A REAL ARTIST'S DAUGHTER;

-OR-

THE MIXED ROMANCE OF TWO CITY BANKERS' SPENDTHRIFT SONS.

BY J. M. MONROE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Old Beldon and old Bracken had made of the name of "Beldon & Co., bankers," a synonym of security. They had also built two magnificent fortunes, which their profligate sons occupied themselves most assiduously in spending. The old men were both dead at the time of which I write; but the 'company" was alive, and had devolved the running of the business; for the present "senior" partners were almost strangers to the office. These latter were rather inclined to be of the "fast" sort, and although their knowledge of the banking business was limited, let it be said, to their credit, that in the scientific game of billiards they were most proficient. The fair sex spoke of them in awe-stricken tones as being "very rapid," and yet, judging from the number of matrimonial traps set for them, this was not considered as a particularly derogatory characteristic. They had been classmates at college together, and their friendship had outlived their graduation days.

Jesse Beldon was the elder, yet probably had little more of that commodity called "common sense;" compared to the other, he was quiet. He was not, however, one of those young men who follow the old maxim to "think twice before you act;" he generally thought once.

Charley Bracken never thought at all. He was one of the genus "good fellow," and was well liked by all. He was generous to a fault; but there were deeper elements in his character than showed themselves on the surface. He was a true friend, but could hate as well as love. In spite of his dandyism and wild ways old, gray-haired fathers had often said: "There's some good in Charley Bracken."

The reader will pardon my introducing him (or her) into such a scene of confusion as was presented by the rooms of our friends one pleasant morning in early summer.

Beldon, who was reclining on a sofa, with a cigar in each hand, manufacturing rings of smoke with a zeal which was commendable, suspended his occupation for a moment to ask:

"Charley, do you really intend to marry that Leonard girl?"

"S'pose I'll have to," he answered, with a confessional air.

"Why?"

"Well, it has always been a kind of understood thing, you know, ever since Nellie and I first made mud pies together, that we'd be married some day; but I never regularly engaged myself till last spring."

"What did you do that for?"

"Had to—old woman inquired after my intentions—wanted to know whether I was trifling with innocent affections, and all that sort of thing. I got scared and proposed," explained Charley, punctuating his remarks with puffs of smoke. "I don't mind it much, though," he continued, "except the old woman. I'd just as lief marry a pretty girl like Nell; but I don't like to marry the whole family."

"What will become of me?" asked Beldon, rather gloomily.

"Get married yourself and settle down."

"Thank you; I do not care for any of that pie."

"Well," said Charley, as he lighted a cigar, "do what you think best; I'm not your keeper."

"The idea of marrying at 22," said Beldon; "break it off, Charley, you're not old enough."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Charley. This was the unkindest cut of all. He had been called "young." Further than his first exclamation, however, he said nothing.

Neither of the pair felt in a sufficiently good humor to carry on an animated quarrel; consequently nothing was said for some time, until Charley, who had been gazing abstractedly out of the window, became suddenly interested in something outside.

"Look here, Jesse, who is this girl?" he asked.

"Don't you know her? I thought everybody knew her."

"Why?"

"She's discussed, and sometimes praised, a good deal."

"You haven't told me who she was yet."

"Jessie Carson—artist's daughter."

"Know her?"

"Only by sight."

"How has she distinguished herself?"

Beldon punctured his lips.

"Don't ask me," he said; "other women say she's too sprightly, I believe. You ought to hear the old women talk!"

"The critical old cronies! She is the prettiest girl I ever saw," and he stroked his blonde mustache approvingly.

"She has a pretty name," admitted Beldon.

"Your name—yes. You ought to marry her!"

"Some poor goose will be tied down to the young flyaway, I suppose," said Beldon, with a sarcastic tone.

Charley Bracken was still smarting over being called "young." A sudden idea struck him. Here was his revenge: "If I have any diplomacy," he thought, "Jesse Beldon shall be that same poor goose." He said aloud: "He don't need pity."

For the next two days succeeding this conversation Mr. Charles Bracken had all the appearance of a man with an object in life. He was twice seen in an undeniable hurry. These symptoms of excitement in one of such a lazy temperament naturally excited curiosity and concern.

On the third day he entered Beldon's apartments with a bored air and said: "I can't stand this weather any longer, Jesse; let's go somewhere to rusticate!"

Bracken laughed. "I thought you had enough rustication during your college days. Where do you want to go? Boston—by water?"

"All right. How soon?"

"Boat leaves in an hour. Not much time."

We will draw the curtain on the scene which ensued. Suffice it to say that our friends reached the boat just three minutes before it started. In due course of time supper was announced, at which meal Beldon felt his arm suddenly and violently nudged.

"By Jove! look down at the other end of the table," said the nudger.

Beldon looked. Next to the captain sat Miss Carson.

"Same girl we were talking about the other day," said Beldon.

"Yes," said Bracken; "quite a coincidence."

The nudger smiled.

When, after supper, they went on deck they found Miss Carson was before them. The sun was now setting. It passed below the horizon like an immense molten ball, slowly sinking in the sea.

"Isn't it grand!" she said.

"Quite imposing," answered Charley, with cool impudence.

She turned with an air of surprise. "I beg your pardon, sir. I thought it was the captain behind me," she said with a smile, and so simply that Charley felt as he had never felt before. He retired in confusion.

"I will get an introduction," he said to himself. "I thought no woman could embarrass me; but she knocked me over with a glance. Beldon has had such little experience with women she will tangle him before we get to Boston. I know I might get caught myself if I was not already mortgaged."

In the saloon he found the captain. "Captain, you are acquainted with the young lady on deck, forward, are you not?" he asked.

"Miss Carson? Yes."

"You'd oblige me greatly by inquiring whether she will make the acquaintance of Beldon and myself."

The captain consulted the young lady. The young "lady would be most happy," and the ceremony was performed with all due decorum and formality, and as much grace as possible under the circumstances.

After the trio had conformed with the ancient and time-honored custom of stating their opinions of the weather, and the necessary and proper remarks had been made relative to the rolling of the ship—"Are you traveling alone?" asked Beldon.

"Yes. A few days ago, papa went to a quarry village in New England, called Evonville, to stay one day. After he arrived there I heard he was sick, and, as I left in two hours, I did not have time to find an escort."

"You shall have two, Miss Carson, if you will honor us," said Charley, gallantly.

"Oh, thanks! But I could not think of taking you away from your business."

"Business," Charley laughed. "That's just what we are running away from. We are on a rambling pilgrimage through New England. Why shouldn't we go to Evonville?"

"Your proffered escort, them, is thankfully accepted" she said smiling.

As the conversation drifted on, one subject suggesting another, Charley, with what he fondly imagined tact, gradually withdrew himself, and, finally, making some excuse, left them.

"I'll give them an hour, alone, to fall in love," he thought. "My plan will work well. Beldon will have a fine wife, and I—sweet revenge! He said I was a fool to engage myself; perhaps he will prove the same kind of fool!"

The saccharine nature of his revenge was not, however, reflected in his countenance. His expression was anything but sweet. When he returned he found Beldon greatly entertained by Miss Carson's bright remarks. "We thought you must have fallen overboard," she said to him.

"You appear to be in remarkably good humor about it," he laughed gaily.

"It's such a pleasant disappointment to see that my suspicions were untrue."

The effect of the bow with which he received this compliment was somewhat marred by the rolling of the ship. It was pitch dark now, only a dim light from the cabin door fell on Miss Carson's face as she talked, and showed the varied expressions of her face. For two hours Charley listened like one enchanted. When it was all over, when nature had asserted herself, he thought, "She loves him, and has a true heart. I like her. Beldon is a lucky dog!"

But when Beldon asked his opinion he said: "Deuced fine girl—brilliant, you know—all that sort of thing—give me a cigar!"

He thought his plan was working well. Perhaps it was, but Beldon did not commit himself.

On their arrival at Evonville, a pleasant little village with a well-kept hotel, they found Mr. Carson seriously ill. However, two days of his daughter's gentle treatment, brought him around and out of danger. It was arranged, on rather short notice, that the party, with the addition of one of Miss Carson's friends, who would join them in a week, should make a flying visit through New England and then to Europe, to remain until winter.

"We'll have a jolly time," Miss Carson said. She would not tell the name of the friend who was to join them. "If you know her, you like her already; if you don't, you will like her when you do," was the only answer the young men received to their repeated inquiries. On the fourth day of their stay the artist—Mr. Carson—went out to make some sketches of the beautiful scenery in the neighborhood. His daughter accompanied him with her book, but soon strayed away and was separated from her father. Our masculine friends, firmly believing that "the early worm gets caught," arose at 11 and strolled out for a smoke. Rambling aimlessly through the woods, they finally emerged through an open space and found themselves at the bottom of the quarry, and in the presence of a scene which baffled their understanding.

At one end of the quarry, which was about 200 feet long, was huddled together a crowd of workmen, pale with terror, and almost speechless; their eyes riveted in fixed intensity on the farthest wall of the immense granite basin in which they stood. Beldon had just concluded one of his funny stories, but the laugh died on his lips.

"What's the matter?" he asked hastily.

The men looked fiercely at the "city swell," whom they hated by instinct; but one of them, forgetful of small animosities, in the supreme terror of the moment snatched him by the arm. "Look!" he said, "there's the largest blast in five years—it will be off in a minute. God help the lady!"

Charley looked. In the extreme end of the quarry, on a ledge some 30 feet above the level of the quarry bed, a young lady in white was lying asleep, with a book half fallen from her hand. She had evidently come down from the road, but a few feet above, and the workmen under the ledge had not seen her. Not more than two yards beneath her the snake-like fuse, much longer than usual, to guard against danger from the large blast, trailed its length over the rocks.

He saw it all in a moment: "That Carson girl, by George!"

A bucket of drinking water stood near him. Seizing this, Charley was over the intervening space and just below the blast at the foot of the incline. The workmen—strong, rough men, who knew the terrible agency he was about to defy—thought him mad. The silence in the quarry was deathly; no one spoke; they scarcely breathed; momentarily they expected to see launched into eternity that couple—the one so unconscious of her peril, the other so fearlessly striving to save her. Only the footsteps of the climber were heard, with their ghastly echoes reflected from the granite walls. The slope near the bottom was quickly mounted, until he stood eight feet from the fuse, at the foot of a perpendicular wall. Here he paused a moment. There was no crack or crevice in the wall; the treacherous fire above could be seen slowly crawling, crawling toward the blast. A half minute more and all would be over. He was thinking how to act. A ring of smoke ascended through the air; he was only smoking his cigar; but what a shiver that other wreath sent to the heart of the strongest who watched! A moment only he paused, then placed the bucket at his feet, stood on it, and, stretching his body to its utmost, reached the top, hooked his foot in the bucket handle, and, with a strength he had never known before, drew himself and the bucket up, until he stood quietly over the burning fuse. Stooping he poured a mere cupful of water on the powder, and—it was all out! He had saved her life!

He looked for a moment at the pretty picture above him, arrayed his necktie and cuffs in a dandified way, knocked the ashes from his cigar, picked up the bucket, which was still almost full, and descended.

The workmen—God bless their honest souls!—went mad. Cheer after cheer went up, such as those old stones had never re-echoed before. The hated "city chap" of yesterday was the hero of to-day. Poor fellow! he was a martyr to their enthusiastic admiration. Finally, Jesse Beldon came to Charlie's rescue, and, when the two friends were alone together, they clasped hands as only old friends do clasp. "Charley, it was a noble act!" was all that Beldon said.

"Do-o-n-'t, Jess! You'd have done the same if you'd been in front."

They walked along together, puffing their cigars in silence.

"Don't say anything about this, Jess," said Charley, when they reached the hotel; "not to her, at any rate. I mean Miss Carson—I hate gratitude—a whole summer's fun would be spoiled."

"All right. If you don't want me to, I won't," answered Beldon, rather surprised.

"Thank you, Jess," said Charley heartily.

When the young men had left, the quarrymen, looking for Miss Carson, saw she was gone. That young lady had been awakened by the shouting, and, not knowing but that they were making fun of her—and suddenly remembering that she was in a position which some of her back-biting friends, who like to criticise her actions, would style unladylike, quickly made her way back as she had come.

Beldon kept his promise. The week slipped by, and Miss Carson never knew how near death she had been, nor how bravely she had been rescued.

On the evening before leaving for abroad; Charley found himself sitting alone with her on the hotel porch. The lady who was to join the party was momentarily expected. He felt slightly nervous, almost bashful. He had lost a good deal of his confidence in himself since he met this "flyaway girl." He could not flirt with her.

She started the conversation: "Your curiosity about our future companion will soon be satisfied, Mr. Bracken."

"Can't you tell me, so that I may be prepared?" he asked. Before she had time to answer, however, a sudden thought struck him. "Oh! of course, I know what it is," he said, "how stupid not to have guessed it before! Your mother, of course; I will expect in a minute to see—" But he stopped; something in her face made him do so.

"My mother is dead," she said, in a low voice.

"Oh! excuse my carelessness," Charley said, hastily.

An awkward silence ensued. He felt extremely uncomfortable. Miss Carson's last speech was in such a changed tone as to make him feel very uneasy.

"I was but 2 years old when she died; so I remember very little of her—only that once I was taken into her room—she was lying in bed, and papa stood beside her, crying; she kissed me a great many times, and said: "Take care of my child, Ben, and then, I thought, went to sleep; I did not know what death was."

Charley gaid nothing. He did not know what to say. There was something in his throat that he could not cough up.

"I often wish I had a mother," she went on. "I might be a more useful girl; but papa is always very kind. He thinks I look like mamma, and, till he came here, we have never been separated more than one day. He has been my only school teacher." She paused again, and then returned to the old gay style: "How I am boring you!" she said.

"No, indeed, please go on! I am very much interested," said Charley.

"Hush!" said she. "Listen!"

In the next room the shrill noise of a qurryman's child was relating what had happened at the quarry. Not a detail was admitted, not a syllable was lost to the couple on the porch.

When the story was told she turned to him half crying, half laughing, and held out her hand. He took it.

"Is it true, Charley?" she asked. She had never called him Charley before.

"Yes, I——"

"You need not make any excuses, I know how bravely you did it. I don't know how to thank you."

She stopped. He was holding her hand very tightly, and the hand, she knew, was throbbing as if there was a steam engine in it. She tried to release it, but he held it tighter still.

"You have my hand, Mr. Bracken," she said, looking him in the face. What she saw there made her look more quickly to the floor.

"You have my heart, Jessie," he said, with an earnestness that made her heart throb till she was well nigh choked. The "flyaway" girl was very bashful now. She was trembling all over. But she did not try to take her hand away. Ah! that little hand; it was his hand now, and her heart was with it. They were happy—indescribably and supremely happy.

All human joys are fleeting. They were reminded of this fact by hearing the latch of the gate lifted. Messrs. Beldon and Carson entered, accompanied by a very pretty young lady. Charley's hair stood on end.

It was Nellie Leonard.

When Jessie Carson was about to introduce them, Nellie remarked that she thought "Charley and I do not need an introduction," and Charley was sufficiently recovered to stammer with something about having "met the that lady before."

During the rest of the evening he sat in a corner and confined his conversation to monosyllables. He was thinking. At night, he told Beldon all.

"Go to sleep, Charley," said that individual, "put your trust in Beldon, and he will fetch you through."

Comforted by this assurance, he resigned himself to the denizens of dreamland without further remark.

When he arose at noon the following day, he found that Bracken and Nellie Leonard had taken a walk together, as had also Mr. Carson and his daughter. Charley succeeded in finding the latter couple. Jessie had informed her father of what had happened, and her father had finally consented to their marriage. Consequently, a few minutes afterward, when they met the other couple in the woods, she said:

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Charles Bracken in a new character, as my future lord and master."

"And allow me to introduce the future Mrs. Beldon," said the gentleman of that name, presenting Miss Nellie Leonard.

As soon as he recovered from his amazement, Charley advanced and held his hand out to Nellie. "We were both untrue as lovers," he said, "but as friends we will be the opposite."

"And the trip to Europe?" said the artist.

"We'll put that off a year."

"Are you not anxious to admire the works of art there?"

"I prefer nature," Charley said, significantly, taking Jessie's hand again.

PITTSBURG, November 27, 1889.

A REPUBLICAN PLAN

To Break the Deadlock Existing in the Montana Legislature—The Lieutenant Governor Will Take a Decided Part.

HELENA, MONT., November 28.—Republican leaders yesterday were in consultation with several eminent lawyers, and believe they have found a way to extricate themselves from the muddle in which they will find themselves. It is stated that Governor Toole was not legally empowered to name a place in which the Legislature should assemble; that the only State officer who possesses such authority is State Auditor Kenney, and that that official personally notified the members of the House to meet at another place than that selected by Governor Toole. When only Republicans responded he, as authorized by the constitution, called the roll and declared the House assembled and ready for business.

In a lengthy legal opinion the Republicans of the Senate are advised to wait no longer for the recalcitrant Democratic members, but go ahead with their business. The Lieutenant Governor, the lawyers say, in their opinion must, as the presiding officer, assume the responsibility of casting the deciding vote that is necessary to constitute a quorum.

Lieutenant Governor Richards said last night that he believed the suggestion outlined in the opinion is the only solution of the difficulty, and unless the Democrats awaken to their duties he will break the deadlock.

The Republicans are also considering the impeachment of Governor Toole, on the ground that without a shadow of authority he hired a hall, caused locks to be placed on all the doors, and placed guards for the purpose of keeping out the contesting Republicans from Silver Bow, knowing that without these members the Democrats could do as they pleased.

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THE GRIND RESUMED.

Business in Full Swing This Morning as if Nothing Had Happened.

WHY MANY PEOPLE GAVE THANKS.

Real Estate Should be Very Carefully Handled to Avoid Inflation.

LARGE PROFITS OF COTTON FACTORIES

It is presumed that about 60,000,000 people—citizens of the great Republic—gave thanks in some way yesterday for the manifold blessings and mercies which the Good Father had showered upon them during the year of which Thanksgiving Day was the fitting close. No nation enjoys the bounties of Heaven in a degree equal to this. It has neither war, pestilence nor famine. Business of all kinds is prosperous. Peace and plenty prevails throughout the land. It is meet to be thankful for these things.

Business will be resumed this morning. Brokers will assemble at the Exchange to watch the tendencies of stocks and oil; financiers will gather at the banks to discuss the money problem, and real estate dealers will resume the struggle with obdurate customers, to induce them to buy or sell, and by way of diversion, listen to many a harrowing tale told by dissatisfied tenants. All of these great interests, dormant for a day, will be in full operation this morning.

* * *

Although THE DISPATCH has on many occasions pointed out the danger of an inflation of real estate values, the warning cannot be too often repeated. It would destroy the market, by causing buyers to withdraw. They can stand the advance that must necessarily take place as a consequence of the expansion of business and population, for they reap their proportion of the benefits of it, but to reverse the conditions and make enhancement precede expansion would impose a burden upon them which they could not well carry.

The strong and healthy demand is a guarantee against reaction. The only thing to guard against is inflation.

* * *

A bond specialist says: "The investment market paper is dull. The high rates obtainable for money naturally cause some selling of high-grade bonds. The demand for such securities is scattering, and seems to proceed from private investors. The inquiry of this character appears to be increasing, and the appearance of freer offerings of desirable securities is not attended by any concession as to prices.

* * *

Many of the cotton-manufacturing corporations located at Fall River have held their annual meetings within the past few weeks and the reports of operations submitted make a very gratifying exhibit for the stockholders. Fifteen establishments, representing $9,310,000, have in the aggregate earned $1,867,792 net during the year. The earnings by the Granite Mills—the corporations recording the heaviest ratio to capital invested—have been 37⅝ per cent, and the Union Mills have earned 33⅝ per cent. Six other mills exhibit profits ranging from 20 to 25 per cent, and the average amount earned by the 15 corporations reaches 20 per cent.

This is certainly a very satisfactory result Yet even the above does not represent fully how profitable the manufacture of cotton goods has been in Fall River during the year now drawing to a close, for in almost every factory improvements have been made and depreciation in existing plant allowed for, all of which has been deducted from earnings, and the above net is the year's result after such reduction.

* * *

General trade continues large and active, though in a few special lines the tone appears to be somewhat quieter. The iron and steel industry is not one of these, for the reports all agree in saying that the greatest activity prevails and that prices are firm and further advancing. The Western markets are specially excited, and it is there that the tone is strongest. It seems strange that with nearly all other industries in such a state of animation the anthracite coal trade should still form an exception to the rule. But such is the fact.

Of course, the mild weather experienced all through the year, as compared with very severe weather in 1888, accounts for this condition of things. Still, even with this drawback continued, it hardly appears possible that the great industrial activity prevailing should not soon produce a change for the better.

* * *

Nathaniel S. Jones, a prominent stock broker of New York, says the speculation is too limited to induce outsiders to take any interest in it, and adds: "I do not believe there is any excessive short interest in any particular speculty. Stocks may go up a point or down a point; that is about all there is in the market at present."

* * *

A London letter says: We are again threatened with a dock dispute. Many of the vessels that come into the Thames are unable to come up to London to unload. They, therefore, trans-ship their cargoes to barges, which are navigated by lightermen, and by them brought up to the wharves and warehouses. The lightermen are constituted by act of Parliament a close corporation, and in fact enjoy a monopoly. When the dock hands struck the lightermen also struck out of sympathy, but while the dispute continued they put forward claims on their own behalf.

"Finally it was decided that the questions at issue between the men and their employers should be referred to Lord Brassey as arbitrator. He has awarded an increase of pay, but he has remained silent on the question whether one job is to constitute a night's work. The men insist that it must; the employers maintain that it is impossible. The Lord Mayor and Cardinal Manning have been requested to use their good offices, and they, in a letter to the employers and workmen, have declared in favor of the men's demand, and urged a conciliatory policy upon the employers."

* * *

An oil specialist says: "True it is that very little outside trading is indulged in and even to the professional trader the market, as at present constituted, is devoid of interest. But on the other hand it must be borne in mind that in the absence of speculative interest the market has held steadily about the point of $1 10 until within a day or two—held there by the undoubtedly strong statistical conditions which have gradually forced up values from the nineties of the summer months to the present elevated figures. And the market is fitted with a ratchet attachment apparently which prevents any slipping back beyond a certain point.

"The question is still open as to what will be done in a few months when the visible supply of petroleum will be nil, for in less than a year at the present rate of consumption the pipe line companies will be drained of their entire stocks. It will take a phenomenal field to prevent a petroleum famine, and this field has been feverishly sought after, but all efforts have failed to develop anything like staying territory."

SNEERS AT THEIR OWN FLAG.

How Public Feeling is Running Toward the Independence of Canada.

OTTAWA, November 28.—An idea of how strongly public feeling is running in the direction of Canadian independence in the maritime Provinces of the Dominion may be gathered from the following criticism of the *Eastern Chronicle*. An influential newspaper published an item on the proposal to hoist the Canadian flag on the public buildings in Canada. The *Chronicle* says:

What good is the Canadian flag? It is not recognized by any nation on the earth. It has no place among the flags of the nations of the world, and would be no more protection to a man than one of printed cotton. Why, then, should our children be taught to place confidence in a flag that can give them no protection when they leave their homes? If Canada is ambitious of having a flag worth a baubee let her strike out for herself among the nations of the world. Until she has the courage to do so, for goodness' sake let up on the flag business.

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COULDN'T CATCH CLAUS.

The Sugar Trust Finds It Impossible to Corner Its Greatest Rival—Mr. Spreckels Sleeping With One Eye Always Open—Why He's Satisfied.

PHILADELPHIA, November 28.—A rumor was current here yesterday that the Sugar Trust had purchased all the domestic molasses sugar in the country, amounting to about 8,000 tons, and that Claus Spreckels was in a bad way. At the office of Harrison, Frasier & Co. and E. C. Knight & Co., the proprietors of the Philadelphia refineries outside of the trust, it was stated that the trust had been buying sugar recently and that an attempt had been made to corner Claus Spreckels. A member of the firm of E. C. Knight & Co. said that he did not know whether this attempt would prove successful.

The rumor attracted considerable attention, and was excitedly discussed in sugar circles. Several of the leading wholesale grocers stated that the trust was in a very strong position, and that it had recently been hoarding its resources, probably with a view to resorting to a master stroke to hurt Spreckels. It was thought that this stroke was the purchase of all the domestic molasses sugar.

Mr. Spreckels was found at his office at Water and Chestnut streets. He had spent the entire morning at the refinery at the foot of Reed street. He said: "Yes, I believe it is quite true that all the domestic molasses sugar has been purchased by the trust. I heard so yesterday. The trust thought they had me cornered—that I was purchasing no other grades of sugar—but they are mistaken. I have purchased domestic molasses sugar and will commence operations with that grade, and I had contracted for as much as I needed before the trust began the purchase. Not only did I have as much domestic molasses sugar as I required, but I was able to accommodate the Sugar Trust and let them have 2,000 tons that had been secured by me. My name does not figure in the transaction, and this will doubtless be news to the trust, and you may be sure that they had to pay a good deal more for it than the figures at which I had secured it. The price paid by the trust for this sugar was far above the market value, and I shall be satisfied if they continue purchasing in the same proportion.

"I have made my engagements for sugar purchases a long way ahead, and when I have any surplus I shall always be glad to accommodate the trust; but they need not imagine that I shall do it for nothing, or that I am asleep. The difference between what I had paid for my portion of this molasses sugar and what the trust paid for it was $20,000."

The Spreckels refinery will be started tomorrow. Mr. Spreckels announced today that there was no need for further delay.

THE GREAT SWINDLE.

Many Persons Said to be Implicated in the Fraudulent Land Transactions—The Record of Frederiksen While in Europe.

CHICAGO, November 28.—Speaking of the Frederiksen land swindle, M. McMurtrie, of the Western Land Company, said to a reporter:

Frederiksen went into the business a poor man. All the money he has made went to others. Those who got all the profits and never lost a cent through him are now posing as victims. They were behind Frederiksen, furnished the capital, knew all about the business and reaped the benefits. Frederiksen did an immense business. In one year he sold between 90,000 and 100,000 acres at $9 per acre that he had bought for $5. At the end of my first month's connection with Frederiksen I told him I did not like his business methods, and would stay no longer. But I had got Johnson, of Milwaukee, a nephew of Alexander Mitchell, involved to a large amount, and had to stay two years to get him out, which I did. I insisted that where Frederiksen sold any of the lands to which Johnson held the original title it should only be as attorney for Johnson. Hence those who bought the Johnson lands from Frederiksen have a good title. Johnson charged Frederiksen only 7 per cent interest, while others charged 25 per cent bonus and an interest in the profits besides.

A dispatch from Madison, Wis., says: Professor N. C. Frederiksen, of Chicago, whose gigantic and peculiar operations in land deals are attracting much attention, made headquarters here for several years after first coming to America. Professor Rasmus B. Anderson, United States Minister to Denmark under Cleveland, was intimately acquainted with Frederiksen here and prior to his flight from Europe.

"It is a long story," said Mr. Anderson, when called upon by a correspondent. "I was well acquainted with his history in Denmark and when he came to this country he immediately looked me up. He was in the most prominent political and social circles of the Danish capital, a brilliant scholar, author of several important works on political economy, and was, I think, a member of the Danish Parliament for about 16 years. His wife is the daughter of Bishop Monrad, formerly Prime Minister of Denmark, and the connections of her family placed them among the social and political leaders of the Kingdom. He was largely interested in business enterprises in Denmark, and ended in a gigantic smashup similar, in some respects, to that he is at present mixed up in, although I do not think there was anything criminal connected with the former. He fled the country, but could have returned at any time had he seen fit."

Prof. Anderson says that he entertained suspicions as to the legitimacy of Frederiksen's business as much as a year ago, and was told in Denmark to look out for him as the reports from America regarding him were bad.

BOYS SHOULDN'T SMOKE CIGARETTES

A Warning to Youngsters Who Will Indulge in a Bad Habit.

PHILADELPHIA, November 28.—Youthful cigarette smokers have a warning in the experience of Christopher Kleinz, the 14-year-old son of J. F. Kleinz, a well-known sporting man of this city. Young Christopher is in the habit of consuming large numbers of cigarettes, and he inhaled so much nicotine that he was taken last Saturday morning with dizziness and spasms and soon commenced to swell to vast proportions. His arms and legs grew to twice their usual size and his eyes were almost hidden under his swollen cheeks. In places the flesh turned black and blue, and great blisters broke out on all parts of his body. For a time his life was in danger, Dr. Kobler, after considerable hard work, succeeded in getting him down to something like his natural size, and to-day he was considered out of danger.

A telegram from Reading says: William Lott, a cigar dealer, was arrested here yesterday on the charge of selling cigarettes to school boys 8 and 9 years old. About 15 other dealers will be arrested. This action is being taken in accordance with the instructions of the School Board, which authorized the prosecution of all dealers who sold cigarettes to school children.

LOWEST FOR A LONG TIME.

Not Since the War was Lancaster's Tax Rate so Reasonable.

LANCASTER, PA., November 28.—The County Commissioners have fixed the county tax rate for 1890 at 2 mills, and in addition called in $50,000 of the outstanding county bonds. The tax rate at 2 mills is the lowest since the war. The usual rate has been 3 mills, and for a few years it was 2½ mills. By the payment of $50,000 the county debt will be reduced to $150,000. The valuation of property taxable for county purposes for 1890 is $84,000,000, against $86,500,000 in 1888, which makes a reduction in the tax rate under such circumstances an unusual occurrence.

The current expenses of the county have been cut down $50,000 a year by the present Board of Commissioners.

THEY WENT BY TONS.

Turkeys Continued to Sell Right up to Noon on Thanksgiving.

TWO THOUSAND IN A SINGLE SALE,

And Many More Might Have Found a Market at High Prices.

CHEAPER POULTRY AND LIVE STOCK.

OFFICE OF PITTSBURG DISPATCH, THURSDAY, November 28, 1889.

Produce commission merchants kept open until noon to-day to close out perishable stock, chiefly poultry. Choice turkeys went off like hot cakes yesterday, and many more than were on the market would have found ready sale. Wholesalers report their sales by tons and carloads, and can give no estimate of numbers. A number of Liberty street commission men report sales of one or two carloads of turkeys. Two firms furnished over 2,000 turkeys to the Westinghouse establishments for employes. Supplies were not so large as last Thanksgiving and prices were fully 3c per pound higher than a year ago.

Mostly Grown at a Distance.

The crop of nearby turkeys has not been so light for many years, and our main dependence for supplies this season is on the West. While the supply of choice turkeys this week has been short of demand, other poultry and game have been in excess of demand. Chickens have been a drug on the market, and many dealers find themselves with large quantities on hand after Thanksgiving supplies are filled. The price at which dressed chickens were sold by jobbers yesterday was 9@10c per pound.

Prospects are fair for cheap poultry other than turkey for the balance of this week.

Liberty Live Stock.

The marked feature of the live stock trade for the week past has been the sharp decline in hogs. The best selected hogs are selling at $3 75, and the feeling among dealers is that bottom has not yet been reached. Packers claim that $3 50 is the proper figure, and predict that prices will find this level before the downward drift comes to a standstill. There has been a scarcity of smooth, well-fatted light butcher cattle for some weeks at the Liberty yards, and this grade only holds its own.

Prime heavy cattle and low grade stock are weak at a decline of 5c to 10c from last week's prices.

The run of sheep, as will be seen by accompanying report, was light, and choice stock is 20 to 25c higher than a week ago. Markets in all staple meat lines are slow for the week, as is always the case in Thanksgiving times. Turkeys have the field this week above all other weeks in the year, and beef, pork and mutton are forced to take a back seat.

The Week at Liberty.

Following is a report of the week's transactions at the East Liberty yards:

RECEIPTS.

	CATTLE. Thro'.	CATTLE. Local.	HOGS.	SHEEP
Thursday	780	...	4,275	1,670
Friday	720	25	5,525	550
Saturday	760	250	2,275	1,440
Sunday	600	1,030	7,500	1,490
Monday	80	730	7,425	1,210
Tuesday	...	110	5,375	1,540
Wednesday	340	10	975	1,430
Total	3,260	2,150	32,750	9,570
Last week	4,100	1,910	31,375	11,600
Previous week	2,690	2,200	34,875	10,450

SALES.

Thursday	....	4	4,013	606
Friday	....	11	3,814	463
Saturday	....	...	2,457	430
Monday	....	1,916	6,481	2,743
Tuesday	....	275	3,293	1,199
Wednesday	....	7	2,720	566
Total	....	2,216	23,818	5,974
Last week	....	1,309	19,411	6,741
Previous week	....	2,242	18,030	6,266

CONSERVATISM OF CATS.

Some of the Many Points of Difference Between Them and Dogs.

London Saturday Review.

Cats are being exhibited at the Crystal Palace. It is not an emotional show. Mr. Max Muller tells a pretty anecdote of how his dachshund recognized him afar off at one of the canine exhibitions, and did his best to make up for the want of articulate language by affectionate demonstrations. Cats are noble animals, but not demonstrative. In an effusive age the cat remains calm, dignified, impassive, the Red Indian of the animal creation. The cat is not like the dog; it is melancholy to think what man has made of him and what he has made of man. Every vice of the age reflects itself in the modern dog. He is self-conscious, affected, communicative, gushing, the victim of ennui; he thirsts for excitement, for society, for public notice. From room to room he speeds, looking for that in which he finds most society and is most brought forward. He is vain of his accomplishments, and delights in begging, in refusing or accepting, bits of cake "from Mr. Gladstone," in "giving three cheers for the Queen," in saying "William." Mr. Romanes mentions a dog in Dumfries who could say "William." Nobody ever heard of a cat who attempted anything of that sort.

In contrast with the demonstrative philanthropy of the day consider the example of the cat. The cat has retenue. He has his hours of sportiveness, as Montague observed; "thus freely speaketh Montague about cats," says Izaak Walton. He will not disturb himself at any other moments for anybody. The blandishments of strangers he neither shuns nor seeks—he endures them. He is never bored with his own company. Of all animals he alone attains to the contemplative life. There is no pretense of sympathy about the cat. He lives "alone, aloft, sublime," in a wise passiveness. If you tread on a dog's tail by accident, he utters "the lyric cry," and then dissolves in the elegies of apology. The cat suffers and is silent, or firmly applies his claws without remark. He is excessively proud; and, when he is made the subject of conversation, will cast one glance of scorn and leave the room in which personalities are bandied. He disdains accomplishments, and it is a fact that cats are losing the art of purring. All expressions of emotion he scouts as frivolous and insincere, except, indeed, in the ambrosial night; when, free from the society of maukind, he pours forth his soul in strains of unpremeditated art.

SOME SERIOUS OBJECTIONS

Found by the State Flood Commission to a Scheme of Another Commission.

PHILADELPHIA, November 28.—The reported intention of the members of the Williamsport Flood Relief Commission to compensate themselves for their work of distributing the funds intrusted to them does not meet with the approval of the State Flood Commission. Williamsport received $100,000 from the commission, in addition to quite a sum from Governor Beaver and big contributions of money, provisions and supplies from other sources.

The local committee has $15,000 on hand, and it is out of this amount that the members are said to contemplate reimbursing themselves for their labors.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

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WANTS HIS CHILDREN.

The Peculiar Entanglement of Affairs in Which a Son of Bret Harte is Directly Interested—Two Unhappy Households on Thanksgiving Day.

NEW YORK, November 28.—Up in West Eighty-fourth street, a block from the park, lives a handsome blonde woman, and yesterday she had with her to spend Thanksgiving her two sunny-haired little boys. It was not a very happy holiday, however, with the occupants of the second flat in the big new apartment house, No. 25 West Eighty-fourth street. The filing of certain legal papers in court yesterday has brought gloom to that little household, and the handsome mother of the two pretty boys views with dismay the emblazonment of the peculiar life she is leading.

Mrs. Aline B. Smith, wife of J. Jay Smith, is the woman, and Francis K. Harte, son of Bret Harte, is the man whose Thanksgiving eve was made miserable by the proceedings in court yesterday, which revealed a condition of domestic entanglement not extraordinary by any means, but in some respects unusual. The peculiar aspect of the case is that while J. Jay Smith, the husband, charges his wife with living with another man and bearing that other man's name, he does not want a divorce, and is willing for her to continue as his wife in the eyes of the law, if she will only allow him to have the control of their children. She does not want to have anything to do with him, and is content to live as she is with a morganatic relationship to young Harte, and she proposes to keep her children, too.

"Joe" Smith married Aline Bouton in this city February 25, 1876. He was a dapper young man, with a slight, under-sized figure, and she was a medium-sized, handsome girl, with a neat, well-rounded figure, silky yellow hair and big light blue eyes, fringed with delicately arched brows and dark lashes. As time wore on two children were born to them—Bouton, named after her father, a saddlery merchant here, and Spencer C. They are now respectively 8 and 6 years old.

Mr. Smith is still as neat as a new pin, but his trim little figure has lost its grace of movement, as he is partially paralyzed in his lower limbs. She is as handsome as ever, with an oval face of good complexion and a smile as bewitching as it ever was, even before marital troubles, quarrels and family fights cast any shadows upon the horizon of their domesticity. These quarrels became so frequent and bitter that at last the couple agreed to separate, and on November 12, 1888, they signed an agreement in the law office of Mr. W. H. Boughton. This agreement, however, was to be only temporary, and the separation