THOMPSON, BELDEN & COMPANY

Hereby announce to the citizens of Omaha and surrounding country, that on

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27TH, 1886,

They will open at 1319 Farnam st., a stock of Dry Goods, Cloaks, Notions and Furnishing Goods.

That will be complete in all the different departments. Our facilities for buying are unsurpassed, which enables us to sell at the lowest prices possible to be made on first class goods. Our method of doing business is the only one that can do exact justice to all. We mark every article in plain figures and sell

Strictly at One Price and for Cash, from Which Rule We Never Deviate.

This gives every customer an equal advantage, and a child can trade as well as the most expert shopper. It is a self-evident fact that firms doing a credit business must employ a much larger capital, keep a force of expensive bookkeepers and collectors, beside losing a large amount in bad accounts. Who pays for all this? The cash purchaser in every instance.

Our aim will be to supply our stock with new and desirable goods as fast as they appear in the eastern markets, and trust by square dealing and close attention to the wants of our customers to merit a share of the patronage of this community.

THOMPSON, BELDEN AND COMPANY, 1319 Farnam Street.

HOFFMAN GETS A VERDICT

The Jury Fixes the Damages at Only Thousand Dollars.

MOTION MADE FOR A NEW TRIAL.

Proceedings of the Young Men's Christian Association—A Case of Rape — Travelers' Protective Association—Lincoln Notes.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.]

The jury in the long drawn-out Hoffman libel suit retired to the jury room Friday evening, where they remained all night, and at 9 o'clock yesterday morning they returned a verdict awarding $1,000 to the plaintiff. The counsel for the defense immediately made a motion for a new trial, and if overruled an appeal will follow to the supreme court. Every political enemy of Mr. Rosewater and the political ring that fears honest daylight in public matters are ready to dance a hornpipe. Following the charge of the judge in the case a verdict for the plaintiff seemed to be expected. Judge Mason's closing speech was terse, pointed and at times a terrific arraignment of the false issues lugged into the trial. Upon the measure of damages he was particularly strong, and he uprooted the pretense set up of mental anguish in a way that fairly startled the Hoffman sympathizers. He challenged the jury to show wherein a scintilla of damage had been shown by the evidence in the case. He asked the jury how much damage any publication could do to a man who stood like Hoffman in the stairway leading from the governor's office at the time of the alleged state robbery and told Mr. Caldwell to wait and see what would happen as they looked upon a man with his gun to his shoulder and who shot a fellow man in the back. Judge Mason declared that the publication had been made in the interest of good government; that it had been conclusively proven in that way, and that now they had brought the defendants away from business from where the publication was made to answer for standing up for public good and the exposing of what the paper believed was for the interest of the people to know. The plaintiff, the judge alleged, had not lost a dollar, had not lost position or honor, but had gained additions in both from the executive of the state since the exposures. The plaintiff, the judge further declared, had not shown even where Hoffman had even a shirt left unwashed on account of the alleged libel.

Following Judge Mason, Mr. Sawyer occupied the floor for about two hours in a speech characteristic of the prosecution throughout the case, Mr. Sawyer criticising the attorneys on the other side for not confining themselves to the question at issue, and then, roaming himself over eighteen hundred years, ringing in the race that crucified the Savior—a race that Mr. Sawyer declared, were after gold without regard to other things; that were ready to tear down at all times for gain. His peroration on the Omaha BEE was a great effort. Everything dishonest and filthy and false was meat in his eyes for the BEE to publish, and he pressed upon the jury the advisability of making the BEE pay Hoffman some of this ill-gotten great wealth that he ascribed to it—gained through publishing lies and libels. He ascribed the BEE's rapid increase in circulation from 7,000 to 12,000 copies to the fact that it had published the libel in question, and he figured, like an advertising agent, the very short time that it would take the BEE on a circulation of 12,000 to pay Hoffman $30,000. If they did this the BEE would be allowed to exist.

THE Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION

held its second day's session yesterday at the rooms of the local Y. M. C. A. The evening before the services were held in the Presbyterian church, in addition to the delegates a large number of interested visitors being in attendance. Rev. E. H. Brown, of New York City, spoke upon the subject, "The Relation of the Church to the Association." It was an address full of pith and point that was greatly appreciated by the large audience. J. E. Brown, state secretary of Illinois, followed in an interesting address on "The Relation of the General Secretary to the Association." This address was also listened to with much interest.

Yesterday morning the association opened the work of the day with a song service and with Bible reading, led by E. H. Brown. Harry Curtis, general secretary at Council Bluffs, read an interesting paper on "How to Use Secular Agencies," which was a practical address full of interest to the association. Mr. J. E. Brown followed in an interesting talk on Bible marking that unfolded many new ideas to the delegates and the visitors. Under the call of business a committee on resolutions were announced by the president, comprised as follows: W. F. Ringland, of Hastings, J. E. Ensign, of Omaha; F. G. Davis, Nebraska City, and W. R. Williams, of Crete. A telegram of greeting from the California state convention Y. M. C. A., was received and answered, and a message of greeting was sent from the Nebraska to the Tennessee association, which is in session at this time. In the afternoon the work of raising funds for the prosecution of the state work was largely the order, and other miscellaneous business was transacted.

A RAPE CASE.

Early yesterday morning a young man named Kennedy came into the city from his home three miles out in the country and placed in the hands of the Nebraska Detective association the particulars of a case of rape that was committed the night before. It seems that young Kennedy's sister, a girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age, was crossing a field a little way from her home, when a tramp approached her and by threats upon her life accomplished his hellish purpose. As soon as the facts were made known, search was commenced for the brute, but up to the present time he has eluded capture. If he were caught, under the present state of excitement in that neighborhood there would be an almost certainty of mob violence. The case now in the hands of the detectives, is being pushed, and a reward of fifty dollars has been offered for the arrest of the rapist and his delivery to any railroad station. He is described as a German, weighs 160 pounds, heavy mustache, light hair and eyes, dressed in gray coat and vest.

T. P. A. MEETING.

The members of the Lincoln Post A, of the T. P. A., are urged to be prompt and meet at the Windsor hotel parlors on Saturday evening next. All traveling men in Lincoln are invited to come around to the meeting and become acquainted with and become members of the post. The officers are especially desirous that the post have a rousing meeting at this stated time, in order that definite arrangements may be made to take possession of the new quarters recently leased for the use of the post.

THE STRIKING PLUMBERS.

In an interview with some of the boys who have gone out from work from the different plumber firms in the city, they state that no firm now has four or any number of gangs of regular plumbers at work, that the pipe men are at work, but not the bench men. The boys further say that they are standing out for good wages for good men, and that what they ask and want is that the firms employ first-class men, and not fill the benches with cheap labor. This the story of the men in comparison with the tales of the bosses published in the local papers.

PARSON'S PARTING

With his creditors seems to be quite an extensive one. On Friday when the sheriff took possession of his grocery store on a single attachment none knew that Parsons had left the city, and few suspected that by noon yesterday twenty-five attachments, amounting to several times the value of the stock, would be piled up against it. H. P. Lau has a claim of $200, L. Barr, for diamonds sold Parsons, $150, Field & Harrison $300, Brown & Patrick $95, and others for various amounts and for all kinds of claims. Parsons just before leaving went so far as to borrow an overcoat which he failed to return. Inquiries from commercial agencies seemed to have hurried proceedings.

SOCIAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Mikado, that was so pleasantly and successfully presented by the Home Dramatic company, with Miss Lillian Brown as Yum Yum, will be presented again on the evening of Wednesday, the 27th, Mr. Norris, the musical director, fixing that date at the urgent solicitation of citizens who asked that the opera be repeated. Among the well known citizens making this request were Rev. E. H. Chapin, R. P. R. Miller, I. M. Raymond, A. S. Raymond, Rev. A. Allen, George H. Clarke, John R. Clark, Edgar Dudley, R. N. Parks, D. D. Muir, J. C. Hopkins, H. B. Patrick, E. R. Sizer and C. L. Alger.

Thursday evening, Mrs. G. M. Lambertson entertained a number of friends from the young married people of the city at a six o'clock tea. The following ladies and gentlemen were Mrs. Lambertson's guests: Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Muir, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Funke, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Beeson, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Lippincott, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Buckstaff, Mr. and Mrs. Little, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McFarland, Mr. and Mrs. Coons, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, and Mrs. Seymour of Wheeling, W. Va.

A new and novel entertainment was presented in the lecture room of the first Congregational church Wednesday evening which was quite well attended and was very pleasing to all. The sunflower part of the concert was a canvass upon which were painted massive flowers and through an aperture in each flower appeared the face of a musician. The songs of these sunflowers were highly entertaining and amusing. The programe of the evening including the above mentioned was as follows:

Sunflowers.
Reading, "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" ..... Miss Nellie Horton
Baritone solo ..... Beyond
Mr. C. W. Mallory.
Duet ..... Marche Triomphale
Misses Cochran and Doolittle.
Sunflowers.
Soprano solo ..... Some Day
Mrs. F. W. Seymour.
Recitation ..... Girl of the Period
Helen Gregory.
Quartette ..... Selected
Messrs. Burnham, Eddy, Mallory and Barnaby.
Sunflowers.

The Chautanquan's hold their next regular meeting on Friday evening of this week. The previous meetings have shown a greatly increased interest in the work of the year, and aside from the spectators who have been attending the club meetings a number of new members have been enrolled. The following is the programme for the next meeting:

Opening exercises.
Miscellaneous business.
Question on "Walks and Talks in the Geological Fields," Mrs. Rivett. Twenty minutes.
Select reading, "Coleridge Hymn to Mount Blanc," Mrs. Rollins.
Critics report.
"Stones of the Field," topic, Mrs. Hall. Twenty minutes.
News of the week, F. W. Smith. No limit.
Talk on iron and steel (from the article in Chautanquan), Mr. Gregg.
Query box, Mr. Aitken.
Roll call.
Quotations on mountains.

The La Veta club, the latest social club organized in the city for the winter's campaign gave its inaugural party a Masonic Temple hall Friday evening, which was very largely attended and reported as a success in every particular.

The first annual ball of the Lincoln letter carriers, held the past week at Temple hall, was all and more than its projectors anticipated, both as a financial and social success. The society people of Lincoln remembered the diligent force of Uncle Sam's employes in a manner to warrant them in making their ball one of annual occurrence.

Mr. Jacob Mahler, who conducted a delightful school of dancing last spring in Lincoln, writes from St. Louis that he will be in Lincoln the coming spring to conduct his classes again.

The Ladies' Foreign Mission society held a very pleasant afternoon and evening meeting Tuesday, with Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Byer at their home, 1510 P street. The afternoon was largely devoted to the business of the society, and the evening was given over to sociability. Mrs. F. E. Newton, Mrs. T. B. Davis, Mrs. T. F. Lasch, Mrs. J. Tester, Mrs. O. F. Spencer, Mrs. A. C. Woody and Mrs. F. A. Brown assisted at the reception.

The coming amusement attraction at the Funke opera house is the concert by Mme. Brambilla and her meritorious company. The entertainment is entitled "A Night of Song," and it is a taking title to Lincoln people, who are generous patrons of all musical engagements at the opera house.

Sid C. France, with Miss Hillman as leading lady, opens a week's engagement at the People's theatre Monday evening, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The People's theatre has proved a popular house since its opening.

Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Hayden are in Chicago.

Mrs. W. J. Cooper is visiting in Fairbury, Ill.

Miss Carrie Smith, of Ohio, who has been visiting in Lincoln, has returned home.

Mrs. E. M. Cooley and Mrs. C. M. Leighton have gone to Minneapolis to the National W. C. T. U.

Prof. H. H. Nicholson, of the university, was visiting in Omaha the first of the week.

Mrs. Cornell, of Columbus, O., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Brown, in this city.

Miss Jennie Wadle, of Crete, was in Lincoln the past week, attending the state convention Y. M. C. A.

Misses Mary Crissman, Lizzie Stine and Maud Wohring, of Hastings, were visitors at the capital city the past week.

Miss Helen Phissel, of Clinton, Mass., has arrived in Lincoln to pass the winter with Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Marsland, of Lincoln, were visiting old friends and acquaintances in Plattsmouth in the early days of the past week.

Mrs. Ports Wilson, one of the active and energetic ladies of the Lincoln Temperance Union, has gone to Minneapolis to attend the national convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in session in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Alexander, of California, has arrived in Lincoln for a month's visit with relatives here prior to the winter weather.

Mrs. J. W. Wright had as her guest the past week Miss Belle Overman, one of the social favorites from the village of Dorchester.

Mrs. E. T. Roberts departed for Wellington, Kansas, where she visits for a week with friends at that place.

Mrs. M. A. Williams, of New York, who has been visiting relatives at the capital city, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Angie F. Newman has returned from Salt Lake City and departed Saturday for Minneapolis, to attend the national convention of the Women's Christian Temperance union.

The Misses Peck departed Friday for Denver, where they will visit with relatives for a time, visiting the Pacific coast during the winter months before returning to Lincoln.

Miss Emma Butler and Miss Annie Holland are two popular young ladies of Crete who were Lincoln visitors during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Bell, who have been absent on a month's trip to Boston and other eastern points, are at home again in Lincoln.

Still Men Will Smoke.

A cigar contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric and proprionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphureted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline, and rubidine.

Sordid speculation and the business of barter has not squeezed all the poetry out of the souls of the citizens of Minneapolis. This is the way a market report in one of the newspapers read: "Corn, the friend alike of poet, peasant and speculator, hovered loveingly a moment at 43c, and then alighted with pink-doved feet on 44c."

Nashville has a citizen who, in dress and general conduct, appears to be perfectly sane, but each morning he gets up early, fills a small bag with food, a little tobacco and some stones, goes to the river and throws it in. Asked why he does this, he says: "Brother can't get anything to eat under the water." One of his brothers was drowned.

That kissing goes by favor, and by favor only, a Berlin dentist recently found out with a vengeance. He had been so impressed with the beauty of a sixteen-year-old client that he could not resist the temptation of stealing several kisses from her, for which theft and flagrant breach of professional etiquette he was sentenced to a fine of 500 marks, or fifty days' imprisonment.

Shakespeare in French, as translated by the New York Tribune: "Hail, horrors, hail!" Otherwise: "Comment vous portez vous, Messieurs les hooreurs."

TIM DEXTER'S PLAIN TRUTHS.

America's First Lord's Extraordinary Contribution to Literature.

WARMING PANS FOR HEATHENS.

The Josh Billings Speller of the Early Days—A Gambler, Speculator and Murderer of King's English.

From Book-Lore: One of the most extraordinary books ever published in the English, or in fact any language, is entitled "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones, or Plain Truths in a Homespun Dress, by Timothy Dexter, of Dalden, in Middlesex county, Mass." This Timothy Dexter was born in 1743, and being in early life as poor as he well could be, turned his attention to speculation, in which pursuit he eventually amassed a very large fortune. The particular venture in which he reaped such a substantial reward, is one which shows in a marked degree the possession of that adventurous spirit without which a gambler merely plays for the fall. Dexter was a genuine gambler, for having made up his mind, he never for one instant swerved from his course. No omens of forthcoming disaster had terrors for him.

Some persons, moreover, can do no wrong; everything they touch turns on the instant to a mass of solid gold. And of these was Dexter—a man of ideas which no one ever dreamed of before—a man who filled his gardens with wooden statues and dressed himself like a Roman senator; who wrote books in obstinate defiance of every law of etymology and syntax.

"Lord" Dexter, as he delighted to call himself, considered that the natives of the West Indian Islands must be subject to occasional attacks of chill. He never, so far as can be ascertained, went near any one of the islands in his life; but he saw clearly enough that it was quite possible for an inhabitant of a hot climate to feel cold every now and then. He therefore collected as many old and disused warming-pans as he could get for love or on credit and shipped them to the West Indies, where, curious to relate, they were immediately bought up at most outrageous prices. The fashion was set and "Lord" Dexter became rich, so rich that he retired to Newburyport, where he set up in magnificent style—triumphant in spite of the jibes and sneers of his less favored, because less hair-brained competitors.

It was at this time that he assumed the title of "Lord." He remarks in his book: "Ime the first Lord in the younited States of A mercary Now of Newburyport. It is the voise of the peopel and I cant Help it and so Let it gone." It is said that he also meditated dubbing himself "King of Chester;" but after mature thought he abandoned the project, not by any means through excess of modesty, but simply because being known as Lord Dexter by every tradesman, inhabitant, dependent or servant for miles round, he despaired of being recognized by any other title.

Next to the warming-pan exploit, which we only mention because it affords a test of the character of the man, must certainly be reckoned the "Pickle for the Knowing Ones." We cannot say precisely when this book was published, nor have we ever seen a copy of the excessively scarce original; but there is a reprint with explanatory notes by Peter Quince, which was published at Boston some twenty-five years ago, and from this we take what extracts may be necessary.

The first thing that would strike the reader of this production would be the truly awful character of the spelling and the total absence of punctuation. The latter characteristic is, however, not by any means confined to "Lord" Dexter, for, as is well known, stops of any kind are even now omitted by lawyers. Further, "Lord" Dexter had precedent to guide him in this respect, for, although Caxton used stops, the professional scribes of his day were entirely ignorant of the first principles of punctuation. The early printers again, worried by the complaints of querulous readers, actually pointed every word, and it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that any system of graduated punctuation was adopted. "Lord" Dexter, doubtless, after considering the authorities pro and con, decided to abandon any attempt to divide his sentences, and when the inevitable complaint which had been leveled against the ancient printers was likewise directed against him, he published a second edition of "The Pickle," and at the end placed some scores of lines consisting of nothing but rows of commas, semicolons, colons, and notes of interrogation, observing, "fourder mister printer the nowing ones complaine of my book the fust edition had no stops I put in A nuf here and they may peper and salt it as they plese." In other words, his "lordship" tells his readers that if they object to the absence of stops they can "pepper and salt" his book themselves.

This idea certainly has the merit of antiquity in its favor; but what can be said of the spelling or the literary character of the production itself? Phrases such as these are common: "It dus for a sort ment;" "bonne partsy the grat" (Bonaparte the Great). He spells philosopher thus, "felosofer," lamb as "lam," figures as "niggers," Plymouth as "plimith," and so forth with an utter disregard of every orthodox rule.

We are sorry to have to confess that whatever "Lord" Dexter might be able to accomplish in the way of vicarious speculation, he certainly could not spell. The compositor who "set up" his book must have been incapable ever after of spelling a word without wandering to the Dexter system, and confounding it for the moment with the usually accepted method. There is something positively tempting about such words as "lam" and "bigger;" in fact we recommend "Lord" Dexter's book to the advocates of phonetic printing, who, it is believed, secretly revel in similar practices.

The actual contents of this precious volume are as unique as the spelling, and we admit that after a careful study we are quite urable to say what the book is about. We indeed defy any one to tell the meaning with certainty; to explain the use of the word pickel (spelt "pikel," by the way); to say who "the knowing ones" were, or what they had done to rouse his "lordship's" indignation.

If a guess may be hazarded, it would seem that Timothy Dexter was an ignorant but sharp-witted man of business, bold (as witness the warming-pan incident), arrogant, proud, and extremely solicitous of the world's good opinion. He had persuaded himself there was nothing he could not do, and when his capacity was called in question, he put the "knowing ones"—those who knew so much more about his own business than he did himself—to the pain of finding themselves ridiculed in sixty pages of jargon. To be ridiculed by "Lord" Dexter, of Newburyport, the vulgar trader in warming-pans, the murderer of the king's English, and he all the time laughing in his sleeve—there was the rub. Dexter died at Newburyport on October 26, 1896, but not before he had realized that even gold fails occasionally to purchase respect and esteem. He bitterly complains in the same vile hand, but this time without ostentation and presumption, that "I gave my wife and my sun five tousand dollars a pece becos thay ast me, and they hav forgotten me." Poor Lord Dexter! despite the strange mixture of letters, there is something here which places you beyond the reach of Parthian shots. Your lamentation is as genuine on the face of it as if it had been couched in the finest style of Addison or Steele.

THE LITTLE SPY.

A Story of the Civil War.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

"Corporal, you trained as a detective, did you not?"

Colonel Cardonne was steadily regarding me with his keen, gray eyes.

"And acquired quite a reputation," I replied, with the customary salute. "It wasn't a local one, either," I added with pardonable pride.

"Then you are the man I want," the colonel rejoined, a grave look filling his face. "There's a spy in our midst and I expect you to arrest him."

Our armies were investing Vicksburg. The battle of Champion Hill had been fought, which placed us between the armies of Johnson and Pemberton without a possibility of their effecting a junction.

The colonel told me why his suspicions had been aroused, and gave me a few clews, not about the culprit, but about his methods. He was communicating with the enemy by means of the Yazoo river or Chickasaw bayou.

Within three days I captured the culprit, a boyish-looking fellow connected with the quartermaster's department.

He offered no protest, he made no demals; he was either a brave young fellow or else was supremely indifferent about results.

I took him before the colonel, and when his eyes rested upon that officer I saw his face redden with surprise and confusion. He was smoothly shaven and that made the rush of blood more perceptible.

I related the circumstances of his arrest and his conduct under it, and presented certain papers which I found upon his person. The colonel and two members of his staff who were present at once decided that he was guilty.

"I see the name of John Davis here. Is that your name?" demanded the colonel.

"It is not," replied the spy. However, I have been known by that name."

"What is your real name?" asked the colonel.

"Delos Demarra," was the prompt, fearless reply, without a suspicion of evasion about it.

It was an odd name, but pleasing in sound, for he had pronounced it with rare distinctness.

Happening to look at the colonel just then I noticed a change in his usually stolid face; it lasted scarcely a second, and yet I plainly saw it. I could not help connecting it with the flush that passed over the face of the spy.

I was confident, too, that the effect produced by the announcement of the name had not escaped the observation of the young man. Something like a smile stirred his lips, and there was a suggestion of reserved strength in it.

After a consultation between the colonel and his staff, I was ordered to take the prisoner to the guard-house.

That night while in my tent, I became aware of the presence of an intruder. I was instantly on the alert, but instead of springing up, I remained quiet, and a minute later heard him step out into the moonlight. I walked noiselessly to the door and saw Colonel Cardonne pass out of sight. There was no mistaking his commanding figure and erect bearing.

"What did he want in my tent?" I thought.

Then it came to me like a flash. Stepping to the place where I kept the keys to the guard-house I found that they were gone. My amazement gave place to indifference, though my curiosity did not abate.

"I am not responsible for what the colonel may do," I muttered to myself.

I crept into my bunk and soon fell asleep. In the morning I found the keys in their place. I had not heard the colonel return them, and almost felt like looking upon the affair as a dream.

A little later and it was known all over the camp that the spy had effected his escape. Of course the colonel investigated the affair with a show of thoroughness, but without result, and by and by the escape was forgotten.

One day, just as our brigade was about to go into action, I said:

"Colonel, a word with you, please."

He stopped and paid me respectful attention. He was a soldier in every sense of the word, but without arrogance.

"You did not call me to the witness-stand in that investigation," I said.

"What investigation?" he asked.

"In connection with the escape of the spy," I replied.

"Oh?" ejaculated the colonel. "I did not know you had anything to tell."

"Ah, colonel, I had a great deal to tell," I said. "I wasn't going to push myself forward. I held back for your sake. Colonel Cardonne, I saw you come into my tent and take the keys."

He was a little startled.

"Is that so?" he asked in a queer tone.

"Yes," I replied. "I shall never betray your secret, colonel, but I am everlastingly curious to know what it all meant."

"Well, corporal, so would I be," he said with a short laugh. "You have been very frank and very discrete, and I'll tell you all about it after the battle."

It was the 17th of May, and the battle which ensued was the battle of Black River Bridge. The colonel was wounded and was sent to the hospital.

In an engagement which occurred three months later, I was wounded, taken prisoner, and conveyed to a confederate hospital.

There were several female nurses, one of whom was especially kind to me. She was clad in sombre hues, but they did not detract from her loveliness. Her very presence did me good.

As I was unable to speak, my most troublesome wound being in my cheek, I found my gratification in simply watching her. I fell desperately in love with her, which was not an inexplicable occurrence to me, and possibly not to her, for she was conscious of her charms.

One morning I heard cannonading and noticed that it became suggestively distinct. The tide of war was surging that way and a tangible evidence of it came in the shape of a shell which crashed through the roof of the hospital.

The fuse was still burning, and to my intense surprise and admiration my handsome nurse picked up the shell and flung it out of the window.

"We don't want the nasty things in here—do we boys?" she said.

A number of wounded men clapped their hands in applause.

"You are a brave woman," I said.

"Why, corporal," she exclaimed, coming to me, "those are the first words you have spoken since coming to the hospital."

I was about to reply, but she cautioned me not to.

"Wait a few days," she said with one of her bewildering smiles.

A week later I said to her:

"You called me corporal."

"Yes," she replied; "your chevron designates your rank. You forget that."

"No I didn't. We have met before and you know it. For days I have been trying to conjecture. It isn't a fancy, I am sure."

"No, corporal, it isn't;" she said with a repressed smile, a twinkle of mischief in her glorious brown eyes. "I am Delos Demarra. You once arrested me for a spy."

It dawned on me then, and I have no doubt my face expressed my surprise. I censured myself for not having at once recalled that sweet voice and smile and those calm, fearless brown eyes.

"I escaped, you remember," she reminded me, with a slight grin.

"Without a display either of nerve or sagacity on your part," I replied.

"Why do you say that?" she quickly asked, one dainty hand uplifted.

"Colonel Cardonne helped you," was my answer.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, rifts of red and white crossing her face. "He told you so?"

"He got the keys of the guard-house from me," I replied.

I did not add that he had obtained them by stealth. She looked at me steadfastly, almost confidingly, I thought—with a longing for me to say more.

"You are on the wrong side of this issue," I remarked.

"I believe there is a difference of—of—sentiment," she replied a little dryly.

"It is more than a sentiment," I ventured to say.

"Well, we will not argue about it," she replied, with one of her charming gestures. "I entertain opinions, and you'll allow me to do that, I know. I'll nurse you, so that you can go home. You'll hold me no grudge for that, I am sure. I did the same for Colonel Cardonne."

"In a—a—union hospital?" I asked.

"Why, to be sure," she replied.

"And he's gone north?"

"Yes. He'll be back, though. Now we have talked long enough, don't you think?"

Our next conversation was still more personal. I proposed marriage, and told her my history and prospects, both of which were good. All was of no avail. She refused, kindly of course, but with hopeless positiveness.

"You love some one else," I said.

"That wouldn't be very strange, would it?" she asked, that soft, bewildering smile once more about her lips.

"Well, no," I disconsolately admitted.

* * * * *

The close of the war found me enjoying the rank of colonel, while my friend, Colonel Cardonne, had been promoted to a general.

A few years ago I spent a week or two at one of our popular mountain resorts. While sauntering along a wooded path I met a sprightly miss of four or five summers. She had soft, questioning brown eyes, was prettily dressed and did not seem in the least shy. While I glanced around, wondering where her protectors were, I heard some one call out:

"Delos, darling! Delos!"

Oh, how that name thrilled me! Looking at the child again my emotion increased, for I recognized in her a strong resemblance to the woman whose hand I had sought in marriage. A minute later a vivacious, bright-faced, graceful young young girl came in sight.

"I heard you call this sweet little thing Delos," I said, lifting my hat; pray, what is her last name?"

"Cardonne," she answered.

"Ah," I ejaculated, my hand at my mouth to hide its nervous twitching. "The general and myself are old friends. Is he here?"

"Just beyond the bend in the path, sir," she said, with a courtesy.

I found the general seated beside his wife on one of the rustic benches. He gave me a hearty welcome and then introduced me.

"You have met before," he said laughing. "You arrested her once for a spy."

"And she was guilty," I replied. "She afterward nursed me in the hospital."

"Oh, she did, eh?" exclaimed the general. "Why, Delos, you never told me."

"Didn't I, dear?" she said, in an odd tone. "I supposed you knew. You told the colonel that you released me."

"Why, no I didn't!" declared the general.

"You admitted it," I reminded.

"Well, maybe I did," rejoined he, laughing.

Mrs. Cardonne was sociable with me; still she was reserved enough to show me that she had not forgotten my passionate declaration of love.

"General," I said as we walked back to the hotel together, "you promised to explain this to me."

"Explain what?" asked he.

"Your previous acquaintance with the—the—spy."

"Oh," he ejaculated. "Well, I believe I did promise. However, there isn't much in it. We were betrothed before the war, both being from the south. Then came the appeal to arms. I had been educated at West Point; I was a child of the state; I was in the regular army. I owed my country allegiance. My convictions of duty rose higher than my preferences; I espoused the Union cause. Delos, here, was a fiery little southerner, and she broke the engagement as she had threatened that she would. Loving her as I did I helped her out of the trouble caused by her arrest, and she repaid it by nursing me back to life. The war ended—and so did our estrangement. Nothing very remarkable in all that, was there?"

"It has satisfied my curiosity," I simply replied.

The young girl I met in the path was Mrs. Cardonne's sister. She is my wife now, and whenever I hear the name Delos it does not disturb me any more than the name Becky, Ann or Bridget would.

Notes.

Manager John Stetson is determined that decency shall not lack a champion among the theatrical managers. "I am not particularly anxious," said he, "to say anything about the Violet Cameron affair, but I am fully resolved to stick by what I have said. I do not want the company to play in my theatre in Boston, and they shall not if I can help it."

There is little to say in cold criticism of Miss Fortescue, says the New York World. The ladies in the audience thought she blinked her eyes a little too much, and were inclined to declare her extravagant use of her orbs as affectation, but the explanation made of this is that the lady is slightly short-sighted. She occasionally pitches her voice a little too high, but that is a fault which can be modified. All through the piece she showed an intelligent appreciation of the value of the lines, and in the sympathetic passages gave faithful and affecting expression to them.

Henri Rockefort's new play, "A Daughter of Ireland," was produced simultaneously in Paris and New York—at the latter place a failure. The scene is laid in Canada during the Fenian invasion in 1866. The author sent the following rather curious cablegram to New York:

"FRANCOIS MONS, Franco-American Agency, N. Y: My very best wishes to you all and to Miss Georgia Cayvan, my young Irish girl, and other interpreters of my work, and especially for the principles advocated in it—that is to say, for humanity, for justice for Ireland. HENRI ROCHEFORT."

New York Advertiser: Mrs. Paran Stevens says that Mrs James Brown Potter has signed a contract with Mr. Henry E. Abbey for a theatrical tour through the country. Mr. Marcus Mayer, who is Mr. Abbey's chief representative in this country, says that Mrs. Stevens is mistaken. "But, Mr. Mayer," said Mrs. Stevens at the Star theatre Monday evening when he came to visit her between the acts, "I have seen the contract—at least the outside of it." Mr. Mayer assured her that it was not a contract with Mr. Abbey, and so the matter rests for the present.

A sigular kind of family register is kept in some parts of Switzerland. Wherever those big round cheeses are made it is the custom for the friends and relatives of a newly married couple to join in presenting them with an extra specimen of their dairy produce, which is not intended to be eaten, but serves as family register, on which the family events, such as births, deaths and weddings are marked by crosses cut perpendicularly into the cheese. This custom dates back as far as the seventeenth century, and a good many cheeses two centuries old are said to be extant.

A natural grotto was found in the heart of the glacier of Arolla, in the Erongerthal, in the Valois, by Professor Forel, of Morges (Canton of Vaud), who, with some fellow members of the Swiss Alpine club, explored the gallery to a distance of 250 metres—273 yards. It was in some places, 25 metres wide and from 2 to 3 metres in height. Further explorations are to be made in this grotto.