REEGHER'S OWN STORY.

An article has been made public which was written by the late Rev. Henry Ward Bescher and compiled by upon me.

Henry Ward Bescher and compiled by upon me.

'In my then morbid condition of this charge, al-& Co. of New York. Mr. Beecher, in his own inimitable way, tells thestory of the great scandal in which himself and Mr. Titon and wife were the prin- tirely dependent on me, the church cipal actors. Mr. Beecher and the mutual friend, Moulton, have crossed the border into the unknown; Mr. Tilton is a wanderer in a foreign land, while his wife is living a quiet life in Brooklyn. Bessie Turner is a wife and a mother, and Victoria Woodhull and Tennie C. Clafflin are married to devoted my life, seemed imperiled. It wealthy Englishmen. Mr. Beecher speaks of Tilton as one who, by speaks of Tilton as one who. By earnest desire to avoid a public ac-Woodhull, had fallen from a high position to become almost a dependent on the charity of his friends. Not until this time, according to Mr. Beecher, did he brooch the scandal which had been in his knowledge for six months, and it was made known simply that he might extract from Mr. Bowen, of the Independent, \$7,000, the amount of a claim in dispute. As soon as the check for the above amount was in his hand, his suppositious griefs were forgotten and he signed the famous treaty of peace. This, Mr. Beecher says, was represented to him as necessary to re-lieve him from the imputation of having originated and circulated certain old slanders about Mr. Beecher. In speaking of Mr. Moulton Mr. Beecher "My confidence in him was the only thing that seemed secure in that confusion of tormenting perplexities. To him I wrote freely in that troub-lous time, when I felt that secret machinations were going on around and echoes of the vilest slander concerning me were heard of in unexspected quarters. Mr. Tilton was first known to me as a reporter of my sermons. When I became editor of the Independent one of the inducements held out to me was that Mr. Tilton should be my assistant and relieve me wholly from routine office work. In this relation I became very much attached to him. He frequently urged me to make his house my home. He used to often speak in extravagant terms of his wife's esteem and affection for me. After I began to visit his house he sought to make it attractive. He urged me to bring my papers down there and use his study to do my writing in, as it was not pleasant to write in the office of the independent. Mr. Beecher then goes on at length

to show how he was beguiled by Tilton after the latter had left his position upon the Independent and the Brooklyn Union. Mr. Beecher says.

"After Mr. Tilton's return from the

west in December, 1870, a young girl whom Mrs. Tilton had taken into the family, educated and treated like an own child, was sent to me with an urgent request that I would visit Mrs. Tilton at her mother's. She said that Mrs. Tilton had left her home and gone to her mother's in consequence of ill-treatment of her husband. She then gave an account of what she had seen of cruelty and abuse on the part of the husband that shocked me. I immediately visited Mrs. Tilton at her mother's and received an account of her home life and of the despotism of her husband and of the management of a woman whom he had made housekeeper, which seemed like a nightmare dream. The question was whether she should go back or separate forever from her husband. I asked permission to bring my wife to see them, whose judgment in all domestic relations I thought better than my own, and accordingly a second visit was made. The result of the interview was that my wife was extremely indignant toward Mr. Tilton, and declared that no consideration on earth would induce her to remain an hour with a man who had treated her with a hundredth part of such insult and cruelty. I felt as strongly as she did, but hesitated, as I always do, at giving advice in favor of a separa-It was agreed that my wife should give her final advice at another visit. The next day, when ready to go, she wished a final word, but there was company and the children were present, and so I wrote on a scrap of paper: 'I decline to think that your view is right and that a separation and a settlement of sup-port will be wisest, and that in his present desperate state her presence near him is far more likely to produce hatred than her absence. DEMANDING BEECHER'S WITHDRAWAL.

"Mrs. Tilton did not tell me that my presence had anything to do with this trouble, nor did she let me know that on the July previous he had extorted from her a confession of excessive affection for me.

"On the evening of Dec. 27, 1870, Mr. Bowen, on his way home, called at my house and handed me a letter from Mr. Tilton. It was, as nearly as I can remember, in the following

"Harry Ward Beecher: For reasons which you explicitly know, and which I forbear to state, I demand that you withdraw from the pulpit and quit Brooklyn as a residence.

THEODORE TILTON.' "I read it over twice and turned to Mr. Bowen and said: 'This man is crazy; this is sheer insanity,' and other like wo. s. Mr. Bowen professed handed him the letter to read. We at once fell into a conversation about Mr. Tilton. He gave me some account of the reasons why he had reduced him from the editorship of the Independent to the suborninate position of contributor-namely, that Mr. Tilton's religious and social views were rdining the paper. MRS. TILTON'S INCREMENATING STATE-

MUNT.

"It now appears that on the 29th threatening letter by expressing such name is legion.

an opinion of him sa to set Mr. Bowen finally against him and bring him face to face with immediate ruin, extorted from his wife, t'aen suffering under a severe illness, a document incriminating me, and prepared an elaborate at-

mind I thought that this charge, although entirely untrue, might result in great disaster, if not absoluse ruin. The great interests which were enwhich I had built up, the book which I was writing, my own immediate family, my brother's name, now engaged in the ministry, my sisters, the name which I had hoped might live after me and be in some slight degree a source of strength and encouragement to those who should succeed me, and, above all, the cause for which I had seemed to me that my life work was to end abruptly and in disaster. My necessarily flow from it, and which now have resulted from it, has been one of the leading motives that must explain my action during these four years with reference to this matter.

THE WOODHULL CLIQUE. During the whole of 1871 Mr. Beecher was kept in a state of suspense and doubt. The officers of Plymouth church sought to investigate Tilton's religion views, but the pastor assured them he had hopes of his repentance

and restoration to the church. "Meanwhile one wing of the female suffrage party," continues Mr. Beech-er, "had got hold of his story in a distorted and exaggerated form, such as had never been intimated to me by Mr. Tilton or his friends. I did not then suspect what I now know that those atrociously false rumors originated with Mr. Tilton himself."

When Mr. Tilton returned from his ecturing tour in 1872 Mr. Beecher made an inefectual effort to have him cut loose from Woodhull and her associates, in order that he might resume his proper place in society.

THE TRIPARTITE AGREEMENT. In speaking of the famous tripartite agreement, Mr. Beecher calls attention to the fact that at this time the Golden Age, a paper started by Tilton and his friends, was on the verge of bankruptcy, and the pecuniary obligations were very pressing. "About this time," says Mr. Beecher, "Mr. Moulton, who was sick, sent for me and showed me a galley proof of an article prepared by Mr. Tilton for the Golden Age, in which he embodied a copy of a letter written by him to Mr. Bowen, dated Jan. 1, 1871, in which he charged Mr. Bowen with making scandalous accusation against my character. This was the first time that I had ever seen these charges, and I had never heard of them except by mere rumor, Mr. Bowen never having at any time said a word to me on the subject. I was amazed at the proposed publication. I did not then understand the real object of giving circulation to such slanders. My first impression was

that Mr. Tilton designed, under cover of an attack upon me in the name of another, to open the way for the publication of his own personal grievances. I protested against the publication in the strongest terms, but was informed that it was not intended as an act hostile to myself, but to Mr. Bowen. I did not any the less insist upon my protest against this publication. On its being shown to Mr. Bowen he was thoroughly alarmed, and speedily consented to appointment of arbitrators to bring about an arricable settlement. The result of this proceeding was that Mr. Bowen paid Mr. Tilton over \$7,000, and that a written agreement was entered into

nesty, concord and future peace.

NOT A PENNY FOR BLACKMAIL. "The full truth of this history quires that one more fact should be told, especially as Mr. Tilton has invited it. Money has been obtained from me in the course of these affairs in considerable sums, but I did not at first look upon the suggestions that I should contribute to Mr. Tilton's pecuniary wants as savoring of blackmail. Afterward I contributed at one time \$15,000. *** After the money had been paid over in \$1,000 bills, to raise which I mortgaged the house I live in, I felt very much dissatisfied with myself about it. Finally a square demand and a threat was made to one of my confidential friends that if \$5,000 more were not paid Tilton's charges would be laid before the public. This I saw at once was black mail in its boldest form, and I never paid a cent of it, but challenged and requested the 'ullest exposure."

Niagara's Power.

Modern Light and Heat. It seems that there is a scheme again on foot to utilize over an area of 1,000 miles radius, by electrica dirtribution, the power of Niagara Falls. That this idea is very old, we need not remind any one; that it is at present looked upon by competent electrical engineers as unfeasible, is equally well known. Even the wealth of the Rothschilds has been unequal to the task of transmitting large amounts of electrical energy to any great distance, for the experience of Marcel Deprez, recently carried on in France under their financial patronage, have resulted in entire failure. It ies which he could not collect, so he is easy to rave about electricity and its | seized the man's house as security, slavery to man, and the giant forces of nature ready to do his bidding; but | the colored neighbor could pay up or it must not be forgotten that to have the animal auctioned to pay the transmit large amounts of energy debt. The limit expired and the to be ignorant of the contents, and I over an electrical conductor with any horse was trotted out to be sold to regard to commercial figures means to the highest bidder. There was an imwork at an electro-motive, with which | mense crowd assembled when the bids we are as yet familiar in dynamo cir- were opened. The sympathy of the cuits only on paper, and to harness an army mule to a baby carriage would be a harmless proceeding compared with connecting a motor in a man's factory with a circuit of the and at this sum the horse was knockthousands of volts we hear talked ed down to Rosewell Brown. Then about. Even if direct current trans- | the crowd chipped in enough to pay formers are used before the current is for the horse and to buy a bag of brought into the factory the danger is meal, and they turned the horse and

Stingy to His Wife.

Small-minded and stingy as men too often are, they are never more so than when dealing with their own wives. Some of them, who pass abroad for very respectable and well-to-do citizens, seeming never to lack money to spend upon themselves, are so pov-erty stricken and niggardly at home that their wives, who certainly work hard enough to earn something more than their "board and clothes," are almost afraid to speak of needing an occasional dollar or two. Even if they get what they ask for, it is handed forth so reluctantly, and with so many words, that it might almost as well have been refused altogether.

A man of this kind was lately seen in a store with his wife. She was do-ing some "shopping," although she carried no purse, and had not so much form of a gentleman of leisure—probas a nickel tied up in the corner of her coarse cotton handkerchief.

Her husband, with a sad and serious look, opened his pocket book and grudgingly paid for the things he was allowing her the privilege of selecting. She had picked out a cheap serge dress pattern for herself.

"I'll take ten yards," she said to the salesman. "Shouldn't think you'd need so

much," said her husband; "it's pret-ty wide goods." "Why, no, it's rather narrow," said his wife. "It's double width," he insisted;

"and eight yards ought to be enough. There's no use getting more to cut up and waste." "It wouldn't be wasted if there was

"Well, there's no use in buying mor'n you need. It's going to cost a lot anyhow. Cut off nine yards, mis-

She "gave in" with the meek, resigned look of a woman who had "given in" to her husband's larger wisdom some thousands of times before. Then she said she wanted a dozen and a haif of buttons.

"But how in the world are you going to use that many buttons on one dress? There's no sense in it. A dozen's plenty."

"Well, maybe I can get along with a dozen," she said. Then she bought a yard of cheap ribbon, whereupon he gave a contemptuous sniff, and when she suggested getting five cents' worth of candy to take to the children, he shut his purse with a snap, returned it to his pocket, and said decisively:

"No; there's no sense in wasting money that way. It's a good thing I carry the purse, or we'd all be in the poorhouse within a year!"

The Truthful Georgia Landlord.

From the Atlanta Constitution. Not far from the City of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the roads running from the city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or in foul, in hard times or in soft, Ford would have his joke whenever possible. One bitter, stormy night, or rather morn ing, about two hours before day break, he was aroused from his slumher by loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar, and as he could see no one he cried

'Who are you, there?" "Three lawyers from Montgomery, was the answer. "We are benighted and want to stay all night."

"Very sorry I cannot accommodate you so far, gentlemen. Do anything to oblige you, but that's impossible." The lawyers, for they were three of by Bowen, Tilton and myself of amthe smartest lawyers in the State, and ready to drop with tatigue, held a consultation, and then, as they could do no better and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

"Well, can't you stable our horses and give us chairs and a fire till morn-

"Oh yes; I can do that, gentlemen." Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire as they composed them-selves to pass the few remaining hours in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience as they waited for daylight.

The longest night has a morning. and at last the sun came along, and then in due time a breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake. "Why, Ford, I thought your house

was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?" said one of the travellers. "I didn't say so," Ford replied.
"You didn't? What in the name

of thunder then, did you say?" "You asked me to let you stay here all night and I said it would be impossible, for the night was two-thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds why didn't you say so? The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.

The Deacon Outwitted.

New London Telegraph.

Deacon Isaac Denison of Mystic had a bill of \$4.50 about four months ago against a colored man for grocerwith a limit of four months in which people seemed to be with the colored delinquent, and the bidding was lively, raising one cent at a time. kept right on until it reached \$2.11 of December, 1870, Mr. Tilton, having learned that I had replied to his only one of the difficulties. Their gift, and he now wears a smile clear a lunch from a bakery. Threatening letter by expressing such name is legion.

THE END OF THE ROAD.

BY EMMA LYNDON.

He came into the composing-room one afternoon, nearly exhausted from a long walk of twenty-five miles since morning, and wet and cold with the dismal rain and sleet that was falling

He did not present an attractive appearance—a face that needed both shaving and wathing, browned by the hook" was indulged in; no one hesitated to "soldier" a little, for a constant exposure—and a pair of fat take of editorial or a cut which great eyes that looked hungrily search of something he never found; a ably contributed by some "dude" printer in a philanthropic mood, but which had long since lost the last trace of respectability-an old slouch hat, battered by wind and wheather, and

hard usage, like its owner. No one could have told, or even guessed with any degree of accuracy, the man's age. He may have been fif ty or thirty-five years old. No mat, ter-no one cared sufficiently to in. quire or wonder. He walked slowly across the room, stopping at last to watch dreamily the dett fingers of one of the printers who was distributing

his case for the night's work. The worker glanced over his shoulder at another man who sat behind him, saying indiffierently:

"Here you are, slug seven."

Slug seven, who had evidently been longing for a "sub," threw himself carelessly off his stool, depositing a dozen lines of type on the stone, and turning to the stranger, said: "Want to work? Jump on to that

The tramp hesitated-only a second -murmuring something about being tired; then wearily took off his shabby coat, exposing to view a shirt which had no original color, and vest equally grimy and dilapidated. But when once at work, sending the type hither and thither in the process of distribution, the weary look on his face grew a trifle less perceptible, and at the an occasional smile lurked in the cortowel. ner of his mouth at the jokes that went around the room.

Outside, the November sleet beat against windows, and the streets were almost deserted. Within the composing-room all was life and fun and laughter; merry talk mixed with the click, click of type from a hundred

Thoughtless, light-hearted workers, earning their money dettly and swifteach week as payday came around. "Where did you work last?" asked a young fellow who stood beside the

"In Philadelphia," he answered, stopping his work for a moment. "But that was two weeks ago, haven't

had any work since. "That's hard luck," carelessly.
"We fellows are used to that," with a littile bitter laugh.

"Pretty tired, aren't you?" 'slug seven," walking up and noticing the weary look in his "sub's" face.

"Yes; and I have a pain between my shoulders that cut like a knife. I must work to-night, though," turning away to pick up a handful of type. A tall, heavy-built man stalked in-

to the room at this juncture. He glanced sharply at the new man, taking in his general outside appearance in one swift look, from the brown, unshaven face to the shabby shoes that scarcely concealed his feet. A sudden hush fell upon the noisy crowd. The business manager of the concern was not inclined to encourage levity. He walked over to the foreman's table, whispered something in his ear and received the answer.

"He's all right; a little rough-looking, but a printer is a printer we're three frames short tonight."

The business manager walked out, after which the jokes and general freedom of speech were resumed. Six o'clock sounded from the differ-

ent city shop-bells, the whistles blew. the old composing-room clock clanged out six sharp notes. The office was nearly deserted. The tramp lingered, looking with a tr.e compositor's pride at the heaped-up case out of which he might "pull a good string." if he were not so tired, and that old pain in his shoulders were not quite so sharp, though almost taking his breath at times. "It looks as if I would have to wait

till lunch-time for my supper, but it's a long time till 12 o'clock to night," he said to himself, as he walked over to the sink to wash up. No one had seemed to notice that he must need food-that he would be obliged to bunk under his case-in the waste-box, or press-room-anywhere for want of a little money to procure a lodging outside. None of the smart young printers who held regular cases on that enterprising sheet could be expected to take to their respectable boarding places a man so dirty and uncouth-looking as this tramp. Even if their hearts prompted any such action, the fear of being snubbed by their landladies for the generous deed overruled all thought in that direction.

At half past-six one of the men coming into the room found the "sub" seated on a stool, resting one arm on his case, his hand covering his eyes. As he did not look up the man spoke with pleasant indifference. Been out to supper?"

"No," in a choked voice, "I am dead broke." "You must have some supper," said his questioner, "you will not be able to work to-night. You are nearly tired out now. I imagine. "Oh, no, I can work-I must work

to-night." The man made no answer, but leaving the room, returned presently with

"Here, my man, this will set you up

till lunch-time, when the boys will give you a bite, no doubt.

"Thank you," he answered, the tears coming into his eyes-immediately looking a little ashamed of it. "What a fool I am," he said, as he was again left alone, with only the tick of the great clock and the gliding

cockroaches for company.

At seven o'clock the force were on hand ready for work. No jokes now, but each man buckled down to the task before him, anxious to do his best. The usual amount of "working to be that there was a regular bar in would measure eight hundred. All around the strange rooms as if in but the tramp-his ambition seemed to be on the decline, as the hours rolled by. Once his partner who stood next to him said in an undertone, as he walked to his place with a dash rule take.

"Pull out, the next is a head and twelve leads." But the "sub" could not "pull out."

The letters refused to come to his hand with their customary readiness. Twice in succession he "pied" a line, and once he struggled full fifteen minutes in the process of "making even."
"You must be rattled," his neighbor said, laughing at him quietly.
"A little nervous, I guess," he an-

swered, saying nothing of the dreadful weakness and weariness that was stealing over him, while the old, sharp pain never relaxed it steady, distress-

At lunch time he could eat nothing. although the boys were profuse in their offers to share with him. "I am not hungry," he said. The very words choked him; the food would have done the same.

Work was resumed, but the tramp was not with the rest. He would go out for a breath of fresh air, he said, but he did not return.

"I guess slug seven's 'sub' has jumped his cases," remarked one of the men to the foreman; he went out at lunch time for a breath of fresh air he said."

"Or a frink," remarked another. "No matter, thirty is on the hook."

Click, click, went the type in the sticks. The sleepy galley boy was roused for his last task that night; the last form went rattling down the elevator to the press-room, and still the "sub" did not return.

"Gone to look for lodgings, per haps," laughed one, as the gang stood around the sink, each waiting his turn at the soap and water and mourning

"He'll find them in the city hall; he looks like a rough customer," said another.

"A very quiet sort of fellow, I thought," said them an who had worked beside him. "He was sick and tired; all he wants is a good night'd

"And a clean shirt." "And a shave."

"Oh, come now, boys; you may be on the road yourselves, yet, and look as rough as this man. "Not while I can stand off the bar-

ber and the tailor," was the answer.

But the tramp where was he? A little bewildered by the change from the lights of the composing-room to the dimly-lighted street, he st a moment, scarcely knowing where he

The fire of fever was in his eyes, the flush of lever in his rough cheeks; his head felt heavy and his heart bounded against his side tumuituously.

He walked slowly down the street. farther and farther, turning here and there, heedlessly-going he knew not where-in any direction to escape that ringing in his ears, and the terripain that clutched at every

The city lights grew farther apartthe brick blocks taded away into quiet country roads. Still he walked on until, half unconscious he sank beside the way, and could go no farther. The shabby hat fell back from his

head, revealing a forehead broad and high; the great, sad eyes gazed up in an unseeing way at the moon that drifted overhead, and looked down at him pityingly from its fight through heavy clouds.

Then between his face and the night sky there crept a picture. A long, low, vine covered house-a porch in front where a woman sto. d, one hand on the head of a boy-a slender, pale faced lad, with great, sad eyes. She kissed his lips, and held his hand and murmured blessings on her child as he left her standing alone beneath the vines

and climbing roses. Then another scene drifted through the dulled and weary brain. A place where mirth and wine and revelry ran high, and one there—the gayest of the gay-a man with a pa'e face and sad eyes, belying his own nature by the words he uttered. A messenger at the door-a telegram thrust into his hands-"Your mother is dead"-then followed a blank.

The moon waded through an intervening cloud, and by its light the dying man saw still another picture Wrapped in the robes that angels wear, descending to his side in the track of a quivering ray of moonlight, she came-his mother. She lifted his head to her breast, the weary head that had missed caressing so long; she pressed her lips to his, and the kiss went like new wine to his very heart, she touched with her soft fingers his tired eyes, and they closed in a long and undisturbed sleep. never to open again till the last trump sounds through the startled

No more weary miles; no more days nunger and loneliness and cold. Rest, perfect rest, for feet and hand and heart and brain.

Rotation of crops baffles, in measure, the root-enemies, both insect and fungus, that prey upon them. enemies, and changing of plants removes them to fields unoccupied by such enemies. This is true of the enemies of the above-ground growth of plants to an important degree.

E. N. Thomas, an employe in the post-office at Washington, has been arrested for appropriating money to his awn use.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

the Capitol-Webster and Clay's Tippie.

Washington Correspondence Cleveland Leader.

Many of these committee rooms at the Capitol contain during a session a choice article of spirits, and the present Minister to Berlin, Mr. Pendleton, was not averse to treating his friends of the Senate now and then. It used the Capitol. This bar was known vulgarly as "The Hole in the Wall." It was situated between the House and the Senate, and at it Clay and Webster often drank. In deference to the temperance sentiment this bar has been long since abolished, but liquor is sold at the Capitol as much as ever, and you can get whisky straight in either the House or Senate restaurant by merely asking for "cold tea." It is said that drinking is decreasing

at Washington. I do not believe this to be so. Fewer people drink at the saloons, perhaps, but it has come to be that every public man has his cellars stocked with wines and brandies. and liquors are sold by the quantity instead of by the glass. All of the grocery stores at Washington keep large stocks of liquors, from Mumm's extra dry champagne down to a very cheap article of whisky, and you will find wine stores in nearly every block. In no city of the United States, except, perhaps, New Orleans, is there so much wine drank in proportion to the population. Many families never sit down to a meal without having wine on the table, and at a Washington hotel, where public men stop, it is the rule to take bottle of wine with your dinner. Within the last few years punch has become very popular at Washington, and you will now find a big punch bowl at almost every fashionable gathering. It is quite an art to make a fine Washington punch, and it takes very little of the regular article to cause the knees to quiver and the head to swim. One recipe contains the ingredients, whisky, rum, claret, champagne, sugar and lemons. A little water added to this, and you have a drink that will put an old toper under the table after half his usual allowance. Still this stuff is given to young men and maidens. Is it any wonder that some of them get too much, and we have such scenes as that of Stewart Castle last winter, what Congressmen Holman's son insulted a young lady, and the half of the party were affected by their tipping? It was such punch as this, that started young Mahone on a spree in which he attempted to shoot one of the waiters at Welcker's, and it is this punch that will undoubtedly create a scandal or two the coming

season.

A great deal of beer is drunk in Washington, and many of those who drink wine regularly at their meals prefer a light article, such as claret. The man who drinks such as beer and claret seldom becomes a drunkard, and in those countries where cheap light wines are staple, as Italy and France for instance, you will find much less drunkenness than in America or England. There is a good deal of difference in the United States as to drinking. Men from the North and East and from California drink wine while those from the West and South take whisky or beer. Kentuckians usually take whisky straight, and Wisconsins are fond of t' rir own Milwaukee lager. Senators Frye and Blair are said to be the only Senators who are teetotallers. Attorney General Garland likes a good article of Bourbon. President Cleveland drinks beer sometimes, and of the members of the Lower House, few of them are averse to a dram on the sly. The Speaker himself is a good judge of liquors, and he often takes a bottle of wine with his lunch. Both Cox and Dorsheimer like good wine, and ex-diplomates, such as Hitt, of Illinois, seldom eat without a bottle of wine at their meals. Ben LeFevre drinks beer, and there are a number of members who are addicted to drinking hot water. There was a Congressman named Jadwin in the Forty-seventh Congress who never sat down to a meal without having a teacup of hot water placed before him. He seasoned it with cream and sugar and drank it as other people do coffee. Congressman Hatch, of Missouri, is also a hot water drinker, and Breckenridge, of Arkansas, takes it with every meal. These hot water drinkers advocate the practice as a cure for dyspepsia and indigestion, and they say they become as fond of the drink as of tea, coffee or whiskey.

What is a "Strike?"

In an injunction case in Nebraska, in which it was sought to compel certain engineers to work in opposition to their wishes Judge Dundy said there was no law to compel the men to work when they desired to quit, and that alone seemed to be the object of

"If that be the sole object," said the court, "then this case has no business here. I shall never order a man to work against his will by injunction. Such action would be inequitable, for the reason that another remedy exists -suit for breach of contract, whenever the terms of the contract as prescribed are not carried out."

This word "strike" is of modern origin. The question is regarding its legal definition, and on that the case may turn. If it means, and can be shown that its meaning in this case, is a project to create a disturbance, derail cars, and ditch trains, then the court can order a writ of injunction to restrain the contemplated injury, and the charge of conspiracy is well taken. If, on the other hand, the word in this case is synonomous with an intention of quitting work and quietly waiking out. I don't see how Each plant has its own peculiar this court is going to restrain this action. That's all there is in the case

as it stands at present that I can see. Richard McCarthy, of Rutland, D. T. was killed at Havana. 10 miles west of that place, on the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railway. While attempting to board the train, while in motion his leg was ent off at the knee and skull broken. He leaves a wife and one child.

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