

**THE MOONSHINER'S DREAM.**

BY MATT CRIM.  
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REBEL.  
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"S'nanthy, S'nanthy, wake up, Eddy's mighty sick an' I want you to run down to the still'er an' tell Eph."  
Samantha rubbed her sleepy eyes open, staring up at her sister-in-law quite vacantly for a moment.  
"What'd you say, Lizzy?"  
"Eddy's sick, an' I can't leave him. He has a high fever, an' I scallin' for his pa. Run, S'nanthy, quick as you can. Here's your clothes, an' wrap my shawl round you."  
Samantha sat up on the side of the bed still half dazed, but reaching mechanically for her dress. She occupied a little shed room opening out of the main room of the cabin, and the cold wind crept up through the cracks in the bare board floor.  
"I wants my pa, where's my pa?" fretted a child's voice.  
"There, there, honey, he'll come in a minute," soothed his mother.  
Samantha was about in an instant, the last vapor of sleep blown away by the breath of that childish treble. Her teeth chattered a little as she dressed, groping around with no other light to aid her than the one shining through the doorway from the fireplace in the outer room.  
"Put on another light 'ood knot, Lizzy," she called.  
"Why don't you come out here where it's warmer?" was Lizzy's reply, but she thrust the rich pine under the logs and stirred up a brilliant blaze. She was a tall, sallow-faced young woman, with stooping shoulders and melancholy eyes, a direct contrast to her sister-in-law, who was short and rosy and laughter-loving.  
"Now don't you be pestered, Lizzy. Eddy ain't goin' to be bad sick, I know," said Samantha, hopefully, as she came out of her little room flinging a shawl over her head. "He's just a little crampy an' feverish. He alays is when he takes cold. Eph'll come right up, and then Eddy'll be all right. Won't you, honey?" glancing over her shoulder to the bed.  
The little boy turned restlessly on his pillow, moaning softly.  
"I tell you, S'nanthy, he ain't tuk like he usually is," whispered Lizzy. "It 'pears to me we orter have a doctor right now. I know I'm alays scared

The trickling murmur of a little stream came up from the depths of the hollow, now and then a bird scared from its roost flew through the naked branches of the trees, or some small four-footed beast ran across the pathway. Of these sights or sounds Samantha had no fear. It was not the first time she had been to the distillery after nightfall. But her ears were keen to distinguish sound, and the element of danger always lurking in the air for the moonshiner and all those connected with him had sharpened Samantha's wits beyond the ordinary. Still, she did not fear danger that night until she came to a turn in the path where it shelved down very rapidly toward the bottom of the ravine, and found herself, without warning, within a few feet of a group of men. They were standing as motionless and noiseless as the trees, and after drawing one sharp breath of surprise and tremor, she also came to a standstill, trying to shield herself behind a shrub of laurel. The moon was hidden by the clouds, and she couldn't tell whether they were friends or foes, but instinct warned her that they were the dreaded revenue officers. The distillery was not fifty yards away, hidden in the depths of that hollow, and she could easily picture the careless security of her brother and her lover, Al Bishop, for they were partners. Her lips felt parched. The cold seemed to strike suddenly to her heart. For an instant she felt blind and dizzy with the thought of their being entrapped and taken. She clutched at a bush, loosening a shower of icicles. They fell to the ground with a loud, clinking sound.

"I heard something," muttered a cautious voice.  
"Hush, it was only the ice falling," said another.  
And then to the girl's straining ears came the soft punch, punch of footsteps behind her. She turned her head and saw a man looming up almost directly over her. She dared not move or breathe scarcely for fear of discovery.  
"Straight ahead," whispered the newcomer to his comrades.  
"You are sure?"  
"Yes, I know it," impatiently.  
The group broke into single file, moving down the pathway like black shadows. Samantha lost all sense of her own danger in the desperate desire to warn those below. She leaped to her feet, giving utterance to a wild and piercing cry. It splintered the silence



THE MOONSHINER'S HOME.

plum to death nearly when anything gets the matter with Eddy; but you'd be, too, if he was the only one you had." She turned away, wiping her eyes on her dress sleeve.  
"I ain't blamin' you, Lizzy."  
She went to the bed and bent over the sleeping child for an instant, listening to his breathing and laying a light finger on his pulse. The doctor lived five miles away down in the town, so it behooved the people of the mountains to know something about sickness and to exercise judgment. Samantha stepped out into the icy stillness of the night, with a feeling of anxiety tugging at her own heart. She debated whether it would not be wiser to saddle the mule and ride down to the distillery, as Eph could then go direct to the doctor; but she decided to let her brother see the child himself first.  
"We air all plum fools 'bout Eddy, an' I reckon git skeered at mighty nigh nothin'." I'll let Eph judge for himself." She stepped out briskly and fearlessly, gathering the shawl closely about her head and shoulders, for the night was bitter cold with a light powdering of snow upon the ground. Icicles snapped noisily under her feet, her breath made a frosty cloud about her face. The wind had risen, for high above that frozen silence of the earth the ragged clouds flew stormily. Now and then the moon shone down through a rent, illuminating mountain peak and ravine with its cold white light, but only momentarily.  
The little cabin was perched away up on the side of Brandroth's peak in a sheltering cove, and Samantha's way led her across the clearing where the naked corn stalks of last year's crop yet stood in blackened rows, and half down a ravine half choked with laurel. Half way down the side of the declivity a well defined path had been beaten out, and to this the girl kept, treading carefully along its slippery surface for fear of falling.

of the night with a thousand echoes, and died away in weird whispers against the hillsides and in the hollows. There was a shout from the officers. Some plunged down the pathway, while others wheeled to find out if an ambush had been sprung upon them.

Samantha heard a bullet whiz by her ear, and the next moment she had dropped over the edge of the bluff. She crashed down through the underbrush, bumping and rolling over stones and shrubs, her clothes torn, her face and hands scratched. The thick folds of the shawl wound about her saved



SHE WENT CRASHING THROUGH THE BUSHES.

her somewhat, but not altogether. It seemed an age before she found a stopping place, and then she lay bruised and breathless, unable to move. But dreadful sounds still pierced her stunned senses, fierce cries, pistol

shots and trampling feet. Some one ran through the laurel thicket on the opposite side of the stream, an officer in swift pursuit. But he wasted both his strength and his ammunition, for he returned empty handed. She could hear his hoarse breathing, and now and then a profane exclamation, as he picked his way through the underbrush.

Then gradually the fury of conflict and of destruction died out, and silence reigned again—the silence of midnight. Samantha had lost all account of time, for she couldn't tell whether she had fainted or had slept. When she came fully and clearly to herself again the stillness of death seemed to prevail around her. Only the little stream rippled on softly, musically, undisturbed by human conflicts. Samantha found herself lying across some laurel boughs directly over it, and through the tree tops towering above she saw a patch of sky. It widened while she gazed; the clouds grew silvery, and then the moon appeared, sending a clear beam right down into her eyes. Her sluggish thoughts were quickened; she remembered her errand with a groan. But when she tried to move, to sit up, her numbed limbs refused to obey her; she felt as though pinned to the earth.

"I mus' be plum' froze, or I'm paralyzed, one or t'other. Did they git Eph an' Al? What will Lizzy do?"

Before she knew it tears were filling her eyes, trickling over her face. "L! What am I cryin' like a baby for? I've got to die, the Almighty 'll take keer of me. I done what I could to save 'em."  
She tried to wipe away the tears, but her stiffened arm refused to be moved. It lay like a leaden weight across her chest. It was no use. She might as well give up. The drowsy numbness seemed to be creeping up even to her heart. Only her brain was still active, preternaturally active. All her life from childhood on crowded upon her thoughts. She and Al were to have been married in this spring. Poor Al how sorry he would feel. And Lizzy, and Eph and Eddy. She was again moved to tears, though scarcely conscious of them.

It seemed a long time that she lay thinking, thinking, then her thoughts became only dreams. She lay snug and warm in her own bed, with a stream of water flowing through the room, and a bird singing upon her rafter. What a shrill and piercing note. The voice of the running water was ten times sweeter, softer. Suddenly she was wide awake again, and listening intently.

The shrill bird-like whistle sounded very near. It thrilled her with reviving hope; she uttered a little cry of relief and joy. A man crashed through the underbrush at the opposite of the stream and leaped over very close to her.  
"S'nanthy, oh, S'nanthy!"  
"I'm here, Al; I'm right close."  
The moon came out again, revealing her hiding place. Al bent over her and gathered her into his arms.  
"Honey, I 'lowed I'd never find you. I've been huntin' an' huntin'. What's the matter?"  
"I fell down the bluff an'—"  
"You're freezin' to death."  
"Yes; I s'pose so, an' I feel all broke to pieces."  
"I knowed it was your voice the minute I heard you scream, an' we all knowed what it meant, too."  
"Eph—where is Eph?"  
"They tuk him, S'nanthy."  
She gasped with horror.  
"Tuk Eph? Oh, oh!"  
"I been up to the house an' found Lizzy mighty nigh distracted. She's takin' it hard, an' Eddy hein' sick, too. I had to come an' hunt for you, an' I think I'm just here in time!"  
All the time he had been talking he was busy rubbing his face and hands, and now he lifted her first into a sitting position and then to her feet. But he had to carry her in his arms.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.**

Queer Sounds Issuing from Underground on the Shores of the Red Sea.  
A singular phenomenon occurs on the borders of the Red sea at a place called Nakous, where the intermittent underground sounds have been heard for an unknown number of centuries. It is situated at about half a mile's distance from the shore, whence a long reach of sand ascends rapidly to a height of almost three hundred feet. This reach is eighty feet wide and resembles an amphitheater, being railed in by low rocks. The sounds coming up from the ground at this place occur at intervals of about an hour. They at first resemble a low murmur, but before long there is heard a loud knocking, somewhat like the strokes of a bell, and which, at the end of five minutes, become so strong as to agitate the sand. The explanation of this curious phenomenon given by the Arabs is that there is a convent under the ground, and these are the sounds of the bell which the monks ring for prayers. So they call it Nakous, which means a bell. The Arabs affirm that the noise so frightens their camels when they hear it as to render them furious. Scientists attribute the sounds to suppressed volcanic action—probably to the bubbling of gas or vapors underground.

Per this restriction on your pleasures be cautious that they injure no being that lives.—Zimmerman.  
The wake in Ireland is a survival of the ancient funeral feast.

**THE "OLD ROMAN" DEAD.**

Sudden Death of Hon. Allen G. Thurman.  
He Quietly Passes Away at His Home in Columbus, O.—Result of a Fall Last November—Brief Sketch of His Career.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 13.—Ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman died very suddenly at 1:15 o'clock yesterday. He had long been in bad health, but his illness had not been regarded as dangerous for some time. Mr. Thurman was 82 years old November 13, but his health was such at that time that for the first time in years there was no public celebration here in honor of the "Old Roman." His death is directly traceable to an accident November 1. In walking from his room to the library he tripped in some unaccountable manner and fell heavily to the floor.



ALLEN G. THURMAN.

he was nominated for congress by the democratic convention of his district and was elected, entering the house of representatives December 1, 1845, as its youngest member. He was afterwards elected to the supreme court of his state, serving as supreme justice towards the end. Afterward Mr. Thurman was chosen United States senator to take the place of Benjamin F. Wade and he took his seat March 4, 1869. During his senatorial labors Judge Thurman served on the judiciary committee, of which he was for a time chairman, and on the committee on private land claims, and did splendid work on both.

In 1880 Judge Thurman was a candidate for president before the democratic national convention at Cincinnati and but for a division in the delegation of his state would have received the nomination.

At the close of his service in the senate Judge Thurman returned to his home in Columbus and resumed the practice of law. In 1888 came the red bandanna campaign. Cleveland and Thurman were nominated at St. Louis amid great rejoicings by the democrats. The ticket was defeated and Judge Thurman retired from active politics, respected and admired by his immediate neighbors and honored by the whole people of the country without regard to party.

There was one peculiarity about Judge Thurman. To visitors he was always at home at night—never during the day. His custom was to chat with callers and the family after the six o'clock dinner, and then, after ten o'clock, take up his reading. Very often he read all night, and the sun shone in his window before he lay down the book. During the day he slept. He had no hour for retiring and none for awakening.

**SANTA FE INCORPORATED.**

The Reorganized Company Has Filed Its Articles—Capital Stock, \$233,486,000.  
TOPEKA, Kan., Dec. 13.—The new Atehon, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Co. yesterday filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state. The capital stock of the company is \$233,486,000, of which \$131,034,869 is preferred stock and \$102,451,130 is common stock. The charter is for 99 years. The directors of the new company arrived here shortly before noon and repaired to the office of General Manager J. J. Frey, where a meeting was held. The work was simply to ratify business transacted in the east several days ago.

The board of directors is now composed of Benjamin P. Cheney, Boston; Edward N. Gibbs, New York; Charles S. Good, Topeka; George G. Havens, New York; R. Somers Hayes, New York; Cyrus K. Holiday, Topeka; Victor Morawetz, New York; T. A. Osborn, Topeka; E. P. Ripley, Chicago; W. M. Rotch, Boston; Aldace F. Walker, Chicago; T. P. Fowler, New York; H. R. Duval, New York; E. J. Berwynd, New York, and G. R. Nickerson, Boston.

The board of directors formally elected E. P. Ripley president of the company; D. B. Robinson, first vice president; Paul Morton, third vice president; Edward Wilder, treasurer; Victor Morawetz, general counsel; E. D. Kenna, general solicitor; Aldace F. Walker, chairman of the board, and Edward Wilder, secretary of the board.

**CONGRESSIONAL.**

**The Week's Proceedings Given in Condensed Form.**

The feature of the proceedings in the senate on the 9th was a speech by Senator Morgan (Ala.) on the Behring sea question in which he severely criticised the British ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote. A resolution by Senator Morgan referring the question to the foreign relations committee with power to report by bill or otherwise, was unanimously adopted. Among the bills introduced was one by Senator Bryan (Ark.) organizing the Indian territory and one by Senator Palmer (Ill.) giving a uniform pension of \$30 per month to all who lost a hand and foot in the late war and 50 to those who lost an entire limb. Also a bill by Senator Voorhees (Ind.) granting pensions to soldiers and sailors who were captured and confined in Confederate prisons during the war. The senate, in executive session, confirmed the following nominations: Elmer B. Adams, of Missouri, to be judge of the eastern district of Missouri; Rufus W. Peckham, of New York, to be associate justice of the supreme court. The house held a brief session. Resolutions were presented calling for the correspondence of the Walker case, and for lists of pensioners who have been stricken from the rolls since March 4, 1861, or reduced, but both were objected to and went over. A few bills were introduced.

The senate held a brief session on the 10th. About 120 bills were introduced and Mr. Cullem addressed the senate in favor of upholding the Monroe doctrine. The resolution of Senator Jones (Ark.) to suspend the removal of intruders in the Cherokee country until there shall be an appraisal of the value of improvements made by them, was adopted. Mr. Call presented several memorials, praying for the recognition of the Cuban insurgents. Mr. Peffer's bill in regard to the civil service was favorably reported and the senate adjourned. The house had a long debate on a resolution offered by Mr. Barrett (Mass.) impeaching Hon. Thomas F. Bayard for utterances delivered by him in a speech before the Edinburgh Philosophical institute in November. The debate was very lively and the resolution was finally referred to the judiciary committee, after being toned down by an amendment. Very little other business was transacted.

The senate was in session one hour on the 11th and that hour was mainly occupied in discussing the proposition to amend the rules so as to distribute the appropriation bills among the various committees. Mr. Allen (Neb.) addressed the senate on his resolution to recognize the Cuban revolutionists and in favor of the Monroe doctrine. No business was transacted in the house, that body not having anything to do pending the appointment of committees.

The proceedings of the senate on the 12th were characterized by more life than for several days. The bill extending the Chicago post office entry over the state of Illinois passed. It had previously passed the house. Mr. Stewart introduced a resolution instructing the finance committee to inquire into the rates of exchange between gold standard and silver standard countries, etc. Mr. Call spoke in favor of his resolution in regard to the Armenian massacres and Mr. Peffer spoke on his congressional funeral bill. In executive session the senate confirmed the nominations of C. H. Blythe, Yancey Lewis and W. M. Springer as judges in Oklahoma; Andrew C. Creech and William J. Horton, United States district attorneys; and Samuel M. Rutherford and Samuel M. Stowe United States Marshals for Oklahoma, and the senate adjourned until Monday. In the house ex-Speaker Gray (Pa.) spoke for about one hour on that portion of the president's message in regard to the tariff. The house then adjourned until Monday.

**NATIONAL DEMOCRACY.**

Chairman Harrity Issues a Call for the Committee to Meet January 16.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 14.—W. F. Harrity, chairman of the democratic national committee, yesterday afternoon requested the secretary of the committee to notify the members there to assemble in Washington on January 16 next for the purpose of selecting the time and place for holding the next democratic national convention. Chairman Harrity has received letters from commercial bodies in 50 cities urging the national committee to select a late date for the convention. Business people contend that a long campaign unsettles trade and they therefore want the political battle made as short as possible. It is believed that a date not later than the middle of July will be selected.

**CUT A CHILD'S THUMB OFF.**

Shocking Crime of Charles Simpson, a Worthless Youth of Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 14.—A vicious brute, 20 years of age, deliberately cut off the thumb of a little nine-year-old girl's right hand, because she teased him by shaking a skipping rope at him. The dastardly trick was done in a meat and grocery store at Twenty-third and Agnes avenue. The poor little victim was Clara Sprague, not yet ten years of age, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Sprague, a widow living at 2915 East Twenty-first street. The vile scoundrel who did the deed was Charles Simpson, a worthless youth of 20, who now occupies a cell at police headquarters. There was ugly talk about the neighborhood of a tarring and feathering party. Simpson's arrest was probably all that saved him.

**REVOLT AGAINST SPAIN.**

Conspiracy for the Overthrow of Spanish Authority in Porto Rico Discovered.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—Great excitement has been caused among all classes by the discovery of a conspiracy to overthrow the Spanish rule in Porto Rico. Many persons who form a branch of the Marti Revolutionary club, of New York, have been arrested and are now in prison at San Juan, awaiting trial. The present affair is the outcome of the threatened revolution a year ago, when Gen. Gamir, the Spanish governor-general attempted to demonetize Mexican money, which is the principal currency of the island.

**Skating Championship Carnival.**

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 14.—The Winter Carnival association has named January 27, 28 and 29 as the dates for the championship skating races of the National Amateur Skating association. Besides the regular events, quarter mile, one, five and ten-mile races, there will be a 20-mile event. The great curling bonspiel will begin on the opening day of the carnival.