



**ANNIE RIVERS.**  
BY FRANKLIN W. LEE.

SHE set a pen, and  
drew a diamond  
pointed gold  
Had the glow of wine  
and the post-  
stroke  
By the faded fount of  
old  
For palmed age, when it  
quilted a draught,  
Wore the crown of  
youth again  
And youth itself, when a  
draught was quaffed,  
Felt a flame at heart  
and brain.

She seized a brush, as a Raphael would,  
In a half-inspired way,  
The colors spread till a Venus stood,  
Where so many feet had trod,  
Her rosy tints like they were that morn,  
In the misty morning  
Whom Love's wings from the sea, new  
born  
For the human race's woe.

She clutched a star, but it slipped and fell,  
To the pool her pen had made,  
And quenched its fires in the hapless well,  
Where so many feet had strayed;  
She held a bud, but its beauty fled,  
From the smile her Venus wore—  
The petals dropped till the room was dead,  
And the hand rendered forth no more.

**HE WAS NOT IN HIS WAYS**  
A Southwestern Judge Who Could Not Be Trifled With.

HE most sensational legal complication that ever aroused the interest of a law-abiding neighborhood was the outcome of a trial held before Judge B. W. Quirk, of the Hickory Flat circuit in Arkansas, writes Opie P. Read, in the Chicago Times.

The circumstances, told with the necessary dryness of detail, are as follows:

One John Peters, a sober and industrious man, failed to come home one night. His absence was so unusual that his wife, becoming alarmed, aroused the neighborhood, and men, women, and children turned out in a general search. The next day John Peters' coat was found near the river bank. Marks of a struggle were also discovered. Immediately there arose a cry that the man had been murdered; and about this time there came along a reputable citizen who declared that

he had, several days before, heard Jim White and Al Miller swear that they would kill Peters. The two men were arrested and taken before a Justice of the Peace. They avowed their innocence, and their lawyer declared that they could not be held for murder until it was proved that a murder had been committed. This proof was not long wanting, for a fisherman soon arrived with the information that he had found the body of Peters. The body was identified, and the preliminary trial proceeded, resulting not only in establishing the fact that White and Miller swore that they would kill Peters but that they were overheard to declare that they would drown him. They were held over and were indicted by the Grand Jury.

When the case came up before Judge Quirk of the Circuit Court some of the ablest lawyers in the State were in attendance, for White and Miller were not friendless, and moreover they were not without means.

After more than a week of "skinnishng" a jury was impaneled, and then the great trial was begun. The majority of the people, including the press, a four-column folio set in small pic and printed in the back room of P. B. Whitson's cross-roads store, believed that a verdict of guilty would be rendered, and bets were made with persons

who believed that the prisoners were guilty, but who thought that the jury might be "Culvered."

The trial had not proceeded far when it could be clearly seen that the Judge was convinced that White and Miller were guilty. This jurist was something more than a peculiar old fellow. He was a decided character, and so set were his opinions when once formed that no argument and no proof could change them.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the Judge, when all the testimony had been heard, "I don't think that it is necessary to go into an argument concerning this case. The guilt of these men is so clear that it would be a criminal act to waste the county's money in prolonging this trial. Now, prisoners, the best thing you can do is to confess your guilt and throw yourselves upon the mercy of this court. Have you any confession to make, Mr. White?"

"No, your Honor, except that I am innocent."

"Have you any confession, Mr. Miller?"

"None, except to say that I had nothing to do with the killing of our

friend Peters."

"All right," said the Judge. "I see that you do not desire any mercy, but if you expect to escape punishment by making a prolonged fight, let me tell you you will meet with nothing but disappointment. I am here as the fearless agent of justice. I have made up my mind. I have determined that you are guilty, and nothing on earth can change me. Gentlemen of the jury, you may retire and agree upon a verdict."

The jury, without leaving the box rendered a verdict of guilty.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "to expedite matters, and thereby save expense to the county, I will sentence these men now. The law may be in favor of delay, but justice is not. The law might permit the Sheriff to take these men to jail and feed them at the county's expense until some distant day of execution should arrive, but justice, the one bright flower in our judiciary garden of weeds, looks up and says: 'No, Mr. Sheriff, these two men must be hanged forthwith.' So take them out when the death sentence has been passed and hang them to the most convenient tree. Prisoners at the bar, stand up and receive your sentence."

The prisoners stood up, and just as the Judge had pronounced the last words of the sentence the wife of Mr. Peters uttered a shout and bounding toward the door threw her arms around a man who had just entered the courtroom. A wild commotion followed.

"What's the matter?" the Judge demanded. "Who is the man that that bereaved widow is hugging?"

"I can't believe widow, judge," the woman answered, "for this is my husband, safe and well."

"Silence, woman," the Judge demanded. "You ought to have better sense than to interrupt this court."

"Your honor," said a lawyer, "I suppose my clients can now go free?"

"And why so, sir?"

"Can your honor ask such a question when Mr. Peters stands here before you?"

"Who is Mr. Peters?"

"Your honor, I cannot understand you."

"But you will pretty soon. The Mr. Peters that this court has taken into consideration is dead."

"No, I'm not!" exclaimed Peters, stepping forward.

"You may think you are not, Mr. Peters, but you are. Never in all my professional career, the judge continued, "have I ever seen facts so clearly and strongly establish the guilt of two men."

"But, Judge," Peters pleaded, "that can't be, for no murder has been committed."

"Mr. Peters, you have not examined the evidence as closely as I have."

"But here I stand in refutation of all evidence."

"Mr. Peters, you have not read as many text-books on evidence as I have."

**THE JUDGE KNEW THE LAW.**

The case against these prisoners is perfectly clear. They swore that they would drown you, and your coat was found near the river. Is not that strong evidence?"

"Yes, but—"

"Hold on. The body of a man was taken from the river and identified as your remaining."

"But I am here to refute the identification."

"Ah, you are here to throw an obstruction in the way of justice, are you? I have heard on several occasions that you are a man who has very little respect for the decision of a court. And you have come around today to bully me, and that, too, in the face of the strongest evidence that was ever brought before a court of justice. Mr. Sheriff, issue a bench warrant of arrest for this man on the ground of contempt of court, and then proceed with the hanging. This court, blind as it is to everything but justice and the true form of law, is getting tired of being browbeaten."

**THE BENEIGN WITCHERY OF CANDLE LIGHT.**

There are so many women who have passed their first youth who appear at the balls in New York and receive the devoted attention of men for whom they must entertain a most grandmotherly interest, that the question of light has become a most important one, so these foxy caterers to the female complexion had taken a leaf out of French books and lighted their rooms with candles, the silver candelabra being set in the walls so that the light falls from the side, not above, while pretty little fluted petticoats of rose silk shade the colored candles. A side light, especially if it is rose-tinted, takes ten years from a woman's age. No wonder we are in favor of abolishing the deadly electric lamps, and the flaming gas, if wax candles are such thieves of time.—*Hartford Courant.*

**LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.**

NECK OR NOTHING HALL, KILKENNY CORNERS, 1890.

REDFUR: We heard her there only 4 days when Joshua Kim home; she set the Capt King sed he let him go. William Henry was tickled a little dog stuffed with fresh pork when he go back.

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**THE MODERN RIALTO.**  
SIXTY MINUTES OF THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.

A Description of the Manner in Which Its Business is Conducted—The Lingo of the Institution—Bulls and Bears—Puts, Calls, Straddles, Margins, Etc., Etc.

HE Rialto, which Shakespeare's Shylock designates as "the place where merchants most do congregate," was at that golden time when the daughters of Venice "had their dowries from spoils of nations, and the East poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers"—the greatest trading mart of all the world.

But in the days when Antonio the merchant paced up and down the costly mosaic pavement, and looked in vain for the white sails of his returning ships, the business there transacted was but trifling in comparison with that to be dispatched at a far distant time in the exchanges of our then undiscovered America.

While the palaces of Venice are "crumbling back to the morose from which she rose, Chicago, within the narrow span of one

short human life, has far surpassed the highest commercial glory ever attained by the mighty city of the Doges.

Chicago was founded on Trade. It had its beginning as a post where goods were bartered with Indians, at many times the rate of the institutions which have made the Chicago of the past, and are preparing for the building of a still more glorious Chicago for the future, the Board of Trade is entitled, perhaps, to the very foremost mention.

This is a theme of which, though much has been written, very little is probably understood. This is not because the subject is so intricate, but for the reason, probably, that so much is taken for granted, and passed by without explanation.

To write the history of the Board of Trade would be to write the commercial history of the Garden City. Suffice it to say that it had a beginning as small, in comparison as the "acorns" from which the "tall oaks" in the old declaration, grew. A membership, which costs now several thousand dollars, was issued to the charter members at the very modest charge of \$5. From insignificant quarters it has risen by gradations until it occupies a veritable palace.

The Board of Trade building stands on Jackson street, and occupies half a block. It is a majestic structure, rising to a vast height, its base being 335 feet above the pavement, making the total height, including the story buildings in the neighborhood look dwarfed in comparison. In connection with the lower part of La Salle street, which terminates at its granite front, this building presents an appearance certainly as fine as any similar structure in America.

A stranger to the modus operandi, entering one of the galleries, looks down upon what seems a second Babel. Re-

peating his visit, he may come to distinguish words such as "buy" and "sell," but what is being done, and how, remains as great a mystery as ever.

But it is with the business and not the building that we have to do.

On the floor of the high-ceilinged hall, where the business of the Board is transacted, are a number of circular depressions furnished with steps, upon which traders can stand without obstructing each other's view. These are the "pits," and veritable pit-falls they have proved to thousands. This is the open market, where produce and provisions are bought and sold.

This is not done after the manner of an auction, with competing bids. One man is shouting, "Sell 10-87 1/2," another, "Buy 5-87," which, in the phraseology of the pit means, that the one offers for sale 10,000 bushels of wheat, or corn, according to which pit it is in, at 87 cents per bushel, and that the other offers one-eighth of a cent less for 5,000 bushels of the same staple commodity.

As scores, sometimes hundreds, are shouting at once, it is often impossible for the sharpest ears to distinguish the words of any one in particular. To make others intelligible, a sort of deaf and dumb alphabet has been adopted. When a hand is thrust up with the palm outward it signifies sell; with the back exposed it means buy. Each finger has a trader new to the business, al-

At the south end of the great hall, in a conspicuous position, are huge dials which are used to indicate the fluctuations of the leading commodities. This is done by hands, as on a clock, which jerk about so rapidly that no one but an expert can learn anything from them.

Although the value of the value of millions of dollars is sold upon the board for actual delivery, the great bulk of all the business done is of a speculative nature. It is by means of wheat, or other commodity, for future delivery. If the price advances, and A sees fit to demand his goods, he makes a profit, which is settled by paying the difference in money. If the price declines the seller will be the gainer. Thus the transaction is called wagers as to the fluctuations of the article within a given time.

Margins are certain sums, so much per bushel or per tierce of lead, deposited by the parties to cover losses by reason of possible advances or declines. When the original margin has been swept away by fluctuations the fortunate party may call for the margin, which the other must put up if he wishes to maintain his credit.

The first day of each month, unless it chances to fall on Sunday or a holiday, is always set aside for the settlement of the preceding month which have not been before closed up. The ruling prices at the close of the preceding session form the basis of adjustment. These settlements affect the carriers of the goods. Thus, vouchers calling for 10,000 bushels of corn may be made to settle differences aggregating many millions.

It is only recently that deliveries were made on the board. Not very long ago they were required to be made at the different offices. Settling day then presented a lively scene. Young men, generally destitute of coats, few rather shabby, crowded the streets, dodged vehicles, darted into buildings, vaulted up flights of stairs, and tumbled down again in a mad endeavor to deliver their receipts before the closing of the omnibus bell upon the Board of Trade Building, which marked the close of the business day. Many a broken arm or other serious injury has been thus received.

and many a suffering youth, unmindful of pain, has hurried along to make his deliveries and save his employer from loss.

Like every other institution, the Board of Trade has a nomenclature peculiar to itself. Those who believe the market will advance, and play the game on that theory, are called "bulls," while "bears" are men who expect to see prices decline and accordingly sell that they may profit by the fall. A strong or rising market is termed "bullish," and "bearish" when falling.

Bulls and bears, in the just sense of the terms, are your true speculators. They adhere to their theory of an advance or fall, and don't turn aside from it until convinced of their error.

The scalper may be termed the bush-wacker of speculation. He acts in the present. He is a bull or a bear as he can see a chance to nip a small profit, say a "split," or 1-10 of a cent. He watches the movements of other and generally larger operators, and takes advantage of little advances and breaks which may continue but a few minutes, and which the genuine speculator, particularly if he be a "plunger" or heavy operator, contemptuously ignores. The scalper is of a cowardly nature, possessed of but a small amount of "gumption" or snap.

The term "corner" is pretty generally understood, and is not confined to Board of Trade transactions. It means the controlling of the visible supply in the market of the particular commodity. By this means prices can be forced up to almost any figure desired, since "shorts"—those who have sold—cannot obtain the goods to deliver to the "longs"—those who have bought—without paying the price demanded.

The trouble with corners is that they very often—in fact, in a clear majority of cases—fail to come off. In that event the losses are commensurate with what the gains might have otherwise been. Not only are millionaires thus bankrupted, but thousands of small fry, who have pinned their faith and invested their last dollar in the success or failure of the scheme, go down with them.

"Puts" and "calls" are terms of very general use. They are frequently called

**QUESTIONS OF RELATIVE VALUES.**

"John! John! Wake up!"

"What is the matter, Maria?"

"I hear a noise in the kitchen. Go down quick and see what it is. Maybe it's a burglar."

"Mrs. Billus, what do you consider the actual cash value of the silver and plated ware and other stealable articles in the kitchen?"

"There's \$10 worth, at the very least."

"And do you suppose, madam, I am going to run the risk of meeting an armed burglar for a pitiful, beggarly, dad-ding \$10, madam?"

(Angrily) "Why not, John Billus? Isn't your life insured for \$5,000?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

**WHY SHE WAS HAPPY.**

"Oh, I think it's lovely to be married," said young Mrs. Tucker to the lady on whom she was calling, "especially when you have a husband who is not afraid to compliment you."

"What does your husband say?"

"He said yesterday that I was getting to be a perfect Nantippe."

"Nantippe! Do you know who she was?"

"Oh, yes, I asked Charley afterward, and he told me she was the goddess of youth and beauty."—*Merchant Traveler.*

**THE CLOSEST MAN ON RECORD.**

"Gregory is awful close," said a man to a friend.

"Yes, but he is not nearly so close as his father was. The old man was pretty well off, and he did have a warm affection for a dollar. He was taken ill once and his physician told him that if he did not go off to the springs he would die. The old man replied: 'Let me see, I'd have to stay there about two months at an expense of at least two dollars and a half per day. I can't stand the cost, Doctor. It would be cheaper to die.' He didn't go, and after the general leading people of the neighborhood expressed satisfaction at the result."

**GOOD REASON TO CHANGE THE TEXT.**

A few Sundays ago an Atlanta preacher had selected as his text for his morning discourse: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." He intended to "scotch 'em." When he entered the pulpit he found a note from the richest member of the congregation, and it read as follows: "When the collection for foreign missions is taken up this morning put me down for \$500." The sermon was preached on the text: "Take heed that ye do not give your alms before men to be seen of them."—*Savannah News.*

**WISE BY EXPERIENCE.**

Mr. Case (who has married his typewriter)—Well, my dear, I suppose I must be looking around for somebody to take your place in the office.

Mrs. Case—Yes; I have been thinking of that. My cousin is just out of camp.

Mr. Case—What's her name?

Mrs. Case (sweetly)—John Henry Briggs.

**OUCH!** ses he; "Jemima crickets!



words without having heard an articulate sound.

When an offer is accepted the parties make a note of the sale. At the same time a man wearing a light-laced cap and carrying an electric box beside the pit makes a memorandum of the transaction. These men, of whom there is one for each pit, are the official reporters of prices.

One portion of the floor is raised off, and here may be seen more than 100 telegraph operators engaged in receiving and sending dispatches. One man, the official telegrapher, occupies a commanding position and sends out, for the benefit of the commercial world, actual transcribing to the shore, and she is sinking back to the morose from which she rose, Chicago, within the narrow span of one



and never again got on his feet. The city abounds in men whom speculation has ruined, without leaving them the energy to earn a respectable livelihood.—*Deight Baldwin in Chicago Ledger.*

**A PROPOSITION IN PHYSICS.**

The husband of a professor of physics at a "young ladies'" advanced school was putting on his clothes the other morning, and his wife was lecturing on her favorite subject.

"The whole is always greater than a part," she remarked with confidence.

"Always?" he inquired, sticking his foot into his sock.

"Always," she answered with emphasis.

"I think not," he rejoined in a quietly aggravating tone.

"But I say it is," she asserted.

"For example, my dear," he held up his foot, "my foot is a part of my body, but the hole in the sock is no larger than the part. You will observe that the part cannot get quite thorough it at this moment. But, my love," and his voice softened, "by tonight I think your proposition will be correct."

Then he put on his shoes and completed his toilet in the midst of a situation that could be bent double before it could be broken.—*Merchant Traveler.*

**AN ASTONISHED DOG.**

A singular electric-wire accident was seen the other day at Boston. The attention of the passers-by was attracted by the barking of a red Irish setter to an English sparrow which was perched upon an electric-light wire high above the beast's head. The animal had evidently been amusing himself in the fruitless sport of chasing the bird, and when it had taken refuge on high had endeavored to get

**FOOLING THE BUTCHER.**

Butcher—Dot Mr. Wiseman is von wool. He come to me and he give me Jose handsome new steel yards, vor Jose rusty old vons I use so many years. He says he collect brickyard.

Customer—How long had you used the old steel yards?

"I sell meat mit dose steel yards twenty-five years."

"Mr. Wiseman is a customer of yours, I suppose?"

"Yah."

"Don't you know that the older steel yards get, the weaker the springs become and the less meat they give to the pound?"

"Mein gracious! Dot Mr. Wiseman is von scoundrel!"—*New York Weekly.*

**BY TELEPHONE.**

The Fremont street station was called up by a female voice the other day which inquired:

"Can my hired girl be taken out of the house by an officer for striking me?"

"No, ma'am."

"The officer must see her in the act, mustn't he?"

"Yes'm."

"I thought so. He would also have to see me, wouldn't he?"

"He would."

"All right! You needn't—"

And before the line was cut off a child's voice was heard saying: "Now, ma, go in and make her tired in one round!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

**BILKINS—WHY DON'T YOU HIRE A CASHIER?**

Jilkins—Id rather have my cash here.

The dinosaurs of New Zealand and the epyornis of Madagascar were among the existing birds until so recent a period that it has sometimes been doubted whether they are yet extinct. Joly states that the height of the latter was about 16 feet, while its eggs were equal in capacity to ostrich eggs, equal to 50, or to 50,000 humming birds' eggs. One of the eggs measured at Toulouse was 20 inches long and 9 inches wide, with a shell from 1 to 2 lines thick, and it could contain nearly 2 gallons of water. A still larger specimen has been described by Saint-Hillaire. An egg of the dinornis measuring 10 and 7 inches is recorded.

**PROF. MOSSO, OF TURIN,** finds that the blood of leech is poisonous when injected into the veins of dogs and other animals, and that an eel weighing five pounds contains poison enough to kill ten men. The blood of the eel is inert, however, when taken into the stomach, and the poisonous properties are destroyed by heat.

**SUGAR-COATED FALSEHOODS.**  
Is Mendacity a Feminine Failing?

It is difficult to confess one's sins, especially when the means are practically limitless. A woman, however, who is a tradesman, and who I know of an instance where one of the women in a certain family distributed the price of a dress that a customer was making for her to wear to a fancy costume ball. I know of an instance where one of the women in a certain family distributed the price of a dress that a customer was making for her to wear to a fancy costume ball. I know of an instance where one of the women in a certain family distributed the price of a dress that a customer was making for her to wear to a fancy costume ball.

"But in my case I thought I should be especially reasonable in your charges," said the woman.

The customer looked at her in astonishment. Of all women in New York she considered her to be the most honest and just woman she was asked for an article.

"I don't think I quite understand you," she responded to her remark. "Why should I make cheap terms for you, my dear madam?"

"Because," replied the lady, "when it becomes known that I am having my costume made here many of my friends will come to you."

The customer could not see the question in this light, and the discussion ended by the lady deciding to take her work elsewhere. In the meantime her two children were having a little trouble together in another part of the room.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked the mother of one, who was crying bitterly.

"She stole my five-cent piece," sobbed the little girl, indicating a certain defect—a flaw in woman's nature. She has not so much from malice as from thought as because it becomes more natural to her than to make a plain, unvarnished statement of the whole social system. It is often the anxiety to keep themselves up to the standard fixed by the unwritten laws of their "set" that further leads women into the crooked paths of mendacity. They remember that the truth is often unpalatable to the majority, but without question bring about a state of affairs which must inevitably create the same social system. It is often the anxiety to keep themselves up to the standard fixed by the unwritten laws of their "set" that further leads women into the crooked paths of mendacity. They remember that the truth is often unpalatable to the majority, but without question bring about a state of affairs which must inevitably create the same social system.

"Well, I guess that I'm glad I'm poor." Now that I have struck into a critical vein, I may as well confess to the melancholy fact that mendacity is a common feminine failing. Men have a contempt for small lies. They may perjure their souls to any extent for an earthly large stake, but they would certainly be ashamed to make the untruthful assertions that women will indulge in, not only on the slightest provocation, but often without a shadow of necessity. It is but just to the female sex to say, however, that gain is not always the cause of their lack of veracity. It seems rather that the habit of wandering away from the truth is a result of constitutional defect—a flaw in woman's nature. She has not so much from malice as from thought as because it becomes more natural to her than to make a plain, unvarnished statement of the whole social system. It is often the anxiety to keep themselves up to the standard fixed by the unwritten laws of their "set" that further leads women into the crooked paths of mendacity. They remember that the truth is often unpalatable to the majority, but without question bring about a state of affairs which must inevitably create the same social system.

**FOOLING THE BUTCHER.**

Butcher—Dot Mr. Wiseman is von wool. He come to me and he give me Jose handsome new steel yards, vor Jose rusty old vons I use so many years. He says he collect brickyard.

Customer—How long had you used the old steel yards?

"I sell meat mit dose steel yards twenty-five years."

"Mr. Wiseman is a customer of yours, I suppose?"

"Yah."

"Don't you know that the older steel yards get, the weaker the springs become and the less meat they give to the pound?"

"Mein gracious! Dot Mr. Wiseman is von scoundrel!"—*New York Weekly.*

**BY TELEPHONE.**

The Fremont street station was called up by a female voice the other day which inquired:

"Can my hired girl be taken out of the house by an officer for striking me?"

"No, ma'am."

"The officer must see her in the act, mustn't he?"

"Yes'm."

"I thought so. He would also have to see me, wouldn't he?"

"He would."

"All right! You needn't—"

And before the line was cut off a child's voice was heard saying: "Now, ma, go in and make her tired in one round!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

**BILKINS—WHY DON'T YOU HIRE A CASHIER?**

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