HOW TWO LIVES CROSSED.

Talk of fiction, he said, his fine eyes beaming thoughtfully. I have known stories in real life that, should I give them to the world in print, they would be considered the wild, sensational fancies of a mad man's brain.

Many years ago I was summoned one evening to a handsome residence in the upper part of Whitechapel street —the street then popular for residences. The mistress of the house had been a wife three years. I knew the circumstances of her marriage and the history of her whole inner life. She was at the time of her marriage in love with a man who was separated, but not di-vorced, from his wife, the laws of the Roman Cotholic Church, to which he belonged, forbidding divorce. She married her husband, because she was poor and dependent, and in those days there seemed little else for a woman to do but marry when she grew up.

The husband was a man of some means, but a dissipated reprobate, an opium-eater and drunkard, and there had been sad stories about the wife's wretchedness and the husband's brutality since the marriage.

As I entered the hallway there was an ominous, uneasy look about the servauts who met me. The old negro nurse, who cared for the young woman since her childhood, looked ashy with terror as she whispered:

Come up stairs, doctor. I think my chile done dead dis time, but I believe you kin bring her to life."

I followed her silently, and she noise lessly opened the door of the bedroom where the mistress lay. I shall never forget the picture of that young woman as she lay in death-like stillness on the white bed, her face as white as the pillow over which streamed the ravenlike masses of her silky hair. The delicate brows, the long curling lashes were jet black, and the only color about this face of mourning lay in the fill," she said. "You have a life to ently met its death in the vain attempt the face of Titian's sleeping Venus, and I inhaled its strange, sad beauty with my soul, as my brain was busy with the question of this woman's strange condition and its cause. I saw in an instant that she was heavily drugged and turned to the nurse for an

done daid I sen fur you, den I find dis bottle by her "

She handed me an empty morphine phial. I went immediately to work giving restoratives. By dint of coffee and compelling her to walk two hours she finally came to herself, and the old on the bed, and so the girl and I were left together.

back," she cried reproachfully. "Oh why did you do it?"

"Through duty and through humanity," I said calmly. She arose upon her street. elbow and her eyes flashed passionately.

it humanity to bring back to life an lowe. taink to save me from hell by it? why fellows propose, I think, perhaps, I hell would be sweet to me compared to this place. You are brutal, inhuman! "But think of your child." I pro-

tested. "The little girl's soul given into your keeping." "My child," she cried, "Ah! that

only makes me more wretched. You didn't know I took opium too?" A surprised stare was my answer and

she continued: "Yes I commenced taking it shortly after we were married. He gaye it to there to see her, and she fills their me and I was coward enough to take pipes and sings them songs with a look it. Anything for oblivion; anything to of loathing and scorn upon her face, make me forget his existence and my passionate enough to scare a man with delirum tremens into his senses I coming then. I didn't think God have access to this place, having got would be so merciless as to send me a child after that. Well, when the child fessional knowledge of some of his procame I longed for death more than ceedings. ever. What sort of mother was I for

I listened as the sound of that wierd sternorous breathing reached me, and divans of rich material, upon which rean uncontrollable shudder crept over

"Ah, you shudder just to hear him," she laughed wildly. Imagine living with him; imagine his alternate moods figure of a girl clad in shimmering yelof snarling imbecility and passionate, ungovernable rage. Then think of my ng on in this way and growing like an innocent child. I shall rever have ing politeness before Marlowe. The that baby grow up to know me as her mother. I shall do her the one kind

avail I moke of reformation. I

a strange story the other day about a young couple who lived in the city some twenty-five years ago.

Talk of fiction

a hidden bottle of morphine, and so did I, but we kept the fact secret and she received a Christian burial.

A week later the husband left the strong hand on my shoulder. city with his child, and his home and property were all advertised for sale Where he went none knew, and he I heard the girl say contemptuously. him as a shadow passes away from the

evening. The strange story I have just beings had met their destiny. queerest I have ever seen. The walls beside one sat a strange figure, which arose to greet us as we entered.

"The woman was a small, slender a crooked mouth, with little dimples tion. at the corners, and teeth brilliantly white. She bowed and smiled to the whole of us, and then her keen, comprehensive glance fell upon Darley.

affected by the fortunes of the people I be regarded as instances of voracity or tell. I can't talk any more now, pure accidents. Pike, like many other Leave me, and you all can come some fish, frequently do battle, and it has

When we entered the cool air of the October night the young fellows commenced jesting over the scene.

"She's a queer one," said Valentine

brilliant, with a look of recognition out some one else for her uncanny pre- bate three and a half inches in length. diction.

"Where shall we go next?" That was the question we stood and asked each other as we reached Twenty-third

"Perhaps you'd like to see some of "Through humanity," she cried. "Is the opium dives?" suggested Mar-

"As I'm in for anything uncanny you should."

"Well, there's one here that I know of which is decidedly different from the usual run. You hear of their luxury and all that, but this one is the only luxurious one in all New York, It's kept by an old man-a Chinaman, presumably-and a young girl about whom there is nothing Chinese. She's a beautiful creature, and people go

To this place we went, reaching it the rearing of a girl? We have had through many ways too complicated for ket. So important has the peanut be terrible scenes here to-day. I think he description. At last the queer, crooked is asleep in the other room. Don't you little dwarf who met us at the entrance states it is the principal crop and chief drew apart the rich curtains of the reliance of the farmer. spartment. Along the walls were posed forms in the abandonment of oil made from them was put on the drugged sleep. A dim, crimson glow pervaded the room, and about in this mystical light glided the wraith-like low satin, gold embroidered. figure of the old Chinaman arose from its half reclining position on the richly him. Think of our being the parent of carpeted floor and bowed with cringman was richly clad in a Chinese robe, gorgeously embroidered. I examined gorgeously embroidered. I examined into the ground when it begins to enhis face curiously. It was not a large and ripen. Post Dispatch. Chinese face. The complexion, despite the paint was that of a Circassian. The delations I could think of, but to no eyebrows were painted into this, signs and the count. The Count—Ah! mademodelle, I make no reformation. I ing shape, and the full, sensored the never saw anything so fresh and so promised myself to take her to an could there have have belonged to any one green as the country around your beausaylers when side could be cured. She save a Mixado Chinaman. The face recalled something familiar, something The Maid—Well. I had seen before and liked not the foreigners who could be and say they are, but it's all memory of. As I was pondering over as fresh and just a way a lie. Before I married him he the strange figure the girl came up say's. save a Migado Chinaman. The face re-

swore he was cured, and I believed him. to us. She held a golden bowl, filled I was a fool and he was a list." with pipes, in her hands.

"Will you have one?" she saked sullenly, and yet in a voice strangely soft

I looked up closely to examine the face of this strange young being. The The old nurse are o that it came from the face, my God! it was the very face of the woman who lay lifeless before me fifteen years before. I fall myself grow weak, and young Derley lay his

"Is anything the matter?" he saked. ,'Perhaps he's had too much already,"

faded out of the life that had known I saw Darley's gaze fixed like one spell bound upon her, and for the first time she lifted hereyes, and I saw them Fifteen years after that I entered an meet his. In her's lay an infinite, apartment in New York with three dogged sorrow like the anguish of young physicians, who had persuaded some dumb brute; in his lay an infinite, me to go fortune-telling with them that tenderness and pity. I know these the

told had come vividly up to me by the Two years after this I went to New fact that I discovered one of these York; and Darley brought his young young men to be the son of the woman's wife to see me, and I told them my lover. The room we entered was the story, and they told me theirs.

After their first meeting he went to were of polished panels of ebony, hung the place ostensibly as a patron, but with bright pictures and having a deep really to watch and study the horrible frieze of poppies on an ebony ground. life of this young creature. He gained The carpet was crimson, strewn over her confidence and learned the terrors with black fur rugs, and the furniture and misery of her life. The story is was ebony, upholstered in crimson too bad, too horrible for repetition. Persion silk. There were crimson The girl had kept her purity, but she silk-shaded lamps here and there, and said sadly to me, "I wonder if all the love and tenderness of my husband and all the deep repentance of a life-"That's the sorceress," whispered time can wash from my hands the guilt Darley, (the young man I mentioned: of siding my fellow mortals to that his real name I will not give.) which is more horrible than death?

"Her husband put his arms tenderly creature, all decked in red satin and about her. "I think God has forgiven black lace. Her high-heeled red satin your unwilling sin," he said, "and at shoes were beaded in black, and in the least He has been kind to bring light black masses of her hair glittered a and happiness finally out of the darkcrescent of rubies. Her face was very ness and disappointment of two lives dark; she had immense black eyes and now passed away."-Atlanta Constitu-

A Voracious Pike.

A female pike weighing twenty-nine pounds has been found in the lake at save from present and future perdition to swallow one of its own species It comes to you as a recompense for weighing nine pounds. The two fish, in two unhappy lives. The story of it all the position in which they were found, is a terrible one. I can but dimly see are being stuffed at Winchester. Pike it, but what I see fills me with horror. have died in this manner before, and it I am sorry you came, I am always is doubtful whether or not these should the old woman, "fust I thought she was asleep, den when she look like she very tired."

other time for your fortunes. I am been suggested that when two savage fish rush headlong at one another the She sank into her deep crimson chair smaller one might easily enter the jaws and closed her eyes. We left her of the larger. Once in there would be silently, awed and impressed against no getting out again, for the pike,s our will. teeth, which, like those of the shark, point throatward. As an undoubted instance of pikish voracity there is an unusually well authenticated record of "Confound her," said Darley, with a ward, while the tail of the trout was

The peanut is supposed to be a native of Africa. The nuts are produced on that continent in great quantities and constitute a not unimportant article of the natives' daily food. They are also grown in France and Spain, where they are for the most part turned into oil used in the manufacture of soap. They have also been ground into flour, but the bread is heavy and unpalatable, besides being expensive.

In this country the good peanut states are Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. The crop in a good year amounts to about 3,000,000 bushels or 70,000,000 pounds, having grown to these portions from an output of less than 500,000 tushels in 1873. Arkansas and Kansas are also peanut growing states, but their product is of an inferior quality and cannot be sold against the Virginia nut. California produces a good grop, but the soll is so rich that the peanut grows large and rank, with the drop on the old man through pro- a shell so thick that it seriously affects the roasting process. The states first named may therefore be considered the sole producers of peanuts for the mar-

In the United States all peanuts grown are for eating purposes. Table market a few years ago, but owing to the expense did not succeed in holding its own against other ells made from

cheaper veg The peanut vine is a plant similar to the sweet potato. The most remarkable feature is that when the flower falls the stalk supporting the small undeveloped fruit lengthens and bending toward the ground, pushes the fruit

She Knew All Allont The rer sew anything so fresh and so

tiful New York.
The Maid-Well, count, s

LABOR AND ALLIANCE.

The Farmers Awakening. In the course of the baccala sermon before the graduating class at the Massachusetts agriculutral college, Prof. C. S. Walker, whose text was Luke, xxii, 22, "Strengthen Thy Brethren," and topic, "The Duty of the Educated Farmer," said: "Heretofore, in all parts of the world the farmer has been no match for his adversary. He has never held his own against the soldier or the priest, against the politician or the statesman. In ancient times he was the slave; in the middle ages the serf. In the nineteenth century he is the slave, the serf, the peasant or the propritor, according to location-American farmers, as a class, are face to face with a crisis. They have subdued a continent and furnished the raw material for our factories, bread for our operatives and manhood for our civilization. They have sustained the nation's credit with their hard earned dollars, rescued and engendered liberty with their conscientious ballots and defended time and again, the stars and stripes with their loyal blood. Vigorous in body, strong in character, striking in individuality, lover of home, massive in common sense, fertile in resources, devout believers in Providence, the farmers of America will never allow themselves to be overwhelmed by the fate that sunk the tillers of the soil in India, in Egypt, in Europe.

From all parts of this land farmers

are coming together. Organization and co-operation are the wonderful ideas that have awakened them as never before. They are grasping hands with a grip that means something, comparing ways and means, uniting upon ends to be gained. They demand for themselves and their children an education equal to the best They insist upon a fair share of the profits of the American industry, claiming that no state can long exist in which the tillers of the soil bear most of the burdens and share little of the blessings of advancing civilization. But they are in danger of making mistakes in the struggle that shall turn back the progress of the movement. They demand leaders. To supply this demand is the impertative duty of the educated farmer. Whatsoever of bodily vigor, mental power and heroism the cated farmer may have acquired from ancestors, college or university, he will need it that he may consecrate it to the great work of strengthening his brethern, the farmer of America, so that they shall ever remain an immovable foundation of this, the only republic whose empire has not been rapidly undermined."

Women's Wages'
Few of the readets of The Citizen have any idea of the pitifully small wages paid our working girls. They "She's a queer one," said Valentine authenticated record of a pike of two pounds first swallowed a few minutes rest, as I laid her mistress able people, and makes loads of money."

"She's a queer one," said Valentine authenticated record of a pike of two pounds first swallowed a night, in many instances working trout of one pound, and shortly after-harder than fathers or brothers. They "Confound her," said Darley, with a serious shrug. "I wish she'd singled out some one else for her uncanny preout some one else for h Two dollars a week, bariey enough to keep you in tobacco and beer. And yet the competition is so great they are only too glad to get it. They usually work from fourteen to twenty hours a day, in close rooms, taking no comfort at all out of life and living like veritable slaves.

It may interest some of the fashion able dames who rustle into stores clad

able dames who rustle into stores clad in purple and fine linen to hear a few of the prices paid by conscientious-storekeepers, men entirely above re-proach. Overalls with three or four pockets, six button-holes, strap and buckle, are worth from 50 to 80 cents a buckle, are worth from 50 to 80 cents a dozen, and outing cloth shirts, with two plaits in front, seams all filled, cuffs and collars double stitched, are worth exactly 80 cents a dozen. The wrappers which ladies buy in the stores, with a yoke and ruffle round the bottom, are made for 25 cents a piece, and the seam stress furnishes her own pattern, cuts and makes completely.

and makes completely
Is not this a crying shame? Should not this be remedied? Is there not something radically wrong which will permit such a monstrous outrage as this?

Workingmen arise in your might Citizens think of your daughters and do not wonder if they go astray.—The Citizen Seattle, W. T.

Don't Be Deceived.

But we earnestly advise the farmers of the country not to wax too exuberant over their newly-discovered importance. Don't get the big-head, and whatever you do, keep on your shirts, if the banded monopolists have left you any of those useful articles of wearing apparel. It is our private opinion that all bills now before congress, looking to the relied of the farmers, as well as all proposed legislation to help him, now being But we earnestly advise the farmof the farmers, as well as all proposed legislation to help him, now being discussed by senatorial plutocrats and congressional corporation attorneys, are part and parcel of a colossal "bunko game" that is being allowly and craftily working in order to beat the farmer out of the just prosperity which he demands back from the this was who stole it away. Look well at that multitudinous array of bills now before congress or be plausibly kept locked up in safes of congressional

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HASTINGS, NEBRASKA.

CHASING A SLAVE SHIP.

The Ten Ton Gun Shoots an Eighty Ton Shell and Destroys Thousands of Lives.

"I attended 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at the Park theatre the other day," said Patrolman Streight to the Ananias club, and as I sat in the gallery and watched Eliza canter across the ice-made of canvas-just ahead of four or five dogs that might as well be made of canves, so far as eaninology goes, it brought back to my mind an incident in my career that should I live to be as old as Maguselam-"

"Who?" asked Sergt. Joyce.

"Maguselam, the guy who existed on certain earth for 10,000 years. I say, fellers, if I should live to be his age I shall not forget it. I can't remember the exact date, but it was less than a hundred years ago that I was in command of the French [man-of-war Sein, and my mission on the high seas was to look out for and capture African slave traders. One moonlight night as we were plowing the swelling Atlantic at the nominal speed of seventy-five miles an hour the lookout at the mast head reported a sail on our lee quarter. I ordered the helm thrown down hard and as the huge ship obeyed the runder her steel prow killed nearly 1,200 fish. But we had more at stake than fish, and we did not stop to take any of them up. In a short time we were headed for the strange sail, and it wasn't long until from the quarter deck 1 could see her plainly.

"The smoke stacks of the Sein became red hot, and one of them melted to the decks, but I called for water, and the ship was saved from destruction. We did not lesson our speed for a little thing snoke ascended high above the masts of the chase. Then I knew what we were after. Hastily beating the men to quarters I, in the deliberate voice I use on the Lincoln Lane gang, told them that there was fun ahead. The vessel 200 miles ahead of us was a slave dhow, and for the honor of ourselves particularly, and France as a matter of course, we must capture her. 'And when we do,' says I, 'you fellers know your business.' For two days and nights we chased the strange craft, and during that time I did not sleep a wink or eat a mouthful of food, I was so excited. At six bells on the third day we were in shooting range, and I ordered The eighty ton shell fell ahead of the slaver nearly two miles.

"The effect on the water was terrific, You notice I said the shell weighed eighty tons, and as it fell into the ocean it exploded. The water raised in a solid wall that was, I should judge, 900 feet thick to an altitude of 7,000 yards. It made a hole that you could put the state house, court house, insane asylum, blind asylum and Union station into all at one and the same time-that is, of course, if you had them there. The slave ship plunged against, at and into this wall, and then came a mighty crash -a crash that was caused, as I afterward learned, by an island sixty miles distant being washed from its base by the waves. The ship penetrating the wall caused it to break and the upheaved water fell in torrents, while the slaver teetered on the brink of the huge abyss for a moment and then fell bow first into the hole, and the scattered fragments of the broken wall falling

upon her buried her from sight forever. "In a few hours the sea was calm and for two months we cruised in that vicinity, that not a sign of the lost slaver was found. Two years after we picked up on the coast of Zanzibar a water soaked book that I am satisfied was the 'log' of the lost ship. According to the book the dhow that we destroyed was the Lemon Eared Nellie, from New Brunswick, and she had 75,000 slaves aboard, all of whom were drowned. I felt so bad about this that I resigned my place in the French dice force with more pay and

A Boa Eats a Rabbit.

Three corpulent rabbits of Belgian breed were caged in a soap box quietly awaiting their fate. They were the meal for which the snake was anxiously awaiting. He had not tasted meat in four months and his vorscious maw yawned like a bottomless pit for the unfortunate trio in the soap box. Manager Bell appeared and drew forth one of the rabbits. After stroking "bunny" on the back for a moment he opened the door to the snake's den and thrust him in. The huge boa had coiled himself up in a corner, but at once roused himself for action. He was fully twelve feet long, and having recently shed his winter coat his skin glistened and shone like satin. He raised his head a foot or so from the floor and viewed the first course of his quadri-annual meal.

The rabbit showed no signs of fear, but rather seemed to enjoy his new quarters. The snake slowly lowered his head and cautiously began to stretch himself along the side of the den. He never once took his eyes off the rabbit, which was still unconscious of his danger. Suddenly the rabbit began to act strangely and to cut all sorts of ridiculous capers. He would leap back and forth over the snake and then rub up against it, and appeared to be fasoinated. Slowly and stealthily the snake turned his head about until it was within a foot of the rabbit's haunches. Then, quick as a flash, he darted forward, seized the rabbit in his mouth and in another instant there was nothing to be see of the little animal save the tips of his ears, which protruded from between the folds of the snake.

The huge serpent then raised his head full two feet from the floor, darted out his forked tongue and hissed horribly at the motley group watching him. If like that, but continued to split the there was any struggle on the part of the s black rabbit it was not visible. The snake had him in his awful coils. Then the coils slowly, but with a strength which was terrible to look at, began to tighten till every bone in the poor rabbit's body must have been broken. This done the coils relaxed, and the limp, lifeless body of the sportive rabbit of a few moments before lay ready to be swallowed. First the serpent nosed his victim all over. The eyeballs of the dead rabbit were protruding from their sockets, and by way of beginning the boa licked them with his tongue. Once more he coiled about his victim, leaving its head and shoulders free. Then he opened his monstrous jaws and, taking "bunny's" head therein began to swallow. Soon the ten ton rule cannon to be fired, the head and shoulders were out of sight and in less than fifteen minutes the hind legs followed.-Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Some Bright School Girls.

If there is such a thing in existence as a school-teacher's note book containing the unintentionally funny sayings of children, the melancholy man would do well to borrow it for the solace of his dull hours. The remark of a little girl, that "the earth is round like an apple, and the North Pole sticks out of the top and makes the stem," should doubtless be included among its gems, together with the following anecdote, told by an old school teacher, in the San Franciso Examiner:

When I was a country pedagogue in the state of Maine, I was one day hearing my class in spelling, and gave out the word "cuticle," to a big red-haired girl. Slowly she drawled out

"C-u, cu, t-i, cuti, c-l-e, ou-tick-ie." I corrected her pronunciation, and saked her to define the word. She looked about blankly, as if in search for something to spur her memory, and after a moment or two of silence I said: "Why, what is itthat covers your hands and face ?"

She looked quietly at each hand, and

"Oh, yes," she replied, "freckles."

To Fasten Envelo