# BLENHEIM'S COWBOY.

## The Story of His Courtship and Marriage,

## AS TOLD BY HIS FAIR YOUNG BRIDE

### Miss McNellie, a Former Hamilton Girl, The Dupe.

The following additional particulars in reference to Blenheim s cowboy are taken from the Woodstock *Standard :*

Having purchased seven farms Kline still further electrified the neighborhood by stating that he had 260 head of thoroughbred cattle on the way from England and that he expected a fine team of blood horses in a few days. To house these cattle, horses, etc,, he told the crowd that waited on him that he would build a barn 450 feet long and 170 feet wide, the foundation to be of brick and stone. He spoke to Jacob steckle, of Plattsville, for the brick, but Mr. Steckle wanted half the money down and the bargain was not closed. He hired C. C. Frye to take the management of his estate at a salary of $5,000 per year and expenses. He hired Dutton McNellie, Tom Duran, George Church and Joe Bawlman as farm hands at $280, $250, $200, $175 respectively, and find them in. chewing tobacco. He was on the lookout for a good blacksmith to take charge of the shop which he intended to build on his estate. He was in Plattsville on Thursday of last week and gave an order to Robert Deaton for twenty sets of harness

Socially, it seems, he was a favorite with the young people of the neighborhood, whom he amused in the evening by acting and reciting his exploits as cowboy in Texas. He showed them how to use the two-edged dirk which he always carried. Last week he donned his cowboy suit and invited the neighbors to witness an exhibition of his horsemanship at the home of his father-in-law. As soon as he was seated in the saddle the horse became unmanageable and ran away. Young Whitterick, who was on the road, stopped the animal in its mad career by catching the bridle as it was raising a hill, and the cowboy, pale and trembling, dismounted quicker than lightning, averring that "dot horse vas beat eberything dot vas in Texis." Every time that he dressed in his intended brother-in-law's best suit and paraded the road with his intended mother-in-law on one arm and his coming bride on the other he was envied by the young men of the neighborhood. He sailed under the name of Charles Kline and was a lover of lager beer and havanas.

Having learned the above from responsible parties in the neighborhood, your correspondent called at the home of Mr. McNellie, Kline's father-in-law. Mr. McNellie was not at home, but I was kindly received by Mrs. McNellie. Before I got through stating my bussiness the bride appeared, and the mother being somewhat dull of hearing told the daughter the object of my call. The bride is a blonde of medium height, light auburn hair, large blue eyes, good form and wears spectacles. She was dressed neatly and felt disposed to talk, in fact she said the truth might as well be told at once. In answer to my questions she stated she was born in Suffolk, England, on the 12th of March, 1870. "When I was a year old my father and mother emigrated to this country and settled in the city of Hamilton. We lived in Hamilton nine years. Then we moved to South Dumfries, about four miles from Ayr. We lived there till we moved to this our present home. We moved here last spring. No, my father has not bought the farm. He has only en ted it. I am in the 21st year of my age. rw [illegible] to Mr. Kline on the 14th inst., at 5 p.m., by the Rev. Edward Colborne, of Paris, at the rev. gentleman's home. Thirteen days after I was first introduced to Mr. Kline I was married to him. My brother went to Drumbo on the 1st instant, to hire a man to help to pull stumps, and he brought Mr. Kline home with him and introduced him to me. No, my brother never saw Kline before that day. No, I did not marry him for his money. It was a love match. As soon as I became acquainted with him I told my mother he was just the man for me. He told my brother that I was just the girl for him. He proposed marriage about seven days after our first acquaintance. No, I did not think he was in a hurry. He asked my father and mother for my hand in marriage. They gave their consent.

The constable came in and arrested him in this room. He put handcuffs on him. The constable demanded the cowboy suit and it was given to him. He demanded a sealskin overcoat which he said my husband had stolen. My husband has no sealskin overcoat. Yes, my husband has bought some things. He bought a hanging lamp at Drumbo, but it is not paid for. My husband brought a keg of lager beer to the house and bought cigars by the box. No, he had no money. I did not think it strange that he had no money about him. He saw he would draw $250,000 at the Bank of Commerce, Paris, on the 1st of November, and I believe that amount is coming to him. It was left to him by his grandfather, uncle and father. His father died about four months ago at St. Thomas. He bequeathed him $75,000. When arrested, my husband said he was innocent. No, I have not heard he was wanted at Preston. Since his arrest I have heard that he has a wife in Brantford. I do not believe that. His arrest has not shaken my confidence in him. I am not down-hearted, and unless he has a wife in Brantford I will stick to him to the last.

### The Bloomin' Cockney.

Ottawa *Free Press :*

There was a bloomin' sparrow, lived up a bloomin' spout,
And a bloomin' rain-storm came and washed the bloomin' sparrow out.
But when the bloomin' sunshine dried up the bloomin' rain
Up went the bloomin' sparrow to the bloomin' spout again."

Customer—Your safety matches are abominable things. I can't ever get them to light. Storekeeper—Well, what greater proof of safety could you desire?

The light seen through the new eye-piece of the Lick telescope will be 2,000 times as bright as that seen by the naked eye.

Montreal is to have a new jail which when completed will cost a million dollars.

# CANADA'S EARLY DAYS.

## In Chatham During the Mason and Slidell Excitement.

## SHERIFF M'KELLAR AS A SOLDIER.

### Chatham an Asylum For Escaped Slaves.

(R. Matheson, in Chicago Canadian-American).

In "looking backward" over my life's career, I find I have some reminiscences of the town of Chatham, the county seat of Kent, in Ontario, and pleasantly situated on the banks of the Thames river, which finds its meandering and gentle course through Oxford, Middlesex and Kent, emptying at last in a low and marshy mouth into Lake St. Clair. It was along its banks that General Proctor, in 1813, made his ill judged retreat, and at Moraviantown the "Battle of the Thames" resulted unfavorably to the allied white and Indian forces, and the brave Tecumseh was slain.

From January, 1860, until July, 1862, I was a citizen of Chatham, and discharged the duties of headmaster of the County High School, or Grammar School, as these institutions were then called. This was an eventful period, not merely in the history of the town, but of Canada and the United States, as the latter was the scene of fratricidal strife, and any desire that may have existed in the breasts of Canadians for closer union with the United States received a set-back which years have not yet removed. The United, or rather, as *Punch* had it, the "Untied States," did not present a very inviting spectacle just then. Great armies rushing at each other over a widely extended field of operations, an immense debt being daily piled up at an appalling rate, the currency falling to about one-third its value in gold, and a feeling of bitterness and intolerance spreading over society in general, and against Great Britain and her dependencies, including of course Canada, all these tended to estrange two peoples, who else, like kindred drops, had mingled into one. I remember that at the time of the Trent difficulty, when the two Southern emissaries, Mason and Slidell, were taken from on board a British vessel, the feeling ran particularly high, and war seemed imminent. All over Canada the youth sprang to arms, militia companies were formed and drill sheds were erected, evidencing that the spirit of 1812 still smoldered in the hearts of many young Canadians. In Chatham, as a border town, and from its vicinity to the Detroit river exposed to the first brunt of war, the most intense feeling of patriotism prevailed, and even I, quaker-like as I am on general principles, was affected by the military sphere. Under Capt. Archie McKellar, now the venerable and respected sheriff of Hamilton, but at that time the most popular man in Kent county, a company was formed, and I went into the awkward squad and learned the mysteries of hay-foot and straw-foot. However, like Pliable, I soon tired of the good work, and with the giving up of Mason and Slidell, the danger of hostilities was averted. During this time I have seen whole regiments of Federal boys in blue sweeping across Canada with their arms and accoutrements, carried by the Great Western Railway from the west to the east across the peninsula between Detroit and Niagara Falls, and had they chosen to attack Canada at that time, we would have been comparatively at their mercy.

There was and is quite an African population in and near Chatham. At Buxton, in Raleigh township, there was a settlement founded by the Rev. Wm. King, a Presbyterian minister and teacher, who manumitted the slaves that came into his posession by his marriage with a Southern planter's daughter, Mrs. King entering into his philanthropic projects, and the result was quite a settlement. In 1860 Buxton presented quite a unique appearance, consisting of rows of straggling huts, giving the spectator the feeling that he had suddenly landed in darkest Africa.

Many of these people were fugitive slaves, as Chatham was one of the headquarters of the underground railway, and while it contained many negrophobists, these were of the lower order of whites, and were more than counterbalanced by the numerous friends of their race, especially among the Reform party, headed by McKellar, David Mills, McSween and others. John Brown—the one with the ever-marching soul—was in Chatham just before the raid, and laid his plans before his followers; and during the war his herculean son, John Brown, jun., and his widow came on a recruiting train, and I went to a public meeting they held. They were the types of the poor and despised in their day, but their nobility of soul is now amply vindicated before the world. The colored people had some clever orators in those days, including the Shadds, Isaac Holden and others.

Chatham in 1860 presented a most woebegone and dilapidated appearance, it having been before the crisis of 1857 a boom town, but it was then a "busted" boom, and about half the business places were closed up. The buildings, with the exception of the Eberts and a few other blocks, were tumbledown wooden structures, built up after the numerous fires. The town hall was an old affair, and near it stood a row of one story shanties called "Pork Row," which has been long since replaced with imposing brick structures, and I suppose, from the favorable reports I have heard, that I would not now recognize the old place, after an absence of twenty-eight years, should I, Rip Van Winkle-like, suddenly drop into the town. Time works wonders, especially for a town so well located for commerce as Chatham. With communication by water and steam, with grand agricultural surroundings, and no rival towns in its vicinity, why should it not be prosperous, and recover from any number of "busted" booms?

In my next I shall continue this topic, which is by no means exhausted.

Prof. Shaler says that a distinguished physician of forty years' practice told him that he had never seen a mulatto who had attained the age of fifty years.

She—He talks like a book. He—What a pity he doesn't shut up as easily.

# A STORY OF THE DAY.

### Field Marshal Keith, the Favorite General of Frederick the Great.

Frederick the Great had the happy faculty of surrounding himself with able men. Like Napoleon, he was a good judge of human nature, and he was rarely deceived. One of his most valued assistants was an Englishman, James Edward Keith. This young man engaged in a revolution in England, and barely escaped with his life. Then he served under the Czar in his wars upon Poland and Turkey; but considering himself the victim of injustice, he resigned and accepted the position of field marshal in the Prussian army. Frederick the Great made him his favorite companion, and they travelled together incognito through Germany, Poland and Hungary. Keith invented a game resembling chess, which so delighted the king that he had some thousands of men cast in metal, by which he could arrange battles and sieges. The British field marshal managed the admirable retreat of the army from Olmutz in the presence of a superior force, without the loss of a single gun, and he took part in all the great battles of the period. He lost his life in the desperate fight at Hochkerchen on Oct. 14th, 1758. Keith was of middle height, dark complexion and strongly marked features. His presence of mind was remarkable, and his knowledge deep and varied, while his military talents and strict sense of honor made him take rank among the first commanders of the day. His brother, the Lord Marshal of Scotland, once wrote of him: "My brother has left me a noble heritage; after having overrun Bohemia at the head of a large army, I have found only $70 in his purse." Frederick honored Keith's memory by having erected a monument to him in Berlin by the side of his other generals.

### A Broad-minded View.

The *Northwestern Miller*, a strictly business journal, in discussing the effect of the new United States tariff on the flour trade, gives expression to the following humanitarian sentiments: "The growth of our commerce is certainly of more importance than the fate of the Republican or Democratic parties. What we want is more trade and less legislation, larger markets for our products and less restriction on our commercial relations. We do not wish to enter into an argument on the tariff as a political measure, but we see no possible objection to our discussing it as a business proposition. There is one point advanced by some supporters of the McKinley Bill which is, we think, utterly at variance with all accepted ideas of American fairness and honor; a point which we are ashamed to see brought forward and which we hope will be forever dropped when its real significance is comprehended. The point is this: That the passage of the McKinley Bill has already brought distress upon certain manufacturers in Europe, and caused them to close up their works and discharge their help. In this age and in this country of all countries on the globe, a man should be ashamed to bring forward such an argument. America, in order to be prosperous, does not need to pass laws which will bring distress upon people in other and less favored lands. An expression of satisfaction at such a result is narrow-minded, unchristian and un-American. If in this country a lack of work is a hardship, in certain parts of Europe it is more; it is starvation; and the man who can gloat over the hunger of men, women and children who have heretofore been able to exist by the crumbs which fell from this table, must be made of a very different kind of stuff from what we are accustomed to consider the average American to be."

### The Woes of Queens.

The queen of Roumania has two serious troubles, which preys sadly on her excitable, emotional nature. Her only daughter died, and her son and heir never arrived. King Charles, her husband, has adopted a grown-up nephew to fill the state vacancy, but everybody knows this is not the same thing to the poor queen consort, whose position is never the same as when her own child comes next in succesion. The dispensations which have fallen on other exalted ladies should remind her majesty of Roumania that she has partners enough in distress. The ex Empress Eugenie for one, whose heir was greeted with a whole nation's enthusiasm and afterwards perished by the spears of a few dusky savages. The Austrian Empress is in a still worse plight Her only son met with a disgraceful end and barely received Christian burial. Save for a legacy of mischief and heartburning he is as though he had never been. The queen of the Belgians lost her only son some years ago. A grand review of Queen Victoria's descendants would very likely give "Carmen Sylva" a lonesome feeling, but she should reflect that forty children and grandchildren not only come expensive but can seldom be managed as doves in a cage when once sons-in-law and daughters-in-law and junior partners swell the list.—*Modern Society.*

### Libraries for Small Towns.

Out west people have been successfully trying a new plan for the placing of libraries in small towns where no public library exists. Each one of several hundred people subscribes $1 a year and selects any book at that price which he desires to own. All the books selected are then placed in a temporary library, and every subscriber has the privilege of reading each one. At the end of the year the subscribers draw out the books they originally selected, so that the cost for the year's reading is practically nothing.

### Jack the Kisser.

There is one of those public nuisances called "Jack, the Kisser," loose in Lincoln, Illinois. The other evening some young men disguised themselves as girls of sweet 16 and attempted to trap the hugger, who has been creating intense excitement in that town. Jack got an elevated and secluded position and dumped a pail of water on them. An hour later he caught, kissed and hugged the prettiest girl in the town.

Fried peppers are a new mode of indigestion.

Most people seem to think a rumor is like a subscription list. Every time it comes to them they add something to it and pass it along to the next.

# PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION.

### A New Amusement Meant Mainly for the Fair Sex.

A new amusement particularly adapted to the traditional talent of fair women is the "Progressive Conversation Party," which had its birth in the East. Its popularity is established by its possibilities to entertain any number of guests, though more than twenty cannot be easily managed. Its *modus operandi* is somewhat as follows: As many chairs as required by the number of guests invited are arranged in pairs in a continuous line, one behind the other, and are yoked together with broad ribbons of different colors.

The topics of conversation for the evening are announced on the invitation cards. A card on which is written a topic of conversation is tied with a narrow ribbon to the connecting ribbons on the chairs, and tally cards, as in progressive euchre, with a tiny ribbon bow, which matches the colors on the chairs, are arranged for both ladies and gentlemen, as in the game when played with cards. When all the guests have drawn a card they take their seats according to the color designated by the tally card, the ladies on the left and the gentlemen on the right, the hostess taps a bell, and the buzz of conversation begins.

Ten minutes are allowed to each topic, and the topic on each set of chairs differs from all the others. The judges chosen pass down the line and criticise, and at the end of the time specified affix a gold star on the card of the best conversationalist, a silver star on the card of the vanquished. The entire company change seats, the gentleman retreating one seat, the lady advancing one, and the buzz begins again. When ten changes have been made, ten topics dished up and discussed, the person having the greatest number of gold stars is the winner.

### Marking the Forth Bridge's Movements.

Sir John Fowler has had fitted to the end of the south main-span of the great Forth Bridge an ingenious little indicator to record the number of trains passing and the daily contraction and expansion of the bridge. The apparatus consists of a brass rod, with a pencil attached to the end of the girder, and a paper-covered cylinder driven by clockwork. The point of the pencil rests upon the paper, which moves constantly as the clockwork turns. As the cantilever contracts the pencil is pulled away, and when the bridge expands the pencil is pushed forward, thus producing a curve of contraction and expansion upon the roll of paper.

The same principle is applied to register the behavior of the bridge while a train is passing. When the train enters on the end of the cantilever it throws up the opposite end, and the pencil resting upon the roll of paper records this movement by a mark at right angles to the curve of contraction and expansion. When the train passes to the other half of the cantilever that end of the great span is pulled down and another mark is made on the registering sheet at right angles to the continuous contraction and expansion curve. Each mark indicates the passage of a train, and the simple apparatus thus serves three purposes. An average of 140 trains cross the bridge each day. There is no limit upon their speed except for freight trains, which are not allowed to run over twenty miles an hour.

### Birchall Wanted as a Witness.

The *World* says: Messrs. Meredith & Co. yesterday set on foot a motion for leave to examine Reginald Birchall at the Woodstock jail. On the 20th inst a writ claiming damages for libel was served on behalf of Grosvenor Hood Graeme on the *Globe* company. The plaintiff in this action now asks for leave to examine Birchall as a necessary and material witness on his behalf. The plaintiff swears that he believes Birchall did not say, as was stated by the defendants in the article complained of, that he was an accomplice with him in the murder of Benwell, or that he had anything to do, directly or indirectly, with the murder. The motion will likely be argued to-day or to-morrow.

Solicitors representing some of the daily papers of this city were yesterday making anxious enquiries around Osgoode Hall as to whether any order for replevin had been issued on behalf of Birchall against them. It is said that some letters which were entrusted by the prisoner to some one of those engaged to procure evidence on behalf of the prisoner have not been returned to him, but have been left with one or more of the Toronto editors, who refuse to give them up, and proceedings have been threatened on behalf of the prisoner. No order had been issued by any of the judges at the time the offices closed.

### A Truthful Fisher.

New York *Herald :*

I walked and dressed and bathed and d ssed,
and drove and dressed some more,
And then I just began again and strolled along the shore.
I'd frocks for every kind of thing that any girl could do;
I'm counted somewhat brilliant an I'm rather pretty, too;
I boated and played tennis till I'm quite the proper tan,
And fished and fished and fished and fished, but didn't catch a man.

A Kansas man sunk a shaft on his farm the other day, and in going down 100 feet, it is said, struck two five foot veins of mineral paint, a ten-foot stratum of brick clay, a twenty-inch vein of coal, and a five-foot stratum of marble.

### She Thought She Might Walk It.

"I never been on the cars before," said the old lady, settling herself in the seat and arranging her skirts. "My son got married fifteen years ago and we went to live in Bridgeport. He kept a-urgin' me to come to Bridgeport, but I says to him: 'I ain't ever been on the cars and I don't think I would like it.'

"'Now, mother,' says he, 'you won't have no trouble at all. You jest git on the cars and you have nice cushioned seats, and you see lots of strangers. Mother,' says he, 'you would like it, I know.'

"'Well, John,' I said, 'it don't seem right to me, an old woman, to go gaddin about in new-fangled cars.'

"But every time he come to our house he kept a-urgin' me.

"'John,' says I, 'I might go if I could do some knittin' on the cars. But I ain't willin' to set idle with my hands crossed and do nothin'.'

"'Why, mother,' says he, 'I ain't never see any women do much sewin' on the cars, but, bless you, lots of 'em knits. You kin jest sit there and knit till you git to Bridgeport.'

"'John,' says I I'll go to please you, but I don't think it's right.

"'Now, mother,' says he, 'I'll come up and get you, or you kin have Henry come down.'

"'No,' says I, 'Henry must stay to home and look after the farm, and I guess I kin get to Bridgeport if the cars will take me there.'

"'They will take you right there, and will meet you,' says he.

"'How will I know,' says I, when we are to Bridgeport?'

"'Why, mother,' says he, 'the brakeman will put his head in the door and say what station it is.'

"So here I am, on the cars for the first time. It ain't much use for me to be waistin' my time, and I guess I'll do some knittin'."

The little woman put on her glasses and, feeling around in her cloth bag with trembling hand, drew forth her knitting.

"Do you know," she said, turning around her work and looking at it closely, "the cars run quite smooth. I don't seem to mind 'em at all, but it don't seem right for an old woman like me to be goin' about on cars."

She picked up two or three stitches and was on the point of starting her slender needles on their way when the brakeman opened the door and cried: "Bridgeport Bridgeport!"

"What did he say?" asked the little woman, with a surprised look in her eyes.

"Bridgeport. We are coming to it now"

"Bridgeport?" she said, folding her knitting. "Now ain't that aggravatin'? I always thought Bridgeport was forty miles from us. If I had known that it was so near I would have walked it. Why, I ain't been on the train an hour yet."

Nobody laughed at the little woman.

"Why, John, she said to a big, strong, honest-faced man who came in to meet her, "why did you fool me about Bridgeport? I could have walked it in a couple of hours."

"It's forty miles, mother," he said, kissing her wrinkled face. "It's the cars, you know, that make it seem short."

"Dear, dear," said the mother. "Ain't it wonderful?"—*New York Tribune.*

### Tracts vs. Tracks.

"May I leave a few tracts here?" inquired the meek and clerical-looking stranger.

"You may," replied the house owner, untying the dog, "but don't leave them on the flower-beds. Sick him, Mike!"

And as the stranger realized that the man meant "tracks," he fled.

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