POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

The more they investigate Ohio politics the less they seem to know about them. Flood, the bonanza king, wants to go to the senate from California in the event of

Senator Miller's death. Senator Bowen, of Colorado, thinks it fair legislative warfare to make use of the tariff bill to coerce the protectionists into voting for silver coinnge.

It is predicted that the next congressional elections will show whether or not the low tariff democrats can afford to separate from the protectionists. The republican contestant for Congress-

man Weaver's seat claimed to have evidence of 300 illegal votes cast for his adversary, and part of these he traces to the insane asylum.

The success of the temperance movement in Georgia is encouraging the prohibitionists of Tennessee, especially in the eastern half of the state, and an effort will be made to elect representatives of the movement to the next legislature.

The Washington correspondence of the Boston Post intimates that the silver problem will be solved by a compromise, and that Speaker Carlisie will be the medium for adjusting the differences between the president and the silver men.

There does not appear to be a sentiment strong enough in New York to justify the calling of a convention to revise the state constitution. The prohibitionists favor the project in the hope that they may get a prohibitory amendment submitted to the

The opinion is growing in Nevada that that state has been represented in the senate long enough by millionaires who purchased their seats, and a party is forming favorable to an honest election. Ex-Congressman Wren is the candidate of the latter faction.

A Philadelphia paper has information that the decision of the Missouri prohibitionists not to vote for any man for the next legislature unless he pledges himself to support a prohibitory constitutional amendment and a local option law may disturb the plans of some candidates for the next United States senatorship from that state.

A CONVICT'S DEATH.

Mrs. Anna Taylor Ends Her Life Sentence in the Anamosa Penitentia.v.

Mrs. Anna Taylor, a convict serving a life sentence in the Anamosa penitentiary died on the evening of Sunday, February 14. She was sentenced for the crime of murder. The crime was committed in Clinton county, John S. Taylor, who is also serving a life sentence, be came enamored of her. She returned his passion. They had clandestine meetings but be came impatient of the restraint imposed upon them by Taylor's wife. They resolved to get rid of the wife, and planned to kill her by poison. Anna bought the poison and Taylor administered it. The wife died suddenly and in terrible agony, reproaching her husband for his perfidity. The day the wife was consigned to the earth Taylor married Anna. Suspicion pointed to their crime and they were soon afterward arrested, were both convicted and sent to the penitentiary for life. Mrs. Taylor was first sent to the Ft. Madison penitentiary, where she served two years. Then she was transferred to the Anamosa penitentiary, and had been there three years when she died. She was a victim of consumption. Towards the last she became petulant in temper and was very troublesome. She protested her innocence to the last. An abhorrence to being buried in the convict's cometery filled her mind continnally. Every cent of money she could obtain by making fancy work and selling it was jealously hearded to buy a lot in Riverside cometery and to pay the expenses of a civillan's funeral. At the time of her death she had gath ered enough money for the burpose. Warden Martin directed that her wishes should be carefully carried out. The funeral was held Monday afternoon, Feb. 15th, at 3 o'clock. The body was enclosed in a handsome coffin and the melancholy white plumes of the hearse waved above it in the blustering wind as the little cortage moved to the city of forgetfulness, where are neither palaces nor prisons She was 35 years old when she completed the journey of life.

"BRAVE IOWA SOLDIERS." The Last Words of Judge lames L Mitchell of Nebraska.

Des Moines (Ia.) special: This afternoon both houses of the legislature adopted resolutions of congratulations of the reunion, and proceeded in a body to join the pioneer legislators, whose meeting was addressed by Judge Hibard, ex-Gov. Gear, and others. Speaker Head, on behalf of the present nouse, presented a cane to Hawkins Taylor, as the representative of Iowa's territorial legislature.
When James L. Mitchell was called, he

spoke a few sentences, his last words being, 'Brave Iowa soldiers," when he suddenly There was confusion. Senator Cald well, a physician, was near, and gave in stant attention, as did another physician, but it was of no use. He was dead. The assembly adjourned in great sadness, J. B. Grinnell inviting them to hold a memoria meeting at the Grand, where he had an appointment to speak.

Judge Mitchell was captain of company E, Twenty-ninth Iowa. At one time he re-sided in Dus Moines. He was in the house of the ninth general assembly, and took a furlough to attend the extra session; was badly wounded at Jenkins' ferry. He settled at Nebraska City after the war and his death creates a vacancy in the judgeship of the second district of Nebraska. He was 50 years old and of stalwart frame and imposing mein. The addresses at the evening meeting paid high tribute to his character and public service.

The Eight Hour Movement.

The eight hour movement, says a Chlengo disputch, is assuming formidable proportionala this city, and promises to be very general among wageworkers, both organized and unorganized. Already the Bricklayers' union have decided to stand for eight hours work at eight hours pay, on May 1, 1886, as recommended by the Federation of Trade and Labor unions of the United States and Canada, and as they number 4,000 mon-in fact all working at the trade in Chicago-their demand is likely to be acceded to. The Piasterers' union, numbering some 1,500, have taken like ac-tion, as also the lathers carpenters and all building trades. The Cigarmarkers' unlo has also decided to make a stand for eight hours, and the Typographical union, num-bering some 1,500 members yesterday decided to fall into line and work eight hoors from and after May 1, and invited the other printers unions in the country to co operate. The general feeling among the workers seems to be to accept eight hours pay for eight hours work, and manufacturers and employers generally do not seem to stremously object to their proceeding.

THE PARADISE OF PROGRESS.

THE WAIL OF THE POET OF THE PUTURS. In old Anno Domini (Vanished bath the ancient style) Men could look upon the sky,

If the earth were wholly vile. Now-alss, "the heavy change!"-All our star-gazing is done; Terrible machines and strange Glide between us and the sun.

Land laws-once they left us when Our democracy was new: Gayly they came back again,

Came the sea laws, air laws too. " Fined for trespassing on brine," Every day we note it less, " Killed when bathing on the line Of a submarine express!"

In old Anno Domini, In the happy days gone dim, Men could sail upon the seas

At their pleasure-dive or swim On the sands the children played; Now the sand, they tell us, fails; There's a tax on every spade, Stringent rules concerning palls.

In old Anno Dominj, Men were simple, merry, kind; Never struggled for the sea, Never quarreled for the wind. Earth bath been a peaceful place! Free from folly, free from jars Were the simple, early race That could look upon the stars!

-Andrew Lang, in Longman's Magazine

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF.

By Jules Verne.

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON," "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY " MICHAEL STROGOFF, "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER V.

THE WIDOW OF STEPHEN BATHORY.

The arrival of Doctor Antekirtt had been noised about not only in Ragusa, but throughout the province of Dalmatia. The newspapers, after announcing the schooner's arrival, had hurried down to the prey which promised to yield such a series of sensational articles. The owner of Savarena could not escape the honors and drawbacks of celebrity. His personality was the order of the day. Legend had seized upon him for its own. No one knew who he was, whence he came or whither he was going. This was just the thing to pique public curiosity. And naturally where nothing is known the field is more open and imagination has more scope.

The reporters, anxious to gratify their readers, had hurried in to Gravosasome of them even went out to the schooner. But the personage about whom the rumor was so busy was not to be seen. The orders were precise. The Doctor would not receive such visitors. And the answers given to the visitors were always the same.

"Where does the Docto "Where he pleases."

"Where is he going?"

"Where he likes," "But who is he?"

"No one knows, and perhaps he does not know any more than you do."

Not much to be gained for their readers from such answers as these. And so they gave reins to their imagination. Doctor Antekirtt became all they pleased. He became all these interviewers at bay thought fit to invent. To some he was a pirate chief. To some he was an African king cruising incognito in quest of knowledge. Some affirmed that he was a political exile, others that a revolution had driven him from his country, and that he was traveling for purposes of science and art. The readers could take their choice. As to his title of Doctor there seemed to be two opinions; in the opinion of some he was a great physician who had effected wonderful cures in desperate cases; in the opinion of others he was a great quack who would have had some difficulty in producing his diplomas.

Under any circumstances the physisicians of Gravosa and Ragusa would have no chance of prosecuting him for the illegal practice of medicine. Doctor Antekirtt maintained a constant reserve, and whenever a patient had done him the honor to consult him he invariably

declined The owner of the Savarena took no apartments on shore. He did not even enter any of the hotels in the town. During the first two days after his arrival at Gravosa he hardly got as far as Ragusa. He contented himself with a few walks in the neighborhood, and two or three times he took with him Point Pescade, whose natural intelligence he

appreciated. But if he did not go to Ragusa, one day Pescade went there for him. He had been sent on some confidential errand, and these were his replies to the questions asked him when he returned :

"And so he lives in the Stradone?" "Yes, Doctor-that is to say, in the best street of the town. He has a house not far from the place where they show visitors the palace of the old doges; a magnificent house with servants and carriages. Quite in the style of a millionaire.

"Aud the other ?"

"The other or rather the others!" answered Pescade. "They live in the same neighborhood, but their house is down a narrow, winding, hilly street that takes you to houses that are more than modest.

"And their house?"

"Their house is humble, small and dismal looking out side, but I should think it was all right inside. It looks as though the people that lived there were poor and proud.

"The lady ?" "I did not see her, and I heard that she hardly ever went out of the Rue



NO, YOU CAN STAY, BORIK, YOU ARE THE ONLY FRIEND OUR FAMILY HAS.

"And her son?" "I saw him, Doctor, as he came back

to his mother.

" What was he like?" " He seemed thoughtful and anxious.

They say that the young fellow has seen sqrrow. And he looks like it." "But, Pescade, you have seen sorrow, and yet you do not look like it."

"Physical suffering is not moral suffering, Doctor. That is why I have always hidden mine-and even laughed over them.

After this the Doctor stopped his walks about Gravosa. He seemed to be waiting for something that he had not desired to provoke by going to Ragusa, where the news of his arrival in the Savarena was of course known. He remained on board, and what he was waiting for happened.

On the 29th of May, about eleven o'clock in the morning, the Doctor was examining the quays of Gravosa through his telescope when he suddenly gave orders for the whale boat to be launched, entered it and landed at the mole where a man seemed to be watching for him.

"It is he," said the Doctor. "It is really! I recognize him, though he is

The man was old and broken down with age, and although he was not more than seventy, his hair was white and his head was bowed. His expression was sad and weary, his face was feebly illuminated by the half-extinguished look that his tears often drowned. He remained motionless on the quay, never having lost sight of the boat since he left the schooner.

The Doctor looked as though he did not see the old man, still less recognize him. He took no notice of his presence. But before he had taken many steps the old man advanced upon him, humbly uncovered.

"Doctor Antekirtt?" he asked. "Yes," answered the Doctor, looking

at the poor old man, whose eyes as they looked at his gave not the slightest sign of recognition. Then he added:

"Who are you, my friend, and what

do you want with me?" "My name is Borik," answered the old man, "and I am in the service of Madame Bathory, and I have been sent by her to ask you to make an appointment for her to see you." "Madame Bathory?" repeated

Doctor. "Is she the widow of the Hungarian who paid for his patriotism with his life ?" "The same," answered the old man,

"And as you have never seen her it would be impossible for you to know her, seeing you are Doctor Antekirtt." The Doc.or listened attentively to the

old man, who kept his eyes on the ground. He seemed to ask if the words contained some hidden meaning. Then he resumed :

"What does Madame Bathory want with me?"

" For reasons you can understand, she desires to have an interview with you." "I will go and see her."

"She would prefer to come to you on board." " Why ?"

"It is important that the interview should be secret." "Secret? From whom?"

"From her son! It is not desirable that Mr. Pierre should know that Madame Bathory had a visit from you. The reply seemed to surprise the Doctor; but he did not allow Borik to notice it.

"I prefer to go to Madame Bathory's house, said he. "Can I not do so in her son's absence?" "You can, Doctor, if you can arrange

to come to-morrow. Pierre Bathory is going this evening to Zara, and he will not be back for twenty four hours." "And what is Pierre Bathory?" "He is an engineer, but up to the

present he has not been able to secure an appointment. Ah! life has been hard for his mother and him." "Hard ! answered the Doctor. "Has

Madame Bathory been in want-?" He stopped himself. The old man bowed his head and his chest heaved with sobs. "Doctor," said he at last, "I cannot

tell you more. In the interview which she desires Madame Bathory will tell you all that you should know. It was evident that the Doctor was thoroughly master of himself to conceal

his emotion so successfully.

"Where does Madame Bathory live?"

asked he. "At Ragusa, in the Stradone quarter,

at 17 in the Rue Marinella. "Can I see Madame Bathory to-morrow between one and two o'clock in the afternoon?

"You can, Doctor, and I will introduce you. "Tell Madame Bathory she can expect

me at that time." "Thank you, in her name," replied the old man.

Then after some hesitation: "You may think," added he, "that she wishes some favor of you." "And what may that be?" asked the Doctor, quickly.

"Nothing," answered Borik. Then, af er an humble bow, he walked away down the road from Gravesa to

Evidently the last words had been rather a surprise for the Doctor. He remained motionless on the quay, looking after Borik as he walked away. And when he returned on board he shut himself up in his room and remained there during the rest of the day.

Point Pescade and Cape Matifou took idvantage of the holiday thus given them. They did themselves the pleasure of visiting the fair as spectators. To say that the active clown was not tempted to remonstrate at the clumsy juggler, or that the powerful wrestler did not burn to take part in the struggle between the truth. But both remembered that they had the honor of belonging to the of the dead squaw. Each and all of crew of the Savarena. They remained as simple spectators, and did not spare the braves when they thought them deserved.

The next day the Doctor went ashore a little after noon. After he had sent the boat back he started along the road from Grayosa to Ragusa-a fine avenue a mile and a quarter long, bordered with villas and shaded with trees. The avenue was not as lively as it would be a few hours later, when it would be crowded with carriages and loungers on horse and foot.

The Doctor, thinking all the time of his interview with Madame Bathory, followed one of the side streets and soon reached the Borgo Pille, a kind of stone arm which stretches along the triple line of the fortifications of Ragusa. The gate was open, and through the three walls gave access to the interior of the city.

A splendid paved road is the Stradone. extending from the Borgo Pille to the suburb of Plocce, after passing straight through the town. It runs along the foot of a hill on which rises quite an amphitheatre of houses. At one end is the p-lace of the doges, a fine monument of fifteen h century age, with an interior courtyard, Rensissance portico and semicircular windows whose slender columns are worthy of the best period of Tuscan architecture.

The Doctor had not to go as far as this. The Rue Marinella that Borok had mentioned the day before turns off to the left about the middle of the Stradone. If his pace slackened at all it was when he threw a rapid glance at a mansion built of granite, whose rich facade and square out-buildings were to the right of him. Through the open gate of the courtyard he could see the master's carriage with superb horses, with the coachman on the box, while a man-servant was waiting on the flight of steps under the elegant veranda.

Immediately afterwards a man got into the carriage, the horses came out of the courtyard, and the gate closed behind them. This was the individual who three days before had accosted Doc or Antekirtt on the quay at Gravosa; he was the old banker of Trieste, Silas Toronthal

The Doctor, desirons of avoiding a meeting, turned quickly back, and did not resume his journey until the carriage had disappeared at the end of the Stradone.

"Both in the same town!" he murmured. "This is chance; it is not my fault. Narrow, steep, badly paved, and of poor appearance are the roads which open on to the let of the Stradous.

Imagine a large river with the tributaries on one of its sides all monutain torrents! To secure a little air the houses cluster on the hill-side one above the other and touch one another. Their eyes look into their eyes, if it is allowable, so to speak, of the windows or dormers that open along their fronts. Thus they mount one over another to the crest of one of the two hills whose summits are crowned by Forts Mincetro and San

No vehicle could travel there. If the torrent was absent, except on days of heavy rain, the road was none the less a ravine, and its slopes and inequalities were rendered passable merely by steps and landing-places. There was a great contrast between the modest dwellings and the splendid mansions of the Stradone.

The Doctor reached the corner of the Rue Marinella and began to mount the interminable staircase which did duty for it. He had gone about sixty yards when he stopped in front of No. 17. There was a door opened immediately.

Old Borik was waiting for the Doctor. He introduced him without saying a word into a room cleanly kept, but peorly furnished. The Doctor sat down. There was

nothing to show that he felt the least emotion at finding himself in this house not even when Madame Bathory entered and said :

" Doctor Antekirtt?"

"Yes," said the Doctor. "I should have liked to have saved you the trouble of coming so far and so high," said Madame Bathory.

"I came to call on you, Madame, and I hope you will think I am quite at your

"Sir," replied Mme. Bathory, "it was only vesterday that I heard of your arrival at Gravosa, and I immediately sent Borik to request an interview with

"Madame, I am ready to hear what you have to say.

"I will retire," said the old man. "No, you can stay, Borik !" answered Mme. Bathory. "You are the only friend our family has, and you had better know all I am going to say to

Doctor Antekirtt.' ITO EE CONTINUEDA

An Indian Jury Trial.

Recently a large number of Pintes from the northern part of the county congregated here for the purpose of trying Willow Creek Charley for killing his wife. Court was convened by Naches, in the court-house yard, where the walls reflected the sunshine and sheltered the jury and spectators from the cool north wind. Twelve stalwart bucks, among whom were two brothers of the deceased woman, were selected as jurors, and a large number of Indians, wrapped in blankets, and several whites, were present as spectators, The jurors were seated in two rows of six each, facing each other, the avowed friends of the accused being on one side, and those who were supposed to be indifferent as to his fate, and those who were to decide the case according to the evidence and customs on the other. All smoked eigarettes vigorously, the accused furnishing tobacco from a sack of the weed to all who desired it. Naches opened the case, and, though he spoke in his native tongue, ail who heard him readily perceived that he is a natural orator. Words flowed from his lips rapidly though emphatically, and his gestures were graceful and dignified. He was followed by Doby John, Capt, the athletes, is to say what is contrary to | Charley, Paradise George, Lee Winneof them made elequent talks, and never hesitated for lack of words. Princess Sarah, the only woman,

white or Indian, present, spoke in English, giving the substance of the evidence given by the men. She said the murdered woman had lived on the Pyramid reservation many years ago, and acquired bad habits. She left her husband, went to Quin river, and took up with the accused, who was then a boy. She lived with him for eight years, and frequently went to their wickiup drunk. Charley also became addicted to drinking, because he knew his wife was unfaithful. While crazed with liquor, he killed his adulterous wife, and when he became sober forgot what he had done, and supposed that she had run off. A month after he committed the deed, it occurred to him that he had murdered her, and he told her brother, Paradise Charley. Charley approved the act, and as one of the jurors, advocated the acquittal of his sister's slayer, on the ground that he was justified in killing her. All the Indians agreed that "firewater" was a curse to the tribe, and they earnestly

beseeched the young men to let it alone. The jury, by unanimous consent, acquitted the accused, and then each in turn lectured him on the evil of drunkenness, and entreated him to be sober and peaceable henceforth.

The deliberations were conducted with much gravity, and only when Doby John referred to his nose as an indication of his love for whisky, and told the accused and the young men generally to follow his advice er than his example, did the solemnvisaged jurors indulge in a laugh. -- Winnemucca Silver State.

Which?

The board of directors of an Ohlo bank held a meeting the other day, and after the body had adjourned the president sent for the cashier and said: "James, it has been a long time since

your books were examined. "Yes, sir. "The board has decided to employ an

expert to go through them. The result will show that you are strictly honest or have been embezzling from us. Are you ready to accept the situation? "Of course I am." A week after when he wrote from Canada, he kindly inquired: "Has

your expert discovered the which of it yet? Please charge my account with \$9,500 additional, and believe me yours truly."- Wall St. News. In gazing upon the forbidden garden that

crowns some lofty bill inaccessible to us, we

may forget the fruits and flowers that are ly-

ing in profusion at our feet untasted and un-

appreciated. It cost the people of this country \$6,500,000 to feed and blanket the Indians last year. In 1882 the cost of these wards reached nearly

\$10,000,000.

It Saved Fuel, Anyway.

Old Settler in The Lewiston Journal. My health got run down, I failed in trade and I thought I would go to farming. I bought me a piece of land in Aroostook, built myself a cabin and set to work clearing it. This was forty years ago. It was in the fall. I didn't have time to build much of a house, so I just clapped shingles over the cracks. It was rather cold for us -my wife and me. We didn't sleep very comfortable nights. A friend told us to get an air-tight stove, put å big chunk of wood in when we went to bed. and the coals would keep all night and warm the cabin. Those round sheetiron air-tight stoves had just come into fashion then. I got me one and set her up. A short time before I turned in, I put in a heavy chunk of beech wood that I'd sawed right off a log. We turned in early and began to talk over our prospects in our new life.

"What a grand thing that air-tight stove is for us, Mary Ellen," says I.
"Yes," says she, "but ain't it getting a little too warm for comfort?"

I told her I didn't know but it was and so I turned down one quilt. Before we got to sleep we had to turn down another quilt. It was a cold night but that new air-tight seemed to

heat up tremendously.
"I never saw such a heater, Jerry," says Mary Ellen.

'Neither did I," says L. In the night I woke up and it was so warm that I turned down another quilt and left nothing but a sheet over us. Well, in the morning I got up and went to the stove to stir up the coals and put on some more wood. Coals! Bless ye, there wasn't a spark in the stove! That big beech chunk wasn't even charred. There hadn't been enough fire in that stove, all night, to tech off my pipe with. The beech log was too soggy to warm us up, but that new air-tight stove and our imagination did the business just as well.

A Boy Hero of Gettysburg.

C. C. Coffin in a Lecture in Boston.

There came upon the screen the manly countenance of a boy of 19, Lieut. Bayard Wilkerson, commanding Battery G, Fourth United States Artillery. When the war began his soul was on fire. His father obtained for him a lieutenancy in the regular service. After Fredericksburg, in the absence of the captain, he became commander and carried the battery to such efficiency that he was honored with the right of the line. On the afternoon of the first day on Barbour's Knoll, north of Gettysburg, he was under a severe fire from thirty-six rebel cannon. To encourage his men he sat on his horse amid the terrible storm and directed the firing. A shot crushed his leg, and he was laid upon his blanket. With his sword he twisted a tourniquet to stay the flow of blood, then severed the mangled flesh and torn cords with his own knife, and went on directing the fire of his cannon. Parched with thirst and burning with fever, he sent a soldier to the almshouse to fill his canteen. When he returned a wounded soldier said: "O that I could have a taste of that!" "Drink, com:ade, I can wait," said Wilkeson, and the soldier, unable to stop when once the cooling draught touched his lips, drank it all. Lieut. Wilkeson was taken to the almshouse, fell into the hands of the rebels and died that night because there was no one to minister to his necessities. "To me," said the lecturer, "Bayard Wilkeson-for patriotism, heroism and sacrifice-will be ever an inspiration."

The Trials of Youth.

"Tommy, will you have some more pudding, my son?" asked Mrs. Smiley at the Christmas dinner. There was a large company present, and she spoke very pleasantly to Tommy, for she was afraid he might be disagreeable. Tommy was in the habit of making disagreeable remarks when there was company. "I don't know whether I will take any more pudding or not. You are always saying that I eat as much as four boys." "Why, Tommy, you know better than that." "Yes, you and pa are always saying I'm no better than a pig. Are you sure enough in earnest when you ask me if I want some more pudding?" "Tommy, I'm ashamed cf you. Won't you have same more pudding, just a little more? Comenow, that's a good boy, said Mrs. Smiley, looking at him as if she would like to skin him alive. "Well," replied Tommy defiantly, "I'm in a fix. If I say I want some pudding, then you'll say after thefolks are gone that the little pig had to have pudding twice. If I don't take any more pudding, then you'll say that I ate so much turkey that I couldn't eat any more puddin' when you offered it to me. Darned if I know what to say."—Texas Sittings.

A Disgusted Soldier.

From Texas Siftings. An Irshman serving in the United

States army in Texas and belonging to the infantry was in the habit of standing with his toes pointing inward, to remedy which the Sergeant continually addressed him while on parade with, "Stick out your toes, Patrick." It took Patrick years to acquire the habit of sticking his toes out. Just about the time he had succeeded he was transferred to the cavalry, where his habit of sticking out his toes interfered much with his usefulness as a horseman. The Seageant was con-tinually calling to him: "Stick in tinually calling to him: "Stick in those toes, Patrick," much to his disgust, and he exclaimed with someemphasis: "Divil take such a service. For five years it was nothing but 'stick out your toes, Patrick,' and now it's 'stick in your toes, Patrick,' There is no plazin the blackguards."