

CUPID'S LONG SHOT.

HE GOT A 'YES,' TOO, OVER EIGHT HUNDRED MILES OF WIRE.

How George Gaston in Indianapolis Made Love to Miss Bishop on Long Island. Married Last Week at Pelham Manor.

A man deserves to win a wife who has the nerve to call up a girl 800 miles away over the telephone and ask her to marry him. That is the way Miss Ethel Mary Bishop, the only daughter of the Hon. James Draper Bishop of London, became engaged to George B. Gaston of Indianapolis. They were married the other night at the residence of Ezra T. Gilliland at Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Mr. Gaston is the son of a retired physician and is the secretary and treasurer of the Indianapolis Transfer Company. For several years he was associated in the electrical business with Thomas A. Edison and Mr. Gilliland. All of Mr. Gaston's friends had settled in their own minds that he would die a bachelor. His business frequently called him to New York. While in town he spent much of his time with Mr. Gilliland. Every time he went to New York Mr. Gilliland invited Gaston to make his home at Pelham Manor. Gaston invariably refused, saying that the Gilliland home was always filled with guests and that he hadn't time to play the agreeable to a lot of women. Then the man from Indianapolis would picture to his old friend what large times the two might have if Gilliland would only marry with Gaston in town.

Break away, old man," he would say, "I'll have some fun that day." "To be called fun. I can't see anything in talking one's self black in the face to a houseful of women."

One day last February Gaston arrived in New York on one of his business trips. His two sisters had been visiting him, and Miss Gilliland for several weeks, and in their letters home they had frequently mentioned Miss Ethel Bishop, a very charming English girl, who was making her home at the Gillilands. From those letters Gaston had learned that Miss Bishop had been born in England while her father was secretary in the English government there as consul. As a child she had lived in Africa, her father having been transferred to one of the South African states. Later she had been sent to a convent in Paris, whence she went to Heidelberg, and there she took a degree in music. Then she went to London to continue her studies in music and the classics. In fact, Gaston heard so much about Miss Bishop that, when he reached New York and Mr. Gilliland extended to him the usual invitation to visit Pelham Manor, the Indianapolis man said emphatically, "Not much."

Finally, on St. Valentine's day, the day before he was to return home, Gaston consented to go out to Pelham Manor for a few hours, just to see his sisters. He went and said two weeks. He was done for, but he could not bring himself to the point of a proposal. As "himself" said:

"I can't pretty close to it several times when I got just to the point I got scared. I felt as if it would be a sort of sacrifice that I mustn't be guilty of. I tell you, I never thought a woman could bluff me out, and so I went home. When he returned to Indianapolis, he wasn't able to do much business. All he could think about was the English girl on the shore of Long Island sound. Two weeks went by and one morning while he was sitting in his office a letter came from one of his sisters. It was largely filled with a description of a girl who had danced a few nights before, and told how all the men had simply gone deaf about Miss Bishop. Gaston thought for a moment, and then rushed to the telephone, looked up the number of Gilliland's house telephone in the long distance telephone book, and asked to be connected. Pretty soon he heard a feminine voice at the other end of the line call, "Hello!"

"Hello! Who is that?" answered Gaston. "Who? Oh, Miss Bishop? Well, this is Mr. Gaston, Miss Bishop. Where am I? In Indianapolis. Yes, in Indianapolis. I thought I'd call you up to see how my sisters are. You'll call one of them and let her speak for herself? Oh, never mind, I said 'never mind.' N-e-v-e-r mind. No, not mine; mind—m-i-n-d. Hello! How are you? Just going to the city? Theater party to-night? Oh, not going in till the 4 o'clock train? Wish I were going with you. I didn't wish I were going with you. I don't know whether my sisters would like to have me or not. I just wanted to go with you. Don't be foolish! Hello! What did you say? Hello! Hello! Say, central! Don't cut me off! I'm not through talking yet. Gene at the other end? W? ring my again."

As Mr. Gaston said, he was bound to say something that or die in the attempt. After waiting some time, he got the Gilliland house again and began talking with Miss Bishop.

"I beat about the bush for a long time," he said, "and then I came out with the question. She evidently could not understand me, for this was the answer I got:

"Come a little nearer, Mr. Gaston. I can't hear you."

"Then I moved about one inch nearer to her (that 800 miles) and asked the question over again. This time it was perfectly understood. I was told that I might not be sure of myself, that I had better wait for a while, and some more things like that. I said I had lived to be 35 years old, and I guessed I knew my own mind. Finally I was told that she would give me an answer when she called me up in two weeks."

That was on Feb. 28. Two weeks after that Miss Bishop was in Brooklyn one day and stepped into the office of Mr. Gilliland. She called up Mr. Gaston.

"Hello! Is that you, Mr. Gaston? This is Miss Bishop. Know the voice, did you? Your memory for sound is excellent. I wonder if it is as good for other things. One other thing? What's

that? Oh, my answer? Was I to give you an answer about anything? Hello! What's that? I know very well I was. Yes, I guess I do. Two weeks have seemed like two years. You say that very nicely—over the telephone. Well, are you sure you knew what you were talking about? Positive? And you don't think you'll regret it some time? Sure? Well, then, if you want yes, here it is. What's that? Hello! What did you say? Oh! Well, you can't have that over the telephone. You must come for that yourself. Good-by, George."

It wasn't long before he went for what he couldn't get over the telephone, and the arrangements for the wedding were made. Mrs. Gaston is an unusually good looking woman, perhaps 32 years old. She has dark hair, large dark eyes and a graceful figure. She has a musical voice and speaks with a decided English accent. Speaking of her engagement, she said:

"I have traveled over a good bit of the world and heard of plenty of romances, but I never dreamed that I should come to America to get engaged by telephone. And I shouldn't if George hadn't been such a dear fellow, with such an awful lot of cheek at long distance."—New York Sun.

HIT ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

General Miles Tells of the Sensations Produced by Gunshot Wounds.

"You have been wounded several times, general. How does it feel to be shot?"

"That depends upon where the ball strikes you," replied General Miles. "If it passes through the fleshy part of the body without hitting the bone, it is a half mile away before you realize that you are shot. If it meets with resistance, however, you get the full force of the bullet, and it strikes you like a sledge hammer. I was shot in the neck. The ball cut along the side of my throat, under my ear and passed on. At Chambersville a ball struck my waist belt plate, and then, deflecting, went into the body. The blow paralyzed me. I could not move for weeks from my waist down, and every one thought I would die. I was taken home to Massachusetts, and after a few days I surprised the doctors by moving my right foot. They took this for a sign that the ball was in the opposite side of the body and probed for it, laying the bone of my hip bare. They found the bone broken and took out nine pieces, leaving one, which they failed to find. They found the bullet several inches farther down than these pieces of broken bone."

"At another time I was wounded in the shoulder by the half of a bullet. I was holding my sword up to my shoulder when the bullet struck the edge of the blade and was cut in two, one half of the bullet flying on and the other going into my shoulder. At another time I was wounded in the foot, the ball striking a Mexican spur that I was wearing and going off into my foot. By the way, I think I have the spur. Here the general opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out a big Mexican spur, which was broken on one side. The break was caused by the bullet striking the spur.—Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Annihilation of the British Empire From a French Point of View.

As a specimen of rabid writing in the French press I give a passage from an article I once read in Le Matin:

"The English empire in India is now a spectacle of extortion, rapine, famine and bankruptcy. All centers of rain forests, villages, reservoirs and public works, temples and tombs; the railways pass through deserted villages and dilapidated towns; the ordinary highways are impracticable—it is impossible to use a carriage 12 miles outside of Calcutta. The English have made a purely superficial conquest of these vast regions. They do not live there; they are only encamped; their children die there, and with their gross bodies—all flesh and blood—they cannot acclimatize themselves there. India is for them a place of exile, a tropical Siberia, which they escape from as soon as possible; they are equally detested by the Hindus and Mussulmans. The flame of this implacable hatred poisons the lives of the conquerors. The day when Russia blows upon this castle of cards it must fall immediately, and England of the British channel will perish through India. Asia will cease to be a sterile and withered branch of humanity. Once escaped from the rampires of London, she will revive and awake to a new existence. The Russian conquest on the banks of the Ganges will be the signal for the downfall of the Anglo-Saxon power in both hemispheres. Nothing will remain standing in the parent country—aristocracy and church, commerce and industry, will simultaneously disappear."

The writer, having thus annihilated the British empire and distributed her colonies "among the great powers," goes on to predict that "a new hour will then have struck for the human race," etc.—National Review.

A Third Gavel For Speaker Reed.

Speaker Reed has received a third gavel with a history. It was presented by Representative Hitt of Illinois, and it was made from a fragment of the shopping block used by Abraham Lincoln in his rail splitting days. It was the intention of Mr. Hitt to make a formal presentation to Mr. Reed at the caucus on Saturday, but he observed that Mr. Reed was more or less embarrassed with a riches of gavels and accompanying remarks on that occasion and withheld the Lincoln gavel and quietly presented it when congress opened.

After Eating a Gentleman.

Pa Tiger—I don't think I'd care to be in the midst of civilization.

Ma Tiger—Why not, love!

Pa Tiger—It's so much nicer to let

me understand me, for this was the answer I got:

"Come a little nearer, Mr. Gaston. I can't hear you."

"Then I moved about one inch nearer to her (that 800 miles) and asked the question over again. This time it was perfectly understood. I was told that I might not be sure of myself, that I had better wait for a while, and some more things like that. I said I had lived to be 35 years old, and I guessed I knew my own mind. Finally I was told that she would give me an answer when she called me up in two weeks."

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LOCKED UP BY WOODPECKERS.

The Fate of a Ground Owl That Had Taken Possession of Their Home.

Although the woodpecker is industrious, provident and peaceful, he is not to be trifled with or tyrannized over with impunity, as the following incident will show:

A companion and I on an August day pitched our camp at a spring on the table lands of the ridge dividing Ojai from Santa Clara valley. About the spring stands a large grove of live oaks. In one of these not far from the tent dwelt a pair of woodpeckers had for years no doubt made their dwelling place. Some what shy of us at first, the birds in a few days paid little attention to our presence. It frequently amused us of a sultry afternoon as we lounged upon the buffalo robes laid on the shaded grass to observe about birds with whose labors the warmth appeared to have little to do.

We had camped there a week or ten days when before daybreak one morning we heard a commotion about the home of our staid neighbors. One of them was attracted to the drill center and the whir of their wings among the branches overhead. It had no sooner grown light enough to see than we pushed back the flap of the tent door and peered out to ascertain the cause of disturbance.

It soon became apparent that a little teetotal, or ground owl, at the approach of day had taken lodging in the hollow occupied by the woodpeckers, to their consternation. But the return of day brought courage to the rightful owners, and they resolutely set about finding means to eject the intruder. They crept to the hollow tree, but to little purpose, other than to cause the teetotal to peck at them when they appeared to be about to thrust themselves in.

At last, finding that neither threats nor entreaties were likely to be effective, and resolved that if they were to be deprived of their home it would be the last of that tyrannical owl, the woodpeckers brought presently from another part of the grove an oak ball of the size of the aperture, and, driving it tightly into the hole, withdrew to another hollow tree, leaving the bird of prey hermetically sealed up.

After several days, when we started to return to San Buenaventura, the ball was still in the hole, and the woodpeckers, settled in their new home, were going about their business as if there had never been a teetotal. —Portland Press.

THE COLONEL WAS MEAN.

For a Big Man He Played a Small Game With His Car Tickets.

Colonel Blank was a big, pompous man, as it befores one to be who aspires to a military title without the drawbacks of a military life. He was always calling people's attention to his marked facial resemblance to James G. Blaine, "the greatest man since God sent it to Ohio, whose name it appeared in some local paper. Another article, on "National Politics," so pleased a law "world couldn't beat it."—Ida M. Tarbell in McClure's Magazine.

What, then, was this unsophisticated one's surprise to hear the doughty colonel, evidently in a high good humor with himself, say one day:

"Well, I earned my fare down town today."

That the colonel would stoop to earn a nickel was remarkable, that he should boast of it was incredible. "You see," proceeded the man of military aspirations, "I went down in the car, getting in at Schiller street, the car was empty, and I went up to the front and bought six tickets for a quarter. One I dropped in the box. Then as the car filled up I was exceedingly useful to those who were facing down, passing their fares up and depositing their tickets in the box. They all thought me. And so I am, so I am. But instead of dropping their tickets in the box I dropped my tickets in and I had used up my five tickets and confiscated five nickels. I had regained my quarter and paid my fare. And that I was not so stupid as to let people drop their tickets into the chute which the company provides for that purpose. Awful nuisance, that chute. But it's not my business to play conductor if the company's too mean to hire any."

And the colonel called for another glass of tea, and the unsophisticated one gasped to think of the smallness of which such greatness was capable.—Chicago Tribune.

Don't Keep Track of Dates.

"It's a peculiar matter, but nevertheless true, that not one-half of the colonists who come before me have any idea as to the time when they were born or, in fact, the date of any particular event," said Magistrate Jernon to a Philadelphia Call reporter. "I frequently have occasion to ask colored women how old they are, and almost invariably the answer is, 'Don't know.' Frequently I ask them how long they have been married, to which I get the same reply."

Edith—Oh, wear it, by all means. Everybody says you never had on anything half so becoming.—Boston Transcript.

A Poor Spirit.

Medium (to a man with ice down his back)—Madam, the spirit of your dead husband wishes to converse with you.

The Widow Henry—Huh! If he hasn't any more spirit now than he had when he was alive, it isn't worth paying attention to.—London Tit-Bits.

LINCOLN'S ELOQUENCE.

His Early Reputation as a Debater and Story Teller.

One man in Gentryville, Ind., a Mr. Jones, the storekeeper, took a Louisville paper, and here Lincoln went regularly to read and discuss its contents. All the men and boys of the neighborhood gathered there, and everything which the paper related, or which he could repeat in plain and common sense. It was not long before young Lincoln became the favorite member of the group and the one listened to most eagerly. Politics was warmly discussed by these Gentryville citizens, and it may be that sitting on the counter of Jones' grocery store Lincoln was discussing slavery. It certainly was one of the live questions of Indiana at that date.

Young Lincoln was not only winning in these days in the Jones' grocery store a reputation as a debater and story teller, but he was becoming known as a kind of backwoods orator. He could repeat with almost all the poems and anecdotes in his various school readers, he could imitate to perfection the wandering preacher who came to Gentryville, and he could make a political speech so stirring that he drew a crowd about him every time he mounted a stump. He was as attracted to the grocer's children as the whir of their wings among the branches overhead. It had no sooner grown light enough to see than we pushed back the flap of the tent door and peered out to ascertain the cause of disturbance.

He wrote as well as made speeches, and some of his productions were even printed through the influence of his admirer, and presided at a local Baptist church. He was so struck with one of Abraham's essays on temperance that he sent it to Ohio, where it appeared in some local paper. Another article, on "National Politics," so pleased a law "world couldn't beat it."—Ida M. Tarbell in McClure's Magazine.

ENGLISH STREET VANDALS.

They Make a Good Living Peddling Their Alluring Pills.

"Yes, guv'nor, some on us make a lot of money at street doctorin, an some on us don't," said a medical practitioner, as he strolled back in the throng, who was passing along the White-chapel road. The street doctor in question was one of those who could afford a horse and trap, decorated with gorgeous colors and elaborate lamps, and an assistant, who helped to pull out teeth and hand pills and medicine to purchasers.

"In my case, I am glad to say I make something out of the business. But you can't do anything with it unless you've plenty of cheek. It's cheek as does it, and no mistake. I guess I makes on an average during the summer season, in Whitechapel, an a country fair, at least £10 each day. Sometimes I makes much more. At Oldham I once drew £8 a day. I was sold a compound pill, warranted to cure anything, except broken limbs. But I knew a man who had even better than this. He once had me walk during the summer of 1894 when he made £10 each day."

"What weather is a bad time for us, as the nobody ventures out to buy. I've sometimes only drawn threepence in a day, an all this time had the expense of a man an trap to stand. I remember once makin only three six for two weeks runnin."

"Of course there is a lot of profit in the business. My pills aren't dear, an as I sell them at a penny each, or a shilling in a box, you can see there's plenty of money to be made in the business."—London Correspondent.

The Bill Was Paid.

McRae and his wife were going over their business ledger one evening, contemplating the overdue accounts which its pages revealed, and reluctantly acknowledging that many of them would have to be written off as bad.

"What'll ye do about this one?" said McRae morosely. "Here's two pound owing by Elder Doolittle since Martin's last. I'm fearin' we'll no get the money."

"Well, I'm no sure," replied his wife. "Leave me to try sayin'." Accordingly, the next Sabbath morning, when the collection was taken up, Mrs. McRae dropped the elder's "little bill," neatly folded up, into the plate, and before the week was over the amount was paid.

"Kirsty, woman," said McRae joyfully, "marriage may be a lottery, but I'm thinkin' I've drawn a prize."—Pearson's Weekly.

Human Life Always Seeks Its Level.

Human life, which is fluid and not fixed, is like other fluids in seeking a level. It has always done this in times past and has not rested till it has found that level of equality in some place or other. It once found this in classes, and these became confluent with the gradual effect of time on their borders and flowed into orders, larger and vaster. At last the larger expanses have begun to burst their bounds and to meet in the immeasurable level of equality of society.—From "Equality as the Basis of Good Society," by W. D. Howells, in Century.

In all the affairs of life let it be your great care not to hurt your mind or offend your judgment. And this rule, if observed carefully in all your departments, will be a safety security to you in your undertakings.—Epictetus.

HE IS AN OLD TIMER.

GENERAL GEORGE WALLACE JONES SOON TO ISSUE HIS MEMOIRS.

The Oldest Living Ex-Senator—Was in Congress With Clay, Webster, Benton, Corwin and Polk—His Daring Days—An Interesting Character.

Word has reached Washington that George Wallace Jones of Iowa, the oldest retired United States senator living and the contemporary of James Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, is about completing his long expected autobiography and will have it ready for the press in a few weeks. The announcement will be received throughout the country with lively interest, for the epochs covered are so far back as to be fresh and new to readers of today, and Jones is known to possess a greater fund of personal reminiscences of public men and things of national note in the long ago than anybody else now surviving.

Unlike Senator Sherman's new book, dealing with statesmen both living and dead, Jones' is thorough and gripping. You will have to be considerate, and you will have to be patient. You will certainly make mistakes, but each mistake is one step toward success. Burden yourself with patience, consideration and tenderness; you will need to make calls upon them often and often.

Do not shrug your shoulders and say you do not like housework. Work is only disagreeable when it is badly done, and from washing the silver and glass to dusting the lris-a-brac and beating up a cake everything may be daintily done and well done if you go about it in the right way and with the right spirit. You will have to be considerate, and you will have to be patient. You will certainly make mistakes, but each mistake is one step toward success. Burden yourself with patience, consideration and tenderness; you will need to make calls upon them often and often.

THE MULLIGAN LETTERS.

Blaine's Dramatic Reading in Congress of the Famous Correspondence.

After the morning hour on Monday, June 5, Mr. Blaine rose to a question of privilege. He began his remarks by observing that the investigation, though authorized in general terms, was aimed solely and only at himself. "The famous witness, Mulligan," he said, had selected out of your correspondence letters which he thought would be peculiarly damaging to him, Blaine, but they had nothing to do with that investigation. He, Blaine, obtained them under circumstances known to everybody, and defied the house to compel him to produce them. Had Mr. Blaine's correspondence his enemies could have made him bite the dust. Apparently he had allowed himself to be driven into a fatal cul-de-sac. Not so.

Having vindicated his right to the letters he proceeded in his most dramatic manner: "Thank God, I thought I am not afraid to show them. There they are (holding up a package of letters). There is the very original package. And with some sense of humiliation, and with a mortification that I do not pretend to conceal, with a sense of outrage which I think any man in my position would feel, I invite the reading of 44,000,000 of my countrymen while I read those letters from this desk." For the moment triumph turned to dismay, dismay to triumph. The audience was electrified. The letters seemed to show Mr. Blaine, in one case at least, high minded and generous in summing the issues of "innocent persons who invested on his request."—"From 'The Plumed Knight and His Joust,' by President E. Benjamin Andrews, in Scribner's.

Retreats in Holland.

In certain parts of Holland when a young man thinks he loves a girl, he asks her for a match to light his cigar at the door of the beloved one's home. This is done to let the parents know that something is intended, and if the visit is repeated and the same thing is done, no doubt he left in the minds of the girl's parents, and they immediately proceed to investigate the young man's character and antecedents. When he calls a third time, they are prepared to give him an answer. If his suit is looked upon favorably, he is given a match. If refused, he produces his own cigar, lights his cigar and walks away. If a favorable answer is given, he steps forward and joins hands with the girl. While the engagement is by no means a settled fact even at this important stage, it is stated as a truth that if, on the occasion of the young man's third visit, his innumerate offers him a second cigar and he smokes it in the house the engagement is never canceled.—Godey's Magazine.

He Didn't Heat.

He was one of those "unruly youngsters who make the life of a public school teacher a hard one. He was in the primary grade. He came in one morning with dirty hands and face. The teacher looked at him severely. "Johnny!" "Yes, ma'am." "Have you washed your face and hands this morning?" "No, ma'am." "Why not?" "None of the folks is home, an I don't haf to."—Syracuse Post.

The Land of Liberty.

Traveled (most meaningfully)—In Europe the custom of tipping has been reduced to a system—one-twentieth of the bill. Thus a \$1 check entitles the waiter to 5 cents.

Waiter—Yes, sah, but in this land of liberty, sah, every a'men feels free to grab a quarter, sah.—New York Weekly.

High License in Massachusetts.

I beg leave to correct the statement in the Sun that Haverthill, Mass., pays the highest liquor license in the country—viz., \$2,000. Great Barrington, in the same state, pays \$2,300 and Pittsfield has paid \$2,300 for the last six years.—New York Sun.

WOMEN'S EXALTED MISSION.

Better to Create a Good Home Than to Excel in Any Other Endeavor.

Certainly there is wisdom for two young people who have sworn to love each other, no matter whether there is poverty or wealth, no matter whether the days are bright or dark, to have a home of their own, writes Ruth Ashmore, discussing "The Mistress of the Small House," in Ladies' Home Journal. Boarding house life is bad for women, and I do not believe that any man has ever really enjoyed it. God created women to make homes—to make homes for the men they love and for the children whom God will send to them. And a home must be started at the beginning of this new life. Do not wait for a big house and many servants, but make happiness exist in a little home with one maid as a help. It can be done. I know it can.

Do not shrug your shoulders and say you do not like housework. Work is only disagreeable when it is badly done, and from washing the silver and glass to dusting the lris-a-brac and beating up a cake everything may be daintily done and well done if you go about it in the right way and with the right spirit. You will have to be considerate, and you will have to be patient. You will certainly make mistakes, but each mistake is one step toward success. Burden yourself with patience, consideration and tenderness; you will need to make calls upon them often and often.

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