## THE RETIRING OF DOMSIE ...

\* IAN MACLAREN,

(Copyrighted, 1898, by John Watson.) was an ancient custom that Domsie and Drumshough should dine with Dr. Davidson in the Manse after the distribution of prizes at the school, and his companlons both agreed afterward that the Dominie never more cheerful than on these There was always a review of stories the Doctor and Domste brought out their favorites, with Drumsheugh for his impartial and appreciative audience, and every little addition and improvement were noted In a spirit of appreciative criticism.

During the active operations of dinner, talk was disjointed and educational, hinging on the prospects of the calf crop in the school, and the golden glories of the past, ever better than the present, when the end of each university section showered medals ken, When the Dector had on Drumtochty. smacked his first glass of port, having examined it against the light, and the others had prepared their toddy in a careful silence, broken only by wise suggestions from the hest, it was understood that gen uine convergation might begin.

"Aye, aye," Domele would remark, by way of intimating that they, being now in an open and genial mind, were ready to welone of the Doctor's best stories, and "A'm no wantin' tae tribble ye, doctor

but 'ave never got ower that sermon on the turtle, doctor. Ye micht let's hear it again. A'm no sure gin the Dominie ever again. A'm no sure gin the Dominie ever heard it. May Drumsheugh be forgiven!". Whereupon Domsie went on the back trail, and affected to search his memory for the traces of the turtle, with no satisfac-tion. May he alwayo be forgiven!

"Toots, Drumsheugh, you are trying to draw my leg. I know you well, eh? As for you, Dominie, you've heard the story twenty times. Well, well, just to please you; but mind you, this is the last time. "It was the beginning of a sermon that the Monday after the sacrament from the text, 'The voice of the turtle is heard in the land,' and this was the introduction.

"There will be many wonders in the lat-ter day, but this is the greatest of then all-the voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land. This marvel falls into parts, which we shall consider briefly and in order.
"I. A new position, evidently implied, where an animal that has gone upon its

belly for ages shall arise on its hind legs and walk majestically through the land "II. A new voice distinctly promised

where a creature that has kept slience from generation to generation will at last open its mouth and sing melodiously among the

people."
"It's michty," summed up Drumsheugh,
after the exposition had been fully relished.
"Ye'll no hear the like o' that now-a-days
in a county. It's weel telt, also, for the best story is no worth hearin' frae a puir hand. The corn needs to be cleaned afore ye tak it tae mearket."

"The story is not without merit," and the doctor's modesty was all the more striking, as he was supposed to have brough the turtle into its present form out of the slenderest materials, "but the Dominie has some far neater things." Anything Domsie had was from Aberdeen, and not to be com-pared, he explained, with Perthshire work being yery dry and wanting the fruity flavor of the midland county; but he could still recall the divisions of the action ser-mon given every year before the winter sacrament in Bourtrie-Eister: II. Let us remember that there is a moral

law in the universe. "II. Let us be thankful there is a way of escape from it." And then Domsle would chuckle with a keen sense of irony at the theology, under-neath. "For the summer sacrament," he

would add after a pause, "we had a discourse on sin wi' twa heads, 'Original Sin' and 'Actual Transgressions;' and after Maister Denchar finished wi' the first, he aye sounded, and said with great cheerfulness, now let us proceed to actual transgres-

Although Domsie's tales had never in them the body of the doctor's, yet he told them with such a pawkie humor, that Drumsheugh was fain between the two to cry for mercy being often reduced to the humiliation of open laughter, of which he was afterward

On the day Domsie made his lamentable announcement it was evident to his friends that he was cast down and ill at ease. He only glanced at a Horace which the doctor been fool enough to buy in Edinburgh, and had treasured up for Domsie's delecta-tion at the close of the school year —the kind of book he loved to handle, linger over. return to gaze at," for all the world like a Catholic with a relic.

a Catholic with a relic.

"Printed, do you see, by Henry Stephen,
of Paris, there's his trademark, a philosopher gathering twigs from the tree of
knowledge—and bound by Boyer—old French
morocco. There is a coat of arms—I take
it of a peer of France;" and the doctor,
a born book collector, showed all its points,
as Drumsheugh would have expatiated on
a three-year-old bullock. a three-year-old bullock.
Domsie could not quite resist the con-

tagious enthusiasm; putting on his spectacles to test the printing; running his over the gold tooling as one strol horse's glossy skin, and tasting afresh one or two favorite verses from a Horace, printed and bound by the master craftsmen of their But it was only a brief rally, and



DOMSIE SEATED AT HIS WELL KNOWN

neither kindly lest nor shrewd country talk-could draw him, till at last the doctor asked him, which was going far with us, who thought it the worst of manners to pry into

one's secrets: "What ails you, Dominie? Are any your laddles going back on you?" and the Doctor covered the inquiry by reminding Drumsheugh that his glass was low. "Na, na, they feebting hard wi' body and mind an' daem' their verra best, accordin'

tae their pairts. Some o' the Drumtochty scholars lived and some dee'd in the war, but there wasna ane disgraced his pairtsh." "They have made it known in every uni-versity of Scotland," broke in the doctor,

"and also their master's name."
"Ye've aye made ower mickle o' my wark,
but am grateful this nicht an' content to tak' a' ye say in yir goodness, for a've sent

"Not a bit of it. Man alive, you're fit for ten years yet, and for laddles, I know four

Author of "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush." in the school that'll do you credit or I'm

minister of Drumtochty."
"If it's the siller for their fees," began Orumsheugh, inwardly overcome by Domsie's inexpected breakdown.

Domsie waved his hand. "The laddles are there and the twa or three notes 'ill be got-ten as afore, but it 'ill no be me that 'ill furnish them.

"What is the meaning of this, Mister amieson?"demanded the Doctor, sternly, for he woeful dejection of Domsie was telling him also.

"It's been on ma mind for years, an' maybe I should has dune it lang syne; but it was hard on flesh and blude. I hev taught ma last class and ye will need to get another Dominie," and Domsie, who was determined play the man, made a show of filling his You're an Aberdeenshire mon

though maist fouk has forgotten that ye've no ain' o' corsels, but div ye tell me that ye're gain' tae leave us after a that years an' the bairne ye've educat," and Drumsheugh grew indignant. "Dinna be feared, Drumsheugh, or think

me ungrateful. I may garg north tae see ma birthplace aince mair, an' the graves o' a fouk an' there's apother house in Aber-en I would like tac see, and then I'm comin back to Drumtocaty to live an dee here among the friends that hev been kind to This has come suddenly, Domsie, and is

a little upsetting," and Drumsheugh noticed that the Doctor was shaken. "We have his neebur, an' 2 shilling frae the cottars, worked side by side for a long time, church A body has dune his pairt, £192 frae the and school, and I was hoping that there Glen, would be no change till—till we both retired "W altogether; we're about the same age. Can't you-oh, Dominie?" "God kens, doctor, a dinna lik' the thot

o't, but it's for the gude o' the schule. A'm

aboot, an' it's naither meat nor drink, nor siller snuff boxes; it's his college laddles, gettin' them forrit and payin' their fees, an' haudin' them in life till they're dune." By this time the kirkyard was listening as one man and with both ears, for it was plain Jamie had an idea.

plain Jamie had an idea.

"Ca' on, Jamie," encouraged Drumsheugh, who had as yet given no sign.

"He's had his ain time, hes Domsie, gaein' round Muirtown market collectin' the notes an' seein' the scholars had their bukes. A'm no denyin' that Domsie wus greedy in hie ain way, and gin the Glen oud gither ensuch money the found a bit bursary for puir scholars o' Drumtochty, a wudna say but that he might be pleased."

say but that he micht be pleased.

The matter was left in Drumsheugh's hands, with Doctor Davidson as consulting counsel, and he would tell nothing for a fortnight. Then they saw in the Dunleith train that he was charged with tidings, and a meeting was held at the junction, Peter being forbidden to mention time, and commanded to take the outcasts of Kildrumpie up he themselves if they couldn't will.

mile up by themselves if they couldn't wait.

"The first man a mentioned it tae was oor Saunders, an, he said naethin' at the time, but he cam up in the fornicht, and slippit a note in ma hand. 'He didna pit slippit a note in ma hand. 'He didna pit mickle intae me,' says he, 'but he's daein' fine wi' the bairns.' Neebur a thocht that neeput that the Glen wud dae something "Next morning a gied a cry at the Free Manse, and telt Maister Carmichal. If he was na oot o' the toon like a man possessed,

and he gied me every penny he hed in the boose, ten pound five shilling. And at the and he gied me every penny he hed in the hoose, ten pound five shilling. And at the gate he waved his hat in the air, and cries "The Jamieson Burzary."

"It was a note from one man an' twa frae

"We sent a bit letter tas the Drumtochty fouk in the sooth, and they've sent fiftyeight pounds, wi' mony good wishes, an what na think ye have the auld scholars sent? A hundred and forty pounds. An' last



"WHAT AILS YOU, DOMSIE?"

no hearing sac weel as since a did, an' ma i nicht we had three hundred and ninety hands are shakin' in the writin'. The scholars are getin' their due, for a'm no failin' in humanity (Latin) but the bairns are losing,

"Ye'll say that a'm retirin' an' thank a body for their consideration, and doctor a've juist a favor tae ask. Gin a new schule an' maister's house be built will ye lat me get the auld ane; it'll no be worth much an' \* \*

I wud like tae end ma days there." "Whate'er you want, Domeie, and ye 'ill come to the Manse till it be free and we 'ill who may in your place," and then, though

each man did kis part, it was a cheerless Next day Donisle left to make his pious pilgrimage, and on Sabbath there was only one subject in the kirkyard.

"Div ye no think, neebours," said Hillocks, after a tribute had been paid to Domsie's services, "that he oucht tae get some bit testimonial. It wudna be wiselike tae let him slip oot o' the schule withoot a ward frae the Glen."

Hillocks paused, but the fathers were so much astonished at Hillocks taking the initiative in expenditure that they waited or further speech.

"Noo, Pitscoarie is no a pairish tae pit beside Drumtochty for as meenut, but when their Dominie gied up his post, if the bodies didna gather fifty pund for him; they ca'd it a purse o' sovereigns in the Advertiser,

but that was juist a genteel name for't."
"A'm no sayin'," continued Hillocks, "that it wud be safe tae trust Domsle wi' as mickle siller at a time; he wud be off tae Edinburgh an' spend it on auld bukes, or

may be divide it up amang his students. Ho's careless, is Domsie, but we micht gie him somethin' tae keep."
"What wud ye say," suggested Whinnie, when the kirkyard was revolving the matter. "if we got him a coo 'at wud gie him milk and be a bit troke tae occupy his time? What na he did na need cud be made into butter and sent the Muirtown; it wud be a

Ye have an oreeginal mind," said Jamie, who always on those occasions pitied the woman that was married to Whinnie, "an" a'm sure yir perposal 'ill be remembered, Domsie feedin' his coo on the road side wi' a rope in one hand and a Latin buke in the

ither wud be interestin'."
"It's most aggravatin'," broke in Hillocks, who was much annoyed at the tuni things bad taken, "that ye winna gie me time the feetish, an' 'Hi set Domele stravaging the reads at the tail o' a coo for his last

"It was Jamie," remonstrated Whinnie.
"Haud yir tongue," Hillocks felt the
time was short, and he had an idea that
must be ventilated. "A was considerin that Domsie's sauff box is gey far thro' wi't. Aim judjin' it has been thirty years, at eny rate, and it was naethin' tae boast o' at the beginnin'. A've seen fresh hinges pit on it twice masel." "Now, gin we bocht a snod bit silver boxic ain pit an inscription on't wi

Presented to MR. PATRICK JAMIESON, Late Schoolmaster of Drumtochty.

By a Few Friends.

wud be usefu' for ae thing, it wud be onnie for anither, aye, an' something mair," and Hillocks grew mysterious.

"A legacy, div ye mean," inquired Jamie, or what are you after?"
"Weel, ye see," explained Hillocks with much cunning, there's a man in Kildrammie of a how free his customers." got a box frae his customers, an' it's never oot o' his hand. When he taps the lid ye can see him reading the inscription, and he a way o' passin' it tae ye on the siant that's downright clever. Ye canna help seein' the words."

"Gin we were thinkin' about a present "Gin we were thinkin' about a present tae a coal agent or a potatoe dealer," said gree he could not mention. Hefore sitting down he said they all missed George Howe that he wad nover use yir grand sliver box that he wad nover use yir grand sliver box mich the sold fer some laddle to get him better keep at the college."

The in the junior humanity to the last degree he could not mention. Hefore sitting down he said they all missed George Howe that day, and that Marget, his mother, had sent her greetings to the scholars.

Then they went to the kirk, where Drumbetter keep at the college."

Then they went to the kirk, where Drumbetter keep at the college."

Then they went to the kirk, where Drumbetter keep at the college."

Then they went to the kirk, where Drumbetter keep at the college."

Then they went to the kirk, where Drumbetter keep at the college."

Then they went to the kirk, where Drumbetter keep at the college."

Then they went to the kirk, where Drumbetter keep at the college."

Then they went to the kirk, where Drumbetter keep at the college."

Then they went to the kirk, where Drumbetter keep at the college."

Then they went to the kirk, where Drumbetter keep at the college."

Then the junior humanity to the last degree trade; tariff by Cyrus McCormick, a Virginian?"

Not being able to answer it truthfully without knocking the speech he was delivering into omithereums he got mad and bawled at the top of his voice: "What do you know about it, anyway?"

The they went to the kirk, where Drumbetter keep at the college."

The they went to the kirk, where Drumbetter keep at the top of his voice: "What do you know about it, anyway?"

The eagle, which measured six feet from the interest of the could not mention.

The eagle, which measured in the hards of a tax deemist.

The they was waiting, and as Damsie came in with his family to the said they all missed George Howe they are trade; tariff by Cyrus McCormick, a Virginian?"

Not being able to answer it truthfully without knocking the said they be eagle, which

pounds. "Ma word" was all Hillocks found himself

able to comment, "that wad get a richt nuff-box.' "Ye hev mair tae tell, Drumsheugh," said Jamie: "feenish the list."

"Ye're a wratch, Jamie," responded the treasurer of the Jamieson Bursary fund. " Hoo did ye ken mit? says the Doctor tae me laist nicht, 'here's a letter to Lord Kilspindle. Give it to him at Muirtown, and I would not say but he might make the sum have many a night among the classics, but up to 400. So a saw his lordship in his this is bad news for the Glen come room, and he wrote a check and pit in a letter, an' says he, 'open that in the bank, Drumsheugh,' an' a' did. It was for £10, wi' £100 on tae't, making up £500. Twently pund a year tae a Drumtochty scholar for-ever. Jamie," said Drumsheugh, "ye've goten yer bursary.'

It was arranged that the meeting should be in the parish kirk, which in those days was used for sothing except divine worship; but the Doctor declared this to be no excep-

"Kirk and school have been one in Scotland since John Knox's day, and one they shall be while I live in Drumtochty; we 'ill nonor him in the kirk for the good the Dominle has done for the bairns and pure learn-

had come from Australia, with his F. R. S. and all his other honors, for he was marked out to make the presentation; and every Drumtochty scholar within reach was en oined to attend. They came by every train from Kildrummie, in many conveyances, and Hillocks, checked the number at the bridge with satisfaction.

"Atween yesterday and the day," he reported to Jamie, in the afternoon, "aucht and twenty scholars hae passed, no including the professor, and there's fower expected by the next train; they'll just be in time," which they were to everybody's delight.

"It's a gude thing that bridge was mended; there's be n 50 degrees game over it the day. Fillock's! to sae naithin' o' a wecht o' knowl-

Doctor had them all, thirty-university men, with Domsie Carmichal and Weelum Mac-Carmichal Lure, as good a graduate as any man, to dinner, and for that end had his barn won-derfully prepared. Some of the guests have written famous books since then, some are great preachers now, some are chief authorities to science, some have never been heard of beyond a little sphere, some are living, and some are dead; but all have done their the grip of his hand and the look on his face that he knew where his debt was due.

Domsie sat on the Doctor's right hand, and the Professor on his left, and a great effort was made at easy conversation, Dom-sle asking the Professor three times whether completely recovered from the fever which had frightened them all so much in the Glen, and the Professor congratulating the Doctor at intervals on the decorations of the dinner hall. Domsie pretended to eat, and declared he had never made so hearty a dinner in his life, but his hands could hardly hold the knife and fork, and he was plainly going over the story of each man at the table, while the place rang with reminiscences of the old school among the

Before they left the barn, Dr. Davidson proposed Domsie's health, and the laddiesall laddles that day—drank it, some in wine, some in water, every one from the heart. and then some one, they say it was a quiet divine—started, in face of Dr. Davidson, "For he's a joily good fellow," and there are those who dare to say that the Doctor joined in with much gusto, but in these days no man's reputation is safe.

Domsic was not able to say much, but

he said more than could have been expected. He called them his laddles for the last time, and thanked them for the kinduess they were doing their old master. There was not an honor any one of them had won, from a prize in the junior humanity to the last de-gree he could not mention. Before sitting down he said they all missed George Howe that day, and that Marget, his mother, had

"a'm no sure that ony man can tak up wi' a new box after 50. He's got accustomed tae the grip o' the auld box, and he kens whar tae pit in his thumb and finger. A' count that it taks aboot fifteen year to grow into snuff box.

"There's juist ae thing Domsie cares aboot and it is a thing Domsie cares aboot and it is althout man and some one had led. The Doctor went into the precentor's desk and gave out the hundredth psalm, which is ever sung on great days and can never be sung dry. After which one of the thirty-three thanked the Almighty for all pure knowledge, all good books, all faithful teachers, and besought which one of the thirty-three thanked the Almighty for all pure knowledge, all good books, all faithful teachers, and besought peace and joy for "our dear master in the evening of his days." It was the Professor who read the address from the scholars, and this was the last

paragraph: "Finally, we assure you that none of us can ever forget the parish school of Drum-tochty, or fail to hold in tender remembrance the master who first opened to us the way of knowledge and taught us the love thereof.

"We are, so long as we live,
"Your grateful and affectionate
SCHALLARS.
Then came the names with all the degrees,
and the congregation held its breath to the last M. A

"Now, Drumsheugh;" said the Doctor, and that worthy man made the great speech o his life, expressing the respect of the Gior for Domsie, assigning the glory of a great idea to Jamie Soutar, relating its triumphant accomplishment, describing the Jamieson bursary and declaring that while the parish lasted there would be a Jamieson scholar to the honor of Domsie's work. For a while Domsie's voice was very shaky when he was speaking about himself, but afterward it rew strong and began to vibrate as he imslored the new generation to claim uirthplace of learning and to remember that heids and humble bomes, can yet turn out scholars to be a strength and credit to the

commonwealth."

The Professor saw Domsie home, and noticed that he was shaking and did not wish o speak. He said goodbye at the old chool house, and Ross caught him repeat-

ng to himcelf: Encu fugaces, Postume Postume,

Labuntur anni.
but he seemed very content.
Ross rose at daybreak next morning and wandered down to the school house, recalling at every step his beyhood and early struggles, the goodness of Domsie, and his life of sacrifice. The clearing looked very peaceful, and the sun touched with beauty the old weather-beaten building which would soon be deserted for ever. He pushed the door open, and started to see Domsie scated at the well-known desk, and in his right hand firmly classed the scholars' address. Labuntur anni hand firmly clasped the scholars' address. His spectacles were on his forchead, his eyes were open, and Ross recognized the look unon his face. It came like a flash when a difficult passage had at last yielded up its hidden treasure, and Ross knew that Domsie

STORIES ABOUT STATESMEN.

Congressman Mercer's "Aside" to Congressman Boutelle. It is said that Representative Boutelle

feels himself most peculiarly happy when he takes the position which he assumed as the single-handed opponent to the proposition to remove the disability of ex-confederate commanders who held commissions in the army prior to the war, and to the Cuban resolutions and similar propositions. Yet few would probably be brave enough to challenge his partisanship and loyalty in the light of sundry anecdotes which are re-lated of his sailor career, says the Washing-

ton Post.
It is said that he was known in marine circles as a thoroughbred "scrapper," whose particular game was everything that was English. One of his chief sources of amusement when a young man before the mast was, his admirers say, to challenge any Eng-lish sailor to single combat whom he met in the streets of Liverpool. And it is not rethe streets of Liverpool. And it is not re-corded that of the many engagements he thus contracted he ever failed in the at-tempt to uphold the supremacy of the stars and stripes. He was always willing to put his loyalty and his contempt for John Bull and all his subjects to a practical demonstra-tion.

While single-handed and alone he contesting the bill to restore the con-federate officers to their civil rights in the house a week ago, Congressman Mercer leaned over his desk and remarked: "Boutelle, you ought not to take this

"Why not?" remarked Boutelle, "Herause I don't consider it becoming of you," said Mercer, dryly. "Why not?" snapped the man from Maine.

in an ugly humor.
"Well," said Mercer, "your record shows that when the war broke out you took to the Boutelle for a moment was inclined to

retailate upon Mercer with a victous re-ply, but just at that moment the jest flashed upon him and he smiled.

Congressman Pickler's propensity to jump up in the house and interrupt the proceedings has always been a source of annoyance to many sensitive members, who are thus diverted from the thread of their argument. and often find themselves curtailed in time and opportunity to develop their subject. But there is such a thing as an avenging destiny, says the Washington Post, and the worst setback the South Dakota member ever gavel cut him short at the very climax of an nteresting anecdote

Pickler, to illustrate a point, for whose elaboration he was restricted by the five-minute rule, was telling a funny story about two Irishmen who had accumulated a great die, he sent for his partner and asked him to of one who merely puts forth a bluff. bury \$5,000 with him, which the other promised to do. The man died and was buried, but the partner was recreant to his last trust and failed in the performance of his last solmen duty, whereat he waxed thin and much depressed in spirits until he sent for a The confessor told him he would never know a well day again until he exhumed his dead partner and buried bm with in his coffin. He did as the priest counseled him, and immediately was restored to his former flesh and good health.

Soon after a friend chanced to meet him in he street. He had received an inkling of the ory, and said:

Pat, is it true that you burled \$5,000 in the offin of your dead partner?" "Just that I did," exclaimed Pat, and he winked his eye with a shrewd expression. but if yez imagine I was such a fool as to-" At this climatic turn of the story, when Mr. Pickler's expression of countenance as plainly as words foreshadowed a side-splitting uement of his anecdote, the speaker's gave! fel! and cut him off; and vain was every appeal he made to secure an extension of time. To this day the issue of the story is wrapped as profoundly in mystery, except to

in "The Lady or the Tiger?" Impertinence Rebuked.

those who have heard it before, as the secret

I shall believe to my dying day that Hon Joseph H. Walker of Massachusetts was the worst tempered man in the house-which is eaying a great deal, writes ex-Congressman Champ Clark in the St. Louis Republic, He is a man of wealth, learning and capacity, and in private circles is said to be quite companionable, but a buzzsaw re-volving under a full head of steam is not a circumstance to him when he has his war paint on-his normal condition. Evidently he had never read Solomon's saying: soft answer turneth away wrath," for he never gives one. All his answers were hard as flint, sharp as a razor and hot as cayenne pepper. His self-confidence is unbounded and he would have no hesitancy in contradicting

the Seven Wise Men of Greece all at once. His ideas of politeness are nil. Manifestly he had taken few lessons out of the famous book of Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield. One day, after I had served about three months, he was making a furious tariff speech. Among other fallacies he argued that the farmers ought to thank God daily and fervently for high protective tariff as

heaven's greatest boon to them, because had so stimulated New England ingenuity other labor-saving farm machinery had been invented and had made agriculture merely a pleasant recreation. Without any qualification he gave the high protective tariff all the glory.

In the full tide of his oratory I inter-

rupted him to ask: "Is it not true that the first reaper was invented during the Walker free trade | tariff by Cyrus McCor-

Corner 15th and Douglas.

Corner 15th and Douglas

A five dollar suit is a regular thing at the "Continental"-but such a suit at five dollars must have special attention called to it-of these there are

## 1500 Absolutely all-wool Cheviot Suits.

(in five elegant styles) at



Every one cut in the most fashionable styles—thoroughly well lined-everybody can have one but not more than one-because we want everybody to have a chance at these suits that were intended for bankers-business men-lawyers—the most extraordinary bargain ever given anywhere.

--- none will be left after Saturday night.

HETTY GREEN'S BIG BLUFF.

She Found a Man Who Took Her at Her Word Promptly.
"The way Hettie Green got her first million-two or three at least-was by inheritance," said R. A. Chase of Boston to the Washington Post man. "She has added a good by her father, the late Edward Mott Robinson. Robinson got his start in life up our way; he was a New Bedford man and laid he foundation of his fortune by close atten-

tion to the whaling business. His boats made many a capture of these monsters of the deep and they turned to gold in the hands of Robinson. Afterward he went to New York and became one of the greatest traders on the seas of his day. He did not leave all his wealth to Mrs. Green uncon-ditionally, but finally the bulk of the estate

passed into her keeping. "Mrs. Green at one time did business with the well known New York banking house of John J. Cisco & Co., and deposited with them her cash, bonds, securities and other forms of money, running into big figures. One day she went to the bank to express her discritisfaction with the way some mat ter of hers had been conducted. Mr. Cisco the head of the concern, argued the question with her in a temperate way, but her wrath was aroused and she would not be appeased. Finally she stated her intention of drawing from the bank, then and there every sumarkee that stood to her credit deal of wealth. As one of them was about to She said it with emphasis and not in the way way, Mr. Cisco took her seriously and told her it would give him the greatest pleasure to accommodate her: that she should have straightway ordered an employe to get out Mrs. Green's gold and silver coin, green-backs, treasury notes, stocks and bonds and all other kinds of lucre the lady possessed. The clerk was a good while at it, but he at length piled \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 in front

of the owner, who had been regarding the task without comment. "'There's your money, Mrs. Green,' re-marked the old banker, 'please remove it.'
"'I have changed my mind and you can 'Excuse me, madam, but we don't care

for your patronage any longer. Please take your money away. "Old Cisco was deaf to all her pleadings to let the stuff stay. He was just as resolute as she had been wrathful, but he consented to let one of his men go out and buy a trunk to pack the cash and other financial tokens in, and then let the man accompany Mrs. Green and her trunk to another depository."

FREEDOM'S BIRD LAID OUT. Plucky Woman's Victorious Fight

with an Engle. Mrs. John Hendrix of Gulf Summit, Broome county, N. Y., a village nine miles east of Susquehanna, is considered the pluckiest woman in that quarter. For a month the farmers in that section have suffered from the incursions of a monster American or mountain eagle, which

has wintered in their neighborhood and lived

While Mrs. Hendrix was alone in the house one day recently, the eagle, which had become a familiar object, was circling above the poultry yard.

A little chanticleer, which was no match for its antagon st, had made a gallant fight. With one swift stroke the eagle placed the little cock "hors de combat.

Just then an avenger, Mrs. Hendrix, appeared upon the scene armed with a bille wood. She struck at the eagle, once attacked her furiously with and talons, cutting a furrow in her face and tearing her dress. The woman retreated to the house, and, arming herself with a hatchet, returned to the yard and found the eagle preparing to fly away with the now dead Mrs. Hendrix made a pass at the eagle

In a deft, quick movement she struck the bird full in the neck with the blade of the hatchet, and the battle royal was over. Screaming, the eagle died, its head b nearly severed, and the blood covering Mrs. Hendrix, who, woman-like, swooned, Some neighbors, who were passing, found her lying in the yard a few feet from the dead eagle. She soon recovered consciousness. She had the dead eagle, a disfigured

which resumed the fight.



OF INTEREST TO Country Publishers.

Chicago.

The N. K. Fairbank Company,

.... FOR SALE ....

About 2,000 pounds minion type. 700 pounds agate type. 600 pounds brevier type. 150 pair two-third type cases. 40 double iron stands for two-thirdcases.

This material was used on The Omaha Bee and is in fairly good condition. Will be sold cheap in balk or in quantities to suit purchasers. Apply in person or by mail, to

The Bee Publishing Co., Omaha, Nebraska.

THE OLDEST POSTMASTER.

He is a Missourian and Has Been in The oldest postmaster in the United States s a resident of Missouri. His name is Elljah Watson, and he is located at Rushville. Buchanan county, says the Globe-Democrat. His appointment as postmaster of the village bears the date of June 19, 1853, and was is sued during the administration of Presiden. Franklin Pierce. Watson was at that time clerking in James Dickson's general store at Rushville, and his commission came without any exertion on his part. Dickson, who held the place before him, simply became tired and turned it over to his clerk. The first few years of Watson's service the total com-

Watson has John Wanamaker's word for the claim that he is the oldest postmaster; During Harrison's administration Wanamaker sent for Watson's picture, saying he wanted it because he was the oldest posts master in continuous service.

master in continuous service.

Elijab Watson was born in Fleming, Ky., in 1816, and is now 80 years of age. In 1845, in company with his good wife, who is still living, Watson joined a colony headed for the "Platte Purchase," and located on a farm about a mile east of Rushville. He says the "Platte Purchase" in those days was somewhat similar to the present rush for Cripple Creek. Watson still enjoys good health, and reads the addresses upon the letters and papers that come to his office without the aid missions amounted to about \$1 a month.
Rushville has increased in population until
it now has 900 people, and the postoffice is
worth \$250 a year. If Watson ever had a
competitor for the office he has never known

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the

the Postoffice department," said Mr. Watson

offices some men get too much pay and in the

o a reporter, "and that is that in the

small offices some men get too little.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Favorite. it. He is so satisfactory to the people that if the present administration was to name anybody in his place it would lose a great many democratic votes. During the forty-three years of Watson's service he has only been required to give bond on four occasions.

"I have only one complaint to make against