

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 Pocahtas, Va., where he spoke ten minutes to miners when the Mayor, by proclamation, stopped "all public meetings or assemblages of more than three persons in any public place within the corporate limits," alleging that such meetings were inimical to the public peace. President Rathford copied the proclamation for future use. Mr. Sovereign reported to President Rathford that 100 business men of Pocahtas 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 Unbearable.
Among the passengers who arrived in New York by the steamship Gasconne from Havre were Antonio Bravo, a Cuban provincial deputy, and Leandro G. Alsorta, 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. Senor 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 Silvea, the leader of the conservatives, were frantically 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." Senor 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 Indorses Klondike Reports.

C. B. Mackintosh, Governor of the Northwest Territories, in which is included the far-famed Klondike 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 Klondike 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 steamship 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 surveys are now at work trying to ascertain the feasibility of constructing a railroad into the Klondike, his 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 40
Cincinnati . . 46 23 Chicago . . . 32 42
Baltimore . . 45 24 Brooklyn . . . 31 41
New York . . 41 28 Louisville . . . 31 41
Cleveland . . 40 31 Washington. 27 42
Pittsburg . . 33 37 St. Louis . . . 15 56

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

W. L.
Indianapolis. 50 24 Detroit . . . 39 39
Columbus . . 49 25 G'nd Rapids. 25 50
St. Paul . . 51 30 Minneapolis. 25 55
Milwaukee . 48 31 Kansas City. 23 56

Broadmoor Casino Burned.

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

Now Without a Church.

Dr. T. DeWitt Smith is again without a church. Practically 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 of the church, 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.

A succession of terrible electrical storms with heavy rainfall passed over Marion, O., and vicinity. George Stout, while driving a moving machine, was killed by lightning. Charles Seiter and William Sontag, mechanics, returning from work, were struck down in the street.

Heavy Snowstorm in Colorado.

A severe snowstorm is reported from all the higher portions in the mountain district of Colorado. Three inches of snow is reported at Cripple Creek, Aspen and other points, and one inch at Leadville.

Crop Is a Corker.

The fruit crop of Missouri this year is roughly estimated to be worth \$20,000,000. The importance of this crop may be better understood when it is stated that it is worth more than the wheat crops of Missouri and Illinois combined, with the cotton crop of Missouri thrown in.

Poison for Her Rival.

Miss Grace Allen of Fredonia, Kan., is under arrest, charged with poisoning Miss Phronia Eches and her mother. The latter is dead. Jealousy prompted the deed, both women being in love with the same man. Before being arrested Miss Allen tried to commit suicide.



AT LOVE'S COMMAND

BY CHAS. LENNOX.

CHAPTER I.

"Prince Charlie's" daughter! The sun shone on the day of her birth; the bells in Erecedean pealed merrily; the flag waved for Erecedean towers; every face on the Erecedean estate wore a bright, pleased expression. "Her ladyship has a little daughter," the tenants said one to another, then stopped a moment and added, "Heaven bless the mother and the child!" "Prince Charlie" himself was in a trance of delight. He might have lived in the golden days when people cried out, "Largess—a princess is born!" He gave with both hands, royally as a king. The clang of joy-bells filled the air; fragrance and melody greeted the birth of "Prince Charlie's" daughter—Beatrice Lennox, heiress of Erecedean. No king's heart was ever stirred with more passionate joy than this which now animated the heart of "Prince Charlie." He stood on the summit of a sloping hill, thick green grass waving at his feet, wild heather to the right and to the left of him, tall, spreading trees over his head. He looked round him with pride and delight. This noble domain of Erecedean, how fair it was! In all the length of bonny Scotland no spot was half so fair—and it would all be hers one day.

"What shall I name her?" he thought. "Beatrice Lennox, the proudest, fairest, haughtiest lady of our race, won the love of a king. She might have been crowned queen, but she loved the land of her birth better than the king who wooed her. She preferred to be Countess of St. Mar. I will call my daughter 'Beatrice'; it is a name of good omen. Perhaps it may win for her a love royal."

He repeated the name as he descended the hill. He walked quickly through the heather, through the clover meadows, through the pleasure gardens, and along the terraces that surrounded the castle. A waiting woman met him at the door. "Her ladyship would be so pleased to see you, colonel," she said.

The colonel went on his way singing, in a low voice, his favorite song, "The Blue Bells of Scotland." He reached her ladyship's room, and there waited until the nurse's voice bid him enter. It was a large, lofty room, superbly furnished. On the bed, with its rich hangings, lay a pale, gentle lady, with a sweet, patient face, yet sad, as if of one who suffered in silence. She held proudly in her arms a little child. She raised her eyes as the colonel entered.

"Charlie, come and look at her," she said. "I have never seen such a face. Look at her!" "There is some character in baby's face," remarked the colonel. "Look at the sweet little lips—how firmly they are closed! See how delicately arched the brows are. The eyes are dark. There is an old border song of a dark-eyed Lennox with a heart of fire."

Lady Lennox looked up at her husband. "Charlie," she began half reluctantly, "do you know why I sent for you? I thought that on this day that our little child has been given to us you would not refuse my petition."

"That I will not," he replied. "Like the king in your favorite history, I would give you the half of my kingdom." She laid her hand on his thick, clustering curls. "My dear Charlie, I have never doubted your willingness to give. I doubt, though, whether you have much to give; but, Charlie, I am almost useless to talk to you; but, Charlie, I have half the little one, and I will not try to alter? I want you to promise to be more economical. Do not give away so much—do not bet on those terrible horses—do not trust so implicitly in a blind fate; if you do, ruin will follow. Generosity is a duty, but not such lavish generosity as yours. For my sake, for the little one's sake, begin now to act differently."

He bent down and kissed the rosy cheek of the child. "I will, Ailsa. You know I mean to do right always—I have no thought of doing wrong. Mine nature is to blame, who gave me the love of a king without the revenues to fill them. I like bright faces, and, if a gift of mine cheers a sad face, I am well pleased."

"Say these words after me—'For your sake, my little Beatrice, I promise to be more careful—to give less, to save more, to renounce betting, and devote my time to home.'"

He repeated 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. Ailsa was its godmother. The whole domain of Erecedean seemed to be illumined. The only one troubled with foreboding, the only one who wept when others laughed, and sighed when others smiled, who foresaw sorrow, was the wife of "Prince Charlie," the mother of the little heiress, Lady Lennox.

CHAPTER II.

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 lofty stature, powerful build, with a graceful, easy, dignified carriage; his features were bold, frank and proud; there was joy 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.

His father, Keith Lennox of Erecedean, had two sons—Charles, the colonel, who succeeded him, and Peter, the younger son, who was a graceless ne'er-do-well—he had neither manners, morals nor style, Keith Lennox was accustomed to say. There was no great love between the brothers, although Charles had a contemptuous kind of pity for the ungainly boy who was so invariably awkward and clumsy.

Peter solved for himself the difficult problem of his existence. He ran away from home, leaving a letter addressed to his father, in which he stated that it was his intention to make a fortune at the gold diggings; he was going to sail in the Ormolia, he said. The father's first feeling on reading the letter was one of unmitigated relief. But a few weeks afterward, when he read the story of the wreck of the Ormolia with the loss of all on board, he mourned for his son. There was an end to Peter; he could never say, disgrace, nor irritate them again.

LOGAN THE SOLDIER.

HIS VALOR AND RESOLUTION IN DESPERATE CRISES.

When "Black Eagle" Charged the Battle Line Knew Not Fear—Chivalrous with Women, and the Unflinching 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, 1823. 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 unwarded with victory, he forfeited not the love and admiration of his followers, who afterward saw with satisfaction their swartly chieftain continued in his statesman's chair. With powers unabated for future high service he was suddenly called on the 20th of December, 1885, 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, Frankfort County.

"It will be a queer scene place for her to grow up in, my lady," she said, "we never see the sight of a human face here from one year to another. Perhaps it will be one 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 said 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 waking 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. Their life is not always enough romantic to fill all the baskets, and the first service 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 little 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 assorted 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 to the curb 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 pell-mell 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, passes along shaking them out into the smaller baskets. Some one follows with a lot of bread of a different kind, and after there is a good, solid foundation of the staple, the attendant's tumble 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 primly for home, but rather more linger in the eddies of the sidewalk or drop down on the first convenient seat and begin eating and trading. Some do a thrifty business retailing to those who had not the 10 cents necessary to buy a job lot, but, of course, nearly the transactions are made with one hand, the other being occupied in stowing away cream puffs where they will do the most good.

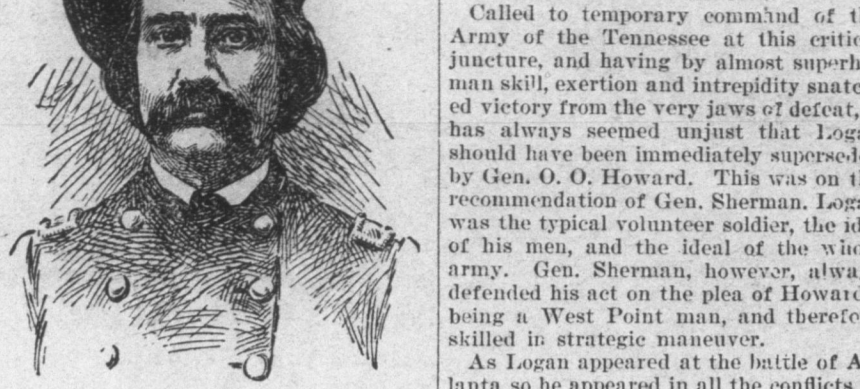
The first mention of the pipe organ in history is in connection with Solomon's Temple, where there was an organ with ten pipes.

dered, April 28, 1865. May 23 he was appointed to the command of the Army of the Tennessee.

The war over, he resigned his commission, saying he did not wish pay when not on active duty. President Johnson appointed him minister to Mexico, but he declined the honor.

In 1866 he was elected as a Republican to the Forty-first Congress, and was a manager in the impeachment trial of President Johnson. He was elected to the Forty-first Congress and worked well for the reduction of the army.

He was elected to the Forty-second Congress, but was chosen United States



LOGAN AS COLONEL OF 31ST ILLINOIS. His First War Picture.

Senator before that Congress convened. He took his seat March 4, 1871. He became chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. He had filled the corresponding position in the House of the Forty-first Congress.

His term expired, he resumed the law in Chicago, but again was elected to the Senate to succeed Oglesby, and took his seat in the extra session convening March 18, 1879. He was re-elected in 1885, at



GENERAL LOGAN AT THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA.

In 1856 he was a presidential elector on the Buchanan and Breckinridge ticket. In 1858 as a Douglas Democrat he went to Congress.

In 1860 he went again. In 1860 he was a presidential elector on the Lincoln ticket. He was a Douglas man in the presidential year of 1860, but when he heard the South threatened trouble he said he would shoulder his musket to have Lincoln inaugurated.

In July, 1861, Lincoln had secession on his hands, and Congress was in session. Troops were leaving Washington for the front. Logan quit the halls of

ter a memorable fight, signalized by the loyalty and endurance of Logan's faithful "103."

In the presidential convention of 1864, in Chicago, Logan received for President, on the first ballot, 633 votes, Blaine subsequently being chosen. Logan was nominated for Vice-President, and with his associate went down in the defeat out of which arose Grover Cleveland.

Logan at Atlanta. The moment in Gen. Logan's career which the sculptor has chosen to depict in the monument unveiled at Chicago is when he took Gen. McPherson's command at the battle of Atlanta. This was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. It was July 22, 1864. Hood had succeeded Johnston in command of the Confederate forces, and there were entrenched in Atlanta. Gen. Sherman, however, believing that the enemy had evacuated the city, ordered McPherson to move forward in the direction of East Point and overtake the Confederates. Major Gen. Logan, commanding the Fifteenth army corps, was ordered to press the enemy on the left flank, while Gens. Schofield and Thomas were to attack his right and rear. McPherson soon discovered that Sherman had been completely misled, and ordered Logan's troops to go into position for battle. About noon, the firing having become general all along the line by that time, McPherson rode out almost alone to observe the carrying out of his orders. In passing through a narrow bridge path he came upon a stray company of Confederates from Hardee's corps, lying down in the woods. The captain commanded McPherson three times to halt. McPherson, supposing it to be a detachment of his own troops, with his usual courteous manner, lifted his hat. Immediately after perceiving his mistake, he wheeled his horse, was fired upon and killed.

Gen. Sherman at once ordered Logan, the next in rank, to take command. Never did a general on either side in the four years' war display more superb qualities of courage. He brought order out of chaos and victory from defeat. The news of McPherson's death having spread, Logan rallied the troops with the cry: "McPherson and revenge!" Logan took command on that famous black stallion of his, and became a flame of fire and fury. He was everywhere; his horse covered with foam and himself hatless and begrimed with dust; perfectly comprehending the position; giving sharp orders to officers as he met them, and plunging himself firmly in front of fleeing columns, with revolver in hand, threatening, in tones not to be mistaken, to fire into the advance did they not instantly halt and form in order of battle. The battle was resumed in order and with fury—a tempest of thunder and fire—a hailstorm of shot and shell. And

general at last exclaimed stoutly: "I have never asked a political favor from this administration and I never will."

The poor volunteer stole out of the room abashed and disappointed. After half an hour the storm began to abate in Logan's mind. He rose and said to Mrs. Logan as he went on:

"Mary, I can ask nothing of this administration myself, but I've got to do something for that poor fellow."

He put into execution a plan which soon brought his comrade all that he had asked.

MEMBERS OF THE LOGAN FAMILY PRESENT AT THE DEDICATION.