

THEIR EYES.

BY LYDIA PLATT RICHARDS.

May's eyes are blue, celestial bright,
They flash with radiant, rapturous light,
So love-lit and so genial, kind,
Like windows to her brilliant mind.

Ted's eyes are brown—a wondrous tint;
They flash and glow and glance and glint;
Their beams so bright, they seem to burn,
And from their fires you wisely turn,

Maud's eyes are gray—deceptive shade;
No danger makes them turn, afraid,
Dankness and calm, with modest air,
They may be true—yet, still, beware!

Jess' eyes are hazel, full of fire;
They glow with love or flash with ire;
Their light uncertain, warm or cold,
Their secrets are too freely told.

Pearl's eyes are black, with far-off light;
Sunlike, they are surpassing bright;
The flame of genius seems to shine
In her eyes with light divine.
MOMENCE, III.

THE CHICKEN THIEF.

A Humorous Sketch.

BY HACKSTONE.

WHEN I was much younger than I am now, and used a different set of thoughts to work with, it seemed to me that the chief end of young manhood was to have a girl or two and a horse and buggy.

The other innocent things a young man needs didn't bother me much, neither did the horse and buggy, but the girls made the trouble. I can't say that I wanted to marry all the girls I waited on; indeed, the girls' mothers used to give it out among themselves that I didn't want to marry any of them, and this innocent fact disturbed me, because I used to think a girl's mother ought to be satisfied when she found I was not going to take her daughter away and keep her.

I couldn't understand it, but just as I would begin to get along nicely with a girl, the mother would come on the scene and make all sorts of intimations that I couldn't comprehend. I would smile and laugh, and try in all sorts of ways to make the mother think I thought her smart and funny. I ut it it wouldn't work. It was always only a

on me. The three dogs were not particularly large or vicious, but they had big barks, and when I left the mother still talking and gesturing, I thought about that, and I made up my mind the bloody nose I had got with the girl's former bean wasn't in vain. I'd just quit the old lady and cultivate the negro cook and the dogs.

"Now, lookere yere, Marser H." the cook said to me shortly after the fracas with the mother, "ef yer wants to cum de kitchun to see de young missus, 'cause you an' de ole missus don't 'zactly git along, Susan ain't er carin', an' bein' as how de ole missus done tolle us you're name wa'n't gwine to be talked about yere, I isn't gwine to tell nobody when you is here, jes' so long you don't bother Susan, and dat's me. De young missus is in de kitchun waitin' fur you now, an' you jes' go in while I gits some wood an' watches out for dem niggers what's er prowlin' erbout yere for ter hook de chickens."

Now that we have got to the chickens, just leave me in the kitchen with Aunt Susan and the "young missus," while we take a look at the "ole missus," up-stairs.

It is dark up in the hall, but you can see her "laying" for the chicken thief. She's got the two hired men downstairs trained to run out at a signal, and no doubt the old gentleman will exchange his paper for a gun when she gives the word. It's awful lonesome work watching for a chicken thief—he comes when you don't expect him; you hear the chickens cackle (those that he hasn't got), and before you're ready he is off. My lady, though, knew the way of the chicken thief, and she made it her business to pace up and down the hall, peeping out of the front door occasionally, then out of the back door, and then out of a dark room which looked right down on to the trees where the chickens were made to roost, expressly to trap the chicken thief.

You may be sure the old lady had a lonesome job pacing around to her lookouts, and it is not strange that she fell a wondering why the "young missus" took such a sudden interest in cooking and ironing; it is not strange, either, that she "smelt a mouse" the first pop, and sneaked down stairs to see how her daughter looked cooking or ironing.



SEARCHING FOR THE THIEF.

matter of time when I would go calling and find the mother in the parlor playing "Home, Sweet Home," and the daughter—well, the daughter's whereabouts varied. Sometimes it was business, sometimes sickness, or out of town, or something which signified absence from where I thought she ought to be.

When I look back on some of those evenings now they seem very dull, but then they were interesting, because I couldn't quite make the matter out.

The mother would say a few words, then she would thrum a chord of "Home, Sweet Home," then I would say something, and she would say "Yes," then she would say "Excuse me, please."

During the ten minutes of her absence I would work my poor head for all it was worth, and get a set of questions and answers all arranged for us, but when she came back and I set my dialogue in motion, somehow or other what I conceived to be funny would fall flat, and what I thought real smart and serious, she would laugh at, just as if it was funny. Of course I didn't want to be rude and rush right out of the house while everything was in a dead calm, nor did I feel like going when she was laughing at something that wasn't funny. The fact is, it was hard to stay, and there didn't seem to be any proper time to go. When I did get away, I would blame the poor girl for having such an uninteresting mother.

Then I would get another girl—or, rather, try to get another girl's mother. My success would run right along in the same channel of its predecessor, and then the mother would spring the old formula-in-chief on me, with such variations as the changed conditions seemed to warrant. I finally got tired of that variety which had such a sameness to it, and made bold one day to tell a mother so. She didn't say it in so many words, but she made me understand that, as I didn't like her style, the next time she caught me on the place, she would "sic" the dogs

Well, we won't follow the mother down into the kitchen; just suffice it to say that the visitor had a seat near the kitchen window, convenient to the ground. He's all right, the old lady can't catch him in the kitchen, because there's a line between the door and that window, and on that line is a big sheet. Just never mind him; let's go out and see what the chickens are cackling about.

The mother rushed to the back porch at the first cackle, turned out the dogs and hired men, all of which set up such a racket that the last hen on the place fell to squawking. From the porch the mother directed the hunt for the thief, ordering the men in the shrubbery, the dogs somewhere else, until the air was so thick with orders and counter-orders that a regular bedlam was there. When they all got tired of yelling and running about to no purpose they settled down seriously to look for the thief. The dogs would run up to a little bunch of shrubbery and stop. Then they would seem to give up the hunt until ordered on again, when they would go right to that same bush and stop. This attracted the attention of the hired men, and, alas for the fugitive, they looked in there and found a man. The mother was so overwhelmed with joy when she saw the two strong men holding the game she had been after so long that she ordered him bound hands and feet and carried in the bottom of their springless wagon to jail.

"Dot's right, missus," shouted Susan; "hab de no' count rascal toted off to de dungeon."

When they got the culprit bound hand foot they laid him down on his back in the snow, while they hitched up the team that was to cart him off. The whole family, Aunt Susan and all, looked on from the porch, and when the two strong men tossed him in the wagon like a sack of potatoes, and drove away with him, the household congratulated themselves on being well rid of a troublesome rascal.

At the breakfast table the next

morning the chicken-thief was the chief topic, and when breakfast was over the "young missus" slipped into the kitchen to discuss another side of the affair with Aunt Susan.

"You may be sure," said Aunt Susan, "dat dat ere white man done got to de big fore de dogs got out for de chicken-thief, case he popped out en de widder jes' as ole missus came into de door. He had time enough to get away fore de han's got out after de hen squawk. No, honey, you kin jes' bet dey didn't nobody see him."

Just then a boy called with a note. "Ah!" exclaimed the young lady, "here's a note from him telling us all about it," and she hastily tore open the letter and began to read:

MY DEAR MISS—Please send my horse home and tell my folks that I won't be home to-day, maybe not for several days. You will find the horse down in the lane, where I left him last night. I had the misfortune to step on that miserable old hen.

I don't ask this as a favor for myself, but out of sympathy for my horses, he must be hungry, and I know he would like to lie down once more on a soft bed with his clothes off. I can sympathize with him. Yours in jail,

HACKSTONE.

I never spoke to the girl after I got out, but whenever I would see her she smiled a smile that I didn't like.

Artistic Indifference.

I must mention a melancholy fact which shows how factitious is the taste of the public for art, says a Paris correspondent. People go in shoals to an art exhibition when it is a "fashionable" one; it is the proper thing then. It seems that the exhibition of Barye's works is not fashionable, for no one goes to it; the entrance fees scarcely amount to more than a guinea a day. Although the hall has been lent by the Beaux Arts school, the expenses will not be covered; and yet some of the bronzes exposed are perfect masterpieces, worthy of Grecian art. Barye is the first sculptor who ever modeled animals as they really are. Before his time people were satisfied with the wiggled lions, such as those that decorate Trafalgar square; triumphs of conventionalities, negations of truth. He took the trouble to go to Jardin des Plantes and study the living model; and although the king of the desert does not come out to his full advantage in a cage, still Barye modeled marvelous things. He loved all wild animals—even elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses, dogs, stags, roes, goats, or even rabbits, serpents, lizards—in fact, all animals. But it is the custom to consider as secondary the art of an animal painter or animal sculptor, and poor Barye died in distress beside his masterpieces. It is, however, some consolation for his ghost to know that Americans are covering his bronzes with gold; although it is shameful that in his own land such indifference is shown to his memory. It is said that America will erect the statue of which France does not deem him worthy.

Such Good Friends.

Two ladies met in one of our fashionable dry goods stores the other day and sat down to have a fashionable chat. One of the ladies in the course of conversation said:

"I saw Mr. Blank when I was home last month, and he inquired very particularly after you."

"Did he? How strange that he should remember me. I haven't seen him since I was married."

"So he told me. He said it was twenty-five years since he had seen you."

"Dear, dear. Is it possible it is so long as that?"

"Yes. And he said he would go a long way just to look at you again."

"Did he? How nice of him. And what did you say?"

"Oh, I told him you were not as well worth looking at now as you were twenty-five years ago. It's true, isn't it, dear?"

"Yes, love," said the other woman, sweetly. "Do you know you remind me of Tennyson?"

"How so?" asked the friend, with a pleased expression.

"Why, you know where he says it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Do you see the application? Good morning, dearest." And she sailed away.

Her friend saw the application.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Diploma Not the Only Requisite.

The nineteen young men who have been studying journalism at Cornell have been pronounced graduates after a year's study and turned out to make their reputation in the harder school of professional work. The ease with which they learned a business requiring the best efforts of a lifetime by those who do not get to Cornell will be a bar to their advancement. In nearly any well-managed office they can now get three or four days' work, on trial, at a salary which will about pay their board, and if they show the skill of an ordinary reporter they may eventually work their way upward. If they don't they will go out the big front door more quickly than they came, diploma or no diploma. Sheepskin is all right in its place, but in the newspaper business it takes something more to make a mark.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A Sudden Rise.

"How much is cannel-coal, Mr. Litton?"

"I think it's \$18. Just wait a minute."

He goes over to the book-keeper.

"Has Elkins paid his bill yet?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, Mr. Elkins, I find cannel-coal has gone up to \$24."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON

INDIGNITY TO JUSTICE FIELD RESULTS IN DAVID TERRY'S DEATH.

Sarah Althea Hill's Husband Killed In California, by a Deputy Marshal While Attacking the United States Supreme Court Justice—The Slayer Under Arrest.

Upon the arrival of the Southern overland train at Lathrop, Cal., on the morning of the 14th, United States Supreme

Judge Stephen J. Field and Deputy United States Marshal David Nagle walked into the depot dining-room for breakfast, and sat down side by side. Soon after Judge David Terry and his wife came in also.

JUDGE TERRY

Judge Terry sat down, but retired to the train for some unknown purpose. Before she reached it, however, and as soon as she had left the dining-room, Judge Terry approached Justice Field and, stooping over him, slapped his face. At this juncture Deputy Marshal Nagle arose from his seat and shot Judge Terry through the heart. As he was falling the Deputy Marshal shot again, but missed him, the bullet going through the floor. Both shots were fired in very quick succession.

The Judge never uttered a sound after being shot. Judge Terry had hardly fallen when Mrs. Terry rushed to the side of his body and threw herself upon it. Then ensued a scene of wildest excitement. People rushed from the dining-room and others rushed in. During this time Justice Field and Deputy Marshal Nagle retreated to the sleeping-car, where they were securely locked within, while Mrs. Terry called upon the citizens to arrest them.

Before the train pulled out Constable Walker entered the sleeper, and was carried away on board the train. He informed the spectators that he knew his duty and would perform it.

During the time the train was standing at the depot Mrs. Terry was running wildly alternately from the body of her husband to the sleeper, and demanding admittance that she might slap Justice Field's face, and at the same time begging that they might be detained and have their examination there. Previous to the entrance of Constable Walker into the sleeper, Sheriff Purvis and a Deputy of Stanislaus County had already taken charge of Deputy United States Marshal Nagle.

After the shooting Deputy Marshal Nagle backed up against the wall of the dining-room and warned every one not to arrest him, saying he was a United States officer in discharge of his duty. There was no semblance of an attempt to molest him at any time. Constable Walker took Deputy Nagle from the train at Tracy and proceeded with him to Stockton, where he is now in jail.

On the arrival of the Southern overland train at Oakland a great crowd had collected, telegraphic intelligence having preceded the arrival of the train, and the sleeping car in which Justice Field was sitting was at once besieged by United States officials and newspaper men. Justice Field maintained a quiet demeanor, and replied to a press representative when asked to narrate particulars of the shooting:

"For the last few months all manner of reports have reached me that Judge Terry had threatened to subject me to some form of indignity if he should happen to meet me. This fact caused the United States marshal to decide to provide such protection as he could during my stay in this State. When I started for Los Angeles to hold court Deputy Nagle accompanied me. He seemed to be a quiet, gentlemanly official. Returning, he accompanied me; taking a seat in the sleeping car opposite to me. We heard that Judge Terry and his wife were on the train, but paid no attention to the fact. When we arrived at Lathrop we entered the eating station for breakfast. I took a seat at the end of a table, while Nagle sat on one side of me. Terry and his wife came in the room soon after me. As soon as she saw me she went out of the room, as I afterward learned, returning to the car for her satchel. Judge Terry rose and I supposed he intended accompanying her. Instead of doing so he walked back to me and struck me a heavy blow on the face. I was completely astonished and saw he was making ready to strike again. Nagle cried out 'Stop! Stop!' but Terry did not desist, and as he was raising his arm the second time Nagle shot at him, the bullet entering his heart. He fell on the floor. Nagle shot a second time, but the second shot did not strike him. Nagle was arrested at Tracy and taken to Stockton to await the result of the inquest. That is the complete story, so far as I am aware of the facts."

Justice Field left the overland train at Oakland ferry and drove to the Palace hotel, where he was joined by his wife.



SARAH ALTHEA HILL

He was not accosted, and if the notice of the chief of police, claimed to have been sent by the district attorney of San Joaquin, was forwarded in that form it was not headed.

A passenger on the train at Lathrop says that when he heard the shooting he rushed out of the car and saw Mrs. Terry with a satchel in her hand. She was trying to open it and he took it from her. She tried to regain possession of it but failed.

When the satchel was opened afterward a pistol was found in it.

It is claimed that protection by the federal officers was given Justice Field by authority of Attorney-General Miller, who telegraphed from Washington to the marshal of the district to see that the person of the justice was protected at any hazard. The order extended also to Judge Sawyer of the United States Circuit court in this city, upon whom Mrs. Terry made a personal assault last year while on a railway train accompanied by Judge Terry. The order was based upon this fact and upon threats declared to have been made openly by Terry against Justice Field. Deputy Marshal Nagle was directed to accompany Justice Field under this order, and he is said to have given Judge Terry full warning to stop when the latter began his attack upon Justice Field, and only fired at Terry as the latter was about to strike a second time.

Among the passengers on the Southern overland train was Col. H. G. Otis, editor of the Los Angeles Times. He was standing outside of the depot dining-room when the shooting of Judge Terry occurred, and was at the scene of the tragedy a moment later. In an interview he said: "The train arrived at Lathrop at 7:10. Justice Field was among the first of the passengers to enter the dining-room. He took a seat at a table facing the door. United States Deputy Marshal Nagle sat at his side. Soon after they sat down David S. Terry and his wife entered the room. When Mrs. Terry saw Justice Field she turned and hurriedly went out of the room to the train, the supposition being that she went after a pistol or a bottle of vitriol. Terry sat down at a table further up the dining-room. Presently he arose and walked over to the latter's chair. Judge Field was leaning over his plate at the time and Terry approached him from behind, and without a word of warning dealt him a blow on the side of the face. At that instant Nagle cried out: 'Hold, hands off that man!' Terry did not heed the marshal's warning and raised his clenched fist to deliver a second blow. Quick as a flash Nagle drew a pistol and sent a bullet through his heart and then another not over an inch from where the first one struck him.

"I happened to know that the deputy marshal was acting under direct written instructions from the attorney-general to protect the persons of Judges Field and Sawyer at all hazards. In conversation with me Justice Field said he was not responsible for the constant attendance of the deputy, and was rather annoyed at it. The officer went on the same train with the Justice to Los Angeles, and had faithfully guarded his person up to the moment of the tragedy. He was in the faithful discharge of his sworn duty when he killed



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE FIELD.

Terry. Justice Field told me he was not armed."

The body of Terry was taken to Stockton by the coroner. Mrs. Terry rode in the express car with the remains. Deputy Marshal Nagle was also taken there by Constable Walker of Lathrop. He refused to be interviewed, but said: "I am a deputy United States