

NANCY'S NIGHTMARE.

I am the doll that Nancy took!
Haven't been hers a week.
One little squeak, and I sweetly spoke;
Roses and fair was my cheek.
Now my head lies in a corner far,
My body lies here in the other;
And if this is what human children are,
I never will live with another!

I am the book that Nancy read
For fifteen minutes together;
Now I am standing here on my head,
While she's gone out to look at the
weather.
My leaves are crushed in the cruellest
way;
There's jam on my opening page;
And I would not live with Miss Nancy
Gay.

Though I shouldn't be read for an age!
I am the frock that Nancy wore
Last night at her birthday feast.
I am the frock that Nancy wore
In seventeen places at least.
My buttons are scattered far and near,
My trimming is torn to shreds;
And if I were Miss Nancy's mother dear,
I'd dress her in calico haps!

We are the words that Nancy said
When these things were brought to her
view.
All of us ought to be painted red,
And some of us are not true.
We splutter and mutter and snarl and
snare;
We smolder and smoke and blaze;
And if I should meet with some sad mis-
hap,
Miss Nancy must mend her ways.
—St. Nicholas Magazine.

MAN IN THE OTHER BERTH.

"This will be your berth, sir, No. 31,"
said the berth steward, ushering me
into a cozy little cabin. "Your friend
can have 32; the lower berths will not
be occupied."

"So much the better," said my
"friend," whom I had met for the first
time at Liverpool street station that
evening. He seemed a gentlemanly
fellow and had an endless stock of
good stories at his command, so that
I was not sorry to hear that we were
to be companions for the rest of the
journey, and I hung my baggage down
on one of the lower berths with alac-
rity.

"We're lucky," he remarked, as we
made our way up on deck; "the boats
are usually crowded at this time of
year, and it's difficult to secure a cabin
to oneself. Have a cigar! There's
plenty to see up here, isn't there? I've
been across some dunes of times."

I took the party cigar that he offered
me and for a time we wandered up and
down the decks watching the crowd of
passengers, Dutch, English, Hebrew
and German, who had just come on
board. It was not until the lights of
Havre were mere pin heads in the
distance that we decided to turn in.

We undressed in a very few minutes,
and, hurrying our clothes on the empty
berths below us, scrambled up aloft.
My cabin companion switched off the
electric light.

"We shall be half way up the Maas
when we wake to-morrow," he remark-
ed, wishing me good night.

"Good night," I answered, turning
over on my side. I recollect thinking
for a few minutes of the jolly holiday
before me; of Myrthe Van der Denna,
the wealthy diamond merchant, and his
pretty daughter, whom I hoped soon
to make my wife; of skating and sleigh-
ing galore in her company at Amster-
dam; of the chance of my host being
as ready to give his only child to a com-
paratively poor young Englishman as
he was to invite me to his house; of a
dozen other things connected with my
visit; and with past days when the
beach in Hatten garden was being
started, and the Van der Denna lived in
London. And then, suddenly the roll-
ing of the vessel, the throbbing of the
engines and the fumes of the strong
cigar I had smoked on deck must have
overpowered me, for the next moment
I seemed to hear the gruff voice of the
berth steward:

"Now, sir, it's time to get up, please.
I called you some time ago and thought
you were dressed. We're just outside
Rotterdam."

I rubbed my eyes drowsily and start-
ed up, knocking my head suddenly
against the white ceiling of the cabin.
And the berth steward, having at length
succeeded in rousing me, hurried out to
attend to his numerous duties. How
on earth had I managed to oversleep
myself so shockingly? A glance at the
tumbled bedclothes opposite showed me
that my companion of the night before
was already up. I could feel that the
engines were beginning to slow down,
while through the port hole trees and
houses on the bank of the river were
to be seen. On the deck above I could
hear the shuffling of many feet, the
excited jabbering of Dutch and Eng-
lish Jews, the guttural tones of Ger-
mans, the shouts of the sailors to those
on the quay, the plumping down of
bags and boxes ready for landing.

I was still drowsy, but I managed to
resist the temptation to lie down again,
and began to fish about for my clothes
on the berth below me. I was annoyed
with myself for losing the early morn-
ing trip up the river, and the sight of
the snow-covered windmills, the quaint
wooden houses, the low marshlands,
and the curious little craft that gener-
ally dot the Maas. I was equally an-
noyed with my roommate for his kind-
ly consideration in not rousing me from
my slumbers, and I struggled into my
garments rather viciously. And then
suddenly it began to dawn upon me
that something was wrong.

What on earth was I to do? The
clothes that I had fished up from be-
low were not the ones that I threw on
the berth. Over night they had been
changed for others! By mistake or
design? Yes, it must have been by
design, for no such mistake could pos-
sibly have been made. The man in the

other berth had substituted his clothes
for mine.
I flew to the electric bell and rang
vigorously for the steward. But by this
time he was busy on deck, handing de-
parting passengers their baggage and
pocketing tips in return; no one heard
or heeded my summons. It was impos-
sible for me, half clad as I was, to
rush up above among the crowd; and as
hastily as possible I slipped into the
other man's clothes. I had come off
much worse over the bargain, for there
was not a sou in the pockets of the
substituted garments, while my watch
and chain, money and jewelry were all
missing.

When I finally was in a condition to
rush up the gangway—I need hardly
say without finishing my toilet, for I
was in my for the other man's shirt-
sleeves—I found that most of the pas-
sengers had left the deck, though a
small group of smokers were standing
on the north side of the vessel engaged
in earnest consultation. The heads of
a couple of Dutch policemen, distin-
guished from the others by their cur-
ious, low-crowned helmets, towered
above the group; and I at once rushed
toward them, thanking the lucky chance
that had brought them on the spot.

"Have you got him?" I shouted, ex-
citedly, no doubt cutting a curious
enough figure in the blue shirt and
short trousers that my friend of the
night before had been considerate
enough to lend me.

"It looks rather as if we have," said
one of the ship's officers, glancing at
me with a singular expression that I
could not at all understand in his eyes.
"Blue shirt and light trousers—dark
moustache—that's all right, isn't it, offi-
cer?" he said in Dutch to one of the
policemen.

"But where is he?" I asked, in sur-
prise, looking from one to the other.
"The fellow's taken practically every-
thing—watch, chain, money, clothes."

"Let's have a look at the other
things," said one of the policemen, ig-
noring my question altogether, and
turning to meet the steward, who was
stumbling up the gangway under the
weight of the clothes I had left in the
cabin. "Blue shirt, light trousers, dark
moustache, astrakhan overcoat, soft felt
hat," he muttered, checking off the
items with a cablegram he held in his
hand. "And he speaks Dutch pretty
well, but with a foreign accent. Yes,
my friend, I'm afraid we shall have to
take charge of you for the present, in
spite of your clever little ruse. Just
put the rest of your things on, please,
and come along quietly."

"But what's the meaning of all this?"
I asked in bewilderment, as the hand-
cuffs were clicked on directly I had
finished dressing. "A man steals my
clothes and my money and you lock me
up for it and allow him to escape. Is
that the way things are usually man-
aged in Holland?"

"You'll see how things are managed
in Holland, where diamond thieves are
concerned, quite soon enough, sir," said
the man curiously, evidently annoyed at
my tone. "Any explanations or ex-
cuses you can give later on; in the
meantime, perhaps you will accom-
pany us quietly."

"Yes, and in the meantime this gentle-
man is hurrying off as fast as his train
can carry him to some out-of-the-way
place in Europe," I grumbled, but re-
sistance was worse than useless, and
followed by a small crowd of stolid
troops we made our way along the
tree-lined Boulevards to the police sta-
tion.

Here a short interview with a fery
faced and fierce moustached officer told
me the nature of my supposed offense,
but did not in any way improve my
prospects of release. The object of my
cabin companion was now quite clear
to me, though all my explanations with
regard to the change of clothes were
smiled at by the officers, who evidently
thought them very clumsy excuses. I
was accused of being concerned in a
large diamond robbery, and was sup-
posed to have been traveling in Am-
sterdam in order to make use of my
knowledge of precious stones in dispos-
ing of the spoil among the "fences" in
the Jewish quarter of the town.

The actual thief was confidential
clerk to a large firm of diamond mer-
chants in London; his escape with the
booty had been noticed a few hours af-
ter his departure from town and full
particulars of his clothing and general
appearance had been cabled to Rotter-
dam with instructions to detain him on
the arrival of the boat. But my
"friend" had foreseen some difficulty
of this kind and had laid his plans ac-
cordingly.

Selecting me as a man about his own
height and appearance, he had man-
aged easily enough to change the
clothes in the cabin, the drugged cigar
aiding him in his scheme. Clad in my
brown ulster and traveling cap, he had
passed off the deck with the other pas-
sengers without attracting any special
attention and was probably in the act
of negotiating with Amsterdam traders
at the moment of my examination by
the officer at the station.

The fact that I had no diamonds in
my possession at the time of my ar-
rest meant nothing. They might have
been concealed anywhere in the vessel,
or even have been thrown overboard.
The steward, to whom I appealed in
support of my story, could only assert
that he had found me asleep while the
other passengers were all preparing to
land—and, of course, this told against
me. There was only one man in Hol-
land who could help me out of my
scrape, and at the name of Van der
Denna, diamond merchant of Amster-
dam and Hatten garden, the officers
looked even more suspicious, though
they promised that he should be com-
municated with "in due course." I was
compelled to consent myself with this
and resigned myself to my fate.

I suppose I must have spent four or

five hours in confinement, and was be-
ginning to wonder whether I was fated
to pass the night in like fashion, when
the key suddenly turned in the lock and
a wanderer entered, closely followed by
my friend, Van der Denna.

"My dear fellow," said the old boy,
effusively, rushing toward me and
grasping me by the hands, "what an ad-
venture to have had, to be sure! But
all's well that ends well, and when you
have changed your clothes we'll start
for Amsterdam at once. Chris is get-
ting quite anxious about you."

"Have you got my clothes?"
"Why, certainly. We've got the
clothes and the jewelry and the dia-
monds, and what's quite as important,
the man himself. It's the most curious
thing I ever knew in my life. Chris-
tina and I were expecting you hours
back, and I was going to the station
to see what had become of you, when
I suddenly caught a hark view of your
very counterpart—traveling cap, and
that brown ulster of yours, English
every inch of it; why, I should know
it a mile off in Holland—hurrying
across the Dam. I caught up to him in
a moment and held my hand heavily
on his shoulder—and instead of your
face, Holt & Markson's confidential
clerk turned to meet me with terror in
his eyes. I had the police up in half a
minute; the diamonds and your watch
and chain were discovered; he con-
fessed the whole plot, and beyond that
there is nothing else to tell, save that
your things are waiting for you to slip
into them as quickly as possible down
below."

I have little more to tell than Myr-
the Van der Denna; save that I spent
a jolly winter holiday, not in the white-
washed cell that I asked Christina to
be my wife, and met with very little
demer from her or from her father,
who seemed to think that my adven-
ture deserved some compensation; and
finally, that the handsome wedding
present we received from Holt & Mark-
son, out of gratitude for the recovery
of the diamonds, has made me none the
less cautious now of men "in the other
berth."—Tid-Bits.

A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

How He Acts in the Cab of an Engine
Drawing a Fast Train.

The locomotive engineer is a remark-
ably placid fellow, with a habit of de-
liberate precision in his look and mo-
tions. He occasionally turns a calm
eye to his gauge and then resumes his
quiet watch ahead. The three levers
which he has to manipulate are under
his hand for instant use, and when they
are used it is quickly and in order, as
an organist pulls out his stops. The
noise in the cab makes conversation
difficult, but not as bad as that heard
in the car when passing another train,
with or without the windows open, and
in looking out of the engine cab the
objects are approached gradually, not
rushed past as when one looks laterally
out of a parlor car window. The fact
is that the engineer does not look at the
side—he is looking ahead and there-
fore the speed seems less, as the objects
are approached gradually.

Those who have ridden at ninety
miles an hour on a locomotive know
that on a good road and there are
many such the engine is not shaken
and swayed in a terrible manner, but is
rather comfortable and the speed is not
so apparent as when one is riding in a
parlor car, where only a lateral view is
had. The engineer can be very com-
fortable if he is quite sure of the track
ahead, and it is only in rounding curves
or in approaching crossings that he
feels nervous, and it is doubtful if it is
any more strain to run a locomotive at
high speed than to ride a bicycle
through crowded thoroughfares. Judg-
ing by the countenances of the bicy-
cle rider and the engineer, the engineer has
rather the best of it.—Railroad Gazette.

A Faulty Deduction.

"There's a great deal in this science
of deduction," said an ardent admirer
of Sherlock Holmes to a chance ac-
quaintance on the rear platform of a
trolley car. "For instance, I see from
your bronzed cheeks that you have
just returned from a long vacation, you
have just dined, for you appear to enjoy
that cigar highly, and a cigar always
has finer flavor after dinner." "Deduc-
tion, is it?" said he whose family his-
tory the original Sherlock would have
known at a single glance. "Well, I
said you had no vacation, and I said I had
no dinner. I'm a bricklayer—been work-
ing for three weeks on the top of a drear-
y building, and I'm friends with this
cigar because I'm user smokin' a
pipe, and it's the first rope I've bought
for eight years. See?"

Another Disappointment.

"Can I see your father for a few
moments before I go, Miss Simpkins?"
he asked. "I want to speak to him up-
on a matter of importance."
"Certainly, Mr. Samson," replied the
girl, with a blush.
After Mr. Samson had taken his de-
parture with a happy smile on his face,
Miss Simpkins found her way to her
father's shoulder, and stealing her
arm round his neck, whispered:
"What did he want, papa?"
"He is agent for a patent gas burner,"
said the old man, "and I've agreed to
give it a trial."

How Long Will You Live.

The probable duration of a man's
life may be known if the ages at death
of his parents and grandparents are
known. If these be added together and
then divided by six the quotient will be
his approximate term of life. If the
quotient exceeds sixty one year may
be added for every five; if it falls be-
low sixty one year should be subtract-
ed for every five. The presumption in
this proportion is that with good for-
tune a man may equal, but he may not
hope to excel, the average of his par-
ents' and his grandparents' lives.

MALICIOUSLY FALSE.

REPUBLICAN MISREPRESENTA- TION OF CLEVELAND.

New York Platform Makes a Ground-
less Charge—Real Enemies of Amer-
ican Industries Are McKinley and
His Followers.

The Real Enemies of Industry.
The platform adopted by the New
York State Republican Convention
makes the silly protectionist charge
that President Cleveland is an enemy
of American industry. This groundless
assertion is repeated by the New York
Press, which claims that it is justified
by the President's tariff message of
1887, and that in a speech delivered in
1892 President Cleveland again de-
clared himself opposed to the manu-
facturing interests of the country.

There is not the slightest excuse for
these malicious inventions of the Pro-
tectionists. The pretense that oppo-
sition to granting special favors to in-
dustries has nothing whatever to do with
the assured foreign demand for our
wheat, must be evident to every one
who knows anything of the conditions
under which our surplus wheat goes
abroad. These conditions are the sine
of the crops in other countries and the
price in this country as compared with
our competitors. Lower duties cer-
tainly did not make bigger crops in
Europe, or lower prices for wheat in
other countries. On the other hand, it
is certain that protection does shut our
wheat out of foreign markets. First,
by the protection tariffs on wheat lev-
ied by France, Germany, Spain and
other European nations. Another way
in which protection injured our wheat
growers was by depriving foreigners of
our markets for their goods. Forced
to sell in India, Russia and the Argen-
tine Republic, the manufactured arti-
cles sold in this country previous to the
adoption of the McKinley tariff. Great
Britain and other nations naturally de-
veloped a trade in wheat with these
countries. The result is that a large
quantity of the wheat formerly sup-
plied by the United States now comes
from other sources. And this is a
sample of how protection helps the
farmer.

Frank, Indeed.
Chairman John R. Tanner has cut
loose from Senator Callum as a Presi-
dential candidate. He says the dele-
gates from Illinois in the Republican
national convention have for years
"fraternized away their strength for im-
possible favorite sons" (meaning Callum,
and that now they should unite
with other great States not to secure a
presidential candidate, but to "obtain
recognition" of the President when
elected. The proposition is intelligible
in its brutal force and audacity. Here-
after the vote of Illinois in Republican
conventions is not to be at the disposal
of Callum nor anybody else as a Presi-
dential candidate, but is to be auctioned
off to the best bidder for the offices and
spoils of the administration. That is
frank, to say the least.

Political Campaigns and Woolen Mills.
For campaign purposes the woolen in-
dustry is certainly in a very deplorable
condition; but it is otherwise doing
fairly well. The Springfield (Mass.)
Republican, an excellent authority,
says: "Sales of wool at Boston last
week reached the unprecedented
amount of 11,914,000 pounds. This does
not represent the mills to be in a very
depressed state. In fact, even the tar-
iff calamity people say the woolen goods
market is in a better position than it
has been, and the mills are mostly do-
ing well."—Philadelphia Record.

He Doesn't Want to Hear of It.
The shipment of five hundred tons of
wash-metal product, which has just
been made to England by the Youngs-
town Steel Company, "is the first con-
signment of a large order, and in send-
ing the metal to the old country
"Youngstown's industries competed
"against the world." Youngstown, it
may be added, is in the eastern part of
Ohio. Unfortunately, it is so far from
the State capital that Governor McKin-
ley may never get to hear of this sus-
picious shipment.

Not Ruined as Promised.
The imports of hides and skins for
the eight months ending with August
show an increase of \$12,000,000, or more
than 100 per cent above the imports of
the corresponding eight months of
1894. This increase is due in part to
the shortage in American hides, but it
shows that the business of making
shoes is going on with increasing ac-
tivity under a tariff which McKinley
thought would ruin the country.—New
York World.

Flamp, All-Wool Xmas Stockings.
Christmas stockings this year will be
thick, warm and will not need darning.
They will be made of free wool, will be
cheap and will therefore hang up at
every fireplace where there are chil-
dren. They will also be unusually full
on Christmas morning, judging from
the numerous wage advances in hosiery
and other textile mills. McKinley was
no friend to Santa Claus, and is there-
fore a back number.

Hard for McKinley to Explain.
Every factory in Cleveland, Ohio, is
working day and night to try to catch
up with the orders that they are behind
on. This is a little rough on McKinley,
and is an argument that it is hard for
him to answer when he pleads for high
protection.—Pecan Herald.

Volcanoes of Argument.
Among the interesting contributions
to the discussions of the day the con-
tained volumes given out by the busy
industrial chimneys must not be over-
looked.—Philadelphia Times.

DURRANT IS DOOMED.

FOUND GUILTY OF THE MURDER OF BLANCHE LAMONT.

End of the Trial at San Francisco.
Verdict Falls with Crushing Effect
Upon Prisoner and Friends—Extra-
ordinary Scene in the Court Room.

Death the Penalty.
Theodore Durrant, of San Francisco,
assistant superintendent of Emmanuel
Church Sunday school, was on Wed-
nesday convicted of the murder of Blanche
Lamont, for which he has been in the
jail since July 22 last. The jury was
out in twenty minutes and arrived at the
verdict on the first ballot. As there was no
commutation of mercy the prisoner was
sentenced to death.

There was no deliberation at all. The
jury had evidently decided upon a verdict
before they left the box. It was late
when they filed out of the courtroom.



DURRANT IN HIS CELL.

and at 3:55 a knock on the door
announced that a verdict had been
found. It took just five minutes of actual
time to elect a foreman and take the usual
necessary.

As the aged foreman, pale and re-
solving, read the words that found Dur-
rant a noise like the roar of a mob
came from the rear of the courtroom. The
moment men were cheering wildly, the
women wept hysterically in ecstasy.
The hall filled loudly for a minute, but
the tumult continued for a minute, but
nothing like quiet could be brought
out of the disorder. Judge Murphy was
the day for sentence, and said he would
then also fix the date of Durrant's ex-
ecution for the murder of Blanche Williams.

During the tumult that followed an
announcement of the verdict Durrant's
mother were lost sight of except
the few who sat nearest them. As the
last words of the verdict were spoken
Durrant made a spasmodic effort to



BLANCHE LAMONT, THE VICTIM.

to his feet, but before he could do so
his mother, with a half-sigh, half-cry,
threw her arms around his neck and
back into her chair. Durrant's father
was not in the room when the verdict was
turned.

Aside from the spectators Mrs. No-
blanche Lamont's aunt, and Miss La-
mont, the dead girl's sister, were ap-
parently the happiest persons in the room.
When the verdict was announced Mrs.
Lamont sprang from her seat, clasped
her hands and then cried of short
contentment. Mrs. Noble mixed smiles
tears and shook hands with a number
of friends who crowded around to con-
gratulate her.

The case will be appealed to the
supreme Court, and it is expected that
year will elapse before a decision will
be obtained.

THE EARTHQUAKE OCT. 31, 1894.



As it will be sixty years hence, when
the old settlers tell about it.—Chicago
Record.

A boycott, endorsed by the United
Trades and Labor Council, has been
declared by the Malsters and Brewers
Union of Buffalo against beer manufac-
tured by breweries taking their malt from
the local private maltsters. The maltsters
have refused to concede the demands of
the union, hence the boycott.

Secretary Smith has denied the ap-
plication of the Chicago, Milwaukee and
St. Paul Railroad Company for refund
of \$15,335 deposited by the company for
the right of way across the
Sioux reservation in South Dakota.