

THE CITY OF GOD.  
Four square it lies, with walls of gleaming pearl  
And gates that are not shut at all by day.  
There evermore their wings the storm winds  
Furl.  
And night falls not upon the shining way.  
Up which by twos and threes, and in great  
throng,  
The happy people tread, whose mortal road  
Leads straight to that fair home of endless songs.  
The city, beautiful and vast, of God.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, the joy,  
The light, the bloom of that sweet dwelling  
place,  
Where praise is aye the rapturous employ  
Of those who there behold God's loving face.  
Here, fretted by many a tedious care  
And bowed by burdens on the weary road,  
We cannot dream of all the glory there,  
In that bright city, beautiful, of God.

There some have waited for our coming long,  
Blown hither by the mystic tide of death,  
They catch some fragments of our broken song,  
The while the eternal years are as a breath.  
There we shall go one gladsome day of days,  
And drop forever every cumbering load,  
And we shall view, undimmed by earth's low  
haze,  
The city, beautiful and vast, of God.

In that great city we shall see the King,  
And tell Him how he took us by the hand  
And led us from our weakness, drag and cling,  
As children when they do not understand  
Yet with the mother walk as night comes on  
And wish that home was as some shorter  
O, with what pleasure shall we look upon  
Our Saviour in the city of our God!  
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Congregationalist.



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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.  
He started to his feet with a sudden  
flash of recklessness in his eyes, and  
paced the floor for a few moments  
while he mentally debated this point;  
then the question was settled.

"On the whole," he said, aloud, "I  
will go. Why not? It will be merely  
carrying out the programme that I  
have already determined upon. I have  
commenced to drift; I might as well  
continue the exciting experiment. It  
is possible, indeed most probable, that  
Mrs. Maynard will at once discover  
that I am not the particular Mr. North  
to whom her note was addressed; but  
in that case I can make some sort of  
apology; 'note fell into my hands by  
mistake; carelessness of the clerk;  
same name; very amusing coincidence,'  
and so on, and thus bow myself grace-  
fully out of the affair. But if, on the  
other hand, she should share the popular  
misapprehension as to my identity,  
why then I'll be guided by circum-  
stances!"

He paused now before his valise,  
which the porter had deposited on a  
chair, and, opening it, commenced un-  
packing and tossing its contents care-  
lessly on the bed. Among other items  
a rather formidable-looking memo-  
randum book, bound in Russia leather,  
came to light. As his eye fell upon it,  
a sudden inspiration seemed to seize  
him.

"Something is certain to come of this  
ridiculous affair," he said to himself,  
taking up the note book, and also pen  
and ink which he had in convenient  
portable shape, "so I will just make a  
little note of what has already occurred.  
It may be the significant beginning of  
important and interesting events."

With this reflection he established  
himself at the writing table and com-  
menced to record in the pages of his  
note book the thrilling experiences he  
had just passed through.

Allan North had a phenomenally  
treacherous memory, which, instead of  
strengthening it by a wise recourse to  
one or all of the popular memory sys-  
tems now in vogue, he had unconsciously  
weakened still further by an habitual  
subserviency to note-book and pencil.  
Possessing a certain sense of humor, a  
fluent style of expression, and the  
leisure that enabled him to exercise his  
literary talents, he frequently elaborated  
his daily notes beyond the mere  
jotting down of facts which it was im-



portant for him to remember. If you,  
dear reader, could have deciphered the  
hastily scrawled pages preceding the  
entry upon which he was now engaged,  
you would have found them to read  
thus:

"Monday.—Was in court this morning  
for the first time since the Dunkirk  
will case was called. Found things in  
statu quo. Hopkins and Shepherd both  
out of town. Possibly after that missing  
witness who still continues non est  
inventus. Suspect she's a myth. Hunter  
and Ketchum both jubilant. Say they  
are sure of winning. Hope they will;  
credit of the office at stake. Thus far  
no trace of that missing niece. Query:  
Is she a myth, too?"

"Tuesday.—Starting developments in  
the Dunkirk case to-day. Will proven  
to be a forgery. Hopkins and Shep-  
herd evidently had no hand in it. They  
were both considerably taken aback  
when this fact was established by the  
experts, and they telegraphed at once  
to the claimant's confidential legal ad-  
viser—odd that I never happened to  
hear him spoken of by name—to find

out what it all means. In my opinion  
they would better send a detective after  
him. I'll stake my last cigar (the one  
I smoked last, I mean) that the fair  
claimant and her confidential legal ad-  
viser—who, by the way, has wisely  
kept at a safe distance from New York  
during this investigation—will prove to  
be the persons who forged that docu-  
ment. Hunter and Ketchum are still  
advertising for information concerning  
Annie Dupont, the niece and sole heir  
at law. No result thus far. Mean-  
while, there is a fine little case of  
forgery to be investigated. Already the  
inside theories are being woven, and, if  
I mistake not, there will be some inter-  
esting developments in the case before  
many days.

"Wednesday.—Here's a state of  
things! Hunter and Ketchum have  
to-day received a communication from  
a man calling himself Dennis O'Reilly  
(doesn't that savor of the Emerald Isle?)  
living in X—, a city of considerable  
importance in the wild west, who—the  
Irishman, I mean—claims to be in pos-  
session of facts that will lead to the dis-  
covery and identification of Annie Du-  
pont. For my part I have no faith in  
the story; but H. and K. think the mat-  
ter is worth investigating, and they  
have proposed that I go at once to X—,  
find this man and follow up his clew if  
it should prove to be worth anything.  
The prospect is rather enlivening, and,  
as it happens, my professional engage-  
ments are not so numerous or exacting  
just now as to interfere with my absent-  
ing myself from the office. Prosecuted  
a case of assault and battery yesterday,  
and sent defendant to jail. Don't know  
whether he was guilty or not. Suspect  
not; but I proved that he was, and  
that was the end of it. And now, in-  
flamed by that grand success, my voice  
is still for war! Wish I could get hold  
of something sensational, something  
really worthy of my attention. Assault  
and battery! I blush to write the  
words. Are my talents to be dissi-  
pated, my nerve and brain tissues to be  
worn out pursuing such paltry game as  
that? The fates forbid! There must be  
some higher destiny in store for me.  
Perhaps this mission to X— will fur-  
nish me the sensational experiences that  
I long for. I think I'll start to-  
morrow. My constitution demands a  
slight change of air and scenery, and  
the trip will no doubt be of great bene-  
fit to me, though whether anything of  
importance to business interests will  
result therefrom is somewhat problemat-  
ical."

Immediately after this came North's  
latest entry:

"Friday noon.—At X—. Just got  
here. Quite a breezy, wide-awake little  
city, inhabited by a set of harmless and  
amusing lunatics. Their first manifes-  
tation of eccentricity was to insist that  
I am some other fellow, who oddly  
enough bears my illustrious name, fol-  
lows my honorable profession, looks  
like me, and, as the final link in this  
astounding chain of coincidences, al-  
though out of town at this present  
writing, boards at the very hotel at  
which I am stopping. Tried to con-  
vince them of their mistake. No use.  
Average mind not open to conviction.  
Finally decided to let them have their  
own way about it, and am therefore  
going to play my role in this comedy of  
errors as Antipholus of Syracuse, unless  
Antipholus of Ephesus steps in prema-  
turely and defeats my purpose. Must  
hunt up Dennis O'Reilly. Forlorn hope.  
Don't know where to look for him.  
Probably digging ditches somewhere.  
H. and K. must have been crazy to pay  
any attention to his communication."

"Note.—Extraordinary (made five  
minutes after arrival after the man-  
ner of English tourists visiting  
the states).—People of X— are  
very sociably inclined. Circumstances  
offered in evidence: I find here  
on the instant of my arrival a note  
from one, Mrs. Maynard, evidently a  
lady moving in aristocratic circles, in-  
viting me to call upon her at two  
o'clock this afternoon. No references  
required. Invitation downright and  
unconditional. In spite of the em-  
barrassing fact that I have never had  
the honor of meeting the lady afore-  
said, and have not the slightest idea  
where she lives, I have decided  
that it will not be politic  
to slight the very first invitation  
extended to me here, and I am there-  
fore intending to call upon the said  
Mrs. Maynard, of No. 33 Delaplaire  
street, at the hour and place aforesaid.  
Have a vague hope that she may be able  
to throw some light upon the present  
mystery of my identity. If she decides  
that I am myself, the verdict of the gen-  
eral public will be immediately set  
aside. If she insists that I am the other  
fellow, I will humbly bow to the deci-  
sion. Capital idea! Saves me all fur-  
ther responsibility in the matter. In-  
teresting psychological question. Not  
exactly a case of Jekyll and Hyde, but  
rather suggests the query whether a  
man must not have two separate and  
distinct personalities without being at  
all aware of it until some one else dis-  
covers the fact for him. On second  
thought, I am not sure but the real  
question is, whether or not a man can  
be in two different places at one and  
the same time. Pshaw! No use in  
wearying my brain with these airy specu-  
lations. My first duty is to find out  
who I really am. With that point once  
clearly and indisputably settled (by  
Mrs. Maynard), all these minor ques-  
tions will take care of themselves. I  
think my prospects for innocent amuse-  
ment here look promising. As to busi-  
ness, can't tell yet. Shall reserve judg-  
ment on that point until I have had an  
interview with Mr. O'Reilly."

It was at this point that North closed  
his book, threw down his pen and con-  
sulted his watch again. As the imme-  
diate result of this latter proceeding he  
started up with the audible exclamation:  
"One o'clock! I must be expeditious  
if I expect to be at Mrs. Maynard's at  
the appointed hour. I shall do my best  
to make a good impression; all in the  
other fellow's interests, of course! I  
suspect that I'm pretty well acquainted  
at No. 33; note sounds a little that way.  
I wonder upon what action this sum-  
mons is based? Nothing whatever in  
the writ to indicate that Mrs. May-  
nard will be at home at two o'clock.

Will it be convenient for Mr. North to  
call at that hour?"

CHAPTER II.  
Aunt S.—There's not a man I meet but doth  
salute me,  
As if I were their well acquainted  
friend;  
And everyone doth call me by my  
name.

—Comedy of Errors.  
At half-past one o'clock Allan North  
reappeared on the hotel portico. The  
number of idlers there had diminished  
considerably during the past half hour;  
only Col. Dayton and the gentleman with  
the eye-glasses remaining of the origi-  
nal group.

The latter, tipped back in a chair  
with his feet elevated to the top of the  
veranda railing, was enveloped in a  
cloud of fragrant cigar smoke, which  
he contemplated with as much com-  
placency as if it had been a halo of  
glory. The colonel, seated beside him  
with a newspaper spread out before  
him, was proclaiming aloud to his  
rather inattentive auditor the news of the  
day, foreign, domestic and local.

"Hail Mr. North," he exclaimed, com-  
ing to a full stop in his reading, "are  
you off again?"

"For a short time, colonel," answered  
North, pausing on the steps to give a  
final smoothing down to his gloves.  
The gentleman with the eye-glasses  
took his cigar from his teeth, cleared  
away the encircling smoke and turned  
toward North with a half sneering  
scrutiny.

"I say," he suddenly demanded, the  
idle curiosity in his expression chang-  
ing to selfish interest, "are you going to  
the office?"

North lifted his eyebrows slightly; a  
comment entirely for his own benefit.

Perhaps he had an office, and a prac-  
tice that would be likely to make some  
demand upon his attention. Might not  
that be a trifle awkward?

"Well," he said to himself, "this can-  
not go on forever, I shall either succeed  
in establishing my own identity, or be



taken in 'charge by the commissioners'  
in lunacy, before I have been many  
hours in X—!"

Then aloud:  
"To the office?" he repeated, in a  
leisurely way, as if he were mentally  
debating the question. "I hadn't  
thought of it. Why?"

"Oh, I was merely intending to ask  
you, if you were going there, to take a  
message to Morris. No consequence. I  
shall probably get down there in time  
to catch him myself. You know he  
takes that trespass case into court this  
afternoon. I'm waiting now to see  
Woods, who promised to meet me here  
at one o'clock. He's late, as usual—con-  
found him! Any idea where you are go-  
ing, North?"

Alas, he had not! But he smiled se-  
renely as he answered with reckless  
candor:

"Why, yes, my dear fellow: I may as  
well tell you that I am due at No. 33  
Delaplaire street at two o'clock."

"Indeed!" No surprise, but consider-  
able significance in this dry rejoinder.

"Do you know where that is?" pur-  
sued North with amiable sociability,  
thinking the while that, if so, he envied  
the gentleman with the eye-glasses the  
information.

"Where what is? No. 33 Delaplaire  
street?" demanded that gentleman, with  
a blank stare. "Good heavens, man,  
how long do you intend to keep up this  
role of idiot? Wasn't it I that first in-  
troduced you there, I'd like to know?"

"Perhaps it was," admitted North,  
nonchalantly.  
"It might have been, for anything  
that I am prepared to say to the contrary,"  
he added mentally, as he stood for a  
moment pulling his mustache in a  
meditative way and glancing with a  
puzzled air up and down the street.

"I say, North, have you taken to low  
comedy as a permanent thing?" con-  
tinued the aggrieved possessor and  
wearer of the eye-glasses. "It's a shock,  
even to me, to see you degenerating so  
suddenly into the character of a clown."

"I can vary it with high tragedy,"  
said North, accommodatingly, as he  
went down the steps, "if that will suit  
you any better, my dear fellow. Au  
revolt!"

And with a delightful sense of uncer-  
tainty as to whether he was tending, he  
started slowly down the street.

He had not proceeded very far when  
he was arrested by the colonel's fac-  
tious exclamation:

"I say, Mr. North, are you walking in  
your sleep? Delaplaire street isn't  
down that way, you know!"

North whirled around composedly  
and retraced his steps.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me,  
then, my dear colonel," he said, "where  
Delaplaire street is? I give you my  
word that I have not the faintest idea."

And, pausing by the steps as he mut-  
tered this astonishing confession of ig-  
norance, he looked up at the colonel  
with innocent perplexity depicted in his  
countenance.

"Mr. North, what is the matter with  
you?" demanded Col. Dayton, in whose  
round, astonished eyes North read not a  
little dismay and suspicion.

"Nothing at all, colonel, except the  
difficulty that I have mentioned," re-  
turned North, reassuringly. "The case

is as plain as a pikestaff. I wish to go  
to Delaplaire street, and I have not the  
faintest idea where Delaplaire street is.  
Now, is not that a coincidence that  
appeals to your helpful sympathies?"

"Are you sure, Mr. North—quite sure,  
you know—" ventured the colonel,  
nervously apprehensive lest he might  
not put the case with sufficient delicacy,  
"that you are in—exactly a condition,  
you know, to call on a lady?"

North's first impulse was to resent  
this imputation; then he reflected how  
much ground there was for the colonel's  
suspicion, and amusement became up-  
permost in his feelings. He smiled as  
he answered:

"Oh, yes, colonel, I am perfectly sure  
of that."

"Well," said the colonel, still with the  
air of one who darkly suspected that he  
was being imposed upon, "you go up  
Main street, ten squares beyond the  
courthouse, and then turn into Dela-  
plaire street at your left. And if I had  
a silver dollar for every time that  
you've been over that route in the last  
three years, I'd be a rich man!" he  
added, with a reproachful scowl, as he  
drew his brows together and looked  
down sharply at North. "Think you  
can make out, now, how to get there?"

"Oh, I think I shall have no difficulty  
now, colonel, thank you." And with a  
wave of his hand North turned away  
again.

"Why didn't you let him go on in the  
first place?" snarled the gentleman  
with the eye-glasses, before North was  
beyond the reach of his voice. "Per-  
haps you had better send a small boy  
along to show him the road! The fel-  
low has been either drunk or as crazy  
as Hamlet ever since he got back this  
morning. What to make of him I don't  
know, I'm sure!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES.  
Some of the Great Events Which Changed  
the Map of the World.

According to Lord Creasy, the fifteen  
decisive battles were those at Mar-  
athon, September, 490 B. C., when Mil-  
tades, with 10,000 Greeks, defeated 100,-  
000 Persians under Datis and Arta-  
phernes; at Syracuse, September,  
413 B. C., a great naval bat-  
tle took place, the Athenians  
under Nicias and Demosthenes be-  
ing defeated with a loss of 40,000 killed  
and wounded of their entire fleet; at  
Arbela, October, 331 B. C., Alexander  
the Great overthrew Darius Codomannus  
for the third time; at Matarus, 207 B.  
C., the Consul Livius and Nero cut re-  
inforce Hannibal; Arminius, in 9 A. D.,  
and the Gauls overthrew the Romans  
under Varus and established the in-  
dependence of Gaul; at Chalons, 451 A. D.,  
Aetius and Theodoric utterly defeated  
Attila and prevented Europe from devas-  
tation; at Tours, October, 732, Charles  
Martel overthrew the Saracens under  
Abderrahman and broke the Moslem  
yoke from Europe; at Hastings, Oc-  
tober, 1066, William of Normandy slew  
Harold II. and obtained England's  
throne; at Orleans, 1429, Joan of Arc  
secured the independence of France; the  
defeat of the Spanish armada, 1588 de-  
stroyed the hopes of the pope in Eng-  
land; the battle of Blenheim, August  
13, 1704, when Marlborough and Prince  
Eugene defeated Tallard, leading the  
French and the Bavarians, and thus pre-  
venting Louis XIV. from carrying out  
his schemes; at Pultowa, July, 1709,  
Czar Peter utterly defeated Charles  
XII., of Sweden, and established the  
Muscovite power; at Saratoga, October,  
1777, Gen. Gates defeated the British  
and Gen. Burgoyne and thus secured  
for the United States the alliance of  
France; at Valmy, September, 1792, the  
French marshal, Kellerman, gained the  
upper hand for the French revolution-  
ists over the duke of Brunswick and the  
allied armies; at Waterloo, June 18,  
1815, Napoleon Bonaparte commanded  
the French and the duke of Wellington  
the British and their allies, and the vic-  
tory broke up Napoleon's revolutionary  
plans. Two recent battles, not here in-  
cluded, are those at Gettysburg, July,  
1863, and at Sedan, preparing, respec-  
tively, for the downfall of the confed-  
eracy and the capture of Napoleon III.  
and his army.

TO PLEASE HIS WIFE.

A Bishop Used a Lightning Conductor as  
a Pillow.

A Paris Figaro reporter tells the story  
of an English bishop who, returning  
from a tour of the states, occupied a  
large double cabin with his wife, who  
was somewhat querulous and exacting.  
One night during a storm that lady com-  
plained of close air, and her spouse  
arose and opened a porthole, whereupon  
a big wooden ball bobbed in and kept  
on bobbing.

The bishop knotted up his string and  
hung it on the wall of the cabin; it  
bumped as the vessel rocked and an-  
noyed the lady further. So the patient  
bishop let out the loops and put the ball  
under his pillow, after which peace and  
slumber reigned.

The next day at dinner he recounted  
his adventures of the night, and,  
bridled with intense delight at the  
roars of laughter which greeted the  
story, the captain recovered sufficiently  
to gasp:

"Why, man—ah—that is, my lord,  
that ball you slept on hangs at the  
end of the ship's lightning conductor!"

England's Marine.

A very interesting exhibit in the  
transportation department of the  
world's fair will be made by the steam-  
ship and railway companies of England.  
The collection of models of battleships,  
yachts, cruisers, steamers and merchant  
vessels will be more complete than was  
ever before exhibited. The London &  
Northwestern railway will send over a  
complete train of cars headed by a great  
compound locomotive named "Great  
Britain." This will afford an oppor-  
tunity to compare the English compari-  
ment cars and sleepers with American  
coaches. The Great Western railway  
will exhibit the antiquated locomotive  
"Lord of the Isles," one of the first used  
on that road. Several of the railways  
will show their signaling systems.

According to ancient tradition Moses  
wrote the book of Job at the age of 70.

THOUSANDS WILL BE THERE.

Great Crowds Expected at the Inauguration  
of President-Elect Cleveland—Hotel-  
Keepers Anticipate a Harvest—Big  
Board Bill of the Cleveland—Pro-  
gramme of the Ceremonies Outlined.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—Already the  
preparations for the inauguration of  
Mr. Cleveland and the entertainment  
of the thousands of democrats who will  
be in the city on that occasion are  
nearly complete. The reviewing stand  
in front of the white house has been  
finished and the dozens of pavilions  
from which visitors may watch the  
inaugural parade will be ready  
within a couple of days. It is estimated  
that these pavilions, which are scat-  
tered along Pennsylvania avenue from  
the foot of Capitol hill to Twenty-  
third street, nearly 2 miles distant,  
will furnish seats for 100,000 people. It  
is needless to say that another 100,000  
or so are expected to line the sidewalks  
along the route of the procession.

This great army of visitors will have  
to be housed and fed, and the hotels  
and boarding houses innumerable have  
already elevated prices in anticipation  
of a harvest. All of the hotels will be  
crowded and few of them have any  
room to spare even thus early. At  
the Metropolitan, for example, the  
prices range from \$13 a day  
upward. At Welker's, which is a  
small hotel on the European plan, the  
rates range from \$40 to \$200 a week for  
rooms. The Normandie has contracted  
to take care of 200 people at \$5 a day  
each, and it is quite full. Mr. Morton's  
big caravansary, the Shoreham, has  
engaged to take care of 650 people at  
\$5 a day and upward on the European  
plan. The prices at the Arlington will  
be \$5 and over per day. At Wormley's  
you would have to engage rooms at \$10  
a day and keep them for six days.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland will stop at  
the Arlington. The rooms which the  
Cleveland family will occupy are in  
the northern part of the building.  
They are five in number and overlook  
Vermont avenue and I street. They  
are a parlor, a dining-room and three  
bedrooms. The presidential board bill,  
it is said, will be \$475 a day. The de-  
mand for rooms in this hotel has been  
so great since it was learned that Mr.  
Cleveland had engaged quarters in it  
that the proprietor says he has been  
obliged to refuse applications almost  
daily from persons who offer \$50 a day  
and upward. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson  
have engaged quarters at the Ebbitt.

The inauguration ceremonies will be-  
gin with the taking of the oath of office  
and the reading of the inaugural ad-  
dress at the east front of the capitol at  
noon of Saturday, March 4. Immedi-  
ately upon the conclusion of this cere-  
mony the procession will form and  
march down Pennsylvania avenue  
past the white house to Wash-  
ington circle at Twenty-third street  
and thence back on K street to Mount  
Vernon square at Ninth street. There  
it will disband, and in the evening the  
inauguration ball will be given in the  
pension building, where it was held  
four years ago. There will also be a  
grand display of fireworks at night.  
The capitol building will be  
illuminated by nine electric suns,  
and the treasury building, a  
mile away, will be illuminated by  
two. A colonial salute of thirteen guns  
will be fired on Capitol hill and a re-  
turn salute of the same number will  
be fired near the Washington monu-  
ment. The Marine band of Washing-  
ton and Zimmerman's orchestra from  
the naval academy will furnish the  
music for the ball. The band gives two  
sacred concerts on Sunday night and a  
concert on Monday night.

In the inaugural parade will be the  
governors of fourteen states, accompa-  
nied by their staff officers. The  
states to be thus represented are Mary-  
land, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Con-  
necticut, Massachusetts, New York,  
New Jersey, Delaware, Ohio, Wiscon-  
sin, North Carolina, South Carolina,  
Georgia and Louisiana. Most of  
these states will also be rep-  
resented by their militia or-  
ganizations. Maryland is ex-  
pected to send 3,000 state troops and  
Pennsylvania at least 5,000. Two reg-  
iments will come from New York and  
one from Texas. The District of Co-  
lumbia militia will be out in full force,  
and the United States troops from For-  
tress Monroe, Fort Meyer, Washington  
barracks and Fort Mifflin will lead  
the procession. There will be civic or-  
ganizations in line from many states.

Gen. Martin T. McMahon, of New  
York, will be chief marshal of the  
parade, and his assistants in command  
of the civic organizations will be Col.  
William Dickson, of Washington. An  
armed escort in citizens' clothing will  
accompany President-elect Cleveland.

Mr. Oliver T. Beaumont, chairman  
of the committee on carriages at the  
inauguration ceremonies, has received  
an autograph letter from President-  
elect Cleveland in which he says:

"In reply to your letter of the 6th inst.  
I have to say that I desire the ideas of Presi-  
dent Harrison carried out as to my convey-  
ance to the inaugural ceremonies. A very sen-  
sible suggestion is attributed to him in the  
newspapers, and that is that I ride in his car-  
riage, as he did in mine on the 4th of March,  
1888."

Mr. Cleveland will return from the  
capitol to the reviewing stand in the  
carriage furnished by the senate com-  
mittee on arrangements. Albert  
Hawkins, Mr. Cleveland's old driver,  
who has been employed as a  
messenger in the pension office, will  
be on the box. It is said that the  
turnout will be the finest that ever  
came up Pennsylvania avenue. The  
vehicle will be drawn by four jet-  
black horses. The harness will be  
white and each horse will be attended  
by a footman in white livery.

WOMEN OF AMERICA.

An Industrial Home for Colored Girls  
has recently been dedicated in Tennes-  
see by Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk.

Mrs. JAMES POLLY, of Green county,  
Ky., is one hundred and seven years old  
and the mother of fourteen children, of  
whom thirteen are living, the youngest  
being fifty-nine years old.

FANNIE MOHAWK, a squaw who was  
set free from Lolo Mohawk, a Tarratine  
brave, at a recent sitting of the supreme  
court in Bangor, Me., is said to have  
been the finest-looking woman in the  
court-room.

GAVE HIMSELF UP.

John C. Eno, the Bank-Wrecker, Who in  
1884 Embezzled \$4,000,000 and Fled to  
Canada, Returns to New York and Sur-  
renders Himself—Held in Bonds of \$20,-  
000.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—John C. Eno,  
who in 1884 fled to Canada in order to  
avoid arrest and prosecution for hav-  
ing embezzled nearly \$4,000,000 of the  
funds of the Second national bank  
while its president, put himself under  
the jurisdiction of the authorities  
Monday and was admitted to bail in  
\$20,000.

For some time it has been known  
that Eno was likely to come back and  
take the consequences of his defalcation.  
His friends say it was much  
against his own better judgment  
that he fled, but that he did  
so upon the advice of his fa-  
ther, and that the only reason  
he did not come back before was  
that he feared the effect upon his  
father, who is more than 80 years of  
age. Since he left this city he has  
spent most of the time at Quebec,  
where he has been interested in vari-  
ous business enterprises, which are  
said by his friends to have been more  
or less successful.

Eno arrived in this city direct from  
Canada at 11 o'clock Monday morning  
and proceeded immediately to the  
office of his counsel, Col. George Bliss.  
The two proceeded to the chambers of  
Judge Wallace, where they were met  
by District Attorney Mitchell and a  
couple of his assistants.

The federal indictment under which  
Eno was admitted to bail consists of  
sixteen counts. They charge that at  
various times from December 28, 1883,  
down to May, 1894, Eno, while pres-  
ident of the Second national bank, un-  
lawfully and with intent to defraud  
misapplied certain of the moneys and  
funds of the bank, amounting in the  
aggregate to \$3,970,000. This money  
had been paid in sums ranging from  
\$50,000 to \$450,000 by check to his  
brokers, A. Dyatt & Co., and Goffe &  
Randle.

(Eno's crime and flight, coming as it did just  
after the failure of Grant & Ward and the  
Marine bank, helped to create almost a  
panic in Wall street in the spring of  
1884. May 19 of that year there were  
rumors of trouble in the Second national bank.  
John C. Eno had been made president of  
the bank several years previous by his  
father, Amos R. Eno, who was the principal  
stockholder. For the previous two or three  
years young Eno had been one of the most  
prominent and persistent speculators on  
the bull side of the market. He was long of  
the market when the Northern Pacific broke, but  
he held on, expecting a rise which never came.  
Tuesday, May 15, the story came out. Eno's  
defalcation was said to be in the neighbor-  
hood of \$4,000,000. That night the directors  
met and decided to stand by the bank. Amos  
R. Eno, the young defaulter's father, is said to  
have presented the bank with securities valued  
at \$3,970,000, the other stockholders making up  
the balance. In addition to \$3,970,000 in securi-  
ties Eno's father deposited in the bank \$1,000,000  
in cash, and offered, it is said, to put in another  
million if it was thought to be necessary. There  
was a run on the bank, which lasted about a day  
and a half, but its doors were never closed, and  
after a careful investigation the bank examiner  
reported that the institution was perfectly sol-  
vent. Amos R. Eno was credited with being  
worth at that time in the neighborhood of  
\$2,000,000. Eno had been under the cap-  
sage of deputy sheriffs and detectives  
since it first became known that he  
had made away with the funds of the  
bank, but in spite of the cordon of  
police which surrounded his house he was not  
to be found when the United States officers  
wanted to arrest him. He had mysteriously  
disappeared, and it was not until several days  
later that it was known that he had gone  
to Canada in the company of Father  
Ducey, who stood by him during his an-  
tire trouble. Eno was arrested in Que-  
bec just as he was about to sail for Liver-  
pool. He refused to return to the United States  
without extradition. He was kept under arrest  
for several weeks awaiting extradition proce-  
dings, when they were brought to a close,  
proved unsuccessful. Various attempts have  
been made to get Eno to come back, but with-  
out result.)

ROACH ELECTED.

North Dakota Will Send a Democrat to  
the United States Senate.

BISMARCK