

Vol. IV, No. 16.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, January 14, 1893.

Price, 5 Cents.

SUNNET OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S.

Now hath my life across a stormy sea.
Like a frail bark, reached that wide port
where all
Are hidden, ere the final reckoning fall
Of good and evil for eternity.
Now know I well how that fond fantasy
Which made my soul the worshiper and
thrill
Of earthly art in vain, how criminal
It was to let my soul be so misled.
I have seen the double death is
slay
What are they when the double death is
slay
The one I know for sure, the other dead.
Painting nor sculpture now can lure to rest
My soul, that turns to his great love on high.
Where, as he lay, his soul was free to roam
and spread.
—Symond's "Life of Michael Angelo."

A WESTERN STORY.

Oh, the dreariness of the prairie! How
vast it was; never ending it seemed to
Clare, as she stood in the doorway of
their adobe cottage and gazed sadly off
toward the northwest, where a herd of
sheep could be seen.

"How can they live on the dry grass,
and how can Charlie ever pretend to like
it, the horrible, lonely life in such desola-
tion and isolation! Hush, baby, dear,
I am coming. How the mosquitoes and
flies tease and torment him, poor little
withering blossom—for even he has felt
the blight."

The sun rose higher; the wind blew
harder, and it seemed to have a touch of
fire.

"I wonder why baby's cheeks are so
red; can he be seriously ill? Papa won't
be in until evening, darling; mamma
will do the best she can."

Charlie Dean wondered why no wife
was visible as he approached home; he
wondered more why no smoke issued
from the chimney, as was usual at sup-
per-time. Had anything happened, he
wondered, hastening his naturally slow
steps.

The scene that met his gaze as he en-
tered his home was one never to be for-
gotten.

His wife—his pretty little girl-wife
he had brought from her city home—lay
back in the wooden rocker white and
still, while the baby, the little six-
month-old Walter, was motionless
within her arms, and the sweetest
word was a look that horrified father and wife.

"Charlie!" he cried brokenly.
"Baby—oh, my loved one!"

Then Clare opened her eyes and per-
mitted him to place the child in its crad-
le—she had made out of a
wooden tub.

In a voice he scarcely recognized she
said:

"You knew the life I was to share out
here; why did you not tell me?"

"But he seemed well this morning—
well as he has been lately, I mean. Oh,
I never expected this! The ranch is no
lonelier than hundreds of others. I never
thought."

"No, but you have had to think now.
Had I an hour ago, I could not leave
him to seek you—it did not matter after
that. I'll never forgive you for bringing
me out to this."

"Clare! You knew I owned the ranch.
You knew I was poor."

"I never guessed what it would be, es-
pecially as you said like this," pointing to
her child. "Little realized what it was
to be a woman."

"Let her sulk," he said, "she enjoys it.
Anyway, I'll find other friends."

And he did. He secured the services
of a boy, whose care he left the sheep,
and went off almost daily to a little
town, a pleasant life for him of only five
miles. Where there, his place of
lounging was easily guessed.

"If I have to go," he mused, "I will
take the little man to the dogs."

If Clare saw anything more than usual
she remained silent. Sometimes when
he came home almost too stupid to talk
he caught a glimpse of contempt in the
cold eyes of his wife. Her silence was
fairly maddening.

"Why don't she howl and storm like
other women?" he muttered. "She never
even wept over the baby? I'd give a
good deal to see her cry just once."

The summer had gone and winter had
come; as usual on Saturday morning,
Charlie had ridden away to the town
of the town without a word to his wife.

"Two years ago," said Charlie, "I
sought me in that cozy home of my
aunt, with its soft carpets, its loving
friends, and he persuaded me to marry
him and come out to this desolate place,
where he has even forgotten to be hu-
mane."

Then glancing toward the northwest
he saw a mass of clouds lying, a threat-
ening aspect growing over all the sky.

"There's a storm coming and I'm glad.
One of the freaks in my makeup is that I
like storms; particularly now. Had I
been a timid lass, I would have long since
died of fright. I have felt sometimes
even a bear coming in at the door would
be a change," and Clare smiled sadly as
the mass of black clouds increased and
the wind tore around the little mud
ranch with frightful violence.

"Don't detain me, boys. I must go
home!"

"Impossible in such a storm as this,
Yours truly, the least man here. Take
care of the baby, Charlie. Why, it's the
first time I ever saw you anxious. You
never let a hair on your head be moved
in a few years."

her home almost nothing. She may
have something for dinner—after that—
Oh, heavens, boys, I must go home!" he
cried aloud.

"You'll not go a quarter of a mile be-
fore you'll be dead, and then your wife
will have no help from you, and by and
by the expense of burying you—if the
wolves don't find you."

Such a storm had not been known for
years even in that country where fright-
ful storms were common.

Four days from the time Charlie Dean
had left home he slowly and persistently
forced his way back through heavy
snowdrifts until with trembling fingers
he raised the latch of his door and en-
tered.

Blinded by the snow, he could see
nothing at first, but by and by he be-
came conscious of the cold hearth, the
awful silence and that the little house
was empty. It did not even hold a
corpse.

The wearied man sank down upon a
chair and gazed about him blankly,
despairingly.

The bed was neatly made, the floor
swept, everything was placed in its
usual orderly fashion, and her dress
hung upon the wall near him—the old
brown calico she had worn the last time
he had seen her.

"Gone," he said dazedly: "gone."
Just then one of the boys, who had felt
strange misgivings and had followed him,
entered.

"What did you say, Charlie? She's
gone? Why that couldn't be; she'd
never be such a fool as to venture out in
that storm. If she did—poor fellow, he's
fainted!"

It was some time before Charlie Dean
revived. He was very weary, and the
awfulness of what had been through his
neglect quite overpowered him.

"There, you're better now," said his
friend. "What do you think could have
caused her to leave the house, and where
did she go?"

"I don't know, unless to the stable. I
had left a little corn there."

"Charlie," said his friend sternly, "you
never left your wife in such a condition?"

But Charlie only nodded.

"I expected to be home, you know—but
don't look at me like that! I'm punished
enough! She's dead somewhere under
the snow, my poor little Clare!"

They failed to find her. No corn was
missing; it is true, but they found noth-
ing to so much as to point the way
whither she had gone.

Charlie Dean was a changed man once
more. To his boon companions he said
goodby, and many of them never forgot
the silent pain in his eye, the anguish
that his whole face expressed.

"It's not going to my head," said the
friend who had been watching him to
see that he did nothing rash. "No, it's
going to make such a man out of him as
we never dreamed of. The one thing
now that has possession of him is work,
in order that he may forget. It's a good
medicine. I think I'll try some myself."

Three years later, well to do, with
money to spare, for none of it was ever
squandered now, Charlie Dean once more
sought the faraway city where he had
first met and won his wife.

A strange longing had come over him
to once more see that place, and travel
stained and bronzed he walked by the
house almost expecting to hear her touch
upon the piano and the sound of her
sweet voice.

Bewildered, amazed, half believing
himself out of his head, he did hear her
voice once more.

"There's a man drunk leaning on the
fence," he heard a strange voice exclaim.
Then the playing ceased, and a voice
that almost caused him to faint a second
time responded:

"Drunk men are only too common.
Let him alone. Some policeman will be
along presently."

Then the music struck up again, this
time into a wild galop, as if the player's
thoughts were running away with her.

"But he's still there," continued the
strange voice. "He's peculiar looking.
Do look out, Clare. I declare I feel nervous."

Charlie stood up squarely now, pushed
back his head and looked full and
straight into the eyes of his wife.

She sat back with a cry, the place was
empty and scarcely knowing what he
said, she was turning away those steps
and—yes, had her hand in his, and
his hand was saying: "Charlie,
oh, Charlie, you've come at last!"

"I want to know," he said when in
the cozy room still clinging to her hand,
"I want to know how you got away from
the ranch during that awful storm."

Clare smiled and answered unhesitat-
ingly:

"It was a good walk. I felt no fear
of the storm. You had left me almost
nothing to eat, and I really thought I
should lose my mind if I remained there
many more days all alone."

"I took the little money I still pos-
sessed and started soon after you did,
only I went in an opposite direction. I
biscuits this morning, and there was
only enough—and she?"

"Oh, he, she's got other things, trust
a woman for that; there's canned fruit,
dried corn, there's beans and—no danger
of her suffering. Anyway you can't help
her; an army could not force its way
over those miles."

"God forgive me!" thought Charlie
Dean, his face in his hands, "and God
bless her! I know how precious little
the small house contains. I've seen her
beating among the weeds for something
good to help out the salt pork and
bread. I never knew how to be so
stupid."

Just then a knock was heard. "Come
in," called Charlie. "Who is it?"

"The little man," said the boy. "He
says he's lost and wants to see you."

"Bring him in," said Charlie. "What
is the matter?"

"He says he's lost and wants to see
you," said the boy. "He says he's lost
and wants to see you."

"Bring him in," said Charlie. "What
is the matter?"

"He says he's lost and wants to see
you," said the boy. "He says he's lost
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"Bring him in," said Charlie. "What
is the matter?"

"He says he's lost and wants to see
you," said the boy. "He says he's lost
and wants to see you."

had scarcely reached the main train when
a two horse wagon came clanking up
the main street, but God bless him, for
he saved my life—jumped out and
sustained me up before I could fall by
your side, and away we went. The
house was very strong and the
we reached shelter at last, just before
his fury broke, and I thanked him as
best I could. Then, when the roads were
clear, I started for my old home, but I
had to stop and work while before I got
here. Aunt has never heard all the
story; I couldn't talk of some things."

"I thought you dead," said Charlie.
"—if you could know how I have suf-
fered. Oh, Clare, I don't suppose you
could forgive?"

"I forgave you long ago. I was come
to blame. I ought to have tried to have
been happier. I wrote to your old home,
but they told me you had gone away."

"Shall we begin over, Clare—for when
you were gone I found out how I loved
you?"

"Oh, yes, and wherever you go I'll try
to make that home happy."

"And I'll see that it is a home in which
to be happy," answered Charlie, with a
tremble in his voice.—Abbie C. Mc-
Keever in Yankee Blade.

FOUR BUSINESS BLOCKS BURNED.

Devastated Visited by a Disastrous Blaze—A
Reporter Killed.

BOSTON, Jan. 11.—The largest fire this
city has known since the Thanksgiving day,
1889, started yesterday in the basement of
the four-story building, 219 to 221 Federal
street, owned by Hecht Bros., wool dealers,
who occupied the greater portion of the
premises.

The fire burned over some 25,000 feet of
land and involved a loss, estimated at
nearly \$1,600,000.

The cause of the fire has not been ascer-
tained. The network of electric wires in
the vicinity greatly impeded the fire men
in their work, and the fact that the heavy
loss is largely attributed.

The only nature of the fire caused
the flames to spread rapidly and before
they had been completely under control
on Federal and Summer streets were in
ruins, and their contents, largely wool,
were consumed.

Nine firemen were injured besides three
spectators; but the saddest accident of all
connected with the fire was the killing of
Joseph E. Beckley, a Transcript reporter,
who was crushed by a falling wall of
brick and plaster.

Over 4,000,000 pounds of wool were
destroyed in the burning.

An 22-United States Minister Arrested.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—John R. Smyth, ex-
minister to Liberia, has been
arrested in Washington on a warrant
served out by J. E. W. Thompson of New
York, also colored, formerly minister to
Hayti, charging him with obtaining money
under false pretenses.

Says They Absconded With \$255,000.
BIRMINGHAM, Jan. 9.—The manager of the
Birmingham branch of the New York Life in-
surance company has made legal com-
plaints against a cashier and a clerk for
misappropriating by him the company's
with having absconded with \$255,000.

The Ice George Breaks Again.
CINCINNATI, Jan. 9.—The ice george in
the Ohio river broke again yesterday after-
noon and carried to destruction loaded and
unloaded barges to the value of nearly
\$800,000.

Dana Arrives Home.
NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—Charles A. Dana,
editor of The Sun, and his wife were pas-
sengers by the French steamer La Loire-
gonne, which arrived yesterday from
Havre.

The Market.
New York Money Market.
NEW YORK, Jan. 10.
Money easy at 2 1/2 per cent.
Prime mercantile paper, 6 1/2 per cent.
Bar silver, 24.
Government bonds, Currency 6, \$1.06
bid; 4, \$1.04 bid; 2, \$1.02 bid; 1, \$1.00
bid; 1/2, \$1.00 bid.

Pacific railroad bonds strong. Union first,
\$1.07 1/2 bid; sinking fund, \$1.07 1/2 bid; Cen-
tral, \$1.07 1/2 bid.

Buffalo Provisions Market.
BUFFALO, Jan. 10.
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