Poor Joel Pike

BY ALBION W. TOURGEE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a stinging midwinter morning. The day before the earth had been covered with sleet which had fallen on a foot of hard-beaten snow; then the wind died away; the mercury crept below zero, and the light flakes of frosty network came softly, waveringly out of the dull, leaden sky through the still freezing air; lodging on every twig; hanging in great white puffs upon the eaves of all the houses; heaped on every railing, cushioning everything that could hold a father's weight. All night long this breathless, freezing calm had continued and all night long the silent flakes had fallen, so that when the morning came the earth was hidden beneath a coverlet as white as swan's down and as light. The sun lit millions of tiny, many-hued fires in the icy prisms and filled the shadows with pale bluish light. The fleecy mass did not reflect the sunshine but absorbed it, giving back soft, varied tones, rather than the hard glaring light of the ordinary snow surface. The world was like a marble tomb for whiteness and for silence, but like a coverlet of down for softness and invitation to repose.

The trees whose branches were bare, seen at a little distance, merged into universal whiteness; near at hand they seemed a network of soft white filaments which tempted the eye to pursue with unceasing delight the intricacies of an ever-changing pattern. The evergreens in the yards, on the public squares and on the distant hillsides bore tiny heaps of down upon every flattened surface, and above the spreading laterals were great swelling heaps as smoothly rounded and as white as a thrifty housewife's pillows. A hint of green showed at the very tips of the bent-down limbs and in the spaces between the ever-changing screens. The smoke rose from the chimneys in straight dun columns, the tops flattened into creamy waves which melted imperceptibly into sun-lit space.

The snow was so light and the flakes of flat, gauzy network were so solidly frozen and so deftly inter-locked that it crept from cushions on all surfaces approximating the horizontal without crushing and sliding. In the streets, or "on the level," as we say, it came above the knee; but one waded through it as easily as if it were the fluffiest of lint cotton. It was not damp enough to pack beneath the feet, nor hard enough to grind like sand. In truth it seemed rather to yield in all directions like vapor than to suffer compression like ordinary snow. Dogs ran about in it where it was above their heads, leaving only a trembling, sinuous line, marked, perhaps, by the tip of a waving tail showing above the white surface. After going a little way, they would abandon this method and proceed by a series of leaps above and plunges into the yielding mass.

In the little town of Hardinsville, the people were late astir. The frost had crept into the houses and chilled the housewives' ardor, while the breathless calm without had deceived the sleepers, accustomed to have their ears confirm the clanging story which the clock's brazen tongue avouched, with circumstantial evidence that the world was awake and alert. But even the cocks crew was muffled in the universal flocculence, and the outside world was as silent as the realm of shadows. When they at length appeared outside their doors, they noted some curious effects. The snow was so light there was no resonance. Voices near at hand sounded weak and thin. The stillness seemed nearly palpable. One saw that people were clearing off the sidewalks and shoveling paths, that they were calling to each other across the streets, that children and dogs were playing in the downy snow, but only those sounds close at hand could be heard, and they were greatly softened.

The town was usually a busy one, but this morning no one seemed to think of work. Clerks and employers alike stood gazing out of the window. The cobbler sat with his awl hand upon the awl which he had driven home but forgotten to draw out, while the blacksmith, the earliest and noisiest of workers, let the fire die upon his forge while he stood in the door of his shop gazing in silence on the unwonted scene. Beauty, in its highest manifestations, touches all natures, and hushes them like the roar of the cataract. And this was a sight so unusual that even one accustomed to a snowy region would hardly see its like twice in a lifetime. Even yet it is remembered as "the winter of the feather-snow." I can never forget it.

I had built the fire, swept the floor and cleared the walk before our office before most of the inhabitants were astir. I say "our" office because I was then a student in the office of Harmon & Ruggles, the leading practitioners of the county. The law styled me an "articled clerk," but as a matter of fact the chief services I had been called upon to render as an equivalent for the privileges I enjoyed had been the work I have described. To this was added an occasional dusting of the books, and the doing of such errands as the members of the firm might require. I did a little copying, and now and then was asked to write some formal letters.

In consideration of these services I enjoyed privileges which, to my mind, seemed infinitely more valuable, as indeed they were. I was allowed to read the books of the firm, to sit by their fire and listen to the conversation that went on in the office. It might not be supposed that this latter privilege would be of any great moment, but to me it was worth all the rest. I was a country boy whose mother had worked and saved during all my life to give me an education. She was not poor, but the woman who makes a living out of a little farm like ours must often work as hard and use as much economy as if she had only her daily labor to rely upon. She had early set her heart upon my being a lawyer and after a few terms at the academy, and a winter or two spent in teaching, I had begun on my twenty-first birthday the study of my profession. I was supposed to be under the direction of the firm, but aside from an introductory talk by the senior, in regard to the books I should read, and the order in which they should be read, I do not remember ever to have received a suggestion from either of the partners. But if their tuition was of the scantiest, the freedom of the office more than made up for it. Every case was discussed in open council. I was expected to hunt authorities, and was free to ask any question I chose in regard to the matter in hand. The result was an unconscious familiarity, not only with the principles of the law but with its application, and a readiness in the use of that wonderful array of books which are the real tools of the profession, which cannot well be otherwise acquired. It is this which makes the country lawyer's office the best place in the world to study law.

The labor required of me did not seem mental, as it would now; and I looked forward with confidence to the time when I should be a full-fledged attorney, own a house in that village

WAS THINKING OF HER.

or some other, have my mother—and some one else—to live with me, and be on the road toward that success which every man desires. I had even gone so far as to picture to myself who the other one should be, though I had never breathed a word of it to her, and if she guessed the truth it was without conscious hint from me. I had an impression that she had done so, and was thinking of her while looking out of the window that very morning, when the partners constituting the firm of Harmon & Ruggles, reached the office. The younger soon turned to his work, but the Senior could hardly wait to warm his fingers before he sauntered back to the window to gaze upon the scene without.

Ordinarily, the streets of the country town were thronged with vehicles at an early hour, especially if the sleighing were good. On this morning the first sign of external life was a sled, drawn by a pair of bright red oxen, who with upraised heads came briskly down the long hill that lay to the westward. Floundering through the deep snow, the clumsy beasts threw up little waves of frosty particles on either side which sparkled in the sunshine as if it had been silver spray. Cones of white vapor shot from their nostrils, congealed in the frosty air and settled in snowy rims upon their furry flanks. The driver stood leaning against the cross-bar of a high wood-rack, looking this way and, that at the unusual spectacle. His whip-lash dragged over the side, making a long wavy cut in the light, flocculent mass. Occasionally he raised it in absent-minded fashion, only to let it fall back again into the snow.

He awakened out of his indifference, however, as he approached the office of Harmon & Ruggles. His right arm shot out, the long lash uncoiled and the cracker snapped in the "near" ox's ear; then it hissed through the air again and fell sharply on the flank of his mate. "Haw! haw!" shouted a shrill metallic voice. The obedient beasts broke into an awkward trot, veered to the left, and stuck out their white dripping noses, about which hung masses of short icicles, rolled their bright, liquid eyes set in a circlet of frosty lashes and watched the driver until he had alighted, stamped his feet upon the porch, and, with the lash of the big black-snake whip coiled about his arm, entered the office door. Then their heads drooped, their eyes half closed, and in a moment they were chewing their cuds as contentedly as if in their stalls three miles away.

"I vow, Ruggles," said the senior member of the firm, turning from the window as soon as he noted who was approaching, "here's Joel Pike! What do you suppose could have startled the old cuss out at this time of day? He's

"HELLO!" EXCLAIMED THE JUNIOR.

coming here, too! Bet you anything he's got another ten-dollar suit for us to do a hundred dollars' worth of work in!"

"Well, he pays for the work," said the junior. He was the business partner who made the collections, kept the books and handled the cash, while the other argued cases and resolved knotty questions at law. Together they were a very effective team; separately, Harmon would have been without fees and Ruggles without clients.

"Of course he does," answered the senior, "but who wants to fight such picayune cases, even if he does get paid? I swear I'm downright ashamed of getting up in court and saying, 'Your Honor, the case of Joel Pike versus John Doe.' I'm sure to hear a titter behind me and perhaps see a broad grin on the bench. I believe he's had a case every term for twenty years, and I don't believe the whole amount in controversy would foot up a thousand dollars."

"His fees would," said the other significantly. "Joel Pike isn't half a bad client; he pays on the nail and no grumbling."

"Of course, if a man will indulge in such a luxury as useless litigation he's got to pay for it."

"Then, too, you know he never lost a case; that's worth something."

"Oh, he takes all the credit of that to himself."

"Well, you can't deny he's entitled to a great deal of it; I've heard you advise him to quit and pay up a good many times."

"Oh, he's the bane of my life!" exclaimed Harmon impatiently. "I don't see how he gets into so many little scrapes, unless it's just because everybody hates him and can't help trying to impose upon him. I should think they'd get tired. He's as sure to strike back as a rattlesnake, and as certain to win as if he played with loaded dice. Then, he's as cold as a frog; never elated and never disturbed. I never saw such a miserable, stingy, contentious old bachelor in my life. You talk to him if he comes in. I swear I won't."

He drew a gray shawl about his shoulders, for the air in the office was still frosty though the big wood stove was all aglow, and sat down with his feet on the circular fender, his stove-pipe hat on the back of his head and his great brown eyes welling over with humorous suggestion, fixed on the ceiling. I took my book and dropped into a chair behind the big stove—a place I had chosen since the cold weather came on, as both more comfortable and less liable to interruption than any other part of the office.

"Oh, I'll manage him," said Ruggles, carelessly. He rose and sauntered towards the door as the driver of the oxen entered.

CHAPTER II.

"Hello!" exclaimed the Junior, holding out his hand to the newcomer; "what's brought you here at this time of day?"

"Thought ez I had to come to town, I'd start early an' bring the children to school," replied the client, pulling off his mitten to shake hands.

"I didn't know you had any children," in affected surprise.

"No need on't," said the other, in his thin, firm voice; "my neighbors have—enough for us all."

"Why don't you let them haul their own brats?"

"Wal, some on 'em hain't got no team, and some wouldn't do it ef they had."

"You must be a very pleasant neighbor, Mr. Pike?"

"Better ask them that knows about it," answered the other, significantly. "But I do hate to see a lot of little ones wallowin' through such a snow as this to school, an' won't ef I can manage to happen along about the right time. An ox team's mighty handy to haul young ones with, Mr. Ruggles—no danger gettin' on an' off or spilled out, you see. Mornin', 'Squire," to Harmon.

"Morning, Joel," replied the lawyer, scarcely taking his eyes from the ceiling.

Joel Pike took off his other mitten and unbuttoned his coat. Glancing

"I WANT A LITTLE LAW THIS MORNIN'."

around the stove, his eyes fell upon me. My attention just at that moment was given more to him than to my book.

"Good-mornin', sir," he said pleasantly; "heard you was readin' here; glad on't. How you gettin' on?"

"I'm hardly the one to ask about that," I answered, very much surprised at this recognition.

"Didn't think I'd know ye, eh?" he said, sharply. "Wal, it ain't surprisin'. Joel Pike don't make friends with everybody. I've been kind o' forced to look after you a little. Knew yer mother when she was a gal—good woman—Betsey Holcomb—good woman—an' thinks mighty well of her son, too; ain't no ways anxious 'bout him, I find. I'm glad on't—it's a good sign."

I had taught school in Joel Pike's district the winter before, but had never spoken with him beyond the ordinary greeting. I had no idea that he still remembered my existence, and few things could have amazed me more than that he did so.

"See here, Mr. Pike, what's happened to you?" exclaimed Ruggles, jocosely, winking at me and looking suggestively at the client whose face was now glowing from the effects of sudden heat after long exposure to cold.

"Think I'd turned preacher?" was the quick reply, with the suggestion of a smile.

"Didn't know what had happened; don't remember to have heard you speak quite so well of any one before."

"You hain't often heard me speak ill of any body, have ye?"

"Don't know that I ever did; never heard you say much about people, anyhow."

"There's not many I care to talk about, answered the other, dryly.

"Well, I'm glad you've taken a fancy to Holcombe," said Ruggles. "You can let him have your law books when he puts out his shingle and so give him a start. They tell me you've got a better library than your counsel."

"I've got a few books," said the old man, glancing at the cases around the room, as if comparing their contents with his own store, "but I ain't through with 'em yet; I like to read 'em, you know. And even ef I don't read 'em it's a deal of company just to look at 'em 'specially in long winter evenin's."

"You couldn't spare them to Holcombe, then?"

"How long 'fore he'll want 'em?"

"About three years."

"Three years, eh! Likely I'll not need 'em then," said the man seriously. "He shall have 'em if I don't; an' I hope he'll make good use of 'em." He was warming his hands at the stove as he spoke glancing now and then at the senior, who seemed absorbed in thought. He did not once look in my direction. I smiled at his words, regarding both the books and his purpose to bestow them upon me as equally mythical.

"Not need them? You'll never be without a lawsuit. But sit down, Mr. Pike," said Ruggles pushing a chair towards him, "sit down and tell me what I can do for you."

"I want to see Squire Harmon a minute or two—ef it's convenient," answered the other seating himself.

"I'm afraid he can't attend to you this morning. He's got an important matter on his mind, just now."

The corners of the Senior's mouth twitched, but he kept his gaze upon the cobwebs.

"I can wait," said the imperturable client.

"Can't I attend to your business, Mr. Pike," asked the Junior blandly.

"Not this time," was the answer, in a decided tone. "I want a little law this mornin'. I'll talk to you when I come to settle."

A snort from the Senior, whose eyes fell at once from the ceiling to his client's face, and a good-natured, "Bet, you will!" from Ruggles, were the result of this sally.

Joel Pike did not smile. He sat with his feet on the fender, his whip on the floor by his side, one elbow on his knee and both hands stretched out to the stove. He was looking straight ahead under the brim of a much worn hat of stiff black felt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sham Knowledge.

It is easy enough to learn what the gypsies would call the "patter" of various professions. One can discourse learnedly, on leaving a concert hall, concerning the value of the music he has heard; or he may criticise a picture, with the proper references to "foreshortening," "high-lights," "middle distance," and the rest of it.

"It is a fine poem; yes, a very fine poem," said a would-be critical friend to an author, "but you will excuse me for saying I don't think you have a perfect understanding of the sonnet form. The pause hardly comes in the right place."

The author bowed and smiled merrily, and afterward a common friend said to him:

"You seem to take criticism very cheerfully."

"Bless you," said he, "that isn't criticism, but it amuses Tom to deliver it. The poem he was talking about isn't a sonnet at all. It has nineteen lines."

Agassiz was once asked what he thought of an attack made on his scientific position by a certain scholar and thinker who had a book knowledge of the different theories advocated by the representatives of science, and decided that Agassiz must be ranked in the second or third class. He burst into a roar of laughter.

"Why, just think of it," he said, "he undertakes to fix my place among zoologists, and he is not a zoologist himself! Why, he has never even been an observer!"

It often happens that the men who really know a subject from beginning to end, so far as a human being may, are those who have least time to talk about it. So there are long silences to be filled by the people who are content with seeming to know, and few of them have the self-control to resist the temptation.—Youth's Companion.

DEATHS caused by blowing out the gas have been so frequent of late that the hotel-keepers should exercise stricter surveillance over their rural guests. Many people come from remote country districts where gas jets are unknown. Some of these people are foreigners; many can scarcely read. Signs in bedrooms warning them against blowing out the gas seem to be unnoticed or uncomprehended. The only safeguard is for the hotel employes to warn such guests verbally; to explain the gas apparatus and show how it is used. Undoubtedly some mistakes will be made, and some people will feel themselves insulted by the warning. That, however, is a minor matter. It is better to risk ruffling the feathers of a few self-sufficient people than to find a roomful of dead people every other morning. Let clerks, porters, and chambermaids make it their business to see that every guest understands how to extinguish the gas properly. If, after this warning, people asphyxiate themselves, the blame will not rest upon the hotel men.

THE old proposition of taking that part of Michigan lying west of Lake Michigan and the parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota bordering on the lake and making a State of them, to be called "Superior," has been revived. Several influential men in Northern Wisconsin are agitating for the project. According to their proposition the new State would include the country from the Brule to the St. Croix River, extending to the northern boundary of Wisconsin west of the Brule and taking in all the northern portion of Minnesota, so as to embrace the iron ranges. In such a deal Wisconsin would lose only the county of Douglas. Superior and Duluth would be included in the new State, and united would be its capital. A somewhat similar proposition in the form of a memorial to Congress passed the Wisconsin Legislature in 1852, but no action ever has been taken by that body.

NEWSPAPER life appear to be very exciting in Russia. An editor in Kursh recently discharged a proof-reader. Later in the day the man returned, killed the editor and then opened fire on the staff. Two were killed and the others escaped by jumping out of the window.

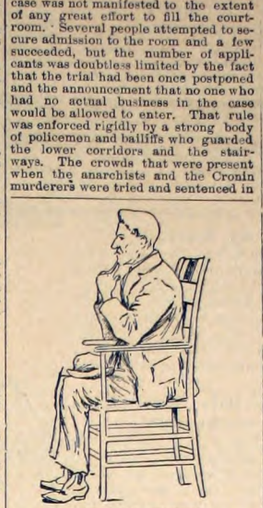
THE Baron de Worms has come into a legacy of $1,500,000. But he had plenty to wriggle along on without it.

THERE is one solid satisfaction the farmer has besides growing corn, wheat and truck, he can grow old.

ASSASSIN IS ON TRIAL.

Case Against Prendergast, Carter Harrison's Slayer, Begun.

Patrick Eugene Prendergast was placed on trial for his life before Judge Brentano in the Chicago Criminal Court Wednesday for the murder of Mayor Harrison on the evening of Oct. 28. The anticipated public interest in the case was not manifested to the extent of any great effort to fill the court-room. Several people attempted to secure admission to the room and a few succeeded, but the number of applicants was doubtless limited by the fact that the trial had been once postponed and the announcement that no one who had no actual business in the case would be allowed to enter. That rule was enforced rigidly by a strong body of policemen and bailiffs who guarded the lower corridors and the stairways. The crowds that were present when the anarchists and the Cronin murderers were tried and sentenced in



PRENDERGAST ON TRIAL.

the same dingy old court-room were therefore lacking and the silence was almost complete. Prendergast was ready for trial, and Jailer Morris brought him to the bar of justice. A more unhappy and inconsequential-looking wretch cannot be imagined than the prisoner when he was marched into court by the big jailer. It was apparent that he feigned composure, but the attempt failed miserably. Glancing first at the Judge on the bench he cast his eyes around the crowded room until he met the gaze of his attorneys, when he slightly hung his head and assumed a dogged manner.

"The People vs. Prendergast" was the announcement made by Judge Brentano at 10:30 o'clock. The attorneys announced their readiness to proceed, and examination of veniremen proceeded at once.

ESTIMATES BY MR. CARLISLE.

The Secretary of the Treasury Figures Out the Appropriations Desired.

The book of estimates for appropriations for the fiscal year 1894 and 1895 has been sent to Congress. The amount estimated necessary to carry on the government for the fiscal year is $411,879,041, as against estimates for 1893-4 of $421,612,215 and appropriations for 1894 of $432,456,526. The estimates for 1895 are made up as follows:

Executive	$203,280
Legislative	7,903,723
State department	1,853,638
Treasury department	120,455,980
War department	55,277,499
Navy department	28,888,774
Interior department	180,229,229
Postoffice department	8,397,866
Department of agriculture	2,23,843
Department of labor	161,870
Department of justice	6,273,345

The sum of $43,000 is asked for to pay the salaries of an examining force of thirty clerks in the civil-service commission. The work of the examining branch has been more than doubled by the extension of the classified service. For the investigation of pension cases $500,000 is asked, as against $200,000 appropriated for the present fiscal year.

In the pension appropriations the principal changes are a reduction of $5,000,000 for pension payments, an increase of $1,000,000 for fees and expenses of examining surgeons, and an increase of $100,000 for clerk hire at pension agencies.

For rivers and harbors a total of $12,510,000 is estimated for, an increase of more than $5,000,000 over the appropriations for the current year. Of this amount $7,500,000 is to be expended upon such works as may be directed by Congress. Some items in the list are: Galveston, Texas, $500,000; St. Mary's River at the falls, Michigan, $300,000; improving Hay Lake channel, Michigan, $150,000; improving Mississippi River from mouth of Ohio River to Minneapolis, $1,625,000. For the Rock Island (Ill.) arsenal, $115,706 is asked; for Benicia arsenal, California, $23,500; for arsenal at Indianapolis, Ind., $38,972; for gun and mortar batteries, $1,893,126; for sites for fortification and sea-coast defenses, $500,000; for torpedoes for harbor defense, $101,550, and for armament of fortifications, $4,370,437, as against an appropriation of $1,638,465 for the present fiscal year; a total of $7,438,413 is asked for fortifications and other works of defense, an increase of $5,000,000 over the present fiscal year.

Under the Postoffice Department $16,250,000 is asked for compensation to postmasters, an increase of $1,650,000; for free delivery, $12,327,685, an increase of over $1,000,000; railway postal car service, $26,900,000, an increase of $2,400,000. It is estimated that there will be a postal deficiency of $5,971,736 for the year, for which an appropriation is asked.

Anote accompanying the statement of appropriations made for the present year to pay the bounty on sugar says:

"The Secretary of the Treasury having recommended the repeal of the sugar-bounty law, no estimate is submitted for the fiscal year 1895. In case the law is not repealed $11,000,000 will be required for the purpose."

No estimate is submitted for the support of the Bureau of American Republics.

Notes of Current Events.

THE New York Board of Education will try to put an end to cigarette smoking.

THE next meeting of the Afro-American Congress will be held at Atlanta, Ga.

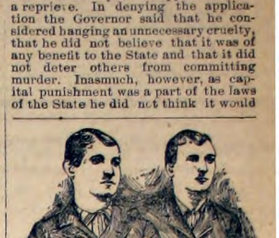
THE cutter Thomas Corwin at San Francisco has been ordered on a fast trip of 2,500 miles, presumably to Hawaii.

CLAIMING that John C. Austin was not drowned at New York insurance company is will fight payment of his policies.

HANGED FOR MURDER.

Harvey Pate and Frank Stiers Die on the Gallows at Danville.

Harvey Pate and Frank Stiers were executed at Danville, Ill., for the murder of Henry Helmick. The drop fell without incident. The case was rendered interesting by the decision of the Governor upon the application for a reprieve. In denying the application the Governor said that he considered hanging an unnecessary cruelty, that he did not believe that it was of any benefit to the State and that it did not deter others from committing murder. Inasmuch, however, as capital punishment was a part of the laws of the State he did not think it would



FRANK STIERS. HARVEY PATE.

be right for him to commute the sentence of the trial court to life imprisonment unless strong reasons were adduced, and no such reasons were apparent.

The wanton murder of Henry J. Helmick, a wealthy farmer of Pilot Township, by Harvey Pate, Frank Stiers, Charles Smoot, and Elias McJunkins, upon the high road, while he was driving home from church with his wife on the evening of Aug. 25, caused intense excitement in an otherwise quiet neighborhood. The four highwaymen stopped the farmer about 9 o'clock in the evening and demanded his money. Helmick refused to surrender his cash. The next instant Harvey Pate, the leader of the quartet, shot the farmer. Stiers almost at the same moment fired upon the shoulder of his thoroughly frightened wife. Smoot and McJunkins, whose attempt to hold Helmick's horses had failed, viewed the awful work of their companions with a fear which later caused Smoot to make a confession implicating his companions. The arrest and trial of the young desperadoes quickly followed. Pate and Stiers were sentenced to death and the others sent to prison for life.

AFTER BOND COMPANIES.

Postoffice Authorities Determine to Stop Lottery Games.

Uncle Sam has issued orders against a batch of fifty bond and investment concerns by which they may be forced out of existence. They are to be proceeded against for violating the anti-lottery law. Postoffice Inspector Stuart, of Chicago, has received orders not to allow the delivery of registered letters or money orders at any postoffice in his district to the following concerns:

Equitable Investment Company and Perpetual Maturity Bond Company, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Iowa Guarantee Investment Company, Keokuk; Reserve Fund Investment Company, Creston, Iowa; United States Investment Company, Bankers' Investment Company, Capital Consol Company, and Columbia Bond Investment Company, Minneapolis; North American Bond Investment Company, St. Paul; Guarantee Investment Company, Milwaukee; State of Washington Bond Company, Chicago; Phoenix Loan and Investment Company, Colorado Guarantee and Loan Company, Guarantee Investment Company, Investment Bond Company, and Workman's Investment and Bond Company, Denver; Wadena Investment Company, Pueblo, Col.; Pacific Coast Bond and Investment Company, Oregon, Utah; Utah Savings Investment Company, Mount Pleasant; Utah Guarantee Investment Company, Seattle; Guarantee Bond and Investment Company, Covington, Ky.; Columbia Investment and Bond Company, Newport, Ky.; American Guarantee Savings and Investment Company, Fort Valley, Ga.; National Confederation Guarantee Company, Nashville, Tenn.; Phoenix Savings and Investment Company, Waco, Tex.; American Bond Investment Company, Equitable Investment Company, Missouri Loan and Investment Company, and Nebraska Savings and Investment company, Omaha, Neb.; National Guarantee Investment Company, Lincoln, Neb.; National Savings and Investment Company, Tekonsha, Mich.; Columbia Investment Company, Saginaw, Mich.; St. Louis Mutual Bond Investment Company and Guarantee Investment Company, St. Louis, Mo.; Pettis County Investment Company, Sedalia, Mo.; Missouri State Loan and Investment Company, Fayette, Mo.; Provident Bond and Investment Company and Franco-German Electric Company, Cincinnati, Ohio; California Land and Water Company, Dayton, Ohio; Union Investment Company and Louisiana Lottery Company, Kansas City, Mo.; Guarantee Investment Company, Hull, Ill.; American Certificate Company, Chicago, Ill.; Provident Bond and Investment Company, Philadelphia and Washington, D. C.

Newsy Paragraphs.

CHEYENNE INDIANS in Indian Territory are in want.

DELEGATES attended the Topeka, Kan., convention in the interest of a great north and south line.

ANOTHER wholesale reduction in freight rates to the East has been announced by the Erie Railway.

B. F. COLBURN, a 70-year-old trapper, was found dead at Columbia, S. D., with an iron rod run through his head.

"OLD MOTHER HUBBARD," a notorious thief, has gone insane in Toledo's jail, and will be taken to a madhouse.

AT Portland, Ore., Mrs. George H. Williams, religious enthusiast, has finished a forty-day fast and resumed eating.

A MEETING was held at Washington to plan for the military encampment of the Knights of Pythias in August, 1894.

IN Mexico, Juan Guadalupe was shot by law for beating to death his 3-year-old boy who refused to drink a cup of coffee.

GEORGE W. GRANDEY, an authority on English literature, died at Vergennes, Vt., of general debility. He was born in 1812.

GERMAN agitation against the Russian and other commercial treaties is increasing, and also against Caprivi personally.

AUSTRIAN Socialists have decided to inaugurate a universal strike as a protest against the army bill now before the Reichsrath.

THE annual statement of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad shows net earnings for the year were $16,065,538, an increase of $948,082.

MRS. DUPONT, divorced wife of William Dupont, the powder manufacturer, was married to Willard Saulsbury, son of Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, at Wilmington. Mrs. Dupont secured a divorce in North Dakota two years ago and was awarded $1,000,000 alimony.