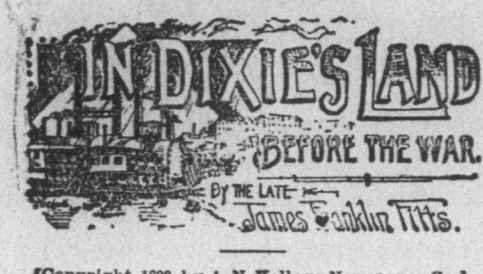


THE CHIMES.  
The quarter hour chimes, like some young life  
Whose tender melody  
Has just begun  
Not till the hour is done  
Can we know fully what the tune shall be.  
The half-hour sounds: an added chord is played;  
Yet the melodious tone,  
Though rich and sweet,  
Is still all incomplete—  
Like infancy when but to boyhood grown.  
Three chimes play next; the time is wearing on.  
The air is much more clear.  
I now can see  
What the last note shall be,  
As manhood ripe in goodness doth appear.  
Four chimes, the tune is done. Soft, sweet, and low  
Sounds forth the final chord.  
I think I see  
An old man patiently  
Await the coming summons of his Lord.  
The hour strikes: to an eternal rest  
The summons comes at last.  
And every chime  
Has sounded in its time,  
And age itself forevermore is past.  
—Anna Temple, in S. S. Times.



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CHAPTER XXII.  
THE GLADIATORS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The Cotton Queen was behind time at Donaldsonville, and the hours that we waited there were torturing ones. What would have happened had pursuit overtaken us before the boat came is a matter of certainty with me. I had found an opportunity to arm myself. Le Fevre did the same. We exchanged significant looks but no words. There was no need of words. We had already earned a term of imprisonment, and we and our fair charge were not now to be captured without bloodshed.

Aboard the Queen, and she rapidly putting miles of the wide and crooked river between us and pursuit, our spirits rose. We did not then know how narrow was our escape at that point. We got our breakfast with a crowd of passengers, cheered up Coralie and, bringing her again on deck, enjoyed with her the glorious panorama.

We passed Plaquemine without stopping. Le Fevre inquired of the captain, and learned that there was to be no stop until the boat reached Baton Rouge.

"Do you stop there?"  
"Of course. All the boats do."  
This intelligence made us uneasy, and we were consulting together about what we should do to avoid the detention that we had reason to fear had been prepared by telegraph for us, when the most unexpected chance favored us.

I stop at this point, to say that the occurrences narrated in this chapter came mainly under my own observation. The minor ones that I did not personally see and hear were afterwards told to me by those who did see and hear them.

The day wore on; the boat was within a mile of Baton Rouge. A call from the pilot's speaking-tube brought the captain up into the pilot house.

"What's up, Doblin?"  
"Look up the river," said the pilot, with both hands on the wheel.

The captain shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked.

"Seems to be a large steamboat putting out from Baton Rouge."

"Take the glass, sir."

One look through the glass and the captain threw it down, fairly jumping with excitement.

"The S. S. Prentiss, by —! Why, she left New Orleans twelve hours ahead of us."

"She's been waiting for us," said the pilot, quietly.

"She has not waited for nothing, then. I've heard of her brags from St. Louis down about what they'd do with the Queen when they had a chance. By the Lord Harry, we'll show 'em! Here's almost a straight course to Port Hudson bluffs, and no chutes or side-cuts. I'll beat 'em or go to the bottom!"

He rang the engineer's bell for more steam. Presently the black smoke began to pour from the lofty stacks in clouds. The speaking-tube brought up the night-pilot, who was sleeping in his berth. The two men at the wheel kept their eyes fixed on the glass front of the pilot-house, ready to take any advantage offered by the current or the curves of the shore.

The speed of the Queen was visibly increased. The vibration of her powerful engines could be felt in every part of her. The puff of the pipes and the fierce churning of the paddles mingled in a steady sound.

Baton Rouge was passed, many people standing on the shore and waving their hats and cheering. Some of the passengers clamored up to the captain that they must get off here, and that they had freight aboard that was to be delivered here.

"You and your freight be d—d!" roared the captain, leaning out of the pilot-house. "Do you think the Queen is going to stop a race that we've tried for months to get to oblige you?"

Hundreds of other passengers laughed, cheered and applauded. The excitement of the contest had by this time spread all through the boat. The bows were so crowded that some of the boat's officers came and ordered half of the people back, that the boat might not settle too much by the head. Thousands of dollars were wagered on the length of time before the Queen would pass her rival. A few disloyal folks, who were willing to bet that she would not pass at all, had the chance promptly offered them to take ten to one. Before the contest was determined the Baton Rouge men were as crazy with excitement as anyone.

"We're gaining a little," said the captain.

"Precious little," said Pilot Dobbin. Again the speaking-tube.

"How much steam is on?"

"Hundred and fifty," came back in a sepulchral tone.

"File her on! Stick her up to seventy-five."

"She'll stand that," said Dobbin, sotto voce, as the four hands made half a dozen rapid turns of the wheel, and the bows took an acute angle for the farther shore.

"She'll have to carry more than that before she catches that flyer ahead," said the other.

To the feverish passengers who were watching the leading boat, the interval between them seemed the same for hours. It was in fact very slowly closing. The half-mile was reduced to a quarter. At a speed against the current that caused the immense boat to tremble in every fiber, foot by foot, yard by yard, she gained on her rival. The mass of faces at her stern could be separated and almost counted with the naked eye. Then the Prentiss took a sudden spurt, and a cheer from her crowded decks showed that she was increasing her lead.

The captain of the Queen raged round the pilot-house, and shook his fist at the other boat.

"What steam?" he shouted down through the pipe.

"Hundred and eighty—and everything redhot and groaning. Dunno how much more she'll bear."

"We've got to find out!" yelled back the captain. "Keep the water buckets ready to drown the furnace when we've passed her by a mile or so, and crack on the steam. Pile it up, I tell you!"

Under the terrific impulse of a head of steam which no man would have ordered but a lunatic or the captain of a Mississippi river steamer in a race, the Queen literally dashed at her rival. The loss in distance was made up, and the Queen literally dashed at her rival. The loss in distance was made up, and the Queen literally dashed at her rival.

"What is it?"  
"The pine is used up and the cypress don't burn well."

"There's a hundred hams and shoulders for 'ard that belong to those Baton Rouge passengers. Tell the niggers to get 'em and chuck 'em in. If the boat won't pay, I will."

Steadily the Queen pulled up on the Prentiss, her officers almost coming to blows with some of the passengers in the effort to keep more of them amidships. The leading boat was quivering and vibrating and her pipes belched forth a pall of smoke so black that it needed not the smell that came from it to show that it came from burning turpentine. The Queen drew on, and from her bow the officers of the Prentiss were seen driving some of the people from her stern. Both captains frantically shouted for more steam. The bow of the pursuing boat was past the stern of the other. Foot by foot she gained. Her bow reached the paddle box. A prolonged, exultant cheer arose from her decks. Yells of defiance came from the Prentiss. Fists were shaken over the rails. A babel of human voices arose.

But these and all other sounds were swallowed by a roar that seemed to shake the heavens, mingled with a terrific and prolonged rush of escaping steam. The smoke pipes of the Queen tottered and fell with a crash on the deck forward; the steam flooded everything to the bows; a bright glare shot up amidships, and the poor rent, ruined, burning Queen drifted down with the current, her decks ringing with the agonizing shrieks of dozens of victims, while the river was black with others who leaped overboard.

The Prentiss was put about, and every effort was made to save the passengers and crew of her luckless rival. Her boats picked up many of the wretches who struggled in the water; many more were drowned. Bodies were found floating miles below, the next day; some with arms or legs bitten off by alligators. The Queen grounded on a point two miles down from the place of the explosion. Many of those who were fortunate enough to be aft of the engine escaped to the shore; others were burned alive as they lay mangled and scalded. Two hundred and thirty-nine human beings killed or dreadfully hurt was the price paid for the effort to determine which of these boats was the faster.

CHAPTER XXIII.  
TURNED BACK FROM EDEN.

While the steamboats were flying up the river, and all aboard seemed to

"ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO PUT US ASHORE," I SHOUTED.

share in the madness of the time, the cool head of Le Fevre kept its balance. He took Coralie and me by the arms and hurried us as far astern as possible.

"We are rushing on to destruction," he said. "I know something of this boat; her boilers can never carry the steam that they are crowding them with. Remain here; this is the safest place on board. I will go forward and warn them."

Brave, great-souled being! We never saw him more. Even at this distance of time tears fill my eyes as I write, at the thought of his courage and devotion. One of the survivors afterward told me that he saw him shouting and gesticulating toward the pilot-house, but that, in the roar of

voices, his was not heeded. Then came the catastrophe, and the curtain falls forever on that unselfish life. The tears that were denied us in the frightful scenes that followed have since fallen capiously to his memory.

He saved us, but he could not save himself. His foresight as to the direction and effect of the explosion had placed us in comparative safety at the stern, and we were among those who were able to escape to the shore where the drifting wreck grounded on the point, stern foremost. One of the boats of the Prentiss took us aboard of that steamer, with about two hundred who were saved from more serious injury than a wetting in the Mississippi.

Since the days of her who was "last at the cross and earliest at the grave," woman has been known as a ministering angel of mercy and comfort; and now Coralie, unused by habit or experience to scenes of suffering, insisted on going below and doing what she could for the unfortunates from the Queen. I took her to the large saloon; and while she and other women like her moved about that scene of horrors, striving to alleviate pain, strong men grew sick with the sights and sounds, and fled again to the deck. The mattresses and sheets had been stripped from the berths and laid in long rows upon the floor, and scores of the victims were there, having oil and cotton applied to their injuries. I saw and heard a little, and then went on deck, faint with the living misery of the scene.

The Prentiss was overcrowded and it was difficult to move about. But quickly my attention was arrested by the fact that we were moving with the current.

"How is this?" I asked of a man whose hair and eyebrows were singed. "We're not going down stream?"  
"That's what we are doing."  
My heart sank within me.

"What's this for?"  
"It's all right. We're much nearer to Baton Rouge than to Vicksburg, there's only one doctor aboard, and no opiates, and the captain of this boat decided that he must get those poor wretches below to a place where they can be cared for, as quickly as possible. I need the doctor myself, and I got off pretty well, too. You was on the Queen, wasn't you?"

I rushed along the decks, half-distracted, demanding to see the captain. He was overwhelmed with care and responsibility; but when I found him he did listen to me for an instant.

"Captain, put us ashore—Coralie and myself," I cried. "We can't go back to Baton Rouge."  
He stared at me.

"One hundred dollars to put us ashore!" I shouted.

"Take care of him," said the captain, turning away. "He's been crazed by the accident."

I wandered through the crowd, pleading with every man whose attention I could get that we might be landed quickly. Some looked compassionately; others avoided me. One of the officers told me to keep quiet, or he would look me up in his cabin.

It was too cruel to believe. On the way to freedom and safety, just escaped from the jaws of death, at the last moment we were turned back to certain bondage. For me, the bonds of prison; for her, the bonds of a living death!

I leaned over the rail, restrained only by the thought of her from flinging myself into the dark, turbulent waters.

Was there no escape? No hiding on the boat?

No. The quest would be as thorough as eager.

We were doomed!

A telegraph station near the river had sped the news of the disaster and the return of the Prentiss with the victims and survivors. A thousand people were gathered at the Baton Rouge landing as we approached. Several officers took possession of the gangway of the boat and permitted nobody to land. The captain was called for; a long telegram was handed him, and a brief colloquy took place.

"I know nothing of the Cotton Queen's passengers," he said, "nor whether these people were saved. You'll have to search for yourself."

A faint hope sprang up in my breast that we might escape in the crowd and the confusion. It quickly died. While the officers were keeping the clamoring passengers on board, and preventing any access to the shore, a small steamer came up the river and landed. I saw Conrad Bostock and his gang jump ashore and hail the officers on the Queen. They were allowed to come aboard, and Coralie and I were at once arrested.

In her presence I was handcuffed. She clung to me, and begged them not to separate us.

"You are to go before the magistrate," said one of the officers. "Come; all these poor wretches in the saloon can't be removed till you are gone."

"Hold on!" said Bostock. "I must find that cunning devil, Wash Le Fevre. He's at the bottom of all this mischief."

From the depth of my misery I raised my hand and cried:  
"He is beyond your persecution. He bravely perished in the wreck."

"It's just as well for him. It would have been better for you, my fine fellow, if you'd done the same."

We were taken up to the magistrate's office. Coralie, unweaved and clinging to me, was stared at by the crowd. The news of the arrest for attempted abduction of a slave-girl was hinted about, and public attention and curiosity were divided between us and the victims of the accident, who were now being brought ashore on stretchers from the hospital. Hundreds of men and boys followed us up the street, and the magistrate's office, the passage and the stairway were thronged. I saw threatening looks directed toward me, and heard the words muttered: "Yankee," and "slave-stealer."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MANATUNK woman knocked her husband insensible with a five-pound iron bar because he came home drunk.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

Gov. MATTHEWS the other day appointed J. H. Tomlin, of Rockport, a member of the board of trustees of the Terre Haute state normal school to succeed I. H. C. Royce, of Terre Haute. Mr. Tomlin is about thirty-five years of age and is superintendent of the public schools of Rockport.

The following fourth-class postmasters were commissioned a few days ago: J. W. Spear, Alert, vice O. P. McClain, removed, and J. M. Case, Forest Hill, vice Geo. Askins, removed, both in Decatur county.

The republicans of Indiana held their district conventions for the election of members of the state committee. The committee elected is as follows: First district—W. C. Mason, Rockport; Second—T. J. Brooks, Bedford; Third—E. H. Trapp, North Vernon; Fourth—A. E. Newton, Lawrenceburg; Fifth—W. L. W. Lambert, Columbus; Sixth—Geo. V. Cromer, Muncie; Seventh—J. W. Fessler, Indianapolis; Eighth—Nicholas Filbeck, Terre Haute; Ninth—S. C. Shirley, Kokomo; Tenth—Charles Harley, Delphi; Eleventh—Geo. A. Osborn, Marion; Twelfth—S. O. Wood, Angola; Thirteenth—F. B. Oglesbee, Plymouth.

Two musicians' unions are at war in Richmond.

FRANCIS MURPHY has closed his temperance meeting at New Albany. At least 500 people signed the pledge.

WARSAW makes the dogs support the tramps who come there for lodging, having levied a tax of \$4 on each canine.

OSCAR SIMCOE, and his son John, who was abducted when a mere babe, during the war, met at Terre Haute, a few days ago, for the first time in over 30 years.

JESSE WOODRUFF, the ex-convict, who was arrested at Edinburg, the other day, for stealing clothing from a farmer near Norristown, and was returned to Black Hawk for a preliminary trial, succeeded in making his escape and has left for parts unknown.

MRS. CHARLES WEAR, a well-known woman of Elkhart, attempted suicide the other afternoon by taking laudanum. She was in a precarious condition when discovered and her life was saved only by prompt medical attention.

The plant of the Standard Oil Co., at Whiting, the total valuation of which is \$8,000,000, has been bulletined to be sold for taxes February 5. The delinquent taxes amount to \$10,037.35. The delinquency is based on a valuation of \$33,000, which the company claims was an error in their assessment. The sale is to test the legality of the action of the authorities. It is probable that the delinquency will be paid and the matter taken into the courts.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT AVERY A. WILLIAMS, of Wabash, died at his home at a late hour the other night, of a chronic disease of the liver. Mr. Williams was thirty years old.

Dr. J. K. STEWART, of Fairland, made a postmortem examination the other day during which he inflicted a slight wound upon himself. Blood poisoning has set in and he may not recover.

The city of Indianapolis contends that the charter of the Citizen's Street Railway Co. has expired by limitation, and at the meeting of the city council the mayor recommended that the board of public works serve notice on the company to that effect.

CHAS. TEAGUE, who was one time in good circumstances, was arrested at Mitchell, the other day, for larceny. Some time ago he received a pension from the government, the back pay amounting to \$3,000. He is now penniless and in jail.

JOHN RIPLINGER, of North Vernon, was killed the other evening at Franklin by a falling derrick. He leaves a wife and six children.

At Warsaw Christian Raueher was found guilty of criminal assault upon a fifteen-year-old girl, who resides near his home, in Kosciusko county, and was given one year in the state prison. It was asserted by the defense that the prosecution was inspired by personal enemies, hence the short sentence.

PATRICK O'KEEFE was acquitted of the murder of James W. Enbanks at Indianapolis on the ground of insanity.

MRS. WM. COCHRANE, of Columbus, died while driving in her buggy to church. She was aged 62.

CHRIST SCHNEIDER, of Columbus, who was fined \$400 for whitecapping is missing.

The controller of the currency has declared the first dividend of twenty-five per cent in favor of the creditors of the First National bank, of North Manchester, on claims proved amounting to \$77,884.43.

The ministers of Logansport, several of whom are now engaged in revivals, have experienced considerable difficulty of late in preserving order. Four boys were arrested the other day for disturbing meetings, and all but one were convicted. The fourth was cleared by the clever work of his lawyer, who called upon all the witnesses to give the preacher's text. To their great mortification several of the pillars of the church, who were pushing the prosecution, failed signally, while the prisoner rattled it off very glibly. One of the cases has engendered a bitter feud in a South Side church, and the dissension promises to result in something serious. A minister on the North Side has been disturbed by a rumor that a dance is to be given in a residence near by, and is taking legal steps to prevent it.

The great peach crop in southeast Indiana is still uninjured, and a grower of experience says that the crop is killed offener before than after Christmas. He claims that a warm, damp fall, followed by excessive cold, is necessary to blight the buds.

ED PHILLIPS was seriously injured while hunting near Bourbon, by the accidental discharge of his shotgun, receiving the load in his hand, shoulder and face. His recovery is doubtful.

At Frankfort, Perry Gilman got 19 years for assaulting Viola Shafer, aged 13. He attempted suicide by hanging after receiving sentence, but the rope broke.

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9—Suppressed or Painful Periods. . . . .  
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11—Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness. . . . .  
12—Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Eruptions. . . . .  
13—Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague. . . . .  
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