# Part 2.

# THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

# TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

# OMAHA, SATURDAY AUGUST 8, 1891-TWELVE PAGES.

#### THE GRAVE AND GAY IN VERSE.

Courage. Written for The Bee by F. A. W. Because I hold it sinful to despond, And will not let the bitterness of life Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist Where the sun shines and the broad breezes

By every ray and every raindrop kissed That God's love doth bestow,

Think you I find no bitterness at all-No burden to be born, like Christian's

pack?-Think you there are no ready tears to fall, Because 1 keep them back?

Why should I keep life's ills with cold erve.

To curse myself and all who love met Nav A thousand times more good than 1 deserve

God gives me every day. And in each one of these rabellious tears-

Kept bravely back-He makes a rainbow Shine. Grateful, I take his slightest gifts. No feats Nor any doubts are mine.

> A Theatrical Episode. From the New York Mirror. Pretty little soubrette, Golden hair a curl, Siyiy masquerading As a summer girl. Dainty silken stockings, Saucy russet shoes, Ribboned tennis racket Carry out ruse.

Staying by the senside, Merry minstrel man, Blowing in his sheekels, Face and hands of tan. Meets the little soubrette There beside the sea, Straightway fall in love with her, Days just one-two-three! Pretty little soubrette. Merry minstrel man, Wander off together, Like a picture on a fan; Love among the roses, Ere another spring. Fetching little soubrette Wears a wedding ring. Now they're billed together As a clever team, Life is pleasant weather, Like a summer dream Minstrel man still funny-Soubrette not grown slow And an infant prodigy Travels with the show.

#### Perhaps.

Constantine E. Brook . The thought of me will be to thee a dream My face will vanish in the far-off past, When thou, a wanderer far by field and stream Back through thy checkered life thy glance shalt cast.

Round thee the phantoms of the dear dead days Will weave strange spells until all things

seem strange, And real and unreal will interchange Like light and shadow through a forest maze While I, afar away in peace sublime, Will love thee even as in the olden time : For I shall go before thee to that land

Where loving hearts even now our coming wait; And when thy hour of parting comes, my

hand Perhaps will lead thee through death's golden gate.

### A Friend. Willis Boyd Allen. Who is thy Friend? not she who meekly

bears Thy burdens, uncomplaining, with her own, But she who unto thee oft-times has shown How to subdue, make helpmates, of thy

cares Thy days of anguish in the desert shares. akes from thy faltering hand the flinty

THE PHANTOM CAMP. A LEGEND OF IDAILO. G. F. Parsons in New York Ledger. Idaho territory during the sixties was one of the most inwiess regions on earth. The courts were corrupt, partisan, useless for the ends of justice. Murder and robbery went unpunished. In a single looking. county sixty homicides had been committed, and not one conviction had been had. The inevitable result of this state of things was the evolution of the vigilance committee. The limit of popular patience once reached, retribution began, and was pushed with a firmness that intimidated the assassins and opposite them. And now a strange thing was observed. Though it was so thieves who had been permitted to do as they pleased so long. It was in the fall dark all about their own fire that a man of 1864 that a packer named Benton Jones, who had been from Lewiston to who withdrew two yards from it vanished, every movement of those in the Virginia, Mont., with a train load of camp could be perceived quite clearly. merchandise, and had disposed of his As the action proceeded, in fact, it almost appeared as though this singular goods at a satisfactory profit, made his preparations for the return journey, camp had an atmosphere of its own -a having sold some of his pack mules, and lurid kind of atmosphere, which indischarged all but two of his men, as the vested everything with a subdued glare. train was going home unloaded, save with the gold dust which represented but if this was noticed, it was not commented upon. The spectators the outward cargo. It was the beginning were too deeply engrossed to exchange of October when Jones set out on his remarks, and it was afterward recalled long journey, and in the mountains some snow had already fallen. The that during the whole of what followed no word was spoken in Benton Jones' packer took a tent with him, for the samp. nights were getting cold, and there was no reason why he should expose himself What they now saw was this: Two men approached one another by the fire more than was unavoidable. His busand evidently talked for some moments. iness indeed wasfull of danger and hard-ships, but it paid well, and he had so Then one picked up a shotgun and the other an ax, and they walked away to comfortable a bank account that he was where the stock were gathered. Now, naturally, these men should have disapjustified in some little luxury of travel. The little party proceeded by easy stages, for the roads were bad, and bepeared as they receded from the fire-light; but to the surprise of the observcame worse as they entered the Bitter Root mountains. Nothing of interest ers, they remained in full view; it might almost be said that they carried their own light with them, for a faint, bluish occurred until they had been a week on the trail, but the seventh day luminosity outlined their forms. As they drew near the rocky wall of the plateau the man with the gun stooped low, out they overtook a party of three men with six mules, who appeared to be bound in the same direction as themselves. masonry of the road soon put both parstrangers were miners who had spent

as if examining something. As he did so, the man with the ax stepped behind him, swung his weapon high, and the next moment all could hear the peculiar sickening crash of steel against flesh the summer in Montana, and after doing fairly well, were now on their way to and bone. They were witnessing a murder, and yet no impulse to rush forward Lewiston to winter and arrange for the and prevent or revenge it fell upon them. spring campaign. The times were such that no man could gauge the character A shudder passed through them, and they stood motionless and silent as beor purpose of any stranger. Neither fore. While they watched, a second dress, demeanor, language nor any of the conventional indications held good man with an ax crept out of the brush-wood near where the man with the gun in that wild country. The roughest man had fallen, and struck the prostrate both in appearance and manner might be honest as the day. The most polform another heavy blow. Then the two assassins, moving softly, en-tered one of the tents. As they shed and best-dressed man might be a lighwayman, gambler or murderer. It did so, the walls of the tent be was just as likely, moreover, that the came, in some unaccountable way, trans ruffianly looking stranger would not be-lie his appearance, and in short there parent, for two sleeping figures could be seen upon the ground inside. The inwas now uy by which any one's character truders took their stations, one by each could be conjectured in advance of actual experience. This, however, did of the sleepers, raised their axes, and two smashing sounds announced the sucnot affect intercourse appreciably. The cess of their dreadful work. They propeople of Idaho in those days were acceeded to the other tent, inside of which customed, as they would have said, to "take big chances;" and they commonly could now be seen yet two more sleepers. These, also, were to be killed, but an ax took hostage of fortune by carrying navy revolvers at their belts, so disslipped, and one awoke with a scream of pain and terror, upon which the bungling murderer dropped his ax, drew posed that they could be grasped and used quickly, for the one crowning arguhis pistol and shot his victim and the

ment, then, was "getting the drop" on

an opponent. ion's cry, had tried to rise. Now the three miners who joined The curious unnatural light con-Benton Jones were neither better nor tinued to expose every movement worse-looking than their fellows, nor of the murderers, of whom it was was there anything about them to throw suspicion upon their story. by this time evident there were four. So Jones easily agreed to their uggestion that the two parties should thenceforth camp and march together, and when a likely camping-ground was reached that afternoon, they all halted, put up their tents-for the miners also had one-lighted one big fire, cooked and ate their supper, and then sat sociably smoking around it, and "swapping yarns" until it was time to turn into their blankets. The next day was the eighth out, and they were now well in the mountains, and a hundred and fifty miles from any settlement. All day they climbed, and the air was sharp. During the afternoon they entered the region where snow had fallen and lay on the ground; and when they halted for the night it was upon a small plateau having a steep precipice on its left, and which was sur rounded on the other three sides by higher and rocky ground, which shell tered it from the prevailing wind. They were west of the divide, and between the Clearwater and Bitter Root rivers. The tents were pitched near one of the rocky walls of the plateau, and after a heart meal all hands gathered about the grea fire, upon which half a tree had been piled, and began the usual indolent chat When they halted for the night the weather had been fine and the sky clear, and as they prepared supper the star twinkled brightly above them, with that sharp glitter which betokens frost. While they smoked their pipes, however, they became aware that the stars were no longer to be seen; that the sky had rapidly become overcast; that a darkness quite remarkable for its opacity was closing in around the little circle illuminated by the fire. Circumstances, as will be seen later, se befell that only three witnesses were to remain of what happened during this memorable night, and of those three only Benton Jones, the packer, could give a perfectly clear and connected account. His two assistants, however, put their hands to an affidavit reciting the main facts, and though in the nature of the case no instrument of the kind could have any legal value, it at least demonstrated the readiness of the men to affirm their belief in what they thus attested. The six men in Jones' camp were scattered about the fire, some sit ting on their saddles, some lounging on plankets and horse cloths. It was time to turn in, but nobody had yet done so, and all who compared notes the next day agreed in saying that a curious feel ng as of expectation affected every man this stage of the dark and still Conversation had ceased light. omehow, There was something exciting and disturbing in the omehow, neavy air; something that made them dl thoughtful and mysteriously uneasy. Neither Jones nor his men could say ifterward how long this objectless vigi asted. The only conclusion to be drawn rom their statements would seem to be that they fell asleep, or at least dozed, for when they became conscious once more a great and inexplicable change in seen. the scene had taken place. The night, indeed, did not appear to have grown any lighter. The same palpable black ness seemed to enfold and almost press down upon the camp. The fire behind which they were sitting, too, had burned down to a bed of glowing embers without flame. But right in front of the fire, and about a hundred yards away, to-ward the other side of the plateau, could be distinctly seen another camp. lso with two tents, and also with a great fire in front of it, while on the outskirts could be seen the dark forms of the stock and about the tents and the fire the figares of several men moved.

to interfere in the tragedy while it was in many ways extraordinary spectacle, but, oddly enough, nobody spoke, and nobody offered to do what in such cases being enacted. Of course, they talked of nothing else was always the first thing thought ofall the rest of the way to Lewiston, and, namely, to step over to the new camp and of course, when they arrived there they were not slow in relating their exchange greetings and questions. How experience. They were telling that it came to be borne in upon them none could say, but the feeling was there, and story in a saloon to an interesting crowd, when a veteran packer asked what day of the month and at what recognized, that somehow this was not an ordinary scene upon which they were The idea of anything myspart of the route they had seen these things. They told him. The date was the eleventh of October, and the place terious did not occur to them, for they were all intensely practical, and even they described, giving its bearings as stolid men, possessing literally no imagwell as they could. "Just as I thought!" muttered the old man half to himself. Then, raising his voice, he said solemnly: "Boys, one year ago, on the 11th of October, 1863, ination and amenable to no superstitions. Still they did not speak to one another, and by a general but uncon-scious movement they had all risen from their seats and stood gazing at the camp

Floyd Magruder and four other men were murdered on that very plateau, and you all remember how last March Doc Howard, Lavery and Romain were hanged for that murder right in this town. And so it was. The murder of Floyd.

Magruder was one of the most atrocious rimes ever perpetrated in the region. Magruder was a packer and trader who had accumutated \$14,000 in gold dust, and was returning with it to Lewiston. m Doc Howard, an educated scoundrel learned of this, and devised a plot to obtain the gold. He and his accomplices, Lavery, Romain and a man named Page, wormed themselves into Magruder's confidence so successfully

that he took them into his employ, and on his homeward journey they accompanied him as trusted assistants. Two missionaries joined the train on the way back, and these also were murdered. The details of the butchery were after-ward made known through the confession of Page, who turned state's eyi dence to save his own neck. Had it de pended upon the territorial authorities the murderers would have escaped, for they had succeeded in getting as far as San Francisco before the crime was dis-covered; but Hill Besely, the stage agent, a most determined and energetic nan, had been a friend of Floyd Magruder, and he took up the pursuit, traced the criminals, caused their arrest in San Francisco, had them brought back to Lewiston, and never paused until they had been duly exeuted. The traitor, Page, did not enjoy his immunity long, having been killed in a brawl only a few months after regaining his liberty.

And now, what was it that Benton Jones and those who were with him, saw that October night in the Bitter Root Mountains? That is a question which was debated by the people of Lewiston my gown. for a long time without anyone reaching a solution. There are, inded, certain theories held by queer thinkers to the effect that the agents of great crimes, when they enter the spirit world, are loomed to haunt the scene of their villiany, and to re-enact it in a kind of ghastly dumb show. But the case of Benton Jones is not quite finished, and what remains to be told seems to have a bearing upon the spectacle of the phantom camp: Two years after that episode, the yigilance committee arrested, convicted and sentenced to instand death a notorious evil-doer- Before he died he made a general confession, and among other things he stated that he had been one of three men who joined themselvos to the train of a fifth man, who, aroused by his companpacker named Jones, with the intention house? of watching their opportunity, rising in the night and killing him and his men for the sake of his gold. The fearful scene on October 11, however, had so completely unnerved and terrified the intending murderers that they had then and there abandoned the undertaking and had decamped stealthily the next morning to avoid awkward questions. From the time of that disclosure Bentor Jones and his men entertained a very positive and well-defined theory as to the significance of the appearance herein described.

ROUSEHOLD BLOSSOMS That's the Boy for Me. Annie Willinger

Show me a boy who is open and frank, And carries a smiling face; Who looks you straight in the eyes when he

speaks, And listens with modest grace:

A boy who follows his mother's advice, And is not afraid of work; Who attends to his duties day by day, And a ver attempts to shirk;

boy who is ready with heart and hand, To help you in time of need: Who stands by his principles, firm and

strong. Whatever may be his creed-

And I'll show you a little gentleman, Who'll be a great man some day, For a man is only a boy, full grown, No matter what men may say.

#### Well Acmed.

Harper's Young People: Willie Shupson Say ma, you know that piece of cake you ut in my coat pocket this morning. Well, while I was going along to school, a big boy came up and wanted to lick me. Mrs. Slimpson-Dear me, you bad boy, I

Augustus Piton has purchased from Martha Morton, the author of "The Mor-chant," a new play called "Geoffrey Middle-ton, Gentlemen." It is a modern society drama in three acts. Since Nat Goodwin left Paris a story is

going the rounds there that he won 10,000f, one afternoon at baccarat at a Paris club, went to dinner, returned to the club and lost 10,000f and something besides.

"Heaven, my boy," said mamma. "It's a wonder his bones wasn't all broke. only means of prolonging his life.

Praying for Pardon.

In the efforts to secure a pardon for Har-per, the Cincinnati bank robber, his little five-year-old daughter has taken a part, sending to the president her portrait, on which she had laboriously written: "Dear Mr. President, would you please send my papa home again and I will think you so good.

#### Not the Same.

"Tommy," said mamma, tearfully, "it gives me as much pain as it does you to punish you." Tommy (also tearfully)-Mebbe it does,

but not in the same place.

#### The Color Faculty.

Wide Awake: Well-Intentioned Child-Here, little girls, is a flower for you, too. Free Kindergarten Child-O! I could never wear that-its color is not related to that of She Loved the Teacher.

Lutie loved her new teacher very much. ensou is a long one. One morning she said, "You're so good I'll ge' the next hand-organ man who comes round to name his monkey for you."

#### A Difference.

Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly: Father. -Washington was a very famous man, Johnnie -now why should we celebrate his birthday any more than mine! Johnnie,-'Cause he never told a lie.

## Utility of Removable Teeth.

"Johnny, have you seen your papa's teeth anywhere?" "Yes'sum. Me and Annie was crackia' nuts with 'em only ten minutes ago.

#### One Kind of Obedience.

Harper's Young People: George-Miss Jessie do you want me to come over to your Miss Jessie-Yes; you can come over any

ends. She comes from Australia to join

onday.

# NUMBER 50.

SHORT STORIES ABOUT MEN.

Pages 9 to 16

COMPLUMENTING INGEBSOLL. The writer once asked Colonel Ingersoll what was the greatest compliment he ever received, says the Indianapolis News. He thought a moment and said: "I will tell you. I was strolling about the lobby of the Grand Pacific hotel in Chicago, one evening after Pacific hotel in Chicago, one evening after supper, smoking a cigar and waiting for some friends with whom I was going out to spend the evening. I saw a vacant chair and sat down in it. Prosently I was accosted by a man sitting near who was trying to smoke, but was preity drunk. I noticed that he was crying. He said: "Stranger, did you ever read that" pointing to a poster six feet long and three and one-half wide hanging against the wall of the Grand Pacific office giving the 'dream' or 'vision' portion of my speech at the soldlers' reunion at Indianapolis only a short time before.

at the soldiers' reunion at Indianapolis only a short time before. "'Yes,' I replied, 'I have read it,' "The fellow sobbed away for a few mo-ments longer and continued: "'Stranger do you know what I think?" "No; what do you think?" "Well, sir,' I have a copy of that bill hanging in my store at Tuscola, II., and I

watch every man that comes in read it, and I tell you may man that can road that through and not ery is blankety, blank, blank, and I would not trust him any further than I could throw a male bovine by the tail. I tell you

his heart is not in the right place." "Now," said Colonel Ingersoll, "if that man did not know who I was, and I have no idea that he did that is the greatest compli-ment I ever had paid me."

#### A REPORTER'S BREAK.

The Baron von Wichmann-Eichhorn of Al-loungne, Germany, came near slaving a hotel reporter yesterday because of the latter's unfeporter vestering because of the fatter s un-familiarity with the Gorman tongue, says the Chicago Herald. The baron was dressed in a flashy suit of clothes, red negatie and an immonse straw somboro which looked like a parasol. The hat was the principal figure in the Grand Pacific yesterday, where the dis-tinguished foreigner is stopping. While he was strolling about a hotel reporter asked him for an interview. The baron talks very little English and could not understand the interviewer. The two men stood jabbering away at one another and each thought the other was crazy. Presently the reporter hurried over to a German traveling man, standing near the register, and asked him for a sentence in German which was a translation of "I am a reporter for a newspaper." The traveling man wrote out a sentence and the reporter returned to the Laron. Looking on his paper he should:

"Wo haben sie das hut bekommen?" "Vat you say?" exclaimed the foreigner.

"Vat you say " exclaimed the foreigner. "I said," and the reporter now yelled, "wo haben sie das hut bekommen " He didn't say any more. The baron grabbed him and was about to throw the young man across Clark street when the house officer, who is a German, separated them and explained the cause of the trouble. When the interviewer thought he was telling the baron his object in addressing him he

the baron his object in addressing him he was really asking, "Where did you get that hat

#### QUAY'S PRCULIARITIES.

Senator Quay has certain peculiarities of curriage which convey a great deal to those who know him intimately says the New York World. While the republican executive committee was in session at the Arlington hotel in Washington, speculation down in the lobby as to whit Mr. Q ray would do was rife. Opinion as to whether or not he would resign from the committee was about equally divided. Finally a gentlemen nearent who divided. Finality a gentleman present who knew Mr. Quay well remarked; "I shall be able to tell when he comes down stairs whether he has resigned or intends to resign.

"By what means?" was the general in-

quiry. "Wait, and I'll show you," was the reply. "Wait, and I'll show you," was the reply. At 6:39 when the committee took a recess until 8 Mr. Quay came down stairs alone walked slowly but with a certain short, ner-vous step out of the house, and headed for Chamberlain's. His straw hat was cocked over his right eye, and as he walked he including the house and marked he jerked his head occasionally as if talking to and reasoning with himself. The crowd which had been discussing him looked after

# A cablegram from Austratia declares that Sara Bernhard's locks are now of ebony hue. When she last appeared in this city her hair was of a bright golden color. Miss Fanny Davenport's repertoire during the incoming season will be made up of "Cleopatra," "La Tosca" and "Fedora." Her tour will begin in Omaha on September 17. It is understood that Messes, W. S. Gilbert

several feet

and Alfred Cellier's new comic opera will be put on at the Prince of Wales's theater at the conclusion of the run of "L'Enfant Prouppose you got whipped as usual. Willie-No, I didn't, I fired the cake at digue."

Young Alger.

General Alger tells this story of an experince he and his little son Allen had in an earthquake in California. The boy had missed his usual evening prayer, having

fallen asleep after a day's hard riding with-out undressing. When the shock came be sat bolt upright in bed and cried out: "Oh, papa, I know what's the matter! God's angry with me for not saying my prayers !!

#### A Natural Inference.

M. Gounod is lying seriously ill at St. Cloud. He is suffering from heart disease, and his condition is so critical that the phy-sicians have enjoined complete repose as the Kate Field's Washington: "Where did baby come from, mamma?" asked Willie.

John Roland Reed, known as "Pop" Reed Did he fall through the clouds !" and father of Roland Reed, the well-known comedian, died in Philadelphia on Tuesday, aged eighty-four. He had been employed at the Wainut street theater for the past filty-

# Six years. Kathryn Kydder is back from Europe and Neile Pifrench is going on the stage. In the old days these would have been plain Catha-rine Kidder and Neily French. It is now in

order for Pffrancys Smyth and Jayne Pffos-tyre to be announced as new stars. Hereafter the actress who played the lead-ing female parts in the Booth-Barrett repertoire iast season, will be known simply as Miss Gale. A few years ago the young woman was known as Miss Minnie K. Gale,

but last season she dropped the K. and this year she drops the Minnie. E. H. Sothern's company for the coming

small packages and gives them to her cats,

saying: "Here, pussy, put this away for me." Her home is fittered with money, it is said. Under the carpets, in the corners, in

rat holes and in every conceivable place bills and coins are stuffed.

A snake, with marked climbing ability, mounted a high grapevine in Waterbury, Coun., and then entering a bedroom window that was open managed in some unaccounta-ble was open managed in some unaccounta-

ble way to get into a bird cage that was sus-pended from the ceiling. There were two canaries in the cage and one of them the rep-

tile had eaten when the head of the house ap

peared on the scene. The other poor bird lay in a stupor on the bottom of the cage. The

reptile endeavored to escape on hearing the noise of the footsteps, but it didn't succeed and was dispatched. It measured, it is said,

READY TO RING IN.

season will be made up chieffy of Virginia Harved, Kate Pattison-Selden, Jenny Dun-bar, Bessie Tyree, Morton Seldon, Rowland Buckstone, Augustus Cooke, Owen Fawcett, and several others as the cast of "The Danc-

# ing Giri," with which play he will open. His

Mrs. E. L. Davenport, whose death oc-curred on July 21, was Miss Fanny Vining of England, a member of a well-known theatri-cal family. For years Mrs. Davenport has hear twing at Carton Da scheme her durch been living at Canton, Pa., where her daughter Fanny has made a home for those nearest to her. Mrs. Davenport was a good actress

and an excellent woman. Jean de Reszke's voice is playing him tricks, and a change of bill has been necessitated at Covent Garden, where the great tenor has been singing. This sudden col-lapse of De Reszke must make Messrs. Abbey

and Grau rather nervous, as he is engaged with them for their Italian opera company, which appears in Chicago in November. Who of the old theater goers does not re-

call Jean Clara Walters when she was a member of the stock at the Academy of Music in Corri's days? Clara will be a member of Nat Goodwin's company this season and will play in Omaha before the season time you wish to.

George-Yes; but please ask me to come, 'cause mamma said she'd whip me if I came Goodwin and passed through Omaha on over without your asking me.

Gives it back, bread; nor gives thee that

But adds the word of life-nay, even dares Cut deep with surgeon's knife, if but to save Thy soul from deadlier wound; heals with a

word. Restores shield, helmet, flight-discarded sword,

And bids the battle bravely to the end, That end, the eternal God-no earthly grave. Can such bef Ay, J know. I have a Friend.

Sunset and Sunrise. W. S. Ree i in St. Nicholas. Bow your heads, daisies white, daisies white; Bow your little heads, purple clover, And shut your eyes up tight, for soon it will be night-

The sun sets, and daytime is over.

Lift your little heads, daisies white, daisies white, And open all your eyes, purple clover,

For the sun is coming up to cover you with light. And to tell you that the nighttime is over.

The Ancient Fiddle. Andrew Wilkinson. Talk, ole fiddle! you an' I; Moon gwine down an' daylight's nigh You kin laugh an' you kin cry-Let folkses all know you is live An' feelin' do same as dem dancers all feel Wid chune in de haid and chune in de hoel

You knows de cotilion as woll as de reel Come, scrape up, ole bow! Lef us drive! Den talk to um, fiddle! of on'y you try

You gwine to make day stay awhile fom d sky:

Teil stars be forgittin' hit's time for to die, An' roosters dis'members to crow You an't got hit's sperrit of sin is yo name; An' dem needn't lissen what hollers out "shame!"

I's boun' dat dey dance or feels po'ly an' lame

When yo feels de tech o' dis bow. Moon turn white an' sky turn gray-Don't you heah dis fiddle say; Wheel yo' pardners, den sasshay, Whirl an' come back to de ring; Han's all aroun' to de lef' as' right, Heelin' and teein' too swif' for sight Forad an' back'ard go shufflin' light] Talk to um, fiddle, an' sing!

Sing, ole fiddle! dawn done break, Mawkin' birds begin to wake; Day gwine to pick up vo' las' chune. Ince mo' up an' once mo' down, down, Swing vo' pardners, walk aroun Stop ole fiddle! heish vo' sou For daylight's done follered de moon.

Optimism.

Ella Wheeler Wilcor. 'm no reformer; for I see more light

Than darkness in the world; mine eyes

To catch the first dim radiance of the dawn And slow to note the cloud that threatens storm;

The fragments and the beauty of the rose Delight me so, slight thought I give its thorn : And the sweet music of the lark's clear song Stays longer with me than the night haws'

cry. Even in this great three of pain called Life find a rapture linked with each despair Well worth the price of anguish. I detect More good than evil in humanity. Love lights more fires than hate extin

guishes, And men grow better as the world grows

#### With You. Minnie E. Broten.

old

1 can chaff with you dear when you're chaffing.

I've the art, when you're seeming, to seem; I've a laugh on my lips when you're laugh-

And a dream in my heart when you dream. I've a thrill for your song when you're sing-

AD G C I've a glow for the glow of your eye: Yvo a clasp for your hand when its clinging And a sob in my throat when you cry. I've a kiss for your kiss when you give it; I've a heart for your heart beating fas;

I've a life for your life while you live it And a death for your death at the las

Benton Jones and those who were with him looked long at this unexpected and absence of any dispesition among them | tive of our Mary-go-rounds.

though three only took an active and the fourth part in the assassing seemed greatly agitated and much in fear of his bolder companious. All the living men in the doomed camp having been thus disposed of, the criminals dragged the bodies together, stripped them carefully of whatever might help to identification, and then rolling them in gunny sacks and pieces of canvas. carried them, one by one, to the precipitous side of the plateau and threw them over the edge. This done, the murderers built a huge fire and into it they piled all the evidences of their crime. The tents, the clothing of the victims, their saddles, harness, equipments of every kind were burned; and so careful were the operators that they raked the ashes for every scrap of metal, put all these relics into a bag and hid the receptacle inder a log on the mountain side, far

from the camp. In all they did, however, their every movement could be followed by those who were watching them; and in the precise and mechanica way in which every detail was gone through, perhaps more sophisticated observers would have been struck with the strange suggestion of a stage representation by actors who had so often repeated the same piece as to peform it lmost unconsciously. How long this weird spectacle continued neither Benton Jones nor his companion could ever determine, for it eaded, so far as they were concerned, in as singular a manner as it had begun. At one moment they saw before them the huge fire, canopied with clouds of black smoke and the sharply outlined dark figures of the murderers flitting about it, throwing on fresh fuel and thrusting into the heart of the blaze the various articles they were bent upon destroying wholly. Then suddenly the scene, vanished; the pitch black night closed in upon them all round as if a heavy curtain had been drawn, and simultaneously a sense of exhaustion and an overpowering drowsiness caused them one and all to drop where they had been standing and to sink into a profound, dreamless sleep. Benton Jenes was, as he then thought the first to awake; but to his surprise when he opened his eyes the sun was al ready two hours high, the day was bright and clear, and the campfire, which had burned down when he last noticed it, had been freshly made up. Rubbing his still heavy evelids, he looked around and then first perceived that his own tent alone was standing. He roused his men, and investigation at once showed that the three miners were gone, They had struck their tent, packed their mules, made up the fire, perhaps cooked their breakfast and then silently and secretly taken themselves off. This event would have been puzzling enough has not the memory of the past night overshadowed all minor incidents. Of the second camp, whose terrible drama they had witnessed so vividly, not a vestige or token could be The snow lay over the whole plateau some two inches deep, and save waere Jones' own stock had trodden it the surface was still virgin. Not an indication was to be seen of any other human presence than their own. No dark patch on the unsullied covering of the earth marked the site of the great fire or the position of the two tents. No stain on rock or shrub chronicled the awful crimes which had been committed

under their eyes but a few hours before. Strange as all this was, however, it did not greatly impress the men, for they had been sensible from the beginning that what they had seen was in some way out of the common order, and nothing showed this more clearly than the

#### ABOUT WOMEN. Harper's Bazar.

O woman, in our hours of ease Incertain, coy, and hard to please; When pain and anguish wring the brow Then none so cheaply pleased as thou ! We've only to submit to take Hot rhubarb tea and anti-ache. And gizzard oil and ipecae, And porous plasters on the back. A flaxseed poultice, catnip tea, And Quackem's pet discovery, Hot water bags and sweats beside And camphor nusally applied, And castor oll and vaseline, And coals with feathers burnt between And soothing syrup, paregorie. Cold-water cloths, and drinks caloric, And all the housewife category : Tis then we see her in her clory, Needing, to make her bliss complete Put mustard plasters on our feet.

Mrs. Amelia Rives Chauler does not figure in the will of her late uncle, Francis R. Rives, who left an estate valued at \$3,000,000. The wife of Senator Edmunds has a unique card-receiver at their Burlington he from the Columbia river.

Mrs. Timothy J. Keefe, wife of the well known pitcher of the New York club, is t in the list of American sculptresses The Chinese do not permit their women to be photographed. Two Milwaukee women, after a successful

burglary, gave themselves away by talking too much. The grave of Barbara Fritchie in the Ger

man Refor med church cemetery near Fred erick, Md., is marked simply with a head stone bearing her name, age, and "1862." There is a tangle of briers and creeping vince

Mrs. Senator Wolcott is achieving the rep-utation of being the best dressed of the sen-ators' wives in Washington. The Young iady with whom the German

emperor waltzed time and again in London, when this old moon was young, is Miss Margot Tennant, the daughter of a very rich Glasgow merchant. Tennant pere was made a baronet when Mr. Gladstone had charge of the British lion.

Miss Olive Louis Barry, who recently re turned from Europe bearing a dipioma from Francesca Lamperte, the celebrated master at Milan, is a Chicago girl of whom Chicago is proud. She has been a close student the last three years and has mastered her art by patient and earnest application. Miss Barry possesses an unusually sweet and pleasing contraito voice, clear and rich in tone and exceedingly powerful.

There is trouble among the indies of the National society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and it has resulted in the removal from office of Mrs. Flora Adams Dariing, the authoress, vice president of the organization of chapters

Charles Dudley Warner, in the August "Harper," puts the case of the American girl this way: "If the American girl goes in seriously for repose, she will be able to give odds to any modern languidity or to any ancient marble. If what is wanted in societ; is cold hauteur and languid supercil-iousness or lofty immobility, we are confident that with a little practice she condent that with a fittle practice she can sit stiller, and look more impressive, and move with less motion than any other cre-ated woman. We have that confidence in her ability and adaptability. It is a question whether it is worth while to do this, to sacrifice the vivacity and charm native to her, and the natural impulsiveness and generous gift of herself which belong to a new racnew land, which is walking always toward sunrise.

Mary Anderson has definitely and finally retired from the stage and can no longer be referred to as the most successful and attract

#### A Brave Boy.

A little Berktey (Cal.) boy, aged six years, was thrown from a wagon last week and badly hurt. Unable to rise he was carried into a neighboring store, where the first words he spoke were: "Don't tell my mamma; she's sick, and it might hurt her.'

#### A Yoon Bath.

A little boy five years old stood with his nelli, an Italian pianist and composer, whom father in the dooryard, looking at the moon, and spoke of its brightness. "Yes," said his some of his countrymen were at one time rash enough to describe as the Bach of Italy. father, "It has not been so bright for some time." "Papa," said the little fellow, "I More than two hundred of his works, written time." "Papa," said the little fellow, guess God's washed the moon, hasn't he?" exclusively for the piano, have been pub-lished, but they are almost unknown in this country. In 1851 he appeared in London at the Musical Union, and retired from public life in 1870, so that his name is not familiar

#### MAN'S FRIENDS AND FOES.

An odd accident happened to a Frankford, to the present generation of musical ama-Pa., man a few days ago. He shaved off his whiskars to play a joke on his wife, but a the front gate he was met by his dog, which lowing list of artists engaged for the Abbey-Grau Italian opera at the Metropolitan next failed to grasp the situation, but succeeded in getting a good hold on the puffery of his December: Emma Albani, Lillie Lohman, Emma Eames, Marie Pattigiani, Sofia Ravo-gli, Mathilde Bauermeister, Ida Klein, Marie master's pants.

A monkey in New York got a bottle of whisky the other day, and, after swallowing the contents, proceeded to rip things up gen-erally, and even went so far as to decline to hand over the penuies that were given to him for his boss organ grinder, preferring to squander them all on himself. There seems to be a good deal of human nature in monkey tribe.

A milkmaid's life in West Virginia has its excitements. While Caroline Brenneman of Juniata, was in the barpyard milking the other day, she was knocked from the stool by a wildcat, which sprang on her shoulder from a neighboring tree. The frightened cow made a jump and one foot struck the wildcat a powerful blow in the side, stanning it. Miss Breaneman then finished the creature by beating it over the head with her pail. The animal was four feet two inches

Man's faithful friend, the dog, sometimes forgets himself. This was the case of the large mastiff which a citizen of Belleville, N. J., was leading along the river front the other day. The deg apparently concluded that he wanted a bath and plunged into the river, dragging the man after him, and the man was drowned. Dogs have saved so many persons from watery graves that per-haps this should not count, Twenty-two years ago an owl flew away

with a steel trap in which it had been caught near the hon-coop of a Pennsylvania farmer. The other day another Pennsylvania farmer shot an owl and there was the same tran hanging to one of its feet. The newspaper writer who tells this story does not inform us whether it was the same owl, but if it was not it must have been one of his lineal descandants; else how could the trap have been on his foot?

A funny incident occurred while som A funny incident occurred while some blasting operations were in progress lately at Hull, Queboc. An unusually heavy charge was about to be fired, and overybody had been warned away. A little dog immediately jogged over to the edge of the pit where the explosion was about to take place. The canine stood wagging its tail, the onlookers, at a distance, of course, thinking it was in-duiging in a final bark. With a loud report the rock below was reat asunder, the men ran over, and to their astonishment the little dog uninjured and barging with all its might at the noise in the middle of a cloud of smoke.

A correspondent of "Our Dumb Animals" tells this horse story: A team of handsome horses was standing in front of my door. The near horse was munching some grass con-tentedly, which the off horse could not reach Suddenly, to my astonishment, the near horse raised his head with his mouth full of grass and held it near his companion's nouth. After turning and eating awhile on his own account, he repeated this manoeuvre, and I then called to the other members of intervals as long as they stood before the 00%

will execute a violin solo during the confla-gration. Altogether it is expected that gration. Altogether it is expected that "Nerone" will be as important a work and is old, and is suid to be just as rich as she is cecentric. Her sole companions are cats and the house fairly swarms with them. She holds an idea that her feline pets are more honest than men, and, therefore, she rolls up the money that she receives from rents in perhaps more strikingly original than "Otelio." "Why did you not write an over-tura!" some one asked of Bolto. "I had not time," replied this versatile genius. "It has taken me eight years to write the worg as it

The Boston aldermen are mad as March him as he went across the wide street hares because the newspapers of the Hub stigmatize them as deadheads. The city fathers now propose to take revenge out of then the senator's friend was asked : "Weil, what do you say !" "He has resigned, or will resign tonight," was the confident reply. "How can you tell?" persisted the questhe managers by raising the license fee of a theater to \$1,000, and to then stop asking for passes. There are more theatrical deadpasses. tion

Maurice Grau furnishes from Paris the fol

Van Zandt, Sofla Scalehi, Jeanne de Vigne, Guilia Ravozli, Fernando Valeri, Signor Grifoni, Paul Kalisch, Victor Capoul, Reserva to Vanni, Signor Rinaldini, Jean de Reszka, Antonio M. Collette, Jean Matapours, Agoi-

tino Carbone, Eldorado Camera, Jules Vin

che, Enrico Serbolini, Ludovico Vivani, An-tonio di Vanschetti and Edouard de Reszke,

Charles Wyndham has launched "Miss Decima" at the London Criterion. "Miss Decima" is "Miss Heilyett" in its English

dress. While it is said to be fairly successful

the opinion is freely expressed that the

brightness and vivacity of the performance

at the Paris Bouffes are lacking. This, too, despite the fact that Mile. Nesville was im-

ported from Paris with the French many

script for the express purpose of playing the

leading role. The opening night Chauncey Olcott, the tenor who sang here with min-streis and with Duff's opera company, was the cause of a scene not down on the bills. A

goodly number of Americans were present, and these made a great favorite of Mr. Olcott, applauding him at every opportunity.

As it had become known that Mr. Olcott was an American several Britons present in the

pit took offense at this popularizing of a for-eigner and began to hiss. The Americans re-doubled their applause at this and the hissers

were as zealous. Finally Mr. Wyndham de tected the ringleaders of the dissatisfied con

tingent, and jumping over the railing separ

aling the stalls from the pit he should with his most dramatic emphasis: "Where is the coward! Let me get at him." Mr. Wyndham got at him aud after a tussie ejected him. Mr. Wyndham does not often play in melo-

drama of this sort, but he made a hit with

the audience. Inasmuch as Londouers are depending extensively upon American sing-ers just new it would be well for them to ex-

A remarkably thorough and conscientious

workman is Arrigo Bolto, whose opera, "Ne-rone," is among the most important works

anticipated in Italy next season. Boito is a musician, a critic, and a 'ibbrettist. He is known in America as the author of the book

of "Otello" and as the composer and author of "Mefistofele." He has given to "Nerone" eight years of labor. He has rewritten the

opera no fewer than ten times and his ex-pectant publishers are terrified even now by

Italiau musical journals state that Boito pro-

sents Nero as a tyrant, but also as a sublime

and ambitious character, though how he does

so without taking liberties with history is a

question. There is to be no overtura to the

in the distance while the curtain is down. It is the crowd cursing Nero and attempting a

revolt. The voices grow louder, and as the curtain rises the crowd rushes upon the

stage. As yet the orchestra is silent. Sud denly Nero enters and the orchestra bursts into a formidable crash of sound. Assuredly

an original and astonishing effect. spicuous scene will be the burning of Rome, though it is not stated whether or not Nero

pera. The work begins with a chorus heard

The

Sud-

than

Assuredly

a threat that he will write it again.

"I can tell by that nervous tread, and the heads to the square foot in Boston than in any city in the United States. The death is announced of Stefano Goliway he has his eye shaded with his hat. Those are infallible signs that his Indian is up. Mark what I tell you, gentlemen, Mr. Quay is in a fighting mooi. The cock of that hat at this time is a declaration of war."

# The prediction proved to be true.

#### A BAR TO EISSES.

Down at Nantucket beach they tell this story: When Governor Hill visited that place recently he was received with quite an ovation from the assembled natives and summer boarders, who gathered on the beach to receive him as he stepped from the small boat that carried him from the yacht Fra Diavalo.

Among those congregated on the beach was the Rodgers fomily of this city. The senior Rodgers is a prominent lawyer. The next conspicuous member of the family, besides the mother, is their son Tudor. This boy is a child of four years. If a vote was taken in this big city as to who was the most beautiful child, it is conceded by those who know that this boy would get the prize. No one appreciates this fact more than the women. The child is a constant object of their admiration, and if it is possible to get him within arms reach they are bound to se-cure and kiss him, and the child has become heartily sick of it. When Governor Hill stepped on shore little Tudor very naturally became an object of his a imiration, and the governor naturally wanted to kiss the child, but upon his attempt to do so the boy drew back and emphatically refused to be kissed. The governor was rather amaged at this, but to humor the child said to him: "But, my little man, if you refuse to kiss me, what do you do when the ladies want to kiss you?" Quick as a wink the boy replied: 'I eat onions !"

COULDN'T PUT & HEAD ON IT.

A newspaper man, speaking of Gus Thomas, author of "Alabama," relates the following: "When Gus was on the St. Louis Republic he could write anything, but he couldn't 'build a head;' that is, write the neudlines. One day he handed in an article to the editor without the headlines, as usual, 'Build a head for that,' the editor commanded.

'Say, I can't build a head-you know that.

""Well, you will have to learn, so go ahead.

"Gus took the copy very unwillingly and was visibly preoccupied for an hour. Then he returned, and, dropping the copy on the editor's desk, said rather admiringly that he thought that would do.

"The first line of the head was:

And the Band Pinyed Umph-ta-umph-ta-um.

""What in the devil do you mean by "the band played umph-ta-umph-ta-um?"? quired the editor stornly. ""Don't you know what that is?"

plied Gus with an assumption of guileless in-nocence; 'why, that is what a baud sounds like when it goes marching down the street.' "The editor was so angry that he tore up the manuscript and Gus never wrote another head after that."

A strange bird, which has attracted the attention of hundreds of people, is on exhi-bition on the farm of John Rodabaugh, a farmer living six miles oast of St. Mary's Ohio. The bird resembles an owl very much in form, has a head shaped like a heart, the face, of a monkey snowy white fur adorning its face while the feathers are of a beautiful and delicate yellowish gray, with the tail of a turkey. The bird was caught a few weeks ago while the family were returning home from church, and not until it had received a load of shot did it allow itself to be taken captive, and then its captor was fearfully lacerated in the hight that ensued. It utters a noise similar to that of the squeal of a pix, and is fed wholly on small birds, which it takes into its beak alive, throwing out the bones and feathers afterward.

the family to watch them. There could be no mistake about it; the horse which could reach the grass fed his companion at short Newark has a most eccentric woman. She