

## THE FIRM OF GRIN & BARRETT

No financial throes volcanic  
Ever yet was known to scare it;  
Never yet was known to panic  
Scared the firm of Grin and Barrett,  
From the flury and the musters,  
From the ruin and the crashes,  
They arise in brighter luster.  
Like the phoenix from its ashes,  
When the banks and corporations  
Quake with fear, they do not share it,  
Smiling through all perturbations,  
Goes the firm of Grin and Barrett,  
Grin and Barrett,  
Who can scare it?  
Scare the firm of Grin and Barrett?

When the tide-sweep of reverses  
Smites them, firm they stand and  
out it,  
Without wallings, tears or curses,  
This stout firm of Grin and Barrett,  
Even should their hour go under  
In the flood and inundation,  
Calm they stand amid the thunder  
Without noise or demonstration,  
And, when sackcloth is the fashion,  
With a patient smile they wear it,  
Without perturbation or passion,  
This old firm of Grin and Barrett,  
Grin and Barrett,  
Who can scare it?  
Scare the firm of Grin and Barrett?

When other firms show dizziness,  
Here's a house that doesn't share it,  
Wouldn't you like to join the business,  
Join the firm of Grin and Barrett?  
Give your strength that does not murmur,  
And your nerve that does not falter,  
And you've joined a house that's firmer  
Than the old rock of Gibraltar.  
They have a good prospect;  
Why not join the firm and share it?  
Stop, young fellow, with celebrity;  
Join the firm of Grin and Barrett,  
Grin and Barrett,  
Who can scare it?  
Scare the firm of Grin and Barrett?  
—Sam Walter Foss, in Christian Endeavor World.

## HIS AMERICAN BEAUTY.

By Joseph Sebastian Rogers.

Denton first met her at the Marlow's reception. He had just come in from the front porch, and was standing before the throng that filled the rooms.

"No, there are several here I've never met," he was saying to Miss Marlow; "for instance, the tall young lady with dark hair and brown eyes, over there by the cabinet."

"Oh, Mildred Arnold—she is pretty, isn't she?" replied Miss Marlow, with a touch of condescension in her voice. Then she led him across the room and presented him.

"That night," Denton walked home he thought to himself that he had never met anyone quite like Miss Arnold. There was a distinct personality in the pose of her head, the wave of her hair, the bend of her arm; and a certain suggestion of herself in things about her person. He had a faint impression that he would have known it among a hundred, though he had never seen it before, and the rose that breathed on her bosom seemed to take life from hers. Her voice was clear, full-toned and low, and her dark eyes reminded him of a deep pool reflecting all the shade of the moving heavens.

Ten days later, Denton called.

"I brought you this," he said, unfolding an American beauty rose, "because I have an idea that it is your favorite flower."

"How very queer. It is my favorite, indeed, I have any, for I am deeply fond of flowers." Then she took the rose and thanking him, laid it against her face.

"Two of a kind," thought Denton. After that he tried to think of her as his "American Beauty."

They became very good friends after a time—this man of society and the gentle-mannered, book-loving homely. Perhaps it was her literary taste that attracted Denton, for he himself was an author and at that period was writing his "Thirst of Tantalus," which afterward threw society into a flutter of excitement. Perhaps the spiritual faculties of the man found fellowship in the all-pervading presence of the young woman's deep eyes.

When spring came Denton called, the first bright day, to take her walking in the country. They boarded an electric car and alighted at the further end of a pretty little suburban village.

Before them stretched a smooth, white road shaded by great, sturdy trees. On either side of the highway the wild lilacs were blooming, and the air was filled with the subtle breath of spring.

After a time they came to a bubbling stream winding through a rocky gorge. "I thought to come down here to fish and dream, when I was a boy," said Denton, taking the path by the side of the stream. They walked on for some distance until they came to a ledge of rock at the base of a towering boulder, trellised with ivy.

"What a beautiful spot!" said Mildred.

"This was one of my favorite haunts," said Denton. "Many an afternoon I've dreamed away while more practical people were working and achieving something," and then, quickly, "but you do not like practical people, do you?" he added.

"That depends," Mildred answered, looking brightly into his questioning face. "There are practical people and earthy practical people. These latter I cannot endure."

Denton's face lighted up with a peculiar interest.

"Whom do you call 'earthy practical'?" he asked.

"Money lovers," Mildred replied, "or those who seem to have but one object in life—money making. And for this they subvert all their higher faculties, misuse their talent, and die before their time."

"Then the man who paints a picture or writes a book and is doing so caters to the public taste for the sake of monetary gain is 'earthy practical'?" asked Denton, gathering up a handful of pebbles.

"Indeed yes."

He threw a pebble into the water and sat silent for a moment, and then— "And such a man would have no place in your esteem?" he ventured in a careless tone, as if asking an idle question.

"No," said Mildred pensively, "I think not."

There was a long pause. The rippling of the water at their feet and the song of a blue bird in a tree near by filled up the interval of silence.

Denton arose. "After all, I suppose you are right," he said, with a troubled countenance, "when I come to think of it, I must agree with you."

"Why of course you do," Mildred answered, arising and looking around her. "That night," Denton revised part of his manuscript by discarding some ten or fifteen pages and filling up the gap with newly written matter.

It was several weeks later that he dined with the noted publisher, Lintine.

"The great secret of success in modern novel writing," said Lintine, as the wine was circulating, "can be summed up in one word—'risque.'" Denton went home, searched through the waste bas-

ket, found the discarded pages and again embodied them in his manuscript. "What will be, will be," he muttered. As soon as the weather grew warm, Denton posted off to the mountains and sojourned in a quiet place. It was there that he learned that Miss Marlow was also there. At the clubs in town, the gossip was that Denton and Miss Marlow were constantly together—now scaling some mountain peak, now taking long walks over the picturesque roads, or sitting on the veranda in the moonlight evenings. Be this as it may, Denton must have worked during the summer, for when he returned his book was finished and in the hands of the publisher.

He was not long in calling upon Mildred. Mrs. Arnold, whom he met coming out of the house, told him to walk back to the dining room pantry. He stole quietly forward and stood in the doorway. Mildred was there, wearing the daintiest little apron in the world. Her head was turned from him, but he could see the roses on her cheek, and her hair shone like ebony beneath the light. She was cutting chocolate.

"Just in time for the caramels," laughed Denton.

She turned quickly, and the knife fell from her hand.

"You!" she exclaimed, her face radiant and her eyes scintillating brightly. He held her hand a trifle longer than was necessary.

"What a stately little cook you are, to be sure," he said, surveying her from head to foot. She withdrew her hand and stepping back a pace, began to ask him a score of little feminine questions—how he came, how he knew she was there, why she didn't hear him coming and the like. Then she assigned him to the task of chopping up the remainder of the chocolate, while she bustled herself with the pots and pans.

Soon the candy was bubbling thickly upon the stove. Denton sat down. A spirit of silence came over him as he dreamily fixed his eyes upon Mildred.

"Did you spend a pleasant summer?" she asked, dropping a lump of butter into the candy.

"Lovely," replied Denton, and Miss Marlow rose before him.

"Danced every night, I suppose?" she queried, slowly stirring the candy.

"Yes, indeed—every night," he repeated at random.

"And lots of pretty girls?"—brightly, "Lots of them."

She rested the spoon upon the edge of the pan and glanced quickly at Denton.

"What's come over you?" she asked. "I don't believe you've heard a word I've said."

Denton ceased drumming on the edge of his chair and raised his head.

"I was wondering if there was anyone on earth quite like you," he replied, in a low voice.

The girl's dark lashes fell heavily upon her damask cheeks. She turned aside and resumed the stirring.

"Why?" she asked, archly.

Denton was silent for a moment, and then, quite slowly:

"Because you're so different from all that I've ever met; for that very reason I've something to tell you—Look, the candy!" he suddenly cried.

So intent had Mildred been upon Denton's conversation that she had allowed the candy to boil over. More than that, it was scorched and a wretched failure. So also was the remainder of the evening for Denton. The interruption had jarred upon him.

He went home soon after without speaking the words that were upon his lips.

Several weeks later his book appeared. At first it made no great stir, but when the Criterion published a severe criticism of the work, classing it with certain French novels, and styling it a "living picture," in an incredibly short time it ran into its tenth edition. Denton was taken up and borne aloft upon the shoulders of society, so to speak. He was wine and dined and lionized from morning to night, until life began to be a nuisance.

Hurrying along the street in the direction of his club one afternoon, he saw Mildred Arnold about to enter her carriage.

As she took her seat her eyes fell upon Denton and she motioned the coachman to wait.

"I thought I recognized you when I came from the house," she said, giving him her hand.

"And I, too, recognized you half way up the square," said Denton.

"Which way do you go?" she asked, seeing one of the horses grow restive.

"Down," said Denton, and the word echoed strangely in his heart.

"Ah, I'm sorry you're not going in my direction, and then, very softly, "Have you been quite well?"

"Very well, thank you." He rested his hand upon the carriage window and came a little closer, but it seemed to him that a great distance lay between them.

"I've been wanting to see you," he said, with a slight show of embarrassment; "there was something I started to tell you the last time I called, but the candy boiled over," he explained, smiling frankly. "This is hardly the place to tell you," he went on, riveting his eyes upon the silk tassels that hung from the carriage curtain, "but I'm going away in a day or two for several months, and though I will see you upon my return, I want you to know among the first. It is this—when I come back I'm going to be married."

She was leaning slightly forward, her lips were pressed together and her face was pale, but otherwise she was impassive.

"Then I'm sure I wish you a very, very happy life," she replied, quite gently. Denton bowed and drew back from the carriage. She smiled, and then, as she held out her hand. The color had come back to her cheeks in a great scarlet flood, and he thought he had never seen her look more quiescent.

"Good-bye—good-bye," she repeated, and the next moment Denton stood alone.

It was a January evening. A suggestion of a closed door, a slowly-drawn curtain and a glowing hearth permeated the cold, invigorating air. Denton buttoned his top coat and throwing his shoulders back started at a brisk pace down the street. He had returned to the city the day before and was now on his way to see Mildred Arnold. He stopped on the way at a florist's establishment and selected a magnificent American Beauty.

Somewhat the house seemed strange as he gained the steps. His rang the bell and a maid, wearing a white apron, she would receive him. What a deep light had always glowed in her brown eyes, heretofore, when she came to meet him. Would it be the same now? Or was he lost in her estimation—one of the "earthy practicals." A trim maid whom he had never before seen opened the door.

"Is Miss Arnold at home?" he asked, removing his silk hat.

The servant looked puzzled for a moment. "Oh, they've moved," she finally said. "They've moved on, unconcernedly," Mrs. Arnold went on, "and the girl next door says, right after the young lady died."

Denton started back and the rose fell from his hand. A thousand images of Mildred flashed before him, and the sound of her low voice rang in his ears.

"Here is your rose sir," said the ser-

vant. He took the flower. In a dazed manner he turned and went down the steps. It had begun to snow and the ground was white. Slowly he wandered along the street, his head strangely bent—his breath coming in great gasps. Something touched his elbow. He turned, thinking some one was about to wake him from a dream. The dim light from a lamp fell upon the pinched and plaintive face of a little girl, clad in tatters and shivering with the cold.

"Please, sir, my mother's very ill and has nothing to eat—I-think she will die."

Denton put his hand in his pocket and gave the waif a roll of bills. As he turned away he recollected the rose he carried. "Stop!" he called to the child. Then he went to her and placed the flower in her arms.

"Tell your mother, child, to take this, if she dies, to her," he said, pointing upwards.

A Daring Bicycleist.

There is a man out west who can ride a bicycle down a steep and long ladder and enjoy it. His name is E. C. Terrell. That is to say, between the mending of his broken bones he brags about it and makes preparations to ride again. At Seattle recently this ground and lofty bicycle made extensive preparations to ride down a ladder 140 feet long.

The top rested against the corner of the street building. The rounds of the ladder were 14 1/2 inches apart, and as Mr. Terrell's wheel was only 28 inches in diameter, the difficulty of his undertaking may be imagined.

At the appointed hour Mr. Terrell appeared on the roof of the building with his bicycle. He was dressed in the regulation bicycle costume, and eased calmly down at the spectators from his airy perch.

Suddenly he stepped forward, took off his cap and bowed. Then mounting his wheel, which was held in place by two men, he fixed his feet firmly in the toeclips and gave the word to let go.

All that the spectators saw was a streak of wheels and two wildly gyrating legs. The rumble of the wheels over the rounds of the ladder sounded like the rattling of a stick over a picket fence.

When Terrell reached the bottom he was going at the rate of a scared coyote. He ran about 200 yards before he could bring his wheel to a halt.

This feat of Mr. Terrell is a remarkable one, and has probably never been equaled. His iron horse bears ample witness to the fact that it is attended with great danger.

He bears scars on almost every portion of his body, the result of his daring ladder riding.

Twice he has broken his arms. The top of his skull has been split open, his ankle broken, his jawbone crushed, his teeth knocked out, besides sustaining many minor injuries of which he has kept no track.

A less persevering sport would have given up the dangerous ladder long ago. On one of his rides at Ellensburg some time ago, Terrell broke his jawbone and had several teeth knocked out by a peculiar accident.

Half way down the ladder there was an iron rod bracing the sides of the ladder. Terrell was going so fast that when the wheel struck this rod it not only threw the rider out of his saddle, but the spring in the iron sent the wheel bodily into the air.

It struck the ladder fully twenty feet further up, with such force that it lodged in the rung and plunged through it.

A portion of the rung entered the rider's face just above the chin, piercing the jawbone and badly shattering it and knocking out three of his teeth.

Mr. Terrell has been engaged in riding down stairways and ladders for three years, and since October 7, 1897, he has made fifty-eight such rides.

He says that as each wheel sinks nearly half way through the rungs of the ladder, when it comes down with a bound.

The length of these bounds is what must be calculated upon. There is a fine uncertainty in the rider's mind as to just where he is going to land and no one can tell such things by exhibitions and collection is taken up.

Mr. Terrell is a newspaper correspondent and gets his living from that source. There are very few persons, however, who would care to follow his footsteps.

Electric Motor in a Scarf Pin.

The smallest electric motor in the world, says the New York Herald, has been built by D. Goodin of McKinney, Tex., whose business as a watchmaker has trained him to handle delicate machinery with the exquisite care required in making a motor that moves with all the regularity of a big machine and yet is so small that its owner wears it as a scarf pin.

The motor is so small, that it weighs only 9-16 of an ounce. The armature is about the size of a small state pencil. The front of the motor is of gold, highly polished, and the commutator segments are of silver. It is kept in place, that viewed from a little distance, the scarf pin has the appearance of a designed pin. It is only when standing near to Goodin when he is wearing the scarf pin that its nature can be discovered.

The first thing to attract the attention is the buzzing of the machine, which, by means of a current obtained from a small chloride of silver battery carried in the vest, is kept in operation at a high rate of speed, and with a noise like a small nest of hornets.

The field magnets of the little motor are made of pure bakelite of No. 22 wire, iron scraped down and polished. These are held together with gold screws and wound with No. 26 silk covered wire. The armature is of the four pole type and is wound with No. 26 wire.

The little brushes are of marvelous thinness, having been constructed of copper, hammered down with much patience and care. There is a small gold switch on a black rubber base, made with pins to be worn on the laps of the vest.

Mr. Goodin has found his novel scarf pin an "open sesame" to all places where electricity is the popular topic. He has been lionized at every electrical exhibition held in his section of the country, and the wonder and interest aroused by his scarf pin seem never to grow less. He has been asked to exhibit it in public, but is content with the homage paid to his talents in his native town, and refuses to show it publicly elsewhere.

Dogs in the Klondike sell at \$300 to \$400 a pair. In New York the dog catcher impounds better animals in default of a \$3 license. Chewing tobacco is sold at \$1.00 a pound; and over the United States post, plus 30 cents. Hops are worth \$100 a bushel. A race horse can be bought for \$150, and a blooded roadster with a record in the 20's for \$250, any place in the United States.

Klondike eggs are \$1 each. In New York the same class of eggs are sold 30 for 25 cents.

## PROBLEMS OF WAR.

It would seem to be a very difficult thing for the railroads to move a great army at a few hours notice without producing a congestion of passengers at metropolitan points. But the railroads say that under present conditions there would be little trouble in making the transfer. They declare that by reason of extraordinary emergencies during the past ten or twelve years they are equipped for almost any service that might be demanded of them.

"At the beginning of our civil war," says F. E. Daggy, city passenger agent of the Illinois Central Railroad, "there were few completed roads in the west and south, and there was the greatest difficulty in moving any large body of persons, either soldiers or excursionists. Hence there were no railways to different sections and no cars to do more than meet the ordinary exigencies of travel."

"But the times and conditions have changed wonderfully since then. It is only my personal and unofficial opinion, but I believe every railroad in the country today is equipped to carry any number of passengers in any given direction on a few hours' notice. In the event of war with Spain all the soldiers required to be moved toward the south could be made to go in a few days. Thirty-seven years ago the troops were transported on box cars, with boards nailed crosswise for seats. The roads could carry every one of them now in first-class passenger cars, elegantly upholstered."

"This state of things has been brought about first by the system of excursions at certain seasons whereby many people are carried to and fro at a cheap rate. To accommodate this comparatively new phase of traffic large numbers of cars are required to be kept in reserve."

"But the second and most important reason is the World's Fair at Chicago. Nobody outside of railroad circles can guess the vast number of cars that were especially constructed to carry people in every direction to and from Chicago during the few months of the exposition there. Why, the Illinois Central moved an army of sightseers every day. So did the Pennsylvania Central and other trunk lines. The facilities are still with us for moving an equally large army in any direction, and for some months to come, perhaps, there will be no excursions. Extra passenger cars are in reserve—on our road, for instance, at Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, Jackson, Vicksburg, New Orleans, and all along the line. If an army in any given direction would bring these cars into immediate service."

"Say that troops are to be massed quickly at Key West. The only point in the whole country where there would be any danger of congestion is Jacksonville, Fla. If they start all the lines bearing troops to Key West would necessarily be over one road, unless ships should receive soldiers at Mobile and New Orleans."

"It is a mistake to suppose that the troops would have to be piled up in cities in order to be moved en masse in any given direction. For instance, the men in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Northern Iowa need not go to Chicago at all. They would converge toward Freeport, Ill., and pass on through to New Orleans. Men from Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma would converge toward St. Louis. The first in the Northwest would not touch at St. Louis, but pass through Kansas City to Memphis and straight on to New Orleans or Mobile. In order to keep the traffic going, however, the line might separate at Kansas City and on half pass to the westward to Fort Worth and the other half to the south through either Louisville or Cincinnati."

"Admitting that Chicago would be a gateway for the north, there are three straightaway outlets toward southern points of hostilities. The last is directly south. The second is through Indianapolis and Cincinnati and the third from Cincinnati to the southeast. Troops from Texas and the southwest would make straight for New Orleans through Houston and Galveston. The first is through New England states. New York and Pennsylvania would move down from Boston, New York and Philadelphia through Wilmington, Fortress Monroe and over the Plant system to Jacksonville."

"In fact, as I said at the beginning, there will be no trouble getting troops to Key West or any southern port in ease, comfort and with most astonishing speed. In twenty-four hours as many men could be landed in Key West as could be gathered in any other regular run from Key West."

Frederick W. Lehmann, an attorney, said:

"It is difficult to prophesy what the condition of Cuba will be in the event of a war between the United States and Spain. However, one of three things must follow. The island may be given independence; this country may establish a protectorate over it; or it may be annexed to the United States."

"I don't know that from the United States it is possible to accomplish for Cuba, for I cannot say whether or not its people are capable of governing themselves. I have not studied their character and am not acquainted with their ability to restrain themselves."

"If Cuba is given a protectorate which the United States might establish over Cuba would be regulated entirely by agreement. It would cover whatever considerations the two governments might wish to embrace in the contract. However, the treaty with it the right to restrain, and America should not attempt to support Cuba in any manner without a reciprocal agreement that this country shall be permitted to place such restraints upon the government of the island as shall be deemed necessary to keep it at peace with the world."

"If Cuba is annexed to the United States, it can demand to be made a state immediately. She has a sufficient population and, theoretically, that is the prime qualification for statehood. We cannot consider the character of the population—it is immaterial whether it is good or bad. Color and nationality are not barriers. When a territory has the population it has the right to be a state, and, if Cuba is annexed, it will be contrary to all precedent to deny to her the high privilege of governing herself. She has 1,500,000 inhabitants and many of our states have a much smaller population than that."

"The constitution of the United States does not say what population a territory can have before it can become a state, and a careful study of the acts of congress, creating states and territories, shows that the number of inhabitants of a new state has been a secondary consideration."

In recent years the admission of states into the union has been prompted by partisan considerations. This accounts for the fact that statehood has been given to a small territory like Idaho with a population of 85,000, and denied to a large one like New Mexico, with a population of 267,000.

The estimated population of Cuba was, in 1897, only 1,500,000. Only 22 of our states have so many persons within their bounds. Cuba's population is much greater than that of any of the American territories. It is six times that of New Mexico, which has 267,000; forty times that of Alaska, which has

36,500; seventeen times that of Arizona, which is 90,000; eight times that of Indian Territory, which is 186,000; and five times that of the District of Columbia, which is 285,000.

"War is precipitated," says General John W. Turner, "not by declarations, but by overt acts. Not that there is going to be any war—O dear me, no!"

The general looked up from his desk in his office in the Laclede building. His kindly face wore an expression of shock at the very idea of hostilities. Nobody would have dreamed at that moment that he was a brave soldier and not a Quaker.

"But," and his eyes sparkled, "if there should be war, all previous theories of how it will be started are liable to be displaced by facts."

"Now in 1846 General Taylor went down to the Sabine river with his soldiers. War had not been declared. His mission was apparently to guard the border. He marched into the territory claimed by the United States, and when he had passed the Rio Grande he met with armed resistance and the battle of Palo Alto resulted. Thus war began without any one declaring it. Afterwards congress formally recognized the existence of hostilities."

"War nowadays would come in the same way, by some act of war, either premeditated or forced by one country or the other. When the conflict is well on, the president may send a message to congress, after all acts of diplomacy have failed, and it then rests with congress to recognize that a state of war actually exists."

"Just who would command the army depends upon whether congress desired to interfere in the selection. If it did not, General Nelson A. Miles as the ranking officer would have command of the field, directed by the president as commander-in-chief, through the secretary of war. But congress has the power to create the office of lieutenant general and turn the whole army over to the command of a civilian."

The coast defenses would be first manned, and the standing army pushed forward to conduct the opening campaign. The mobilization of the army of volunteers would follow, and the troops sent to Galveston, Pensacola, Tampa Bay and the ports of the south, where they could be gathered by ships.

"This, however, is merely theory. The massing of troops is done by order of the president, and the nature of that order would necessarily depend on the purpose to be accomplished."

John V. Johnston, an old naval officer, has lived in St. Louis since the civil war, and knows more of the river and river fighting. He entered the navy in 1838, served until after the Mexican war, and then resigned. During the civil war he commanded a gunboat, and since then has kept up with naval affairs.

"In the navy there is no officer empowered to extend authority farther than the squadron over which he has control. If there should be war with Spain the North Atlantic squadron would be commanded by either Admiral Kirkland or Admiral Sigsbee. The last of Kirkland shows that he was at Mare Island, and he is the ranking officer of the navy. Sigsbee is next. But the president, through the secretary of the navy, might ignore the seniority of commissions and designate an officer of his own rank to command the squadron."

"War is not so easily precipitated as sea as it is on land, but overt acts can readily be committed. Suppose several of our ships are sent to Havana. A riot ensues. Our vessels are appealed to for protection to the Americans living in the city. The Spaniards, in some mad moment, fire a gun at our ships. We respond in kind. The cannon from the forts answer. We shell the city. There you have war, without a declaration of hostilities. But even even then it is not too late for the intervention of diplomacy. If that fails, then the president will notify congress, which may recognize the situation by a formal declaration. Then the Atlantic squadron will move toward the east and the Asiatic squadron descend upon the Philippine Islands."

## THE ADVENTURES.

Can there be more than one Hattie Ely? Might as well ask if there were two Cleopatras or a multitude of Helens of Troy, says the Philadelphia Times. Yet if the stories that have flooded the narrator since we have had two talks about the Philadelphia girl who set all Europe aflame, who induced the uncle of the Russian czar to steal the crown jewels and led to the downfall of an American minister to the court of St. Petersburg are all true, Hattie Ely is a multitudinous person. Yesterday we listened to a schoolgirl friend, who told us that Hattie had never married a man named Blackford, but had been connubially united to a railroad conductor named Blackman. Today there are a score of written assertions that we were right in our original statement that her first husband's name was Blackford—and that is probably right—but we are further informed that her first name was Lizzie, although to some of the old-time bucks of Philadelphia the name Hattie will come back with sharper and fonder recollections. She was such a remarkable adventuress that her career appears to excite considerable interest, and therefore another story of her life from one who claims to have known her well may not prove amiss. It is from one who calls her Lizzie, and for the ensuing and additional story of her sensational career she is responsible. It seems about this way:

Her maiden name was Lizzie Ely, and she was the daughter of a prominent clergyman of the Presbyterian church, and one of his company of northerners who, many years ago, migrated to Wisconsin. Her father, the Rev. Marion College, about which was subsequently built a very thriving and prosperous town. When Miss Lizzie had attained the age of 13 she was sent by her parents to a boarding school in West Virginia, where she remained quietly for about one year. She was there considered a remarkably intelligent creature, possessing a slight and delicately molded figure, but at the same time superb health, while her disposition evinced an general accomplishments gained for her favor and admiration. In the routine duties attendant upon her educational culture she displayed remarkable talent, acquiring as if by intuition what to all other girls came only after the severest application and toil. Her literary compositions were models of originality and skill, and in a word her proficiency gained her the highest grade upon the roll. It was here that she first met the man who, in her opinion, was the most distinguished of her contemporaries, which afterward distinguished her and which proved themselves to be sufficiently subtle to lead astray the Grand Duke Nicholas. It was here, also, that she took the first step in her bold, adventurous career. She was in a while at the above named school she formed the acquaintance of a young man named Blackford, and resorted to the most strategic measures in order to enjoy his society. The first was the notice of the head of the school, and extraordinary means were taken to keep them from meeting. It is stated that a quarrel ensued between Miss Lizzie and her preceptors, at the climax of which the young girl dashed from the room, created the greatest scandal, and met her lover a short distance beyond. But the honeymoon had barely passed when the two discovered that they had made a mistake. Quarrels were frequent, and subsequently, when a separation was demanded, the young man refused one fine morning in his bed, cold and dead.

The great success of this woman's life—again our informant is talking—if the statements made by all who knew her are worthy of credence, was her constant and habitually dissipation, and yet the notice of the head of the school, and extraordinary means were taken to keep them from meeting. It is stated that a quarrel ensued between Miss Lizzie and her preceptors, at the climax of which the young girl dashed from the room, created the greatest scandal, and met her lover a short distance beyond. But the honeymoon had barely passed when the two discovered that they had made a mistake. Quarrels were frequent, and subsequently, when a separation was demanded, the young man refused one fine morning in his bed, cold and dead.

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## Swallowed a Mouse.

I have swallowed a live mouse whole. From that text I feel as though I could preach a powerful sermon, pointing to this moral: Do not sleep with your mouth open.

I shall tell the fearful experience I how it feels to swallow a mouse alive.

On a recent Thursday night I retired as usual, about midnight.

Often when the light was out I had heard a mouse gnawing and squeaking about the room. On this particular occasion, however, I heard no such sound.

The fact is I awoke with a start, feeling a slight choking sensation about my throat. Without rising I rubbed my throat wearily. As I became gradually awake the stifling sensation became more pronounced, and I sat up and tried to swallow.

It was then that the muscles tightened and I felt pain. My throat was entirely stopped up and I could scarcely breathe. I tried to swallow again, and the obstruction slipped downward a little. Then I was paralyzed to hear a squeak come from inside of me. Instantly I recognized the sound.

It was the little mouse that was wanted to play about my room. He had crawled into my throat on some errand of exploration while I slept.

I didn't know what to do. I realized I must do something, and do it quickly, so I grasped at my neck and so tried to clutch the beast and keep it from slipping down any further. I knew the further down it got the harder it would be to get it out.

But I clutched in vain, for the mouse wriggled and kicked frightfully.

I was really so frantic at this juncture that I don't know very well what I did, when he finally crawled beyond my reach.

My sensations were simply indescribable. My head swam and ached. I think I reeled about the room. My senses were all benumbed. I felt a terrible, sickening pain all over me.

I could feel the tiny demon clawing away in vain effort to get back to my mouth. At that time, though, it seemed to me it was trying to gouge a great hole through my inside. Finally I had sense enough to go into the next room. I could scarcely make a sound. At first my neighbor did not understand, but when he did I was sent flying to the doctor. He treated the matter with provoking good humor, and dosed me with emetics.

The mouse had reached my stomach by that time; at least the doctor seemed to think so, because it had quit cawing and was comparatively quiet. Only a trail of fire and pain remained where it had clawed its dreadful way down my throat. There was nothing more the doctor could do, and he started me back home. I hadn't gone more than a hundred yards when the universe began to turn over again, and I discovered that the quarts of emetics I had swallowed had got in their work. There lay that dreadful mouse before me in his crown and misery.

Now, I'm all right, except for a sore throat. But I sleep with my mouth shut.

"She is slight and graceful in stature, like a person of good family; not pretty, but attractive. Unfortunately her teeth have not the luster of the pearls in her casket. In conversation she calls the Grand Duchess Constantine 'my mother-in-law.' She declares that the only jewels abstracted by the grand duke was a decoration of diamonds and emeralds which adorned the blouse under one of those portraits of St. Nicholas which wealthy families in Russia cover with gems. It was taken by an aid-de-camp of his highness to the Mont-de-Pete, which obliged him to break it up before lending 2,000 roubles of it. That occurred a few days before the departure of the colonel for the Khiva expedition. The unfortunate officer was thrown into prison, and then only were the police allowed to enter the room. The jewels at the Marble Palace had been committed by the Grand Duke Nicholas."

"And were you arrested?" I asked.

"Yes, and passed a week in the palace of Count Tzopoff, minister of police."

"With the diamonds?"

"Oh, no; the grand duke warned me on the previous evening, and I had deposited my papers and jewels at the American legation, where the police were able to convince themselves that none of them had belonged to my mother-in-law."

"Miss Feenix declared that everything was restored to her when she was conducted to the frontier."