The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "Friend Olivia," "I, Thou and the Other One," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Now, here was the real Katherine. Her very presence, her smiles, her tears, her words, would be a consolation so far beyond all hope, that the girl by her side seemed a kind of miracle to her.

She was far more than a miracle to Hyde. As the door opened, he slowly turned his head. When he saw who was really there, he uttered a low cry of joy,—a cry pitiful in its sa'rill weakness. In a moment Katherine was close to his side. She kissed his hands and face, and whispered on his lips the sweetest words of love and fidelity. Hyde was in a rapture. He lay still, speechless, motionless, watching and listening to her.

Hyde could speak little, but there was no need of speech. Had he not nearly died for her? Was not his very helplessness a plea beyond the power of words. And so quickly, so quickly, went the happy moments! Ere Katherine had half said, "I love thee," Mrs. Gordon reminded her that it was near the noon.

"Then we must part, my Katherine, for a little. When will you come again?"

This was a painful question, because Katherine felt that, however she might excuse herself for the unforeseen stress of pity that all unaware had hurried her into this interview, she knew she could not find the same apology for one deliberate and prearranged.

"Only once more," Hyde pleaded. "I had, my Katherine, so many things to say to you. In my joy, I forgot all. Come but once more. Upon my honor, I promise to ask Katherine Van Hawkskirk only this once. To-morrow? No.' Two days hence, then?"

"Two days hence I will come again. Then no more."

He smiled at her, and put out his hands; and she knelt again by his side, and kissed her "farewell" on his lips. And, as she put on again her hat and veil, he drew a small volume towards him, and with trembling hands tore out of it a scrap of paper, and gave it to her.

Under the lilac hedge that night she read it, read it over and over,—the bit of paper made almost warm and sentient by Phoedria's tender petition to his beloved:

"When you are in company with that other man, behave as if you were absent; but continue to love me by day and by night; want me, dream of me, expect me, think of me, wish for me, delight in me, be wholly with me: in short, be my very soul, as I am yours."

CHAPTER VIII.

"The Silver Link, the Silken Tie."

If Katherine had lived at this day, she would probably have spent the time between her promise and its fulfilment in self-analysis and introspective reasoning with her own conscience. But the women of a century ago were not tossed with winds of various opinions, or made foolishly subtle by arguments about principles which ought never to be associated with dissent. A few strong, plain dictates had been set before Katherine as the law of her daily life; and she knew, beyond all controversy, when she disobeyed them.

In her own heart, she called the sin she had determined to commit by its most unequivocal name. "I shall make happy Richard; but my father I shall deceive and disobey, and against my own soul there will be the lie." This was the position she admitted, that every woman is Eve in some hour of her life. The law of truth and wisdom may be in her ears, but the apple of delight hangs within her reach; and, with a full understanding of the consequences of disobedience, she takes the forbidden pleasure.

There are women who prefer secrecy to honest, and sin to truthfulness; but Katherine was not one of them. If it had been possible to see her lover honorably, she would have much preferred it, but she knew well the storm of reproach and disapproval which would answer any such request; and her thoughts were all bent toward devising some plan which would enable her to leave home early on that morning which she had promised her lover.

But all her little arrangements failed; and it was almost at the last hour of the evening previous, that circumstances offered her a reasonable excuse. It came through Batavius, who returned home later than usual, bringing with him a great many patterns of damask and figured cloth and stamped leather. At once he announced his intention of staying at home the next morning in order to have Joanna's aid in selecting the coverings for their new chairs, and counting up their cost. He had taken the strips out of his pocket with an air of importance and complaisance; and Katherine, glancing from them to her mother, thought she perceived a fleeting shadow of a feeling very much akin to her own contempt of the man's pronounced self-satisfaction. So when supper was over, and the house duties done, she determined to speak to her. Joris was at a town meeting, and Lysbet did not interfere with the lovers. Katherine found her standing at an open window, looking thoughtfully into the autumn garden.

"Mijn moeder."

"Mijn kind."

"Let me go away with Bram in the morning. Batavius I cannot bear. About every chair cover he will call in the whole house. Moeder, you know how it will be. To-morrow I cannot bear him. Very near quarrelling have we been for a week."

"I know, katherine, I know. Leave, then, with Bram, and go first to Margaret Pitt's, and ask her if the new winter fashions will arrive from London this month. And look now, Katherine, peace is the best thing; and to his own house Batavius will go in a few weeks."

"Mijn Moeder, sad and troubled are thy looks. What is thy sorrow?"

"For thee my heart aches often—mine and thy good father's, too. Dost thou not suffer? Can thy mother be blind? Nothing hast thou eaten lately. Joanna says thou art restless all the night long. Thou art so changed then, that never ever such a happy little one. Hard is thy mother's lot. The dear children I nursed on my breast, they go here and they go there, with this strange one and that strange one. Last night, ere to our sleep we went, thy father and I had some words of the loving, mother-like Jacob. They are true words. Every good mother has said them, at the grave or at the bridal, 'If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.'

There was a sad pathos in the homely old words as they dropped slowly from, Lysbet's lips. Many a year afterward Katherine remembered the hour and the words, especially in the gray glooms of late October evenings.

The next morning was one of perfect beauty, and Katherine awoke with a feeling of joyful expectation. She paid a very short visit to the mantuamaker, and then went to Mrs. Gordon's.

A coach was in waiting, and in a few minutes they stood together at Hyde's door. There was a sound of voices within; and, when they entered, Katherine saw, with a pang of disappointment, a fine, soldierly looking man in full uniform sitting by Richard's side. But Richard appeared to be in no way annoyed by his company. He was looking much better, and wore a chamber gown of maroon satin, with deep laces showing at the wrists and bosom.

While an air that plainly said, "This is the maiden for whom I have fought and suffered; is she not worthy of my devotion?" he introduced her to his friend, Capt. Earle. But, even as they spoke, Earle joined Mrs. Gordon, at a call from her; and Katherine noticed that a door near which they stood was open, and that they went into the room to which it led, and that other voices then blended with theirs. But these things were as nothing. She was with her lover, alone for a moment with him; and Richard had never before seemed to her half so dear or half so fascinating.

"My Katharine," he said, "I have one tormenting thought. Night and day it consumes me like a fever. I hear that Neil Semple is well. They will make you marry him, my dar, ling."

"No; that they can never do."

"But I suffer in the fear. I suffer a thousand deaths. If you were only my wife, Katherine—"

"Oh, my love, my love!"

"See how I tremble, Katherine. Life scarcely cares to inhabit a body so weak. If you refuse me I will let it go. If you refuse me, I shall know that in your heart you expect to marry Neil Semple—the savage who has made me suffer unspeakable agonies."

"Never will I marry him, Richard, never, never. My word is true. You only will marry."

"Then now, now, Katherine. Here is the ring. Here is the special license from the governor; my aunt has made him to understand all. The clergyman and the witnesses are waiting. Now, Katherine? Now, now!"

She rose, and stood white and trembling by his side—speechless, also. To her father and her mother her thoughts fled in a kind of loving terror. But how could she resist the pleading of one whom she so tenderly loved, and to whom, in her maiden simplicity, she imagined herself to be so deeply bounden? And when Richard ceased to speak, and only besought her with the unanswerable pathos of his evident suffering for her sake, she felt the argument to be irresistible.

"Well, my Katherine, will you pity me so far?"

"All you ask, my loved one, I will grant."

"Angel of goodness! Now?"

"At your wish, Richard."

He took her hand in a passion of joy and gratitude, and touched a small bell. Immediately there was a sudden silence, and then a sudden movement in the adjoining room. The next moment a clergyman in canonical dress came softly in. By his side was Col. Gordon, and Mrs. Gordon and Capt. Earle followed. The ceremony was full of solemnity, and of that deepest joy which dims the eyes with tears, even while it wreathes the lips with smiles. During it, Katherine knelt by Richard's side; and every eye was fixed upon him, for he was almost fainting with the fatigue of his emotions; and it was with fast receding consciousness that he whispered rapturously at its close, "My wife, my wife!"

Throughout the sleep of exhaustion which followed, she sat watching him. The band of gold about her finger fascinated her. She was now really Richard's wife; and the first sensation of such a mighty change was, in her pure soul, one of infinite and reverent tenderness. When Richard woke, he was refreshed and supremely happy.

The coach was waiting; and, without delay, Katherine returned with Mrs. Gordon to her lodgings, and then home.

As time went on, without being watched, Katherine felt herself to be under a certain amount of restraint. If she proposed a walk into the city, Joanna or madam was sure to have the same desire. She was not forbidden to visit Mrs. Gordon, but events were so arranged as to hamper the visit almost impossible; and only once, during the month after her marriage, had she had an interview with here husband. For even Hyde's impatience had recognized the absolute necessity of circumspection.

The marriage license had been obtained from the governor, but extraordinary influence had been used to procure it. Katherine was under age, and yet subject to her father's authority. In spite of book and priest and ring, he could retain his child for at least three years; and three years, Hyde—in talking with his aunt—called "an eternity of doubt and despair." Fortunately, Joanna's wedding day was drawing near, and it absorbed what attention the general public had for the Van Heemskirk family. For it was a certain thing, developing into feasting and dancing; and it quite put out of consideration the suspicions which resulted in nothing when people examined them in the clear atmosphere of Katherine's home.

In the middle of the afternoon of the day before the marriage, there was the loud rat-tat-tat of the brass knocker, announcing a visitor. It was Mrs. Gordon, and she nodded and laughed in a triumphant way that very quickly brought Katherine to her side. "My dear, I kiss you. You are the top beauty of my whole acquaintance." Then, in a whisper, "Richard sends his devotion. And put your hand in my muff; there is a letter. And pray give me joy; I have just secured an invitation. I asked the councilor and madam point blank for it. Faith, I think I am a little of a favorite with them! How is the young Bruce? My dear, if you don't make him suffer, I shall never forgive you. Alternate doses of hope and despair, that would be my prescription."

Katherine shook her head.

"On my wedding day, as I left Richard, this he said to me, 'My honor, Katherine, is now in your keeping.' By the lifting of one eyelash, I will not stain it."

"My dear, you are perfectly charming. You always convince me that I am a better woman than I imagine myself. I shall go straight to Dick, and tell him how exactly proper you are. Really, you have more perfections than any one woman has a right to."

"To-morrow, if I have a letter ready, you will take it?"

"I will run the risk, child. Now, adieu. Return to your evergreens and ribbons." And so, lightly humming Katherine's favorite song, she left the busy house.

Before daylight the next morning, Batavius had every one at his post. The ceremony was to be performed in the Middle Kirk, and he took care that Joanna kept her brother Dominie de Ronde nor himself waiting.

Katherine looked for Mrs. Gordon in vain; she was not in the kirk, and she did not arrive until the festival dinner was nearly over. Batavius was then considerably under the excitement of his first position and fine fare. He sat by the side of his bride, at the right hand of Joris; and Katherine assisted her mother at the other end of the table.

(To be continued.)

DINERS WHO BECAME NOTED.

Milner, Schreiner and Steyn Guests at Inner Temple, London, Years Ago.

Some twenty years ago there used to dine at the Inner Temple, London, three young men whose careers in life were destined by fate to cross in a very remarkable manner. At that time these three young embryo lawyers were comparatively unknown to each other; their names were Milner, Schreiner and Steyn. The position of each of these young law students is now too well established to need much comment. Milner now rules the Transvaal colony, Schreiner is the former premier of Cape Colony and Steyn the former president of the Orange River Colony. Their names are familiar to everyone in the civilized world, but their work is by no means over; indeed, in the present position of affairs it seems likely that their names will be much before the public for some time to come in connection with some movement or other.

Sails for Skaters.

Considering the number of persons in this country that indulge in skating, it is somewhat of a surprise to see how few of them have ever used a skate sail, or in fact have ever heard of such a thing. However, in the last few years this sport has become better known, and it is not an uncommon sight to see dashing hither and thither among the dark forms of the skaters, the glistening sails of the skate sailors.

To the onlooker it seems at the first glance that the sailor must certainly lose his balance and topple over, so sharp does he lean backward against the sail; but so strong is the force of the wind exerted against it that this expected fall is seldom a reality. When it does happen the unfortunate is usually a novice.

There are but few requisites for the enjoyment of this pastime. First and of the most importance is a pair of sharp skates. A few yards of cotton cloth and some small poles furnish the rest of the material. From these any person can with a little care fashion a sail that will furnish him with many a happy hour.—Country Life in America.

Saves Money in Vines.

Instead of blowing down coal in mines by means of dynamite an Englishman intends to make use of a hydraulic cartridge, which is said to obviate the wasteful shattering of the fuel. The cartridge is 20 inches in length, fortified by flanges almost at the application of a pressure of some three tons per square inch. The total pressure is about sixty tons. When inserted in a hole the cartridge is coupled up with a small hand pump. It is said that in a few minutes after the apparatus has been at work the coal breaks up and falls in great blocks. About one and one-half pints of water are used in the operation. One collery proprietor who has adopted the invention for use in three mines computes that each cartridge saves $75 per week.

The Merest Trifle.

Cholly—I find that it's the twifles that worry me most in the world, don't you know.

Miss Peppey—Yes; I've noticed that you think about yourself entirely too much, for instance.

HOUSEWORK DONE BY SYSTEM.

Once More Is Shown the Superiority of Man's Mind.

There is no doubt a great deal of truth in all the wise saws one might quote about human nature being the same the world over, but still there is a difference. Who could imagine a Spanish Enoch Arden, or even a Frenchman or an Italian playing so self-sacrificing a part? There is an Italian laborer in a little town in New Jersey in whose family affairs neighbors are somewhat interested, who does not let the idea of self-sacrifice enter largely into his principles of life. Life has gone rather badly with him, to be sure. Two years ago his wife ran away and left him with a family of little children to take care of. He has done this as well as possible under the circumstances, and conducted his housekeeping in a thoroughly masculine way which is worth considering. During the week he is at work a good distance from his home, and except what he can do for them mornings and evenings, the children look out for themselves during the day. On Saturday he does his marketing, laying in a stock of provisions large enough to last through the week. On Sunday, with a number of friends as assistants, he cooks. He has built something in the nature of an old fashioned brick oven, in which he can do a large amount of cooking at one time, and there he bakes innumerable loaves of black bread and other things which will keep until the next cooking day. Only a man would think of doing his housework in this simple and systematic way, and it is a great success. However, Tony has found a long continuance of this weekly housework tiresome, and he is about to bring to his home another helpmeet.

"But supposing your other wife should come home?" asked an over curious neighbor one day.

Evidently Tony had not thought of anything so unpleasant. He considered the matter for a moment after it had been presented to him. Then he replied calmly:

"She comma home? I killa her."

SHE HAD NO OBJECTION.

Tale of an Unfortunate Courtship Told in Rhyme.

With delicate persuasion that betrayed no base evasion, he contrived the conversation so it turned on true love's curse.

And in accents far from jolly he declared 'gainst friendship's folly, and in tones quite melancholy said he'd take love for his share.

It was, he said, admitted, that when friendship's ghost had flitted, those it left in the position and fine fix.

He sat by the side of his bride, at the right hand of Joris; and Katherine assisted her mother at the other end of the table.

But when true love once had darted through ones soul, and then departed, though it left one broken hearted, it had filled a long felt need.

And there was no doubt about it, though the skeptical might flout it, we could not get on without it, though it left us in disgrace.

For its memory always haunted, and it was the thing we wanted. Other things, though highly vaunted, couldn't take its special place.

Then he asked if he might love her, for there was no girl above her in his eyes. He thought only of her, and she said: "Why, certainly;

"If to love is your ambition, you at once have my permission, but of course on this condition; you can love, but not have me."—Tom Masson in the New York Press.

Prayer for the Sick for Pay.

Praying at the bedside of a sick person, though a fee is paid for the prayer, cannot be considered as medical treatment, and is, therefore, not amenable to law, according to a decision rendered by Judge Dick in a police court. Eva Eaf was arrested some time ago on the charge of practicing medicine without a license. Her method of treating all cases was to pray by the bedside for the patient's relief. A Valley Crossing woman was a patient of Eaf's for some time. She paid for her treatment, $5 for the first visit and $3 for each subsequent visit. She died after the faith cure doctor had visited her a few times, and the doctor was arrested. Judge Dick made an exhaustive review of the whole case and decided that praying over the bedside of a sick person, even though it is done for a fee, is not in any sense following the practice of medicine. Everyone, he said, has a right to pray at the bedside of friends, since such action does not injure the patient. The defendant was discharged.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Shall I Complain?

Shall I complain because the feast is o'er
And all the banquet lights have ceased to shine?
For joy that was, and is no longer mine,
For love that came and went and comes no more;
For hopes and dreams that left my open door;
Shall I, who hold the past in fee, repine?
Nay! there are those who never quaffed life's wine,
That were the unblest fate one might deplore.

To sit alone and dream, at set of sun,
When all the world is vague with coming night—
To hear old voices whisper, sweet and low,
And see dear faces steal back, one by one,
And thrill anew to each long-past delight—
Shall I complain, who still this bliss may know?

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

Formidable Preparations.

"Yassir," said Uncle Asbury, "I's got a daughter in de high school."

"I suppose you are very proud of her?"

"Deed I is. An' what's mo', she's gwine ter be a great help to her father. She's studyin' gyometry at de present time, an' she's sayin' dem lessons over an' over again so's I kin hear 'em."

"What's that for?"

"Well, suh, I allus was kind o' anxious to preach, but I nebber didn't hab de words to stand de competition, ow I reckons when I stan's up in front o' dat congregation an' gits to telling 'em dem hypothenuses an' pahtielle grams dey's gwine to rise up an' admit dat dey's listenin' to language sho' 'nuff."

DROUGHT HIM TO TIME.

How the Modern Maiden Treated Too Bashful Lover.

Henry was a bashful lover. He scarcely dared touch his lady's hand. He loved her well, and she was worthy of his affection, for she was modest, intelligent, refined and honorable; but, like all good women, she yearned for the respectful caresses that are the evidences of a pure affection.

She, however, yearned in vain.

Henry worshipped her. He might kiss the hem of her garment, but to kiss her lips or cheek—the very audacity of the thought made him tremble.

They sat together by the Southern sea, looking out on the track of the moon light, which white-winged yachts were crossing now and then.

It was a witching hour—a scene for love and calm delight.

Suddenly she moved slightly away from him.

"Please, Henry, don't do that," she said.

"What?" he asked in genuine surprise.

"Oh, you needn't ask me!" she replied. "You were just going to put your arm around my waist—and you were going to try to kiss me."

"Dear Lillie—"

"Oh, you needn't tell me different; you were going to do it. Well, after all, I suppose you are not to blame. It is just what a lover would do to his sweetheart; and I suppose I must not be offended if you do do it."

And Henry grasped the situation and did exactly what Lillie supposed he would do; and the moon grinned, and the stars winked, and the wavelets laughed, and a wasp, that was about to alight on the maiden's cheek, flew away and settled on the nose of an old maid who was sitting near the band-stand.

ADVICE AS TO TEMPER.

The Danger of Giving Vent to Outbursts of Passion.

There are many reasons why one ought to control his temper, and the first is self-respect. When one loses command of himself and throws the reins upon the neck of passion, he may have for the moment a certain enjoyment in the license; but there remains a sense of shame and loss. When he is calm again, and the fit has passed away, every serious person must be ashamed of what he said and what he did, of the manner in which he gave himself away, and the exhibition he made of himself.

He will not soon be the same agent on the face of the friends, and the silence which they adopted as a protective measure, and the soothing language which they used, as if they were speaking with a baby, and the glances which passed between them. He will not soon be thought the same of with them as he was before this outburst, nor will he have the same claim upon their confidence as a sound and clear-headed man. He acted like a fretful, peevish child, and has for the time forfeited his title to manhood and the place of a man.—Exchange.

A Twilight Walk.

The dew in the roseheart is lying,
Honey-laden droops the white rose;
In the red west the light is dying—
Come, love into the garden with me.

Out here, where the breeze stirs the grasses,
And a cooling wind springs from the west,
We hear the bat whir as it passes
And the mother bird croon to the nest.

The stars, pretty lights, how I bless them!
For their beams show your sweet eyes to me;
The lilies salute as you pass them,
Love, in you a twin sister they see.

We walk hand in hand in the gloaming,
By the clear, shallow stream, too, we roam;
And return where nightshade is blooming,
In the lane where the cattle come home.

Ah! here is the gate, and my parting,
Love, to you, to the moon and star-light;
I wish we were just at the starting
Of our walk, sweet—a kiss, and good-night.

His Only Chance.

One day, a few years ago, Mr. O'Brien, a land agent in the west of Ireland, met a countryman, and, having heard of his marriage, saluted him with:

"Well, Pat, so you have taken to yourself a wife?"

"Yis, yer honor," said Pat, touching his hat, "I have."

Mr. O'Brien looking comically at him, said:

"Well, here I am, and I can get no one to take me, and I feel very lonely sometimes."

Pat, looking confidential, said:

"I think I can put yer honor in the way."

"How, Pat?"

"Do as I did; go where you are not known."

His Household Goods.

When Mark Twain was a young and struggling newspaper writer in San Francisco a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar box under his arm looking in at a shop window. "Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you with a cigar box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much." "It isn't that," said Mark. "I'm moving again."

Cost of Making Tunnels.

Expert testimony before the Parliamentary committee, investigating the deep tube railway schemes in London, in which Yerkes and Morgan are interested, show that the cost of excavation will be $650 per yard at the stations and $240 per yard for the rest of the line. The average depth of the new line is to be sixty feet.

American Architects May Compete.

American architects are asked by the municipality of Patras, Greece, to enter a contest for the furnishing of plans for a church to cost $250,000, which will take the place of the present church of St. Andrew. The prizes are $2,000, $800 and $400. The general character of the architecture must be Byzantine.

Speaker of the Next House.

Congressman Joseph G. Cannon, a Popular Man in His Home Town of Danville, Ill.—Always One of the People.

(Special Correspondence.)

THE CANNON RESIDENCE

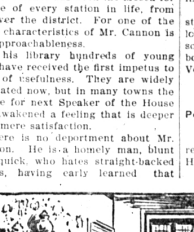
Nall the United States there is at this moment no grander community than the city of Danville, Ill. Every citizen of full growth in its 15,000 or so of population is breathing out his chest and repressing or not, according to his inclination, a marked tendency to shout, and every small boy who has heard the news is in a whooping state. For it has been settled that the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon—in Congress and in Danville, "Joe" Cannon or "Uncle Joe"—shall be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives.

For twenty-five years he sat in Congress and with the exception of the period from 1891 to 1893, when was submerged by the Democratic tidal wave, his service has been continuous. And for longer even than that, he has been a leader in the political and social life of Danville.

For a quarter of a century he has lived in the same house in Vermillion street, Danville, and for that time the house, old-fashioned, tall and angular like its owner, has been the center of things in Danville. Ever since it was built the house has been the Mecca for people of every station in life, from all over the district. For one of the chief characteristics of Mr. Cannon is his approachableness.

In his library hundreds of young men have received the first impetus to lives of usefulness. They are widely separated now, but in many towns the choice for next Speaker of the House has awakened a feeling that is deeper than mere satisfaction.

There is no deportment about Mr. Cannon. He is a homely man, blunt and quick, who hates straight-backed chairs, having early learned that



THE DINING ROOM

tables are good to rest one's feet on and that there is no comfort like that founded on the shoulder blades.

Seated in his cane-bottom chair, with his heels higher than his head and the stump of a cigar between his teeth, he receives his visitors. His eyes, glancing over the upper rims of his spectacles, size up his caller in a moment and he usually plunges at once into the matter in hand.

His language is strong, terse and not infrequently tinged with mild profanity, which somehow fails to offend even the fastidious. It seems a part of the man and is accepted as merely a notice that conventionalities are barred.

A Quaker settlement near Greensboro, N. C., was Mr. Cannon's birthplace and in appearance, in dress and in speech he still shows signs of his Quaker training, though he married outside of the faith and there was a mutual renouncement long ago.

"Uncle Joe" is now a man of 66. He

MR. CANNON'S LIBRARY

has a thin, florid face, a clean-shaven upper lip and a thin fringe of reddish gray whiskers. His hair is white, but his eyes are still keen and piercing. His dress is a curious mixture of the careless and the particular—immaculate linen, a black string tie and a frock coat. His overcoat is almost invariably on his left arm and almost invariably the edge of it drags in the street as he walks along deep in thought.

He smokes almost constantly and when he does not smoke he chews tobacco. He has the old country habit of passing his plug around when he takes a chew.

It is a reminiscence of the Wabash valley and it sticks. When he needs a chew himself he will frequently stop the first laborer he meets in the street and ask for one, to the great joy of the donor.

Young Joe Cannon was only 14 when his father, a physician, who had left North Carolina for Bloomingdale, Ind., was drowned in crossing a swollen creek to attend a patient, and the boy was left to make his own way in the world. He had a little schooling and he educated himself, for the rest of it, from books.

He studied law in Terre Haute with John P. Usher, a famous lawyer in the Wabash valley, and later went to law school in Cincinnati. Finally he hung out his shingle in Shelbyville, Ill.; then moved to Tuscola, and from that time on his progress was steady.

In 1861 he went into politics by running for the office of State's Attorney. His opponent was Ward H. Lamon, once Abraham Lincoln's law partner, and he was popular in Illinois.

Nobody but himself thought that young Joe Cannon had a chance. But he did. The roads were almost impassable, but he bought a horse and made a house-to-house canvass in the Quaker district. They knew him and all agreed to vote for him.

When election day came around he was elected by a comfortable majority. He held the office for seven years.

Three years later he was sent to Congress, to become, as it turned out, one of the most interesting figures in the great assemblage at Washington and one of the most original men ever destined for the speaker's chair.

Since his first term he has been nominated by acclamation in his district every time but once and from a majority of 300 or so at his first election he has won by as many as 3,500 votes.

He knows men and how to handle them. He is himself known as a man of absolute integrity. That, some of his friends say, is the secret of his success.

He is a strong speaker, yet no one would ever think of calling him an orator. There are two points in his forensic abilities—earnestness and common sense. If these do not win his case he fails.

As men go, in Danville, Congressman Cannon is very wealthy. He owns much real estate, is a banker and a stockholder in many of the companies in the country about Danville.

He is a widower now and his constant companion is his daughter. He loves his home and he is happy and so is Danville, when he is among his books in the old red brick house in Vermillion street.

FAD OF WEALTHY RECLUSE.

Peculiar Individual Has Put Boycott on All Women.

A curious story of a wealthy old recluse is told by a correspondent in Household Words.

Not a hundred miles from London, and about five miles from a railway station, he says, stands a large house in beautiful grounds. Two rooms only in this house are occupied—one by the owner, and the other by his servant. The staircase is never used, and communication between the two rooms is by a hole in the floor and a rope ladder. The owner's meals, when cooked, are passed up through this hole.

The chief peculiarity, however, of this eccentric being is that twice a week, late at night, he comes down his rope ladder dressed as a tramp. He then walks the five miles to the railway station referred to, where he has a private room. Here he changes his clothes, emerges in full evening dress, and goes by the last train up to London.

It has been ascertained that he then takes a cab to one of the big clubs in the neighborhood of Pall Mall. What he does at the club is not known, but he returns by the first (newspaper) train in the morning, when he repairs to his room at the station, puts on the tramp's clothes again, and returns to his home, where he resumes his peculiar mode of life.

He has never been known to speak to any one in the village, and no one can give a reason of his quaint behavior, but local gossip has it that he was jilted as a young man, and vowed that he would never again speak to a woman, nor, so far as he could avoid it, look at one again.

The editor of Household Words voughes for the veracity of his correspondent.

Comparisons in Skies.

The late William Hart was a landscape painter who believed firmly in himself and in his ability to handle the brush about as effectively as any other man in the profession. One day a friend who had called at his studio was looking out at the sky, which was clouded, and remarked:

"That's a mighty fine sky, Mr. Hart."

The painter walked over, looked into the azure depths of heaven for a few moments in a most critical way, and replied:

"Yes, it is very fine, very fine; but still I don't think it's quite so fine in quality and tone as the one I'm painting."—Minneapolis Journal.

Worth the Money.

The cost of the arbitration proceedings at Scranton is estimated at not less than $1,000,000. This may be cheap, considering the result, but the proposed direct agreement settlement will be cheaper still.