

The Herald.

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NEWS IN GENERAL

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

HE WENT BELOW.

From St. Louis Republic. BENTON, Mo., Jan. 13.—Under the supervision of St. Peter some scores of cherubs were oiling the rusty locks of heaven's gates. There had not been many visitors of late, and the old doorkeeper had almost thrown his arm out of place the last time he locked the portals. On this side the gates the streets were worn into deep ruts from constant travel, but on the other side the grass grew up between the joints in the golden bricks. Another host of cherubs were burnishing the jewels and gold forming the portals of the inner gates. Old St. Peter sat dozing in his huge armchair, when he was suddenly aroused by a knocking at the door.

"Who's there?" he demanded. "Major McKinley of Ohio." "Are you the Governor of that State?" "Yes, sir." "You are the author of the McKinley bill, too I suppose?" "I confess that I am, sir." "What was your object, Major, in making that bill?" "Protection." "Protection? I don't understand you, sir. Please explain yourself." "Its object and scope was to protect the American manufacturer from foreign cheap labor." "How do you prevent this?" "By putting heavy duties on the foreign product." "Did this make the manufacturer sell his wares cheaper?" "I don't believe it did." "Did he pay his laborers higher wages?" "No, sir, but he did not lower them."

"Isn't it a fact, Major, that the manufacturer raised the price of his goods under your bill?" "It may be so." "Do you not know it to be so?" "Yes. But I was a weak mortal and the manufacturing people are very rich and powerful. I could not resist the temptation to labor for their money. May I come in?"

"Wait a moment, Major. You did not lend your talents, then to benefit the poor?" "I'm sorry to state that I believe not." "And your labors as a statesman have been for the luxuries of the few, by the oppression of the many?"

"That's what President Cleveland Roger Q. Mills, Colonel Jones and Colonel Watterson have said."

"That won't do, Major; answer my question. Did you or did you not?"

"I'm sorry to say I believe I did."

"Major do you remember Dives?" "I think I have read of him somewhere."

"He made his home with the rich?" "Yes, sir." "Dressed in purple and fine linen." "Yes, sir."

"And feared sumptuously every day. Do you know where he is now?"

"I have heard that he was in hell."

"That's where he is now. You sought the friendship of the rich, did you not?"

"I am afraid that I did."

"You framed laws to enable them to pile up monster fortunes?"

"That is what I have been accused of?"

"Is it true or not?"

"I'm afraid it is. But I've repented on my way here."

"Never mind about that just now. These laws you framed—did they clothe the naked, feed the hungry or heal the sick?"

"I believe not."

"Did they not deprive the naked poor of comfortable clothing?"

"It is very likely."

"Did not your bill make every 40 cents worth of woollen goods cost the poor man a dollar?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the 60 cents went into the pocket of the rich manufacturer?"

"I suppose so."

"Major I can't let you in."

"This exceedingly painful intelligence. May I be permitted to inquire why not?"

"Certainly. We have protection here. We protect the unprotected from their oppressors."

"Then I may go?"

"Yes, below. Gabriel will conduct you to the apartments of Dives."

ALBT. DE REIGN

Chilian spies Among us.

TACOMA, Wv., Jan. 15.—Secret agents of Chili are said to be in every Pacific coast port making accurate maps of the coast and harbor defenses, their vulnerable points, approaches etc. Trusted emissaries are said to have been in Tacoma ever since New Year's day, and are said to have obtained accurate information.

The first discovery of these secret agents of the Chilian Government was made Jan. 1. Col. G. Douglas Bewerton, formerly of the United States Army, now a resident of Tacoma, who spent two years in South America and is well acquainted with Chilian military officers, claims to have made these discoveries.

He recognized in an idler who was watching the passing of the Portland and Tacoma Football Clubs a Chilian officer whom he had known during his residence in that country. Accosted him, the two began a conversation, and finally the Colonel recalled himself to the other's memory. The Chilian represented that he was here as the agent of a Chilian mining syndicate to make arrangements with the Ta-

coma smelter for the reduction of ore.

Col. Bewerton up to this time had had no suspicions of the Chilian. He knows now why the other was lying.

He set about to watch him and found that he had lodging in the city, where he met his fellow countrymen, and that they made frequent trips along the Sound and communicated with persons bearing Chilian names in San Francisco and Portland.

This led him to believe that the real purpose of the presence of the Chilian was not one of peaceful commerce, but of reconnoitre for the assistance of the enemy. He questioned the smelter people about the supposed mission of the Chilian and found that the Chilian had never attempted to open negotiations with them for the reduction of Chilian ore.—World.

"Black Jack's" Changer.

A very interesting relic has fallen into the possession of the well known Birmingham physician, Sir James Sawyer.

It is one of the hoofs of the identical horse that Lord Cardigan rode in the charge of the Light Brigade. Lady Sawyer's father, who was a Lincolnshire rector, received this precious relic of the historical charge from Lord Cardigan, and it bears an inscription to the effect: The four hoofs are now disposed of as follows: The Prince of Wales, an honorary Colonel of the Tenth Hussars, has one; another belongs to the officers of that famous regiment, and it is brought out at mess on state occasions; the Countess of Cardigan owns a third, and the last, which is the off hind hoof, graces the sideboard of Sir James Sawyer. It is beautiful mounted in silver and is naturally highly prized by its owner.

Killed in the Snow.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 22.—A frightful accident, accompanied by great loss of life, occurred at the Sarah street crossing of the Wabash Railroad at 10:56 o'clock Tuesday night. Eight people were instantly killed and eleven seriously injured.

The terrible catastrophe was the result of apparently careless driving on the part of one of the men killed. He had charge of a party of twenty persons, members of the Clover Leaf Fishing Club and their guests, who hired a 12-horse sleigh from the livery stable of Jesse Arnot at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of taking a pleasure ride. They had driven over the western and southern portion of the city, and were returning to the stable. They arrived at the crossing as the Ferguson accommodation rushed into the cut approaching Sarah street. Owing to the high embankment on the south side of the track the driver of the sleigh did not see the rapidly approaching locomotive. Before he realized his danger the sleigh was struck fairly in the center.

The engineer of the train admitted that he did not blow the whistle of his locomotive as he ran into the cut. He had a straight, level road, apprehended no danger and was going at a good rate of speed. He did not see the sleigh or its occupants until he struck them, and then, he adds sorrowfully, it was too late. The conductor in charge of the accommodation endeavored, in his story of the affair, to clear the engineer of all blame. He says he heard the whistle and believes it was blown too late to prevent the accident, but expressed surprise that the sleighing party did not see the approaching train. The track, he said, was perfectly straight ahead and he believes they could have seen the engine had the driver used ordinary precaution.

A frightful scene was depicted immediately after the accident. The sleigh was tossed high in the air and its occupants scattered in every direction. The bodies of some of those killed were found mangled beyond recognition, imbedded in the deep snow on either side of the track. One poor fellow, Al Miller, a bartender at the Merchants' Restaurant, was beheaded.

The Famous Toeci Twins.

The Scientific American publishes an interesting picture of the brothers Giovanni and Giacomo Toeci. They were born on July 4, 1875, their mother being 19 years old. The mother's maiden name was Antonia Mozzano. Their birthplace was Locana, Turin, Italy. The same mother has had nine children, all strong and well. The twins are connected from the sixth rib downward, and have but one pair of legs and a single abdomen.

The spinal columns are distinct until the lumbar region is reached. There they unite at an angle of 130 degrees. The sacrum seems to be a single bone. They have two distinct stomachs, hearts and pairs of lungs. The arterial and respiratory systems are quite distinct, the heart beats and breathing differing often in the two individuals. At the age of 30 days they weighed 8 pounds, and in the next 31 days gained over three pounds.

William Black's A Daughter of Heth' a new edition of which is about to be dualised by Harper & Brother's is the work which gave him his rank among the best English novelists. It appeared originally in the Glasgow Weekly Herald as a prize story, and the author retained his anonymity when it came out in volume form. He had some reputation, but wished to test himself upon his merits, as Scott did with Waverley. The position which A Daughter of Heth gave him Mr. Black has never lost and the call for a new edition of his novels is a sign that his popularity increases with the years. This edition has been thoroughly revised by himself, and will be in every respect a desirable one.