

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

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THE JOURNAL, E. E. HARPER, Proprietor. C. T. HANCOCK, Local Reporter.

Of the 1,200,000 inhabiting Chicago less than two and a half per cent. are owners of real estate.

Young men who run to the writing of love-letters will be interested to learn that a collection of such missives left by Goethe has been appraised at \$73,500 value.

Gutta serena has become so scarce that there is not enough for the insulation of submarine cables, and either fresh sources of supply or a substitute for it must be discovered.

Atlanta's effort to discourage cigarette-smoking has not resulted in the way anticipated. Not long ago the City Council imposed a special tax of \$900 on this form of tobacco, but instead of a decrease in the sale, the Commissioner says, it has caused an increase of ten per cent.

The Emperor William's remarks about volunteers, "tradesmen masquerading as soldiers," might be considerably modified, hazards the Indianapolis News, by a careful reading of American history. "In every crisis our nation has been defended by the volunteer soldiers drawn from the ranks of civil life.

Death has made havoc among the general officers of all grades that served in the Confederate armies. Of the total number—493—only 184 are now living. In a complete list published by the Dallas (Texas) News, Gustave P. T. Beauregard is the only General surviving, and Edmund Kirby Smith the only General with temporary rank.

A large steel vessel has recently been built in Norway, among whose fittings is a patent oil-distributor, by which oil can be thrown on the waves during severe storms. Within the vessel there is an iron reservoir, from which a pipe extends alongside of the vessel near the water-line, and as close to the bow as possible.

A hotel seven stories high topped with a 533-foot tower to stand on Stony Island avenue opposite the World's Fair Grounds is one of the latest projects of Chicago enterprise. The hotel itself will be built of structural steel and faced with brick and stone. The tower, which will be built of structural steel exclusively, will be divided into four sections and surmounted by a huge glass globe illuminated at night by electricity.

A Royal Commission has been constituted to represent the British Government at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, consisting of the Council of the Society of Arts, of which the Prince of Wales is president. Upon this Commission, says the Epoch, are several men, including Sir Philip Caullie Owen and Mr. James Dredge, who have had large experience in dealing with expositions.

IN ABSENCE.

My love is far away from me to night, Oh spirits of sweet peace, kind destinies, Watch over her, and breathe upon her eyes; Keep near to her in every hurt's despoils, That no rude care or noisome dream affronts.

PEG.

It was not a "pitch dark" night, though there was neither moon nor stars. The road lay white and glimmering, as roads will be even on such nights. Perhaps the moon was somewhere behind the clouds.

Peg, the toll-keeper at the gate, had often seen the pike appear just so, and so had Jim Wagner, plodding along the road. One might keep safely along, or might instead, by accident or a sudden tightening of the rein, turn square down the Silver Thread, thinking it was the pike—especially if one were dreaming.

But Jim had passed the Silver Thread safely. In soothing tones he was beseeching Black Fan to "go it keeful and not to clank her hoofs, as ef she couldn't make enough noise. For answer, Black Fan in a senseless and provoking manner clanked her hoofs louder than before, and lifted her head and whinnied.

There was no light in the toll-house nor sound of life about the place; everything was quiet and dark as it should be at almost twelve o'clock at night. But as Black Fan clanked her hoofs almost in front of the little porch, the door of the house flew open and Peg came out to take the toll.

It was the rule of the pike that, after nine o'clock at night, the gate could be left unattended, or the keeper, if she choose, might keep for herself the few coppers that came. "I b'lieve she'd set up watchin' for a feller till mornin'," grumbled Jim, as Black Fan rattled on toward home.

Bill Walsh, Peg's husband, had his blacksmith shop close by the toll-gate. If, ten years before, he had not gone to the Eastern Shore and brought back the chills and fever, he would have got on well enough. But the chills and fever and the blacksmith trade were never meant to go together.

"He'll set an' shake day after day, mebbe for weeks at a time, and then not be over it," said Josh Bernet, explaining this curious disease to a neighbor. "an' his face about the color of them there ashes."

There were four children at the toll-house. One was a little girl who had a way of leaning out at the garret window and shaking her fist at people who, she imagined, were planning to keep her mother waiting after dark. She was such a very pretty little girl that people only laughed when they saw her shaking her fist.

asleep in his Sunday shoes; for he would not take them off for all his mother's begging. She knelt beside him, and began to untie the strings. She had forgotten that she felt "stuck and tired and most worn-out." Her black eyes were laughing still, as she stooped over and kissed her pet.

But when she kissed him, the laughter died out of her eyes, and there came an anxious look instead. She put her little, hard brown hand on his forehead, and then on his cheek, and then on his chubby wrist; and as she listened to the irregular breathing, John Wynn drove past, and wriggled with delight to think that he had cheated the toll for the second time.

The drivers were not kept waiting the next day. Dan Toomey's fast mare was obliged to pause an instant. John Wynn tried it again, was trapped; but Peg's pet did not sit on the doorstep that sunny Tuesday and swing his Sabbath shod feet as if there were nothing in the world so fine.

"Has Walsh's children stopped a goin' to school altogether?" inquired Mrs. Coon, as Mary and Belle came bounding in with their satchels. "Some 'n's sick, I s'pose," said Belle; "I 'seen the doctor's horse tied to the tree a paw'n' like he'd been there a long time."

"Hum! Now I wonder if custards and gelatines wouldn't come into account!" said the rival blacksmith's wife, with a shrug of her shoulders. "They's sick at the toll-gate." The news spread swiftly. "Down with the measles or somethin'." Very soon the word came, "They's down with the scarlet fever!"

Then Mrs. Coon forgot and forgave, and sent Mary over with a dish of jelly, covered with her finest napkin; but the napkin and the dish both returned with Mary, and the jelly, too. A little white coffin was carried out from the toll-house one day, and old Mrs. Lisle fell to crying and sobbing as the burden was carried past the store. "An' never so much as a cracker," she moaned, "an' no milk nor nothin'!"

"The proudest woman in these parts," cried Josh Bernet, thrusting his hands deep into his trouser's pockets, and vehemently pacing the floor. "By George!" exclaimed Colonel Green, puffing and blowing. "Bill Walsh is down himself; taken in the night, and raving like a loon. I say something must be done."

There was a light in the toll-house now; it seemed as if it had been there a long time—a steady, mellow light, that fell across the road and lost itself in the grassy field. But the door flew open as usual when Will Smith's wagon drove up, and Peg came out for the toll.

Thinking of the unhappiness and poverty within, Will timidly held out a silver quarter. "Three cents," said Peg, sharply, and handed him back the change. The humming-birds whizzed away suddenly from the great clustering honey-suckle at the end of Col. Green's front porch. They had dipped their bills undisturbed into the sweetness of its honey, but the Colonel's voice came big and blustering out through the open sitting-room window.

But this disturbance was more than a voice; it was a girl who came rushing to the bench under the vine and threw her arms on the railing, with her head in her arms, and began to weep. First she sobbed vehemently, as if she had been keeping back the tears and could do so no longer. Then she wept more softly, and at last stopped altogether, and fell to wondering a little indignantly why her grandfather and the rest of the people did not stop talking and set to work to do something instead.

quickly down the road in the gathering dusk. No one was coming, but to Peg's excited fancy there was some one hurrying along, this way and that way, up and down and around. It was the beauty of Peach Blow—that little village down on the Eastern Shore—begging, "up our way." Not for bread; that any one who is hungry may beg for; but for beef tea and chickens, grapes and oranges!

A singular sick and giddy feeling came over her. She knew she must do this. God had punished her sin of pride, surely. "I must, I must!" muttered Peg. Then she darted down the stairs, quick as a flash, and stood at the gate waiting for her own and the Company's money. John Wagner cried out: "We're caught," and Will shouted: "Run it fast!" but it was no use. Peg took the money—hers and the Company's.

The old clock inside the door struck nine. What was that down the dim roadway? Another buggy. She stood and was waited for her money this time. Why, there was a double team coming, and another! Was there a party somewhere? She had not heard.

One after another carriages came pouring in, the one-horse wagons, two-horse wagons, six-horse teams and eight-horse teams; there were little limping ponies, whose trotting day had long been over, and carts and sulkeys and horsemen, and mules, donkeys and goats. Peg dropped her money from her hand to her apron, and stood there holding it up. The lamps from a lively stable carriage threw their light upon her face, showing the great, wondering black eyes and the kinks of the brown hair.

Some laughed softly as they jingled the toll into the apron; some reproached her for sitting up so late to catch a party; some declared vehemently that they weren't going to pay at this time in the night, but they paid just the same. One voice—an old man's—near the end of the cavalcade cried out triumphantly, "By George!" and the last of the train passed through.

"Did you catch 'em, Peg?" "Thin and weak came the voice from the bed, with just a tremor of humor in it. Peg looked at him. She could see that he was much better. Peg held open her apron so that he might see that it was full. Then she went down on her knees beside the bed. "They done it a purpose, Bill!" she said, and could say no more.—Youth's Companion.

The Executive Officer of a Cruiser. The duty of First Lieutenant aboard one of the big cruisers of the new navy is acknowledged to be the hardest in the service. The officer known as the First Lieutenant is the last officer standing next in rank to the commanding officer of the ship. He is the chief of staff, the mouthpiece of the captain, and the executive officer. The First Lieutenant of such ships as the Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco and Charleston is a Lieutenant-Commander. Aboard the Yorktown, Petrel and Banington the First Lieutenant is a Lieutenant. Every detail in the ship's management must be perfectly familiar to the First Lieutenant, and where the crew numbers 400 or 500 men the duty often taxes him to the limit of endurance.

When all hands are called on deck the First Lieutenant takes the bridge and delivers the orders. The Captain of the vessel will at such times stand by his side, and if he has occasion to address his chief of staff will usually do so in an undertone. In time of action the First Lieutenant has immediate charge of the battery. All orders affecting the control of fire, the pointing and concentration, devolve on the First Lieutenant. He remains among the guns throughout the fight, only quitting them to assume command of the vessel, should his commanding officer be disabled. During the past few months endeavors have been made to secure the detail of an officer to each of the big cruisers to act as assistant to the First Lieutenant. The matter has been brought to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy, but has not yet been acted upon.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Snake With Two Tails and No Head. "Talking about snake stories," remarked Mr. W. F. Dowden, "reminds me of a curious thing I once saw done in Dixie. Marmaduke's column of Confederates were marching through the pines away down in Arkansas one morning hunting for a locality where grub was not so distressingly scarce as it had become where we were camped. The General and his escort were riding at the head of the column. Looking down in the road I saw a peculiarly shaped snake and at a second glance I remarked: "General, here is a snake with two tails and no head." General Marmaduke and several members of his staff stopped their horses to get a better view of his snake-ship. Upon close examination it was seen that what appeared to be one snake was really parts of two. That they were about the same size and one had partially swallowed the other—had swallowed it too far to disgorge before discovering that it was a physical impossibility to swallow it entirely. "This is a true story," continued Mr. Dowden, "and I often think of the peculiar appearance of the thing."—Marshall (Mo.) Democrat-News.

A Juvenile Confidence Game. This is how a Chicago boy works it, according to the Chicago Mail: The wind was blowing stiffly and the bridge at Dearborn street was open. "Look out for your hat, my boy!" shouted an old gentleman of portly appearance, but he was too late. That hat—a battered straw—rolled into the river. The boy began crying and dug his knuckles into his eyes. "Well, young man, you'll have to buy another hat now." "Ain't g-got outin' ter buy with," sniffled the youngster. "That's too bad. Here's a dollar for you." Twenty minutes later I was at Clark street bridge. "Catch that hat, please, mister!" and the old worn-out head-covering floated into the river a small, bamboozled boy sank down on the pavement, sobbing violently. Three men's hands went into their pockets and three silver quarters gravitated toward the small boy. I peered into his face. It was the same lad.

A Teaching Incident. The following, which appeared in a Detroit paper, is one of the most touching incidents to be met with. There is a family in this city who are dependent upon a little child for the present annals of themselves. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. It was so sudden, so dreadful, when the grave family physician called them together in the parlor, and in his solemn professional way intimated to them the truth,—there was no help.

Then came the question among them who would tell her. Not the doctor! It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand. Not the aged mother who was to be left childless and alone. Not the young husband who was walking the floor with clenched hands and rebellious heart. Not,—there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with, unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely,— "Is mamma doin' to die?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he leaped from the room and upstairs as fast as the little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow. "Mamma," he asked, in sweet earnest tones, "is you 'traid to die?" The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this. "Who—told—you—Charley?" she asked faintly.

"Doctor, an' papa, an' mamma,— everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear little mamma, don't be 'traid to die, 'il you?" "No, Charley," said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; "ac, mamma won't be afraid!" "Jus' shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma, teep hold my hand,—an' when you open 'em, mamma it 'il be all light there."

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bedside, Charley held up his little hand. "H-u-s-h! My mamma doin' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!" And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting; for when the young mother woke she had passed beyond, and as baby Charley said,— "It was all light there."

Why do men always speak of their wives as their better halves? Simply because they half to.

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