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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas eve. I was spendg it not in the sweet circle round the ome fireside, but in the saloon of a Southward bound steamer, where there was nothing to remind one of the blessed season of peace and good will save a solitary cross of evergreen which one assenger had fastened over her statewere just off Cape Hatteras, and the vessel was rolling like a plaything in the hands of the stormy sea. A violent snowstorm was raging, and on deck the scene was drawn under the storm was raging. scene was dreary and arctic. Snow and ice covered everything, and the muffled forms of the sailors passing to and fro deck was covered with ice. They hadn't under the glare of the lanterns appeared the heart, poor fellows, to speak to the like the weird ghosts of dead arctic voyagers. I was glad to seek the warm. of a lounge. To watch the movements of the passengers was amusement enough, and served to prevent me from thinking too tenderly of the home circle

where I was missed from the festivities of Christmas eve.

The usual crowd was collected which one always sees on a steamer Southward bound in the winter time. Here around a table were gathered a group of men, probably sugar merchants, striving, in spite of the motion of the ship, to play a quiet game of euchre. Stretched on the sofas were ladies in all the stages of seasickness. A few children not yet put to bed were crouching on the floor with their nurses, and in a warm corner

every winter.

Moving round among all those who were sick was the trim, plump figure of the old stewardess. She was carrying bowls of broth, tumblers of chopped ice, and all those little delicacies so welcome to a sufferer from seasickness. The quiet, placid face of the old lady interested me, and in those few days already passed since leaving port we had become firm friends. With the quick instinct of a woman who had had to do with all kinds of people, she felt that I liked her company, and she had already formed the habit of coming for a quet alter with the left that the leaves with the left that the left chat with me the last thing at night after all her seasick charges were safely tucked in their berths and her duties for take care of the children while he went chat with me the last thing at night

the day over.

I was impatient to-night for her leisure hour to arrive, for I saw a strange tenderness in the old lady a face, and felt sure that the season was arousing old memories in her heart, which perhaps I could induce her to tell me. So the season was arousing to heart, which perhaps I could induce her to tell me. So the season was arousing to heart, which perhaps I could induce her to tell me. So the season was arousing to heart the course of the children while he went to have find as in the cottage—and went with hin, for it hurt me to pass all my life away from Charlie's side. So everything yent well with us. We owned our one end of the lounge where I was lytion to what I felt was uppermost in her mind: "It's a rough night for Christ-

"Have you spent many years on two

ocean?" I asked. "Yes, ma'am, but not in this way J used to have my own little cabin is my husband's slip—a cozy little place, where I used to be always at 18 side, and never felt afraid of stom nor

"Tell me about it," I said "Surely a life like yours has much of interest in

"Well, ma'am, I've bed thinking it all over to-night, and if you don't mind, I'll tell you sorac of the mings a sailor's I'll tell you some of the sings a sailor's wife has to pass through, and how her heart gets wrung very and sometimes.

"I hadn't much kniwledge of those things when I marria Charlie, for I was a slip of a girl ten and knew no more of the sea the one learns in watching the vessel sail out of and into a quiet land bound harbor. So when Charlie asked mee be his wife and go to sea with him—for although he was young, he had a aip of his own—I said yes with all my feart, for I loved the honest hearted flor, ma'am, ever since yes with all me heart, for I loved the honest hearted alor, ma'am, ever since we were little eldren together. I only thought then, all the strange sunny ried just clore he was to start on a voyage t brazil. I mind me so well wage, ma'am, just as if it all hen we started, and right here ras we had a terrible gale.

ghtened when the wind howled stled through the rigging, and wished myself back in the old with mother—for I had a dear then, God bless her memory!" old lady's voice broke, and she I to wipe away the tears which yn her cheeks.

when the wind blew the wildmyself to sleep in his arms like a tened child.

And when we came down into the n tropic seas I was so happy watchfloating fields of gulf weed; and ight, when the sea was shining and ship seemed passing through a lake ilver, all my dreams of paradise were

Then came the foreign land, with ange, awarthy faces, and words I n't know, and odd fruits, and all mer of queer things. Charlie was er tired of bringing me new and cutrinkets, and I made my little fancy as a Chinese toyshop.

we came home from that voylittle Minnie was born. She ing blue eyed baby, and so anxious for her comfort suaded me to stay at home h mother, and he went on the next

But I couldn't bear it; so when he ae go back to my home in the little abin. He had found it desolate enough ithout me, so he said, and we went

THE STEWARDESS' STORY. for home, another baby was in my arms. We called her Pepita, after our without Charlie. Minnie, Pepita and I deer old ship, and it was hard to say which the sailors petted the most, the

ship or the baby.

"All went well with us until we were within three days sail of New York, and then a terrible storm came on. It was in the winter, and for eight long days we tossed at the mercy of the tempest.

It was an awful time, ma'am. Charlie didn't laugh then; and although he another word. we tossed at the mercy of the tempest. It was an awful time, ma'am. Charlie didn't laugh then; and although he tried to speak cheerful words, I could see he was almost wild with anxiety. I'll never forget that time, when I sat day and night on the cabin floor, with Minnie clinging to my dress and poor little Pepita in my arms, listening to the waves crashing against the ship as if every moment must be our last. The sailors would come down now and then for a drop of lot coffee and to warm their frozen fingers, for everything on deck was covere i with ice. They hadn't children, and I saw more than one tear on their rough cheeks when they looked loon and gather myself into a corner at them, and Pepita would smile and stretch out her little hands in her unconscious baby way.
"But God saved us after all. In the

evening of the eighth day the wind changed, and we drifted into calmer waters. If it hadn't been for the east wind blowing, we might just as well have drifted the other way, for the ship was almost helpless. It was about "I don't know how it all was; I know the ship was almost helpless. It was about "I don't know how it all was; I know the ship was almost helpless. It was about the most helpless. It was about the ship was almost helpless. It was about the ship was almost helpless. It was about "I don't know how it all was; I know the ship was almost helpless. It was about the ship was almost helpless almost helpless about the ship was almost helpless. It was about the ship was almost helpless almost help two in the morning when Charlie rushed into the cabin and almost carried me in his arms to the door. There I saw, gleaming through the fog, two great shining lights. They were like angels' eyes looking from beaven to me. I've passed those Highland lights many a time since, ma'am. I've seen them in rear the heater lay a poor consumptive girl, carefully watched over by her mother and brother. She was going to die under the crange trees. Only the old story repeated over and over again winter.

The seen them in soft summer evenings and clear spring mornings, but I never see them without my whole heart going out in thanksgiving and praise. No one to whom they have not shone as they did to me that my whole heart going out in thanksgiv-ing and praise. No one to whom they have not shone as they did to me that night can know what they really mean, standing there on the headland and

pointing to heaven.
"Well, we saw the lights from other vessels all around us, and at daybreak a tug was alongside taking our forlorn, nearly wrecked ship up the harbor, and before night I laid Pepita in my moth-

er's arms. "After that, Charlie wouldn't hear to my going to sea again. He said he could bear anything if the children were not suffering too; so, for the sake of my little ones, I consented to stay behind. Charlie bought a little cottage on the

when at last she came and sat down on thing vent well with us. We owned our cottage and a bit of a garden, where ing, I said, trying to lead the conversa- mother and Minnie used to pass loug summer days weeding and watering and tending the beds of poppies and maritending the beds of poppies and maribursting; but I would never listen men were piled one above the other. "Yes, ma'am," she replied, smoothing the folds of the kerchief across her ather's own girl. She loved the sea, breast; "but I've seen many a rougher and would leave Minnie to take care of but to return to his old life or die. But night at sea in my day, and "—thought—the garden, and go and sit for hours on I couldn't bear to let him go alone, and the beach watching the waves tumble in among the stones and beat against the foot of the cliff. When Charlie came home she was always the first to see him far down the road, and I'll never forget how her pretty face used to look as she would come dancing up the garden path pulling him with hands, and he laughing and calling her

all manner of tender names. "Those were sunny days, ma'am, and I'm sure there never was a happier family than the one gathered round our little table while Charlie was at home.

"We had saved a good bit of money.

Pepita, which was getting to be an old ship, and went off as half owner of auother bark, the Arago. It was hard to let him go for so long a time. South America seemed like home, but the thought then at the strings sunly lands Charli and told me about, and to go to see the with him was to take a trip to paraise. Well, we were marting to paraise. Well, we were marting to paraise. Well, we were marting to lor so long a time. South America seemed like home, but the East Indies was an unknown world. He was so full of hope that he tried to go off in his usual jolly way, kissing Minnie and telling her she would be a little woman when he came back-she was resterday. It was late in No- fourteen then-and promising Pepita no end of curious things from the foreign lands; but there was a great heaviness in my heart, and when he came and put his arm around me and said : 'Keep up your courage, Maggie; I'll soon be back, I couldn't look at him. I hid my face in my hands and sobbed like a

sarlie only laughed, and at last I tidy. But I was uneasy; I didn't dare nyself to sleep in his arms like a to say anything to trouble the girls, but I never lay down at night without dreaming of shipwreck, and when the time came round when we could expect news from Charlie, it seemed as if my heart would burst with anxiety. The news never came. Day after day we of the skunk, described by trade as the wait d, and little by little a sad silence Alaska sable and suddenly popularized wait d, and little by little a sad silence settled down on our cottage. When word would come of the arrival of ships sells at from \$20 to \$25 the set. which sailed long after Charlie's did, we would look in each other's faces and never speak a word, but each knew what forrow was in the other's heart. Only little Pepita never gave up. 'My father will come back; my father will come back, she used to say, until I couldn't \$100. bear to hear her, because I couldn't be-lieve it; and when she used to stand for hours, shading her eyes with her hand and gazing off over the water, it drove me almost wild, because I knew what

she was watching for. "A summer and winter and another summer had passed since Charlie went me home again, I begged him to let away, and when Christmas came round again I laid my poor mother in the churchyard, and came back alone with my children to the cottage.

again together.

"This voyage we lay a long time in the Brazilian port, and before we sailed it appears like an awful dream, but I do

"It was a sad Christmas eve, ma'am —the first one when all hope had really gone out, and when I lay down to sleep that night I felt that, except I must live for the children's sake, it would be such

a blessing to die.

"Christmas morning was very clear, and I remember how the sunlight danced in our little kitchen. It fell like a blossing on Minnie's pretty hair, making it sparkle like gold, and reflect-ed on the picture of Charlie's ship—not the lost one, but the dear old Pepita

—which hung on the wall.
"The table was spread, and we sat
down to our sad repast. Minnie folded her hands to say grace, when—oh, ma'am, I can hardly tell you about it, even after all these years—Pepita screamed like one mad with joy. I sprung to my feet. I couldn't tell what

I couldn't move. I saw as in a dream Charlie in the room and Pepita's arms around his neck; then I fell on his shoulder like one dead.

shoulder like one dead.

"There are no words to tell you, ma'am, of the joy and happiness we knew in our little cottage that Christmas day. We couldn't realize it ourselves. I didn't dare to take my eyes from Charlie for a moment, lest I should look back and find him gone. Minnie and Pepita both sat clinging to him. He had a long story to tell us of shipwreck upon shipwreck, of long waiting upon lonely islands, watching month after month for sails which seemed nover to come—adventures through nover to come-adventures through which many a poor sailor has passed, and from which many a one has never come back to tell the story as Charlie

"That night, sitting by the fire after the children had left us alone, I made Charlie promise me that he would never leave me again, but would give up the

board the ships in from foreign ports; swiftly, crushing some, carrying others and sometimes he would sit on the cliff out on shoulders from the dress circle, the passing vessels, and more than once landing in the stair rail and fell. The when he spoke of going to sea again, until at last his health began to fail, and it seemed there was nothing for him he couldn't bear to leave me behind. We were both too old to begin life over mate on this ship—the captain is an old friend of his, ma'am-I got the situation as stewardess, and for three years Charlie and I have been traveling back and forth together, and we will continue to do it as long as God gives us health and strength to bear the journey."
The old lady stopped and looked

passengers who had gathered near to sten, as if she feared we were wearied

by her long family history.

I hastened to reassure her by thanks for the pleasant way she had cutertained us during the long Christmas eve at sea. "And so Charlie is really on board with you ?" I said.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," she replied, smil-g. "I would not be here without Did you mind the man who was speaking to me at the cabin door tonight-the tall, stout man with a gray beard? Yes, you saw him, did you That was Charlie."

# Winter Furs and Their Prices.

The most splendid and costly furs are Russian sable, sea otter and black and silver fox. The Russian sable is the finest of all the martens, and, since it is not very prolific, its skins are costly. the best and darkest are obtained in Yakootsk, Kamtschatka and Russian Lapland.

A must of "erown Russian sable" is now worth in New York from \$1,100 down to \$300. Sets (by which is meant a muff and boa) of sables not of the very highest quality cost \$500 to \$550. Sets "After he was gone we settled back of sea ofter are valued at \$150 to \$250, into the old ways; the children went to and sets of black and silver fox at \$100 to \$250. These high priced furs are bought only by the rich, and are not generally fashionable. A chinchilla muff and a boa cost from

\$50 to \$60. New York and Canada minks are the which once were sold for \$125 to \$150, can now be bought for \$100. The fur

The most beautiful sealskin sacks (though perhaps not the most durable), made of "pup Shetlands" skins, sell for \$300. The best Alaska sacks bring \$125 to \$250. Seal sacks, American dyed, can be bought for \$80, \$90 and

Sicilienne sacks and dolmans are lined with the skins of Siberian squirrels, whose beautiful gray backs and lighter colored bellies make a pretty shifting contrast. Such sacks, with border of squirrel edging, are set off by fancy oxidized clasps, and are fixed at \$125 to

A young man in Bridgeport, Conn. pulled back so hard, when his compan ions hauled him up to the bar to drink that one of his arms was broken. The truth of the story is vouched for by the

# THE WORST OF CALAMITIES.

By the fire in the Brooklyn Theater

hree Hundred Piensure Seekers Burned Alive-The Herrors of the Burning of the Brooklen Theater.

by the fire in the Brooklyn Theater the sacrifice of life was terrible. Three hundred people miserably perished in the smoke and flames. The large ma-jority of them were young men and boys; only a few women and children suffered death so far as known. Most of those lost were occupants of the gal-lery, or third tier of the theater. In descending the stairway they were met on the second landing or second tier of the theater by a blinding and sufficating volume of smoke, and fell in heaps on volume of smoke, and fell in heaps on the stairway. This was broken down under their accumulated weight, and they were precipitated upon the lobby on the first floor of the building. The flooring of the lobby in turn gave way, and the entire body of men thus en-trapped by the smoke in their pathway to the street, strangled and blinded, fell victims to the flames. Of those who oc-cupied the dress circle (ground floor) and the family circle (second tier), only and the family circle (second tier), only a few appear to have been lost. Two actors were burned alive, three scene shifters and other assistants were seri-ously if not fatally injured, and several supernumeraries on duty behind the scenes perished. The Brooklyn morgue was early overtaxed in affording space for the corpses, and one of the unocoupied market places was converted into a temporary morgue. The scenes at both these places were heartrending; at the place of the disaster itself the excitement

The play at the theater was the "Two Orphans," presented by the Union Square Theater company, of New York, and fully twelve hundred people had gathered to witness it. The last act was being played, when the fire was discovered and the scene of excitament emong ered, and the scene of excitement among actors first, and through them given to the audience was terrible. In less than a minute the passages were cheked up, the theater was filled with shouts of maddened men and the piteous and fran-tic screams of women. Men forgot that they were trampling on their fellows, and, indifferent to all but their own safety, scrambled upward and outward. Husband became separated from wife or child and friend from friend. The parquet was quickly emptied of all save those few who must have been trampled

Charlie promise me that he would never leave me again, but would give up the sea and stay with us in the cottage.

"I didn't realize till long afterward how hard it had been for him to promise me that. I had come to have such a terror of the sea that I couldn't realize how a sailor's heart delighted in it. When years had passed, and Minnie and Pepita had both married and left us alone, I began to feel how hungry Charlie was for the life he had byed so much. He used to spend his time wandering about the docks and going on the stream of people flowed on

dering about the docks and going on cle. The stream of people flowed on or nours with his spyglass, watching until a stout lady caught her foot at the Three policemen, one of them stripping off his coat, extricated the lady and opened the way again. could extricate themselves ran over a mass of prostrate beings to the door. At about three o'clock in the morning

the fire had been nearly extinguished, in the long trading voyages; and as and the major part of the throng of Charlie had the offer of the place of first sightseers had gone to their homes, sightseers had gone to their homes, ignorant of the fatal consequences of the conflagration.

The flames had subsided sufficiently to permit the firemen to make an investigation near the main entrance of the theater. Chief Nevins passed over the trembling floor of the hallway toward The old lady stopped and looked the inner doorway. Inside the doors hesitatingly at me and at some other the flooring had fallen in, leaving a deep pit of fire and flame, from which a dense smoke and steam ascended. Here a siekening spectacle met his horrified gaze. Close up to the flaming furnace, and clinging to the splintered verge of the demolished flooring, was the body of a woman, burned to a crisp. Her hands clasped the framework of the door in a desperate grasp. She had fought hard for life. Evidently she would have escaped had not the flooring given way beneath her. All the clothing was burned off, and the features were so blackened that she was unrecognizable, and the body was removed to the morgue, where it awaits identification.

At four o'clock in the morning the flames were put out, and the heap of debris was black and cold. From the vestibule platform the firemen saw a most horrible spectacle. The mound that had at first appeared to be simply a heap of ashes proved to be almost wholly composed of human bodies. Heads, arms, legs, shoulders, shoes, and here and there entire human remains protruded through the surface of the mound. Policemen and firemen hesitated for a moment before lesping down upon the sickening heap. An inclined plane of plain deal boards was bastily constructed to reach from the tender vestibule platform to the pit, and upon this a ladder was rested. the ladder the men went to and fro. Upon the plane, coffins were hauled up and down. At first the firemen lifted the bodies from the debris, after having carefully dug around them and loosened them, and ten minutes was consumed in exhauming each body. But as it became apparent that there were scores and scores of human remains, and that a day, and perhaps a night, would end before the last corpse was taken out, less tender means were used in the operation, and the work assumed a more earnest and energetic character. Instead of five men, ten men set at work among the ruins, while on the vestibule platform a dozen sturdy firemen manned the short ropes by which the coffins, laden with human remains, were drawn up and dragged to the sidewalk. All the bodies were bent into horrid shapes, assumed in the struggles of death by suffocation and by burning. Nine out of ten of the corpses had an arm upraised and bent to shield the face. Something was missing from every one. This one lacked a head and a foot, this a nose, an car, or a hand, another its fingers or the crown of the skull. Very many broken limbs and protruding bones were found, and there were gashes in the upturned faces or fractures in the smooth burned skulls, so that each corpse as it was dragged into the light was a new revels visit their relatives.

tion of ghastliness. A few lusty pulls disengaged each body. Two or three men scized its stiffened limbs and pressed them into a coffin, a pair of sharp pointed tongs clutched the coffin, and the firemen overhead dragged it

and the firemen overhead dragged it even with the street, where a cloth was thrown over the coffin, and it was dragged to the dead wagons, which kept coming and going all day long.

At nine o'clock in the evening two hundred and thirty bodies had been removed from the rains, and seventy more were in plain sight.

Samuel W. Hastings, who had charge of the upper gallery, testified before the fire marshal: I think there were about four hundred people there; I left Officer Lott and his son at the gallery door and went lown stairs with the tickets; I went out for a moment and then returned and then went into the parquet by citement and then I saw fire dropping from the flies; the actors first told the audience to keep their seats, and then to pass out quietly; I opened the door, so they could get out, and then went out to the gallery, but could not get more than eight or ten steps up the stairs on ac-count of the smoke; occasionally a percount of the smoke; occasionally a person came down the stairs, but not over a dozen or fifteen in all; I could hear cries for help up the stairs, but could not hear what was said; the lights were all out, then, and those in the gallery were in devleress and any along diversely in devleress and any along the same and along the same and any along the same and along the same along the in darkness and enveloped in smoke; the cries of the people in the gallery stopped long before I left the stairs; they were undoubtedly suffocated; I think they were piled on top of each other fifteen feet high, and were suffocated before they could get out; the gallery stairs were about eight feet wide from top to bottom, and people could pass down three abreast with ease; it does not take more than five or eight minutes to empty the gallery; there was no hose or other apparatus in the gallery for extin-guising fire; there were, I think, three windows opening on Flood's alley, but no stairs or other means of egress in that direction; there were no fire escapes on the building that I know of; if there had been other stairs from the gallery had been other stars from the gailery more people could have got out, but I think they would have been blocked, especially if there were any jogs, as in the stairs used; I say again that the reason the people did not get off the gallery was because they tumbled on top of each other, blocked up the passageway and were suffocated; no wall, floor or stairs fell while I was there

or stairs fell while I was there. IDENTIFYING THE DEAD, As friends and relatives went through the morgue looking for the last remains of lost ones, they moved between the rows of dead examining the charred clothing and any other things that might be recognized; but when they found the objects of their search and satisfied themselves of the correctness of the Outbreaks of horror and grief, following hese recognitions, were so frequent that at scarcely any time was there a pessation of outeries lasting many minutes. Pale men and women went from body to body in regular order, peering into what had been faces, liftg what remained of clothing, and doing the duty with systematic thorough-Others went here and there irregularly, now spellbound by what they saw, and now distracted by sorrow, so that they made no certain progress, and found their dead ones only chance. Often a knife, a button, a ring or a shred of clothing was the only thing by which they could identify the

# End of a Family of Brigands.

One of the blackest of all crimes is known as the Bender tragedy of Kensas. The Bender family was resident in Montgomery county, Kansas; the family consisted of "Old Man" Bender, his wife, his daughter Kate and his son, a young man who is to some considerable extent acquitted in the public mind of much that is charged without distinction to his father, mother and sister. The crime of the crowd consisted of murdering from mercenary motives, and burying upon their wayside premises not fewer than nine per sons, all of them travelers, and some of them citizens of at least local prominence. Though a number of sudden disappearances had occurred in Montmery county, suspicion had not settied on the Benders until after Dr. York, brother of A. M. York, the exposer of ex-Senator Pomercy, had suddenly "come up missing," and when suspicion had floally fallen upon the family every member of the same sin-ultaneously disappeared. Since their disappearance no trace of them has ever been found, notwithstanding the most diligent search and the most intricate plans and plottings of detective bureaus the country over. All of this, un il within a few days, has been accepted as the essential substance of what could be discovered or explained relative to the precedure.

Very lately, however, an unexpected solution of the matter has been offered, though as yet it must not be accepted as conclusive. Facts have come to light which point very strongly to the sup-position that a vigilance committee weut to the Benders' house, placed them in their own wagon, drawn by their own horses, and conveyed them to a secluded spot not far off, on the edge of a large poud, and there extorted a full confession from them of all their crimes, down to the smallest details. After this the Benders were never heard of, and it is more than probable that their bodies were carefully concealed. It will be remembered that a few days after this a wagon was discovered near this point, to which a pair of horses were which was known to be Bender's property. This was soon followed by the announcement that the home of the Benders had been deserted.

It is said that Gov. Osborn was se-

retly apprised of all these facts, which account for the fact that, on the part of the Kansas authorities, no systematic effort has ever been made to ap-prehend the Benders, and stories of their capture elsewhere have only excited an neredulous smile at the State capital.

### HIS HEART WAS BROKEN.

The Suicide of a Convict Whose Wife Had Applied for a Divorce.

The Hartford Times says: The quiet of the Connecticut State prison, at Wethersfield, was broken one morning recently by the discovery that one of the best liked and most exemplary of the convicts had hanged himself. In the cell of John Lee Powell the officers discovered his dead but not entirely cold body, hanging by a rope that was fastened to a spike near the ceiling, that was used to fasten up the bed against the wall in the daytime. One end of the rope had been made into a running noose, and this was around his neck. The Hartford Times says: The quiet noose, and this was around his neck.
The height of the spike was not sufficient to suspend him clear of the floor
if he stood upright, and he had bent up his knees to make sure work of it. He was promptly cut down, but life could

John Lee Powell was in his thirtyninth year. He came of a good family in the town of Trumbull, in Fairfield county, his father having been a member of the Legislature and a prominent and esteemed citizen. He lived at Stepney

He was said to have been not a bad man at heart, and was led into the commission of the crime for which he was sentenced (placing a tie across the track of the Housatonic railroad) by the bantering wager of some companions, when intoxicated. The act resulted in no accident, but the offense is a serious one, and the conviction of Powell, on the twenty seventh of August, 1875, was immediately followed by his sentence to prison for a term of twenty years. He had a wife, ten years younger than him-self, and two children; and he fondly loved his family. During his imprison-ment his wife more than once visited the prison, and assured him of her fidelity. prison, and assured him of her fidelity. Two months ago Powell's father died, and the news saddened the son in his

lonely imprisonment.

A few weeks ago a legal document, in the shape of his wife's petition for a divorce, came to Powell in prison from the formal notice, in which the blanks in the printed form were filled out with the names of bimself, his wife and his two children, was wholly unexpected by the prisoner and utterly overwhelmed him. He grew daily more and more dejected, and reached a condition which compelled him to give up work. He had been a carriage maker and was an expert workman; and with the contractors who ob-tained his work in prison he was a fa-vorite, as he was with Warden Hewes and the officers, none of whom had ever occasion to use a harsh word to

In his pocket was found the legal form of the wife's divorce petition, which had been served on him as a legal for-mality. Between the open printed lines he had written in a clear hand in pencil

"Oh, my dear wife! Is this the way you treat your poor Lee? I certainly can't tell what this is for. I tell you truly, for the last time, that I love you with all my heart. You are too cruel. I die for you. Good-bye forever. Good-bye, little Irvie. Poor papa will never see you again on earth. bye. Charlie, Katie and mother Don't think me too rash, for I can't live and have Letitia leave me. Charlie, come and get me and take me home, and lay me by the side of my poor father. Tell father and mother Burr and Henry goodbye for me.

geance she has taken, for what I used to do-I would never do so again. You look at the bad side. We have had lots and lots of good times together, and my hopes have been that we would again—but my hopes you have blasted forever. For all you have done this, I ove you with all my heart. Whatever have written to you, I have done it thoughtlessly; I would not have done it for all of this world if I had thought this ever of you, my dear wife. tia, never think of me. Don't think that you ever have done wrong with me, but enjoy yourself as much as you can.

"As wicked as I have been, I never could serve you in this way. I thought turn the romance had taken against him, it was hard to be shut up here, but that "all I have to say is that I hope your is nothing to this. You are too cruel. How many good times we have had toalways knew your heart was hard, but I never thought it was as hard as it is now. You was untrue to me in the first, and now the last.'

How the Main Building was Sold. "Now," said Mr. Ellis, the auctioneer who sold the Centennial buildings, 'let us begin with the Main building. It cost \$1,600,000. Who bids \$1,000, 000 ? \$750,000 ? \$500,000 ? \$400,000 \$300,000? What is bid?' A long, silent pause, but no bid. "What are we going to do?" At last there came a bid one of \$200,000, from R. J. Dobbius, who erected the building—' \$200,000 we have; two-o hun-n-ndred thou-u-sand dollars; going at two-o- Ah! We have another bid. What is it? \$250, 000 we have; \$250,000; going at \$250, 000; going, going, going; are you all done? \$250,000, once; \$250,000, twice; \$250,000, three times. Is there no other

Turns to Mr. John Welsh, with an interrogation point in his eye.] Going—once; going—twice; going—three times—gone!" Down went the hammer and up stepped Mr. John S. Mo:ton, who gave the name of the In-ternational Exhibition Company as the purchaser. This building is therefore not to be removed, being intended to contain the proposed Permanent Exhibition.

A missionary, writing from the island of Mangaia, South Pacific, reports that the island is now a land of Bibles. Not only the heads of every household are others. Is Mr. Casenave a planter? in possession of a copy, but nearly every child upon the island has one. He tells of the case of a poor old native who was indefatigable in his endeavors to secure a copy for each member of his household. He brought the missionary all the money he had, then he tried to make up the price in cocoanut oil, and lastly, rather than fall short, he sold the only young cow he had to pay for them, that a \$2 felt hat was implied.

# ROMANCE OF A BOOT HEEL,

An Old Railronder's Thrilling Story .-- The Perils of Frogs in the Track.

While two men, employees of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad company, were on their way to their work in the car sheps of the company at Aurora, Ind., their attention was attracted by a boot heel, freshly torn of, sticking in the "frog" of the milroad track, a short distance from the shops. They stopped a moment to examine it, and found that the heel was so securely fast-ened in the "frog" that it required a smart blow with a crutch (one of the men had lost a leg) to remove it. Long nails protruded from the heel, and all the evidence went to show that it had taken a considerable effort to tear it from the boot. "It appears to me," said one of the men, "that some fellow has had a narrow escape from being run down by a train or else he has been badly frightened and wrenched his boot

heel off when there was no occasion for it." "It reminds me," replied his companion, in a low tone, "of a little ad-venture that happened to me several years ago up on the Pan Handle road. I was then a young man, but it isn't likely that I'll ever forget it," and he cast a rueful glance at the empty leg of his pants. "The story is soon told," he went on, turning the boot heel over in his hand as if to find inscribed upon it a story similar to his own. "I was walking on the track near Cadiz Junction, in Ohio. It was one dark and blustry night in February, and a heavy snowstorm was prevailing at the time. The snow and wind beating into my The snow and wind beating into my face was almost sufficient to have blinded one had it been broad daylight. I was walking briskly along, not dreaming of any harm—in fact, sir, I was then returning from a visit to my sweetheart, who had that evening promised to be my wife—when suddenly I found my foot fastened between two rails where a side track injured the main track interest this track joined the main track, just as this heel was fastened in the frog here at our feet. At that moment I heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive, and looking up the track I saw, through the blinding snow, a light bearing down upon me. I had passed the depot a few minutes previous and had noticed several persons standing on the platform. The persons were waiting for a train, and here was one coming! It was an unusual hour for a train, and the idea of meeting one had not occurred to me before, but now the awful truth flashed upon me. I made a desperate effort to release my foot, and the horror of my situation was increased a hundred fold when I found that it was securely fastened be-tween the rails. The light was so close that its reflection upon the new fallen snow blinded me. As a man will in a like situation, I thought of a thousand things in an instant. I thought of my aged parents, of events of my past life, of my promised bride; and the thought that I should be torn from her, or what infinitely more dreadful than the thought of death. But I'll not trouble you with these painful details. What I supposed to be the headlight of a locomotive was blazing right in my face. It was this leg that was fastened,"he said, swinging his stump back and forth, "and I just threw myself"—"Yes, yes," interrupted his companion, with blanched cheeks you threw yourself to one side and the engine severed your leg from your

"Not exactly," returned the story teller, smiling blandly upon his victim." "The truth is, sir, I am almost ashamed to say that the light did not proceed from a locomotive, but from the lantern of a watchman who happened to be com ing down the track."
"And the shrill whistle that you

"That, I presume, came from a onehorse sawmill not far off." "But your leg-how did you lose

"As many another brave man has lost his," came the answer, accompanied by a heavy sigh, and a far-away look as it to recall the scenes of some field of bat tle; "I fell under a mowing machine and had it chopped off."
"Well, all I have to say," replied his

companion, somewhat disgusted at the girl went back on you and married an ax handle maker or some one else who could make her happy."

"She stuck to me," said the romancer, "stuck to me through good and evil report, and married meme one rapturous evening in the merry month of May, and now," and his voice grew husky with emotion, "and now I'd give the top of this bald and beetling pate if she hadn't !"

# A Brutal Scoundrel.

An infant three or four days old was deposited on the steps of the orphans' home, Indianapolis. A card attached to it stated that it was named "Miss Centennial." As the child was crying vigorously when found the matron of home examined it, and found it had been branded with a hot iron on both shoulders, probably to facilitate future identification. The police are looking for the scoundrel who was seen

Railway tickets were originated by a station master at Clapham, England, about forty years ago. From that time the printing of these tickets has remained in the hands of the same family, who have pursued it with an amount of perseverance and ingenuity perfectly marvelous; and it is a curious fact to know that in one long low building in a suburban street of a provincial own the tickets for the whole world, except North America, are made.

A PLANTER -A stranger said in New Orleans: "I learn that Mecsrs. Wells and Anderson of the returning board are planters. I did not know about the "Yes," said the gentleman addressed, you can call him a planter, but what he plants never comes up. He is more plainly speaking an undertaker."

It is a singular fact that when men bet hats on the election the winner al-