JUDGE LYNCH HOLDS COURT IN THE FAMOUS CARBONATE CAMP.

Committee of One Hundred Puts a Stop to "Hold-Ups" and Rascally Lot Jumping.

These "piping times of hold-ups" in Portland, when some unfortunate man is, almost every night, compelled, at the muzzle of a gun, to give up his valuables, reminds one of the early days of Leadville, Col., when the camp was overrun by a class of people who subsisted on the the earnings of other men. Hardly a night passed, without somebody being made rictim, and the police, like those of Portland, were unable to bring the highwaymen to justice. Almost everybody went armed, but that made no difference; the robbers were usually desperadoes of the worst character, who had been driven out of the cities of the East and had flocked to Leadville. They took the un wary tenderfoot so completely by surprise that he had no chance to defend himself, no matter how well armed he was,

Lot-jumping was another mode of ob taining money without work. This was simply robbery, in another form, and, if possible, worse-certainly more contempti ble-than taking a man's money by force The mode of procedure was about as fol-

How It Was Done.

A lot would be selected by some one who wanted to go into business, arrangements would be made for erecting a ilding on the site; lumber would be hauled and left on the ground, and, maybe, a stock of goods would be ordered from the East, so that it might arrive by the time the building was ready to re ceive it, for it did not take long to knock up the kind of structure that was most used in those days in the Car-bonate Camp. An individual who made lot-jumping a business would note the proceedings, and some night, when the locator would be about ready to begin work, he would quietly take possession of the lot, put up a tent on it, and, the next morning, the original claimant would be surprised to find the intruder in full possession. In order to hold a lot, it was cussary to file a claim and actually cupy it, for as long as it was unoccupied anyone could take possession, by erecting a shack of any kind, or even a tent on the ground and occupying it. The jumper would not want the lot; would have no use for it, but, knowing that the rightful claimant was in a hurry to begin business, he would feel reasonably sure that a sum of money, varying in amount according to circumstances, could be ex-torted, as an inducement to get him off the ground. A price would be agreed upon; money paid, and the jumper would up possession and at once look and for another opportunity of the

Tenderfeet Usually Selected.

In this way several men about Leadville made a good deal of money. They were usually particular to select a man jus from the States, who they knew would not resort to any desperate means, such as a double-barreled shotgun, or a six-shooter, to get rid of them. This mode of getting money was carried to such an extent that the law-abiding people of the camp could stand it no longer, so they one day determined to put a stop to "holdups" and lot-jumping at the same time.

A band of vigilances, known as the Com-mittee of One Hundred, was organized. It was composed of picked men-the best in the camp. It was a secret organization, signs, signals and pass-words. The times and place of meeting were unknown, except to the members. By some means It got noised about that such an organisa-tion had been formed, and, for a time, the rumor had the effect of putting a to crime; but, after a while, the was only a bluff, and that there wasn't ing to much of a shower, after all, so they began their depredations again-The Committee of One Hundred, however, was watching the game; it was waiting

until it could have a dead-sure case, and it did not have to wait very long, either. One night in October, 1879, a man named Frodsham jumped a lot, and the same night there was a "hold-up." A man named Stewart was arrested for the robhery and identified by his victim. As there was no inw by which a man could be arrested for lot-jumping, a charge of Mr. Squirrel was 'at.'

"Well, there he was, Johnny on the spot.

The night after the arrest the Committee

of One Hundred held a meeting, the details of which were told to the writer afte the committee's days of influence had The subject which had called the members together was discussed in all its bearings, and it was finally decided that examples should be made of the two men in Jail. A night falling about a week after the arrest was fixed upon as could see anything. Yes, he could the time to carry the judgment into ef-t. Somehow it came to the ears of the omed men that they were in danger. They were terror-stricken, for they knew that Judge Lynch's code granted no ap-peal; that there was no stay of proceed-ings, no supersedeas, no arrest of judgweather or anything else; but that judg-ment, swift and sure, would be visited upon the guilty.

A meeting of the committee was set for

the night on which the execution was to take place. It was held in a vacant cabin, in California Guich. There were 80 mbers present, and it was decided that half the number should be the executioners. Eighty ballots were writ-ten out, 40 bearing the word "go" and 40 bearing the word "no." All were placed in a hat and every one present drew out a ballot. Those who drew a "go" were to carry out the sentence, while the ones who drew a "no" were to be excused. No member was to let any other member know what he had drawn. All who had drawn a prize were instructed to thoroughly disguise themselves, after they got home, and it was agreed that they should quietly meet at midnight, in front of the jail; the others were instructed to remain at home, and it was not safe for even a member to disobey a command of

meeting adjourned and just at 12 o'clock 40 disguised men seemed to rise up out of the earth in front of the fail. The faller was aroused by a vigorous knock at the door and was told, in low. determined tones, that the visitors wanted Frodsham and Stewart, and that no de-nial would be taken. He was warned on penalty of death, to raise no alarm, but to obey their orders without delay. The prison was a poor affair, and he knew that resistance would be worse than use-

Taken From the Jail.

terrified prisoners were taken trembling and pleading for mercy, from the jail. Not a word was spoken to them, but they knew too well what it all meant. They promised to leave the camp immediately and never return if spared. Their appeal for mercy was made to deaf cars; no reply was made to their entreaties. They were taken to a lone size free leave. They were taken to a lone pine tree, in a guich just in the rear of the jail, and preparations were quickly and silently made for the execution of the sentence. preparations were quickly and silentify made for the execution of the sentence Ropes were soon around the necks of the two men and they were awang up to a limb without any formality. The executions of the sentence of the sentence Ropes were soon around the necks of the two men and they were awang up to a limb without any formality. The executions of the sentence o

LEADVILLE'S EARLY DAYS | were satisfied that the men were dead JAKE AND JANE IN TOWN

they came. The next The next morning the two dead bodies were found hanging to the limb of the tree, where the vigilantes had left them A crowd gathered at the place, and the jailer was questioned, but he could give no explanation, save that a band of masked men had appeared at the jail the night before and demanded the prisoners, and that he was compelled to surrender them. Immediately there was an exodus of criminals from Leadville, for no one knew whose turn would come next. That synching did more to purify the moral atmosphere of Leadville than all the courts could have done in a year. There was no more lot-jumping, and it was a long time before there was another "hold-up."

The Committee of One Hundred lasted more than a year. Its very name was a terror to evildoers, and when it was known that it had disbanded more than one man in Leadville breathed more freely. one man in Leadville breathed more for breathed more freely. H. B. METCALF.

SQUIRREL ON THE TRACK.

Uncanny Experience of Locomotive

Engineer and Fireman. "Did I ever tell you of that hot chase I superflu

ENGAGE IN RED-HOT TUSSLE WITH "BEEFSTEAK SPANISH."

Given Something to Talk About to "Jim an' Liz," When They Return to Fletcherville.

As I came out from the Dekum Building the other day, my attention was attracted to a man and woman who were boots, that creaked every step he took, notwithstanding the liberal gressing they had had; a "boiled" shirt and a collar so tall the top of it was sadiy intruding on

What a pity, I thought, as I took in his misery in trying to evade the relentless edges of that collar, that a little of that "Did I ever tell you of that hot chase I superfluous starch couldn't be transferred had once after a squirrel on the track?" to his collapsed shirt front. After all,

HUGS THE TAPE PRETTY CLOSE, HIMSELF.



Office Boy-Can't I get off this afternoon to attend my grandmother's funeral? Broker-No; but you can go out now and then to look at the score.

ish that yarn, I'm going to hold you to a finish. It was down on the middle division between Des Moines and Dayenport. It was a rainy night and I was pulling No. 6. She was an hour late, but you know her time is pretty 'soon, anyhow. No. 6 doesn't stop only at county seats when it can be helped, and I gave No. 948 a free rein that night. I was hittin' 'em up pretty lively around the curve east of the big hotel near Colfax, when on pokin' my head out the side of the cab to get a glimpse abead, I saw something that appeared to be a squirrel skimming worn inch or two of that confounded online had disappeared it would have been a great relief to my sympathetic nature, for, barring that, Jake seemed to be supremy happy.

They came over near where I was standing, and stopping in front of a show window, began admiring some gowns that were displayed on "forms."

"Ain't them daistes, Jakey?" asked Jane. "Yeh, bet yer boots, Janey! That thur one over thur is jest a reg'ier peach blossom, an' my Janey is peach enough ter that appeared to be a squirrel skimming worn it, too," he replied, as he pointed that appeared to be a squirrel skimming along the track about 20 feet ahead of the to a high-priced evening dress

pilot.
"If we were movin' a mile a week, we Jakey," returned Jane. were runnin' a mile a minute, and when that squirrei hit 'om up so fast that he kept at about the same distance ahead of the nose of the pilot, I says, 'Mister, you're a bird, but just keep right where you are he answered, as he droppe a bit and I'il trim your sails.' I gave the squeezed her hand.

'I wonder what Liz an' Jim'il say to that They think they can put on more 'dog' than any one else

Frodsham, and both men were lodged in He had just let himself out another notch and was hikin' out to beat the band.

Committee Decides to Act.

He had just let himself out another notch and was hikin' out to beat the band.

Pretty soon we came to a long trestle and a bridge, 'Here's where I get your meat. house, said I to myself, but blame my lamps if the varmint didn't skip across the trestie and ties without a hitch or break. beating No. 948 to solid ground about 20 feet. Well, then I thought I had 'em sure, but, never havin' used liquor in my life. I thought maybe I was going crazy. So I calls the fireman over, and, poliitin'

could see anything. Yes, he could. He was sure it was a squirrel. "We were running on a down grade with the air just on enough to pull out the slack, and, mister, but we were dancing The engine was rocking from side to side the side rods were obscured in the mist of no supersedeas, no arrest of judg-no postponement on account of err or anything else; but that judg-swift and sure, would be visited keepin' straight ahead and never nor gainin'. I says to myself, 'Harry, you and the fireman are both gone daffy,' 'cause no squirrel on earth could keep out of the way. Then it struck me it might be a warning omen of danger, and

I cased off so's to light as easy as possible if we did go in the ditch. "I poked along to Newton, and when we stopped for water, I looked over ahead and there was that confounded varmint in the middle of the track about 20 feet away, waitin' for the race to be resumed. I gets the coal pick and a club, and the fireman grabs the grate bar and the scoop, and we goes over. It didn't move. and when we got close enough we both took a swipe at the varmint. We never touched him, and I felt the pimples breakin' out all over me when the fireman, seeing it was a shadow and not a squirrel, looked up, and there, pasted on the headight, was a wet leaf. The squir-rel was the shadow of the leaf."

Is He Right?

How shall we write 1990 in Roman let-ters? It has been generally admitted that two ways are correct—namely, MDCCCC, and MCM,—and that the latter is preferable. Now, a correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer maintains that neither of these is legitimate. He says:

"The year 1900 should be written MDCD. One important principle of the Roman system is that the most valuable digit is placed first, and then others as much as possible of gradually decreasing value, till the required number is complete. Thus, MDCLVI, for 1656. Another is that Thus, MDCLVI, for 1656. Another is that four similar digits shall not follow each other. The exception of this latter rule which is found on the face of a watch is, as is well-known, of merely medieval of Fletcherville, and more particularly "Liz" and "Jim."

to write is 1900, we commence with MD. To account for the remaining 400 we must

asked Harry Bentley, who holds the reins behind engine No. 368, one day recently to a reporter of the Des Moines (Ia). Leader. "Never did, eh? Well, I've got you cornered, and as nobody else would ever stand still long enough to let me finish that yarn, I'm going to hold you to a proper to the reinding division of the confounded finish it was Jake and Jane, in from the back woods on their wedding trip. And if ish that yarn, I'm going to hold you to a collar had division only an inch or two of that confounded finish it was Jake and Jane, in from the back woods on their wedding trip. And if

were displayed on "forms."
"Ain't them daisles, Jakey?" asked Jane,
"Yeh, bet yer hoots, Janey! That thur
one over thur is jest a reg'ier peach blossom, an' my Janey is peach enough ter
wear it, too," he replied, as he pointed

Nothing Too Nice for Jane. "No, 'tain't nuther, an' I'm going to take yeh home with that thur dress on yeh."

can put on more 'dog' than any one else in Fletcherville. But they hain't made no weddin' tower like us, an' Liz, she hain't never see no such dress as that, let alone wearin' it." Janey looked all kinds of pride and af-

fection at him for a minute, then suddenly his elbow pointed toward her, and, clasp-

glass of water, the waiter handed them the bill of fare and went out to the kitch-en. They waited a few minutes in silence; then Jake remarked: "Wonder what they think a feller's gotn' to eat, anyhow? Why don't that sardine fetch on suthin'?"

Just then Jerry returned and stood walt-ing to take their orders. Janey fidgeted about and got a little red in the face, and Jakey asked:

"Say, parson, when yeh goin' to bring on some o' yer grub? Me an' Janey, we're glitin' mighty hungry," "What's your order?" said Jerry. "Order, hey? Well, now, if that's what

yer waitin' on, I hain't got no pertic'ier order, only ter bring on suthin' good an' git it here jest as quick as yeh can." "This is the bill of fare," answered Jerand if you'll select something. I'll get it here in double-quick time." Unfamiliar City Ways.

"Oh! that's what that paper is fer, is it? Yeh see, me an' Janey hain't ketched on to all these durned city ways ylt." Jerry disappeared again, and they grappled with that paper. Pretty soon Jake

"Look a-here, Janey! If here hain' a Spanish steak! By George, she's a go! I never did see nothin' Spanish nohow, and I might jest as well take in the hull show, while I'm blowin' myself. Say, you, parson!" he sung out to Jerry, "I'm goin' to have some of that Spanish beefsteak, Bring it in quick as yeh can, an' pipin' hot, too. What yeh goin' ter have, Janey"."

She blushingly stammered out something and the waiter went off to give their orders. As he passed me, I fancied from the look in his eyes, he was either trying to suppress a giggle or was brewing some joke. It turned out to be the latter, or perhaps both, for when Jerry brought in that beefsteak, Spanish, it was the hot-test old beefsteak any one ever tried to cat. While the cook was steeping it in cayenne pepper tea, Jake had been squeezing Janie's hand and wondering how "Liz" and "Jim" would take that for an-other stunner, when they learned that he had actually eaten meat from Spain. When Jerry brought in the orders, Jake looked around for his steak, falling to recognize it under the "Spanish." Jerry had discreetly vanished, so he went to work, and, with the aid of his fork, soon ocated it, and remarked:

"She's a yankin' fine steak all right, I can see that at a glance, but what they got all this trash on it fur, I'd like ter know. I'll bet, if we can beat them thur Spanish fightin', when it 'ud come to a steak like that, they'd play us two ter one. Yeh'd better try a taste, Janey, so to say yeh've et suthin' from Spain, Liz. to say yeh've et suthin' from Spain. Liz, she never see nothin' furrin', let 'lone eas

Janey Takes a Taste.

At the conclusion of this remark, he cut down in the steak, and, taking off s tempting morsel, passed it over to Janes on his fork. She took it in her mouth, and, as she gave one agonized look, it went down. She grabbed the glass of water and flooded her mouth and throat. Jake hadn't stopped to note the effect on her, but after giving her the generous piece, proceeded to serve himself with one even more generous. I was mentally praising Jane for her grit in swallowing so much fire without saying anything, when, whack! whang! went Jake's chair, and he jumped a foot in the air. For the next minute, he was popping around like corn over a bed of coals. This brough: Jane to her feet, and she said: "Oh, Jakey! Them Spanish have killed yeh!"

Just what resemblance to a dead mar that lively piece of humanity bore I was unable to discern. However, Jake finally found his breath and dispelled her fears something after this manner:

"Where's that blankety, blank Spaniard that fetched me that steak? I'll yankety the rankety idiot inter sausage meat, if I git hold on him. Puf-f., wh-h-h," and I could feel the hot steam off that peppe as his wrathful stride brought him dan gerously near me.
"I'll whip the blossom off any city snide

round here," he yelled, and as he looked daggers and breathed cayenne in my face, while he proceeded to take off his coat, I hastened to assure him that I wasn't the particular "snide" he was after. I suggested that he might find him in the

klichen,
Just then I heard a scurrying out there,
and I knew that Jerry and the cook were
out of immediate danger. Under the
soothing influence of Janey's appeal, and
the steam that had escaped from the open
valve, he began to cool off.
Jane amoothed out his ruffled plumage
and succeeded in inducing him to sit down
again. By this time another walter put
in an appearance, and Jake, having fully
satisfied his desire for foreign dishes, was
willing to take a plain American produc-

willing to take a plain American production this time, which proved a more for-tunate selection. And as the waiter car-ried away the offending steak, he re-

marked, with a meditative air:
"Gee whiliking! I wish Jim had had
that durned Spanish 'lay-out' instid of TOM.

Locomotives With Mcknames. Railroad trainmen are most original and

PROBABLY BOTH.



Mrs. A.-My husband was delayed all night by a washo Miss B.-My brother was there, and he said it was a blowout.

Along about 3 o'clock in the second second should be second a few minutes, then they should halt in front of the winter and a few minutes, then they should halt in front of the winter should

ng tightly her dear Jakey's arm, she dis- apt in the matter of applying nicknames to appeared with him in the store to buy their engines. On a Pennsylvania line the gown that was to make her the ency they have dubbed their swiftest locomore of Fletcherville, and more particularly of "Lin" and "Jim."

"Aguinaldo," and give as a cogent reason

Following Trend of Population, New York's Famous Restaurant Moves Uptownward.

Serenely full, the epicure would say, Fate cannot harm me, I dined at "Del's" today.

Going, going, gone, Gone at last, under the hammer, is the Gone at last, under the hammer, is the famous old building on the southwest corner of Twenty-sixth street and Flith avenue, running through to Broadway. And McLaughlin. ner of Twenty-sixth street and Fifth avenue, running through to Broadway. And gone too, or soon to go, are the memories that cluster around that Delmonico

GONE UNDER THE HAMMER of humanity there must be a sporting element to leaven the whole, and among the best-known habitues of the old place were such well-known layers of odds as "Layer" Johnson, "Mattie" Corbett, "Sol" Lichtenstein and Jack McDonaid, with cheery and lamented old John Kelly invariably somewhere about to keep the pot boiling.

Naturally enough a criminal lawyer

where about to keep the pot boiling.

Naturally enough a criminal lawyer would be apt to drift into such a piece to see what fun or mischlef the world was up to next, and scarcely a fight passed that little "Abe" Hummel did not show up for his bite and joke with nearly every one about the rooms. Bourke Cockran, DeLanney Nicoll and Judges Gildersteeve and Truax were other legal lights that shone as brightly in the restaurant as in the courtroom, and when Captains O'Reilly and Dick Connors, of the old Tenderion, got a little time off and were out of uniform, they used to drop in for a

To the tide of feminine beauty that swept in and out of the Fifth-avenue doors of course only a general reference corner.

Singularly enough, it seems to have been the fate of Delmonico's three main restaurants to have each lasted out a generation. The first, established on Beaver looking females eating alone or together, but never at dinner. The rule was made street, flourished from 1825 to nearly 1850 | but never at dinner. The rule was made

FEAR OF PARENTAL FURY.



"You remind me of an hour-glass."

"No; the later it gets the less sand you seem to have."

Then came the Fourteenth-street and by the late Charles Delmonico, and has Fifth-avenue place to fill in the gap till been strictly adhered to by Charles IL. Pifth-avenue place to fill in the gap till 1875. Then Twenty-sixth street, until the last move to Forty-fourth street was

pate de fole gras at Twenty-sixth street,

and our children are now eating and drinking, dancing and firting in the new Forty-fourth-street house.

To attempt to describe one-half of even companied by a man. the most interesting memories that bound this old building to New York would take a book. To make a long story short, let fectly well who I am."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the elder woman, angrily. "You know perfectly well who I am." us simply run through a few of the more ous functions and recall a handful he interesting personalities that are

associated with the place. Home of the Patriarchs.

In the first place, it was here that the Patriarchs, most famous of all dancing ssociations, lived and died. It was here that the late Ward McAllister first made his reputation as the preux chevalier of New York society, and it was in conning over a list for Patriarch invitations, that and his excellently moral establishment. he made his renowned selection of the

'Four Hundred.' propounded some of those dishes that have passed into history as the most exguisite specimens of gastronomic art. It was here that the late William R. Trav-ers let loose many of those wittleisms that will never die, and here it was that who made it have many of them passed away, and the times have changed and we have changed with them.—New York the late Larry Jerome and Billy Florence played some of their funniest practical jokes.

August Belmont, D. D. Withers, Leonard Jerome, Augustus Clason, Judge Mon-son, John Purdy and John Hunter, of the older generation of racing men, and James G. K. Lawrence James R. Keene, Cornelius Fellowes, James G. K. Duer, John G. Hecksher and J. H. Bradford, of the younger set, used to talk race horse by the hour. Lawrence Kip, Harry Mall and a host of other trotting men always had a table to themselves, and the Twenty-sixth-street "Del's" was invarithe headquarters of the coaching A drooping lash, a fair, soft cheek, and horse show crowd, headed by Prescott Lawrence, Reginald Rives, Frank I did not hear the preacher speak; Underhill, Oliver Belmont, Frank Sturges, Henry Hollister and James T. Hyde.

But though I know not what was said, As for the dandles of the day, they al-ways seemed to prefer this place to their own clubs and at certain tables at cer-Trant Mollie sat beside me. own clubs, and at certain tables at certain hours one was sure to find the Cut- With pleasure I would calmly sit tings, Hamilton Cary, Center Hitchcock,
George Pollock, George de Forest Grant,
Arthur Kemp, "Fred" Gebhard, Frank
"Twould not have made me nervous-Arthur Kemp. "Fred" Gebhard, Frank
Griswold, Goold Hoyt, "Chappie" Navarro, Appleton Smith, "Crownie" Crowningshield, Colonel O'Brien, "Jo" Mora, P.
J. Casey, William Perzel, James Farley,
Peter Morris, Berry Wall and a host of
others equally well known, discussing
the latest play, the new heauty, the last

ins and outs of their favorite sport, and I am happy and content so long wherever the most noise and laughter. As Mollie sits beside me. wherever the most noise and laughter, there would be the Murphy brothers, Ed-gar and Walter, and "Wallie" Watrous Walker Smith, George Work, "Fred" Hoey, "Fred" Edey, Captain Money and Yale and Clarence Dolan.

Actors and Managers.

As for our theatrical managers, it eemed as if they used to take all their meals here, headed by Maurice Grau and Abbey and Augustin Daly, Frank Sanger, Charles and Daniel Frohman and A. M. Palmer, with an occasional look in it had struck IL. from Antonio Pastor. So, of course, the great family of actors followed in their

Story of a Grande Dame

A good story always associated with the Twenty-sixth street house concerns a made. Where to next in 1925?

As our grandfathers used to hobnob over their ices and sherbets way down cortain very well-known New York lady, town, so our fathers feasted on canvas- grande dame to her finger tips, who, comback ducks and Burgundy on Fourteenth ing to town in Summer with her daugh-street. Middle-aged men of the present ter, proceeded to "Del's" to have dinner, day learned to drink champagne with After the two were seated, there approached them a very embarrassed restau-rateur in the person of Charles I, who explained, as best he could, that he could explained, as best he could, that he could not serve them because they were unac-

"That makes it all the more difficult for me to carry out a rule which we find im-perative, and is made for the protection of just such ladies as you are. I will serve you in a private dining-room, or send your dinner to your house, without extra charge, but I cannot serve you here." Be it said to her credit, the great lady saw the point of the argument, and grace-fully yielded, always telling the story as a good joke on her 40 odd years of mable married life and motherhood, as a great compliment to Mr. Delmo his renowned selection of the and andred."

So with the sale of the property and the demolition of the old building there was that the late Sam Ward passes away a veritable temple dedicated for so many years to the bright side of New York, and peopled, as it has been with all that was most notable in every phase of our metropolitan life. There can never be just such another place

Herald. WHEN MOLLIE SITS BESIDE ME.

as this Delmonico's was, because the mer

Sermons a-many I have heard; They've pleased and sometimes tried me. But when the best emotions stirred, Then Mollie sat beside me 'Twas not that parson taught great laws, Or with deep problems plied me; 'Twas not—well, it was just because Sweet Mellie sat beside me.

the latest play, the new beauty, the last scandal or the coming first night.

Here it was, too, that the pigeon experts used to collect and swap stories about the ins and outs of their favorite great.

Love will not alway, dumbly mesk, The silence keep unbroken; Some time he will, with boldness, speak When I am sure that I may say My sweet has not denied me. Life then will be a rosestrewn way, With Mollie there beside : -M. Lester Busey

She Didn't Love Him. "Is that clock right?" he asked after

from Antonio Pastor. So, of course, the great family of actors followed in their leaders' footsteps. There was always a stir in the ladler dining-room when John Drew took a seat and tried to look unconscious, or when Richard Mansfield c Kyrle Bellew or Jean de Resake or Pol Plancon or Campanari entered to obtain sustenance for trying parts, or to strengthen their voices.

Naturally enough in such an olia-podrida

"Why?" she answered.

"Because if it, I shall have plenty of time to catch the list oath."

Thereupon the horse, though hungry for his fodder, backed out of the stall and out of any danger of striking his master, and hurry you will just about catch the car."

During the 20 minutes that he stood on the corner he arived at the palmul conclusion that the didn't really love him as the longed to be loved.—Chicago Times-Berald. "Why?" she answered.

LANIHAN PHILOSOPHIZES

ORACLE OF SECOND WARD AIRS HIS VIEWS OF PROVERBS.

Declares That Women Are at Bottom of Nearly All the Troubles

of the Sterner Sex.

"As a giniral thing," said Colonel Timothy Lanihan, the philosopher of the Secand Ward, as he deftly extracted a steaming wienerwurst from behind the bar, "as a giniral thing, I don't place much confidence in th' prophitic sayin's an' phrover-rbs av th' ould Rhomans an' Grayks; but it sthruck me mind wid gr-reat foorce th' other day that siviral av those identical sayin's have been confir-rmed an' dimonsthrated in a hoighly satisfacthory

manner dhurin' th past siviral months. "Take, for insthance, that mimorable ould phrover-rb which was written by Jupither Ploovius, on th' occashun whin Clayopathra, th' beautiful Quane av th' Oltalyans, murthered her husband, Mar-rk Anthonny (not Mar-rk Hanna), an' eloped wid a mimber av the royal p'leece foorce, Th' prover-rb, as near as Oi can rimimber, goes somethin' loike this: 'A femayle is at th' bottom av lviry war-r, an' th' direct cause av th' desthruction av impires an'. in giniral, th' insthigather av iviry quarrel, an' th' ruination of min."

"Now, as Oi was rhuminatin' on th' sthirrin' events av th' last dicade. Of sez to meself, 'Lanfhan, ye can discer-ra th' pint av an argymint where other min would overlook it. Do yez obser-rve anything ethrange in th' coorse pursued be yer esthaymed counthryman, Garge Deweyr

Fits the Proverb.

'In th' twinklin' av an oye an answerin' wave av intillegince sthruck me mimory, an' Of exchlaimed, 'Lanihan, 'tis th' direct confirmation av th' ould aximum av that noble Rhoman impiror an' philosopher, Junither Ploovius, about femaylor,

"Some av yees byes who have not yet seen th' tinder age av forthy-sivin , lolke meellf, moight be incridulous an' be incloined to look at th' matter in a sintimental an' rhomatic loight, but Ot take it as undhisputed argymints an' facts.

"Ivir since Garge Dewey got unithed in th' howly bonds av mathrimony wid that widow, hie coorse has shown th' under-minin' hand av a femayle. Oh! Garge, minin' hand av a femayle. Oh! Garge, ye'v sadly disappinted yer fillow counthrymin, who ixpicted so mooch from yez. Ye were our own Garge, an' it is firrible in th' extrame to see yez, th' pero av Manila, th' conqueror av

phroud dagos av Spain, bowin' down in submishim to a femayle. "Why, Garge, we thought so mooch av-yes that, widout doubt, ye'd have bin our nixt Prisidist. Tammany would have given yez th' unlimited support that only th' famous old tiger can give to a thrus son av this gr-rand republic. Dick Croker would have made a good runnin' mate fer yez, an' togither ye'd have made a Prisidintial team noted fer its foightin' propinsities that would have uphild th' Amirican flag forever aginst all furrin'

Leave Her Behind, George. "But now ye'v failed us, Garge, an' even yer own brother in la-aw would not upport yer candy-dacy, at a-all. Th' only coorse that is open fer yez now is to pack yer war-rdrobe an' jump a wist-bound frayt train, but, be th' howly rock of Killmarnock! lave th' femayle afther yez. If yez don't ditch her, she moight be timpted to put yez into a tin-cint mu-sayum, togither wid shnake-eaters an' fat loidles an' other fr-reaks. Keep on th' frayt train till yez arroive at Alboina. When yez git there dhrop yer own nong-de-ploom an' take up an assumed name

avoid being ricognized.

This, George, is th' sincere an' stidfast advice of wan av yer former con-sthituints, who still has a war-rm place in his hear-rt for yez. For yez are only wan of miny-I lay all th' blame on th'

femayle. "Another case which came to me attention, roight here in th' City av Por-rt-land, and which confir-rms me theory in iviry way. About wan week afther his his honeymoon thrip to South Portland, Oi was settin' in th' audytorium av th' p'leece corrt, while his anner presided an th' binch. There was a big batch of dhrunks an' hypo fie-ends insolde th' rallin', waitin' for their thrial, Before th' coort comminced its sission, Hinnissy was sittin' upon his throne, wid a smoile av serene intinsity on his countinince tryin' har-rd to forgit that there was ivi such an article as a fohrty-dollar chair. "As aich dhrunk came up to th' rallin' Hinnissy read him a chapther out av the Koran an' th' evils av intimpirance, an' then lit him go. He pursooed the same

coorse wid th' hop fle-ends, Not Due to Election.

"Now, yez byes will thry to attribute this unusual proceedin' av Judge Hinnissy to th' fact that illetion day is chlose at hand, but there's no use thrying to say that, fer Ol know betther. It takes more than a thriffe lolke an fliction to upsit a mon av th' intilligint timpiramint an' character av Judge Hinnissy. Why, befoor his anner got united in th' bonds av av mathrimony, he'd have given those dhrunks an' hop fie-ends tin days aich. So don't, under iny circumsthances, thry to till me that it is due to th' influince av

"I could go on fer a long tolme relathin ncidints av th' same koind loike those av Dewey an' Hinnissy, but it is too tirrible a wurruk fer an unmarried mon lolke mesilf. On th' other soide av th' quistion, to show what can be achiv-id be a mon that is not resthrained ond tied down to th' abpron-sthrings av a femayle, take that impiror av all min, Mar-rk Hanna. That mon has too much singe to be hampered be a femayle. An' look at him t'day, as he is in all his power-r ond majiscty. Too much, me fr-riends, cannot be sld in pr-raise av a mon that can git to be Pr-risidint widout goin' thr-rough th' formability av an liction. "Me fr-rinds, yez can see for yersilves

from these disthressin' ixamples what th' middlin' av a femayle can accomplish, Antonio had his Clayopathra, Hinner th' Aigth, his Quane Elizabeth, Brigham H. Rhoberts his thrio av Marmon beauthies, but as fer me own par-rt, Of would rather ixclaim wid th' immorthal Pat Hinnery, 'Give me liberthy or give me

'Yis, Ol think Ot can sthand wan more."

Thoughtful Horse.

Seldom does one read a more pathetic story than that told by "Our Dumb Animals" about Deacon Pliny Hall and his horse. One Friday evening, having unharnessed his horse, made its bed and pulled its hay, Mr. Hall led the animal into the stall and attempted to tie the halter, but his trembling hands failed and he fell with a stroke of apoplexy. Then ensued a touching scene, of which he himself told his daughter an hour later. The horse sniffed and nosed and gently touched him

with its hoof, as if to awaken and rouse him up. Mr. Hall, helpless in limb, cried: "John, be a good horse; don't hurt me;