Sullivan's Striking Attitude as a Modern Marc Antony.

MILLIONAIRE REPORTER.

The Vanquished Cat and the Cause of It-Tooter Barctone's Pun-A Variety of Polished, Pointed Smiles.

Sullivan as Mare Antony.

Friends, sluggers, toughs, et al, give me your I come to bury Cresar—not to slug him,
Because I slugged him yester eve,
And that is why he ites here now.
The evil that men do lives after them:
The good is often planted with their bones,
And Julius is n. g. this aft. The press
Hath told you Cresar was ambitions—
And the press is not much subsidized
Outside of such religious weeklies
As ye are not subscribing for at present—
And, fellow-citizens, I think he was,
Or he would never have stood up before
A man of my talents. You bet he wouldn't!
Cresar didn't know what was good for 'im,
Till Boston's pride and Joy had knocked him
out. me to bury Casar-not to slug him,

And then it was too late to utilize his knowl-

edge.

But yesterday your Julius Cresar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he
here,
And none so poor to do him reverence,
While I stand here, unscathed, unscratched,
And all my pockets filled with gate money.
If you have tears to shed prepare to shed
them now.

them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The last time Clesar put it out to soak;
He got four dollars and a quarter on it;
And with that sum we painted all Rome red!
But I am off my base. That Clesar is knocked

1s plain, and quite as plain, I knocked him

out;
1 caught him on the chin—great Casar fell.
And what a fall was there, my countrymen!
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as some men are,
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loves my friends and gits full occasion-

ally.

Therefore, thankin' you for your attention And hopin' to see you all agin.

I am yours truly, John L. Sullivan.

He Handled Sullivan. Pittsburg Dispatch: "Pshaw!" claimed Smithers, "talk about Sullivan; why, sir, I saw a man one night deliberately pull him by the nose." "He did, ch? Well I'll bet that fellow suffered for it." "You'd lose your bet, then." "Didn't Sullivan pulverize him?" "No sir, he didn't; and the fellow that pulled the big fellow's head clear around in doing it." "And Sullivan never said a word?" "No, sir; the other fellow dld all the talking." "What did he say?" "Well, he said a number of things; among ather things I heard him remark more than once; "Does the razor hurt,

Some Millionaires. Chicago Herald: At the opera the other night was a young newspaper man who knows a good many people. He sat in a free seat, attired in a borrowed dress suit, and with barely enough eash in his pockets to pay the ice cream and streetcar fare for the elegant young lady of good family and fine accomplishment who had accepted his escort. Between the acts he begged to be excused, and re-tired for a few moments to the foyer,

where he was seen in conversation with a large, plain-looking man and a handsome man with a brown mustache.

"I don't like to speak of such things," he said to the young lady on returning to his seat, "as I think that boasting of one's wealth is about the most vulgar thing out. But it is a singular coincidence that wille I was standing in the foyer ust now two gentlemen came up and entered into conversation with me. were talking I happened to think that the three of us were worth four million

"Indeed?" queried the lady, who had not known him long.
"Yes. Marshall Field is worth three millions, George Pullman one million, and I think I could manage to scare up the other half dollar myself."

The Scoundrel Recognized. Detroit Free Press: "Young man!" shouted the retail tobacconist, "didn't I caution you to keep your eyes peeled for

plugged silver coins?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, here's a plugged half dollar which you have taken in this afternoon while I was out."
"Yes, sir, I know I did."

"You knew it was plugged and yet you accepted it?"
"Yes, sir. I hadn't the moral courage

'Oh, you hadn't? Well, on Saturday night you can take your pay and go. I don't want a boy here who will let a secondrel impose on him in that fashion. Would you know the despicable villain

"Oh, yes, sir; I know him well,"
"Who was it?"
"Your father." The Cause Of It.

Wade Whipple in the Judge. But late Professor Tertiakoff

Was used to give the data
Abent the jactitations of
Old Terra's vertebrata
He tucked his new seismometer
In fabric of his hatter
And remarked that inferentia attributed the same to an embroilment of the sub-reptilian cuchus tennistriatus with the cartilaginous cephalopoda and a sequent displacement of the terrestrial substrata.

the terrestrial substrata.

Just here Professor G. O. Loge
Caught on to Vother's chatter,
And with a nose suspicious of
Some part in a regatta—
That part where bibulants do make
The fermentations scatter—
He asserted that the tumultations were predicated upon a dehiscence of the micacious depositia of the ante jurassic collacation and a contemporaneous trepidation of the fossiliferata.

Whereat Professor Labora.

Whereat Professor Jokemall—
Attendant at the spatter
Of occult sentences outgrown
From geologic blatter—
Remarked, with irony of one
That would all science shatter,
That he be blowed if his brainometer didn't completely geosophy in the presence of such opaque cructations of what sort of an allfired palpitation was the matter.

Detroit Free Press: "Say!" he called out as he ran up-stairs and entered the first office to the right, "is it true!" "What?" calmly inquired the occupant. "That you have declined to allow your

me to be used in the congressional

"Then it is true, and I have won a new hat! But, say, what on earth could have possessed you to decline, when the nom-nation would have been mere form, and the election a certainty?"
"But, as I was going to remark, I—"
"Oh, certainly—private business—hon

ors enough—an eye on the governorship, and all that, but your friends will be dis-appointed at the same. We wanted a man the peer of any one in that august body. Too bad—really too bad!" "Yes-ahem," conglied the other, who

couldn't come within forty miles of de-clining a nomination, 'you spoke to me the other day about—let's seer'

"Oh, yes, I did want a loan of \$25, but I skirmished around and—"

"Certainly, you can have it, and double the amount if you wish, and if you don't happen to be flush at the end of thirty days, take sixty. Yes, my private busi-ness is very pressing—yes—ahem—talk with you again."

Not Interested in Other People's Busts "Say, Quilp, have you seen that bust of Napoleon, yet?" "No. I'm not interested in other peo-

Dollar a Bottle.

First Customer (to barber)-Have you got anything that will take the curl out Barber-You bet. That electric elivir of mine will do it. Second Customer (to same barber)-

Have you got anything that will make hair curl, barber? Barber-You bet. That electrical clixir of mine will do it like a charm.

A Champion Liar.

There is a liar in California trying to head off the liars who get up the circu-lation statements for the daily papers. The California liar says: "Bill Vanders, who fell through the roof of a sawmill when the boiler exploded last week, coughed up a circular saw and a piece of lung to-day. Dr. wilkins put the lung back under Vander's shirt and set it by the steam guage. He was so far recovered this evening that he blew the bottom out of the lung-tester, and the water in the machine nearly drowned a Baptist preacher. It is believed that the duckthe preacher received will prevent him from wheezing next Sunday morning. Vanders, who was the engineer at the time of the boiler explosion, was not in the all, but the owner of the mill made him repair the hole in the roof at his own expense, besides bringing suit for the recovery of the saw."

The Vanquished Cat.

New tork Sun.

Out of the window a man
Leaned with a look of despair, Listening with haggered face to a cat Whose melody rent the air. He threw down an old bootjack.

But the cat never heeded its fall; He sat on the fence and reared his b.ck, And continued his dismal waul.

He reached for his gun and fired,
He shouted and hallooed "scat!"
But it was no use, the same old song
Came forth from the same old cat.

But at last a ray of hope Lighted the man's despair. Out of the window he leaned once more Into the damp night air. And a smile of infinite peace

Over his features fell, The song of the cat died out in the night As he rang his chestant ball for Mason.

How She Felt the Earthquake. 'Did you feel the earthquake, Mrs.

Flaherty? 'Faith, an' I did." "Phere was you?"

"In the cellar. I was groping in the dark among the winter preserves." "Presarves! Ye're gettin' very high-

"Pat do loike pickled onions and squash jam, and I'd put some up for him. I was rayching among the presarves when I 'Phwat was it loike?" "Wirra, what would it be? It was only

Accidentally Arrested and Convicted. Detroit Post: "And that prisoner over there turning broom handles," said the guide, who was showing a party through the Michigan City prison the other day, "was the trusted bookkeeper for a firm Indianapolis. He embezzled about

\$15,000. And what is he doing here?" "They arrested and convicted him and

he got ten years," "Fact. Everybody says it was an accident, or something or other, and I believe a petition is being circulated for

"On what grounds?"
"That he left the firm sufficient cash to pay a month's gas bill, and that he wasn't the superintendent of a Sunday school. I will now show you a man who got twenty years for stealing an old horse, which died on his hands.

An Agricultural Fair. Estelline (D. T.) Bell: "What class do you want to enter your horse in?" said he met the honest farmer at the gate. "Enter my hoss! I ain't got no hoss to

enter nowhere. "Don't want to put either of your horses on the track?" "No, sir." "Got a wheel of fortune or any such

"'Naw!"
"Then what are you driving in with the team and wagon for?"

"Why, I've got a pun'kin here four feet high and a lot of big corn and some o' the best squashes in the whole country, and there's a two-year-old steer tied be-hind the wagon that beats anything you ever see I know"

"That may all be, my friend, but this is no place for you. If you've got a horse you want to put on the track or any kind of a confidence game you might come in, but as it is, we have no room for you. Come, move on there, and give Colonel Toeweight a chance to drive in. Go and feed your garden truck to your big steer.

They Never, Never Do. Detroit Free Press: On one of them telephone circuits in the western part of the city, where four subscribers use the same line, one of them was called up the other day by a second on a matter of business. "You say you paid \$2 per yard?" quer-

ied the first.
"No, I didn't say exactly."
"But my wife wants to know. Give me

the exact figures."
"I will the first time I see you." "But why not now?"
"Because Mrs. L., who is on the line, is always listening at her telephone to

hear what the rest of us say, and my wife doesn't want her to know. "Oh, that's it. I thought you might be afraid of Mrs. B. That's one of her tricks, too, though I guess both of 'em are away to-day. Good-bye."
"Hold on there!" called a voice as the

trumpets were lowered. "I am Mrs. L., and I want to tell both of you men that you state a deliberate falsehood when you say I listen. You are no gentlemen, and my husband shall make you apolo-

"And hold on some more!" called a sec-"And hold on some more!" called a second voice. "I am Mrs. B., and any one
who says I listen to other people's talk
has got to prove it in court! Make up
your minds to hear from me!"
Four trumpets were carefully lowered
from four ears and hung up on four telephone boxes, and deep silence brooded
o'er the land.

An Autograph Album Victim.

Lynn Union.

He wrested full long with the dictionary book,
For a valiant wight was he:

Nor bread, nor wine, no rest he took, Nor thoughtless revelree; For the maid with the comely nymph-like

And the languishing, melting eyne Had coaxed him to write in her autograph

And he mote not dare to decline.

Ah, right well he strove with the dictionary book From dawn to dewy eve.

And from day to day no rest he took Nor sought no glad reprieve. Several days he wrestled with the dictionary Then fell like a lifeless stone—
As his corpse told well by its ghastly look
That the dictionary book had thrown.

His Conundrum. Rambler: After Mr. Tooter Bareatone had sung 'Chasing Skeeters in the Dark' Mr. Celluloid Dickey asked of the inter-

"William, can you telt me why angels'
visits are like Chicago sewers?"
"I don't know, Richard," replied the
interlocutor, in his rich basso voice, why are angel's visits like Chicago

"Because, sir, they are phew! and far The interlocutor heaved a sigh of great

AMONG THE WITS AND WAGS. ple's busts. I'm just getting over one of ing Geetis would sing "Down Where the Sandwich Blooms."

Better Get Another Lawyer. Major Gassaway, a San Antonio law yer engaged by a man accused of horse-stealing said, "Are you really guilty?"
"Well, major, if I was innocent what earthly use would I have for a lawyer? I'm so guilty that I reckon you had bet-ter get another lawyer to help you."

The Court Had a Fellow-Feeling. Texas Siftings: Major Gassaway, a prominent San Antonio lawyer, is famous for his long speeches. They are so long they cause his clients to get long sentences from the exasperated jury. Recently Major Gassaway defended a murderer, and addressed the jury off and on for the better part of two days. The jury gave the man imprisonment for life in the penitentiary, and they would have given Gassaway twice as much if they could have legally done so. When Judge Noonan, who was on the bench, asked the doomed man the usual question as to his having objection to sentence being pronounced on him according to law, the latter replied: "I think, your honor, that the time consumed by my attorney in addressing the jury ought to be deducted from my term of imprison-ment." Judge Noonan said he thought

Dividing the Estate.

Rambler: "Ab, good morning, Mr. Skineur, remarked Lawyer Fleecem, as he met his fellow-lawyer on the street;
"I hear old Richfield died last night."
"Yes," responded the other; "I am the attorney for his daughter and I'm just

going up to see her."

"Indeed! Well, I'm the attorney for his son. Can't we make a little something out of this?" Lawyer Skinner stroked his chin re

"I think we might," he said. "I'll advise Miss Richfield to contest the will. I'll tell her that her brother has no right to half the estate, and that if she will only go to court she might as well have it

'Um-yes; and I'll defend it for her brother. But suppose I am defeated?"
"Then appeal it."

"And if you're defeated?"
"Why, I'll appeal it."
"But when it gets to the highest court?"
"O, well; we'll have the estate ourselves then, and we'll divide it."

BUFFALO BILL'S COYOTE CRY.

He Hears It in a Theatre Box and Recognizes an Old Friend. Chicago Herald: An incident occurred at the Grand Opera house Friday which brought back to the minds of the interested parties a vivid recollection of times long gone by. In a box, surrounded by

a party of friends, sat Buffalo Bill. Two days previous he had left his Wild West show in the east, intending to spend a week or two at his home in North Platte, Neb., but had broken his journey at Chicago, to see his partner, Nate Salsbury. The first act of "The Brook" had just concluded, when, amid the applause, Buffalo Bill noticed a peculiar sound, similar to the cry of a young coyote, The sound attracted no attention from any one else, but it caused the ex-scout to cast a nurried glance around the house, while his face bore a look of mingled hope and astonishment. As his eyes rested on a box opposite him he saw a person waving his hand to him, and in an

instant made for the door. "If I ain't mistaken there's a partner of mine, whom I haven't seen for twenty years. Nobody but he knows that cry,"

years. Nobody but he knows that cry," he remarked, as he hastily left the box. Half an hour clapsed ere he returned. "I told you," said he, "that nobody but Jim Geary and myself knew that cry. Who is Geary? Why, the bravest man, sir, that ever lived. Back in—let's see— 65, '66 and '67, Jim and I were conveying dispatches between Fort Harker and Fort Larned, a distance of 200 miles, and twas a blood-red Indian country then. The Kiowas and the Comanches were on the war-path. We were expected to watch the country pretty closely, and many a time we had all-night rides for our lives. Getting along toward the end of hestilities, one night Jim and two others and myself started out to scour the country. We were hardly out of sight of camp before we were attacked by a band of Kiowas. There must have been about twenty of em, and they had been hiding behind the rocks. One of our companions fel at their first volley, and we had barely emptied our Winchesters when the other extra man went down too, with a bullet in his head. Then followed the most desperate fight on horseback it was ever my luck to indulge in. Our horses were of the best, and we gave them a chance to show all there was in them. From 5 in the afternoon until 8 that night we had no sign of a rest. Kill any? Well, I can't say just how many we did kill, for we didn't cut notches in our gunstocks in them days. Didn't work for a record. The chances are that if that running figh hadn't occurred there would be a few more Indians drawing rations from Uncle Sam. You see that scary" drawing back a cuff which was linked with a buffalo head composed entirely of diamonds, 'that's the only scratch I got, while my old pard Jim, over there, carries three tokens of the redskins' desire to send him

to the happy hunting grounds. The subject was naturally commented on more or less during the balance of the evening but Geary's peculiar cry was heard no more. The latter is now a resident of Kansas, where a prosperous grocery business and other speculations have brought him a fortune. Cody is the happy possessor of a cool half million. Last night the pair occupied a box lion. Last night the pair occupied a box at Hooley's kindly placed at their dis-posal by Manager Cleveland of the Mc-Nish, Johnson & Slavin minstrels, after which a party of twenty or more listened to a number of interesting stories in one of the parlors of the Leland. Buffalo Bill leaves immediately for North Platte,

returning to his show in two weeks.

How Armour Sat Down on a Dude. Chicago Herald: Millionaire Phil Armour has a pleasant custom of buying a suit of clothes once a year for each of his office employes. This year all but one of the boys visited a certain tailor on the South Side and were measured for suits south Side and were measured for suits ranging from \$30 to \$35. The exception was a finde, who scorned the selections made by his colleagues. He wanted something gorgeous and tight-fitting. After pawing over the fashion plates of the tailor he finally selected a piece of goods which would cost \$125 to build into garments. When the tailor, a few weeks later made inquiries for the purpose of finding out whether this young pose of finding out whether this young man with such esthetic taste was really

so unfortunate as to have to work. "Is he at work in any of our depart-ments?" Mr. Armour asked, turning to 'Yes; he works in the -- room," was

the reply. "Eh, eh; has he drawn his money for "No, sir: not yet."
"Well, then, go get his salary and give it to me and tell him I want to see him

at once."
When the dude tripped up to the millionnire the latter cleared his throat and "Young man, I like to have my clerks consider themselves on an equal with one another. In looking over the tailor's bill I find that you rate yourself \$90 higher than the figures your colleagues place upon themselves. As I see no tangible proof of your great worth to this establishment, it gives me much satisfaction to present to you your month's sal-ary together with my estimate of your value—your dismissal-from my service. Remember I'm an expert on hogs and know how to salt them."

The Campaign of General Miles in Arizona and Its Results.

The Apache Bloodhound Begged to Come in and Tendered a Pass to Florida-Lawton's Services Overestimated.

FORT GRANT, Arizona, October 2, 1886 -(Correspondence of the Ber.)-In my last I gave you the true inwardness of the Apache campaign and the inside history of Geronimo's surrender to Miles, or as the army men have called it, Miles' surrender to Geronimo. The story is now, as I predicted it would be, public prop erty. No one here pretends, not even General Miles himself, that Geronimo was captured or gave himself up until he had exacted his own terms from the army officers who took him in charge. General Miles' report shows just what I said it must show, that his famous campaign had absolutely nothing to do with the Apaches capture. Young Gate wood took two of Crook's old scouts and went to hunt Geronimo, found him of course, promised him his life and a free pass to Florida and brought him in without any more trouble than Crook would have had if the war department hadn't forbidder him to make terms with the wily Apache This is the long and short of the case General Miles feels that he has blundered but feels worse to see the clouds of glory which he imagined were wreathing in halo over his head, disappearing under the sharp criticism which he is receiving for sailing under false colors.

Army officers throughout the territory are greatly disgusted over the inglorious close of the Apache campaign. They have obeyed orders without questioning as was their duty, although they knew from experience which Mules did not have, that the style of campaigning at first adopted would be without results. And now after all the hardship, the endless and fruitless scoutings, the clap-trap and nonsense about "heliographs" and frontier scouts, they have seen the cam-paign closed just as Crook offered the war department to close it before ever Miles came down with his boasts and bragadocio, and on methods which Crook was forbidden to employ because the war department wished to make "an example" of the hostiles. As the truth comes out that there was no need of any cam-paign at all, that Crawford virtually losed the war months ago and that Ger onimo has been playing squattag with the troops and waiting his chance to sur-render on terms of his own making, the army officers, worn out and tired with their senseless work, are not slow about speaking out their minds privately about the whole business.

Lawton has received a great deal of underserved credit for Geronimo's surrender. He had nothing whatever to do with it. Lieutenant Gatewood with two scouts begged Geronimo to come in, promised him immunity from danger and secured the return of the whole Chinerihaun cavaleade. It is said here that Gatewood was highly incensed over the way in which his strategic move was suppressed for Lawton's benefit and threatened to "blow." General Miles was equal to the emergency and smoothed matters over by making Gatewood aide de camp the other day and assigning Captain Lawton to the acting inspector generalship. The announcement of the appointments has probably reached you by this time. General Miles' friends here are boasting that General Crook is out of favor with the administration. I do not know how that is, but he certainly is not out of favor with the army officers of Arizona, if we except a cortain disgrun tled colonel who will never recover from the shock he received when General Crook frankly gave him his reasons for not placing him in an important com-mand for which he was unfitted. JAMES R. CAFFEY.

BARBARA'S MISTAKE.

"Barbara, let us go and walk by the river to the bridge."
"No, Lieutenant Gresham; the day is much too warm," she said, lazily.

"But I may never ask you again." The romantic walk by the river was much too sentimental a place to suit the frame of mind she was in just now. Too many recollections clustered around it; memories of the happy days when she and Mark had wandered there, and talked pretty nothings, swore eternal friendship, and looked eternal love. To-day all this was changed. Mark put a strong control upon him-

self, but he looked angry.
"Why did you not come to the 'June
ball'?" he asked, stiffly. "You promised
me that you would come." O, did I? I had forgotten all about it

I could not have gone, at any rate, for Dr. Guyon had made an engagement with me for that day, and I could not have broken it."
"But my engagement was made first." "My dear boy, don't you know that an engagement with a man of Dr. Guyon's superior years, to say nothing of his su-

perior accomplishments, must be para "Barbara," said he, wrathfully, "do you care anything for that fellow?" "If by 'that fellow' you mean Dr. Guy-on, I tell you candidly I am very fond of

"Do you mean to say then that you care nothing for me." "Even so."
"Then I shall say good-by. Remember this, however; you have thrown away a true heart. You have been playing the coquet admirably for one so young. A

little more experience and you will at-tain perfection. But some time there will be a day of reckoning, and your life will feel the shadow of sorrow you have made me feel." "My prophetic cousin, good-by. If I ever repent you will never know of my He suddenly turned, caught her slight figure in his strong grasp, kissed her pas-sionately and strode down the walk out

of sight.

"O why did I not tell him that I could not go to his graduating ball because I had no dress to wear! Then Mary Rexford said that he was devoted to a young lady there and that every one said they were engaged. And Barbara Newman plays second fiddle to no one. Of course he thinks that I like that old Dr. Guyon, when I hate him."

when I hate him."
Mark Gresham sailed away to foreign parts. He flirted with English dames, danced with Spanish beauties, made love to girls whose bright eyes outshone the splendor of southern skies, and—O woful tale!—he forgot Barbara Newman.
Six years went by, and he had orders to report himself at headquarters in

Washington. As he once more revisited the scenes of his youth he was reminded of old times and of Barbara. The longer he thought of her the more intense grew he thought of her the more latense grew his longing to see her. So one fine morn-ing he went in quest of his old love. He found the place deserted and dreary. The foliage was more dense. The sole occupant was an old man who had been in Mr. Newman's service for many years. He remembered Mr. Mark, as he called him, and at once began to give an account of the past veurs.

give an account of the past years.

Miss Barbara had been gone some time.

Her uncle had died, leaving her the house and its centents, but no money, and no one had been able to find out if he had anyor where he kept it. Miss Barbara

GREAT SUCCESS

With which we have met in the disposal of the several specialties we advertised during the last week has proven to us that the people of Omaha appreciate bargains whenever they are offered, and in order to keep the ball rolling we have placed on our bargain counters for this week the following: One lot of Men's All Wool Cassimere Pants at \$2.50, worth at least \$3.50. One lot of Men's Blue Chinchilla Pea Jackets and Vests at \$6.90, worth at least \$9. One lot of medium weight Cassimere Overcoats at \$7.50; sold by other dealers for \$10-Another lot of our celebrated All Wool Men's Cassimere Suits at \$6, which are positively worth at least \$8.50. Our All Wool Scarlet Undershirts and Drawers at 50c each are going fast. All of these specified lots are in rather limited quantities, and those desiring to examine them will find it to their interest to do so at once. ALL GOODS AT STRICTLY ONE PRICE AND MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

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had done all she could to sell or rent the | she was already close by. As she saw them | house, but no one wanted to live in that out-of-the-way place. So, as she had to make her own living in some way she went away to teach; but her health had failed and she had gone somewhere else, the old man did not know where.

He went to the town in which she had taught, but there he could learn nothing of her excepting that she had gone away two years before, but where they did not know. He spent the remainder of his leave in his fruitless quest, and was obliged to join his ship disconsolate.

The good ship G—— lay at anchor in the Mediterranean Sea, and a party of the ship of th

gay, gallant officers lounged and smoked on deck. The bombardment of Alexandria was going on, and thousands of foreigners sought safety wherever they could, and about thirty had taken refuge under the American flag upon the G—, and were cordially welcomed by the officers. Among them were two ladies (unusual visitors upon a man-of-war), an old lady, who was the very essence of discontent and ill-nature, and her companion, upon whom was yented all her

"Gresham," said Lieutenant Walker, "Have you got a glimpse of the veiled lady yet?"
"No; I'm not muck interested in her."
"Well, you would be if you had heard how that old Tartar was abusing her this

"By Jove! she is coming now." The caution came none too soon, for

she hesitated, then approached. She in-clined her head as they lifted their hats to show their respect.

Mark Gresham arose and stood trans-fixed as he watched her go by. "Gresham seems rather struck. Why don't you go and make her acquaintance, and tender our sincere sympathies for her in her trying position;"
"I will," said Mark, promptly, and moved off in the direction she had taken. She was leaning against a mast, look-ing dejected. As he drew near he raised

She had thrown back her veil, and as she turned around in a startled way he saw Barbara, a few years older, but more

beautiful than ever. "Barbara, I felt sure it was you. have been seeking you for many weary months, and now that I have found my

months, and now that I have found my dear girl I shall never let her slip away from me again."
"Mark, can you ever forgive me, after the cruel way in which I treated you?"
"Never mind—that is all past now. I shall never forgive myself for taking you at your word. Can you not redeem your promises made so long ago, and marry me?"

more contented and happy man. He is more sociable in his habits, and is no longer afraid to appear in public. He has begun the season already by going to the opera house two weeks in succession. Last winter he persistently refused to go to places of entertainment, and he has probably not walked half a square out-side of the white house grounds. When going to New York he has always been carefully guarded on getting out of his carriage at the depot, and he has been particular to avoid a crowd. On Mon-day night I watched him at the theater with his wife. Everybody watched them, and I may say that the audience were not and I may say that the address staring as at all as considerate about staring as good taste probably demanded. good taste probably demanded. He seemed more at ease and better contented than I have before seen him in public. They walked out of the theater with the other people, were just as much pressed upon the stairs, and had to wait some proposed. some minutes in the street for their car-

dear girl I shall never let her slip away from me again."

"Mark, can you ever forgive me, after the cruel way in which I treated you?"

"Never mind—that is all past now. I shall never forgive myself for taking you at your word. Can you not redeem your promises made so long ago, and marry me?"

"Yes," she whispered.

The President After Marriage.

Philadelphia Telegraph: Married life has improved the president. He is a simproved the president. He is a simproved the president. He is a some minutes in the street for their carriage.

Mrs. Cleveland is having a softening influence over the president, and she has a greater control over him than some of the politicians who have tried to influence him could believe possible. These politicians must feel envious to see her bind him to her will. She is a woman of strong character, great persuasive force, and no little ambition. She has wonderful composure in public, and carries here possible. These politicians must feel envious to see her bind him to her will. She is a woman of strong character, great persuasive force, and no little ambition. She has wonderful composure in public, and carries here in the street for their carriage.

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