

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

She hesitated a moment; her glance fell upon the corner of a letter projecting from the pocket of his torn and dusty uniform; that might give her his address; she leaned forward and took it gently out. The address was, "William Cavendish, Esquire; The Admiralty, Whitehall;" the seal was unbroken. The truth broke in on her instantly; she called to the coachman and the carriage stopped.

"Home!" she cried, imperatively; the horses were wheeled round. "Drive fast!" she added, and they quickened their pace. In a few minutes they stopped in front of No. 23 Bedford square. Dick opened his eyes.

"Are you there?" he asked; "I have a letter." "Yes," she said, gently, "I know; it shall be delivered at once; but now you must come in with me." He obeyed, moving slowly and with pain; she did not offer him help from herself or her servants, for which he was dimly grateful. In the hall stood the colonel, bland as ever, and looking as if he saw nothing unusual in Dick's appearance or costume. Camilla hastily explained the case, Dick standing by silently the while, giving his whole attention to controlling any expression of the pain in his head, which was becoming more and more severe.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "Capt. Estcourt will do me the honor of making use of my room in which to rest from the fatigue of his gallant struggle against superior numbers?" Dick followed him upstairs, but stopped short at the top of the first flight.

"I have a letter to deliver," he repeated in a tone of helpless obstinacy; "it will be too late," replied the colonel, "I will send it directly; the carriage is still at the door." They reached a room upon the floor above, where M. de Montaut left his guest in charge of a valet and returned downstairs with the letter in his hand. At the drawing-room door he found Camilla waiting for him.

"You would be doing me a favor," she said, "by taking that letter yourself to its address." He looked at her as if he were about to ask a question, but apparently changed his mind, and bowed instead. "Your wish is in itself a reason more than sufficient," he said, as though half in answer to his own thought; and he went on down to the front door, and stepped into the carriage with something like a crafty smile upon his handsome face.

A quarter of an hour after his departure Dick made his appearance in the drawing-room, where he found Camilla alone. At first she was surprised and pleased to see him looking so little the worse for his injuries; but she soon perceived by the nervous excitement of his manner and the brightness of his eyes that he was by no means out of the wood yet. He expressed his gratitude for her timely rescue, and his admiration of the skill and courage with which she had brought under control so excited and disorderly a crowd. She laughed, and put the matter lightly on one side.

TAMMANY'S LEADER.

RICHARD CROKER, OTHERWISE "THE SILENT MAN."

Just the Man for the Position That Satisfied the Highest Ambition of His Life—Not Afraid of Accusations Master of Himself.

Twenty years was the term of service in Tammany Hall required of Richard Croker before he became its master instead of its servant. In that time he elbowed, bullied, plotted, nursed, and forced his way from the post of one of the humblest, but yet also one of the most desperate, of its subordinates to the dictatorship. He became the sovereign of Tammany because he had fairly earned the sceptre. He developed in many ways, but especially in self-control, as he mounted. In 1865 he was, if not a rough himself, the associate of roughs. In the early sixties he was, by trade, when he chose to ply it, a mechanic. Twenty years later he was receiving the distinguished consideration of the officers of the very railroad company whose engines he had once helped to make and drive.

Living among men who were bullies by nature, and to whom politics meant the associations of the saloon, and the evasion and even the direct violation of the laws, he disclosed a courage which none of his associates could match, and a power of self-assertion which none of them could gainsay. But by 1885 he had become a man of silence, speaking only when he found it necessary to speak, and had brought his passions under rare control. He had mastered, too, some of the conventionalities which give at least a hint of refined associations. He had learned to govern by moral force, instead of by the fist. He had discovered the power that is in a look, a word, rather than brutal shoutings, and rough and tumble exploits on the pavement. He had learned that if he was to master Tammany he must first be the master of Richard Croker's weaker nature.

He knew that within Tammany, or indirectly associated with it, were men who cared for the rough only to use him at caucuses and on election day, and who otherwise shrank from association with him; and thus he became ambitious, while ruling Tammany to control it.

ACCIDENTALLY HANGED.

A Philadelphia Child Meets with a Curious Mishap—Strangled by Her Clothes.

Hanging from a hole in the wicker coach in which she had been sleeping, Mrs. Jeremiah J. Buck yesterday evening found her 16-month-old daughter, Jessie, dead, but with the warmth of life still lingering in her tiny body, says the Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Buck lives with her husband at No. 2864 Tioga street, and it was when her husband had returned from his work that the mother went to awaken the child and discovered the accident. Her screams quickly brought assistance, and an investigation disclosed the fact that the baby's death was the result of one of the most peculiar accidents on record.

GEORGIA MAN'S LUCK.

He Won a Bride by Being Awkward—A Recent Wedding.

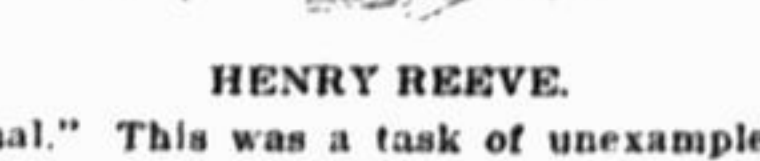
A business man of enviable standing in Savannah, Ga., was married a few days ago as a result of his own clumsiness in a street car. Last summer he started downtown to his office one afternoon with a large umbrella under his arm. His mind was much preoccupied with the details of a business venture of some moment, and he was unaware that he carried the umbrella at a dangerous angle. Before he could reach a vacant seat the car gave a lurch and he was thrown off his balance. He was conscious of having struck somebody with the umbrella and coincidentally with his becoming aware of that fact a woman just behind him emitted an ear-splitting scream. Everybody jumped and looked and to his horror the young man found that the point of his umbrella had come in contact with the nose of the young lady seated just behind him. Of course, he apologized, or tried, but it was like apologizing for murder over the body of the victim, for the lady's nose was bleeding and she was almost in convulsions with pain.

nose did well, so did the young man, for by the time the nose was out of danger he had got into the habit of calling so that it became natural for him to stop around in the evening. The acquaintance thus oddly begun proved fortunate for both parties to the accident. Each developed sincere admiration for the other and the result was a wedding the other evening. At the supper which followed, the bridegroom, in response to a toast, said he was probably the only man in the United States whose courtship had begun by his giving his future wife a punch in the nose.

LATE HENRY REEVE.

He Was Editor of the "Edinburgh Review" and a Great Scholar.

Mr. Henry Reeve has died at the advanced age of 82, and the Edinburgh Review is once more without an editor. Mr. Reeve succeeded the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis in the editorship of the great quarterly in 1855, and he carried on the tradition of Jeffrey with acknowledged success. A master of French and German, he published a considerable number of translations, including De Tocqueville's "Democracy," but his chief literary achievement was the editing of Charles Greville's "Journal."



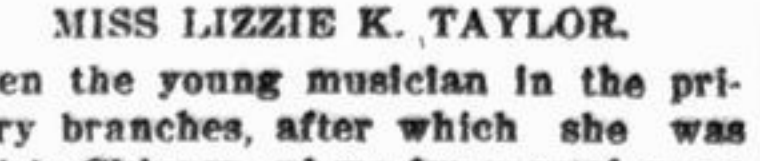
HENRY REEVE.

This was a task of unexampled delicacy, for Greville wrote about his contemporaries without the least reserve, and was particularly candid in his criticisms of the illustrious personages with whom, in his capacity of clerk of the privy council, he was brought into close contact. It was understood at the time that Mr. Reeve deferred to the judgment of the queen several important points connected with the publication of the "Journal," but it was also said that the work excited a by no means favorable interest at the court. It remains, however, one of the most important contributions to our social and political history. Mr. Reeve held the post of registrar to the privy council till 1857. He was on terms of close intimacy with some of the most eminent men of letters in France, and one of his last visits abroad was paid to the Duc d'Anjou at Chantilly. In the domain of foreign politics he had a wide experience, much appreciated by more than one of our statesmen.

AN IOWA BEAUTY.

Lizzie Taylor, Who Was Lately Adjudged Queen of Beauty.

Miss Lizzie Katherine Taylor of Albia, Iowa, has been finishing her musical education in Chicago. The sweetness and charm of her manner has just received unique recognition from friends in her native state. At the Iowa state fair, recently held at Des Moines, Miss Taylor was awarded the palm of beauty among sixty competitors. Many indeed, most of the young women were entered in the contest without their knowledge, enthusiastic friends taking a liberty which is common in the Hawkeye state. The contest was warm, though good-natured, the friends of each candidate using all the usual means to win votes for their favorite, but Miss Taylor was declared the winner, many of the most active adherents of other girls saying after it was all over that the prize was worthily awarded. The successful candidate is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Taylor. While yet a mere child she gave evidence of possessing much musical talent and her parents determined that it should not be hidden under a bushel. Local instruction was



MISS LIZZIE K. TAYLOR.

given the young musician in the primary branches, after which she was sent to Chicago, where for several years she took private lessons. Now Miss Taylor is regarded as one of the best musicians in Iowa. Even before completing her education she had given entertainments in several cities of her native state, meeting with unvarying success.

Quarrels About Air.

The celebrated chemist of the nineteenth century who argued that it would be impossible for us to live on the earth's surface if the atmosphere should suddenly increase to twice its present thickness could not have been far wrong after all—that is, if the experiments of Dr. Arnott are to be taken as conclusive. In his observations on atmospheric pressure at the bottom of the deep mining shafts of Europe, Prof. Arnott has found that the change between the readings of a barometer at the bottom of a 4,000-foot shaft and one at the surface is great enough to warrant him in making the statement that air at the bottom of a shaft twenty miles deep would be as dense as water. Figuring on the same ratio he finds that if a hole could be sunk forty miles into the bowels of the earth the density of the air at the bottom would be as great as that of quicksilver.—St. Louis Republic.

Her Tender Heart.

It was the woman who will stop a horse-car twice inside of twenty feet to keep from walking the small extra distance and who will let a man with both arms full of bundles stand up rather than move over half a foot to let him sit down.

"The Devil's Anvil" is the title of the latest story by Mary Kyle Dallas, and her publishers are working the bellows for it.

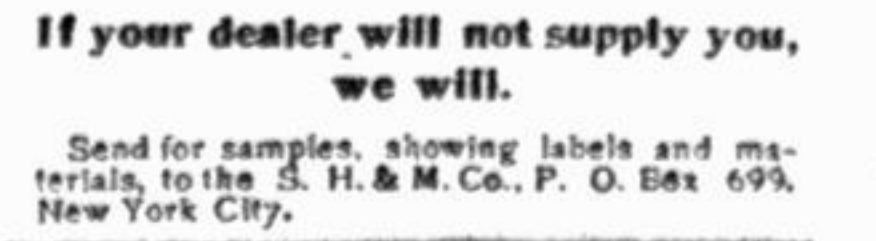
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PISSO'S CURE FOR BLOOD POISON

Half a peck of green tomatoes, one large head of cabbage, six red peppers and one bunch of celery; chop all finely together, place in a large stone jar with alternate layers of salt and let stand for twenty-four hours. Press or squeeze from it all the water possible and add one tablespoonful each of celery and mustard seed. Place in stone jars and cover with good clear vinegar.