

MY LASSIE

I know a golden head of hair
That curls in waving masses;
That in the sunshine glistens fair;
That glints and glimmers here and there—
In truth a very sunbeam's snare—
The envy of the lasses.

I know two eyes so clear and true,
With glow both kind and tender;
Compounded from the morning dew;
From azure sky's translucent blue,
From willows sweet and dasies, too,
And violet's modest splendor.

And teeth, I know two pearl rows,
Two lips like rubies glowing;
And skin as pure as Iceland's snows;
A heart that e'er with love overflows;
That e'er kind deeds is sowing.

And when I see those sweet lips curl,
My heart how quick it saddens!
Or smiling wreath those teeth of pearl,
My thoughts are in a joyous whirl;
For can I help but love the girl?
Ane so my heart it gladdens.

—Mall and Times.



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CHAPTER IX.

Duke—Then go you forth,
And fortune play upon your prosperous helm.

—All's Well that Ends Well.

Returning to the Clement house, North retired to the privacy of his own apartments, intending to give himself up to a serious review of his position.

He had brought with him the noon edition of one of the daily papers; and, suddenly recollecting it, he drew it from his pocket and glanced carelessly at the telegraphic news.

"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed, with a sudden start of recollection. "The Daily Times; this is the paper that Warner mentioned in connection with my friend Clipper. By the way, let me see if that eulogistic leader is in it. 'A Retrospective Glance'—that is not it, of course; 'A Word to the Wise'—that might refer to me; ah, here it is. 'Our Candidate for City Attorney.' Now I shall see what my friend Clipper has to say about me."

And he immediately became absorbed in the editorial, which ran thus:

"It has always been the policy of the Times to support the administration; consequently when, two years ago, the popular outcry for 'Noyes and Reform'—aided, as the public has since had reason to believe, by such practical illustrations of reform as bribery, intimidation and ballot-box stuffing—turned the scale against the men who had supported and would gladly have supported the chief municipal offices, we accepted our defeat gracefully and commenced at once to fight the battles of the gentlemen who been fairly or otherwise cleared. They started out with flying colors and such glowing prophecies of what they were going to do, that the impression grew abroad that the millennium was about to dawn upon X—. For a time all went well, and the besom of reform with which the new administration had promised to sweep away all cobwebs from the structure of city government was shaken vigorously in our faces. Nevertheless, the public waited in vain for any substantial results. A few policemen were removed from the force, ostensibly for neglect of duty, but really because it had been discovered that they had voted against Major Noyes! This was 'reform!' A clerk was removed from one of the departments at the urgent demand of the city press, because of his flagrant misdemeanors in office. He had done efficient campaign work for the successful party, however, and in recognition of this service he was soon after put into a position of trust, where-to-day he flaunts his incapacity and loose morals in the face of the public with the defiant 'what are you going to do about it?' which has always been the favorite taunt of such pampered scoundrels. This also is reform, with a very big R! A few such instances were enough for the Times.

"We could not, even for the principle of public unity, defend an administration that permitted such glaring abuses of executive authority, and we therefore renounced all allegiance to its reigning powers, calling upon the people to take up the work of reform out of the incompetent hands to which they had been trusted and carry it on themselves, bearing in mind the seat of government, where they would find an abundant field of labor. For this we have been assailed and falsified by the zealous friends of the administration, whose championship has not been like Dian's kiss, unmasked, unsought; but, on the contrary, has been knocked down to the highest bidder in the 'peremptory sale' which their circumstances rendered necessary; but in our war upon the unblushing malfeasance in office which has already brought contempt upon X—, we have had the cordial support of all good citizens. There are men in X— to-day who feel the disgrace into which our unworthy officials have brought us as heavy as if it were personal reproach, and who are willing for the sake of the public good to undertake the formidable task of purifying our local politics. Cogheaven among the gentlemen is Olin North's sure, the distinguished citizen who has honored us by becoming our candidate for city attorney. It will be remembered that the Times was the first paper in the city to suggest Mr. North's candidacy for this office, though he now has the unanimous support of our reputable press, irrespective of party. In consequence of our active participation in the movement that secured this gentleman's nomination—and to no one can this happy result be attributed more directly than to Col. Clipper—we feel a peculiar interest in the fortunes of Mr. North; though of course the Times cordially desires and confidently anticipates a sweeping victory for our entire ticket.

"Of Olin North's blameless record as a professional man and as a citizen we could not say one word of praise that would not be heartily endorsed by all our readers, whatever their party bias or affiliation. Socially, professionally and politically he is a man of unmeasured popularity. Ever since he first came among us, now three years ago, a young lawyer with no credentials save a polished address, a genial, courteous disposition and a knowledge of his profession that soon placed him long strides ahead of even older and more experienced practitioners, he has possessed a strong hold on the regard of the public and an undisputed social position of which he may well be proud. Altogether, the candidate of such a gentleman as Olin North means something, may I say, the mere elevation of one man to a public office and the stepping out of another, which is commonly the sum and substance of an election. It means that the people of X— are awakening from the lethargy in which too long they have indulged, have determined to place in office men in whose purity they can feel implicit trust and to whose after-record they may point with pride. Mr. North is conspicuously such a man. Of his especial qualifications for this office no one that has watched his professional career for the past three years can have any doubt; and the social prestige that he will carry with him into the office will do much toward elevating the tone of our local politics.

"Voters, consider well the situation. The greatest danger that can possibly threaten us is an honest, a safe, a pure and a wide and more implacable than that which threatens and the destruction of Ron is racing on our feet; it demands the sacrifice of our noblest talents. The pride of our social life, the flower of our chivalry, the brave Curfies of old, stand for us our deliverer, and is ready to fling himself into the gulf, that our municipal government will be saved. The officer can confer no honor upon him; he will honor the office. Since he has con-

sented to act as our candidate, not for the sake of any good that may thereby result to himself, but from the patriotic desire to take the control of our public affairs out of the hands of the unscrupulous demagogues who have already brought us so perilously near the verge of ruin, let us show our appreciation of his service by uniting one and all, whatever our party, whatever our prejudices, whatever our feeling toward the other candidates may be, by giving him a vote that shall be as one voice—the unanimous vote of the city."

The expression on Allan North's face as he reached the conclusion of the article furnished a rather grim commentary on Col. Clipper's enthusiastic eulogium. But when, after a few moments' meditation, with that cynical little smile lingering on his lip, he tossed the paper aside, it was merely with the comment:

"I must try to call on Col. Clipper today. After I have seen and talked with him I shall be safely past one more danger which at present seriously embarrasses my peace of mind."

Having settled himself in an easy-chair with a perfumed cigar which called up a momentary amusement recollection of Wee and the office, he fell to reviewing his second call on Mrs. Maynard and summing up the results.

"On the whole," he reflected with a self-satisfied little smile, as he lay back in his chair and watched the blue smoke circling in delicate puffs and wreaths around his head, "I may consider this morning's call quite a commendable stroke of business. I find that every hypothesis upon which I started out has been strengthened, every suspicion confirmed. The links are not yet connected, but I see before me a chain of evidence which I am positive will in time be complete. I have a much more confident feeling now in regard to my position with Mrs. Maynard, and my future investigations, so far as she is concerned, will be comparatively easy to pursue, if I proceed with due caution. I think when I next see her I will question her in regard to that letter of Mrs. Dunkirk's, of which, by the way, neither of us spoke to-day. I can scarcely determine what use Noll hoped to make of such a document; though probably he had no definite knowledge of its contents and took it entirely at Mrs. Maynard's valuation. If she imagines that it would constitute for her a legal claim to that fortune, she is greatly in error. However, I will be indulgent to the fancy, if it exists, and thus derive whatever benefit to my side of the case a thorough canvassing of the document may furnish.

By skillfully arranging my questions concerning it, I may be able to gain some insight into her personal relations to Mrs. Dunkirk; not that this is material exactly, but it is relevant. I wish, if possible, to learn her whole personal history so far as it has any near or remote connection with this case. To be sure, I know the story set forth by Hunter and Ketchum, in which she is made to figure as a sort of juvenile adventuress with a chronic weakness for coveting her neighbor's wealth, and consequently a soul not above the temptations that beset the lovers of filthy lucre. She is an orphan, so H. and K. maintain, the only child of a widow with whom Mrs. Dunkirk was once intimately acquainted, who, when her own mother died, leaving her a slender bank account, managed to gain admission to Mrs. Dunkirk's household; in the hope, I am further assured, that by skillfully playing her cards she might become the childless old lady's heir. Well, after living with Mrs. Dunkirk for five years, and presumably assimilating herself into the good graces of the old lady, she married this Maynard—Maj. Maynard—and they went abroad for a few months. This much I have learned from Hunter and Ketchum, though I am not satisfied to accept the story on the mere strength of their assertion. I should at least like to hear the poet who sang in immortal verse:

"I'd sigh for her,
I'd cry for her,
But hang me if I'd die for her!"

or sacrifice myself in any other way! True, there's no telling what I might do if I were in love—that semi-demented condition in which no man should be held accountable for his actions. I never was in love but once, and that time—well, I'm none the worse for it now! But at first—By Jove! it was hard to believe that Myra could be false to me, that such a strange inexplicable shadow could come between us and separate us forever! Well, it didn't break my heart. Fortunately that important organ isn't made of such brittle material; but it has hardened my character, increased my recklessness, intensified all my faults. At least my friends, with true friendly candor, assure me that I have changed thus within the last four years; and I know only too well what is the bitter truth: that has diffused itself throughout the whole draught of my life. The wound in my heart healed quickly and left no visible trace; but there is a restless discontent and longing there that nothing has ever satisfied. Myra! Myra! It is you that I want—you alone!"

He started up and paced to and fro for several moments. In that brief time he seemed completely transformed, there was such forceful emotion, such passion and longing in his rapidly-changing countenance. But he was resolutely fighting against this mood, having sworn long ago that he would never yield to such weakness; and at last he conquered himself, though it was with sternly-set lips and a few hard lines in his brow. Resolutely forcing his thoughts from the bitter past to the present and future, he took out his memorandum book and wrote briefly the results of his first twenty-four hours in X—; then, having still an hour's leisure before dinner, he decided to improve it by making his meditated call upon Col. Clipper.

CHAPTER X.

Phil—I beseech you all, be better known to this genteel man.

—Cymbeline.

"I hope I shall find my friend Clipper in his office," was the reflection with which Allan North started out, after carefully noting the address of the Times building. "What a facile quill he yields! I dare say he doesn't exaggerate Noll's popularity in the least. Noll is just the sort of fellow to take everyone by storm, and I have already had abundant evidence of the devotion that is showered upon him here in X—; a devotion of which I am just now the unworthy recipient—the lightning rod toward which run all the currents of electricity with which the political atmosphere is overcharged. The bright sunlight of popular favor is somewhat dazzling to my unaccustomed eyes; no wonder that so many public men, after basking for a long time in its rays, become so defective in their visual organs that they cannot tell black from white or right from wrong!"

With these rambling reflections North pursued his way to the Times building, a large and pretentious granite structure on one of the principal business streets, and but a few blocks from the Clement house. As North approached he saw a group of gentlemen standing on the steps of the building, engaged in a heated and informal debate on some political question. It was evident from their vehemence and threatening gestures, their reckless and extravagant expressions and the unceremonious freedom with which contradictions and epithets were passed to and fro, that there were some decided differences of opinion in course of ventilation; and, as North passed calmly through the excited crowd with a gracious acknowledgement of their salutations, he said to himself:

"The excitement is evidently running high. I am fortunate to be out of the active canvass. Verily, there is no

one so calm, so peaceful, so undisturbed as the blameless politician who places himself and is contented to remain in that haven of security, the hands of his friends!"

As he stepped into the elevator North casually inquired of the boy: "Shall I find Col. Clipper in his office?"

"Yes, sir," the boy answered; and in another moment, after a rapid plunge upward, the elevator was stopped at the third floor of the building, and the boy, throwing open the door, looked at North with some plain suggestion in his expectant face that the latter immediately acted upon his unspoken hint.

Finding himself in a wide, handsomely tiled corridor with sphinx-like office doors on either side which gave no clew to what lay beyond their ground-glass panels, North was somewhat in doubt which way to turn; but suddenly the door directly facing the elevator was opened and a very tall, portly, handsome man appeared on the threshold,



ENGAGED IN A HEATED DEBATE.

with a rather less impressive-looking individual, whom he was with much gracious hand-shaking and fraternal patting on the shoulder dismissing from his presence.

At sight of North these parting courtesies were abruptly suspended.

"Is that you, North?" came in tones of sonorous greeting from the tall, portly gentleman, while the other seized North's hand and wrung it violently. "I've been wondering where you were. Glad to see you. Come in."

"Well, good day, Clipper; I'll see you again to-morrow," said the departing caller; and, while he made a rush for the elevator, Col. Clipper, having transferred his hand-shaking to North, drew him into his private office and closed the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VALUE OF RUBBER TISSUE.

The Overflowing Mending Basket Can Be Easily Emptied by Using It.

Do you know, asks the Milwaukee Journal, that rubber tissue is a godsend to overworked housewives whose work baskets are overflowing with garments in need of repair? This rubber tissue is a very thin piece of rubber. It is sold at fifteen cents an ounce, which means a piece perhaps six or eight inches wide, and twenty inches long. The tissue will not cover up holes—that is, not satisfactorily—but it will strengthen thin or weak places, mend tears or cuts; in fact, repair any goods which has not actually lost a piece of itself, and it is nice for hemming.

We will suppose there is a three-cornered tear in a garment. First cut away the frayed threads, draw the edges together either with invisible stitches on the wrong side or by holding it with the fingers. Place a piece of the tissue, the right size, over the tear and a piece of cambric or any other fabric desired over that and press with a warm iron—quite warm, but not hot. Press firmly and then remove the iron, and the mending is done. There must always be a surface between the rubber and the iron or the former will melt and stick to the iron.

For hemming woolen goods which will not ravel, turn up the edge once, slip in a piece of tissue, and press. If the goods must be turned twice, baste the narrow turn with long stitches on what will be the inner side, slip in the tissue as before, and press it. This, of course, does not apply to wash goods, unless you wish to renew the patch. It is very useful in mending umbrellas, in repairing sleeves which are almost worn through, in strengthening broken places in made-over goods, and in applying patches to the seat of the small boy's pants.

Not Pure Reading Matter.

The advertiser was angry. He said he did not care so much for the fact that two names in the reading notice were misspelled as he did for the position given the advertisement.

"I thought I told you I wanted it printed next to pure reading matter," he said.

"Certainly, sir," replied the advertising clerk, "and I myself looked after it. There isn't another advertisement on that page."

"What of that? Why, isn't it between the two biggest pieces of news in the paper? What did you want?"

"What I said, sir—a position next to pure reading matter. Now, it has a society scandal on one side of it and a divorce case on the other, and I won't stand it, sir; I won't stand it."—Jury.

Emerson's Advice to a Daughter.

Finish every day and be done with it. For manners and for wise living it is a vice to remember. You have done what you could, some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day for all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the rotter yesterday.

The place in which the first Methodist Sunday school in America was organized by Bishop Asbury, in Hanover county, Va., is now owned and occupied by a colored man.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY IS SOMETIMES MET IN A BEATEN TRACK.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

LOTTE INGRAM, an eight-year-old schoolgirl at Whiting, was instantly killed a few days ago while returning from school while crossing the tracks, her head being severed from her body.

JAMES WOOD, the nurse in the Eastern insane hospital, at Richmond, who was alleged to have killed Jay Blount, a patient, four years ago, and got a 21-year sentence, was released on bond and left for the home of his mother at Star City.

MRS. CALVIN was thrown from a buggy while driving to Bourbon the other morning, her ponies becoming frightened at a stump in the road. She received several bad wounds about the head and shoulders. Her recovery is doubtful.

WESLEY SHOTTS secured a divorce from his wife at Crawfordsville last fall and then entered suit against Wm. Pyles for \$5,000 for being the cause of the divorce proceedings. The jury quickly agreed that Pyles was guilty as alleged and it took but a few ballots to fix the amount of damages at \$3,500.

MARY DUNN was deserted at the altar at Anderson by Andy Hevin.

CHAS. LYZOTT, aged 18, living near Indianapolis, while joking and cutting up with his companions, was accidentally jabbed in the eye by a companion with an umbrella, the ribs injuring the eyeball. He died of his hurt.

At Madison, John Lostler, for assaulting with intent to kill Philip Zapp, was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

THE DRUG STORE of Stauffer & Co., at Fremont, was broken open on the other night and about \$500 in money, \$300 in notes and \$200 in jewelry stolen. The burglars stole a hand-car and came within one-half mile of Waterloo where they abandoned it. No trace of them has been found.

Last September Dan Worth was hurt in a wreck on the B. & O. railway while on his way to the national encampment at Washington, and he brought suit at Wabash against the company for \$10,000 damages. The other day he compromised and withdrew the suit upon the payment by the railroad of \$450. A. H. Benham was also injured at the same time, and was preparing a suit, but will not do so, as he has taken their check for \$400 in full payment.

AN A. P. A. council has been organized at Lafayette.

Two young men, Lester Gable and Ed Smith, of Columbus, were arrested at Spencer, charged with stealing half of a large sum of money which M. V. Haltom, a wealthy farmer, had drawn from the bank and taken home. The boys enjoyed his hospitality over night and after they left the loss was discovered.

MISS CARRIE DEAL, of Bedford, fell dead as she was leaving her home to visit friends in New Orleans.

THE SUIT of Milo Pearson against Wabash county, which has been pending for nine years, was compromised the other morning by the payment to him of \$1,800. Nine years ago the iron bridge across the Wabash river at Rich Valley gave way and went down, when Mr. Pearson was crossing with his team, and he was seriously injured. Soon afterward he sued the county for damages. The case was tried and a verdict for \$3,500 rendered. It was appealed and sent back for a new trial, and the case was to come up in a few days in Huntington county; but, as stated, the attorneys agreed upon a compromise. The costs are nearly \$1,500.

MRS. NANCY EVERLY, eighty-four years old, died at Wabash, the other day. For twenty-five years she has been under the hallucination that she was an ambassador from Heaven, and traveled the streets carrying a white flag and exhorting all to pass under it if they would enter the kingdom of Heaven.

FREDERICK DRINKHORN, aged seventy-five years, died on his farm near Vincennes, where he lived more than a half century. He was one of the most eccentric men in Indiana. He went to town but twice in fifty years.

JUDGE TAYLOR, of the superior court, in proceedings involving the legality of the law creating the board of children's guardians,