

TO LIVE.

To live, should be to make each day The gateway to a higher thought; The ladder-round by which we climb To some fair purpose wrought.

THE STORY OF TITO.

Tito was a brown little Peruvian Indian with coal black hair, bead-like black eyes and teeth so clear and white that they looked like a double row of pearls between his ever-smiling lips.

Maximilian Schleicher, the head of the family, was a sturdy old Prussian who, turning his back on the fatherland away back in the '40s, made his way to Peru and amassed a comfortable fortune and attained distinction as an officer in the Peruvian army.

The general was a scholarly man of varied literary attainments, possessed an extensive, well chosen library, and was withal a delightful conversationalist. He would discuss philosophy, religion, history, science and politics by the hour in three languages.

Senior Garza lived alone near the 'Tienda del Tren,' in an old rambling building, which with a high wall, surrounded a gloomy, neglected court. At the time I first became acquainted with him he had set about an arrangement for reviving El Horizonte, but had been warned by anonymous letters that he did so at the peril of his life.

Chancing to be in Nuevo Laredo, Mex., one evening about this time, I was accosted by a villainous looking official whom I had seen lurking around the tienda several times, asking if I had engaged with Garza in resuscitating El Horizonte.

Two days later the official came into the tienda to inquire about some rubber stamps and remained some time. While he was present, Tito, the Indian boy, came in from the postoffice, and on seeing the stranger darted aside with a frightened look, threw the mail on a desk and scampered into the library, whence from his refuge behind a bookcase he watched the evil-eyed officer until he departed.

Next evening Garza and I were making out an order for printing material, in his library, a rear apartment of his house which opened out on the court. Darkness had fallen

and we had just lit the lamps, when some one began to knock for admission at the gate which gave ingress to the court through the wall. He went out and on asking who was there, the name of an intimate friend was given in a subdued voice. As he placed his hand on the latch to open, a childish voice cried: "Do not open! Do not open! They will kill you!"

Then we heard enraged cries in concert, a pistol shot rang out, followed by the screams of the child and the noise of scampering feet. Garza threw his gate open and emptied his revolver at the fleeing forms of three men as they vanished in the chaparral.

On the ground lay poor Tito weltering in blood. Returning as usual from the post-office his sensitive suspicion was aroused by three men whom he saw emerge from the woods and knock at Garza's back gate. On approaching he saw they were masked and carried arms, and he gave the alarm. Seeing they were baffled the would-be assassins avenged themselves on the innocent betrayer of their murderous design and fled.

Brave little Tito! He had all but lost his own life in saving ours. Tenderly we conveyed him to the tienda and summoned a surgeon at once. His wound, though serious and painful, proved less dangerous than we at first believed, and the faithful little fellow soon recovered.—Detroit Free Press.

TWO GIFTED PARROTS.

They Are Practical Jokers and Greatly Amuse the Staid Quakers. The greatest practical joker in Philadelphia holds forth at the fire patrol, Fifth and Arch streets, and has caused a world of merriment for the fire laddies. This arch trickster is known far and wide as "Billy Porter's Poll." The imitative powers of this sly parrot are apparently limitless. He can "miaow" like a cat, growl like a rooster, cackle like a hen, and warble like a bird. It is seldom out of college that one can find such a notable linguist, and several affirm that he has been known to hide his head under his green feathers and chuckle at the bewilderment of the neighborhood cats and chickens whom he has befuddled. His chief joke is to sing "Annie Rooney." He may be excused for having selected this as his favorite melody; especially as he sings the words and does not whistle it. Tony Pastor could not sing it with better effect. But Poll's prize accomplishment is his crying. He can wail for all the world like a woman in grief. He once took it into his head to venture out into the world, and, as his wings were long enough, flew away from the station. He lighted on the sill of an open window in the same block and hopped upon the shoulder of an astonished young lady gazing musingly out. "Do you know Billy Porter?" he inquired. "Do you know Billy Porter? He's all right!"

A brother joker is the precocious young parrot of John Shuttleworth, of Frankford. This young yellow-head is not so great a mimic as Billy Porter's Poll and has not yet mastered the polyglot of cat, hen and bird language, but he is never weary of getting the laugh upon some unwitting member of the proud human family boasting of mental superiority. "What fools these mortals be!" is his evident criticism upon mankind. He does not absolutely despise them, since he cultivates a pleasant familiarity and has a remarkable faculty for remembering names and faces. He never makes a mistake in a salute, and brings the passer-by to a halt every time. Often the individual hailed is at a decided nonplus to account for the salutation and spies everywhere in vain, without dreaming of the parrot, or bows to a strange lady passing much to her and Poll's amusement. The butts of his jolliest ridicule have been of late the hod-carriers of the building next to the porch where his cage is swung. "More mort," "more mort," he cries, imitating precisely the peculiar call frequently sent down to the men of the hod. The hod-carriers scramble to the top of the building, spattering mortar as they go, only, like the Duke of York, "to march down again."—Philadelphia Record.

Worshipped the Bottles. An eminent lady missionary in Burma recently gave Dr. A. J. Gordon an instructive but somewhat startling chapter of her experience. In one of her tours, she said, she came upon a village where cholera was raging. Having with her a quantity of a famous painkiller, she went from house to house administering the remedy to the invalids, and left a number of bottles to be used after she had gone. Returning to the village some months after, the missionary was met by the head man of the community, who cheered and delighted her by this intelligence: "Teacher, we have come over to your side; the medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God." Overjoyed at this news, she was conducted to the house of her informant, who, opening a room, showed her the painkiller bottles, solemnly arranged in a row upon the shelf, and before them the whole company immediately prostrated themselves in worship.

Too Soon for That. "Is Mrs. Withers engaged?" asked the caller, as he handed his card to the maid. "Indeed, she isn't, sorr," replied the girl, with some indignation; "sure, an Mr. Withers do be dead only three months."—Epoch.

The Esquimaux. The Esquimaux are a docile and bright people. They are extremely dirty, simply because it is so cold in their country that washing is very uncomfortable.

CARNEGIE TO REDUCE WAGES

Big Cuts Contemplated in the Open Hearth and Armor Plate Mills. PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 13.—The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers has received from the Carnegie Steel company, limited, of Homestead, the firm's scale for work in the ensuing year. In the open hearth furnaces the firm calls for a reduction of 10 per cent. from the present rate and in the armor plate department 20 per cent. off the old basis. In the plate mill the minimum is reduced from \$25 to \$23, and in the mill there is also a general reduction of from 15 to 50 per cent. It is thought that there will be no change in the price of puddling. The rate now is \$5.50 per ton, and there is little support to a movement to advance it to \$6.50.

DENVER FIRE COSTS \$150,000.

Ex-Senator Tabor's Big Opera-House Completely Destroyed. DENVER, Colo., June 13.—Fire broke out at 11:45 last night in the rear of the immense People's theater on Fifteenth street. In a few moments the play house was a mass of flames. Fire companies were unable to check the flames in the least and in two hours the theater was destroyed. The loss is about \$150,000. The theater was owned by ex-Senator Tabor. Many of the members of the stock company that was playing there lost valuable costumes and their personal effects.

Beatrice Railway Companies at War. BEATRICE, Neb., June 13.—A street railway fight was precipitated at 12:30 last night by the Rapid Transit and Power company beginning the construction of a line on one side of that owned by the rival company, the Beatrice street railway on Sixth street. Serious trouble was avoided, the work being stopped, after a block of paving had been torn up, by the authorities threatening the invaders with arrest for violating a Sunday law in effect in the State. Considerable excitement has been caused by the trouble.

Soil Caking in the Hot Weather. BLOOMINGTON, Ill., June 13.—The difficulties and perplexities of the life of the farmer in Central Illinois have been increased by the intense heat of the last few days, which has resulted in the caking of the soil in the cornfields, which has become so hardened and incrustated within the few days of hot weather following the cessation of the deluge that great chunks of it are torn loose by the cultivator and the young corn is torn out by the roots. The farmers are already wishing for rain.

Sheep Drowned and Tracks Gone. ST. PAUL, Minn., June 13.—A heavy rain with some hail fell here last night but how general it is not now known. Hail at Worthington, Minn., did considerable damage. At Mandan, N. D., and for over and hundred miles west of there, heavy rains, in some cases amounting almost to a cloudburst, fell yesterday. Several hundred sheep were drowned and all trains were delayed several hours by washouts.

Two Million of Logs Afloat. GREAT FALLS, Mont., June 13.—Continuous rains for the last three days have caused the Missouri to rise rapidly, changing it from a sluggish stream to a torrent. Considerable damage is reported above and below here. The boom of the Butte and Montana Commercial company, just below town, broke and 2,000,000 feet of logs went down stream.

To Die by Electricity. ALBANY, June 13.—In the County court of Oyer and Terminer this morning Walter Nelson was sentenced to be executed at Clinton prison by electricity during the week beginning July 25. Nelson is 27 years of age and was convicted of murdering his wife, 20 years of age, by cutting her throat with a razor. The crime occurred on Sunday night, Dec. 23, and by his own confession, was premeditated, he having made an attempt the week previous.

Rockport, Mo., Swept by Fire. ROCKPORT, Mo., June 13.—The whole business portion of this city was burned out yesterday. The fire started at noon, and fanned by a strong wind, spread with such quickness that it was impossible to check it. It stopped only when it had consumed everything in its path. Sixteen business buildings were destroyed. The loss is \$75,000.

Three Men Thrown from a Scaffold. HARTFORD CITY, Ind., June 13.—By the breaking of a rope in the new buildings of the Hartford City Glass company three workmen were thrown from a swinging scaffold a distance of forty feet. One of them is probably fatally injured. The workmen were employed by the Indiana Bridge company and reside at Muncie, Ind.

Senator Morgan on the Option Bill. MONTGOMERY, Ala., June 13.—A private telegram was received here from Senator John T. Morgan of Alabama stating his views on the passage of the Hatch anti-option bill in the Senate. He says the bill will pass the Senate in some shape or other and there is a strong sentiment in favor of its passage.

Crescent Paper Mills Burned. HARTFORD CITY, Ind., June 13.—The plant of the Crescent paper mills, one of the largest in Indiana, was destroyed by fire yesterday. The works were the property of Fort Wayne parties. Loss, \$85,000; insurance, \$56,000.

DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart Of love and all its smart, Then sleep, dear, sleep; And not a sorrow Hang any tear on your eyelashes; Lie still and deep, Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes The rim o' the sun to-morrow, In eastern sky.

HER SACRIFICE.

One of the new schools, that which does not permit the use of adjectives which do not date back to the thirteenth century, claims that the young widows were buried with Scribe. This claim, however, is totally without foundation, as the statistics will triumphantly show.

What I know is that there was still one a short distance from here not long ago in a hotel of the Rue Monceau—a hotel ten meters square, entirely hidden by a clematis vine. Her name was Louise and the marriage ceremony had made her the Comtesse de Viry.

The comtesse was twenty years of age. Her principal accessory was a little white and curly dog, the sole nourishment of which consisted of a lump of sugar in the morning and a biscuit in the evening. This dog's name was Bally.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. Louise was skimming along the gravelled walk in the garden, circling about the rose bushes like a butterfly and pausing from time to time to breathe through her pink nostrils the perfume of a newly blown flower.

Bally, full of joy, was pursuing his mistress with merry barks; he seized with all his teeth the flounce of the blue muslin dress, which Louise seemed to have cut out of a rainbow, and propping himself on his claws, pulled away to the full extent of his strength.

It was at the height of these amusements that M. Jacques de Beauchamp entered the garden. The little widow, on perceiving him, hid herself behind an orange bush, but Jacques ran to her, and surprising her, kissed her on the forehead.

"Oh, M. de Beauchamp!" cried she, "that's really too bad." Louise was of medium height. She had too small feet and hands, too white shoulders, and too thick hair of too beautiful a black. Besides, her teeth were too white and sent forth such brightness that when she laughed it was almost necessary to look at her through smoked glass!

She bore her title of widow and in a way to do herself honor! The young girl is generally, timid and stupid. She blushes, following her mother's directions, at a word that is said to her, and always lowers her eyes at the proper moment, which is bad for those who don't like to study eyebrows. The widow, on the contrary, has the right to hear everything, and when one talks to her of love she, at least, knows what love means.

Louise leaned on the arm of M. de Beauchamp, and they went into the parlor, followed by Bally, who cast jealous glances upon his mistress' suitor. Louise and Jacques made such a fine pair that the marriage was settled. Still, they had each a defect: M. de Beauchamp was jealous and Mme. de Viry was a coquette.

The little comtesse passed into her little boudoir. Bally followed her with drooping tail, as becomes a dog when it is aware that something grave is about to happen. Louise returned a little later, ashamed, humiliated, and handed M. de Beauchamp a small tooth as white as milk, which the latter raised to his lips and covered with kisses. Then she fled and shut herself up in her chamber.

Jacques had the tooth framed in a tiny medallion and wore it religiously about his neck like a sainted relic. From that day on the little comtesse was so gloomy that they took her for a nun. Very rarely did even a faint smile light up her countenance like a furtive ray of sunshine during a rainy day. She fled from society, and when by chance she ventured into it she was seen apart, seated in a corner as serious an owl and with her mouth shut as closely as a prison door.

Jacques no longer recognized her, and to tell the truth, she was unrecognizable. "The poor comtesse is aging," said malicious people; "she has greatly changed; she is as solemn as a funeral procession."

And Jacques felt his love flowing away drop by drop, like the water from a vase of flowers. He comprehended that what he had loved in her, were, above all things, her smile, her sprightliness and her gaiety. And he also grew gloomy. Then he made efforts to retain his fleeing love, then he sought to reason with himself and intoxicated his brain, but only the more did he realize that he himself and slain his passion.

One day he reached Mme. de Viry's house in a state of complete desperation. "Louise," he said, as he cast himself at her feet, "do you still love me?" "I have sworn to love you always," answered she. "Will you prove to me the sincerity of your words?" "I ask nothing better," "Well, if you love me, have your tooth put back."

"What folly is this?" said Louise, weeping. "I told you that you would love me no longer. You're just like all the rest of the men. And yet they reproach us women with being capricious!" "Louise, I supplicate you to pardon me. I curse my blindness—my idocy." "So you deplore the weakness with which I consented to yield to your caprice?" "I am filled with sorrow, tortured by remorse." "You admit the cruelty of your execution?"

"I shall reproach myself with it until the day of my death." "You would have been happy had I disobeyed you?" "I would have given anything, no matter what, had you done so." The little comtesse gave a hearty laugh, which displayed all her teeth—not one was missing!

"What does this mean?" demanded M. de Beauchamp, turning about with his fingers the medallion in which was encrusted, like a sainted relic, the little pearl of sacrifice. The comtesse opened Bally's pouting lips, saying as she did so: "Behold the victim!" "Ah!" cried M. Beauchamp, "you never loved me, Louise! I see it plainly now!"—New York Mercury.

ON THE LONDON "TIMES."

How They Manage to Set Type at the Telephone. The management of the London Times has utilized the telephone in a unique way. Telephone wires have been laid in the underground railway tunnel between the composing room in Printing House square and the parliamentary reporters' gallery in the house of commons. A copy reader placed at the telephone reads the stenographic "turns" from the note-book as fast as it is possible for the compositors to take them on their typesetting machines in the Times building, a mile and a half away. At first the reporters did not take kindly to the innovation, but when they found that they could dictate their notes direct to the composing room without the trouble of transcribing them they began to look at the arrangement in an entirely different light.

Proofs, of course, are sent to them for correction. Each machine can produce from five to six columns of solid minion a night. Errors will sometimes creep in, but there is no doubt that the practice will become a permanent one. Its great advantage becomes apparent when the fact is considered that the Times is able, by adopting it, to print in time for the 5 a. m. newspaper trains going to all points of the united kingdom the whole of the debates, which are often continued until after 3 a. m.—Electricity.

Generosity. He was a wheelman, tired, dusty and thirsty. She was a farmer's daughter, pretty, young and charming. He called at the farm and modestly asked for a drink of water, but she gave him milk instead. He swallowed a quart, and she offered him some more.

"Can you spare it?" he asked with the timidity which so characterizes touring wheelmen when in the presence of rustic beauties. "Oh, dear me, yes," replied the sweet young thing. "we have so much more than we know what to do with that we always give it to the calves."—The Wheelman's Gazette.

WASHINGTON.

There were just twenty-five Senators present during the morning hour June 9, two-thirds of them being on the Democratic side. Vice-President Morton was in the chair. Senator Sherman was the only one of the Presidential possibilities present on the Republican side and he did not appear to be worrying over his chances, but was, on the contrary, in rather a pleasant humor. Mr. Call gave notice of his intention to address the Senate next Wednesday on his resolution for an investigation as to whether railroad companies interfere with the election of United States Senators. A bill to increase to \$1,000,000 the appropriation for a public building at Portland, Ore., was reported and placed on the calendar. Mr. Dolph read an argument in support of the bill introduced March 9, providing for the irrigation and reclaiming of arid lands, for the protection of forests and the utilization of pasturages. The pension deficiency bill was laid before the Senate and referred to the Committee on Appropriations.

Notes. The President has recognized Didrik C. Eitzen as Vice Consul of the German Empire at Pensacola, Florida; J. C. Plumey Corbacho, Consul of the Republic of Salvador, at Boston; Frederico Haruch, Consul General of the Republic of Salvador, at New York; Alejandro St. Croix, Consul of the Republic of Paraguay, at Chicago; and Manuel Pimental Cornell, Consul General of the United States of Venezuela, at New York.

The ukase against the exportation of grain from Russia has been modified. Official notice of the czar's action has been received at the State Department. The modification of the ukase is interpreted at the State Department to mean that the famine is much less severe than it was. That this is undoubtedly true is shown by the intimation in the formal message to the effect that no more contributions of grain are needed. Money will be gratefully received, but the receipts of more grain will tend to unsettle the Russian market.

Senator Hill, through his private secretary has denied to a correspondent flatly, an equivocally and without qualification the report published in the New York Times to the effect that he had written a letter withdrawing from the race. "Deny it as plainly as you can," Private Secretary Birmingham added. "The report is without the slightest foundation of truth. It has absolutely no ground upon which to rest. The Senator has written no such letter and has no intention of writing one. Please state this as coming from me, in order that it may be regarded as official."

Chicago Market of Trade. CHICAGO, June 15.—Wheat opened more than 1c off from the low and closing point Saturday with a partial recovery during the first hour. Corn opened with a further break of 1/4c and made its recovery on the early trading. Products ruled lower on a liberal run of hogs. July wheat, early 78 1/2c to 79c; then off to 77 1/2c and up to 78 1/2c, corn 44c and up to 45c, oats 28 1/2c and up to 29c. Pork on July contracts sold \$10.25, to \$10.20, to \$10.30. Closing quotations were:

Table with columns: ARTICLES, High, Low, June 13, June 11. Rows include Wheat-2, Corn-2, Pork, Lard, Short ribs, etc.

Chicago Produce Market. CHICAGO, June 15.—The following quotations are for large lots only. Smaller quotations are usually sold at advanced rates: FRUIT—Apples, choice, \$2.75-3.25 per brl.; ordinary, \$2.25-2.50; oranges, Florida, \$2.40-3.00; bananas, \$1.50-2.15 per bunch; pineapples, \$1.50-2.50 per doz; Illinois cherries, \$2.00 per crate; cases; peaches, shipments, \$2.00-2.50 per crate; fancy 4-basket crates, \$1.00-1.50; apricots, \$1.25-2.25 per 1/2 crate; cherries, black, \$1.15-1.50 per box; white, \$1.15-1.25.

BUTTER—Fancy Elgin stock, 17 1/2-17 3/4 per lb; fancy creameries, 15 1/2-16; fancy imitations, 14-15; Western goods, 16 1/2-17; fancy dairies, 16; No. 1, 14 1/2-15; No. 2, 13 1/2-14; No. 3, 12 1/2-13; No. 4, 11 1/2-12; No. 5, 10 1/2-11; No. 6, 9 1/2-10; No. 7, 8 1/2-9; No. 8, 7 1/2-8; No. 9, 6 1/2-7; No. 10, 5 1/2-6; No. 11, 4 1/2-5; No. 12, 3 1/2-4; No. 13, 2 1/2-3; No. 14, 1 1/2-2; No. 15, 1/2-1.

POTATOES—Burbanks, 40-45; Hebron, 30-35; rose, 25-30; bell, 25-30; peerless, 30-35; mixed, 25; Empire state, 30-35; new potatoes, \$1.50-2.00 per sack. CHEESE—Full cream Young America, 10 1/2-11; do twins, 9 1/2-10; cheddars, 9 1/2-10; brick, 9-10; Limburger, 9-10; Swiss, 11 1/2-12. EGGS—Strictly fresh stock, 14c.

Stocks of wheat are decreasing, but corn and oats increasing. Sidney Dillon Laid at Rest. NEW YORK, June 14.—The funeral services over the remains of Sidney Dillon took place at 10 o'clock yesterday at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, Fifth avenue and Fifty-fifth street. The church was well filled with brokers and other friends.

Disaster on Lake Minnetonka Denied. MINNEAPOLIS, June 14.—A special from Excelsior, Minn., on the shore of Lake Minnetonka, says there is no truth in the rumor that a steamer was capsized last night and that a number of persons were drowned.