

BY C. LOWATER.

Once on a time—all true stories begin so—
Hundreds of years back, when you and I
Lived as monkeys in Africa's tree tops high,
Before the folks had learned to sin so,
The people of China to grumble began,
Because their emperor was a single man;
Said they, "See here, sir,
We greatly fear, sir,
When you're beheaded there'll be no heir near,
sir;
We advise you to marry as soon as you can."
The emperor was in despair;
He wanted to marry, but didn't know where
In the whole extent of the flowery land
Was a maiden worthy the gift of his hand.
There were beautiful maids by scores at his feet,
But he wanted one that would love him alone;
One that, for love like wax will melt,
Would be flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone.
"Such a one I shall never find, I fear!"
But here he was struck by a bright idea.

Just at this time, in the city of Pekin
Lived little Ellie, a maid so fair,
Through all the land you might go seeking,
In city or country, anywhere,
And never see her equal in beauty.
What a splendid wide mouth!
She could make a dough
Of tea in that land where tea pays no duty.
And her hair as black
As a negro's back.
"Down her neck" in the latest fashion,
And held by the buckle that kept her sash on.

But the crowning glory of little Ellie
Was her dainty feet; you never see
Such small ones here, where maidens fair
Actually walk—they never do there,
But bandage and press them
And pet and caress them;
And you may be sure, when it's all been done
Such feet are certainly No. 1.
As you may suppose
Such beautiful feet
Brought little Ellie an abundance of beans;
Rich and poor and of every station
Found in that stationary nation.
But she gave them all to understand
By a violent move of her dainty foot,
That they could have that in place of her hand,
Which didn't seem the suitors to suit.

But no tender maiden such as Ellie
Can remain in this world long free;
The hardest heart like wax will melt,
If brought where the flame of love is felt.
There came a time when there came a map
As lovely as was Ellie herself;
Five feet long was his cue, if an ell—
And his clothes were such as showed right well.
He was a man with pelf.
He sent four gifts his suit to aid;
A pair of chopsticks, silver and gold,
A little puppy, six months old—
Ah! he knew the tender heart of a maid—
A gilded kite, with five balls of string,
And a gong that took two men to ring.
She ate the dog with the chopsticks gay,
She flew the kite that very day—
It broke the string and got away—
And she rang the gong till it roused the town.
And all the fire-engines came down.

This was the way he courted Ellie;
The marriage came off in the month of May;
I can't tell how lovely and bright was she,
Nor how very happy and gay was he;
But just three months from the bridal day,
Where do you think he took her, say?
Right to the Royal Palace gate,
And the emperor had found a mate.
Happy was he, in his regal state,
And happy was she, though rich and great,
For where true hearts together are bound,
There will happiness ever be found.
PLUM CITY, WIS.

PROFITABLE SOLILOQUY

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.



"Good! good!" cried Fred Faxon, clapping his hands and laughing heartily.

"I don't know that it's good," said Farmer Eben Hayes, "but it has the merit of being the Lord's truth!"
"And that's everything, father," said his petite and pretty daughter, as she seized him round the neck and gave him a hug that brought a quick flush to the face of both men—pain producing it with the elder, envy with the younger.

Hayes Hollow, as the farm had been called for three generations, was the finest and most productive of all in the beautiful valley, and its owner was considered a wealthy man, being rated much as a millionaire is in a large city.

Bessie was his only child and the prospective heiress not only of the farm and its appurtenances but, as many believed, of a good deal of wealth which was invested in other ways.

Fred Faxon was a young man who for two years had been reading law in the city twenty miles away, and was soon to be admitted to the bar.

He had met Bessie Hayes the preceding summer while spending a vacation in the valley. The decided mutual attraction between the two had been increased by subsequent meetings and no end of letters, until it had reached the stage where the word "love" could alone express the situation.

Mr. Hayes had been much pleased with the young man, and at the request of pretty Bessie, who generally carried her point, had invited him to spend his week's vacation at the Hollow.

It had been a happy time to the lovers—those little seven days; but they had flown by all too quickly, and the train that was to bear the prospective lawyer away from fields of wheat, drifting in waves of silver toward the harvest, to the city, with its dust, and grime, and wickedness, would be due within an hour.

"I must run across and say good-by to the Turners," remarked Fred, looking through the open door to a farm house on the opposite side of the broad country road.

"Wait a moment, and I'll go with you."
"No, daughter, let him go alone. I must hitch up to take him to the depot, and want a word with you first."
"What is it?" asked Bess, just a little petulantly, when Fred had started on his errand.
"Don't invite him here again."
"Who?"
"Fred—Mr. Faxon, I should say."
"You don't mean—"
Words failed the little maiden, but her wide-open eyes supplied the deficit,

and expressed the most unfeigned astonishment.

"I do, daughter, just that."
"But you've spoken so highly of him all along—and besides—"

Again words failed the girl, but this time tears glistened in her blue eyes, and completed the sentence.

"I'm sorry, Bessie, truly sorry, but I think it's for the best."

"Nothing can be for the best that separates us for life. What have you against Mr. Faxon?"

"I accuse him of no crime, but I fear that he is unworthy of you."

"Oh, father! Some one besides that sensible man of whom you were just speaking has been talking to you about him. A false suspicion never originated in your honest old heart."

"Well, I won't deny—never mind that now."

Mr. Hayes paused to remove her pleading white arms from his neck.

"Oh, father!" faltered she, the tears once more welling up into her eyes.

"Well, then," spoke up the farmer, who evidently felt himself to be weakening, "we'll let the matter rest as it is, and if you're not satisfied within six months—yes, six weeks—that he's unworthy of you, then matters can hum along, and I won't say a word. But nothing of this to him. Mind that."

Three minutes later the farmer was harnessing a horse.

"I wish I had my life insured, for if they close down on me I'll kill me, an' Bess'll be left without a nickel."

Eben Hayes was indulging in his old habit of talking to himself as he buckled the harness-strap.

As he made this remark, Fred Faxon entered the horse-barn.

It seemed strange that the sound caused by the opening of the door, and the sunlight it admitted, did not attract the farmer's attention. He must have been deeply engrossed in his own thoughts, for he continued his soliloquy:

"Who'd have thought that wheat would go ten cents higher, when there's goin' to be a full crop—at least about here? I s'pose it's short other places, though I was a fool to borrow that last \$5,000 to try and save the other fifteen. What'll folks say when the notes come due in two months, an' old Eben Hayes is closed out? Jeff Wheeler'll be glad, so'll Sol Smith an' Dick Stallsmith, but I reckon Bill Barr'll be a little grain sorry, 'cause he won't be able to borrow any more money off me. I guess it's a feelin' that Parson Lake wouldn't indorse, but I do wish that this city fellow would marry Bess, or get engaged to her, at least, before we have to move out of the Hollow, where she was born, and I before her."

Fred Faxon heard something which sounded very like a sob, and then stole noiselessly from the barn and rejoined Bessie, whom he had left in the grape arbor near by.

A week later, when the farmer returned home from the wheat-field, where he had been assisting his men in the glorious work of harvesting, he was astonished to find Fred Faxon seated with his daughter upon the vine-shadowed porch.

"Didn't reckon on seeing you to-day," said the farmer when the first salutations were over.

At the same time he stole a glance at the fair face of his daughter, which seemed an embodiment of happiness and content.

"I've been admitted to practice."

"Oh! Glad to hear it."

"And the city courts not being in session—"

"Don't be silly!" interrupted Bessie, blushing like a peony.

"I'd like to speak with you in private, Mr. Hayes."

"No need of it. My daughter and I have no secrets from each other."

"Well, she has promised, subject to your approval of course, to become my wife."

"Even that was no secret. I read it in her eyes the minute I turned the corner."

"And you consent?"

"I s'pose I'll have to."

"Wheat took an awful drop this week, sir."

"I hadn't heard of it."

"The European war didn't material-



"GOOD! GOOD!" CRIED FRED FAXON.

ize and reports from the Northwest came in much more favorable, and it dropped twenty cents."
"That beats me."
"It didn't me. I never mentioned the fact to you, but I have \$30,000 which I inherited from my father three years ago. I was sure it would take a tumble, and sold a hundred thousand bushels."
"And have closed it out?"
"At a profit of twenty thousand. Now, I want to ask you a question."
"Fire away."

"What'll you take for Hayes Hollow?"

"You don't mean—"

"That I want to buy it for a wedding present to Bessie. Not to freeze you out, but just—"

"Because you're one of the whitest boys alive. You can't do it, sir!"

"But, Mr. Hayes, I—"

"You can't steal my thunder that way. I'm going to give it to her myself!"

"But I heard—"

"What?"

"That you were embarrassed and on the brink of failure. In fact, it was the information that you had lost everything, through the recent boom in wheat, that induced me to sell the same commodity."

"There ain't a word of truth in it! I never speculated in my life!"

"But I heard—"

"A pack of lies! I'm worth \$15,000!"



"DON'T INVITE HIM HERE AGAIN."

over and above this farm, and don't owe a cent in the world!"

"Then I must have been dreaming?"

"No, but you placed too much reliance in the idle talk of an old fellow who likes to speculate in his mind, and who thinks it no sin to suppose a case for his own amusement."

"And you're satisfied that Fred wasn't after Hayes Hollow?" queried Bessie.

"Entirely—I don't believe that John will remember about those calves. He's getting awfully forgetful."

Thus soliloquizing, Mr. Hayes walked discreetly away, leaving the happy lovers in sole possession of the vine-protected porch.

Miss Caldwell's Love Grown Cold.

A young lady who is visiting here, and who is a very intimate friend of Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, has just received a letter from the young heiress, whose engagement to Prince Murat has attained so much notoriety. Miss Caldwell writes to her friend that the formal betrothal has been indefinitely postponed on account of an unwritten law of the French and Italian aristocracy, which requires the contracting parties to produce, at their betrothal, the baptismal certificates of their parents and grandparents. That Miss Caldwell is unable to do, as there is no record of her grandmother's baptism, and a hitch in the proceedings is the result. Miss Caldwell intimates that she would not care at all if the wedding should not take place. Miss Caldwell's friend thinks that if the whole thing falls through it will not be the fault of the bridegroom nor of the laws of aristocracy, but of the fair fiancée herself. This is not the first time Miss Caldwell has promised her hand in marriage and has reconsidered her action after the engagement had been made public. She was engaged to an Italian prince about three years ago, and the match was considered the best to be made in Europe, but, like several others before, it was broken off by the young lady. Miss Caldwell's first love was a young lawyer of this city, but the engagement was objected to. He has since married. In a former letter Miss Caldwell said: "You may be sure that I always intend to be my own financier. I am willing to allow any husband I may have a sufficient income to enable him to dress well and pay his club dues, but he will never have the management of a cent of my principal." "Mary has a will of her own," said our mutual friend, "and she means what she says. Perhaps Prince Murat found this out before it was too late."—Louisville Post.

Ramming Ice Floes.

No stronger vessels than those of the Dundee whalers are built; they are from 400 to 1,000 tons displacement, have powerful, well-secured engines to resist the shock of ramming or stoppage of the propeller by ice, and are built with an eye to the easy and rapid replacement of rudder, propeller and propeller shaft if damaged, these parts being carried in duplicate. Above all other considerations, they possess strength for ramming as well as resistance to lateral pressure when nipped.

Another very important feature is that the bow shall have considerable inclination, which permits the vessel, when ramming very heavy ice, to lift slightly and slide on it, thus easing the shock and assisting the cutting action of the bow with the downward crushing weight of the ship. In this way it is possible for these steamers at full speed to ram ice over twenty feet thick and receive no immediate incapacitating damage.

If the ice is not too heavy the shear-like rise and fall of the bow is repeated several times as the vessel steams powerfully ahead until her headway is checked. The difficulty then is to extract the ship from the dock she has out by her advance.

COUGHLIN AND KUNZE.

TESTIMONY IMPLICATING THE DETECTIVE AND HIS FRIEND.

Milkman Mertes Says He Saw Them Drive to the Carlson Cottage on the Night of May 4, and Coughlin Entered the Slaughter House.

[Chicago telegram.]

In the Cronin murder trial, Justice Mahoney testified as to O'Sullivan asking him to introduce the iceman to Dr. Cronin, and how the Justice accompanied O'Sullivan to the Doctor's office, where the contract was made for Cronin to attend any of O'Sullivan's men who might happen to be hurt.

Mrs. Addie J. Farrar was then called. She said she lived at No. 377 Mohawk street and had known O'Sullivan in a business way, having taken ice from him for ten or twelve years—when he peddled for Snell and afterward when he went in business for himself.

"Do you remember the discovery of Dr. Cronin's body?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see P. O'Sullivan about that time?"

"Yes, sir; he called at my house in the latter part of May to see me about taking ice from him this season. I had just read in the papers that morning about the finding of Dr. Cronin's body, and I asked Mr. Sullivan if he had heard about it. He said he had. I said it was a terrible thing to kill anybody and throw his body into a catch-basin. Mr. Sullivan said he heard them say that Dr. Cronin was a British spy and I said: 'Why should they kill him even if he was a spy?' Then Mr. Sullivan said: 'They say he gave away secrets of a secret order, and if that was so he ought to be killed.' I said: 'If he did that he was another Morgan,' and Mr. Sullivan said: 'Such men get their just deserts.'"

Sebastian Steib then took the stand. On the 4th of May he was a police officer in Lake View. About 11:30 o'clock on the night of May 4 he and Officer John Riley were standing on Fullerton avenue, near Cooper street. A horse and wagon passed by containing three men and what appeared to be a large chest in the box behind the seat. The wagon approached them from the west. One of the men had his back turned to the horse and his hands rested on the large object in the wagon. The horse was a dark bay and they were driving at an ordinary gait.

Other officers traced the route of the wagon containing the trunk by the time it passed them on their beats on the fatal night.

Capt. Francisco Villiers was again called to swear to the correctness of the blue print map of what was the city of Lake View, but is now a part of Chicago. He told how far it was from Brynmawr avenue to Roscoe street, and whether or not the streets were paved. On cross-examination Forrest brought out the road were sandy, but this Capt. Villiers, who was good for the prosecution, who wanted it to appear that the sand on Dinan's whitecapel buggy came from Lake View.

Another point of the captain's testimony was that the bringing into the Sheffield avenue station of the bloody trunk which was discovered May 5.

"What was in the trunk?"

"There was some cotton batting and red tissue paper, evidently the wrapping of the cotton. Capt. Wing and Officer Phillips discovered it. I also found a lock of hair," continued the witness. "The lid of the trunk was fastened to the clasp by the lock. The other fastenings had been torn off."

The bloody trunk was again brought in and identified by Capt. Villiers.

Herman Theel testified that on the morning of May 5 he and two friends went to Edgewater on a hunting expedition. The names of those who accompanied him were Herman Pausee and Carl Knop. They left the city about 4 o'clock in the morning, reaching Edgewater an hour or two later. While passing through the woods on their return they found a trunk lying near a fence a short distance south of the Chicago & Evanston railroad tracks. It was then between 8 and 9 o'clock. The lid of the trunk was broken off and lay about five feet away. They looked in the trunk and discovered blood-stained cotton batting and some thick blood, which one of them stirred with a stick. When they found the trunk it was lying on the west side of Evanston avenue and on the east side of the fence that skirts that thoroughfare. They carried it out near the roadside, where it would be noticed by anyone passing by.

Pausee and Knop corroborated the above witness and all of them identified the trunk.

Joseph Phillips, one of the Lake View officers who went for the trunk, testified that they found it lying with one corner in a ditch alongside the road. There were two or three inches of water in the ditch, and a small quantity had leaked into the trunk. When they arrived at the spot it was about 10 o'clock. The lid was lying a few feet away, and in the trunk was some cotton batting covered with blood. Officer Phillips pulled a small lock of hair off the side of the trunk that was sticking to a clot of blood. He rolled it up in a piece of paper and handed it over to Capt. Villiers upon his return to the station. After searching in the vicinity where the trunk was found for an hour and a half it was placed in the patrol-wagon and brought to the station. Officers Wing and Phillips carried it to the captain's office.

E. H. Wing ex-captain of police of Lake View, was then called. His testimony regarding the bringing of the trunk to the station was precisely the same as that given by Officer Phillips. When he succeeded Capt. Villiers the trunk and lock of hair came into his possession.

A day or two after the discovery at the Carlson cottage he was given a key that was found by Officer Lorch in the cottage. On one end of the key was some yellow paint. He tried the key in the lock of the trunk found on Evanston avenue and it worked to per-

fection. This was done in the presence of Capt. Schnettler and Officer Lorch. The key was shown to the witness and he identified it.

"Did you visit the Carlson cottage about the time the body was found?"

"I went there a day or two after, accompanied by Capt. Schnettler."

"Describe the articles you found in the cottage and also the condition of the rooms."

The witness said that he saw a dresser, washstand, bowl and pitcher, small lamp, bed, mattress, springs, two pillows, and a comforter. The front room floor was smeared with yellow paint. On the floor in the hallway, front room, and bedroom were footprints, as though made by a naked foot in fresh paint. Capt. Wing and Schuetzler searched the house from basement to garret and found nothing but the articles mentioned.

Officer Jacob Spangler was called to corroborate Officer Phillips where he testified as to going to the catch basin and getting a pailful of the water and cotton batting.

Officer George Malia's testimony was about the same as ex-Capt. Wing's and Officer Phillips' in regard to the bringing of the trunk to the police station.

George Hiatt, a detective at the East Chicago avenue station, was detailed on the case the day after the body was found. On the day the Carlson cottage was put under surveillance the witness and Officer Lorch went there between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Charles Carlson admitted them.

After describing the furniture and appearance of the rooms Officer Hiatt said that he saw Lorch pick a key up off the floor. He was present when Lorch handed the key to Capt. Wing and saw it tried in the lock. The key was found in the dresser and was partly covered with yellow paint. Upon examining the dresser the witness and Officer Lorch discovered the initials "A. H. R. & Co." That was the first clew they got that the furniture was bought at Revell's.

William L. James is the name of a 17-year-old boy who lives at No. 118 South Morgan street, who was the next witness. Every sentence he uttered was weighed carefully, and when he made a statement he stuck to it.

During the months of February, March and April young James was employed in his father's office in the opera-house block. The adjoining office was occupied by Mr. Snell. Mr. Snell's rooms were directly opposite No. 117 South Clark street. The boy spent most of his time in Mr. Snell's office and frequently saw men on the top floor, front, of 127 Clark street. About the 1st of March he saw a man washing his feet at the window one day. The man did not have anything on but his underclothing. When he saw that young James was watching him he pulled down the window curtain. Several times during the latter part of February and the forepart of March James saw men lying down on the bed in the Clark street flat. They usually came in about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

"The man you saw washing his feet at the window, do you see him now in court?" Judge Longenecker asked the witness.

"Yes, sir; that's him lying on the pillow," indicating John Kunze, the little German.

Kunze turned his head and looked fiercely at the witness.

In the cross-examination Mr. Donahoe brought out the fact that the witness had identified Kunze at the North Halsted street station the night he was arrested. He picked him out of a half-dozen men standing in line. The man he saw at the window washing his feet did not have a mustache, but Kunze did when he identified him.

After the most severe cross-examination of James, Coroner Hertz was called. It was his business to prove that the bloody trunk was the same one found in the ditch beside the Evanston road.

"Is this the trunk?"

he was asked.

"This is in every particular identical with the trunk I turned over to the chief of police. If this is the trunk

turned over to the police then it is the one brought into the court room where the inquiry was held."

Forrest did some pretty work in the cross-examination of Hertz, and the corner fussed over the trunk until he was red in the face. Then he said: "It seems to me impossible that another trunk could be made to look like this. Here are the stains of what was supposed to be blood; there is the same fracture of the lid—"

"Yes, but is it the same trunk?"

"Yes, it is. I took particular notice of it, and this is the trunk."

William Mertes, the milkman, was called upon the stand.

"Do you remember May 4 last?"

"Yes, I do. I was on the east side of Ashland avenue, near the Carlson cottage, about 8:30 o'clock. I saw two men drive up to the Carlson cottage in a buggy. The horse that pulled the buggy was a dark-brown with a white face. A big fellow got out of the buggy and went up the steps and it looked to me as if he had keys and let himself in. So soon as he got the left side of his body in the door the other man in the buggy turned around and drove away so quick as he could get away. When he came toward me I saw his face very plain. He was a little man without any beard. He had a big forehead and looked to be about 20 years old. The man who went into the cottage was a big, high-shouldered man, big fellow. I went down to the grocery store and stayed there about half an hour. The store is one block and a half south of Ashland avenue. When I came back along by the Carlson cottage I heard noises like there was nailing. There was a small light in the house, like they keep all night in a house. I went home and stayed in all night."

"Did you ever see those two men again?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you see them now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are they?"

"That man there, John Kunze, is the one I saw driving the buggy. Then the one sitting next to the east of Mr. O'Sullivan is the man who went into the house."

"Dan Coughlin?"

"Yes, that's the man."

This testimony produced a sensation in the court room, but the persons most affected were not in the least disturbed.



CAPT. VILLIERS.



CORONER HERTZ.



CAPT. WING.