

THE NEW CENTURY.

When in the dim, gray cast shall rise
The morning of thy birth—
When thy first dawn steps from the skies
Upon the hills of earth—
Shall waiting nations breathless stand
Oppressed with haunting fears
Of what thou holdest in thy hand,
Thou coming Hundred Years?
Or shall a glad world welcome thee
With laughter and a song—
Thou unborn child of Destiny
Whose reign shall be so long?
Who knows—I am only king that thou
Shalt enter like a king
Into thy court—that we must bow,
Whichever thou dost bring.
What matter whether war or peace
Thy heralds shall proclaim—
The story of the centuries?
Is evermore the same!
Thy children years shall tell abroad,
Through all thy mighty span,
Naught but the Fatherhood of God—
The Brotherhood of Man.
—The Independent.

MISS MARIA'S MATCH.

"The more I think about it, the harder it is to do!" said Miss Maria Marvin to herself, as she stood before the old-fashioned gilt looking-glass, tying her brown bonnet-strings with a visible trembling hand. But her soul was braced and firm. "Henry Edwards has just got to be told about Marietta, and there's no one else to do it—that's all. I've tried writing it, and torn up four letters. You can't put those things down on paper—even if you're sure of your spelling, and I'm not even that. I've got to see him and tell him somehow, for if ever a girl was plowing away, that girl is Marietta Hawkins!"

Miss Maria was perhaps not exactly what one would have chosen as an ideal messenger of love. She was stout, and dark, and over fifty in the shade, and "queer," as everybody said—in which everybody was not far wrong. She was untidily good, and untidily energetic, yet she was hardly popular. Her garden brimmed with flowers, a perfect paradise of jonquils and lilies in the spring, of sweet-peas and roses and heliotrope and scented lemon verbenas in the summer, of dahlias and asters and nasturtiums in the fall; she was never done with visiting the poor. But then, as Jane Irving said (Jane always spoke her mind), "The flowers will bloom for Miss Maria, and the poor can get along with her, because flowers don't care what you do to them, and the poor can't quarrel with their benefactors to advantage. But if you're neither starving nor a flower, Miss Maria is rather too unexpected for one's peace of mind."

There is no doubt that this is the way in which Miss Maria struck many others besides the candid Jane. Her impulses, both of speech and of deed, were many, and where impulsiveness was not warning it is apt to have a surprisingly irritating quality. It had been the reason, perhaps, why so few friends had been made by the occupant of the old brown house back from the avenue, half-hidden by its masses of vines and its low-spreading maple-trees. Yet Miss Maria had friends—some of her own age and circle, who took tea with her, and she with them, round the cycle of the year; some of the poor who were incalculably grateful; some of the church people who knew her virtues (though they dreaded what she might do next in the Pastor's Aid Society); and, above all, Marietta Hawkins, the little commissioneer who lived in the back street, and went daily to the city to do the shopping whose commissions helped to fill her slender purse. Marietta could not remember when she had not known Miss Maria, and Miss Maria recollected the day when Marietta lived next door, a chubby child, the only daughter of a supposedly wealthy father, and used to run in every day for a "posy" which would have been forth-coming if it had taken the last flower out of the garden. She had seen Marietta grow up, a slender, pretty girl, with a drop of dark eyelash, and curve of mouth and crown of soft brown hair, very like the young mother, who had died of consumption; and Marietta was but three years old. Both father and neighbor were a trifle apprehensive over that likeness, and winced when thoughtless outsiders remarked that "Etta looked as if she might go as her mother did." But Marietta never went into a decline, even when her father sternly threatened with her girlish love-affair with Henry Edwards, and sent that aspiring young man to the right-about. Judge Hawkins had higher ideas for his only child than a young artist, scribbler, illustrator and so forth, whose father had made money in leather too recently for a high cultivation to pervade the family.

"Why, Etta, the judge said, sternly, "when old Edwards was building this new house of his in the next square, I met him in a book store in the city one day, and he consulted me as to the books he should buy. There's a book, Judge," he said, "I suppose I'd better get Shakespeare; they tell me he's considerable of a poet." Do you suppose I'd let my daughter lover herself to the point of marrying that man's son? It would break your mother's heart, if she were alive. Once for all, I have told that young man that his suit is preposterous. Do you understand, Etta?—preposterous!"

"Yes, father," Marietta had said, faintly. She was only nineteen, naturally obedient, and very much afraid of her father. It was Marietta's very nature to be timid. She was not at all progressive, or talented, or self-willed. She was old-fashioned, a reversion to type, a girl of very girlish pattern indeed, and she made no effort to resist the strenuous authority of her father, though she certainly often a great deal, and helped Miss Maria visit the poor. And Henry Edwards, who was a tall, fair young fellow with an eyelash, a pointed beard, and an impressionistic style, wrote a sonnet or two that nobody could exactly understand, but which breathed of bitter disappointment (Marietta cried twice as much when they appeared), and then packed his trunk and went to Paris to study art. The little house had more of him for awhile than six or seven years at least. It was perhaps five years after he left that Judge Hawkins died, and the house was sold for the mortgage, and the personal property to pay the creditors, and Marietta was left with as nearly nothing as one could have, and set to work forthwith to earn her living.

Everybody, at first, said that Marietta could not do it. But a capable friend thought of the opening for a shopper, and Marietta had a great deal of taste, and the city was only an hour away. Every day Miss Maria saw the slender figure pass her windows, and almost every evening Mari-

etta, keeping up the old custom, stopped to get her posy. Miss Maria would have taken her into the little brown house in a minute if she could; but then everybody knew the open secret of that little house—the crippled, half-idiotic brother, so long and carefully tended, who must not be disturbed by any intruding guest, and to whom, with his screaming parrot and his pile of picture-books, Miss Maria's leisure hours had been devoted her whole life. Miss Maria, however, had not done anything unlooked-for for some time. Perhaps it was because certain feelings were gathering to a head in her breast. Two things had happened that disturbed her. In the first place Marietta was looking far from well. She had been shopping steadily for a year, and had some of her black eyes had noticed signs about her that she did not like. Maybe it was the black that made the girl look still more slender; but it could not bring that hollowness in the cheek and that weariness of step. Marietta did not allow anyone to see her, but when she did come, there was sometimes a flush in her young cheek that had a hectic suggestion about it. She protested that she was well, but with a certain shrinking and embarrassment over which her old friend worried. "Sh's going into a decline, as sure as I ever saw a candle," said Miss Maria, grimly, to herself, "and she won't own how badly she feels. I don't wonder she's going that way. Everything is against her, losing her lover, and then her father, and her home, and now catching trains and hurrying about and over-working. And to see it coming, and not be able to stop it—dear me, it's a fearful thing here in Providence, and there are times, it seems to me, if I must say it, when I could give points to Providence, and that's the truth!"

All this was enough to trouble an impulsive soul. But in the second place, Henry Edwards chose this junction to come home from Paris. He dropped as if from the skies upon the astonished town, with a picturesque costume involving a soft felt hat, a pink shirt, and a wide silk sash, and with the avowed intention of returning to Europe in six weeks. At the end of six months he was still established in his father's house however, and there was no apparent reason why he had come, there seemed none, equally why he should not go. Miss Maria had been sure, at first, in her secret heart, that he had come back to marry Marietta; but if so, as she was forced to own, his discretion was remarkable. Indeed, he seldom seemed to leave that Edwards' house, and with plans began to see her in the picture, but the picture did not materialize either. He had not called upon Marietta; that much was certain. Miss Maria herself had never seen him but once since his return, and that was across the street. It was certainly very mysterious. Little by little, however, Miss Maria's mind crystallized around a logical solution. Henry Edwards had come home, expecting to leave, but had remained in spite of himself. He had shut himself up to paint a picture, but could not. He had not been to see Marietta, or made any advances, but he seemed to shrink equally from everybody else. The solution was plain—Henry Edwards was a blighted being. He loved Marietta, and could not stay away from her vicinity, but he had been crushed by the loss of his hopes—so crushed that they showed no signs of blooming again, and even his art was ruined. Yet Miss Maria knew of no repeated horticultural experience that bulbs (which, after all, were very much like hearts in their general shape) might lie chilled and dormant long, and still have within them all the potentialities of blossom. And Marietta, on her side, was drooping day by day. Were all these possibilities of mutual happiness to go relentlessly to waste because Edwards would not make any advances, and Marietta could not? Miss Maria thought over it and thought it over. One month, and nothing happened. Three, and still Henry remained secluded and Marietta pined. Five, and with plans began to see her in the picture's brain. Six—and here we are at the point where Miss Maria tied her bonnet-strings before the glass.

"I had better wait until it is quite dark," she thought, as she looked out into the winter twilight. The parrot, on his perch by the window, apparently did not agree with her, for he screamed, "Go along—quick!" He was an accomplished, though ill-tempered bird, who could say everything, and whose intelligence often seemed malign enough to give Miss Maria a start, as it did on this occasion. But the sight of Marietta going by at that moment, distracted her thoughts from herself.

"There she goes past the gate, and she walks so tired! Poor dear child! I don't want to stop for her posy, and I'm glad, because I'd forgotten all about it. She hasn't stopped in often lately, and I feel as if there was something on her mind these last few weeks, that she's afraid to have anyone see. I can guess what it is!" Miss Maria thought of all the love stories she had ever read, and fairly thrilled with emotion. She was ready, now, to hunt up a whole battalion of Henry Edwardses, if necessary—though it dawned upon her, as she went down the steps some ten minutes later, that no love story that had so far gone within her knowledge laid precedent for her present action.

"I ought to have been Henry Edwards' mother (only she's dead) or his sister (but he never had any) or his brother's wife (and John has never married) or his cousin (he must have one somewhere) or somebody in the bosom of his family," she said, desperately to herself. "I don't see this thing right. It would have been easy then to sit with him beside a dying fire!"—Miss Maria had not read novels for nothing—and led him on to speak of the ruin of his early hopes, and then reassure him, and tell him that it was Marietta loved him still, but that he could never speak until he broke the ice." Having thus begun with fire and ended with ice, Miss Maria's meditations dropped from metaphor, and took a more practical turn. "I don't see how I'm ever to be sure the servants aren't listening when he comes down," she thought. "I don't even know where the keyholes are. It gets worse the more I think of it—but it's got to be done!" Miss Maria's well-worn shoes trod firmly up the Edwardses' walk, and up to the showy facade of the large mansion, which, as its owner proudly boasted, "had seven kinds of stone in it, and everyone of 'em fetched from over a hundred miles." A faint remembrance of Judge Hawkins' severe, clear-cut face came over Miss Maria, as she rang the bell; but she put it away. "He's dead; and I'm doing it for the best—for the best, and to

make Marietta happy," she repeated inwardly. And I said to Eliza, when she told me, it was a lucky thing that Judge Hawkins was so set against Marietta's having anything to do with Henry Edwards. Maybe the judge knew more than other folks did, even then."

The old judge's face came up blindingly before Miss Maria's inward vision as the parrot drew another resounding cork, and Mrs. Joyce, rather butted at the recesses of her big gossip, took her departure. The little spinster sank back in her chair, rigid with remorse. Her match—it was indeed her match! She realized all the horrors of the case, now that it was too late. She, Miss Maria, in defiance of all propriety and in the face of Providence, had gone to Henry Edwards' house, called him out on his own door step, and sent him to Marietta. And Marietta, unknowing all this, and loving him, had accepted him—the roses showed that. They were engaged—and now Miss Maria's lips were of necessity sealed. How could she warn Marietta, when she herself had made this disastrous match? Yet how could she allow Marietta, without warning, to marry a drinking man? Visions of all the poor people who drank rushed across Miss Maria's mind—visions of *Ten Nights in a Bar Room*, which she had once read—visions of Mrs. Joyce, who had been possibly on a quarter of a million. And at the height of this inrush of horrifying thoughts, the gate clicked, and Miss Maria, benumbed with anguish, saw Marietta coming up the walk with more roses in her hands.

"I brought these to you, Miss Maria, because you've given so many posies to me," said she, with a higher flush than ever before in her cheeks, and an actual duple as she spoke—Miss Maria never noticed that duple before. Something on the girl's finger gleamed in the fire-light. It was—oh, horrors of horrors!—a diamond ring.

"Take them away!" cried Miss Maria, in a perfect wail of despair. "Don't tell me, Marietta. I can't bear it. Oh, Marietta, say you don't love him! You can't really care for him my dear. You have mistaken your feelings; it isn't really love."

"Mary drew her slight figure up until it was quite stately. Why shouldn't I love him, Miss Maria?" she said. "Why shouldn't I be Miss Maria's own daughter? And yet she still feebly bent against fate, sustained unconsciously, perhaps, by the parrot's brisk scream: "Never say that! Who-op-op!"

"Men are so different from what we think, Marietta," she exclaimed. "And your dear father wouldn't have liked it. Think of your father, Marietta. You know it would have broken his heart to have seen—"

"Oh!" cried Marietta, flushing and paling in a breath. "Why, dear Miss Maria, how could father have disliked James when he never knew him?"

"James!" cried Miss Maria, in such a tone that the parrot fairly jumped upon his perch. "James!" repeated Marietta, in surprised agitation. "James Osgood, Mrs. Osgood's nephew in the city. I—met him on the train, you know, at first. But it wasn't until lately—and I wanted you to be the first one to tell—and nobody else knows it, so you mustn't tell anyone yet," she went on, hesitating as to whether she might as well say as possible. "Are you—are you quite well, Miss Maria? You look so—"

"Thank God!" said Miss Maria, fervently. "I never felt better in my life!" She swallowed hard to keep down the hysterics. "Marietta, never tell me of that marriage, or of any other in heaven. I have had—a kind of nightmare, my dear. And now—now tell me about James!"

But, in her heart, she wondered who was ever going to explain things to Henry Edwards.—Priscilla Leonard in Harper's Bazar.

His Name was Dennis.

A Boston Geologist Chased 15-Miles by a Posse Who Thought He was Pat Crowe.

The detective posse which captured a man who it was believed was Pat Crowe, the kidnaper, near the Pine Ridge agency, on Tuesday, returned to Chadron Nev., on Wednesday, discomfited and disgusted, and as a result of the misplaced diligence of the Western officers. R. C. Dennis, of Boston, will return home with very pronounced ideas as to the life of a private citizen in the Nebraska sandhills.

Dennis went to that section of the state a few days ago for the purpose of exploring the Bad Lands and gathering fossils and Indian curios. He did not make public his presence or his business, but went out in the country by himself. He was seen around the Pine Ridge agency and his strange actions aroused the suspicion of those stationed there. The matter was reported, and the description of Dennis sent in tallied exactly with that of Crowe. Detectives at once started a posse after the man and struck a hot trail near Oelrichs, in South Dakota, just across the line.

Dennis was driving a hardy pair of buckskins. He saw the posse approaching and feared the evident intentions of his pursuers. He whipped up his team and a wild race among the sand dunes began. The geologist threw away his entire load of specimens during the flight, but was captured when his horses dropped from exhaustion after a 15-mile run. Dennis was greatly frightened, but proved his identity, and the posse returned a chagrined crowd.

J. J. CROWE FREED.

Edward A. Cudahy, Jr., failed on Wednesday to identify J. J. Crowe as one of the men who kidnapped him. Young Cudahy appeared at the Omaha jail and confronted Crowe. After looking at the suspect five minutes or more Cudahy remarked:

"I never saw that man before. He is not the one who stood guard over me, and if he had anything at all to do with the kidnaping I didn't see him."

After making this declaration the lad was taken before Chief Donahue for a private conference. The prisoner was released from custody Wednesday afternoon. He was taken before Judge Learn for a hearing, and as no charge was preferred, the court dismissed the case.

Wednesday morning, to add to the confusion of the police and the detectives, the Cudahys received another letter from the bandits threatening death to the whole family if the rewards are not withdrawn before Sunday.

They will hold Cudahy responsible for the city's reward, too. The letter was mailed at the postoffice at 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon and is printed like the others, though some letters are changed, which causes the police to suspect it was a crude imitation.

The letter read: "Cudahy, this is your last warning. We will give you until Sunday to withdraw that reward and make the city to do the same. We will not permit any fooling. We will kill the whole family if you don't comply. Remember this is our last warning. The police can't catch us. You know that we are walking the streets daily and they can't locate us. Heed this warning."

In a general way everything indicates that the letter is genuine. Mr. Cudahy said he did not know what to make of it. In the meantime his house is guarded by many detectives, and Edith Cudahy is armed with a heavy pistol every time he leaves home. Cudahy says he does not think his children will be molested and he will never withdraw the reward.

DEATH PENALTY FOR KIDNAPING.

Haunting for the crime of kidnaping is the penalty the state of Nebraska will inflict if the members of the state Legislature remain in their present temper.

Wednesday evening in the state Senate four bills bearing on kidnaping were introduced. The most strongly worded of these, introduced by Senator Bansom, of Omaha, provides first, that the penalty for plain kidnaping shall be three or seven years in the penitentiary; second, for kidnaping and extorting money a life sentence; third, for kidnaping and threatening injury to the victim, hanging.

Camp Bird Mine.

The Owner's Story of How He Discovered It. In the columns of the Colorado Springs Daily Mining Record Mr. Thomas Walsh tells how he discovered the famous Camp Bird Mine in Colorado, for which a London syndicate lately offered him \$7,000,000. The discovery made him, it might be said, a millionaire in a day, and although many stories have been printed about the affair, this is the first time that Mr. Walsh himself tells the true one.

"My attention was first called to Inogen basin by 'Andy' Richardson, who was here this afternoon." Mr. Walsh began, referring to a hardy, middle-aged gentleman who had passed in and out of the room with the freedom of the most intimate. He always addressed Mr. Walsh as "Tom."

"I had been ill with jaundice," said Mr. Walsh, "and was just able to move about when he took me at my solicitation on a tramp through the basin. Coming to what is now the site of the Camp Bird, I was struck with the condition of the country. There were piles of porphyry heaped up, by the action of an eruption that struck me, and I stopped to make an examination. 'Andy' was impatient at my delay and urged me on, but I told him that the rocks interested me, and I made an examination of them. I took several specimens and, returning to town had them assayed. These rocks ran as high as 300 ounces of gold to the ton."

"Now others have tramped over these rocks for years, but they lacked the one thing given to me by the He I had led. They lacked experience. They had not accustomed to look for values in that sort of rock. My experiences in the Black Hills, in Leadville and elsewhere in the West taught me not to look for the character of rock that was peculiar to any country but that which was peculiar to nature. The pyrite rocks which we found in the real mother of gold, and experience had taught me so. This is the true story of the discovery of the Camp Bird. It is not wholly a matter of luck."

Mr. Walsh has not visited the mine but once for two years. He trusts the management entirely to J. W. Benson, the superintendent; 'Andy' Robinson and John Ashenbrenner, who Mr. Walsh says is the greatest freighter and ore hauler in the Rocky mountains.

Bardsley Dead.

Former Treasurer of Philadelphia Victim of Heart Disease. Embellished More Than \$300,000 of City And State Funds—Paroled After Five Years' Imprisonment.

John Bardsley, former city treasurer of Philadelphia, is dead at his home there after an illness of ten days. He was stricken with heart disease, but grew better and was thought to be out of danger. A sudden relapse came Friday, resulting in his death late Saturday night.

Mr. Bardsley was born in England, Sept. 5th, 1836, and came to this country with his parents in 1842. The family settled in that city. Mr. Bardsley engaged in the manufacture of linen. For many years he was one of the most prominent and picturesque figures in municipal public affairs. He was chairman of the finance committee of councils for several terms, and earned the title of "Honest John" Bardsley and "The Watch dog of the City Treasury."

He was inducted into the office of city treasurer in 1889. In the fall of 1890 the Barling failure in London caused a run on the Keystone National bank there, in which Bardsley had on deposit both the funds of the city and State. The bank failed in 1891. The Spring Garden bank, another of Bardsley's depositories, failed soon after the failure of the Keystone and pleaded guilty to the charge of misappropriating the funds of the city and State. The amounts involved were \$39,000 of the city money and \$300,000 of state funds, in 1891 he was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in the Eastern penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$27,000. There had long been a feeling that Bardsley was more of a scapegoat than a deliberate embezzler and strong efforts were made towards securing his pardon. These were successful in 1896.

Evans Will Fight Eased in Court.

The contest over the will of Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the millionaire American dentist of Paris, has been ended by an amicable arrangement among the heirs and by a decision rendered by Surrogate Thomas, of New York on Friday.

Dr. Evans died in Paris, in 1897, leaving an estate valued at \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000. Prior to his death he executed two wills, giving to relatives small bequests, but leaving about \$2,000,000 to found a dental college and museum in Philadelphia.

Litigation ensued in Paris, in Philadelphia and in New York city. Proceedings were brought in New York in the name of Rudolph Evans, a brother; Thomas B. Enos, a nephew; J. Rowland Enos, Mrs. Juliette C. Henderson and others to prevent probate. Lawyer David Keam came into the case as representative of other heirs.

Finally a compromise was reached between the heirs and the executors whereby the heirs were to receive \$800,000, of which sum \$100,000 was handed over to Samuel B. Huey, of Philadelphia, counsel for the executors. The heirs then took steps in New York to have the contest discontinued and the will admitted to probate.

Keam, left out in the settlement, demurred, protesting to Surrogate Thomas that it would affect his rights, he having a lien on any recovery that the heirs might get.

Surrogate Thomas, in a decision handed down Friday, says that Keam must seek redress in another manner. Mr. Evans' millions can now be distributed without fear of further litigation.

Smallpox No Bar to Love.

Barbon Sanford, who has been in Cuba since he was mustered out of the army, came to Lexington, Tenn., to claim Miss Carrie Hall in matrimony, the ceremony to occur on New Year's Day at 6 p. m. The bridegroom proceeded to the county seat and secured a license, returning to find that in his absence the bride had broken out with smallpox and guards had been stationed around the house. Admission was denied him, and even the hotels refused his lodging on account of his having been with the young lady for several evenings previous.

Sanford declared he would marry her while she had smallpox and remain with her to nurse her during her illness. Securing a preacher, Rev. Demaree, and two witnesses that would go to the window, he returned to the house and was married, standing just on the inside of the house with the window open. Mrs. Sanford is doing as well as could be expected.

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