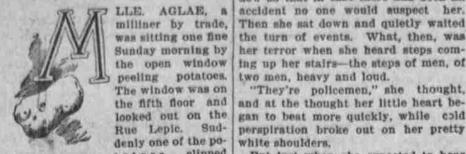
STORY OF A POTATO.



tatoes slipped through her fingers, dropped over the edge of the window sill and disappeared into space. It fell with a bang upon a gentleman who was passing beneath, and made a deep dent in his

elegant silk hat. It took him but two seconds to reach the landing on the second floor, when a door suddenly opened and a person rushed out in a great hurry and fell heavily into his arms.

The two men eyed each other for a moment with angry and astonished looks, ready to abuse each other, when both simultaneously uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Anatole!"

"Edgar!"

Anatole Baudruche and Edgar Brichcton were two old college chums. They had not met since the day when they took their bachelor of arts degree together twelve years before. In spite of this long interval in their intercourse they found on the occasion of this sudden meeting that they had very little ready change of conversation. Edgar was the first to speak: "Bay, your hat looks very pretty,"

he said. "Do not speak of it. It has just and it was her intention to put in a served for a target for a potato that cauliflower as well.

fell from the fifth story." "And now you are going upstairs to restore the potato to its owner? That's very nice of you."

Not by any means! I'm going to charge the clumsy devil with his crime ; to make him pay for a new hat." Well, so far as that is concerned, you might as well tackle a corpse." "And why, if you please?"

"Because old Bidoche is an old hedge-

hog who will kick you downstairs, even if he opens the door for you at all." "Old Bidoche?"

Yes, the man you are after, for it can be no other than he. All the tenants in the building are always having trouble with him. One might think that he minde a point of being as disagreeable to everyone as he possibly can."

"Then do you live in this house?" ""No, but an aunt of mine does, and scarcely a day passes without her having a scrap with old Bidoche. If you will allow me I will go up with you; two heads are better than one in a matter like this."

So Edgar and Aanatole went up three flights together, and stopped outside a door through which came softly the sounds of a melodious musical instrument.

"This is the room," said Edgar. ""He's practicing on his bassoon."

With these words he pulled the bell id the bassoon suddenly ceased

to into the street she was overcome DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

her terror when she heard steps com-

ing up her stairs-the steps of men, of

"They're policemen," she thought,

and at the thought her little heart be-

gan to beat more quickly, while cold

perspiration broke out on her pretty

But just when she expected to hear

the men's cruel fists knocking at the

door of her little room her face sud-

denly resumed its calm and penceful

Still she was afraid to move for some

time, fearing, with logical mind, that

when the policemen found that the ten-

ants next door were innocent they

would come in and accuse her. After

some moments, however, she gained

enough courage to conceal the basket

of potatoes, which must otherwise have

appeared so much against her, and

forced herself to put on an innocent

expression with which to meet the po-

After waiting a little longer and

hearing no noise of steps, but only the

bassoon, she became completely reas-

In order to make assurance doubly

sure, she opened her cupboard, and,

of milk and started on the return jour-

Suddenly she felt a violent blow on her

fingers, and at the same moment her

hands, her bare arms, her corsage, face,

hair and mouth were covered with milk

It was the potato that had slipped

from Anatole's hand and had landed

with remarkable precision right in the

"Oh, mamma," cried Aglae in de-

spair, "what has happened? Who has

done this?" And she ran up the stair-

case, only to run plump into the hands

Anatole, as a matter of fact, when he

saw the potato flying downward, re-

membered the police ordinance against

throwing things out of the window

after 10 a. m., and decided to leave

Molesquin as soon as it was at once

polite and possible. He shook Edgar,

who had fallen asleep, and, after prom-

ising Molesquin to return next day and

take lessons from him, and hurried

helter-skelter out of the door, the bas-

soonist accompanying him as far as the

At the moment when the door opened

Aglae was coming up the stairs four

steps at a time. Aglae and Anatole

found each other face to face. Aglae

mouth of the milk jar.

of Anatole.

door

two men, heavy and loud.

white shoulders.

expression.

lice.

sured.

VOICE OF OUR PRESS ON THE accident no one would auspect her. ISSUES OF TO-DAY. the turn of events. What, then, was

> Republican Corruption Rampant in the Chicago City Council as Well as in the National Congress-Twin Evils-License and Tariff.

The common council of Chicago is still republican, 49 to 19. There is no great promise of reform in such a situation, for it is under republican auspices that the council has become degenerate, as has the board of county commissioners. Every one of the towns in Chicago is republican. There is no great promise of reform in that fact, for nearly every one of these towns has been scandalously mismanaged. Notorlously assessments have been made uneven. What reform is there in electing one of the worst aldermen assessor in the richest town? Is there potency of reform in such a proceeding? True, the sentiment among electors which sent to the council such men as Gunther and Fitch reduced Hepburn's plurality until it was practically notice to quit. but Mr. Hepburn will have his credentials and there will be no reform in the assessment of the south town. There will be no reform in the assessment of any of the towns.

taking out the milk jar, opened the A commission appointed by the door quietly and crept down the stairs mayor, whose sole idea has been to seto get four sous' worth of milk from cure spending money for the people the dairy at the corner. In this way she hoped to make an alibi, and her at the city hall, is engaged now in case would be too strong for the making a report of the actual values of slightest suspicion. Besides, she wantthe property in the south town north of Twelfth street. Its report will soon ed some milk to boil her potatoes in, be ready. Is there anybody so obtuse as to think that Alderman, now to be Assessor, Hepburn will be guided by So she bought her four sous' worth a statement of values which emanates ney with her spirit at rest and her milk from so honest and capable an assessor as Mr. Joseph Donnersberger? bottle carefully held in front of her.

> The truth appears to be that reform is not desired by persons who are of great potency in the electorate. The rich do not want a change in the methods of assessment. They know how to control them to their advantage now. They want a pliable man in the assessorship. They do not want an honest council. They want a council that will respond to their demands when they choose to make them for gas companies, street railways or any of the many privileges that have conferred fortunes upon the beneficiaries. Bribed aldermen have not laid up great fortunes. The money that comes in over the devil's back goes out under the devil's belly. That easily had and unearned is quickly spent. But while the boodle alderman has not made a great fortune for himself, though he had such purpose in view, yet he has been the means of making at the expense of the city enormous fortunes for other men.

There is very little substantial cause for congratulation on the outcome of the local election. The machine that has robbed the towns is in full possession of the offices, ready to rob them anew. The council is not materially with her face and hair running with changed. A well-meaning but adolescent reformer shouts exultation at the selection of some nondescript of the the orient and of Spanish-America, is Harlan character, "A majority sufficiently strong to uphold the mayor in his vetoes of corrupt ordinances is assured." This is doubly a mistake, first, in the assurance that there is such a number of aldermen, and, next, that the mayor, who was an alderman once upon a time himself, has any purpose of vetoing corrupt ordinances if they are also ordinances in which he or his friends have an interest. Mayor Swift is and has been more culpable in the matter of granting privileges to corporations without adequate compensation to the city than a whole roll call of corrupt aldermen. He signed the ordinance for the elevated loop in the south division. When it was urged upon him that he ought to insist at least upon the incorporation of a clause for compensation he refused. When attention was drawn to the insufficiency of the consents he declined to consider the matter, asserting that his man Friday in the public works department had acted and that was sufficient. He permitted the Chicago City Railway Company to carry a trolley to the heart of the city and thought that for this fatal innovation, the entering wedge for trolleys upon every street of the downtown district, a few thousand dollars was adequate compensation. The mayor did veto the General Electric. but the text of that veto demonstrated that in the other matters he had sinned against light, for every reason for veto he should have advanced in the previous cases, he set forth in his veto of the General Electric. He was, therefore, not ignorant of the substantial grounds on which the previous grants ought to have been withheld. An election in which Mr. Hepburn passes from the council to the assessorship of the south town is not a triumph for reform. But it is a matter of congratulation that in the common council are to be found such men as Mr. Gunther, Mr. Fitch, Mr. Gazzolo, Mr. Maypole, Mr. Kiolbassa, Mr. O'Malley and Mr. Walker, some of whom owe their success to republican votes, for there are in this town many excellent, wellmeaning republicans, who must, however, confess that their party is dominated in county, city and towns by an unscrupulous machine, which at the whole demonstrated on Tuesday its ability to maintain itself in a career of corruption and to have in its struggles support of very many of the so-called best citizens, who in return get assessments of their property to suit them and find themselves able to buy what they want in the council chamber and the city hall .-- Chicago Chronicle.

Raines law as legislation in the cause of temperance and morality declare that the increase in the license fee will, reduce the number of saloons. They do not say that it will reduce the consumption of liquor. They merely allege that there will be fewer places where liquor can be bought.

Experience furnishes abundant reason to doubt the correctness of this opinion as to the effects of an increased license on the number of saloons. It would be difficult to show that in any city where high rates of license have been established the places where liquor is sold are less numerous than before. In Chicago when the license fee was raised from \$125 to \$500 a year there was no decrease. On the contrary, the number of saloons increased with the increase in population and general business. Every other high license city has shown a similar state of facts.

If the number of licensed saloons is reduced in any city by an increase of the tax the loss is more than made good the tax is too high it will be evaded. Institutions variously known as "speak easies," "blind pigs," "holes in the wall" and otherwise take the place of saloons in which business is licensed and regulated by law. What is called the "boot leg" traffic-selling small flasks of bad liquor at a high price by peripatetic venders, who conceal their stock of trade in their clothing on the street-is another device for avoiding the payment of a high license fee or tax.

But with honest police aystems the illicit liquor trade does not flourish in cities. The saloons continue though the license is increased and their number is enlarged with a greater population and with the public demand. In this view, based on experience, the number of saloons in New York will not be diminished under the Raines law. Illicit trade may flourish, but probably not to a great extent.

If it is not true that the increase in the license tax under the Raines law will decrease the number of saloons the of securing information as to the route revenue will be enormous. There are 13,000 saloons in New York and Brooklyn. Their taxes will amount to nearly \$10,000,000 a year. Of this sum the state will get one-third, or, say, \$3,500,-000. The amount of taxes paid by the various counties for state purposes will be reduced to that extent.

The Raines law, therefore, creates a sort of partnership between the pious temperance people of the interior and the wicked saloon-keepers of the great cities. The greater the number of saloons the more tax they will pay, onethird of which goes to relieve the countles from taxation. This is the crafty device of the republican machine in New York to make the Raines liquor bill popular among the anti-liquor voters by shifting a vast proportion of the state tax from the counties to the cities.

Protection and Free Coinage Are Twins. Say the Utah republicans: "A protection tariff, as long as the money of the country is held, ounce for ounce. Cox's to Dr. Mudd's, nearly fifteen 100 per cent higher than the money of impotent to save our farmers and manufacturers from a competition which they are helpless to meet." If this means anything it means that our silver dollar is held at 100 per cent higher than the value of the metal contained in it by its practical convertibility into a dollar in gold, and that the only thing that can save our farmers and manufacturers is to let the silver dollar fall one-half to its bullion value. The gold coin would then be worth just as much as it is now, and the dollars of silver would be worth only half as much as the dollars of gold. Yet these republicans pretend to favor bimetallism pretending that two kinds of dollars, one worth twice as much as the other, will circulate side by side. They know better. They know they are silver monometallists and not bimetallists at all.-Ex.

BOOTH IN HIDING. One Man's Life Hung by a Very Slender

Thread. The spot to which Captain Cox led

the assassing was an old tobacco-bed covered with broom-sedge in a dense thicket of young pines, which was not near any roadway.

Thomas A. Jones, a foster-brother of Captain Cox, and who had been his overseer, lived within half a mile of the Potomac, on a place called "Huckleberry"; and as he had been regularly engaged in conveying spies and blockade-runners surreptitiously across the Potomac, Cox sent for him and placed Booth and Herold in his charge. Jones dally brought food covered with corn in a basket to the fugitives and called lustily to his hogs as he paid his visits. Each day he found Booth suffering much from his leg, and usually on the ground, rolled in his blanket. He was eager for the papers giving an account of the murder, and seemed to be much distressed that his foul deed met with by the prosperity of illicit traffic. Where little approbation in the South. Jones watched his opportunity to take his dangerous charge to the river, about two and a half miles distant; and nearly a week-a gloomy, cloudy week of chilly mist-passed before the favorable op-

portunity came, On the third or fourth day after Booth reached the pines it was decided to dispose of their horses, which had become restless from lack of food and proper stabling, as it was feared that their neighing would betray them. Accordingly, Herold and Franklin A. Roby, Capt. Cox's overseer at that time, led the horses about two miles distant into Zekiah swamp, where it makes a junction with Clarke's Run, and here they were shot. As the place was boggy, the bodies of the dead horses disappeared from view in the course of a week, and were never seen afterward.

The carcasses of these animals, however, came near betraying Captain Cox. A large troop of colored cavalrymen came to his residence for the purpose taken by the assassins after they left Rich Hill. Captain Cox showed them the general direction of their course early Sunday morning, which was toward Zekiah Swamp. The troopers started for the swamp, and Captain Cox and his son retired to a knoll about one fourth of a mile in the rear of his house, which commanded an extensive view of the entrance to the swamp in the valley below. They could easily see the buzzards hovering over the spot where the horses had been killed a few days before, their bodies not having yet sank in the bog. Captain Cox and his son anxiously watched the cavalrymen approach the swamp. Would they or would they not enter below the dead horses? Captain Cox nervously questioned. "My son," said he, "if those men enter below the spot where the bodies of the horses are, I shall hang for it." The colored cavalry entered but a

short distance above where the horses lay, and deploying at intervals of fifty feet, beat the swamp from Captain



Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that



is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired



ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond ____ question. Remember that



CONSUMPTION

with fear. She hurriedly shut the window so that in case there had been an

milk and Anatole with his silk hat the shuffling of feet was heard along all smashed in on his head.



"MONSIEUR, YOU ARE A FOOL." the floor, the door opened and there, across one arm.

"What do the gentlemen desire?" asked the little old man.

"M. Bidoche," replied Edgar.

"Yes, the wretched Bidoche," added this fashion!" Auntole, shaking his ruined hat in one hand and with the other placing the jured you have only to go to a hatter's potato on the top of the musician's ness

"M. Bidoche?" replied the old man you, mademoiselle." politely. "I do not know him. I never heard of him."

Edgar. "Are you trying to deceive us?" | at Rue des Martyrs."

"Not at all," answered the old man quigity. "There must be some mistake me go to breakfast in a restaurant with somewhere. My name is Molesquin. you? En blen, mademoiselle, I shall 1 am the sole basso in the orchestra of go to your brother's with my hat only the Theater des Gobelins, and I moved on condition that you come with me in this morning."

"Then," continued Anatole, "you are not the man who threw this potato on you to a restaurant only on condition my hat?"

"I only eat green vegetables," answered Molesquin. "Nevertheless, if the gentlemen will come in for a short while I will play them my part in the Tour de Nesles.' There are some interesting passages in it."

Anatole and Edgar did not like to refuge, and went into the old musician's lins." room. Molesquin gave them a seat and some cigarettes and then, going up to the stand, he played through for their Bunefit the whole of the first bassoon stairs. part /h the "Tour de Nesles."

Edgar made a brave face over it. while Anatole sat in the window with lightning. The dinner-for one must his, potato in his hand, scarcely able to contain his patience.

Suddenly the musician struck a false the Theater des Gobelins. note. It increased Anatole's impatience so much that he gave a jump, and in doing so allowed the potato to slip from his fingers. It rolled over the window sill, and, with a hop, disappeared in the street below.

When Mile, Agiae dropped her pota-

They stopped; they looked at each other, and they understood it all.

"Monsieur," cried Aglae, "you are a fool." "And you, madamoiselle, your fingers

are made of blotting paper," replied Anatole. "You are a rude man, sir."

"And you are ill bred."

"A man who cannot hold a potato in his hand should not undertake to give lessons to anybody."

"I advise you to say as little as possible, mademoiselle. When a girl cannot peel a potato without letting it drop she should take her meals at a restaurant."

"I shall take no instructions from you, monsieur."

"None the less, mademoiselle, I reframed in the doorway, stood a little peat you should take your meals at a old man, with benevolent smiling face restaurant. I know a very nice one and a large-sized bassoon resting on la Place Pigalle. I do, indeed, mademoiselle."

> "Well, go there yourself, monsieur." "Oh! So you think that I would go to a restaurant with my hat smashed in

> "Eh bien, monsieur, if your hat is inand get it blocked."

> "I shall take no instructions from

"None the less, monsieur, I repeat you should go to a hatter. There is my "What's that? What's that?" cried brother, who is in the hatter business

> "Would you like very much to have to a restaurant for breakfast."

"En bien, monsieur, I shall go with that you take your hat to my brother's."

"And I," cried Molesquin, who had been attracted by the discussion, but who had said nothing, "and I shall never forgive you for having interrupted my studies unless you will accept a box tonight for the Theater des Gobe-

"We accept," cried Edgar in his turn. Molesquin went back to his room, and the three young people went down-

"he brakfast was delicious and the afternoon passed with the rapidity of have dinner-was also very good, and the evening was spent pleasantly at

After the performance Molesquin joined the three others and the four went to drink beer at the nearest cafe. In a word this story, though Paris-

ian, ended in a marriage.

All moths produce some form of silk.

High License and the Tariff.

republican politicians who defend the amount until after the election .- Ex.

What the Workingman Pays.

Utica Observer: The tin plate cry for more tariff illustrates the protection chain. First there is a duty on iron ore, then a duty on pig iron; then a duty on steel; then a duty on tin plate; then a duty on manufactured tin. The mine owner charges the furnace man as much extra for his ore as the tariff will permit. The furnace man adds the pig iron tariff and the iron ore extra to the price of pig iron to the steelmaker. The steelmaker adds the steel tariff and the iron ore tariff to the price of steel to the tin-plate maker. The tin-plate maker adds the tin-plate tariff and the steel tariff and the pig iron tariff and the iron ore tariff to the price of tin plate to the manufacturer of tinware. The manufacturer of tinware adds the tariff on tinware and the tariff on tin plate and the triff on steel and the tariff on pig iron and the tariff on iron ore to the price of the dinner pail that is put upon the market. Does the workingman think that he doesn't pay all the tariff extras on his dinner pail?

The Issue in Illinois.

Peoria Journal (rep.).: Mr. Tanner is not the choice of the republicans of Illinois. He is the choice of the machine and outside of a few country districts he has not even claimed to be anything else. His nomination, if it is made, is the culmination of a long planned and carefully worked out scheme. The issue of the campaign will be stated in about these terms: "Tanner favored the boodlers; Altgeld denounced the boodlers." The people of the state will do the rest.

Republican Economy.

The republican plan of economy is to \$100,000,000, but not to appropriate over | zish towel. From Chicago Chronicle: New York \$10,000,000 toward payment of the

miles

Editors and Preachers. The fact that journalists differ among themselves and from the preachers on religion and social questions should not surprise anybody who knows how much the preachers differ themselves on the same question. The preachers seem "to want the whole earth" of journalism a little too soon, while the editors, whose outlook upon the world is wider, are obliged to be economical with their preaching in order that their newspapers fulfill their great distinctive mission-publicity.-Rev. John Griffiths.

Knew What They Were After. A millinery establishment at Springfield, Ill., was looted the other night Last year's styles were not touched, but everything new was taken. This creates the suspicion that there was a woman in the case,

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A red-hot iron will soften old putty so that it can be easily removed.

Green tea will revive rusty black lace and render it as good as new.

A soft cloth wet in alcohol is 'excellent for wiping off French plate glass and mirrors.

The tone of the piano improves when the instrument is moved from the wall of the room.

A few lumps of beeswax, wrapped each in a bit of old linen, and put in the folds of a white satin gown will keep it from turning yellow.

To remove sewing machine oil stains rub the stain with sweet oil or lard and let it stand for several hours; then wash it in soap and cold water.

Coarse brooms will cut a carpet, and although imperceptible at first, their ravages will at length show themselves in the increased number of shreds, especially if the carpet be a velvet pile.

A little keresene oil rubbed briskly over the spots on dark clothing will brighten the garments and remove the stains almost like magic. The kerosene will evaporate quick and leave no stain.

Jewelry can be beautifully cleaned by washing it in hot soap suds to which a few drops of ammonia have been added, and then shaking off the water and laying the jewelry in a box of jeweler's sawdust. This method leaves no mark or scratches.

If a daily tub bath is enervating, try a dally sponge bath and a tri-weekly tub. The "tubbings" should be taken at night, in water warm or hot, according to the tastes of the bather. The sponge bath, which should be taken in the morning, should be either cold or lukewarm, and should be followed provide for a national expenditure of by a brisk rubbing down with a Tur-