

THE DAILY PRESS.

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THE DAILY PRESS

AN EVENING EDITION OF THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTIONALIST AND IS ISSUED EVERY DAY—EXCEPTING SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS—AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON; SENT THROUGH THE POST OFFICE AT \$5.00 A YEAR, OR DELIVERED BY CARRIER AT 10 CENTS A WEEK. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

IT IS DEVOTED, LOCALLY, TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CITY OF PLAINFIELD, ITS SUBURBS AND THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS; AND, POLITICALLY, TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY—"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED ON ALL MATTERS OF PUBLIC CONCERN, BUT PUBLISHED ONLY WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY THE NAME OF THE WRITER, IN CONFIDENCE, AS ENDORSING THE TRUTH AND HONEST INTENT OF THE COMMUNICATION.

ADVERTISING RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION AT THIS OFFICE. NOTES OF CHURCH ENTERTAINMENTS, FAIRS, SOCIABLES, LECTURES, CARDS OF THANKS, LODGE RESOLUTIONS, ETC., INSERTED FREE.

W. L. AND A. L. FORCE, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

J. A. DEMAREST, MANAGING EDITOR.

BY THE WAY.

—On and after April first the masons of the city will demand \$3.50 per day, instead of \$3.25 the present rate.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Reform Club will be held this evening. A full attendance is desired.

—The employees at the toboggan slide will be tendered a benefit to-morrow evening, weather permitting.

—A number of coal cars jumped the track at Raritan on Tuesday, but travel over the Central road was not seriously delayed.

—General admission to the toboggan slide to-morrow afternoon and evening will be ten cents. This is the last time the slide will be open.

—The meeting of the O. A. F. will be held in Zephyr's parlors, Thursday evening of next week, instead of this evening, as announced yesterday.

—Plainfield appears to be a popular resort for sleighing parties, judging from the large numbers that have visited this city within the past few days.

—A regular meeting of the Somerset County Teachers' Association will be held at Raritan on Saturday. An interesting list of subjects will be discussed.

—The reputation of Sweet & Orr's pantalons is so great that we do not need to comment upon them. Schwed Brothers are the agents in this city for them.

—Since the fire in Charles Goodman's saloon and dwelling on East Second street, last week, a man has been engaged continually day and night to watch the place.

—Postmaster Vanderveer of Somerville, forwarded his bond to Washington on Saturday. The bond is in the sum of \$16,000, and the bondsmen are Dumont Frelinghuysen, Esq., Hon. Calvin Corie, Cashier LaRue Vredenburg and Mr. John V. Veghte.

—Today is known as Candlemas, a day set apart from remote times by the Church of Rome as the festival of the purification of the Virgin Mary. It gets its name from the tapers and candles to be used in the church throughout the year being consecrated on this day.

—Representatives of all the building material firms on the line of the Central R. R. of New Jersey, held a meeting at Force's Hotel yesterday afternoon to discuss Assembly bill 44, relating to the amendment of the mechanics' lien law now before the Legislature.

—A pretty good test of a man's character for generosity may be had by looking at the big sleds which are fringed by a bevy of boys as they pass through the streets. Boys are pretty good judges of a man's disposition, and they rarely "catch on" to a mean man's sled.

—Bishop Wigger, who is announced to bless St. Mary's bell to-night, has appointed Rev. Fathers Von Schlegel and Carroll, of Elizabeth, Commissioners to visit all parish schools in the Newark Diocese and report on the proficiency of the pupils. The clergymen have begun their labors at St. Patrick's School, Elizabeth.

—To-morrow evening the Borough Council will hold its regular meeting for February. Chief of Police T. J. Carey will at that time present to the Council a bill for damages resulting from the long litigation in the Courts, during which time his business, he claims, has suffered to the extent of several hundred dollars. Mr. Carey says he intends to push the matter.

—Judge Dixon decided in a trial at Paterson last Thursday that a man who cuts down a telegraph pole in front of his premises because it is obnoxious cannot be convicted of malicious mischief, but that the company's remedy is by a civil action. This decision will give new hope to property owners who have long supposed that they had no rights which the telegraph people were bound to respect.

1788 - - 1888.

THE FIRST BUILDING ERECTED IN PLAINFIELD.

Preparations by the Friends to Celebrate the Centennial of Their Meeting House—Some Interesting Particulars of a Hundred Years Ago.

At the corner of Peace and East Third streets, adjacent to the present railroad stands a modest, little, one-story frame building, where the Hicksite Society of Friends hold their meetings. The date of its erection "1788," announced in weather-beaten letters on its exterior, has for years attracted the attention of residents and visitors of the city, and strangers passing in the cars. A reporter of THE PRESS, remembering that this year would be its centennial anniversary, has interviewed those in a position and of the knowledge necessary to furnish facts of interest in such connection. The result is given below.

The surviving members of the society who worship in the building, propose to celebrate—during the latter part of the coming Summer—the one-hundredth anniversary of the erection of the meeting house and its first occupancy. Those interested will then present a full account of all the facts in relation to the building and the rise and progress of the society that occupies it. Until this celebration is more fully arranged, THE PRESS only feels at liberty to publish the following matters of history in its possession.

It is known to but few of the present inhabitants of Plainfield that the erection and occupation of the now venerable meeting house at Peace and East Third streets in 1788, was the foundation and beginning of our beautiful and prosperous city. Prior to that time it was not known by its present name, but only as a locality or neighborhood. The original Plainfield was located between what was formerly known as "Morris Frazee's Corner" and the present residence of Isaac W. Laing, Esq., in the Township of Piscataway, and the County of Middlesex.

It was there the first and original "Plainfield Meeting House" was built more than one hundred and fifty years ago on land given by John Laing for that purpose and for a burial ground. Previous to the erection of this meeting house, Friends' meetings were for many years held in the dwelling house of Mr. Laing, near by. After the erection of the present building in 1788, meetings were then held therein, and the name of "Plainfield" was retained although removed from the County of Middlesex into what was then the County of Essex but now the County of Union.

Less than fifty years ago there were yet visible old land marks of the original meeting house lot and burial ground where are interred the remains of the ancestors of the old families of Fitz Randolph, Shotwell, Vail, Laing, Webster, Pound and others. One of the oldest members of the Society told a Press reporter—in answer to inquiries regarding the boundaries of the property—"I have never known by what right or authority, if any, adjacent land holders have entered upon and taken possession of this property, without an emphatic and successful protest from the descendants of the families buried there."

Our readers will appreciate from the brief sketch above, how full of interesting reminiscences will be the centennial celebration in preparation. In these columns will be given the same accuracy of detail, but at greater length, when the event is more completely arranged.

Doubly Afflicted.

Mr. John Mills and family who arrived in this city from Worcester, Mass., yesterday, as related in THE PRESS, are to be sympathized with in their sad bereavement. Although the members of the Board of Health exerted themselves to find shelter for the homeless family, whose furniture was delayed on the road, it was not until last evening that Mr. Mills, his wife and remaining child found quarters in the house recently occupied by the family of the late George Foster, in the rear of Fairchild's furniture store on East Front street. Even then there was some hesitancy about allowing the family to enter by the other occupants of the house, who had several small children. Nearly all of Mrs. Foster's furniture was purchased at a fair price, and the family will continue to occupy the place until their own household effects arrive. The exposure the sick baby was subjected to on North avenue, undoubtedly hastened its death. The body was buried in St. Mary's cemetery this afternoon.

Judging from the number of idle men who line the curb stones these pleasant afternoons and puff foul tobacco smoke into the faces of the fair sex as they pass, their must be a general suspension of business among the laboring classes.

PARTICULAR MENTION.

Mr. T. E. Morgan, the West Front street newsdealer, was this morning made the happy father of a girl baby.

Mr. Deuse Van Vleet and bride (nee Miss Charlotte Groendyke) have returned from their wedding tour and taken up their residence in Plainfield.

Mr. James E. White of this city, is at present prospecting in Southern California with a view of purchasing land and locating his family there.

The young son of Mr. Alex. Snedecker of Sixth street and Plainfield avenue, who was so horribly burned on Tuesday evening, died this morning.

The Misses Josephine D. and Mary H. Bedle of Freehold, are visiting their cousins, Messrs. W. D. and George H. Craig of Somerset street.

The service of blessing St. Mary's new bell will take place in St. Mary's church this evening. The Bishop will be in attendance and conduct the service.

Miss J. Etta Cleveland of Norwich, Conn., is visiting at the residence of her sister, Mrs. F. H. Gray of New street. The young lady arrived in town last evening.

Mr. Frank Cook, who has just closed a successful engagement with the Frank A. Robbins circus in New York city, has signed an agreement to travel with the Forepaugh show next Summer.

Mr. John Enright the newly appointed Superintendent of the Post Office Department at Washington, D. C., arrived in this city last evening. He will return to his future home in Washington, with his family to-morrow.

A Newark paper says: "Editor Demarest of Plainfield yesterday made a complaint of atrocious assault against Editor Morrison, who attacked him Monday night. Morrison is said to have left Plainfield." No such good luck, brethren.

David F., the seventeen-year-old son of David Drake of North Plainfield died yesterday, after an illness dating since Monday. Acute kidney disease was the direct cause of death. The funeral will take place from the Holy Cross church on Saturday at 2 p. m.

The funeral arrangements for the burial of the young daughter of Mr. Norman C. Mague, who died in the waiting room at the depot on Tuesday, will be completed this evening. The service will in all probability be held at the house near the Pond Tool Works on Saturday afternoon.

At Syracuse, the bride's place of residence, will take place this evening the marriage of Mr. George Titworth, of this city, and Miss Fannie VanHoesen. The bride is the twin sister of Mrs. Arthur Titworth whose husband is a brother of the groom. The newly wedded couple will arrive in this city to take up their permanent residence, in a few days.

A School Teacher Seriously Injured.

Miss Alice H. Burt, one of the efficient teachers at the Bryant School building on East Sixth street, met with a painful accident while sleigh riding last evening. Miss Burt in company with a lady named Miss Smith of Broadway and Tenth street, and another lady and child, were seated in a sleigh driving in the vicinity of Evona, when an overgrown urchin attempted to catch on to the passing sleigh. He grasped the rear end of the vehicle, and in doing so, wrecked the entire back portion of it, allowing Miss Burt and the child, who were occupying the back seat, to fall backward, striking with force on the icy road bed. Fortunately the child was not injured, but Miss Burt received a severe shock and was considerably bruised about the right hip and lower limb. A peculiar incident in connection with the accident was that one of the young lady's shoes was literally torn from her foot. Dr. T. S. Davis was called in during the evening and found the patient suffering from severe strains she received by the fall, in addition to the injuries above enumerated. He did not, however, discover any fractured bones. Miss Burt had a severe shock by falling on the icy pavement about two weeks ago, from the effects of which she had not fully recovered.

He Always Remembers Himself.

Monday evening the editor of the Evening —, who condemned the striking plumbers for beating one of their trade because successful where they had failed—tried the same method of suppression on the editor of THE PRESS. Yet he never forgot himself but once in forty years.

Tuesday evening he called us all "cowardly blackmailers," "contemptible objects" and "blackguards." But still he never forgot himself but once in forty years.

Wednesday he ridiculed one of the proprietors of THE PRESS for being a consistent Christian and the other for not, and accused them of hiring "irresponsible blackguards to do their filthy work."

And so on is continued his record of never forgetting himself but once in forty years. It is unfortunate for the sake of a disgusted community that he does not forget himself oftener, and remember what respectable folks are like.

BEGINNING THE TEN DAYS' SERVICE.

Rev. Dr. Van Meter Delivers the First Discourse in the New M. E. Chapel.

The handsome new chapel annexed to the M. E. church as a Sunday school room, was formerly opened to the public last evening. The structure was described in detail in THE PRESS of Tuesday, and last evening it was thrown open for inspection. The room which is itself a model, both in design and style of architecture, was comfortably filled with people. Beautiful and brilliant rays shed from numerous incandescent lights distributed about the room, made a spectacle pleasing to the eye. The service opened with a hymn, followed by a prayer by Mr. James McGee and Scripture reading by the pastor. After another hymn and a prayer by Dr. H. K. Carroll, Rev. Dr. Van Meter made a few preliminary remarks.

He took his text from Genesis 12th chapter, and a part of the second verse: "I will bless thee and thou shalt be a blessing." Here, the divine began, commences the history of God's people in the world. These words were spoken to Abraham, not to command, but to establish as it were the house of God. It is legitimate for us to say that we are the children of this Covenant, and the descendants of Abraham. In Revelations, Paul says that they who believe in Abraham are more allied to him than those who descended from him by lineage. Another phase of the Gospel preached to Abraham, was the Gospel of service; the first principal laid down to him was the Gospel of salvation. God's blessing for mankind is specific and unchangeable; knowing for what he made us, God is certainly the one to choose what our blessings shall be; we think that a blessing is a present benefit, to take load from our hearts and make the moment brighter; God's thought of a blessing is something that is ultimate; he is seeking perfection for us; we aim for present goodness, but God in his superior wisdom is aiming to secure for us all good and a perfect condition. The blessing God offers is universal. Ask the capitalist what is needed for the prosperity of a country and he will say Home Rule; the Home Ruler will say an overthrow of the monetary government, and the laborer will say that the labor organizations should be recognized. These are local grievances—something changeable. God has offered but the one thing for man's blessing, not only supreme but inclusive. This blessing is beautifully illustrated in these words: "Fear not, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."

The church, the preacher continued, is the repository of this blessing for the World; it has 'revealed truth, the message and the call; to the church is given the word of God; it stands before the World to protect; the church has the witnessing light, which is worthy of all acceptance; the spirit is bestowed on the church and the church is its abiding place; the church is the body through which the head, Jesus Christ, works. The mission of the church is not simply to receive the blessing and enjoy what God has given, but to diffuse the blessing on every side, following the text, "I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing." The chief work of the church is found outside its walls; today it is a little band among those who have not yet received the blessing; it is our duty as a Christian church to carry this blessing to the community round about us; to fulfill that mission we must have that with which to bless the divine treasure in our own hearts. In concluding his discourse, the speaker said, the World is challenging the church. "What do you more than others?" We should give testimony by our lives, and in the exhibition of the fact that the peace and joy of God is ours.

One of Many.

One of the many sleighing parties that arrived in Plainfield last evening, was a four horse load from Bound Brook. The party was well equipped with tin horns and other lung expanders, and all apparently enjoyed themselves. Supper was had at the City Hotel, and the return trip was made about midnight. The following persons composed the company: Mr. I. W. Brokaw and lady, Mr. D. W. Chandler, wife and daughter, Mr. F. Hickman, wife and daughter, Mr. W. S. Negus and wife, Mr. B. C. Conwell and lady, Mr. E. J. Rutt and lady, Mr. L. L. Cook and lady, Mr. G. C. Garretson and lady, Mr. P. P. Lozier (and a dram), Mr. A. C. Thomas and lady, Mr. J. J. Livingston and wife, Mr. W. H. Brokaw and lady.

Girls, Wear Your Overshoes.

The city physicians are making a crusade against the habit which girls and women have of neglecting to wear their overshoes. The doctors all agree that the rubber overshoe is a decided preservative of health in winter. Wet and cold feet are the cause of half of Winter's serious sickness. The feminine sex are especially warned against neglecting their overshoes, not only because they are more delicately constituted but also on account of the thin and unsubstantial shoes they wear.

An Unprejudiced Opinion.

There are three papers in this city, of whom two disagree. As the statement of either of the latter might naturally be biased, and friends of either would not be convinced that the other was right, the community will turn to the third paper for its arbitration. The Plainfield Central Times of today gives the following unprejudiced observation and opinion of a recent matter that has been of more or less public interest. THE PRESS will, however, promise its readers to herewith drop its discussion.

(From The Central Times.)

On Monday evening while on Park avenue, near Front street, J. A. Demarest, managing editor of THE PRESS, was struck in the face and felled to the walk by T. W. Morrison, editor of the News. The immediate cause of the attack was a bit of satire in the first named paper on an alleged list of bachelors given in the other paper. The satire contained a brief list of names made up on the plan followed by the other paper of throwing together different classes of people. But it so happened that in the satirical list were two sons of the offended editor. It seems to have been considered all right to put J. A. Demarest's name in the News list among the "good, bad and indifferent," as the article characterizes its own list, but it was all wrong for Mr. Demarest to take a somewhat similar liberty with the name of the other editor, or his sons, in the satirical article. But it is the old story over again. The editor who is the most given to indulging in offensive personalities, is the quickest to resort to violent means to resent the attempt of another to show that what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. This journal has never had any disposition to demonstrate this last proposition to any of its newspaper assailants, but if any newspaper is so disposed to use its columns in retaliation, then it becomes the original offender gracefully to receive blows as well as to give them. But all such journalism might better be relegated to the shades.

Beyond Compare.

THE PRESS of yesterday was the only daily paper that published complete and accurate accounts of

The death of a child from malignant diphtheria after being carried up and down the streets of the city in the arms of its homeless and friendless parents.

How a woman and two children were saved from a possible death in a runaway accident.

The extensive repair and renovation of Trinity Reformed church, preparatory to the return of its pastor and his bride.

What the second of the Philharmonic concerts consisted of and how it was rendered and received.

The killing of a \$750 St. Bernard dog at the Ohl Kennels, and what the animal did to deserve it.

The facts about the proposed new track in this city of the Jerome Driving Park Association of New York.

The coasting accident on one of Washington Valley's hills and the legal stopper put on the sport of the "double rippers" and others on that hill thereafter.

All that and more THE PRESS published exclusively, and there was not one word of news in other source, that it did not have.

Gazelle Engine Company's Meeting.

A regular monthly meeting of Gazelle Engine Co., No. 1, was held in their parlors last evening. After the call of the roll and reading of the minutes of a previous meeting a great deal of important business was transacted. After all the general business of the company was done away with the Treasurer presented and read his quarterly report, which shows the company to be in a good financial condition. The following is the

TREASURER'S REPORT:	
Balance on hand at last report.....	\$173.45
RECEIPTS.	
November, 1887.....	\$ 2.50
December.....	4.00
January 1888.....	31.50
Total receipts.....	48.00
DISBURSEMENTS.	
November 1887.....	\$5.00
December.....	5.00
January 1888.....	5.00
Balance in treasury.....	\$203.45
All of which is respectfully submitted,	
V. J. FRAZEE, Treasurer.	

St. Valentine's Day.

Inasmuch as Valentine day, Feb. 14, is rapidly approaching, and as our young lads and lassies will certainly comply with the usual custom of sending these tokens of love and friendship to their numerous friends, we take this method of directing them to our advertisers whose ads are located in various parts of the paper, where they can be found in every variety. In connection with these souvenirs they keep on hand a large and magnificent assortment of toys, confectioneries and fancy articles of every conceivable description. Read their advertisements and then go and see for yourselves.

—The long promised serial story of "A Brother's Keeper," is begun in THE PRESS today.

A Novel Entertainment.

The Anagram Supper given in the lecture room of the Seventh Day Baptist church, last evening, was attended by a large gathering so generous that from seventy-five to a hundred dollars is the amount realized. The novel entertainment was under the auspices of the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Seventh Day Baptist church. Mrs. George H. Babcock was appointed to arrange the affair, and she called to her assistance, Mrs. T. H. Tomlinson and Mrs. John Titworth. The room was handsomely decorated, and the menus, as published in these columns of yesterday, were of a style entirely due to the originality of Mrs. Babcock.

Mr. David Titworth was chief cook, and browned the pan-cakes with a deal of delicacy and dexterity. Dr. Frank Wells was cashier, and the lady waiters were Mrs. J. G. Miller, Mrs. Cassie Stillman, and the Misses Jessie Utter, Florence Potter, Gracie Lewis, Mabel Potter, Ernie Smith, Mabel Maxson, May Tomlinson, Mamie Jennings, Lillie Dunham and Nancy Randolph. The Misses Anna Wooden and Florence Titworth presided at the candy table.

Besides the entables, there was music by a parlor orchestra led by Mr. George Rogers, and a spinning wheel that twirled round and never spoke, yet from each spoke was offered words of good advice printed in letters of gold on satin book-marks.

Library Directors' Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Directors of the Public Library and Free Reading Room was held in the Library building last evening, with President Male in the chair. The other members of the Board present were Messrs. Baldwin, Babcock, Dumont, Tracy, Stillman and Yates. The minutes of the previous meeting were adopted as read. Upon motion, the Board extended a vote of thanks to the Plainfield Electric Light Company for lighting the Art Gallery building during the loan exhibition, and the Secretary was instructed to notify the Company to that effect. The following claims were ordered paid: Miss E. L. Adams, salary, \$41.66; E. M. Odam, \$40; sundries \$2.12. The Librarian's report for January was received and filed, and the Secretary was instructed to extend to Mr. L. Heyniger the thanks of the Board for a beautiful engraving and frame donated to the Art Gallery. A quantity of Congressional literature, such as the reports of the various Government departments, was received, after which the Board adjourned.

To-Night at Music Hall.

"A Tin Soldier" will be presented at Music Hall, this evening, with Eugene Canfield as Rats, but he is not the only one assisting the great work of development. The Misses Kate Davis, Fanny Johnstone, and Nellie Judson are also a trio of most accomplished assistants, beautiful and talented, and are all possessed of far more than ordinary accomplishments. Mr. Thos. Q. Sealbrooke, this season's "plumber," is one of the best known and most popular comedians on the American stage, having at one time successfully starred in Nat Goodwin's repertoire. This is the third season of "A Tin Soldier," and it has been played in all the principal cities of the East, West, North and South, packed houses being the rule everywhere, and standing room often at a premium. If you want to laugh as you have never laughed before, see "A Tin Soldier."

On A Straw Ride.

A sleigh-riding party of 25 persons, male and female, from Somerville and Raritan, made Miller's hotel their objective point last night. After a bountiful supper, served in a manner for which the hotel is renowned, dancing was indulged in until a late hour, the party bringing their own musicians with them. The ladies of the party insisted that as it was leap year, they should be accorded the privilege of paying the bill, and one little damsel insisted that boniface Miller should receive his pay from her, but the "boys" finally carried their point, as they most always, sometimes, generally do, and settled the score.

BOUND BROOK.

The sleighing and coasting in this vicinity is in an excellent condition.

A series of stereopticon entertainments has been in progress in the Presbyterian church for the past few evenings.

The Bound Brook Philharmonic Society gave an entertainment in Cook's Hall on Tuesday evening, which consisted of music, recitations, etc. The event was an enjoyable one.

Take The Chances.

Ex-Councilman Cox's sidewalk on 7th street furnishes an example of cleanliness that might be followed throughout the city to the satisfaction of pedestrians. Scores of walks that could have been swept clean during yesterday's thaw, were allowed to remain covered to freeze up again last night. Property owners seize the opportunity of cleaning your walks the time the sun loosens the ice.

SULLIVAN RELEASED

THE EX-MAYOR WELCOMED BY A GREAT CROWD.

Bismarck Surrenders on the Socialist Bill.
Pope and Irish Pilgrims—The Crown Prince—Irishmen Boycotted.

DUBLIN, Feb. 2.—The Lord Mayor Sullivan, of Dublin, was released from the Brixton prison yesterday after two months' confinement. A large crowd was gathered in front of the building and greeted Mr. Sullivan with great enthusiasm. (Mr. Sullivan afterward received addresses from various delegations.)

Mr. Sullivan, in a speech after his release from prison, said that he once desired a greater measure of independence for Ireland, but now thought that Mr. Gladstone's proposals were a fair compromise, and would unite the two nations in peace and good fellowship. He urged the people to join the National League and to meet secretly if they could not meet openly.

Mr. Sullivan, in an interview, said that his health was good. He complained that he was not allowed to visit his family while in prison, a privilege that was granted to Messrs. Stead and Yates during their imprisonment here. He declared that he was ready to undergo further imprisonment for Ireland's sake.

The committee having in charge the proposed demonstration in honor of Messrs. O'Brien and Sullivan have been boycotted by all the owners of large halls in London. The owner of Her Majesty's Theatre, who is a unionist, refused to rent the building to the committee on the ground that he did not want a "lot of roughs" there.

Mr. John Morley and the Marquis of Ripon started for Dublin yesterday. They received visitors at the different stations at which their train stopped. On their arrival at Kingstown they received an address from the Town Commissioners and were enthusiastically greeted by a great crowd. After a short stay they went on to Dublin.

On arriving there the visitors were escorted from the station to their hotel by a torchlight procession, in which fifty torches were represented. The procession passed through the principal streets, which were densely packed with enthusiastic crowds.

BISMARCK DEFEATED

The Government Surrenders on the Anti-Socialist Bill—Not Sounded.

BREITLIN, Feb. 2.—The tone of the Government organs on the anti-socialist bill indicates a complete surrender by the Government and a willingness to accept a two-years' prolongation of the operative period of the present law and to abandon the offensive amendments.

The Nachrichten, referring to the report that Lord Randolph Churchill desired to visit Prince Bismarck while in Germany, but received through Herbert Bismarck an intimation that the Chancellor was so fully occupied with public business that he could not receive him, say that those in a position to know the facts state that if Lord Churchill had intimated a desire to see Prince Bismarck the latter would have been ready to receive him, even although the visit might not be convenient on account of ill health or needful application of business.

An imperial edict just issued at Strasbourg authorizes the formation of a Committee of Agriculture for Alsace-Lorraine, consisting of 15 members in each district. Branch associations will be formed, over which local magistrates will preside unless the Government should decide to appoint other Presidents. The project appears to be tantamount to the creation of chambers of agriculture and trade, to be centralized at Strasbourg.

The Pope and the Irish Pilgrims.
Rome, Feb. 2.—The Pope yesterday received the Irish pilgrims and clergy, who presented him with addresses expressing their devotion to the Holy See. The Pope descended from the throne and walked down the ranks formed by the visitors, giving each his benediction and adding a few kindly words.

To the leaders he expressed his desire for a peaceful settlement of the Irish question. In a Vatican circle the desire expressed by the Pope to the Irish pilgrims for a settlement of the Irish question is interpreted to mean that the Pope's advice to Irishmen is to make peace with England.

Sullivan Wants a Bare-Knuckle Fight.
LONDON, Feb. 2.—John L. Sullivan, replying to the proposals of Fleming, manager for Jim Smith, says he would prefer to fight Smith in the prize ring with bare-knuckles, the number of spectators to be limited on each side, and the battle to take place a fortnight after his meeting with Mitchell.

Prosecution of Irish Youth.
DUBLIN, Feb. 2.—Sixteen youths who have been sentenced to imprisonment for one week with hard labor for hitting constables to celebrate the release of William O'Brien.

ANOTHER EARTH TREMOR.

The Down-Easters Alarmed by an Earthquake, But Nobody Hurt.

MONTELEONE, N. T., Feb. 2.—A sharp shock of earthquake was felt here at 11:02 yesterday morning. It was of brief duration and gave the buildings a very perceptible swaying east and west. The shock also occasioned some alarm among the workmen on a high building.

SKOWHEGAN, Me., Feb. 2.—An earthquake shock was experienced at 11 a. m. yesterday in the up-river town of Solon, Bangor, North Andover and Moscow, and at Newport and Berlin, Lincoln and Vermont.

LITTLETON, N. H., Feb. 2.—A severe shock of earthquake was felt here at 11 o'clock yesterday. Some people were so alarmed that they fled from their houses. No damage was done.

Will Pay Depositors Twenty Per Cent.
PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 2.—It is announced that the assignees of the Columbian Bank, which failed on account of its connection with Henry S. Ives & Co., will pay its depositors twenty per cent., and commence proceedings against the stockholders for the balance due on deposit.

To Improve the Hudson.
ALBANY, Feb. 2.—Assemblyman Hadley introduced a resolution memorializing Congress to appropriate \$500,000 to improve the navigation of the Hudson. It was referred to the Ways and Means Committee.

Cincinnati's Big Coal Pool.
CINCINNATI, Feb. 2.—A coal pool is being formed here to make the price of coal uniform in summer and winter. Each dealer gives a bond for \$10,000. All the dealers have gone in.

Shoemakers Locked Out.
CINCINNATI, Feb. 2.—The shoe manufacturers of this city have called a general lockout. Some 3,400 employees are thrown out of work.

DOCTORS MEN FOR PROTECTION.

Doctors at the Home Market Club Declare for High Tariff.

BOSTON, Feb. 2.—The first public meeting ever held in Boston in support of a protective tariff was held last evening at Tremont Temple under the auspices of the Home Market Club. Gen. W. F. Draper presided, and the principal speakers were the Hon. J. W. Barrett, of Pittsburg, Col. A. S. Colyar, of Nashville, and John F. Scanlan, of Chicago. Gen. Draper, after discussing the principle of protection, said:

"This surplus does not bother me as it does many people. It seems to me a favorable comment upon our present revenue system that we are troubled to dispose of a surplus while all other nations are troubled to make up deficits. But, granting the necessity of reducing our revenue, we have a remedy in the reduction or abolition of internal revenue taxes. To break down industries for the sake of reducing our surplus appears to me much as if a private citizen who thought he was accumulating too rapidly should cut off a finger or two so that he might produce less. The internal revenue tax is a tax that was made necessary by the exigencies of the war, and in the money is not required under present conditions we can safely abolish it."

Col. Colyar, discussed the tariff question in the South, and summed up his view of the situation thus: "I think the people are beginning to appreciate the need of protection, and that the sentiment in that direction is rapidly growing. Henry Waterson won't believe it, but it is true nevertheless, though they cling to the old idea in Kentucky largely through his influence. They are coming to see things in their true light, however, or why should a majority of \$3,000 a few years ago be reduced to 16,000 last year? The people want protection, and must have it."

THE DUTY ON SUGAR.

What the Louisiana Representatives Propose to Do About It.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The six Representatives from Louisiana met last night to discuss the tariff situation and to consider a letter from some of the Ways and Means Committee asking them if they would support a tariff bill containing a 2 per cent. reduction of the sugar tariff. Two of them—Blanchard and Newton—said that once they would, but the other four—Wilkinson, Lagan, Gay and Robertson—were at a loss what to do. They did not like the idea of any cut at all, but they were afraid that if they did not agree to the 20 per cent. reduction, they might be forced to accept a 10 per cent. reduction. After some reflection they put off the evil day by sending a reply to the letter to the effect that they hoped some arrangement might be made by which the duty would remain as it is. They have not, therefore, committed themselves either way.

Found Frozen in the Snow.

SOMERSET, Pa., Feb. 2.—Rev. Cornelius Birkly, and aged minister of the German Baptist Church, was yesterday found dead on his farm half way between the country road and his house. He had been in Somerset on business, and in the evening started home on the sled of John Bruner, a near neighbor. His home is about seven miles from Somerset and a half a mile from Bruner's. When he reached Bruner's barn Mr. Birkly said he would take the near cut across the fields to his home. The snow was very deep, the weather was intensely cold, and a heavy wind was blowing. As he did not reach home a search was made, which resulted in the finding of his lifeless body lying face downward in the snow.

New York Appropriations.

ALBANY, Feb. 1.—The Assembly Appropriations Committee has submitted the annual appropriation bill, which is about three weeks earlier than was the case last year. The total sum appropriated for carrying on the State Government is \$7,044,893. (The total of last year's appropriation bill as signed by the Governor was \$8,037,443.75.) The only notable increase of this bill over that of last year is that of \$63,804 for the State Regents, to be used for academic works. There is a decrease of \$65,000 for charitable institutions, \$15,000 for the State Board of Health, and \$10,000 in the amount of dividends for common schools. Several smaller amounts make up the deficiency.

Ohio's Centennial.

MARIETTA, O., Feb. 2.—All the arrangements have now been made for the proper commemoration of April 7th, the day set apart by formal resolution of the Ohio Company in 1788 "to be forever celebrated," under the auspices of a Centennial Committee, of which Dr. J. W. Andrews is Chairman. Senator Hoar and Randolph Tucker will both be present and deliver addresses, and the annual meeting of the State Historical and Archaeological Society will be held at Marietta at that date, which is the centennial of the first settlement in Ohio by white men.

Charges of Cruel Treatment Unsubstantiated.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 2.—The Senate committee appointed for the purpose to hear evidence relative to charges of cruel treatment of the boys confined at the Sockanosset School and of the girls serving sentences at the Oaklawn School. The committee's report was made yesterday. The charges of cruel treatment made against the Sockanosset School, were utterly unsubstantiated.

Another Fidelity Bank Arrest.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 1.—Eugene Zimmerman, a Fidelity Bank Director, who has been in Europe for some time, arrived home Tuesday night quietly. Next morning he was arrested, taken before a United States Judge and put under a \$25,000 bond to answer to the same indictment as the others. It had been charged that he fled the country under an assumed name.

More Pay For Legislators.

ALBANY, Feb. 2.—Assemblyman McKenna has introduced a concurrent resolution to submit to the people an amendment to the Constitution to provide for an increase of salary for legislators. The resolution fixes the salary of Assemblymen at \$3,000 per annum, and of Senators at \$5,000. The clause to lengthen the term of legislators was omitted.

Mysteriously Disappeared.

SACO, Me., Feb. 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Brenner, their two daughters and a son, living on a farm near here, have mysteriously disappeared. Recently Mr. Brenner received \$7,000 from Holland from a relative. This money he kept in the house. For ten days they have all been missing, and the authorities think they have been murdered.

Chair Works Destroyed.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Feb. 2.—The Union City Chair Works, of Moore & Shoeney at Union City, Pa., were totally burned yesterday, together with a stable and a number of outbuildings. Loss, \$70,000; insurance, \$15,000.

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Sulphur and Vapor Baths.
followed by a thorough rubbing with alcohol. For men only. Hours 8 to 11 a. m.; 1 to 3 p. m. E. BORNHEIM, 25 W. 2d Street, Plainfield, N. J. Refers to Drs. Probasco, Endicott, Fritts, Tomlinson, Judge Suydam and T. S. Armstrong. 6-27-11

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In order that we may have more room to make improvements in our store.
A REDUCTION OF THIRTY PER CENT. has been made on all our CLOAKS, WRAPS, NEW MARKETS and WOOLEN GOODS.

An Immense Reduction in Prices on our Comfortable, Blankets, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, etc., will also be found.

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A WOMAN'S WORK OF LOVE AND DUTY.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "CHAQUO'S DOOM," "STEPHEN GUTHRIE," "THE LOST MAN'S CAHN," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER I.



URLEY stepped out in the February dusk after spending a dull Sunday at home. His house rose between him and the western sky, and he paused a moment, as he often did, to look at it with some pride. It was an old building, abundantly large, with many air-thoughts of wings and porches.

Jesse Stone could be seen milking in the barn-lot, and the voice of Jesse's wife could be heard crooning a psalm tune as a farewell to the Sabbath, while she placed the tubs ready for next day's washing. Mrs. Stone kept holy day with Scotch Presbyterian rigor from five o'clock on Saturday evening until five o'clock on Sunday evening; and if she attended night service this was a free will offering to Heaven.

The homes of Gurley's various neighbors appeared here and there, and down wooded hillsides sparkled the college town's steeples. Below, culture was life's law. Up hill, amidst farms and scattered school-houses, quite another class of people made another law unto themselves. As refinement and coarseness may dwell side by side in a city, so had Greensburg and the hills allowed each other several generations without perceptibly acting on each other. However solidly excellent those hill farmers might be, the college town despised their plane of living; while, on the opposite side, all hill farmers voted against appropriations for the improvement of the town.

Gurley took a short cut across the upward slope of his meadow to spend an hour with an old chum whose homestead lay on the border of the hill region. He reached the muddy road, and a few turns brought him to the gate which opened on Tom Holmes' lawn. Poplars stalked out with their stiff plumes the path to the house. It was a staunch homestead, covered with knotty elbows of the trunk, and vine and slitting-wood windows were thick with sunlight, and he descended the wooden steps at that side and softly knocked.

But two or three knocks brought no response, and, after waiting, Gurley opened the door and went in.

The familiar room was in a receptive attitude toward chance comers; chairs stood grouped for conversation; a platter of apples and a pile of plates and silver knives were on the round table. The fire-place was piled high with blazing sticks. The whole room so suggested invisible presences that Gurley felt coarsened; he should find the family at home, like the end of his cigar in the fire, and—having the freedom of the house at all times—opened another door into the kitchen. It was still warm with suggestions of the past supper; a kettle breathed in the dipper. The door closed behind him and he was turning to open it for a retreat when a rod of light opposite and some subterranean voice calling made him venture ahead and lift a latch which gave entrance to the cellar.

"It's Randy, of course," said Gurley. "Is that you, Randy? Where are all the folks?" At the foot of the stairs a girl looked up. She held Tom Holmes' toddling child by one hand, and with the other lifted a candle over her head. She was very young, and had black hair curling away from an eager face. Her throat showed white above her black dress, even in shadow, and her sleeves were tucked above elbows soft and round. A large calico apron almost covered her.

The two looked steadily at each other a moment, he at the top, she at the foot of the stairs. Being a stranger, Gurley detected at once the sorrowful curve of mouth, which she would have concealed from eyes familiar.

"Beg pardon," said he, hat in hand. "Aren't Tom and Mrs. Holmes in?"

"They've gone to church," said the girl. "I heard you and thought it was Mr. McArdle."

"Gurley, of the Mounds farm. I hope I haven't startled you?"

"Oh, no; if you wait a little while they will be

for that she at least came of stock living on their own land, and, in the finest sense, agricultural.

The pails were rinsed and put away, and this young lady carried the light upstairs, while Gurley assisted Toddlies and his mug.

"I like cellars," she said, lingering and looking back. "Though I met my first disappointment in one. There was a jar full of something black which ought to have been jam; but it was tar, and I'm so credulous, I kept licking my finger and tasting it over and over before I would be convinced. Credulous people do get so much tar in their mouths."

Gurley laughed, and said he hoped she would have no further experiences in tar.

They went into the sitting-room, and she lighted the lamp. Gurley took an apple from the platter. With a housewife's air this young girl selected his knife and plate and brought him a fruit napkin.

"I do love to handle things about a house," she said, partially to herself.

"Housekeeping is your forte, perhaps?" said Gurley.

"It isn't my fate, then. I teach the school in this district, you know," she explained.

"Oh," remarked Gurley, to show that his impressions were corrected.

"Yes. But when Thorney and I begin our housekeeping, I shall help to farm."

"I wonder who Thorney is?" thought Gurley.

"Thorney is my brother," she continued.

"He is two years older than I am. He is working for a farmer across Black Hollow, and saving all his money."

"That being the case," observed the young man, smiling, "he will some day be a capitalist."

"Oh, no," she replied, with pleased sincerity. "But it is nice to be really working toward an object."

At this moment a rap resounded on the front door of the sitting-room. There were no halls in the Holmes house, so the newcomer was distinctly visible to Gurley as soon as the door opened to admit him. Entertained as he felt himself to be by his temporary hostess, any body would have been unwelcome to him; but this unwelcome, though a kinsman of the house, was Milton McArdle. Gurley could not assert that McArdle was the meanest fellow in college, but that was his conviction. He loathed McArdle's lady-like languors, his general readiness to be taken care of, his pimply blondeness. McArdle had placed himself in the hands of his religious denunciation and was allowing it to educate him for the ministry. Other students were supported by the church; but what seemed in their cases a generous stooping to use means for a public good, seemed in him a cunning and contemptible grasping of what could be got for nothing. Yet Gurley felt certain if McArdle had come to college riding on an elephant and having a nabob father, he would have been a greedy sneak just the same, inspiring Gurley with the desire to fly upon and kick and maltreat him as he deserved.

He was a long and nervous youth, with slight hands and drooping under lip.

"How do you do, Miss Phoebe?" said McArdle, unwinding a scarf from his neck, while he lingered in releasing the young girl's hand.

"So her name is Phoebe," thought Gurley. "There's McArdle's patronizing familiarity for you. Good evening, McArdle."

"Oh, are you here, Gurley? Good evening." He undulated toward the fire and warmed himself by the roaring logs quite as if he had come into his own.

"You are classmates, aren't you?" inquired Phoebe.

"Yes," said Gurley.

"But college toils are nearly over now," said McArdle, in a high and rather melancholy key, "and then I suppose our paths will widely diverge. I shall betake myself to a theological school to continue preparation for my humble calling. But with your friends and advantages you can do any thing you please, Gurley."

"Not quite," responded Gurley, indifferently, feeling he should never do that as long as he could not better McArdle.

"All the family are at church?" said the divinity student, helping himself to apples.

"Yes," said Phoebe. "Even Randy has gone to chapel. I promised to take care of the house."

"I apprehended that they might be out," remarked McArdle, polishing an apple and softly slipping a knife under the rind.

"And that's why he intruded himself," thought Gurley. He watched his classmate's lean jaws working.

"Miss White and I have begun a series of readings together," explained McArdle.

"You couldn't take me into the class?" suggested Gurley.

"Oh, yes," responded McArdle, stiffly. "Certainly, if you wish it. You'd be an acquisition."

Phoebe White, who appeared to rest in no part of the room, carried off Mrs. Holmes' unwilling young son into his adjoining nursery.

The two young men, after talking awhile, with little interest in each other's remarks, dropped into silence and listened to her voice. First it was remonstrating with Toddlies:

"O, my tiny son! How can Phoebe rock such a milk-faced boy to sleep? She'll think she has a calf from the barn-yard; a real bossy calf that never will let its mamma wash its face and rub it nice and clean this way. And the cow's little child never has such pretty white clothes to put on, and doesn't get wrapped up and rocked."

So, above counter-remonstrances of Toddlies, she began to sing half under her breath Tompkins's cradle song, and Toddlies in due time began drowsily to echo her.

Gurley looked into the fire, fancying how she swung in a rocker, and how the curve of her throat swelled with the sweet, repressed crooning. He did not know much about domestic life, having passed most of his years with his farmer and housekeeper. But all this made him feel quite soft-hearted.

"Sweet and low, sweet and low," sung Phoebe.

"Sweet and ro," echoed Toddlies.

"Wind of the western sea"
"Res'm sea."
"Low, low, breathe and blow,"
"Breeze and bro,"
"Wind of the western sea,"
"Res'm sea."
"Over the rolling waters go,"
"Doe."
"Come from the dying moon and blow,"
"Moony bro,"
"Blow him again to me:"
While my little one, while my pretty one,"
"Pitty one,"
"Sleeps!"
"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,"
"Res,"
"Father will come to thee soon,"
"Sue-con,"
"Rest, rest on mother's breast,"
"Mar' bes,"
"Father will come to thee, soon,"
"Father will come to his babe in the west,"
"Habe a wes,"
"Silver sails all out of the west,"
"Sitt' sail,"
"Under the silver moon,"
"Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one,"
"Pitty one,"
"Sleep!"

The song was repeated until Toddlies' responses grew far between and ceased altogether. Then a silence followed.

"It's a sleepy night," said McArdle.

"Yes, I suppose Tom will drive slowly from church."

"I apprehend that he will," responded McArdle, in the stilted English of his choice.

By the time Phoebe came back, however, a stamping on the steps proclaimed the family's return from church. Mrs. Holmes moved softly in, followed by her handmaid, Randy Thompson, who had been left and picked up again at the school-house meeting. Last appeared Tom Holmes, rosy and stimulating, ready to stir the fire and all animate things as well.

"How do you do, Jack? How do you do, Milton? Somebody give me a lift with this overcoat. Thanks, Drusie. How are things at the Mounds, Jack? You've been keeping yourself steadily at home."

"All going right. I've bought a pretty young saddle mare, Tom. I'd have ridden her over to show you, but I wanted you to see her first when she's fresh groomed. Jesse Stone has spoiled the old horses for the saddle."

"Ah, pshaw! Jack. Why didn't you tell me you wanted such an animal? A Gurley ought to know the points of a horse, but I could put you up to a thing or two."

"You'll say you couldn't have done better when you see her," said Gurley, warmly. "Slight limbs, head well up, good shoulders, and full of fire."

"Old, and weak in the knees, I'll be bound."

"Just three years, and as quick as a cat."

"There wasn't nothin' about horse dealin' in our sermon to-night," remarked Randy Thompson, with the freedom of a long-prized domestic.

"Is Toddlies asleep?" asked Mrs. Holmes, warming her graceful hands.


"Yes, and snug in his crib," said Phoebe.

"I thank you so much for relieving Randy and me."

"I think of relieving Randy altogether," said Phoebe, with a laugh. "We will exchange work."

"I wouldn't be a school miss for no money," remarked Randy, blantly. "Neither in this district nor any other."

She was a bony woman with one small blue eye; the other had been put out. Her



A PARTING GRIP OVER THE GATE.

sandy hair was knotted tightly at the back of her head, and as to her features they greatly slandered a kind nature.

When Gurley started home the night was turning sharp and clear.

Tom Holmes, continuing his talk about the horse, walked to the lawn gate with his old chum.

"Good sugar weather," he commented, pausing there. "My men in the sugar camp are going to stir off a couple of kettles to-morrow evening. Come over, Jack, and try a paddle-ful. Ride that nag and let me look at her."

"Perhaps I will," said Gurley.

"You know the place on the woods road near Black Hollow. We'll all be over there."

"Well, count on me," said Gurley.

"You wouldn't expect to see any of the modern improvements. I haven't enough maples to make it pay. Adam and Mose Guy boil the old way, on the shares."

"The ground has turned stiff," said Gurley. "I shall have a bracing walk home. Who is this young teacher you've taken into the house, Tom?"

"I don't know," replied Holmes, indifferently. "She's some nice little thing from nowhere. The district doesn't pay enough to employ a man."

"McArdle seems to admire her."

"May be he does. McArdle's a kind of a sop. I guess, though, he thinks she admires him. Living directly by the school-house as we do we're always pestered to board the teacher. Drusie was entirely willing to take this one into the family, and she does seem comfortable enough to have about."

"You don't know her people?"

"No. Barker—the old schoolmaster—vouches for her. She has nobody but an idiotic brother, I believe, and she put him out to work near her. Nice enough girl, too. Pity she's cumbered with the idiot. You've seen Payche since her return?"

"Oh! yes; a number of times. She's more like swansdown than ever."

"You can't complain of ill-luck, my lad," said Tom Holmes, as they exchanged a parting grip over the gate.

The trivial experiences of common people, mere atoms in the universe, may seem scarcely worth the great reader's attention, until he remembers that he is himself merely one of those atoms, and that the ancient of all readers unconsciously con this primer world and its simple combinations.

Several people were grouped around the deep red fire, over which hung three iron kettles breathing an odorous steam into the air. Beyond this stood a tent of poles covered with brush and blankets, where the men who tended camp slept. It was a closely wooded spot.

Tom Holmes, in one of his woolly overcoats, was stretched at the roots of a tree smoking. Randy Thompson, insulated by silence, sat upright and attentive near the fire.

A sister of the two men who were boiling sugar occasionally helped them try a ladle-ful in cold water, or took her turn at the long stirrer. As Gurley approached the camp he noticed these people after he had seen that McArdle was there sitting by Phoebe White.

To her black dress Phoebe White had added a scarlet shawl, looping it around her waist and hooding one corner over her head. He felt sure no influence of the dark outdoors world was lost upon her. She was listening to other sounds besides McArdle's remarks. She heard the first sighs of spring in the tops of naked trees.

"You're late, my lad," said Holmes, rising to meet Gurley and his horse, and at once taking hold of the bridle.

"But tain't sugar yet," called out the elder of the boilers. "Mose, he poured a bucketful of cold sugar-water in the kettle when my back was turned."

"I didn't do no such thing," retorted Mose. "Twas you went to sleep early in the evening 'at let the fire go out."

"I went to sleep when everybody in the district knows you ain't never half awake. Folks mind yet how you used to sit in school all day with your chin on your breast and the boys firin' wads down your throat."

"There ain't no word o' truth in it," muttered Mose, fixing his torpid regards on the fire.

"This looks like the gypsy scene in Trovatore," lifting his hat as he joined the

party, "even to the anvil-chorus. Adam and Mose are going to fall to and hammer each other."

"It is rather picturesque," admitted McArdle, looking about him. "But I apprehend you find it different from Miss Fawcett's dining-room."

"Miss Fawcett's drawing-room is not to be allowed any picturesqueness, then?" responded Gurley.

"I only meant in point of fact," McArdle hastened to add, "that this is what you might call sylvan; while down at Fawcett House the refinements of life are—I would say—paramount."

"Who's Miss Fawcett?" inquired Phoebe.

"She is a very beautiful, very wealthy young lady," explained McArdle, "who has just returned from foreign travel to her homestead not far from Gurley's. I believe it is understood," added McArdle, "that the proximity of those homesteads is considered a fortunate thing, under the circumstances."

"This 'sn't a bad nag, Jack," remarked Tom Holmes, finishing a critical examination of Gurley's saddle-horse. "But she'll never make a goer. You could have found more points for the money."

"Let me see her," said Phoebe, coming to look at the pretty animal. "She has a nose just like velvet. If I were buying a horse I should insist on a velvet nose." Phoebe put one arm across the shining neck and she and the horse exchanged a caress.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Randy. "Kiss a horse! That's most as simple as them heathens worshipping dumb beasts."

"You like a horse, don't you?" said Gurley to Phoebe, with appreciation.

"Indeed, yes. What do you call her?"

"Bess. Do you ride?"

"I have always known how to ride—my fashion. It's as good as being like those Centaurs; and not half so clumsy."

"I'd consider it a favor if you'd ride her sometimes," said Gurley.

"Oh, would you?"

"Yes; I've really thought of making a lady's horse of her."

Phoebe rubbed her cheek against the mare's warm neck.

"I would so love to get upon her now."

"But she isn't properly saddled for you."

"I don't mind about saddles. If you don't object."

"Oh, I don't object," said Gurley, laughing. "exception account of your safety."

He stooped to receive her foot, and in an instant she and Bess had shot away through the trees.

"That girl will get her neck broke," exclaimed Randy Thompson, apprehensively.

"You were careless, Gurley," declared McArdle, coming forward with disapproval.

"Let her alone," said Tom Holmes, spreading smoke around himself. "I shouldn't be afraid to see that little thing mount a tiger if she took the notion. Besides, that nag of Jack's isn't going to run with anybody."

"I'll put up all I paid for her, Tom, that you'll be wanting to buy that nag of me before six months. It's a way you have of abusing my choice and then begging it away from me."

Phoebe came back in a few moments, slipping to the ground and taking the bridle on her arm, as the horse paused. Both were exhilarated by the run; and she tied the hitching-strap in a horseman's knot around a branch by the time Gurley was at hand to do it.

"Oh, it was delightful. We rushed like winners to the very edge of Black Hollow. And there we stood still and looked across at the loneness of light that shone like some thing one-eyed just ready to spring at us. And then we scoured away from it as fast as we could go."

"The light in Painter's cabin," said one of the sugar-boilers.

"And who is Painter?"

"Painter," said Tom Holmes, waving aside his smoke, "is a natural curiosity of the hills. It's odd how such human fungi will spring up in the midst of wealth civilization. Haven't you heard of him yet, Miss Phoebe? He's a hermit, and as ugly a creature as you would want to meet. They tell that some woman jilted him a century or so ago, and scoured him against the race. But it's my opinion the old wretch was too stingy ever to get married. He is credited with keeping barrels of money in that old den. We don't know where he came from. He and his house were suddenly there, like a toadstool. Some of the neighbors think he is crazy, but his wits all come home when he makes a bargain. He keeps his own house, and I don't think anybody in this region has ever seen the inside of it."

"I seen it once," said he, melting all his money together and made a gold stove. So I peeked at the window when he'd gone off, but just then he come up behind me makin' that noise in his head, and I disremember what I seen or what I done."

"He's got an infirmity in his speech," said Randy, "and that's a great mercy, for folks can't tell what he's sayin' when he abuses them."

Phoebe sat looking in the fire with her hands crossed on her lap. Adam and Mose piled on more brush and the boiling liquid bubbled louder.

"Hear what the kettles say. What do they say to you, Randy?"

"Nothin'."

"Double, double, toil and trouble," is the Shakespearean rendering of what boiling cauldrons say, I believe," answered McArdle, with lightness and grace.

"These here kettles," interpreted Adam, "says if they have good luck and Mose don't go to sleep and dip his head in them that they'll sugar off before long."

"This is what they say, said Phoebe: 'Trouble, trouble, effort double; trouble,

"The thought of bein' scalped is wakenin' to Mose," remarked Adam.

"Give us something pathetic—with tears in it," proposed Tom Holmes, with a comfortable smile.

"Indians—Tears," voted McArdle. "One more will do."

"Something about the North, then," said Gurley, tipping his head to look up at the dark sky. "Any other point of the compass would do as well, but the lichen on the north side of this tree spoke first."

"Very well," said McArdle, and he arose and carried around his hat for the drawing.

"The Indians have me," confessed Gurley.

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