

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.

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 Carlisle 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 people.

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.

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 Penitentiary.

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, became enamored of her. She returned his passion. They had clandestine meetings but became impatient of the restraint imposed upon them by Taylor's wife.

"BRAVE IOWA SOLDIERS." The Last Words of Judge James 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 Hibbard, ex-Gov. Gear, and others.

The Eight Hour Movement. The eight hour movement, says a Chicago dispatch, is assuming formidable proportions in this city, and promises to be very general among workmen, both organized and unorganized.

THE PARADISE OF PROGRESS.

THE WAIL OF THE POET OF THE FUTURE. In old Anno Domini (Vanished hath the ancient style) Men could look upon the sky, If the earth were wholly vile.

Land laws—once they left us when Our democracy was new; Gayly they came back again, Came the sea laws, air laws too.

In old Anno Domini, In the happy days gone dim, Men could sail upon the seas At their pleasure—dive or swim.

In old Anno Domini, Men were simple, merry, kind; Never struggled for the sea, Never quarreled for the wind.

Free from folly, free from jars Were the simple, early race That could look upon the stars!

—Andrew Lang, in Longman's Magazine

Doctor Antekirtt. A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF. By Jules Verne.

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.

"Where does the Doctor come from?" "Where he pleases." "Where is he going?" "Where he likes."

"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.

"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."

"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 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 on side, but I should think it was all right inside. It looks as though the people that lived there were poor and proud."

"I did not see her, and I heard that she hardly ever went out of the Rue Marinella."



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 sorrow. 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."

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 the 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 Doctor listened attentively to the old man, who kept his eyes on the ground. He seemed to ask if the words contained some hidden meaning."

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"Where does Madame Bathory live?" "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."

"Nothing," answered Borik. Then, after a humble bow, he walked away down the road from Ragusa to Ragusa.

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 advantage 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 athletes, is to say what is contrary to the truth.

The next day the Doctor went ashore a little after noon. After he had sent the boat back he started along the road from Ragusa to Ragusa—a fine avenue a mile and a quarter long, bordered with villas and shaded with trees.

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.

A splendid paved road is the Stradone, extending from the Borgo Pille to the suburb of Ploce, after passing straight through the town. It runs along the foot of a hill on which rises quite an amphitheatre of houses.

The Doctor had not to go as far as this. The Rue Marinella that Borik 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.

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 accused Doc or Antekirtt on the quay at Ragusa; he was the old banker of Trieste, Silas Toronthal.

"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 left of the Stradone. Imagine a large river with the tributaries on one of its sides all mountain torrents!

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 Minicetro and San Lorenzo.

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 stepped 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 poorly 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 service."

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

"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."

An Indian Jury Trial. Recently a large number of Putes 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.

The jurors were seated in two rows of six each, facing each other, the accused 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 cigarettes 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, all who heard him readily perceived that he is a natural orator.

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.

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 rather than his example, did the solemn-visaged jurors indulge in a laugh.

Which? The board of directors of an Ohio 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."

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 a big chunk of wood in when we went to bed, and the coals would keep all night and warm the cabin.

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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 Wilkeson, 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.

"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 of you. Won't you have some more pudding, just a little more? Come now, 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 folks 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 Sitings.

A Disgusted Soldier. From Texas Sitings. An Irishman 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 Seagrass was continually calling to him: "Stick in those toes, Patrick," much to his disgust, and he exclaimed with some emphasis: "Devil 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 backguards."

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.