooting a deer in close season is $40, and as that sum is more than the money value of any dead deer, these animals get fairly good protection save around certain lumber camps in winter.

But up along the waters of the St. John river dwell the St. Francis and Tobique tribe of Indians, and yearly and unmolested they raid the moose and caribou of Maine, killing the males as well as the females with young, leaving tons of meat for the porcupine, the fox, the weasel and the hawk, taking away only the hides, which later form the network of snowshoes. Even did not timber land explorers find the meat and view the slaughter, the thousands of pairs of new snowshoes of moose and caribou hide put upon the market each season would tell of the destructive work of these Indians, which, unchecked, will soon give to the moose the position in natural history now occupied by the American bison—a name, and a name only.

But Maine wanted a cow moose and calf, and wanted them in a legal way, and therefore passed a law allowing her to take the two specimens of her own property. This was in February, says the Boston Herald.

It should be borne in mind that the moose of Maine are in some respects like the reindeer of Greenland. They are so hot blooded that they give birth to their young upon the snow or even upon the ice. In the woods of Maine in early March the ponds, lakes and rivers are sealed with three or more feet of ice, and at such times any man whose muscles are hardened for a tramp can tire and run down any denizen of the forest of Maine, save birds. Concluding from the size of some tracks that one of these moose must be a cow, Gifford started in pursuit, and for two days kept hot on the trail, often finding warm beds which the now jaded and nervous animals had just vacated.

It would appear that this female was barren, had great leg power and some knowledge of the law, for she made a great struggle, keeping well ahead of the hunters, who unfortunately had the wind with them all the time, getting finally across the ancient boundary line into Canada, from which territory Gifford dared not extricate her without documents other than Winchester rifles. Therefore he turned back upon Maine soil to look for new tracks and better luck. He was rewarded the next day by coming full upon a cow moose lying down, which at once arose and charged at the party in a zig-zag way.

Gifford was much surprised at the action of this cow. He had before that stood his ground when two-thirds of a ton of bull moose was rushing straight at him, but this cow appeared as dizzy as a Canadian Frenchman full of Canadian split; she bellowed, too, as though in pain and alarm. Gifford shot her, and going up to her found she was parturient. In an hour she would have given birth to her calf. No wonder she fought, grew dazed and bellowed in alarm. At once the taxidermist opened her, taking out in perfect form, alive, sound, and with eyes wide open, a moose in miniature, a dream in moose hair and hoofs, a little thing no larger of body than a forty-pound dog, and but twenty-three inches high. The little animal thus so queerly ushered into the world saw the weather-beaten faces of four hunters, saw the rifles, the dead mother, and then sent out a wail for a diet of moose milk.

There was no alternative. Pity for the little one could not be extended, moose milk could not be given, and so, after ten minutes in this world, the baby moose, destined to fill such a peculiar mission in life, died.

They Had Ears to Hear.

It is said that St. Anthony of Padua once preached a sermon at Bruges that was distinctly heard three miles away. St. Gregory avers that he heard the celebrated prayer of Fedimus a like distance, and St. Honore heard the chant sung by the monks when they discovered the burial places of the martyrs Fuscian, Victorius and Gentian, although separated from them by a distance which could have been but little short of seven miles.



# TWITTED BY PENCE.

HE IS AGAIN HEARD FROM IN THE HOUSE.

## HE MAKES SEVERAL NEAT POINTS.

McCreary, Bynum, Wilson, Voorhees and Other Silver Law Repealers Humorously Called Down on Their Past Records — Mr. Bynum Acknowledges the Corn and Begs Forgiveness.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The feature of the silver debate in the house yesterday was the speech of Mr. Pence of Colorado, who said, in premising a very humorous speech, when he had come to Washington he had expected to find a warm corner and a comfortable seat in the old McCreary inn, but he had been shown the door, and on inquiry he had discovered that the old hostelry was being run on the European plan. He had been told he would receive a cheerful welcome because he had been told McCreary had in 1891 been tendered a vote of thanks by a Kentucky convention for his advocacy of the free coinage of silver. He (Mr. Pence) was allied to Kentucky by marriage, and he had believed he could rely on Kentuckians; but he had been compelled to telegraph to his people — or rather his wife had—that he had been fooled. He had been taught by Voorhees, Cooper and Bynum; and right well they had taught him. [Laughter.]

He then turned his attention to Mr. Bynum and his allusions to that gentleman put the house in a roar. It was not necessary for him to read any number of speeches made by that gentleman under the prior administration. He would content himself with referring to what his own eyes had witnessed. He would not go back into old history. He would go back only to October, 1891, when Mr. Bynum of Indiana, Mr. Black of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Wilson of West Virginia were advertised to make a tour through the country for the purpose of organizing Democratic clubs. How warmly the people of Denver had treated them. They had been treated to bed and board. [Laughter.]

Then Mr. Bynum had addressed the largest audience that had ever assembled in Denver. In the Rocky Mountain News was a stenographic report of his speech, in which he said: "I have always been in favor of the free coinage of silver. I have voted for free coinage from the time the question has been before congress, and I will do so every time the question comes up." He (Mr. Pence) trusted the teacher would not rebuke the scholar when he ventured to tell him the question had now come up. [Applause and Laughter.]

Mr. Bynum replied to the strictures made upon him and upon his seeming inconsistency—but he did so in a jocular vein, and with evident appreciation of the Colorado man's humor. He admitted he had spoken in Denver in 1891, and that he had addressed one of the largest audiences he had ever faced. He had had in the fall of that year the pleasure of making a tour of the continent with several other gentlemen in order to establish Democratic clubs. Everywhere they had been hospitably received, and by the time they reached Denver he might have been "smilingly and jocularly" irresponsible. When they arrived at Denver they were shown the sights of the city and a more magnificent city he had rarely seen. He had admired the beauties of the city and had asked "What means all this?" The reply was "It means silver, it is built on silver." "But," replied he, "I am making a tariff campaign." "But you can say something about silver," and he had done so. He confessed his sins and asked forgiveness. [Laughter.]

Pence retorted that he understood the excuse the gentleman had for his utterances that night. He hoped the gentleman would not have to plead any such excuse for his vote on the pending question.

Johnson of Indiana, and Avery spoke in favor of repeal, and then the house took a recess until 8 o'clock.

## A $1,000,000 BLAZE.

South Chicago Visited by a Disastrous Conflagration.

CHICAGO, Aug. 26.—A fire which, in the extent of the territory it covered, rivals Chicago's historic conflagration, began in that part of the city known as South Chicago, about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The 50,000 people comprising the inhabitants of the town were precipitated into a panic second only in this city to that which characterized the conflagration of 1871. It is estimated that 250 buildings were burned and 1,000 people rendered homeless. The loss approximates $1,000,000.

The fire started in a three story brick building at the corner of Ninety-first street and Superior avenue, and within two hours had consumed five blocks of the greatest industrial suburb of Chicago.

The fire was caused by the overturning of a lamp in the residence of Master Mechanic Gilles, an employe of the rolling mills, while his daughter was curling her hair with a curling iron.

## LOST AT SEA.

Two Schooners Go Down in a Storm and Eighteen Men Perish.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—All day long crafts have brought a story of the storm's work at sea, and it proved a terrible supplement to the record of its ravages on land. The fishing schooners, Empire State, with a crew of ten men, and Ellam Johnson, with a crew of eight men, went down off Manasquan on the Jersey coast and all on board were lost.

SOUTHAMPTON, L. I., Aug. 25.—About 9 o'clock yesterday morning two vessels, a coal barge and a towing vessel, were wrecked off the coast at this point. Six men from the towing steamer reached shore, three alive and three beyond resuscitation. The fifteen other men of the crews are believed to have been drowned, thus making the total loss of life of eighteen persons.