

THE MAYOR'S MASCOT.

HIS HONOR FALLS IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Long Island City's Chief Executive Met the Object of His Affection on a Railway Train—Chubby, Blue-Eyed, 18-Months-Old Baby is a Conquering Hero.



MAYOR Patrick Jerome Gleason, of Long Island City is in love, announces the New York Herald. His heart was captured on a Long Island train the other day by a chubby, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired youngster, who kicked and crowed in his mother's arms.

It was a case of love at first sight, although the youngster made the first advances, but the big man was not slow to respond. Occupied with thoughts of his candidacy for governor, he had entered the train, scarcely looking about him, and throwing himself in a seat, gave his fancy free reign. His reverie was short. A soft, chubby hand coyly pulling at his iron-gray hair roused him, and he turned to see who the offender was. He found himself confronted by a pair of the brightest blue eyes he ever looked into.

The mischievous urchin lost no time in following up his conquest. First, the mayor's bristling mustache took his fancy, and he plucked into it with both chubby fists. This tickled the mayor more than if he had been elected president. Next the youngster tried to poke out the pair of keen gray eyes that sparkled beneath shaggy eyebrows and that have sent terror to many hearts.

"That's the finest boy I ever saw," said the mayor.

"And he's only 18 months old," the mother said proudly.

The mayor learned that the child's name was Edward Bradley, and that his mother was returning from Stony Brook, where she had been working for Mr. Darling. While telling her story the woman's voice trembled, and once or twice there was a suspicion of tears in her eyes.

"Give that boy to me," the mayor said, "and I'll make a man of him. I'll not feed him on clams and boiled eggs, like you Yankees, but I'll give him good oatmeal and buttermilk. That's what I was brought up on, and I tell you it's the fare to make men."

When no one was watching the big man poked several crisp bills into the youngster's hand, but the little fellow liked the bright green paper and the pretty pictures, and spread them out, and this was the only incident that didn't please the captive, for, as everybody looked, a suspicion of a scowl crossed the mayor's face. All the while the young mother was chatting away, telling her troubles to the big man, without knowing who he was until a friend entered the car, and catching sight of the burly form, walked up to the seat and shouted:

"Hello, there, Mayor Gleason, how are you?"

For an instant the young mother was somewhat startled. Not so the baby. He just played away with the mayor's mustache and hair, unconcerned, and as if he had a perfect right to. On leaving the train at Long Island City the mayor took the young woman to his office and agreed that if his little daughter consented, and every thing was satisfactory, he would adopt the child. The young mother left for the city with a light heart, and this following note of introduction to the mayor's little daughter:

"Long Island City, April 22, 1896.—My Dear Jessie: This will introduce to you one of the brightest baby boys I ever saw. I know you will think so, too, when you see him. He likes me, and, do you know, I've fallen in love with him? I met him on the train this morning, and we at once became fast friends. He pulled my hair, got his little hands in my moustache, and finally insisted on trying to wear my hat. What do you say if we adopt him? I know you will not feel jealous. Just think, when he grows up he could take you out riding behind Parnell and Gladstone, and besides that you would have a good brother to care for you. Hastily, "PAPA."

And the pair met a most cordial reception at the hands of Miss Gleason, who was captivated by the little fellow. She declared that if her father would only adopt him he should share her pin money and be her little brother. When the mayor visited his little girl later in the day he found her overjoyed with the prospect of having a brother. She is very fond of her father, who is exceedingly proud of her. He consults her on perplexing problems, and says her judgment is never at fault, save when her tender heart interposes in behalf of some one. She has already solved this problem, and nothing is wanting now but the consent of the mother to change the name of the urchin to Patrick Jerome Gleason, Jr.

BURNS' LOVE FOR HIS WIFE.

A Sad Waste of Popular Sympathy for "Highland Mary."

"Burns has been hotly assailed because of his alleged indifference to his wife (Jean Armour), but the fact is he was ardently fond of her. Jean was true to him, and his true affection never really turned from her. Jean worshipped him—literally worshipped him. And when we study her devoted life we must agree that there must have been much that was admirable in the character of a man who was adored by so true a woman. Burns' biographers have paid too scanty attention to all this. There is no use in analogizing or the defects of Bobbie's life, but there is such a thing as insisting too heavily upon them. . . . Too much has been made in the thousand stories of Burns' life of the 'Highland Mary' episode, and too little of what he really felt for Jean Armour, and of Jean's intense loyalty to him and devoted care of him. The real facts about Highland Mary will never be known. They comprise the one episode of Burns' life which is veiled in mystery. But one can study the poet's life closely enough to see that the persecution which in the early days seemed to hopelessly separate him from love drove him to Highland Mary for solace, and that Mary's sudden death idealized that Highland lassie in his memory. There was not much more to it, and Jean never troubled herself about it. There has been a sad waste of popular sympathy over Highland Mary. It is to loyal Jean our thoughts should turn. Burns' love for her and for her children was very great. That is a pleasing picture of him handed down by one who saw him sitting in the summer evening at his door with his little daughter in his arms, dangle her, and singing to her, and trying to elicit her mental faculties." The little girl died in the autumn of 1795, when her father's health was failing.—Arthur Warren, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A QUER MITE

Three-Year-Old Son of Aged Parents Weighs Ten Pounds.

care of an interesting specimen of humanity, a three-year-old boy, who weighs only ten and one-half pounds, and who was born when his mother was 71 years old and his father 78. The little fellow enjoys the romantic name of Jesse James Long. His parents eked out an existence on a miserable farm in an isolated section of Union township until forced to give up work on account of old age. Five children were born to them, the first four of normal size, and grew up naturally to healthy maturity. Jesse, at the time of his birth, was 13 inches in height and weighed one and one-half pounds. When the child reached the age of two years his father died, and his mother followed six months later. On the infant's sister, Rosabella, devolved the care of the child, but not having any employment, she walked to the city and asked for help. The baby is unable to walk, but creeps about the floor in a lively manner. His head is not much larger than an ordinary baseball and a quarter of a dollar would cover one hand.—New York Herald.

Great Tide Waves.

Those who see the rise and fall of the tides in our Atlantic harbors seldom think of the wonderful career of the moon-raised ocean-waves which cause the tidal flux and reflux. Such billows not only cross the sea, but flow from ocean to ocean, and in this way complicated movements are set going. Thus, as Mr. Vaughan Cornish has recently reminded English readers, once in every twelve hours the moon raises a tide billow in the southern Indian Ocean. When this billow passes the Cape of Good Hope, at noon, its successor is already born, and by the time the first billow has reached the Azores Islands, at midnight, the second is rounding the Cape, and a third has come into existence in the southern ocean. By 4 o'clock in the morning following its passage of the Cape the tide billow reaches the English Channel and there the shallow water delays it so much that it does not arrive at the Straits of Dover until 10 a. m. Here the narrowing Channel causes the tide to rise very high and almost puts an end to the wave. In the meantime another branch of the billow runs around the western side of the British Islands, rounds the north point of Scotland, and moves slowly down the eastern coast of England, until it finally flows up the Thames and laps the wharves of London.

Change of the Times.

"Yes, indeed," said the old man thoughtfully, after his wife had delivered a dissertation upon the progress of the sex, "the new woman is vastly different from the old." "I thought you would realize that in time," she returned rather sharply. "I have just been reading," he went on, "how girls used to be sold by their parents, and some of them brought fancy prices." "But there is none of that now, thank heaven! Woman has asserted herself, and—" "No, there's none of that now," interrupted the old man. "A man does not buy his wife in these days. Now he has to be paid to take her, and her poor old father has to wreck his bank account to provide the dowry."—St. Louis Republic.

On Their Track.

"Ha! ha!" quoth Romeo Gruffvoice, the tragedian, as he wearily stepped from tie to tie on the way in from Frostville, "'tis the first time, forsooth, I have played the role of detective. The directors of this road know me not, but I am on their track." Just then a train turned the curve and the way it used him made him feel very much cut up.—New York World.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

How it is Made—Fecular Flavor Due to Method of Curing.

It is supposed that hundreds of years ago the south of France was disturbed by volcanic eruptions, which split up the ancient granite rocks, causing streams of lava to flow from them, says the Mercury. The new surface consisted of basaltic rocks, which in turn were fissured by eruptions and thrown up onto a mountain range. The whole of the interior of a mountain was thus formed into caverns and caves, which belch forth hot, sulphurous springs. It is here that the celebrated Roquefort cheeses are made. The village of Roquefort is situated on the mountain Lartac, which is about twenty-five miles in length and nearly 3,000 feet high. It consists chiefly of limestone, covered with sufficient pasture to feed the 200,000 sheep kept for their milk. The caves, formed by the displacement of rocks, consist of an intricate labyrinth of open spaces and passages, connected with each other and with a subterranean outlet. A cool current of air, therefore, always of the same degree of humidity and temperature, flows in a never-interrupted stream through the caves. There is nothing in the milk or in the preparation of the cheeses that gives them that peculiar flavor and delicious mellowness for which they are so renowned. This is entirely effected by the method by which they are cured. When the cheeses are ready for treatment they are taken to the caves and after being allowed to cool are carried to the salting room. They are rubbed with salt on one face and then piled on top of each other until the cave is full. After standing for twenty-four hours or so the reverse side is salted and once more they are piled up as before. The cheeses have to be frequently reversed in order that the moisture may be even throughout and to develop the fungus which has previously been sown in the curd. In forty-eight hours the cheeses become viscous and are rubbed with a coarse cloth. In the course of another two days the fungus will appear on the outside in the form of a sticky paste. This is carefully scraped off with knives, together with a thin stratum of crust, and set aside for food.

The cheeses are now sorted out, the most solid ones being placed on the floor. In eight days' time they become covered with a yellowish-red mold, together with other minute vegetation, which is removed and given to the pigs. The scraping is continued until the character of the mold changes, showing that the curd has altered its condition and announcing the completion of the curd. Then they are again carefully scraped and wiped and wrapped in tinfoil and are ready for the market. Roquefort cheeses have been cured for centuries by this process and stand as a triumph of uneducated art.

The Paper Returned.

"I'll tell you the queerest story you ever heard," said Chief Dickinson of the department of fire the other day, "and it is a true story at that. In 1864, toward the end of the war, I was at Fort Lincoln, at Washington, the leader of a band of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Ohio Regiment. The war was hot, and of course we were all intensely interested in the very latest we could get about it. Newspapers were scarce, and when we managed to get hold of one we regarded it as a treasure. One day I was fortunate enough to get hold of a copy of the Philadelphia Inquirer, which contained a lot of war news. After I had read it I handed it around among the boys, and finally loaned it to a man named Breymeier. Yesterday who should walk into the office but Breymeier, who returned the paper with thanks. He was looking over his old papers to get information to assist the widow of an old comrade in getting a pension, and he ran across the Inquirer. What do you think of the conscience of a man who would return a paper after all that time?"—Cleveland Leader.

Horseless Carriage for a Locomotive.

The gentleman who has amused himself of late by using a motor car in Westminster has been a little "too previous," as he found to his cost at Bow street, although we notice that he stated that he had driven his vehicle for five years. It came upon him with a shock of painful surprise that his harmless vehicle could be called a locomotive, but the law, though possibly a "hass," is clear. So the motor carman found he had committed three offenses: (1) in allowing a locomotive out between the prohibited hours of 10 and 6; (2) in not being preceded by a man with a red flag, and (3) in driving the locomotive at a greater speed than two miles an hour. A promise, however, not to offend again, but patiently to await the promised legislation, got him off with quite a small fine.—Westminster Gazette.

Game Law in Central Africa.

Game is to be preserved in Central Africa. Major von Wissman has set aside a portion of German East Africa, within which no shooting will be allowed without a license from the governor of the colony. A license to shoot elephant or rhinoceros costs 500 rupees a year for a native; females and young elephants with tusks weighing less than six pounds must not be shot at all. White men will pay 100 rupees for the first elephant shot and 250 rupees for every other, 50 rupees for the first two rhinoceroses, and 150 rupees for all after them. Monkey, beasts of prey, boars and birds, except ostriches and secretary birds, may be killed without a license.

Population of Japan.

Japan now ranks fifth in population among the nations of the earth, only China, India, Russia and Germany being ahead of it.

Cripple Creek Advertisements

HARRIS BROS., 224 Bennett Avenue.

WE WANT our "Friends" and the Public to know that we are compelled to remove from our old stand. We shall sell our

Entire Stock of Clothing, Shoes and Furnishing Goods

AT ACTUAL COST!

As we have always kept faith with the people, you can rely upon this statement. We will sell the best bargains ever offered in this city. Do not fail to give us a call.

JOHN HARRIS, Manager.

OFFICIAL TIME-CARD OF THE Midland Terminal Railway Company. Effective March 1st, 1896.

Table with columns for ARRIVE DAILY and DEPART DAILY, listing train numbers, times, and destinations like Suburban, Denver, and Colorado Springs.

LEAVE DAILY. ARRIVE DAILY. Through Pullman Cars and day coaches are run between Cripple Creek, Victor, Colorado Springs and Denver, on Trains 7 and 8. Passengers can occupy berths in Colorado Springs Sleeper until 7:00 a. m. Connection is made at Divide with Colorado Midland Railroad for all points in the West, and at Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo, with all lines for the East, West, North and South.

AMERICAN GOLD MINING AND MILLING COMPANY 1615 Howard Street, Omaha Neb. Capital Stock \$2,000,000 | Par Value of Shares \$1 each

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Our claims are surrounded by some of the richest strikes of recent years, and are undoubtedly as rich as any in the whole district. They were located by a practical miner, one in whom the Denver mint people had so much confidence that they hired him to locate several claims for them, from which rich ore has been taken. Surface Rock on our Nipple Mountain and High Park claims assays \$2.00 per ton; down eight feet it advances in value to more than \$7.00 per ton and the indications are that these claims will be as rich as the richest claims in the Cripple Creek district.

Enclosed please find _____ to pay for _____ shares of stock in the American Gold Mining and Milling Co., at 50c per share. COUPON. NAME _____ TOWN _____ STATE _____ Not good after June 30, '96.

Now is the Time to Subscribe for The American

Florence &ripple creek Rail way.

Table with columns for SOUTH BOUND, NORTH BOUND, and various train numbers and times.

Train No. 10, 8:30 a. m. direct for Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver, connecting with through fast trains for all points east and south. At Florence with through trains on the Rio Grande for Leadville, Aspen, Glenwood, Grand Junction, Salt Lake, Ogden, California and northwestern points without change of cars. Pullman Palace Buffet and Tourist sleepers.

RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY AND CATARRHAL TROUBLES.

Refer by Permission to Rev. Scott F. Hershey, of Boston.

READ THESE LETTERS. SIR: I have used the Oxydonor three months, and some of my ailments have wholly disappeared, others much improved. I feel like a new man. Cannot say enough in praise. You can refer anyone to me. Yours, JAMES McLAUGHLIN, Roxbury, Mass.

Sanche's Oxydonor Victory, 165 Tremont St., BOSTON. AGENTS WANTED.

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It is the RIGHT way. Pay more and you are extravagant. Pay less and you are uncomfortable. The newest, brightest, cleanest and easiest riding Tourist Sleepers are used for our Personally Conducted Excursions to California, which leave Omaha every Thursday morning reaching San Francisco Sunday evening, and Los Angeles Monday noon.

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PASSES THROUGH SALT LAKE CITY EN ROUTE TO AND FROM PACIFIC COAST. THE TOURIST'S FAVORITE LINE TO ALL MOUNTAIN RESORTS. All through trains equipped with Pullman Palace and Tourist Sleeping Car.

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