

ONE YEAR IN HEAVEN.

BY EREN K. REXFORD.

One year in Heaven. O, blue-eyed little darling,
One year an angel by the throne of God;
A flower of earth transplanted to the garden,
Where never yet a grave has marred the sod.

O, child, so dear, we often feel you near us;
Here, as of old, beside each loving heart;
We call your name, and love to think you hear us;
Here, yet in Heaven—so near, yet far apart.

So far apart? No, 'tis not far to Heaven,
God's word and ours touch in the grave's green sod,
And what we lose on earth in pain and sorrow
We find in gladness in the world of God.

O, happy voice, that drove away all sorrow
From those who loved you in this lower land,
How sweet the songs are that you join in sing-
ing—
Too sweet, as yet, for us to understand.

How sweet the thought. In Heaven a fair,
pure angel
Is all our own, our own forevermore.
Though we are poor in all of earth's possessions,
In God's dear world what treasure is in store

O, joy above all other joys, to see thee,
To clasp thee, kiss thee, have thee as of old,
And know in Heaven there is no loss or parting,
But always joy and happiness untold.

Watch for us, darling. Watch and wait our
coming.
Be at the golden gate to let us through,
And may the sight that greets us first in
Heaven
Be one, we pray, dear little one, of you.
SHILOH, WIS.

LOVE IN A CAB.

BY JULIA E. LEWIS.

Englewood is not a very large place and is not apt to grow much, for the simple reason that it is situated some four miles from a railway station. The town was settled long before the railroad was built, and when the surveyors were at work on the route of the road, they made arrangements to make that place one of their principal stations. They never thought that they would be hindered in this plan, but they did not know the people of Englewood.

There were only two classes of people in that town. One class included the residents who had lived in that town all their lives, and whose children would most likely occupy the same houses, pursue the same business, and do just exactly the same things as their ancestors had done. This class was decidedly averse to anything new. They hated improvements, frowned down every enterprise that would change the primitive method of doing business in Englewood, and endeavored to make that town the same old sleepy place it always had been. The other class comprised a number of newcomers, who were anxious to see Englewood improve, but, seeing no indications that such a state of things would occur, were for making all the money they could out of the property they owned in Englewood. Between the two classes the railroad company had a hard time of it. The old-time citizens positively refused to sell an inch of the ground to the railroad company, resisted all their efforts to secure ground, and by legislation hampered the company with such restrictions that the operating expenses in the vicinity of Englewood would have been much greater than on any other portion of the line. The other class of people, thinking that the company would be compelled to tap Englewood, asked such awful prices for their ground that the railroad company refused to negotiate with them. To solve the difficulty a new route was surveyed, and the road branched off in another direction, the nearest point to Englewood it touched being at Clifton, some four miles away. A line of coaches and a few cabs carried passengers from Englewood to Clifton.

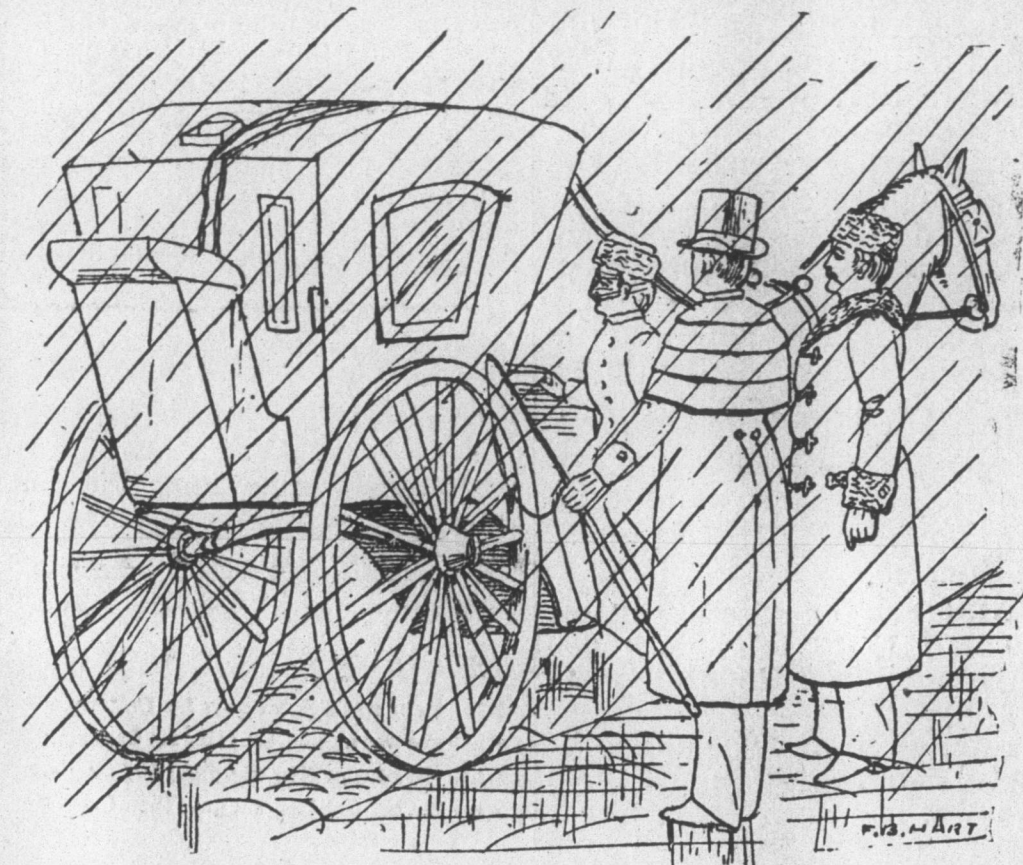
One night in September, I took the train from New York to Clifton. I was feeling miserable, and no wonder, for I was just about bidding farewell to all my friends in Englewood, to leave the associations I had grown up with since childhood, and go to far-distant California to commence life anew. Up to two weeks before that time I had considered myself one of the luckiest lawyers in that portion of the country. I had a good practice, splendid prospects, and enjoyed the best of health. Suddenly there came a sorrow into my life that made me make up my mind to break all the ties that bound me to Englewood and its people, and go to a portion of the United States where I was unknown. As you no doubt have, ere this, fathomed the sorrow, I might as well confess and tell you it was a woman that caused me to make this resolution. She was the fairest creature in Englewood, with rippling golden hair, laughing blue eyes, and a complexion that needed no artificial embellishment to enhance its beauty.

I had loved Ethel Linton for years, but being one of those men whose bravery and courage all ooze out of them when talking to a beautiful woman, I had never asked if my love was returned. True it was that Ethel always treated me in a cordial, friendly way, but she did the same with all the rest of her admirers, and I never could tell whether she loved me or not.

At last, I made up my mind that the torture would have to end, and I mused myself to ask the question which would make me either happy or miserable. For weeks I endeavored to secure a favorable opportunity, but Ethel always seemed to divine my intentions, and on some pretext or another would turn the conversation to some other subject. I tried in every way possible to find the time when I could deliver the carefully prepared speech I had rehearsed, offering her my hand and heart, but it came not. If I became sentimental in my talk Ethel would dash into some prosaic subject that would take all the romance out of me. If I asked her for a few moments'

serious conversation, she would tell me that life was too short to indulge in seriousness, and would break out into a rapid description of some gay ball or party she had attended. At last, angered by her seeming indifference, I one evening called her a heartless coquette and left her, convinced that she was toying with my affections, and, unwilling to stay where I would be perpetually reminded of my love for her, I made arrangements at once to leave Englewood forever. I had almost completed arrangements for the disposal of my practice, and had been in New York to settle everything definitely. I was returning to Englewood to pack my trunk and leave that place the next day forever. As I thought Ethel was a coquette, I determined she should not see me again, so I took a late train from the city and intended leaving Englewood in the morning.

It was a terrible night. The rain was coming down in torrents, the thunder was roaring, and the sharp flashes of lightning made the few passengers in the car draw their heads away from the window. It was the kind of a night that would give a man the "blues" if he had not the pleasure of looking forward to a comfortable fire and cosy room awaiting him at home.



"GOOD ENOUGH," SAID THE DRIVER, AND HE ASSISTED HER IN.

As I had no anticipations of such a joy, but was looking forward to saying farewell to the familiar scenes of my life, on the next day, my feelings were decidedly morose. The train sped on and I thought how happy I could be if Ethel Linton were not heartless. Then I thought of the misery of being separated from the only woman I had ever loved, and, as my mind lingered on the subject, I clenched my fingers until the nails were driven deep into the palms of my hands.

At last we reached Clifton, and I alighted. Hurrying along the platform, to escape the rain, I reached a cab, the only one standing there. I engaged it, and jumped in. The long train moved off into the darkness of the night, and I was just congratulating myself on the fact that there were no other passengers for Englewood, who would disturb my gloomy thoughts on my way there, when a trim, neat figure came along the station platform. It was a female, and I mentally cursed my luck in being compelled to ride those four miles with a woman, and most likely being compelled to converse with her, when I wanted to be alone with my thoughts. The driver waited for her, and when she came up said, "I'm sorry, Miss, but this cab is the only one here, and if you want to get to Englewood you'll have to put up with this gentleman as a passenger."

Instantly my gallantry asserted itself, and jumping out of the cab I said, "Miss, you certainly will have to occupy the cab with me, as there are no other conveyances here and it is too bad a night for either of us to walk."

To my great surprise the lady raised her veil and said, "Thank you, Mr. Herriatt, I shall be happy to accept your kind offer and will occupy the cab with you."

"Good enough," said the driver. And he assisted her in. Then he mounted the box and I, stunned by the thought that I would be compelled to ride four miles in a cab with a woman I was going to run away from, got in the carriage and sat beside her. The door closed and the driver whipped up his horses and away we went. I drew myself to one side of the carriage and looked out of the window, but I could see nothing. Then I felt an irresistible desire to hear Ethel talk once more. In a matter-of-fact tone I asked her how it was she came to Clifton so late, and why it was that no one was there to meet her. In a cool, deliberate manner she informed me that she had been on a visit to her aunt in New York, and had missed an earlier train. Thinking that there would be plenty of conveyances at Clifton, she had not telegraphed to her father. Then we were both silent, and we heard nothing but the patter of the rain and the steady tramp of the horses' feet. The silence was terrible to me. My anguish increased as the thought flashed across my mind that this would be the last time I should ever be in Ethel Linton's company. With each successive flash of lightning I looked at Ethel, but there was no encouragement there. She sat with her beautiful face close up to the window peering out into the darkness.

At last a brilliant inspiration came into my head. Here I had been trying

for months to secure a favorable opportunity to tell Ethel Linton of my love, and now that chance had come and I was neglecting it. She could not put me off with any trivial excuse now but would be compelled to listen to me. What would it matter if she did say no? I was going away anyway and I would have the satisfaction of knowing that my love was not returned and possibly this would enable me to forget her. My mind was fully made up and the very thought gave me courage. Just then we reached a bad portion of the road and the cab gave a lurch. Ethel gave a little scream and as the side of the carriage she was on went up in the air she nestled close to me. I instantly placed my arm around her waist and held her there. The danger of upsetting was over in a moment, for we struck a level piece of road just then, but I still held on to Ethel. Then in impassioned tones I poured forth the story of my love. I told her how I had loved her for years, how on account of that love I was going far away on the morrow and pleaded with her for an answer. To my delight there was murmured a sweet little "yes," which, though not a very intelligent answer to the last question, convinced me that Ethel loved me.



Instantly my gloomy feelings were driven away by the sun of joy and I blessed the weather, the cabmen who had stayed at home and in fact everything that had helped me to thus secure a definite answer to my proposal.

When I had formerly traveled between Clifton and Englewood I thought that those four miles were the longest ever heard of, but that night it seemed as if we fairly flew along the road, for we reached Englewood in what seemed a very short time. I left Ethel at her father's door, and as I kissed her good night I said, "Darling, I won't go to California for several months and then it will be on my wedding trip."

The next day I changed all my plans and settled down in Englewood, and in a few months Ethel and I were married and took a wedding trip to California. We often talk about our past life and I tell her how near she came to wrecking mine by her coquetry. She always tells me how sorry she is, but declares that she always loved me and only teased me so in the hope that I would speak out and ask for her hand, so she could say "yes."

Anyway I shall never forget the night I rode with Ethel from Clifton to Englewood, and whenever I see a cab I feel like taking off my hat to it.

Chicago's Millionaire.

The man who told me this story had something to say about "Old Hutch," of course. I never talked to a Board of Trade man ten minutes without hearing something about the remarkable old man. He seems to be as persistent in getting into men's minds and on their tongues as was Charles I. in Mr. Dick's Memoirs. This man said:

"You can find 'Old Hutch' on one of the stools at a cheap lunch-counter down near the Board every morning of the week. Goes in there regularly and orders two soft-boiled eggs and rolls, and he looks at the check as closely as any poor clerk in town. How's that for a man with his money? Millions and millions of wealth, and eating a 15 or 20 cent breakfast. But that's his style. He surprised me the other day. As long as I've been around the Board, I never saw 'Old Hutch' wear anything but a black slouch hat; but the other day he appeared with one of the new-style straws with straight, stiff brim. Nobody could look at him without smiling, and the old man 'tumbled' and only wore it one day. He doesn't care for dress, or comfort, or good living, anyway. He has just one passion in life, and that's gambling. He is the first man on the floor of the Board always, and the last one to leave it. Imagine, if you can, the supreme delight to such a man of running a corner such as he manipulated last December. But he's almost parsimonious in his daily life. I saw him at the theater one time alone, sitting in a parquet seat without a soul to talk to. He's a one; that's what he is."—Chicago Mail.

WHAT'S in a name? The richest Chinaman in the town of Seattle rejoices in the discouraging name of Bad Luckee.

JUDGE FIELD ARRESTED

THE SUPREME COURT JUSTICE IS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY

Quickly Released by Habeas Corpus Proceedings on Bonds of \$5,000—Marshal Nagle Also Freed from the Stockton Jail—Burial of Judge Terry.

A San Francisco dispatch says: Justice Stephen J. Field of the United States Supreme court was arrested here Friday on a charge of being a party to the killing of David S. Terry at Lathrop last Wednesday morning. The application for a writ of habeas corpus was at once made, and the matter was heard by Judge Sawyer of the United States Circuit court, who granted the writ and released Justice Field on \$5,000 bail. The warrant for Justice Field's arrest was issued by a justice of the peace in Stockton, on the complaint of Mrs. Sarah Althea Terry. Sheriff Cunningham of Stockton arrived here with the warrant Thursday night, and he applied to Judge Rix of the police court to endorse it. Judge Rix took the matter under advisement and consulted with District Attorney Page, who expressed the opinion that the warrant should be indorsed, as it was issued in the regular form and the judge should not consider the individuality of the person against whom it was directed. Counsel who appeared for Justice Field, urged the judge to take testimony to ascertain if the warrant had been issued. He declared that the issuance of the warrant was nothing more than an attempt to humiliate a justice of the Supreme court. Judge Rix finally indorsed the warrant and placed it in the hands of Sheriff Cunningham, who went to the United States appraiser's building, where Field's chambers and located.

Justice Field arrived at his chambers about noon, and with Judge Brewer of Kansas and Judge Sawyer awaited the arrival of the sheriff. Sheriff Cunningham went first to the marshal's office, and then, accompanied by Chief of Police Crowley, Capt. Lees, and United States Marshal Franks, proceeded to Justice Field's chamber. Justice Field arose to receive the party and Sheriff Cunningham presented the warrant and formally made the arrest. An application was made at once for a writ of habeas corpus. Judge Sawyer granted the writ and retired to the Circuit court room. District Attorney Carey announced that Sheriff Cunningham had obeyed the writ of habeas corpus and produced the prisoner, and that he now awaited the further pleasure of the court. Judge Sawyer set the case for a hearing for next Thursday morning and ordered Justice Field's release, fixing the bail at \$5,000.

The petition for the writ of habeas corpus was made by Justice Field himself, and is a very long document. It sets forth in detail the facts of the case already known, and declares that at the breakfast table at Lathrop, Justice Field was maliciously and wickedly assaulted from behind without any forewarning by David S. Terry, which assault was not provoked by any act, word, or deed of the petitioner. The details of the contempt proceedings of September last, when Mrs. Terry caused the sensational scene in the Circuit court room, are then set forth. The petition next sets forth that at the time of the shooting Justice Field was accompanied by David Nagle, deputy United States marshal who was acting under instructions from the Attorney-General of the United States and Marshal Franks. The petitioner declares that he in no way or manner defended or protected himself, and was in no way responsible for any directions given Nagle or any other person, and that he was merely present at the place of shooting while en route from Los Angeles to San Francisco while in discharge of his official duties. He further declares that he was not then nor has he been at any time for many years armed with any weapon whatever, nor has he used any weapon whatever.

Action will be taken seeking for an order from the United States court upon Sheriff Cunningham to at once deliver Deputy Marshal Nagle into the custody of the United States Marshal. Upon which, if obeyed, the deputy will be brought to this city.

Application was made by Attorney Crittenden to the Supreme court of California to adjourn as a mark of respect to the memory of Judge Terry, ex-chief justice. Chief Justice Beatty declined to entertain the motion in the following language, after remarking that he was sorry that the motion had been made:

"It is a very unpleasant affair, but the court has fully considered the same and deems it the wisest mode of treating the subject in silence. The sudden death of David S. Terry is notorious and it is the decision of this court that it takes no further action in the matter."

The funeral of Judge Terry was held at Stockton Friday. The body was removed from the morgue at noon and taken to the Episcopal church, where it lay in state for two hours and was viewed by a great number of people. Mrs. Terry occupied a pew near the casket and watched the face of the dead all the while. Several times she left the seat and threw herself upon the casket. The service was read by one of the vestrymen of the church. The body was buried in a cemetery in the town.

Deputy United States Marshal Nagle, who shot and killed David S. Terry, was released from jail at Stockton at 5 o'clock Saturday morning on a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Sawyer of the United States Circuit court. He passed through here en route for San Francisco, accompanied by Marshal Franks.

United States Attorney Cary of San Francisco received a telegram from the Department of Justice at Washington instructing him to assume, on behalf of the United States government, the defense of Deputy United States Marshal David Nagle.

A REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT.

Memorial Services Held at the Grave of Gen. Daniel Morgan.

At Winchester, Va., interesting services were held around the grave of Gen. Daniel Morgan of revolutionary fame, by 200 teachers from different parts of the State, who are attending the Peabody Normal institute. Addresses were made by George R. Stottlemeyer of the Maryland Legislature and Prof. Roy and Hoenshell of Virginia. The procession of teachers carried United States flags, and was preceded by thirteen young ladies, representing the colonies.

ELOPED WITH A PRIEST.

MIKE McDONALD'S UNFAITHFUL WIFE CAUSES A SENSATION.

Father Joseph Moyaout, of Notre Dame Church, Her Paramour—Masquerading in the Garb of a Nun, She Carries on a Liaison for Two Years.

[Chicago special.]
What has for many days past been neighborhood gossip in the aristocratic residence portion of Ashland avenue, yesterday crystalized into a fact, and it became known upon the streets that Mrs. M. G. McDonald, wife of the well-known politician and ex-gambler, had eloped.

It is supposed that she is by this time in Europe, and that she will ever be seen or heard of again here is doubtful.

This is not her first escapade of the kind, she having in 1875 decamped to San Francisco with "Billy" Alington, the minstrel. To this point her husband pursued her, and, much to the disappointment of the residents of the coast, refrained from killing Alington. McDonald, however, thought of nothing but his young children and his love for his wife, the companion of the years when his affluence was not as great as now, and so he forgave his erring partner, brought her back, and strove as the years went by to make them both forget the past.

But it seems that the woman could not be induced to behave. Mike McDonald's bitterest enemies must say that he lavished everything on his family. As things prospered with him in the past ten years, and his accumulation of wealth savors of the luck of a modern Monte Cristo, he spared nothing to surround his household with all the comforts and luxuries money could purchase.

If a palatial home, fine raiment, costly jewels, an army of servants, blooded horses for riding and driving, and above all a young and growing family, and the touch of baby fingers, could make a woman half-way contented, then Mrs. McDonald ought to have been happy. But it seems it was not to be.

On the 24th day of July Mrs. McDonald left her husband's palatial home, at the corner of Ashland boulevard and Harrison street, ostensibly for the purpose of visiting her mother at Tiffin, Ohio. She did not go to Tiffin, but eloped with a Catholic priest, Rev. Father Joseph Moyaout, assistant pastor of the Church of Notre Dame in Chicago, at the corner of Vernon Park place and Sibley street. Since the day she left her home no one has heard from or seen her, except once, three days afterward, when she returned to the house secretly attired in a nun's garb. Her visit was so timed that her husband would not see her, and she left to return no more.

The elopement is one of the most sensational on record. Mrs. McDonald is forty-four years of age and looks older. Her count of her hair; her supposed priestly paramour is seventeen years her junior, and not at all a man who would ordinarily fascinate or attract a woman. Mrs. McDonald is the mother of four children and the grandmother of two.

Mr. McDonald was found at his home last evening by a reporter, who explained his mission as delicately as possible.

"Have nothing to conceal," said Mr. McDonald in a tone which was almost pathetic in its sadness. He seemed quite crushed by the blow which has fallen upon him. "Come in," he continued, "and I will give you all the particulars as fully as I can." He led the way into a sumptuously furnished parlor, fitted up with all that the most capricious woman could desire. Exquisite Turkish carpets and rugs covered the hardwood floor; costly pictures hung upon the wall; a grand piece of inlaid woods stood near the broad folding doors and marble busts of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald and their eldest boy stood in an alcove formed by a large circular front window.

"Yes, it is true that my wife has gone," said Mr. McDonald, as he seated himself and motioned the reporter to another chair. She has gone with a priest—Father Moyaout, of Notre Dame Church, of which she has been a member for some years, and where the family attended the church, also attending the school belonging to the church. She left July 24, telling me she was going to make a visit to her mother at Tiffin, Ohio. I supplied her with money for her trip, and heard nothing from her for a week, when Mrs. Gandy, who has been in our family three years and seven months and had charge of the boys, told me she had gone away with this priest, Moyaout; that she and Moyaout had been sustaining improper relations for over two years. Of course, it was a stunning blow to me. To think that she should be guilty of so base an act. Why, she will be forty-four years old the 29th of next November; she is the grandmother of two children, while he is a fat, little, lecherous French priest, dirty and greedy.

Moyaout had been stationed for the last three or four months at St. Ignace, Ill. He was sent from Notre Dame into retreat at Bourbonnais Grove, near Kankakee, Ill., for neglecting his duties in the church and because of his drunken habits. He did not return to Notre Dame, but went from Bourbonnais to Dixon, where he remained until this escapade took place. They were in constant communication with each other all the time.

"This dirty, lecherous dog has sat at my table countless numbers of times. He has teased my food, and has even had my little boys get down on their knees that he might bless them. Ah, the scoundrel! I could only have him before me and see him ask them to get down on their knees again!" and the wretched husband clenched his fists and made a meaning gesture.

"He came to my house the first time two years ago last July. My wife, who had been to church, came home and told me she had met a poor priest at the church, and asked if she could bring him home to supper. 'Why, of course,' I replied, 'bring them all home and fill them up; feed them if they are hungry.' She brought the dirty dog to the house, and, mind you, he was no pleasant looking object. He had no shoes to speak of, and I noticed that he wiped his nose on his coat-sleeve. I said to her quietly, 'Mary, you'd better go up and get Father Moyaout a handkerchief.' She did so, and brought him one of my finest silk handkerchiefs.

"This thieving, rascally fellow so worked upon that poor little woman that she did whatever he asked her to do. He got her to rob me; to take money from my pockets at night, and in various ways made of our house all he could. He was a glutton—a hog—and would eat five meals a day and drink beer by the bucketful. He was here day after day and was made welcome to the best in the house.

"They had their places of meeting at the Grand Pacific Hotel, the Palmer House and the Sherman House, she going to these places in the garb of a nun; and, by the way, she returned to the house three days after the elopement and was then dressed as a nun, with a long string of beads hanging down by her side, and wearing a hood and all the other uniform of a nun.

"This scoundrel, I am convinced, planned to have me poisoned or put out of the way by her in some manner. He circulated a story to the effect that it would not be a great while before there would be a funeral at Papa Mac's—he always called me 'Papa Mac,' and my wife 'Mamma Mac.' He said I had heart disease, and was liable to die suddenly any moment. He lied when he told these stories, and I am positive he tried to get my wife to murder me. She either would not or did not have the nerve to make the attempt.