

HOW THE KNOT WAS TIED

BY AD H. GIBSON.



LD Hiram Jordan, a primitive sample of the rough, outspoken frontiersman, was a Justice of the Peace on the Kaw River, in Kansas, in the days prior to the sanguinary struggle that marks such a heart-touching epoch in the history of our country.

This old Justice was frequently called upon to tie the nuptial knot for some very peculiar backwoods couples.

One afternoon Hiram was sitting in the door of his dingy, time-blistered cabin, perched upon a bluff overlooking the blue waters of the Kaw. The old fellow was contentedly smoking away at an old clay pipe, strongly enough impregnated with "long green" to scare off a hungry buzzard from a tanyard.

The old Justice was bare-footed, and his well-worn, coarse, blue jeans trousers was rolled pretty well up to the knees, disclosing unlovely, sinewy ankles. He was coatless and suspenderless, for it was warm weather, and Hiram wore neither in the summer time. His shirt was of the thinner quality of bed-ticking stuff, and made after some nondescript style unknown east of the Missouri River. He was bare-headed, and the receding breezes that blew up the Kaw Valley ruffled the thin, long locks of reddish hair on his fat, sleek pate and played hide and seek among the sandy bristles of his stumpy beard.

Old Hiram was a bachelor, and save the old hound stretched in profound slumber at his feet, he had no companion. But he was well used to his isolation from society, and if he ever yearned for a companion of the opposite sex, he kept his wish jealously locked in his own heart. Perhaps the ceremonies that he performed for his Kaw Valley neighbors were sufficient for him, and diverted his thoughts from himself in a state of ennui. It is proverbial of a carpenter that he never attends to his own house, and it may be that a man whose business it is to marry others never devotes his thoughts to his own marriage. But be that as it may, old Hiram was a single man on the shady side of fifty.

The Justice puffed away at his short-stemmed pipe, and gazed with evident complacency down the picturesque valley through which the Kaw wound its placid way. Suddenly his contemplation of Nature's superb painting before him is disturbed.

An odd-looking young couple on horseback have ridden up the bluff and approached the cabin of the Justice. The girl bestrode a bob-tailed white mule, with one ear having a triangular slit in it; for a saddle, she sat on a piece of faded rag carpet, strapped loosely round the animal's body, to allow the insertion of one foot to support herself, while the other she employed to goad the beast along by applying sundry spirited kicks with the heel of a No. 7 cowhide shoe. She was about nineteen years old, large and long. She wore a green calico dress, an apron of coarse, striped shirting, and a pink sun-bonnet that might have belonged to a baby sister, so small it was for her. The bonnet only half concealed the big nose and coarse features, strewn with freckles of every geometric pattern known to science, and many to be yet heard of. Her faded bronze hair straggled from under the cape of her bonnet, and dangled far down her stooped shoulders, a prey to the rude zephyrs that swept up the perfume-laden valley. About a yard of dark-blue ribbon, of sash width, was awkwardly knotted around her thin neck, and was fastened to her emerald gown in front by a red and blue glass brooch as large as a silver dollar. Of all other ornaments her odd costume was guiltless. She was gloveless, and her hands were almost as large and coarse as those of the Justice.

The companion of this very attractive maiden was a little, dumpy man of about thirty. He was black-eyed, hair like a full-grown aurora borealis, and his little fat jaws were clothed with a stubby beard that pointed obdurately in every known direction of the compass. He wore an antiquated straw hat, yellow with age and woe-



OLD HIRAM AND HIS SOLITARY COMPANION.

fully fly-specked. His person was clad in a coarse brown home-spun, that looked as if it had done service as wearing apparel for a year at least. He rode a miserable raw-boned Texas pony, its sides one mass of disfiguring

brands, the symbols of former and various ownerships.

"Howdy!" was Hiram's greeting. "Howdy!" returned the dumpy specimen of manhood on the sad-eyed broncho. "Be you'n's ther ole man what hitches feller's thar gals?"

Old Hiram laughed jovially. The girl twitched nervously. The dumpy man grinned broadly.

"I be ther man ye'r lookin' fur, stranger," old Hiram replied, rising; "I reckon I be, ef it's hitchin' ter run in double harness fur ther rest o' yer natural lives that you'n's be after."

The dumpy fellow stole a sheepish look at the lady in green on the bob-tailed mule, and said:

"Thet's hit, 'Squire. We'uns hev jest swum ther Kaw ter git you'n's ter do ther hitchin'."

The Justice eyed for a minute the wet sides of the animals, which fully corroborated the fellow's assertion that they had swum the Kaw to get there.

"Waal, light, then," he commanded them, pleasantly, "an' tote yer critters ter yon cottonwoods, an' mosey inter ther cabin."

Then, leaving them to obey his directions, old Hiram entered his house and made all necessary arrangements for his guests from across the Kaw.

Finally they were all seated in the cabin, and the old Justice proceeded to make himself acquainted with the would-be groom.

"Whar do you'n's hold fo'th er cross ther Kaw, stranger?" old Hiram asked. "I low you'n's hev hearn tell o' Slacker's Pint?"

"Oh, yes; used ter go ter see a wider down thar." And the Justice laughed at the recollection thus awakened. He was bent on making himself facetious before his guests.

"Thet war six year ago an' better."

"I low now, ef hit warn't Sally Jane Helamacky," said the girl, with a coarse giggle.

"It war Sally Jane Helamacky," answered the Justice, smiling. "So yer live on ther Pint, stranger?" he asked, turning again to the man.

"Waal, dad, he lives thar, an' I live thar with 'im," the dumpy specimen replied.

"What mought yer name be?"

"Sid Johnsing."

"By gum! I low you'n's be no 'lation to ole Murray Johnsing, as used to run a still down in ole Kaintuck? Pow'ful man, all-fired, low-down, ornery cuss ole Murray war," said the Justice, his characteristic outspokenness coming to the surface.

"I be ole Murray's oldest boy, 'Squire," said the fellow, with a broad



"I PRONOUNCE YOU-UNS MAN AND WOMAN"

grin, while a harsh giggle came from beneath the tiny pink sunbonnet.

"I be blowed! I wouldn't a-thought it! Wa-al, look a-here, young gal; sech bein' the case, as this here Sid you be thinkin' o' hitchin' up ter be a chip offen ther ole block, ye'd better mount yer bobtail critter an' ride home unhitched forever, n'r marry alongside sech a durned fammery as ole Murray Johnsing's."

A loud guffaw from the man greeted the Justice's advice. Evidently such a warning gave him no uneasiness, and, strange to relate, provoked no anger.

"Wot be yer name, gal?" old Hiram now asked, turning to the green-clad creature before him.

"My name be Mirandy Ann Smith, an' I low I knows wot's wot erbout Sid Johnsing. He's a heap ther best man on the Pint." And she tossed her head rather indignantly.

"Yer be no kin, I low, ter ole Lute Smith, wot was so miserable low-down as ter steal Widder Grats' hog, over t'other side o' Turtle Bottom?"

"Waal, now, 'Squire, I jest low I be. I be his darter by his third wife." And she snapped her pale eyes upon him most triumphantly.

"Waal, I be plumb dog-gone!" exclaimed the Justice. "But it's a mighty blessed freak o' fate fur you'n's ter want ter hitch, fur it'd be a plumb shame fur ter spile two fammeries with sech as you'n's. Hop yer up, Sid an' Mirandy Ann, an' les have ther thing over. I hain't goin' ter send yer back ter ther Pint onhappy."

The awkward but strangely well-mated couple (according to old Hiram's belief) stood up as bidden, and the questions were given and answered, after which the Justice closed with his usual characteristic statement:

"In ther name o' ther Lo'd A'mighty, I purnounce you'n's man an' woman."

HIFLER—You have plenty of money; why don't you buy a private drag like mine, and we can make up lots of pleasant parties together? Slogo—You forget that I have a private drag, already. Hifler—That's so? I never saw it. Slogo—No; I refer to my wife's family.

RAVAGES OF FLAMES.

DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION AT LOUISVILLE, KY.

Over Two Million Dollar Loss in the Wholesale District—Five Firemen Meet Their Death in the Flame—Chicago and St. Joe Exhibitions in a Blaze.

A Louisville (Ky.) dispatch says: Six lives were lost and over \$2,000,000 worth of property destroyed by a fire which reduced the large wholesale dry-goods and notion house of Bamberger, Bloom & Co. to ashes. The biggest house of any character in the city is that of Bamberger, Bloom & Co., wholesale dry goods and notions. Their immense store stood on the south side of Main street, between Sixth and Seventh, and was six stories high.

Private Watchman Charles McGrath discovered fire in the cellar of the building. The watchman gave the alarm quickly, calling out the entire fire department. In the meantime the fire had gained great headway.

Bamberger, Bloom & Co. were stocked from basement to roof with dry goods of every description and thus furnished material for the flames. It was evident at once that the big building was doomed and no efforts of the firemen could save it. In an hour it was a complete wreck, carrying with it a loss of \$750,000 in stock and \$200,000 in building and fixtures. Next door to Bamberger, Bloom & Co. was the wholesale boot and shoe house of William Coye & Co., with a stock of \$50,000. This was burned out from cellar to roof, but the front walls stood. South of this, on the corner of Main and Seventh, the St. Charles saloon and restaurant was gutted at a loss of \$5,000. Immediately east of Bamberger, Bloom & Co. was the wholesale hat house of L. Bretzfelder & Co. Their building was a four story brick. The flames made quick work of the hats and caps, and left nothing of the building but a skeleton.

The saloon of Isaac Bier and the wholesale cigar store of Virgil Wright, immediately north of Bretzfelder & Co., were gutted. Their loss was comparatively small and was covered by insurance.

The sensational feature of the fire was the tragic death of five firemen. They were: Capt. Ed Early, Samuel Stark-lighter, John Onahan, Ed Wheeler, and Pat Foley.

In the face of imminent peril they had run a ladder up the Seventh street wall of Bamberger, Bloom & Co.'s building and had boldly scaled it for the purpose of getting a stream on at the rear. The wall shook as they ascended, the long ladder trembled ominously, and the crowd in the street shouted a hoarse warning, but it was too late.

Just as the first ladderman was about to leap upon the roof with a line of hose the wall fell with a great crash and the three brave men went down with it to their death. An hour later their mangled and blackened corpses were gotten out of the debris and sent to the central police station for the inquest.

Firemen Denny McGrath, Frank Best, and Edward Wheeler were caught by a falling wall in the rear and are believed to be fatally wounded.

The scene of destruction was ghastly and appalling. Bamberger, Bloom & Co. did a business of \$5,000,000 a year, and were in the midst of a big fall trade. Their loss of \$1,000,000 is covered by insurance in local and foreign companies, and they will lose nothing except their fall business. The total loss is about \$1,500,000, and the insurance companies will stand the biggest part of it.

Chicago dispatch: A red flake of carbon spluttered from an electric light in the booth containing Gossage's Co.'s exhibit in the exposition building. The spark lit on a napkin, and a feeble flicker soon appeared. In a moment the blaze ignited other fabrics and in less than a minute \$50,000 worth of the finest linens, silks, and embroideries was ablaze. The booths in this part of the building contained the exhibits of Marshall Field & Co., Gossage & Co., James H. Walker & Co., Schlesinger & Meyer, the leading dry goods houses of Chicago. Many pieces of costly fabrics imported, and having no duplicates in this country, were on exhibition. Costumes from Worth's furniture of the most exquisite make, pianos and frail stained glass pieces, were near by. In the building was \$500,000 worth of valuable goods and machinery, and within 200 feet more than \$500,000 worth of paintings and statuary. Rarely was so exquisite and costly a spread laid before a fire.

Ten thousand people were in the building, and 5,000 lost their wits. The big doors in the center were wide open, and the people near them stopped to watch the fire. Those at either end of the building and farthest away went wild. They smashed windows, climbed over each other, and burst open doors. Several ladies fainted and were bruised in the crush, but no one was reported as seriously hurt.

The fire was quickly put out. The janitor of the art gallery closed its doors before the alarm was sounded, and not the slightest damage was done the works on exhibition. Except the booths in the immediate vicinity no damage was done either by water or smoke. The tarpaulins and the care of the fireman prevented the usual destruction by water and the smoke drew out of the skylights like chimneys.

St. Joseph (Mo.) dispatch: The main building at the New Era exposition, containing all the fine exhibits, burned Sunday night. About 10:30 o'clock in the evening, just as the entertainment in the great amphitheater had closed, a fire broke out in the main hall, a magnificent building, 1,100 feet in length and filled with all manner of exhibits. The entire building and contents were consumed in spite of the most heroic efforts on the part of the fire department. It is understood that nothing was saved but the carriage which was built to convey Gen. Lafayette during his visit to this country in 1824. The exposition grounds are located two miles from the city, and at this hour details of the fire have not been received. The origin of the fire is said to have come from the electric lights. The exposition will continue but short of its vast exhibit in the main hall. The loss will exceed a quarter of a million dollars.

Hundreds of people will be losers, as everything belongs to different individuals. There were 20,000 people on the grounds Sunday, all of whom visited the place. When the fire started there were 4,000 people on the grounds, and at this time no one has any idea how the fire originated.

THE IOWA DEMOCRACY.

HORACE BOIES NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR.

Other Nominees by the State Convention—The Platform Declares in Favor of High License and Local Option.

For Governor.....HORACE BOIES
For Lieutenant-Governor.....S. L. BESTOW
For Supreme Judge (long and short term).....W. H. BRANNON
For Supt. Pub. Instruction.....THOMAS IRISH
For Railroad Com.....DAVID MORGAN

Sioux City (Iowa) telegram: The Democratic State convention met here Wednesday, nominated a State ticket with Horace Boies at its head, adopted a platform demanding high license and local option, and declared unanimously in favor of Chicago as the site of the world's fair.

The convention was called to order at 11 o'clock by E. H. Hunter, chairman of the State central committee. After a fervent prayer by the Rev. M. W. Darling and a song by the Schubert quartet, Mayor Clelland welcomed the delegates. Irving B. Richman of Muscatine was made temporary chairman.

In the afternoon the committee on permanent organization named Judge Kinne for permanent chairman. On taking the chair Mr. Kinne made a short speech, touching on the tariff, prohibition, and railway questions.

The convention then proceeded to make nominations. For Governor the names of Horace Boies and John E. Craig of Lee were presented and the informal ballot resulted: Boies 502, Craig 1614, Whiting 674, Bolter 10, and Allen of Woodbury 80. Patterson of Union (Lee county) then withdrew Craig and seconded Boies' nomination, and he was nominated by acclamation.

The ticket was completed by the following names: For Lieutenant-Governor, S. L. Bestow of Charlton; for Supreme judge (long and short terms) W. H. Brannon of Muscatine; for Superintendent of Public Instruction, Thomas Irish of Dubuque; for Railroad Commissioner, David Morgan of Potosi.

The platform was reported and adopted unanimously, together with the world's fair resolution and a resolution thanking Sioux City for its reception of the convention. The platform indorses the declaration of principles made at St. Louis in 1889; renews opposition to the unconstitutional and unjust policy of high tariff taxation, which robs the many to enrich the few, makes the producer the slave of the manufacturer, lays its heaviest burdens on the farmer, the mechanic, and the day laborer, gives no return through any channel whom it daily robs, and fosters trusts, which are the legitimate results of our present tariff system; denounces the fallacy of the Republican State platform of Iowa that a high tariff is or can be any protection to the farmer; favors the Australian system of voting; recognizes and approves the doctrine of State and national control of railroads and other corporations; demands the passage of a carefully guarded license law which shall provide for the issuance of licenses for not less than \$500 in towns, townships, and municipal corporations by a vote of the people of such corporations; arraigns the Republican party for changing the pharmacy laws of the State; and resolves that while demanding that all honorably discharged Union soldiers who were injured in the line of duty or who are unable by reason of age or other infirmities to support their families shall receive liberal pensions, denounces the decision of the present national administration that the dishonorable discharge of a soldier from the service of the United States is no bar to his receiving a pension.

A resolution was passed deploring the death of S. S. Cox and extended sympathy to his family. At 5:15 the convention adjourned sine die.

The State central committee is composed of these men:

Charles D. Fullen, of Jefferson; Samuel Cohn, of Muscatine; J. G. Dunn, of Dubuque; M. K. Carter, of Winneshiok; John Baum, of Benton; J. E. Seever, of Mahaska; J. B. Elliott, of Marion; W. E. Lewis, of Lucas; T. H. Lee, of Montgomery; G. W. Hyatt, of Webster; G. B. Healey, of Woodbury.

NEGROES HEIRS TO \$5,000,000.

Three Brothers and Two Sisters Paid \$1,000,000 Each for Property.

Lima (Ohio) dispatch: Henry Talbott, a colored man of this city, left to-day for Cincinnati to get possession of a fortune of nearly a million dollars, of which he has just discovered he is the rightful owner. His two brothers and two sisters each get possession of a similar amount, a property held years ago by their father, Benjamin Talbott, having in the course of time become worth millions of dollars. Fifty-three years ago Talbott was a slave in Kentucky. David Talbott, one of the family who lives at Rochester, Ind., heard accidentally some time ago of the great value of the property in Indiana which had once been his father's, and determined to inquire into the matter. The result showed that the Talbott heirs were the legal owners of the most valuable property in Logansport. The Wabash and El River roads cross the property, which is also occupied by their buildings and numerous side tracks. These companies, on being informed of the developments, compromised with the heirs for the sum of \$5,000,000.

Trees on a Steeple.

Growing out of the masonry of the Catholic Church steeple in Biddeford, almost at the upper limit of the brick work, are two young trees. One is upon the side of the steeple facing down Elm street, and the other is upon the opposite side. They are so high in the air that they look much smaller than they really are, and probably very few who pass the church notice them, yet masons who are able to make comparisons by a knowledge of distances between points upon the spire say that the tree upon the south side of the steeple is fully eight feet tall and the other about six. Both are green and healthy-looking, and have grown rapidly within a year. They are beyond reach from the upper window, and could not be removed without a stage being built. The opinion is that one is a willow and the other a poplar. How they obtained root in the masonry is a mystery.—Portland Press.

UNDER A LANDSLIDE.

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE IN THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

Scores of People Crushed in Their Homes by Tons of Rock from an Overhanging Cliff—Recent Heavy Rains the Cause of the Disaster—Scenes of Woe.

A Quebec dispatch says: Thursday evening people living in the neighborhood of the Citadel were startled on hearing a low, rumbling sound, accompanied by a perceptible quiver of the earth. Houses were shaken, dishes rattled, and even in some cases people had difficulty in maintaining their footing. Every one rushed into the street and it was learned that a large portion of Cape Diamond, just below the Citadel, had become detached, and, sliding down the declivity to Champlain street, had buried several residences and their inmates under from fifteen to twenty-five feet of rock, dirt and wreckage.

At the foot of the cliff is a narrow street, which occupies all the space between the cape and the river, and this was filled with the debris which had crushed out the lives of at least twenty-five people. The exact number is not yet known, as the enormous mass of earth and stone has shown but little diminution, notwithstanding that a large force of men was at work clearing it away in less than half an hour after the horrible disaster took place. It is believed, however, that not less than 25 have perished. About half a score of bodies have already been taken out of the ruins, and a number of people terribly crushed, but still alive, have also been rescued.

Champlain street, on which the terrible visitation fell, presents a scene of unmitigated sorrow and desolation. The heads of families are rushing about frantically seeking their offspring, while children are quite distracted searching for their parents. The portion of the cliff overhanging this street which started from its place demolished about eight houses, occupied by twenty or thirty families. The cause of the disaster is said to be the recent heavy rains. The amount of fallen rock is immense, and completely blocks the road.

The story given by a survivor is that he was standing in his door when the land slide occurred, and that as soon as he saw the huge boulders and masses of rock bounding down the steep incline he rushed up the street only in time to escape being crushed to death. The houses struck were all three or four stories high, and gave way before the avalanche like past-board. Some of them caught fire. This added to the terror and general confusion, and for awhile it appeared that those who had escaped death by the weight of stone and timbers would be cremated. The timely arrival of the fire brigade soon dispelled this fear, and the way was clear for the eager by-standers to begin their work of rescuing those imbedded in the ruins.

Those who witnessed the fall of the rock say they heard a long, loud noise, as of several cannon, and on looking up toward the terrace and citadel were horrified by the sight of a large mass of stones, rock, and earth breaking loose and rushing down the 300 feet of declivity upon the doomed houses below. Immediately the air was filled with dust, so that no one could see ten feet in front of him and breathing was made difficult. This was followed by the sound of timbers crushing and yielding to the immense power of the avalanche, and the shouting and screaming of men, women, and children in all the agony of despair.

The avalanche was caused by the hot weather of the past few weeks cracking the earth and rock, which were loosened and driven down by the heavy rain of the last few days. The men of the water police, whose station is near the scene of the accident, set to work at once to rescue the imprisoned persons, while the general alarm was sounded, which called out the fire brigade and police. The flames were soon extinguished, and the men from the battery began the work of extricating the unfortunates from the ruins, assisted by many of the citizens.

A detachment of Battery D Canadian Artillery, under Major Wilson, soon started at a double quick for the scene of destruction. The water police and the men of the civic police force also worked bravely, every one present working his life for his fellow creature in distress. The soldiers especially distinguished themselves by their bravery.

After the first few bodies had been extracted the work proceeded more rapidly till at last an almost continuous string of dead, dying and wounded kept pouring into the marine department, where almost all the doctors of the city were assembled. The spacious rooms of this building were soon filled with a crowd of sorrowing relatives. It is estimated that between twenty and thirty persons are dead and over twenty wounded. Two men of the fire brigade were also injured, but not seriously. Some families have not yet been recovered, and it is feared that their members have breathed their last. The recovered dead are: Thomas Farrell, two Farrell children, two Burke children, an unknown child, Mrs. Berrigan, five unidentified bodies.

Besides these it is believed, almost to a certainty that Richard Mayoury, laborer, and wife; Henry Black, grocer and proprietor of a large laundry, and his whole family; Maggie and Ellen Walsh, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. Henry, Richard Kemp and family, and the Lawson family can never be reached alive. The relatives, neighbors and workers are afraid to guess at the actual number of the dead. Among the injured so far recovered are: Thomas Graves, leg broken; Stephen Burke, injured internally; W. Power, badly crushed; Mrs. O'Neal, badly hurt; Pat Fitzgerald, leg broken and badly hurt otherwise; M. Reddy, injured internally; Nellie Deehy, leg broken.

It will take hours to get down to the Black family and others, who are believed to be beyond all assistance.

The occupants of the destroyed houses were the following, with their families: Charles Allan, Thomas Berrigan, Tim Berrigan, Black's grocery, Henry Black, Mrs. W. Bracken, James Bradley, Stephen Burke, Michael Dehey, Thomas Farrell, Patrick Fitzgerald, Henry Lawson, Robert Lawson, Richard Leahy, Frank Carlson, James Hayden, Joseph Kemp, Luke Kirwin, Henry Mullins, Richard Maybury, Widow John O'Dowd, John O'Neil, William Stephen, Thomas Power, John Read and John Henry.