

HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS,

Robin, holding his mother's hand,
Says "Good night" to the big folk all,
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall.
Then in his own crib warm and deep,
Rob is tucked in for a long night's sleep.
Gentle mother, with fond caress,
Slips her hand through his soft brown hair,
Thinks of his fortune all unknown,
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer:
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward!
God's good angels, my baby guard!"
"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
Asked the boy, in a wandering tone;
"How will they look if they come here,
Watching me while I'm all alone?"
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he,
Answered the mother, tenderly:
"Prettiest faces ever were known,
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes."
Robin, waiting for nothing more,
Cried, and looked with a pleased surprise,
Love and trust in his eyes of blue:
"I know, mamma! They're just like you!"
—Household.

DELILAH.

BY HANNA KRSTOFF.

SO THIS was her wedding journey!
And here she sat alone at ten o'clock
in the evening in the dreary hotel parlor,
whose bare walls and shabby furniture
had become so detestable. She might have
gone with him. But no, she would never enter
that hall again! She had sworn it.

Yet she knew her husband's whole repertoire
by heart, knew the precise bar in his serenade
when he would close his eyes, the passage in his
scherzo when he would toss back his hair so
gracefully. How studied and unnatural it all
seemed. She fancied she could see him now,
bowing with a faint smile, as though oppressed
by the applause which thundered around him.

Oh, and how wildly the audiences here
applauded, especially the women! Now they
were pressing forward to the stage to shake
hands with him. They would wait for him at
the exit of the hall to thank him for the great
pleasure he had afforded them, and through
around him to the very door of the carriage.

It was so yesterday, and the day before,
and every day. Mme. Andre wanted to cry,
especially when she thought of her adventure
yesterday, when a crowd of feminine
worshippers separated her from her husband,
and he, evidently desiring to escape from
enthusiasm which had become annoying, in
the belief that his young wife sat beside him,
had driven off without her. There she had
stood, and was forced to hear these women
rave about the "gifted man," how handsome
he was, the enthralling power of his glance,
and, above all, his superb hair.

Yes, his undeniably magnificent hair
seemed to please these enthusiasts more than
anything else, more even than his skill as an
artist.

And the notes he received! She had
just read one; of course the writer begged
for a lock of his hair, and he would probably
give it to her.

The paper fell from her trembling hands.
Her slender fingers clenched convulsively,
as with compressed lips she sank back into
her chair. Oh, their flatteries and cajolery
would make him a recreant, a recreant to her
and to his art! Richard was still loyal, he still
loved her. But, like every artist, he was vain.
Perhaps he was more so than many others
because he had more reason to be; yes, of
course he had more reason.

She began mentally to enumerate his
attractions. The stern expression of her
delicate features softened, a tender light
stole into her brown eyes. Then, rising
hurriedly, she paced up and down the room
several times, and her pretty face assumed
a very resolute expression.

Surely, he would come soon, her Richard,
her beloved husband. How had she lived so
long without him? It had grown very late.
She slipped on an elegant maize silk
teagown, drew the pins from her hair, and
let it fall in curling locks around her
shoulders. Then she turned down the lamp,
leaned back in the armchair and shut her
eyes, as if asleep, and waited for him.

She soon heard his step, the door of the
room was thrown open; but on the threshold
the tall figure paused, and Andre moved
forward on tiptoe.

"Richard, is it you?" asked a voice
from the armchair.

"Ah, sweetheart, are you still awake?
That is very kind in you." He kissed her.
"It has been such an evening, Elly, such
an evening!"

Removing his long cloak, he turned up
the light. The clear glow fell upon his
handsome figure. The regularity of the pale
features were animated by the sparkle of the
dark eyes, now glittering with joyous
excitement. But the most remarkable thing
about his appearance was the long, black hair,
which fell in soft, waving locks nearly to the
shoulders, giving a striking character to the
man's whole person.

He took his seat at his young wife's side.

"Ah, if you would only come with me
ain, Elly!" he said as he lighted a cigarette.
"The enthusiasm, the applause, the flowers!
You know I do not value on such things, but

it ought to make you very proud to see your
husband so much applauded."

"But it doesn't," she answered, with a
somewhat forced laugh. "To tell the truth,
it makes me feel as if I were quite too
insignificant. Besides, dearest, I love in
you less the artist than the husband of my
foolish heart, and you are more that at
home than in the concert hall."

"You are right; here I am a man, here
I may be and, therefore, you see—"

He gave her a hasty kiss, then slipped
out of his dress coat into a comfortable
lounging jacket, and threw himself down
on the sofa, while Elly lighted the lamp
under the tea kettle. For a time they
chatted gayly together. Richard had
stretched himself out at full length. Elly
sat at the table beside him, and her fingers
played at times with his curls. He was
speaking of the next concert. "We must
continue our journey so very soon, Elly.
I want to drain the cup of success to the
dregs; one more day like to-day and—
oh! oh! Elly!" he suddenly exclaimed,
rather crossly, "what are you doing? You
have certainly pulled out some of my hair!"

"Why, my dear husband—"

"Yes, you have! See, there are at
least a dozen."

He raised his head and looked at her
reproachfully.

"Why, Elly," he said, "what is the
matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing, Richard," she replied,
smiling as she endeavored to hide the
strange excitement which had taken
possession of her. "But perhaps you have
forgotten that, during our engagement,
you promised me a lock of your hair?"

"And because I have kept my word
you want to pull out hairs enough, one
by one, to make a lock? You are certainly
one of the most affectionate wives that
can be imagined!"

"Oh, no! If I really pulled it a little
it was purely accidental; perhaps I moved
my hand rather quickly, because I was
vexed by the thought that you had not
kept your promise. Yes, that was it."

"At that time, sweetheart, there was
no traveling. I was with you, with all my
hair. So you needed no memento."

"All the same, you didn't keep your
promise, and I don't like it a bit, especially
as you have been kinder to total
strangers. Let me cut off the lock now,
please! May I?"

"But, little wife, consider the season
of the year."

"Only one little lock, Richard, where
you can't miss it." A pair of scissors
glittered in her hand. "May I?" Her
voice trembled.

"Oh, I don't care, Elly. But—"

Her agitated face vanished an instant
amid his dark curls. He felt a kiss
pressed on them, then heard a hissing
noise.

"For heaven's sake, Elly, here in
front, on my forehead? And so much?
Good gracious!"

He rushed toward the mirror, but the
room suddenly became perfectly dark. His
wife had put out the light. Two soft
arms clasped him around the neck, and
Elly, leaning her head upon his breast,
began to cry like a child that knows it
has done wrong and deserves punishment.

Richard could not understand the
violence of his little wife's grief, but when
she begged so wildly for his forgiveness
for what she had done he smilingly
granted the pardon.

The bright morning sun shone into the
room.

"Disfigured! I am utterly disfigured!
How could you do it?"

Richard turned angrily from the mirror
and seized his hat and cane.

"Good-by!" he called loudly, to wake
his wife, who was still asleep. She
started up.

"Where are you going so early, Richard?"

"To the barber, to have my hair cut."

His voice sounded actually threatening.

"Richard, my dear husband, you see,
I wanted * * * Then, conscious of
guilt, she paused.

"Ah! So you meant to do it!"

He placed himself where the light
streamed full upon him, took off his hat
and stared at her.

Elly was startled at her own work.
From his forehead to the right temple a
clump of hair stood stiffly up, giving
Richard's angry expression a somewhat
comical aspect.

He rushed out of the room, while his
young wife murmured, amid her tears:
"Perhaps he won't forgive me, but it
could not be helped!"

The first part of the programme was
over. During the pause the great concert
hall began to fill, for now Richard
Andre was to play. His admirers
poured in and took their places in the
front row. As if by an electric shock
the thrill of expectation was communicated
to the rest of the audience, which so far
had been somewhat apathetic, only the
pause lasted somewhat too long, longer
than usual.

At last the artist appeared on the
stage and was greeted by thunders of
applause. Several bouquets flew
through the air and fell at his feet. But
the enthusiasm soon died away. The
hands which had clapped so madly
suddenly paused. A strange murmur
ran through the hall; people cast
inquiring glances at one another.

This was not the artist whose personal
beauty was so remarkable, but

a very ordinary man, nowise different
from thousands of others. Why, he
looked almost ridiculous, for his clipped
hair stood up like bristles all over his
head!

Richard bowed his thanks for the
enthusiastic reception, whose abrupt close
somewhat vexed him. Then, as he
again stood erect and placed the violin
on his breast, he made the movement
of the head with which he had formerly
shaken his hair back from his brow.
During the first few bars of the music
he noticed the uneasiness in the hall
and felt somewhat embarrassed by it;
then he became absorbed in playing,
and heard only the exquisite notes
which he lured from his instrument.

"He surpasses himself!" the connoisseurs
and critics whispered, while the
orchestra and conductor gazed at
though enchanted at the great musician,
who had forgotten himself and his
surroundings.

When the piece was over Richard
once more became conscious of his
surroundings and stood waiting for the
customary response from the audience.
Here and there were tokens of approval,
but the majority remained strangely
indifferent. This state of affairs
continued until the close of the performance.

"He looks not only hideous, but
ridiculous," whispered a lady just in
front of the stage to her neighbor.

"Yes; what induced him to do such
a thing! He looks like a convict, or a
clown, and those ears!"

"He has forgotten his wig," said a
third.

Andre heard the remarks, as the
exasperated ladies probably intended
and, with his vanity deeply wounded,
he left the scene of his former triumphs.
His music was no longer appreciated.
He had become an object of ridicule.
And he owed all this to Elly, his foolish,
jealous wife!

He clenched his teeth and his face
flushed. She should pay for it!

Richard had not noticed that Elly
had entered the carriage with him. He
was thinking solely of the humiliation
he had suffered—he, who had played
like a demigod!

Elly had leaned timidly back into a
corner and was crying. Whenever the
lanterns of a passing carriage cast a
ray of light into theirs she gazed
anxiously into the face of her husband,
who sat staring into vacancy. She would
rather have endured anything, reproaches,
even his contempt, but Richard's
silence oppressed her too heavily.
How wretched he must be, the proud
artist, so accustomed to the incense of
applause.

"Richard," she whispered, pleadingly,
at last, "forgive me. I know I have
been very wrong." He made no reply.
"Just one word, Richard," she sobbed,
bitterly; "just one. You see * * *
the notes you gave me to read * * *
all asked for locks of hair, till at last
they drove me wild!"

"To think that you should have been
there, Elly," he muttered, "at this
concert!"

"Oh, how I suffered for you!" she
cried.

"How they treated me!" he burst
forth, clenching his hands. "And why?
It's incredible, but true! Because * * *
I had had my hair cut!"

"Yes, Richard, and the favor of such
people was your pride, your glory!
What do they know of your art? And
you played magnificently to-night; I
know it; I can value you, even without
your hair!"

Richard again lapsed into silence.
But suddenly, before the carriage
stopped at the hotel, he threw his arm
around her, clasping her passionately
to him.

"Elly!" he gasped, "you are right! I
have learned it now. The lesson hurts,
but it has cured me. Such external
vanities are unworthy of a true artist. I
owe this recognition to you, my new
Delilah, and * * * and from this
day my hair shall stay as it is now."

Again the light from a passing
carriage shone upon Elly's face, and
Richard saw that she was smiling
roguishly through her tears.

"Listen, Richard," she whispered;
"we will let it grow again! There is no
danger now, for you or me, and with
your long hair, dearest * * * you
certainly are a handsomer man."

From the German, in the International
Magazine, Chicago.

Following the Rule.

Teacher (giving out words to spell)
—Sell.
Child—S-e-l-l.
"No, you must say double l, not l-l.
Now spell "Seen."
"S-e-e-n."
"Haven't I just told you to say the
word 'double' when two letters alike
come together? If you do not
remember next time I shall punish you.
Now let me hear you read your lesson."
The Lesson—Up, up, Lucy; it is
time for school.
Child (reading)—Double up, Lucy, it
is time for school.—Judge.

Doing Her Own Work.

First Neighbor—I saw Mrs. Jones kiss
her husband at the door this morning.

Second Neighbor—Yes; they are too
much reduced to keep a servant.—
Detroit Journal.

The longest stretch of straight
road line in America is on the Lake
Shore railway, beginning at a point
three miles west of Toledo, O., and
running 69 miles without a curve.

WHITE FOR CHAIRMAN.

The Democratic Congressional Committee
Honors the California Senator—Political
Significance.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—The new
democratic congressional committee elected
as chairman Senator White, of California.
The election has attracted a
good deal of attention in the house,
owing to its bearing on the speaker-
ship contest. Senator White was
supported by the friends of Representative
Bailey, who are favorable to that
gentleman's candidacy in case the
next house is democratic. An un-
expected dark horse developed in Senator
Cockrell, of Missouri, who was defeated
by Senator White by the narrow
margin of 18 to 15. The meeting
adopted a resolution affirming its
adherence to the Chicago platform. The
election of Senator White was
regarded as a distinct triumph by the
silver men, who were anxious to have
a chairman whose record on the
subject of sixteen to one was un-
questionable.

FLOODS IN KENTUCKY.

The Ohio River Threatens Part of Louis-
ville, Ky.—Three Drownings Reported.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 21.—At six
o'clock this morning the danger line
on the Ohio river was only three feet
off, and by noon this distance had
decreased by nearly 11 inches. The
waters are touching the curbstones at
the foot of Fifth and Fourth streets
and the people there have packed
their belongings preparatory to flight.
Much damage was done through-
out the state last night by a
heavy rain and windstorm. Thomas
Cross, a drummer from North Vernon,
Ind., was drowned while crossing
a swollen stream near West Baden,
Ind., while a son of a farmer named
Drury and a negro farm hand who
were riding a horse across a Cum-
berland river fork in Jackson county,
Tenn., were drowned.

A BIG UNDERTAKING.

Monster Brick Building at Kansas City
Will Be Moved One Block.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 21.—A new
and interesting experiment is to be
tried at the stock yards by a local firm
of house movers. The 125x150 foot
two-story brick boarding stable owned
by the stock yards company, located
at Seventeenth and Bell streets, is
being raised and will be moved one
block north. To raise the structure
required the use of 400 jackscrews
and to move it 500 rollers will be used.
The movers are to receive \$3,000 if they
successfully locate the building on the
new site and they have given a bond
to protect the yard company against
damage to the building. The barn is
a substantial stable and originally cost
\$22,000. It will require nearly four
weeks to complete the work.

TO STOP CARTOONS.

Senator Ellsworth's Bill Before the New
York Assembly Widened in Scope.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 21.—Senator
Ellsworth introduced a bill yesterday
which combines the features of his
anti-cartoon bill of the last session
with provisions of wider scope touch-
ing the responsibilities of newspaper
publishers and editors.

It provides that any person who, as principal
or agent, conducts or engages in the business
of editing, publishing, printing, selling, dis-
tributing or circulating any licentious, inde-
cent, corrupt, depraved or libelous paper, or
a paper which corrupts, depraves, degrades or
injured the minds or morals of the public or its
readers, or of the people among whom it circulates,
is guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon
conviction of any such offense, shall be pun-
ished by a fine of not more than \$1,000, or by
imprisonment for not more than one year, or
by both such fine and imprisonment.

AGAINST MAXIMUM RATES.

It Is Said the Supreme Court Will Hold Ne-
braska Law Void.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—There is
every reason to believe that an opinion
is now actually being written in the
Nebraska maximum rate case, which
has been before the supreme court
for a couple of years. As nearly as can
be discovered the opinion is adverse
to the state, and declares that
the law fixing maximum rates is un-
constitutional, because it deprives the
stockholders of the railroads of their
property without due process of law,
and is an attempt to fix rates upon
interstate commerce, which is the pre-
rogative of the federal government.

KANSAS NATIONAL BANKS.

Abstract of Their Condition at the Close
of Business December 15.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—The abstract
of the condition of the national banks
of Kansas at the close of business on
December 15 shows the average re-
serve to have been 35.21 per
cent., against 34.47 per cent. on
October 5; loans and discounts,
increase from \$18,182,122 to \$20,509,315;
stocks and securities, no change; gold
coin, increase from \$1,036,139 to \$1,050,-
310; total specie, from \$1,488,740 to \$1,-
515,642; lawful money reserve, decrease
from \$2,195,494 to \$2,177,754; individual
deposits, increase from \$19,187,549 to
\$19,696,553.

Ohio Women Will Not Vote.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 21.—President
Hugh Buckley, of the Cleveland board
of elections, says:

Experience in Ohio proves that women are
taking no interest in voting. At the last spring
election we were compelled to provide 200,000
ballots and new registration books, and yet
only 400 women registered and only 228 voted.
The expense of these votes was about \$7,000, as
this was the amount it cost the city to receive
them. In the interest of economy I believe the
law should be repealed. I do not know that
any special effort has been made to repeal it,
or that any petitions have been circulated for
its repeal.

M'NALL WINS ONCE MORE.

The New York Life Settles the Famous
Hillmon Insurance Case.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 23.—The final
chapter of the celebrated Hillmon
case, as far as the New York Life In-
surance company is concerned, was
closed yesterday. The New York Life
settled the case by paying the claim
against it in full, so Mrs. Hillmon's at-
torneys say. The attorneys for the in-
surance company refuse to say how
much they paid, but it is said to be
\$15,000. The claim originally amount-
ed to \$10,000, but with interest and costs
it aggregated \$22,000. The New
York Mutual Life and the Connecticut
Mutual Life are still holding off.
The claim against the first named
amounts to the same as that of the
New York Life, while that against
the Connecticut Mutual is only half as
much. The New York Life having
broken the combination which has
existed among the three companies for
the past 18 years in resisting the pay-
ment of the Hillmon claim, it is pre-
dicted that the other companies will
now fall in line and effect a settle-
ment.

Within 15 minutes after the settle-
ment was reached, the New York Life,
through its attorneys, made applica-
tion for a license to do business. Su-
perintendent of Insurance McNall im-
mediately issued a license, not only for
the year ending March 1, 1898, but also
for the year ending March 1, 1899.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Bradstreet's Report Gives a Cheerful View
of the Status of Commerce.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Bradstreet's
commercial report says:

A large measure of activity in business and
industrial lines, with in some instances pre-
vious records surpassed, and very general
steadiness in prices of staples, is, perhaps, the
most notable feature of the trade situation
this week. Quotations of cereals show the
most aggressive strength, while those of some
makes of pig iron betray rather more decided
weakness than they did a week ago. Mild
weather is frequently mentioned as an influ-
ence tending to check retail distribution of
seasonable goods, chiefly because of the effect
on country roads. Spring trade opens slowly,
as usual at this time of the year, but confi-
dence is still unimpaired. As already in-
timated, the immense current production of pig
iron, amounting to fully 1,000,000 tons per
month, has begun to exercise an influence upon
the price of that staple, but decrease reported
are still only fractional. The outlook in
the steel rail trade is reported as a flatter-
ing one. Large orders for railroad
account already booked have been increased
within the week, an example of this being
furnished by sales of 15,000 tons reported from
Chicago at full prices. Higher prices for wool
abroad, based partly on short yield reports, are
reflected in the firmness of domestic quotations,
although demand, while comparing well
with most preceding years, is smaller than it
was at this time in 1897, when tariff changes
were being anticipated. The industrial situa-
tion, with the single exception of the cotton in-
dustry, is one of exceptional strength. As yet
the strikes in this branch of trade, however, are
largely confined to Massachusetts.

A further falling off in the number of busi-
ness failures is reported in the United States
this week, the total being only 269, against 323
last week, 429 in this week a year ago, 314 in
this week of 1896, 312 in 1895 and 333 in 1894.

FOR AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

Gov. Pingree Says Present Lack of Employ-
ment Makes It a Necessity.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 23.—More than
200 members and guests of the Alger
Republican club enjoyed the ninth an-
nual banquet of that organization in the
Hotel Cadillac yesterday evening. Features
of the occasion were the addresses of Gov.
Pingree and ex-Congressman James O'Donnell,
both of whom are aspirants for this year's
gubernatorial nomination. Gov. Pingree
remarked that, as governor, he had "a
license, not a franchise, to offer sugges-
tions." His principal suggestion
was that, in view of present lack of
employment, caused chiefly by concentra-
tion of wealth and business, a uni-
versal eight-hour working law had
become a necessity. As an employer, he
favored this and he had written the
governors of the various states urging
consideration of the question by the
legislatures and asking their views.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

A St. Louis Chemical Expert Claims He Can
Make Wool from Stone.

ANDELISSON, Ind., Jan. 23.—C. C. Hall,
a St. Louis man, brought to Alexan-
dria to take charge of the Union Steel
company's chemical laboratory, has
made a most remarkable discovery
whereby he is enabled to convert
limestone into mineral wool. In
making experiments a month ago
in hopes of finding a chemical
solution needed at the steel mill
he found that certain kinds of
limestone were converted into a
lava when subjected to chemical
preparations and heat instead of be-
coming brittle. On this he began to
work and has succeeded in making the
purest white mineral wool that could
be found. In a refined state it can be
used in the finer textures and in the
rough state it partakes of the nature of
asbestos.

FLOOD IN INDIANA.

At English Three Bridges Are Washed
Away and Much Live Stock Drowned.

ENGLISH, Ind., Jan. 23.—One of the
most disastrous floods ever known to
English was felt Thursday night when
three of the five bridges over Little
Blue river were washed away. Fifty
persons on Court street bridge when
the bridge went down were saved with
difficulty by old citizens. The town
during the night was a pandemonium
with the cries of horses, cattle and
hogs turned loose by their owners.
Many horses and cattle were drowned.
Many of the houses in the low grounds
were four and five feet deep in water.
The loss to loggers will amount to
many thousand dollars.