

GRACE CHAPMAN'S REQUEST.

At the time of her christening Grace Chapman's godmother gave her two silver half dollars, with the injunction to the mother that the child was to spend the money as inclination led her.

Sometimes I wonder if God sends us Angel children in disguise, Perhaps to teach us faith and lend us New incentive, to arise

Beyond these mortal ties, And bring to rich fruition Deeds of kindness, pure and wise.

This thought impressed me strangely When I heard, not long ago, Of a child's bequest and message Given her mother, left below.

Living in yon pretty cottage Nestled 'neath those grand old trees, Of a little child at even Played to peep among the leaves.

Such a dainty little darling! Sunny hair and eyes of blue; Graceful form and bonny face; With loving heart most true.

"I'm papa's pet," said little baby, "He's my willing horse to ride, At other times 'I'm mama's baby Singing praises at her side."

In summer days beneath the branches Played this child with fairy tread, Whispering softly to the flowers As she kissed each dainty head.

Then as evening bells came pealing Softly o'er the hills and moor, Finds the wee one meekly kneeling By her cot upon the floor.

Lispings, "Gentle Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy little lamb tonight, Through the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light."

Of the dear one quaintly questioned, "Papa, do you Jesus love?" And the lambkins in the shepherd Of the paradise above?"

"I love Jesus, He's my Shepherd, 'Tis His darling little lamb, Some day I will go to Him, For His faithful child I am."

Some He takes into His bosom, When the wind is cold and bleak, Draws them close, like you do, papa, When I lie against your cheek."

Thus she prattled, 'till the Shepherd Called yew Grace's papa home, Then she grieved and questioned why She was left so sad and lone.

Soon she languished, drooped and faded As rare flowers do, in the sun, Though the milestone was but seven She this earthly race had run.

She knew nothing of the goal, Nor where the gates of bliss, But gladly gave her spotless soul To the angels' wooing kiss.

Ere the soul had spread its pinions, She asked in mamma's ear, To bring her "baptize money," Given by her auntie dear.

Feebly then she placed the silver In a wrapper small and white, And sealed it, then with quivering lips And eyes most strangely bright

cheek. My little girl has a dimple in one cheek. It is the prettiest way for a little girl to have dimples, I think—just one in one cheek."

"An' 'ave you a little gurril?" asked the man, with his face turned still to the window.

"Yes. Didn't I really tell you?" said the doctor. "She is the dearest little girl in the world! There couldn't possibly be another one half so nice."

"An' what is 't'at makes her so out of the common? Sure, an' 'likely there's others as foine," remarked the man, with more interest than the doctor had expected.

"There couldn't be another so nice to me," said the doctor turning his eyes to the man. "You see her mother died when she was even a tinier baby than your little girl, and she is the only child her mother had, and I had, and she looks like her mother."

The man looked for a moment at the baby; then his face darkened and he said: "If it hadn't been for your little gurril, I suppose you—"

"Yes," the doctor interrupted, "I know what you are going to say."

He bowed his head and was silent for a few moments. Then he lifted his eyes to the man and said: "Come here and hold your little girl an' I will tell you about my sunflowers."

"Sunflowers?" "Yes; now you hold her while I tell you. Yes, that's the way to hold her. Now if you touch her cheek she will smile in her sleep and you can see her dimple. See?"

The man held the baby in an awkward bundle and fearfully touched her face. He smiled when the tiny dent came into the pink cheek.

"Is a dimple sich a nice thing for a gurril to 'ave?" he asked the doctor.

"Very nice," said the doctor gravely. "I ain't never held the baby afore," said the man. "You are the first person to notice the dimple," he continued doubtfully.

"Perhaps no one else has seen her smile," said the doctor.

"I ain't held her," the man repeated, unheeding the doctor's explanation of the general ignorance regarding the baby's dimple, "because—"

"I suppose you were afraid of dropping her," the doctor interposed. "I used to be," the man said, honestly, "it wasn't that. I didn't want to see her, because if it hadn't been for her, me woman wouldn't have died. Ain't you never felt that way?" he asked the other father with sudden curiosity.

The doctor's voice had a slight quiver in it when finally he spoke. Had he under stood less keenly the meaning of the other man's bereavement, he perhaps might not have replied.

"With the sympathy of a similar sorrow and a similar utterance, he had heard of this man's pain and grief and of his unreasoning resentment toward the child, to whose life the mother had given her own. The doctor had learned much in the three years of his little girl's life, and he had come to tell it to the other man. He found it hard to tell that he had expected, but he did not shrink.

"At first I think I did," he said, gently, "and then I saw how much your little girl's mother had left to comfort me. She had left me her own little girl. She—couldn't make up for—"

"Ah, no!" the man murmured. "She couldn't do that, but she could do a great deal," went on the doctor. "You see, she needed my care. It's the best comfort in the world really to be needed. She helped me to see how much I might do—for her and for other people. She helped me to see that I might, perhaps, make myself worth the—gift of love I had been given; and then, she is my wife's own little child—and mine," the doctor concluded more simply.

He waited for some comment, but the other man was looking into the face of his little girl. "Do you see what I mean?" the doctor asked.

"Well, I dunno, I dunno," the man said; but he wrapped the gray flannel more carefully around the baby and touched the pink cheek in which the one dimple hid. The doctor smiled; the other man was beginning to understand.

"An' what'd be her name?" he asked. "That's just what I was going to tell you," the doctor replied. "Her name is Clytie—for the maiden of olden times, who looked at the sun so often that she was called my wife Clytie because—because she was the bright glory of my life; she was truly a flower of sunlight. My mother and my sisters think Clytie a queer name for my daughter, but you see she is my one sunflower; she has made the sun shine still in my life."

ally, but she seems nicer to me than any other little girl could be."

"An' 't'at's because she's yours," said the man, indulgently. "Now, I'm thinkin' if I put this together mind'd be pretty near yours, let alone bein' a little ahead." He had forgotten that he had not wanted to see his baby, that he had refused to look at her.

The doctor remembered, and he said, soberly, "We shall see. When your girl is a little older we must bring her to see us, and then we will compare the two sunflowers."

"An' it's Clytie yours is named? Well, now mine'll be Nora. It was me woman's name, and it's what I called her."

He looked at the doctor for approval. "Yes," the doctor assented. "It means for you what Clytie means for me."

"An' would you see 't'at dimple?" said the man as the baby stirred. "I'm thinkin' in your little gurril's aint much more that 't'at."

"You shall see for yourself," said the doctor, with a smile. "I must go now and finish my calls, or I won't get home before my sunflower is in bed," he added, seeing that the other father no longer needed him.

The man laid the baby among the pillows, and he went with the doctor to the door and down the first flight of narrow stairs.

"Good day to you," he said. "Sure, an' you was kind to come—an' you knowin' how 'tis."

"I came because I do know," the young doctor said. "Good afternoon, and a good night to your sunflower." He shook the man's hand, and ran down the remaining flights of stairs.

The other man went back to the sleeping baby. He stood gazing at its tiny form. He touched its cheek, and the baby smiled and moved one hand from beneath the flannel coverings.

"Well, now, if you'd see 't'at!" he said. "Ah, the doctor was right she is me woman's own gurril, an' a fine wan, too, wid one dimple! Sure and sunflower is a good name for her. Faith, but the doctor was as good as foine—like enough foine! It was truth he said, knowin' how 'tis; but faith, he was that consoated over his own gurril! An' me own Nora—an' her only wan!"—From The Youth's Companion.

Child Dies a Prisoner in Mine Hole. Fell Into it and After Four Days is Discovered Frozen. Best Beyond Reach. Torn and Bloody Fingers Bear Testimony to the Plucky Little Fellow's Efforts to Release Himself. Body Found by His Father.

The discovery, in a mine breach near Hastings, Saturday, of the body of Charles Fetsoo, the seven-year-old son of John Fetsoo, a miner, disclosed a fate more horrible than any which could be imagined by his parents. The boy had been missing from home for four days, and the discovery of his almost nude corpse in the big hole showed that he starved and froze to death after making a most desperate attempt to escape.

His feet and fingers were worn through in an effort to pull himself up his own hair, and he had taken off all his clothes, having his undershirt and piled them up in an effort to raise himself high enough to catch the edge.

As though to make the case yet more pathetic it was the lad's father who found his stiffened body, having tracked the little fellow in the snow to the edge of the hole, which was almost obliterated by a snow drift, through which the boy might have been struggling when he plunged into the hole. The hole, which is about seven feet deep, with precipitous sides, was caused by the caving in of an old mine.

Fetsoo, by leaning over the edge, could see the body of his son, half-lying, half-sitting on the bottom of the pit, his face up-turned toward the opening of the pit and his eyes wide open. Fetsoo called frantically, but the boy neither moved nor answered, and the father feared the worst. He leaped into the hole, and clasping the body of his child in his arms, he crawled to the surface again and carried the corpse home.

PLUCKY EFFORTS TO ESCAPE. Frozen drops of blood on the torn fingers and feet showed most painfully how the child had struggled to get out. A subsequent examination of the pit showed marks on the frozen sides where the little fellow had scratched and scratched, in the hope of getting hold sufficient to pull himself out. Patrick Kelly, who passed in the vicinity of the pit two days before, saw the child's hand sticking out of the snow. He stopped and listened, but the sounds were so indistinct and broken that he concluded they were made by some children coasting on a hill not far away. That it was the desperate and dying cries of the imprisoned lad Kelly is now certain.

DIED KNEELING IN PRAYER. An examination of the pile of clothing and the shoes which Charles had made showed with what calculation the poor little fellow had set about to liberate himself. The shoes and clothing made a pile about 10 inches high. This he had placed in small niches in the side of the pit, and standing on these he had attempted to reach the edge. But even with this additional height his childish form was yet several feet below the edge. The end of the boy, judging from the face, must have been one of acute mental and physical agony. Death was due to starvation and cold.

The little fellow, at the last moment of consciousness, must have knelt in prayer, for his body was in a kneeling posture and the face turned skyward to the escape that was so temptingly near, and yet so terribly far, had upon it an expression of indescribable anguish.

No Trouble to Show Something Else. An attempt was made on last Saturday to rob the diamond store of W. F. Kirkpatrick in St. Joseph, Mo., of a pair of valuable gems. A richly dressed young man asked the proprietor to show him some of the best stones in the store, and in a very familiar way expressed his opinion of the different gems displayed before him. He appeared to be a good judge of diamonds, and as the proprietor turned his head for an instant two valuable loose stones disappeared from a paper. The discovery was instantly made by the proprietor. Very quietly he folded up the papers, leaving the one from which the stones had been stolen until last. Then saying carelessly that he had something else to show him the proprietor turned to a drawer in his desk, and producing a revolver said: "This is the gem I want you to see. Please returns these diamonds."

Washington's Illness and Death. The following circumstantial account of the last illness and death of Gen. Washington was noted by Tobias Lear, his private secretary, on the Sunday following his death, which happened on Saturday evening, Dec. 14th, 1799, between the hours of 10 and 11, and is a very rare and valuable record.

On Thursday, Dec. 12th, the general rode out to his farms about 10 o'clock and did not return home till past 3 o'clock. Soon after he went out the weather became very bad, rain, hail and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind.

When he came in he carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the post office in the evening. He franked the letters, but said the weather was too bad to send a servant up to the office that evening. I observed to him that I was afraid he had gotten wet, the snow was hanging on his hair. He came to dinner without changing his clothes.

About 2 or 3 o'clock on Saturday morning he awoke Mrs. Washington and told her he was very unwell and had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak and breathed with difficulty, and would have gotten up to call a servant, but he would not permit her lest she should take cold. As soon as the day broke the illness he was quickly as possible and went to his chamber. Mrs. Washington was then up and related to me his being taken ill about 2 or 3 o'clock, as before stated. I found him breathing with difficulty and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. I went out instantly and wrote a line to Dr. Craik, which I sent off by my servant, ordering him to get up as soon as possible and to carry him, and immediately returned to the general's chamber, where I found him in the same situation I had left him.

A mixture of molasses, vinegar and butter was prepared to try its effect in the throat, but he could not swallow a drop. Whenever he attempted it he appeared to be distressed, convulsed and was suffering with a cold, and in soon after sunrise and prepared to bleed him. When the arm was ready the general, observing that Rawlins appeared to be agitated, said, as well as he could speak "Don't be afraid," and after the incision was made he observed: "The orifice is not large enough."

However, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington, not knowing whether the illness was proper or not in the general's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him lest it should be injurious and desired me to stop it, but when I was about to untie the string the general put up his hand to prevent it, and as soon as he could speak he said: "More." Mrs. Washington, being still uneasy lest too much blood should be taken, and as she found after about half a pint was taken from him.

"Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding, and that nothing would go down the throat, I proposed bathing the throat externally with Salvalvatica, which was done, and in the operation, which was with the hand and in the gentlest manner he observed: "Tis very good, and I feel my feet were also soaked in warm water. This, however, gave no relief."

"In the meantime, before Dr. Craik arrived, Mrs. Washington requested me to send for Dr. Brown, of Port Tobacco, whom Dr. Craik had recommended to be called if any case should ever occur that was seriously alarming. I dispatched a messenger, only alarming. I dispatched a messenger, only alarming. I dispatched a messenger, only alarming."

Cyrus and Dr. Craik immediately (about 9 o'clock) Dr. Craik came in soon after, and upon examining the general he put a blister of cantharides on the throat and took some more blood from him and had some vinegar and hot water put into a tepid for the general to draw in the steam from the nozzle, which he did as well as he was able. He also ordered a sage tea and vinegar to be put for a gargle.

"The general used as often as desired, but when he held back his head to let it run down it put him into great distress and almost produced suffocation. When the mixture came out of his mouth some phlegm followed it and he would attempt to cough, which the doctor encouraged him to do as much as he could, but without effect. About 11 o'clock Dr. Dick was sent for. Dr. Craik bled the general again about this time. No effect, however, was produced by it and he continued in the same state, unable to swallow anything. Dr. Dick came in about 3 o'clock and Dr. Brown arrived soon after. Upon Dr. Dick's seeing the general and consulting a few minutes with Dr. Craik, he was bled again. The blood ran slowly and appeared very thick, but did not produce any symptoms of fainting. Dr. Brown came into the chamber room soon after, and upon feeling the general's pulse the physicians went out together. Dr. Craik soon after returned.

"The general could now swallow a little (about 4 o'clock). Calomel and tartar emetic were administered, but without any effect. About half past 4 o'clock he desired me to ask Mrs. Washington to come to his bedside, when he requested her to go down into his room and take from his desk two wills which she would find there and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them he gave her one, which, he observed, was useless, as it was superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and then took the other and put it away. After this was done I returned again to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me: "I find I am going. My breath cannot continue long. I believed from the first, at that time, that I would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers, arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about my accounts than anyone else, and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun." He asked when Mr. Lewis T. Washington would return. I told him I believed about the 20th of the month. He made no reply to it.

"The physicians again came in between 5 and 6 o'clock, and when they came to his bedside Dr. Craik asked him if he could sit up in bed. He held out his hand to me and was raised up, when he said to the physicians: "I feel myself going. You had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly. I cannot last long." They found what had been done was without effect. He laid down again and they retired, excepting Dr. Craik. He then said to him: "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed from the first attack that I would not survive it. My breath cannot last long. Do not utter a word. He retired from the bedside and sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

"About 8 o'clock the physicians again came into the room and applied blisters to his legs, but without a ray of hope. From

this time he appeared to breathe with less difficulty than he had done, but was very restless, constantly changing his position to endeavor to get ease. Laid him all in my power, and was gratified in believing he felt it, for he would look upon me with gratitude, but unable to utter a word without great distress. About 10 o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said: "I am just going. Have me decently buried and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead." I bowed assent. He looked at me again and said: "Do you understand me?" I replied, "Yes, sir." "This well," said he.

About ten minutes before he expired his breathing became much easier and he lay quietly. He withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine and he expired without a struggle or a sigh. While he was fixed in silent grief Mrs. Washington asked with a firm and collected voice: "Is he gone?" I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was.

"Tis well," said she in a plain voice, "all is now over. I have no more trials to pass through. I shall soon follow him. In a succeeding manuscript Col. Lear notes the following additional details:

"The General's servant Christopher, attended his bedside and was in the room when he was sitting up through his whole illness. About 8 o'clock in the morning the General expressed a wish to get up. His clothes were put on and he was led to a chair by the fire. He lay down again about two hours afterwards. A blister was administered to him by Dr. Craik's directions about 1 o'clock, but produced no effect. He was helped up again about 5 o'clock, and after sitting about one hour he desired to be undressed and put in bed, which was done. Between the hours of 6 and 9 o'clock he several times asked what hour it was. During his whole illness he spoke but seldom and with great difficulty, and in so low and broken a voice as at times hardly to be understood. His patience, fortitude, resignation never forsook him for a moment. In all his distress he uttered not a sigh nor a complaint, always endeavoring to take what was offered him or to do what was desired. At the time of his decease Dr. Craik and I myself were in the situation before mentioned. Christopher was standing by the bedside. Mrs. Washington was sitting near the foot of the bed. Caroline, Charlotte and some of the other servants were standing in the room near the door, Mrs. Forbes, the housekeeper, was frequently in the room in the day and evening.

"As soon as Dr. Craik could speak, after the distressful scene was closed, he desired one of the servants to ask the gentlemen below to come upstairs. When they came about the bed I kissed the cold hand, which I had till then held, laid it down, went to the fire and was for some time lost in profound grief, until aroused by Christopher, desiring me to take care of the General's keys and things which he had taken out of his pockets, and which Mrs. Washington directed him to give to me. I wrapped them up in the General's handkerchief and took them with me down stairs. About 12 o'clock the corpse was brought down and laid out in the large room. Sunday, Dec. 15th, Mrs. Washington sent for me in the morning and desired I would send up to Alexandria and have a coffin made, which I did. Dr. Dick measured the body, which was as follows: In length, 6 feet 6 1/2 inches exact; across the shoulders, 1 foot 9 inches; across the elbows, 2 feet 1 inch. After breakfast I gave Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown \$40 each, which sum Dr. Craik advised me as very proper, and they left us.

"In the diary of his faithful secretary, Col. Lear, was also found what is conceded by authorities to be the best description of Washington's funeral. The original is now in the possession of his grand-daughter, Mrs. Wilson Eyrle, of New York, and the following is the complete entry for the day of the funeral:

Wednesday, December 15th, 1799. About 11 o'clock numbers of people began to assemble to attend the funeral, which was intended to have been at 12, but as a great part of the troops expected could not get down in time, it did not take place until 3.

Eleven pieces of artillery were brought from Alexandria and a schooner belonged to Mr. Hamilton came down and lay off Mount Vernon to fire minute guns. About 3 o'clock the procession began to move. The arrangements of the procession were made by Colonels Little, Simms, Deneale and Dr. Dick. The pall-bearers were Colonels Simms, Payne, Gilpin, Ramsay and Mantele. Colonel Blackburn preceded the military. The procession moved out of the gate at the left wing of the house and proceeded in front of the lawn down to the vault on the right wing of the house. The procession was as follows:

The troops, horse and foot. Music playing a solemn dirge. The clergy. The General's horse with his saddle, holster, pistols, etc., led by his two grooms, Cyrus and Wilson, in black. The body, borne by the Free Masons and officers. Principal mourners, viz., Mrs. Stuart and Mrs. Lear, Misses Nancy and Sallie Stuart, Miss Fairfax and Miss Denon, Mr. Law and Mr. Peter, Mr. Lear and Dr. Craik, Lord Fairfax and Ferdinando Fairfax, Lodge No. 23, Corporation of Alexandria; all other persons preceded by Mr. Anderson and overseers.

When the body arrived at the vault, the Rev. Mr. Davis read the service and pronounced a short extempore speech. The Masons performed their ceremonies and the body was deposited in the vault.

"When the procession arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the banks of the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched towards the Mount and formed their lines—the clergy—the Masonic brethren and the citizens descended to the vault and the funeral service of the church was performed. The firing was repeated from the vessels in the river, and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around. Three general discharges by the infantry—the cavalry and eleven pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomac, back of the vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States and the venerable departed hero.

Washington Commanders. "Where did Washington take his first ride?" "When he took a hack at the battles. "How do we know he slept in an upright position?" "Because he could not lie." "When was he apprenticed to a blacksmith?" "When he spent a winter at Valley Forge." "Where would he always meet defeat?" "On a postage stamp—anyone could lick him." "Why was he like a piano?" "Because he was grand, upright and square."

The Boyhood of Washington. We usually think of George Washington as a general, or a President; but he was once a boy like other boys, and whether the story about the hatchet be true or not, it is certain he was once a boy, and was not born a full-grown man, nor without the traits and tendencies peculiar to boyhood. From authentic sketches of his boyhood we may have many interesting facts. His father and the when he was eleven years old. George was born down near the southern banks of the Potomac river, in a parish which had been named Washington in honor of George's great-grandfather, John Washington. Nothing remains now of the boy's birthplace; but a stone slab marks the spot, on which is inscribed:

Here On the 11th Day of February, 1732, George Washington Was Born.

This slab lies on a bed of bricks, the remains of the old chimney of the house. The "old style" of reckoning dates was still in vogue to some extent, but the new calendar of Pope Gregory had already been adopted by the English, and according to this, the date was eleven days later, or the 22nd of February.

Not long after his birth the house was burned, and the family moved to the banks of the Rappahannock river opposite Fredericksburg. This house had great outside chimneys at each end, and four rooms on a floor. This was George's childhood home. Here he attended a private school and learned to read, write and cipher.

We know of only a few stories about his boyhood. According to Souther, the following is one of them. "His father had taken a great deal of pride in his blooded horses, and his mother afterwards took great pains to keep the stock pure. She had several young horses that had not yet been broken, and one of them in particular, a sorrel, was extremely spirited. No one had been able to do anything with it, and it was pronounced thoroughly vicious, as people are apt to pronounce horses which they have not learned to master. George was determined to ride this colt, and told his companions that if they would help him catch it he would ride and tame it.

"Early in the morning they set out for the pasture, where the boys managed to surround the sorrel, and then to put a bit into his mouth. Washington sprang upon its back, the boys dropped the bridle, and away flew the angry animal. Its rider at once began to command; the horse resisted, backing about the field, rearing and plunging. The boys became thoroughly alarmed, but Washington kept his seat, never once losing his self-control or his mastery of the colt. The struggle was a sharp one, when suddenly the creature determined to rid itself of its rider, the creature leaped into the air with a tremendous bound. It was its last; the violence burst a blood vessel and the noble horse fell dead.

"Before the boys could sufficiently recover to consider how they could extricate themselves from the sorrel, they were called to breakfast; and the mistress of the house, knowing that they had been in the fields, began to ask after her stock. "Pray, young gentlemen," said she, "have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of. My favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire."

"The boys looked at one another, and no one liked to speak. Of course the mother repeated her question. "The sorrel is dead, madam," said her son; "I killed him."

"And then he told the whole story. They say that his mother flushed with anger, as her son used to, and then, like him, controlled herself, and presently said, quietly: "It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

Washington was, as may be seen from this incident, a strong and daring youth, and was generally a leader among the boys in their athletic sports.

Woman Almost Killed Saloon Keeper. The ladies of Jacksonville, Ind., recently organized a Carrie Nation club. Monday night the members decided to clean out the three saloons in the place and every hatchet, axe, club and brick in the neighborhood was quickly collected.

With Mrs. James Snyder she led this army advanced and the saloon of Aaron Grimes was taken and the mistress of the place was washed with bricks and the women rushed into the place. They demolished the mirror and emptied all the bottles upon the floor. Faucets in whiskey barrels were turned open and the liquor and wines were soon ankle deep.

Grimes choked Mrs. Snyder almost into insensibility and dragged her from the place. Her army went quickly to the rescue, however, and with clubs and bricks beat him almost to death. A large crowd soon gathered upon the scene and a free-for-all fight ensued. A man named Ryan, one of the saloon adherents, was knocked down and kicked insensible by the husband of Mrs. Snyder.

Mrs. Stephen Garrett was struck in the face by a thrown beer bottle and her head badly mashed. In the meantime the women took to their heels and left the fight between the enraged combatants. Ryan may not recover from his injuries.

Mrs. Snyder is also in a very bad condition. The saloons have closed and the citizens say if they attempt to re-open they will be dynamited.

Servant Girl Whips a Doctor. Mary Murphy Publicly Coughs a Man Standing Six Feet Four For Alleged Flirting. Dr. Warwick Cawgill, an oculist, of Paducah, Ky., was horsewhipped Saturday by Mary Murphy, a servant girl. The incident occurred in front of Dr. Cawgill's office and drew hundreds of people, who afterward followed to city court, where both the young woman and doctor were taken for trial, each having sworn out a warrant for the other.

Miss Murphy is a frail little woman of 19, while Dr. Cawgill is an athlete weighing 215 pounds and standing 6 feet 4 inches. The girl drew from under her wrap a long riding whip and began applying it. He was cut on the face and the left hand, but he seized and disarmed the girl. When seen by a reporter Miss Murphy said: "I was passing Dr. Cawgill's office this morning and he made eyes at me. He had tried to flirt with me several times and I knew it would do no good to complain to the police, so I resolved to fight my own battles. I went to his office one day last week to have a cinder removed from my eye. He tried to flirt with me then and every time I have passed him since he has been winking at me."

Dr. Cawgill would say nothing of the affair save that he was flirting with the girl. He denied also "making eyes," and

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.