

DISPERSED BY MAYOR

SOVEREIGN NOT ALLOWED TO ADDRESS MINERS.

Head of the Knights of Labor Denied Free Speech—Spain Weary of the Cuban War—Surveying for a Railroad to the Yukon.

Forbids All Public Meetings.

J. R. Sovereign, head of the Knights of Labor, arrived in Columbus, O., from Pocahontas, Va., where he spoke ten minutes to miners when the Mayor, by proclamation, stopped "all public meetings or assemblies of more than three persons in any public place within the corporate limits," alleging that such meetings were inimical to the public peace. President Ratchford copied the proclamation for future use. Mr. Sovereign reported to President Ratchford that 100 business men of Pocahontas apologized to him for the act of the Mayor, and that Col. J. S. Browning of the Browning company, coming away on the train with Mr. Sovereign, also apologized to him for the act of the Mayor.

SAY SPAIN WEARIES OF WAR.

Cost of Cuban Struggle in Men and Money Is Unendurable.

Among the passengers who arrived in New York by the steamship Gasconne from Havre were Antonio Bravo, a Cuban provincial deputy, and Leandro G. Alsora, editor of La Paz, a Madrid newspaper. Both men were political prisoners in Spain and together they escaped to France, where they boarded the steamer for America. Senator Bravo, speaking about public opinion in Spain regarding the Cuban war, said: "The mass of the Spanish people are disgusted with the outlook in Cuba. They begin to realize the uselessness of prolonging a war which has cost the Spanish nation about 50,000 men and over \$200,000,000. Public men in Spain begin to voice the popular sentiment. Pi Margall, the venerable leader of the republicans, and Francisco Silvela, the leader of the conservatives, were frenetically applauded in recent meetings when they pointed to the advisability of letting Cuba go. Those who have contributed a large share of blood and cash in the present struggle long for a conflict with the United States in the hope that it would afford Spain an opportunity to withdraw her troops from Cuba." Senator Monet y Prendergast, the liberal leader and former minister, delivered a brilliant speech at Saragossa on the Cuban question. He violently attacked the policy of the Government, especially its methods of campaigning in Cuba, and declared that autonomy must be proclaimed. "Autonomy," he said, "for Cuba is as much a necessity of Spain as of Cuba."

YIELD WILL BE \$10,000,000.

Governor of Northwest Territory Issues Klondyke Reports.

C. B. Mackintosh, Governor of the Northwest Territories, in which is included the far-famed Klondyke district, is in Seattle. The Governor freely subscribes to the truthfulness of the stories sent out as to the richness of the new diggings. He estimates that the Klondyke and its tributaries yielded over \$3,000,000 in gold last winter. Of this amount he says \$2,000,000 and upward came via the steamships Portland and Excelsior. More than \$1,000,000 in dust, he says, is now stored away in the cabins of miners along the creek. "The British Yukon yield of gold for 1897," the Governor resumed, "will not be less than \$10,000,000." He says surveyors are now at work trying to ascertain the feasibility of constructing a railroad into the Yukon. One route contemplates a line of steamers from Fort Wrangell up the Styken river.

Athletes of the Diamond.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the National Baseball League:

W.	L.
Boston 50	21 Philadelphia, 35
Cincinnati 46	23 Chicago 32
Baltimore 45	24 Brooklyn 31
New York 41	28 Louisville 31
Cleveland 40	31 Washington 27
Pittsburg 33	37 St. Louis 56

The showing of the members of the Western League is summarized below:

W.	L.
Indianapolis 50	24 Detroit 39
St. Paul 51	30 Minneapolis 55
Milwaukee 48	31 Kansas City 56

Broadmoor Casino Burned.

The famous Broadmoor Casino, the \$100,000 pleasure resort of Colorado Springs, was burned to the ground Monday morning. Plates were discovered about 4 o'clock in the boiler-room, and in about one hour the site formerly occupied by one of the handsomest buildings devoted exclusively to pleasure in the West was covered only with mass of ruins. There is scarcely any insurance, it is doubtful if the resort will be rebuilt.

Now Without a Church.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage is again without a church. Privately he has been driven from the aristocratic First Presbyterian in Washington. When he went there he agreed to take simply what remained from the collections after all expenses had been deducted. But gradually the membership fell off, and Dr. Talmage never got a cent of salary.

Restores Consular Fees.

After a long period of hesitation the President has consented to a restoration of those consular fees which were prohibited by President Cleveland during the latter part of his second administration.

Killed by Lightning.

The sun shone upon few braver, brighter, happier men than Col. Charles Lennox. He was one of the handsomest officers in her majesty's army—a man of fifty stature and a wonderful build, with a graceful, easy, dignified carriage; his features were bold, frank and proud; there was joined in him the dash of the soldier with the grace of the cavalier. He was just twenty when he succeeded to the vast fortune left him by his father dead.

He repaid the words, and then kissed his wife's hands and the baby's face. "Ailsa, I hope your daughter will be like yourself."

The baby was christened soon afterward. A duchess was its godmother. The whole domain of Erceldean seemed to be illuminated. The only one troubled with foreboding, the only one who wept when others laughed, and sighed when others smiled, who foresaw sorrow, was the "Prince Charlie," the mother of Little heiress, Lady Lennox.

CHAPTER II.

Bearrix Lennox, child as she was at that time, remembered the untold horrors of the day on which her father was brought home dead. She remembered the slanting sunshine as it fell upon the grass in the silent hours while her father was away and her mother, Lady Lennox, lay reading on the couch. How suddenly the darkness and the sweet sunshine seemed to terminate as over the greensward came the tramp of men! She remembered the terrible cry of her mother when she heard what the men had to say—"The colonel is dead"; and the little lisping child, hardly knowing the meaning of the words, repeated them—"The colonel is dead."

Then came a long interval. She had a dim remembrance of dark-browed men looking and storming in Erceldean Castle, of looking at a fall, angry man who stood in the picture gallery, raving against her dead father—called him "prodigal" and "spendthrift"—of a servant trying to quiet him, saying:

"Hush! the child is listening."

"The child had better be dead than a beggar," he answered.

"Here comes the lady coming," said the servant.

"And my lady had better be dead, too," decided the maid-servant.

She remembered a hundred similar scenes—how her mother came to her one morning dressed in deep mourning, her pale face looking quite colorless and contrasting with her black robes.

"Bearrix," she said, "you are with me, child, and say good-bye to your home. You are a little child, but you are old enough to remember what I am going to say to you. Look at that beautiful castle; it should be yours. You were born heiress of Erceldean, yet you have not a penny in the world. Bearrix, only heaven knows what lies before us—what is to be our fate! I trust you will always remember that you were born a lady."

"I am a lady," said the child, proudly, "not a beggar as that man called me, but a lady."

"Promise me, too, my darling, that if



in the years to come you should be fortunate or prosperous, you will, if you can, buy back the old home of the Lennoxes."

"I will, mamma," said the child.

"Remember another thing, my darling. They used to call you 'Prince Charlie's' daughter in the days when feasting and revelry wasted your father's substance, when men flattered him and borrowed from him and led him to ruin."

"Poor papa!" said the child, with fast-dropping tears.

"Dear, noble, generous papa!" cried Lady Lennox. "Oh, my little daughter, he has left me almost penniless; yet, I declare to you that I would rather be his widow, left poor and obscure, than the widow of a king. But you do not understand me."

"Yes, I do, mamma, I understand you loved papa. So did I."

Then came a journey over the hills. Beatrix asked her mother whether they were going. Lady Lennox said:

"You have never heard of the place, child; we are going to the old Grange at Strathearn, an old house left to me years ago, and an income of a hundred a year with it. I smiled at the time I heard of the legacy; now I thank heaven for it."

Strathearn was reached at last. The Grange was a large, rambling building, pleasantly situated. The house stood on the summit of a richly wooded hill, and a beautiful lake, called Loch Nairn, lay at its feet. No scenery could have been richer or more picturesque; no landscape more lovely. The Grange itself was a dreary habitation. In that great lonely house there were no carpets, no pictures—nothing but old oaken furniture quite out of date, long, dark passages, and gloomy rooms.

There was one servant, Margaret by name, a staid, warm-hearted Scotchwoman, who had long been accustomed to the Grange. She had lived there alone since her late mistress' death, looking after the gloomy house as well as she could. She gazed pitifully at the beautiful child with the bright face.

"It will be a queersome place for her to grow up in, my lady," said she; "we never see the sight of a human face here from one year to another. Perhaps it will be only for a time that you will stay here?"

"It will be for life," replied Lady Lennox sadly—"for life; but if heaven is good to us, that life will not last long."

And Lady Lennox found it even worse than she had expected and feared. Just at first there was a glimmer of hope that something would happen—some source of relief would be found; that glimmer of hope died, and the full sense of desolation came home to her at last. The only thing that saved her from despair was her little daughter; to teach her, to brighten the little life, to make herself a child for the child's sake, was the only thing that kept her from the very madness of despair. As the mournful years passed without change, without event, she busied herself thus, only walking at intervals to the consciousness that her daughter was rapidly becoming a beautiful girl, while she herself seemed to grow more helpless and feeble every day.

(To be continued.)

CLOSING OUT STOCK.

One of the Many Phases of Life in Chicago.

Many of the Chicago lunch-rooms that do not keep open at night have an effective way of disposing of the stock that is left on hand at closing time.

As the hour of 7 approaches a crowd of from thirty to fifty children collects along the curb of the opposite side of the street, each with a basket and also with a close grip on a 10-cent piece.

They are not the poorest, of course, or they wouldn't have the dime, and most of them are reasonably clean-faced.

They are a bright looking lot, with eager, and some anxious, faces. There are not always enough remnants to fill all the baskets, and the first servis-

is the best.

Over in the lunch-room through the window they can see the young men and women preparing for their reception, filling big baskets and getting for convenience all the remnants of a kind together. There is much speculation in the line on the curb as to what the selection will be. Will there be any cream puffs or lady-fingers or meringues? Has any one seen "any of them long long cakes with chocolate on top?"

None of these children is starving by any means, but some of them would be willing to tackle a plain bun without any other consideration.

The young man inside, who has the management of the distribution, seems very deliberate about everything. At least it looks that way to the youngsters across the street. After they have got everything assortied he makes certain changes among the big baskets. Then the counter is cleaned off and he steps back to take a general view to see if everything is ready.

"Here he comes!" says nearly every one in the line. They are crowding a little now, and some of them have got out of the cable track.

"Oh, that won't do at all!" says the young man when he comes outside. "That line is no good. You will have to get back on the sidewalk."

So they scramble back to the curb and line up. The young man waits a few seconds, raises his arm slowly and suddenly lets them fall, which is the signal to start. It is a pel-mel race across the street, and they go up against the restaurant as a big wave strikes the seawall down on the lake front. The door doesn't seem half large enough, but in a very short time they all crowd in and fill the counter with baskets. Many of the tail-enders have to wait for the second filling, which is not so good.

The young woman behind the counter, taking up a big basket of rolls, passed along shaking them out into the smaller baskets. Some one follows with a lot of bread of a different kind, and after them is a good, solid foundation of the staple, the attendants tumbling in an assortment of cakes. Then one gives out pieces of paper for covers, while another collects the dimes.

It is when the children get outside again that the fun begins. Some little girls—the crowd is mostly girls—tuck the paper in around their prizes and walk off proudly for home, but rather more linger in the eddies of the sidewalk or drop down on the first convenient step and begin eating and trading. Some do a trifly business retaliating to those who had not the 10 cents necessary to buy a job lot, but, of course, the transactions are made with one hand, the other being occupied in stowing away cream puffs which they will do the most good.

"Bearrix," she said, "you are with me, child, and say good-bye to your home. You are a little child, but you are old enough to remember what I am going to say to you. Look at that beautiful castle; it should be yours. You were born heiress of Erceldean, yet you have not a penny in the world. Bearrix, only heaven knows what lies before us—what is to be our fate! I trust you will always remember that you were born a lady."

"I am a lady," said the child, proudly, "not a beggar as that man called me, but a lady."

"Promise me, too, my darling, that if

LOGAN THE SOLDIER.

HIS VALOR AND RESOLUTION IN DESPERATE CRISIS.

When "Black Eagle" Charged the Battle Line Knew Not Fear—Chivalrous with Women, and the Unresting Friend of the Nation's Veterans.

Black Jack's Career.

John Alexander Logan, one of nature's captains, was born in Jackson County, Ill., Feb. 9, 1826. In a mighty drama he played a commanding role. When he had hung up his sword he was raised to a select group of his nation's statesmen, and there he continued to sustain the respect that his blameless valor had won him on the bloody field. Named to sit beside the head man of his countrymen, he led gallant charges in that civil campaign that shook the eventful summer of 1864, and, though unwarred with victory, he forfeited not the love and admiration of his followers, who afterward saw with satisfaction their swarthy chief continued in his statesman's chair. With powers unabated for future high service he was suddenly called on the 26th of December, 1865, to exchange his toga for his shroud. These are the influential facts in John A. Logan's distinguished career:

He was of Irish stock, his father emigrating from Ireland to Maryland, to Kentucky, to Missouri, to Illinois.

He was educated at a common school, and by a tutor and at Shiloh College.

He served in the Mexican war and served well.

After the Mexican war he studied law.

In 1851 he was graduated at Louisville University, admitted to the bar, and became partner of his uncle, Alexander M. Jenkins.

He was now developing the gifts that made him a man to be chosen to lead.

Therefore in 1852 and in 1856 he sat in the Illinois Legislature. He was also elected prosecuting attorney.

In 1852 he removed to Benton, Franklin County.

He was now developing the gifts that made him a man to be chosen to lead.

Therefore in 1852 and in 1856 he sat in the Illinois Legislature. He was also elected prosecuting attorney.

In 1852 he removed to Benton, Franklin County.

He was now developing the gifts that made him a man to be chosen to lead.

Therefore in 1852 and in 1856 he sat in the Illinois Legislature. He was also elected prosecuting attorney.

In 1852 he removed to Benton, Franklin County.

He was now developing the gifts that made him a man to be chosen to lead.

Therefore in 1852 and in 1856 he sat in the Illinois Legislature. He was also elected prosecuting attorney.

In 1852 he removed to Benton, Franklin County.

He was now developing the gifts that made him a man to be chosen to lead.

Therefore in 1852 and in 1856 he sat in the Illinois Legislature. He was also elected prosecuting attorney.

In 1852 he removed to Benton, Franklin County.

He was now developing the gifts that made him a man to be chosen to lead.

Therefore in 1852 and in 1856 he sat in the Illinois Legislature. He was also elected prosecuting attorney.

In 1852 he removed to Benton, Franklin County.

He was now developing the gifts that made him a man to be chosen to lead.

Therefore in 1852 and in 1856 he sat in the Illinois Legislature. He was also elected prosecuting attorney.

In 1852 he removed to Benton, Franklin County.

He was now developing the gifts that made him a man to be chosen to lead.