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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1897.

CONGRESS will reconvene on January 5th.

KNOWING ones predict no legislation on financial questions during the present session of congress.

LESS argument and more action in the Bartley case would be more pleasing to an impatient public.

A VOTE of thanks is hereby tendered Santa Claus for kind remembrance of the little ones of North Platte.

RESOLVES to begin the new year afloat are in order. Join THE TRIBUNE's family of subscribers and you will be in good company, at least.

ON January 1st the American window glass company will advance the price of window glass. Most persons can see through this—a trust.

IT is about time to predict an old-fashioned potato crop for next year, says the Nebraska Farmer. Yes, but we would include farm produce of all kinds as well.

THE Kearney Daily Hub observed Christmas in the old-fashioned style, giving its readers a special number on pale pink paper. It may be said of the Hub that editorially it is equal to any emergency.

THE bankruptcy bill, which has been in the hands of congress for the past several years, has already been called up, and having started early it may stand some show of passage. The bill is a good one and deserves to become a law.

PROGRESSIVE farmers will now devote a few spare moments to the matter of holding profitable institutes throughout the state. Much interest has been awakened in these meetings the past few years and the tendency has been to arouse unprecedented activity in matters pertaining to agriculture. Farmers of Lincoln county should be astir along this line.

THOUSANDS of acres of tillable land of good quality is unoccupied along the Platte valley. Let there be united efforts by our citizens to see that every acre of such ground in this county shall be under cultivation during the next few years. The wave of prosperity, which has swept over the country, will in the future, as in the past, only benefit those who embrace with vigorous determination opportunities at hand. We want more occupants for good land.

THE republicans in congress and the departments are moving in the direction of rigid economy in government expenditures, and the expenses for the current fiscal year are likely to be considerably reduced. This fact adds to the probability that the Dingley law is going to prove ample in its revenue-producing capacity. Indeed, the members of the committees which framed it are unanimous in their agreement with treasury officials that it will meet the requirements of the government and that no further revenue legislation will be necessary.

THE Era makes no attempt to reply to THE TRIBUNE's article in last Tuesday's issue relative to the unlawful levy for the bridge fund, and the customary practice of turning over the balances from the bridge fund to the general fund in order that the populist reformers can have more money to spend. The Era makes no denial of the charge because it knows that it cannot truthfully do so. Up to date \$21,000 has been unlawfully levied and collected by the reformers, and expended by them in a manner that resulted in but little benefit to the taxpayers.

Chambersburg, Pa. is all torn up by a Lincoln evangelist who is preaching against "whiskers, tobacco and feathers" as vanities and soul-destroying superfluities. He stirred up the women one night last week at his revival service to such an extent that they seized their hats and plucked the feathers from them, then and there piled them up on the church altar. Nothing is said about the men coming forward and plucking their whiskers from their chins, so it is presumed that this was a feather and not a whiskers night. The New York Sun comes to the conclusion that "Lincoln, Neb. is the capitol of speech and the centre of able exhortation."—State Journal.

AN educational test is a prominent feature of the immigration restriction bill now pending before the republican congress and likely to be made a law. The republican party has always been the champion of intelligence and education, while those opposed to it have welcomed their ranks a large percentage of the unsatisfactory element coming from abroad. It will be remembered that the immigration restriction bill of last congress was vetoed by a democratic President.

HIS RARE RECOVERY.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES INVOKED IN BEHALF OF A BOY.

Young Murphy is said to have been cured by the Holy Water—An Aged Monk the Agent Through Which He Was Healed. The Boy's Regard For Him.

The friends and relatives of little James Murphy, 15 years old, son of Jeremiah Murphy, the well known pork packer of St. Louis, are deeply stirred over the rapid and phenomenal recovery of the boy from what was believed by all of them to have been a mortal hurt.

The boy's mother is confident that her son has been restored to her through the miraculous intercession of "Our Lady of Lourdes," and Rev. Brother Arnold, the venerable friend and confessor of the boy, is delighted with what he believes to be the direct intervention of the Virgin to save his young friend's life.

A few weeks ago young Murphy, who is a student at the Christian Brothers' college, rode part of the way home in one of his father's wagons. As he neared home he attempted to leap from the lack of the wagon, but at the same moment the vehicle turned out of the street car track in which it was running, and young Murphy was thrown violently to the ground. He alighted on his head and was carried unconscious into his home. Dr. Frank A. Temm and Dr. Robert O'Reilly were hastily summoned, and it was found that the lad was suffering from a violent concussion, with every indication of a fractured skull.

The most prompt and heroic measure known to modern surgery were applied, but the doctors realized from the start that the lad's chances for recovery were very problematical and warned the heartbroken parents of the gravity of their son's condition. All visitors were excluded, and the disconsolate family, fearing the worst, clung to each word of hope from the doctors and carried out their instructions to the letter.

The Christian Brothers, at whose college the injured boy had been a student, called almost daily, but they were refused admission to the sickroom because of the orders of the doctors that no one be permitted to disturb the boy. Among the many who called daily to ask for the lad none was more persistent than Venerable Brother Arnold. He has been a close friend of the lad, and every day his bowed form and kindly face bore messages of hope and consolation to the Murphy home. But even he was denied admission to the boy's bedside until finally the devoted mother, fearing that her boy might die without the consolations of his religion, acceded to Brother Arnold's often repeated request and permitted the old man to see the boy.

No sooner had he taken the lad's almost senseless hand and sat beside him in the dim room than the boy recognized him by a faint pressure of the hand. Brother Arnold then produced a vial of the holy water of Lourdes, and after uttering words of comfort to the patient sprinkled the water upon his head and recited the prayers invoking the aid of the Virgin. The boy's mother who stood silently watching the odd scene, says that the good effect of the old monk's prayers was quickly apparent, and the light of reason and almost happiness came back into her son's eyes. After a few silent prayers and a word of encouragement to the boy Brother Arnold left his bedside. The next morning when the doctors called they were surprised at the marked and sudden improvement of their patient, but the anxious mother, fearing a reprisal, did not tell them that she had permitted a visitor to her son's sickroom.

Brother Arnold continued to call with his precious water of Lourdes, and within a week young Murphy was able to sit up. The doctors were agreeably surprised at their patient's sudden rally and attributed it to natural causes, aided by the scientific and unceasing attention which they had given the case from the start.

Dr. Temm was very much surprised to learn that Brother Arnold had been visiting his patient, and he very modestly refrained from taking any credit for the boy's recovery.

Dr. Temm was recently asked if he discredits the theory that the boy was cured by a supernatural agency. "I do not wish to discredit anything or anybody. I know, as every observing man knows, that the power of faith is not to be despised. It is comfort, hope and strength for those who believe. When the life of a devout person is in the balance, its influence is positive. It is not the function of any doctor to scoff at such influences. They have nothing in common with the hysterical vapors of fake 'scientists.' The confidence inspired by religious faith might turn the balance where medicine failed. It is not an unheard-of phenomenon." Brother Arnold takes no credit to himself for the alleged miraculous work of the water. He is a studious and pious old man, whose face is beaming with good natured smiles. He is notably fond of children and is never so happy as when surrounded by troops of small boys, to whom he recites the stirring stories of his long and eventful life. James Murphy, who had so narrow an escape from death, is the second son of Jeremiah Murphy. He returned to school a few days ago, and beyond the loss of some weight and color, is apparently none the worse for his experience. Young Murphy has a deep rooted and unspoken conviction that his recovery was by the agency of the water of Lourdes, and his regard for Brother Arnold amounts to veneration.—St. Louis Republic.

HEROES OF MEXICO.

AMERICAN VALOR ON FOREIGN FIELDS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Captain Charles May's Charge at Resaca de la Palma—Taylor at Buena Vista. Storming the Towers of Monterey—Brilliant Daring of Robert E. Lee.

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FIFTY years ago the armies of Scott and Taylor were marching to the posts assigned them in order to complete the military domination of Mexico. This was the only time in the history of the republic that United States soldiers played the role of conquerors upon foreign soil. Active hostilities had lasted about two years. During that time there were many brilliant feats of arms, in which American soldiers, both volunteers and regulars, displayed the highest valor.

The fiftieth anniversary of the close of the war is a fitting time to recall some of the deeds which led up to victory. The battles of Zachary Taylor's army were always fought against odds, yet his victories were sweeping and decisive. Taylor led off in the invasion of Mexico. He fought his way to the city of Monterey, 100 miles south of the Rio Grande, a strong military position well fortified and garrisoned by 10,000 regular troops. Taylor had but little over 6,000, many of them volunteers. Fighting began on the 19th of December, 1846. At the end of three days all the heights around the city had been captured and the guns turned upon the flying Mexicans. The enemy retreated step by step, taking advantage of the solidly built houses for shelter. The Americans pressed forward and fought from house to house. Over 40 of their officers were shot down while leading the attack.

On the way south from the Rio Grande Taylor had fought two battles at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. In this last battle, fought May 9, 1846, occurred the brilliant cavalry charge led by Captain Charles May on the Mexican batteries.

May 9, 1846, Taylor marched with 2,000 soldiers from the battlefield of Palo Alto to the relief of the besieged garrison at Matamoros. At Resaca de la Palma 8,000 Mexicans disputed his passage. Their line was drawn behind a ravine 60 yards wide, and the road crossing at the center was exposed to fire from their cannon, which was trained to cover the openings in the chaparral lining both sides of the road. By splendid practice Taylor's cannoners drove back the advance Mexicans until their guns were massed in and behind the narrow pass over the ravine. Sounds of increasing battle at Matamoros warned the Americans that there was not a moment to lose, and Taylor ordered Captain Charles M. May to charge the guns with his squadron of cavalry. To cover the charge the American guns opened and drew the fire of the Mexicans. Then the gallant horsemen sped like lightning down to the ravine, into and across it, leaping the enemy's works before the guns could be reloaded and trained to meet the onslaught.

The cavalrymen cut down the cannoners with their swords, but so impetuous was the rush that the squadron swept on past the guns. Gathering a handful of survivors May faced about and charged again, capturing the Mexican general. At that moment a regiment of American infantry, following May's gory path, rushed in and seized the battery.

Finding that Taylor threatened to march to the interior of Mexico, Santa Anna gathered an army of 20,000 of his best troops and marched into the valley of the Rio Grande to expel the Americans. The armies met on the 23rd of February, 1847, at the pass in the Angostura mountains, near the Hacienda of Buena Vista. The place was another Thermopylae. A narrow causeway between steep mountain spurs on the one side and impassable water courses and ravines on the other was the only road by which the Mexican army could march forward.

Taylor deployed his men on the mountain spurs and on the crest of the ravines. On the 23d Santa Anna demanded the surrender of Taylor's army. One feat that has been rehashed a thousand times around American campfires was the perilous passage across the volcanic rock beds of Pedregal, near the City of Mexico, to carry vital dispatches between the divided wings of Scott's army. The rocks were pointed so sharp as to cut the shoes, the night was dark and stormy and Santa Anna's pickets lined the way on either side. After seven aides had attempted to cross and given it up, Lee set out alone and succeeded. Scott declared in his official report that it was "the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual during the campaign."

The Old Sinner. He was a hundred and a day. He stily looked at me. "Yeth, I have drunk and chewed and smoked Through all my life," said he. He was a hundred and a day, And he was sturdy yet. Eyes in his sunken face. The porchouse that we met.—Cleveland Leader.

Glad He Survived. The good lady scrutinized him closely. "Didn't I give you a whole meat pie a day or two ago?" she inquired in irony tones. "Yes, mum," replied the tramp. "I'm the same party. But I've recovered, and if you'll make it plain bread and butter this time I'll be much obliged."—Tit-Bits.

A Sound Liver Makes a well Man. Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, sick-headache, bad taste in mouth, foul breath, costed tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin pain in back and between the shoulders, chill and fever &c. If you have any of these symptoms, your liver is out of order and slowly being poisoned, because your liver does not act properly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal as liver medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottle at North Platte Pharmacy, J. E. Bush, Mgr.

aware that Santa Anna had a very large force, but he "didn't stop to count the Mexicans." The Mexicans were repulsed and routed. Santa Anna lost 2,000 killed and wounded and large numbers of his soldiers threw down their arms and never returned to the ranks. The Mexican war gave little opportunity for brilliant naval actions. The Mexicans had no navy, and only one seaport town of any consequence was attacked. That was Vera Cruz, which was besieged by Scott in March, 1847. Captain Josiah Tattnall bombarded Vera Cruz with his wooden "Moscovite fleet." It was a deed worthy of the future commander of the ram Merrimack. The fleet comprised the steamers Spitfire and Vixen and five gunboats under sail. Leaving one schooner at anchorage as a blind, Captain Tattnall took the others in tow of the steamers and on pretense of getting to sea with them sailed down the channel. At a turning point, instead of going outside, he steamed up within eight yards of Fort San Juan D'Ulloa and between that famous castle and Fort St. Jago. From that position his shots reached the city. As soon as the Mexican gunners in the forts got over their surprise at the Yankee audacity they concentrated a heavy fire of shot and shell upon the unprotected wooden ships. The water around the fleet was churned into foam, but the vessels had run inside the range of the Mexican guns, so that they did not make a single

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair. DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

MARY AND JEAN. How oft at dusk did Emma join The banks of Ayr appear, A melancholy child of song, Missing and a mourning tar, Of recollections dear? The kindly after years had healed The wound within his breast. For Jean's devoted love revealed That happiness which death concealed When Mary went to rest. He fondly scanned his letters at play About the cottage door, Toiled stoutly onward day by day, Obedient to honor's sway, Which bound him evermore. And yet mayhap in some lone place Where Ayr's clear waters roll His dreams at eve recalled the grace Of sainted Highland Mary's face—The mistress of his soul. He loved, and who that loves today Shall grudge the pensive hour When, clad in sorrow's mantle gray, He paced beside Ayr's quiet way To woe oblivion's power? What dreams were his of pleasures deep He might not deem his own. Perhaps, though years his secret keep, Thinking of her who fell asleep, He deemed 'twas better so.—Frank Putnam in Chicago Times-Herald.



CAPTAIN ROBERT E. LEE. [In 1847.]

shot tell. After bombarding the city one hour Tattnall received an imperious signal from the commodore to withdraw for fear all would be lost.

After the capture of Vera Cruz Scott pressed onward toward the City of Mexico, fighting on the way the brilliant battle of Cerro Gordo. The late General James Shields was one of the heroes at Cerro Gordo. At Contreras and Churubusco, farther on toward the great city, many brilliant personal feats were performed. At Churubusco gallant Phil Kearny charged on horseback with a handful of dragoons to the outer walls of the city. At the storming of Chapultepec, Sept. 13, 1847, a host of gallant soldiers, afterward distinguished in both the Federal and Confederate armies, won high honor. More than 60 brevets were given for that battle to men who became distinguished leaders in the civil war. Among these were Grant, Lee, McClellan, Joseph E. Johnston, Longstreet, Stonewall Jackson, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, Beauregard, Pickett, Armistead, Sumner, Major Anderson, Earl Van Dorn, Sedgwick, Grant and Fitz John Porter.

In the scaling of the castle of Chapultepec Captain Lewis A. Armistead, the leader in the front rank of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, was the first man to leap into the ditch and place a ladder for scaling the embankment. This he accomplished under a shower of bullets and hand grenades, but was wounded in the adventure. Longstreet, who was a lieutenant, marched with his company in the heavy battalions which followed up the attack of the light division. He carried the flag of his regiment, and while waving it to cheer the men forward was severely wounded. The flag was picked up by Longstreet's companion, Lieutenant Pickett. Pickett bore the flag to the very walls of the castle, and while the battle raged on the right and on the left at the base of the hill he lowered the Mexican flag from its staff upon the dome of the castle.

No one in Birnley recollected the arrival of the couple or anything connected with them—no one but me. It so happened that I was able to furnish information. They arrived at 8 o'clock one evening while there was a circus in town. I had helped the hostler to put out a letter with nothing further on it. After that letter nothing further was heard from her, though the husband had been seen in one of the territories alone. I was only a boy then, and I cannot remember all the details. I recollect, however, of Cummings explaining that it was not a happy marriage, that the woman had a large amount of money with her and that she was sure the husband had made away with her at some point on the journey. No one in Birnley recollected the arrival of the couple or anything connected with them—no one but me. It so happened that I was able to furnish information. They arrived at 8 o'clock one evening while there was a circus in town. I had helped the hostler to put out a letter with nothing further on it. After that letter nothing further was heard from her, though the husband had been seen in one of the territories alone. I was only a boy then, and I cannot remember all the details. I recollect, however, of Cummings explaining that it was not a happy marriage, that the woman had a large amount of money with her and that she was sure the husband had made away with her at some point on the journey.

Not a Pleasantable Day. The man was a wealthy and still young northern squire, selfish and self indulgent, childless, which was fortunate, for he was unfit to play a father's part, and suddenly widowed. It was to the funeral of the wife that my friend was professionally invited. It had not been a happy marriage. The man was gloomy, not because of the bereavement, but because of the solemnity and seriousness it entailed. He would have gone away if he had dared and left her relatives to bury her. He did not like them and swore he would not be shut up in a carriage with any one of them—he would ride alone. "No," said my friend, who had great influence over him (as indeed he had over most people with whom he was brought into contact). "You must not do that." There were good reasons why he should not have gone alone. "If you will not go with your relatives, you must go with the clergyman." "The clergyman! Well, if I must, I must, but it will quite spoil my day."—James Payne in Nineteenth Century.

Poems, Not Gold. Joaquin Miller is on his way back from the Klondike. Now look out for some lyrics from the frozen north. Joaquin will bring back poems, not gold.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pierce's Cream Baking Powder
 A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.
 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

THE INN AT BIRNLEY. BY CHARLES B. LEWIS. In every city and town in the land you will find a mill, store or factory which seems to be hoodooed. The location is apparently all right, but whenever you buy, lease or rents makes a failure. When George Walters of the town of Birnley decided to build an inn and become a landlord, he selected what was called the best location in the corporation. He was a man liked by all, had a fair amount of money, and everybody wished him luck and predicted that he would do well. It was strange what a turn of luck came to the man. He had been successful in everything, but on the day he broke ground for the new enterprise he fell over some timbers and broke his leg. Before the framework was up a workman had been killed. While the building was being completed a painter fell from a ladder and was fatally injured. The inn was opened with a housewarming. Some of the guests drank too heavily, a quarrel occurred, and the postmaster of the town was stabbed to death. The people advised Walters to get out of it. He looked upon it merely as a run of ill luck and remained until his wife died of typhoid fever. Then he sold the inn to a stranger named Grafton and moved away. Grafton had a wife and three children, and he had not been in the house a month when two of the children were drowned in the river nearby. Fifteen days later the tavern stables were burned to the ground. The man realized that the place was hoodooed and got out of it, and it was taken by another stranger named Eldridge. This owner made a low place of it, but for six months nothing happened to create much gossip. Then Eldridge was killed in a quarrel over cards, and that was the last of the Red Rose inn as an inn. It was offered for sale at almost any price, but the story of its ill luck had gone abroad, and no one would take it. It was finally put to use as a warehouse, but after a fire, which destroyed a portion of the structure, it was left an unoccupied ruin. It had stood thus for a year or so, an eyesore to the town and a wonder to all strangers, when a man named Cummings came along and made certain inquiries, which at once revived all the gossip. He had a sister married to a man named Dreyton. On a certain date the pair had set out from Columbus, O., to drive to a town in Illinois. They had their own carriage, and that they passed through the town of Birnley was proved by the fact that the sister mailed him a letter with the postmark on it. After that letter nothing further was heard from her, though the husband had been seen in one of the territories alone. I was only a boy then, and I cannot remember all the details. I recollect, however, of Cummings explaining that it was not a happy marriage, that the woman had a large amount of money with her and that she was sure the husband had made away with her at some point on the journey.

Every woman wears a crown who is the mother of a healthy baby. The mother of a puny, peevish, sickly baby, wish baby bears a cross. It rests with every woman to decide for herself which kind of a mother she will be.

U. P. TIME TABLE. GOING EAST—CENTRAL TIME. No. 2—Freight 6:00 a. m. No. 2—Fast Mail 8:50 a. m. No. 4—Atlantic Express 11:40 p. m. GOING WEST—MOUNTAIN TIME. No. 23—Freight 7:40 a. m. No. 21—Freight 3:20 p. m. No. 1—Limited 3:55 p. m. No. 3—Fast Mail 11:20 p. m. N. B. OLDS, AGENT.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. DR. J. W. BUTT. DENTIST. Office over First National Bank. NORTH PLATTE, NEB. BEDELL & THORPE. PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. Offices: North Platte National Bank Building, North Platte, Neb. F. F. DENNIS, M. D. HOMEOPATHIST. Over First National Bank. NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. WILCOX & HALLIGAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. Office over North Platte National Bank.

DR. N. F. DONALDSON. Assistant Surgeon United States Army and Member of Pension Board. NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. Office over Sibley's Drug Store. E. E. NORTHRUP. DENTIST. McDonald Building, Spruce street, NORTH PLATTE, NEB. FRENCH & BALDWIN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. Office over N. P. Ntl. Bank. T. C. PATTERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office over Yellow Front Shoe Store, NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

SMOKERS. In search of a good cigar will always find it at J. F. Schmalzried's Try them and judge.

SHORT HORN BULLS FOR SALE BY E. R. SMITH, GANDY, NEB. All these bulls have pedigrees.

D. M. HOGSETT. Contractor and Builder, + AND AGENT FOR ECLIPSE and FAIRBANKS WINDMILLS. NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

OZMANLIS ORIENTAL SEXUAL PILLS. Bare, Frigid, Positive Cure for Impotence, Loss of Manhood, Seminal Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Neuresthesia, Self-Detention, Loss of Memory, etc. Will make you a Strong Man, a Bold Soldier, a Great Business Man. Price \$1.00, 6 Boxes, \$5.00. With each Box, Address: BIRD'S EYE REMEDY CO., 208 LOUISIANA AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO. Sold by NORTH PLATTE PHARMACY, J. E. Bush, Mgr.

over, a satchel containing female apparel. This had been weighted with bricks and was lying at the bottom of the pond. When the satchel was found, Cummings felt sure he was on the right track, and the rear yard of the inn was explored. Men dug into the ground in 50 different spots, but after a long day's work it became certain that no body had been buried there. The barns had never been rebuilt after the fire. Cummings hired a dozen men and had the debris removed, but still the search was unsuccessful. He had previously gone over the house, which was little better than a ruin, but now he entered upon a closer investigation. The windows had been broken, doors carried away, and the leaky roof had let in the storms until the floors were rotten. Now and then half a dozen boys entered the house and clambered about, but as a rule it was avoided as an uncanny place. Up to this time no one had hinted at a ghost or strange things, but that was to come.

Mr. Cummings, a constable and myself entered the old inn one evening after supper to make a thorough search. What the brother expected to find he did not say, but he made up his mind that his sister never left Birnley alive. My persistence in declaring that she did not go away with her husband and the fact that the husband left at such an unusual hour probably gave Cummings the idea that she had been made away with during the night. On entering we mounted to the second story and entered the room the couple had occupied that night. We were standing still and gazing about when there suddenly came a sound as of a woman sobbing. I bolted at once, but the constable followed at my heels, and when Cummings joined us below he was pale and trembling. It was a queer sound we had heard, and after discussing it for a spell the constable went for Mr. Hastings, who was a justice of the peace. Hastings arrived to ridicule our fears, and together the four of us went up to the room. It was not yet dark outside, but very gloomy up there. The justice walked about, knocking and rapping with his cane, and perhaps ten minutes had passed when we heard a noise as of slypered feet crossing the floor, followed by gurgling and sobbing. The sounds were so real and at the same time so uncanny that the four of us made for the stairs at once. When we had got safely down, Cummings said the noises had been produced by the wind and wanted to go back, but no one would go with him. It was agreed to keep the affair a secret and inspect the house next morning, and after breakfast our number was increased to six. The two others were merchants of the town, and they had a hearty laugh at the way we had been driven out. At half past 8 o'clock in the morning we gathered in that room. Most of the plaster was off, the floor was sinking and cobwebs hung from the corners. Querly enough, access was had to the garret above through this, the best room in the house. There was the scuttle in the ceiling, with the trapdoor shut down, and I wondered that I had never taken notice of it before. Cummings had just remarked that he would like to take a look up there in the garret when there came a wailing, gurgling, sobbing sound which lasted for at least 15 seconds. Every one of us had the same idea about it. It sounded as if a hand had clutched a woman's throat and choked the life out of her.

There was a move for the stairs, and every one's face was as pale as death, but Cummings made a gesture which checked the retreat, and there was a long minute of silence. Then there was heard what might have been called a death rattle—a queer sound to make the flesh creep. After it had died away Cummings said: "Gentlemen, murder has been done in this house. Let no one go away. We will get a ladder and take a look into the garret."

The constable fetched a ladder, and Cummings was first through the scuttle. The garret was 40 feet long by 20 wide, with the end windows broken out and daylight and sunshine streaming in. There were loose boards over the joists, and the garret was the roosting place of scores of pigeons. For two or three minutes nothing was to be seen. Then Cummings, who had made his way to the west end of the garret, beckoned to us and pointed to an object lying on the laths between the two end joists. It was a bundle of black mold and bones—the skeleton of the missing woman. She had been murdered in the room below and carried up there, and one might have looked into the garret a hundred times without discovering the body. It had been there so long that there was only dust and bones to be gathered up and taken down for identification and burial. The murderer had stripped the body of all clothing, but on one finger had been left a ring, which the brother had given her as a bridal present. There was not the shadow of a doubt as to who the victim was, and so great was the popular excitement over the ghastly noises and the dreadful find that 100 men turned to and pulled the ruins apart and made a big bonfire of the last board. Steps were at once taken to apprehend the murderer, and his trail was followed for many months, but to this day his crime is unpunished.

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