

Chicago Times

—THE CHICAGO TIMES—
Is the Best Medium in the City for
Classified Advertisements.

MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1888.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

THE LUXEMBURGERS.

held a Picnic in Ogden's Grove and Have a Good Time.

Luxemburger Independent club gave an annual picnic at Ogden's grove yesterday. It was well attended. Early in the morning a crowd of about fifteen hundred assembled, which increased steadily until late. An address was made on the part of the Luxemburgers in Chicago by the Rev. of Dubuque and Rabbi Hirsch, who claims nativity in the grand duchy of Luxemburg.

Luxemburgers' society numbers about five hundred in Chicago and vicinity. It was organized about three years ago and includes all the prominent men as well as of the rank and file of the people of nationality in this city. Its objects are benevolent, although there are no sick and death benefits. For instance, months ago a crippled girl was sent from the old country and after some months by the authorities to get her a society raised the money and returned her to her country. But the main object of the society is to secure recognition of nationality, politically and otherwise. It is progressing pretty well in that direction and have some office-bearers among them. They are independent in politics, and those to act together whichever way will do to go.

Best known among those who attended the picnic yesterday were: John N. Scher, J. P. Lanth, Gustav Ruppert, Peter, Nicolas Strotz, Bernard Prost, Thilgus, B. Gegerus, Charles Capt. Michael Schack, Matt Klehs, Bernard, Theo Abens, and Dr. Hirsch. Luxemburg is a little country situated between Germany, France, and Belgium, of about the counties of Cook and DuSable, and with a population of about 500,000. It is a republic, but stands under the protectorate of the king of Holland. Within the last twenty years, its territory has taken a great boom, owing to the discovery and development of large quantities of iron. There are two nationalities, French and a dialect of German called Dutch. There are thought to be thirty-five thousand of the nationality in the United States.

Put Your Ad in THE TIMES. It Will Pay You.

SAVED BY TWO FEET.

read Thirteenth Spell Broken by Adrian Constantine Anson.

A man with yellow hair and a Roman nose stepped out of his berth just as the early morning Central train was approaching Ninth street yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. Hurriedly throwing his toga over his head and grasping the handle of a sack, he tore out to the platform and from the train a second before the morning-car touched the city limits. "What's the matter with his nibs?" the porter asked.

"Holy smoke, old man," replied a fellow with a golden mustache, "he mighty near going into town with his sack. Say, it was a narrow escape."

Old Hoss Flint quitted Detroit Friday morning everybody forgot that he left players behind him. Saturday's game was lost to the cripples, and nobody could explain where the hoodoo came in. "It was the first to be avaken to the dread," he got up and without waiting for himself in a moment with the aid of Hyde Park, he tore out to the platform. "The yellow smoke, and shrieked: 'It's a fake, old man, get up quick.' 'Zee mat-ter!" growled the noble. The noble Roman was sleepy. He had laid a piece of cold ice on his forehead during the night and broken his

"We're thirteen of us, and if we go into without a break we'll be dead to-morrow."

Old Roman hurled himself into his berth and broke the dread spell.

FLAMES ON ALL SIDES

A Great Forest Fire Raging in the Upper Michigan Peninsula and Rapidly Spreading.

The Little Town of Nadeau Has a Narrow Escape, but All the Buildings in Mumford Were Burned.

Many People Made Homeless and Believed to Be Wandering Around in the Blazing Woods.

NADEAU, Mich., Aug. 26.—This place has been threatened with destruction by a fierce forest fire that raged on all sides of it.

The town was only saved by the wind going down.

Families moved out and tried to reach Powers, but could not and found safety in an open space that had previously been burned over.

At Carney the Menasha Woodware company lost five hundred cords of staves, a barn, and forty tons of hay. Brown & Co., in bark and cedar posts, lost \$2,000.

At Mumford four coal-kilns and all the buildings were destroyed and cattle and horses were burned in the fields.

A number of families are left with only what clothes they wore when they escaped. A special train took the women and children to Powers for safety.

The number of buildings burned in Mumford was twenty-five, and the estimated loss is \$15,000, with no insurance.

The fire is still raging, and unless rain comes greater damage will be done.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Aug. 26.—Late reports say the fires now burning along the line of the Northwestern are causing much alarm.

The flames have eaten their way back from the railroad track so that trains have no difficulty in going through the burning district, but the fires are larger than at any time before and are doing great damage.

Among the farmers in the vicinity of Carney, Daggett, Mumford, and that section great loss is being entailed.

A pall of smoke hides everything from sight.

It is thought there will be heavy loss of life, as the people in the country lose their way and the fire surrounds them.

Many families who have been made homeless are endeavoring to escape to spots that have previously been burned over, but danger is found on all sides.

Put Your Ad in THE CHICAGO TIMES.

FIGHTING THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

Serious Opposition to Legislation to the Government's Railroad Control.

Political circles there is intense excitement over the government's proposal to enter into a contract with the Northern Pacific for the purchase of the Red River Valley railroad. Premier Greenway has called the legislature together next Tuesday and will make an effort to have the contract ratified. Government supporters are divided on the question. Several members of the cabinet, and even the government's organ, bitterly oppose the ratification. Greenway is determined to stand or fall by the contract, however, and his defeat is not unlikely when the house

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

What Work Is Expected to Be Brought Up and Considered.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The unfinished business of the senate, the bill to admit Washington territory, will probably be laid aside again tomorrow, temporarily, and thereafter from day to day until the debate on the president's message is over and it is referred to the committee on foreign relations. Senator George has the floor for a speech upon the message when it comes up. Another matter which will interfere with the consideration of the unfinished business is the Jackson (Miss.) political riot resolutions. These were called up on Thursday merely for the purpose of giving Senator Wilson of Iowa an opportunity to deliver a speech, which speech is not yet finished. If, upon its conclusion, Senator Pugh or any one on the democratic side wishes to reply, custom and courtesy will require that the opportunity be given.

The bills to admit North Dakota and Montana are likely to be taken up after the Washington territory bill.

Whether or not the week will be a blank in the house from a legislative point of view will depend on the measure of success attending the effort to secure not only the presence but the continuous attendance of a quorum. It is the present intention to suspend the hostilities engendered by the French spoliation claims long enough to allow the house to act upon the conference report upon the sundry civil appropriation bill, which is expected to be ready tomorrow. After that has been disposed of the struggle will be renewed upon the general deficiency bill. Later on the conference on the army appropriation bill are expected to report. If the foreign affairs committee is able to get a quorum it may report back to the house during the week the Wilson retaliatory bill, with the result of transferring in part to the house the interest which followed the debate in the senate last week upon the president's message.

MUST REIMBURSE KESTERSON.

Secretary Vilas Renders an Important Decision Against the Cherokee Nation.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The secretary of the interior has rendered a decision in the case of John Kesterson against the Cherokee nation in Indian territory for the recovery of certain improvements forcibly taken from him and sold at auction by the sheriff of the nation. Kesterson is a Tennessee Cherokee and he went to Indian territory upon the general invitation of the Cherokee nation extended to the members of the eastern bands to join them and become members of the tribe. Pending a decision of the Cherokee council upon his application for membership, he made valuable improvements upon lands selected according to Cherokee custom. His application for citizenship in the nation was finally rejected and his improvements and effects sold at auction by the sheriff of the nation and steps taken to have himself and family ejected from the reservation. Secretary Vilas in his decision holds that when Kesterson's application was rejected his status was thereby determined to be that of a non-resident or intruder, and as such the nation had no jurisdiction over his personal property, and consequently the action of the Indians in selling his property was unwarranted. The secretary directs that the property sold or its equivalent be restored to Kesterson.

It is a reasonable time and opportunity to remove or dispose of his growing crops and other property, and to remove himself and family from the reservation.

It is stated that a very large number of similar cases are now pending in the department which will be decided according to the general principles laid down in this decision.

Put Your Ad in THE CHICAGO TIMES.

ANNIE HANSEN FOUND.

CITY SLAVE GIRLS.

A Poor Sewing Woman's Story of Pain, Poverty and Privation, Sickness and Sorrow.

She Has Had to Support Herself and Crippled Brother by Making Cloaks for Almost Nothing.

Insulted, Abused, Swindled, and Tormmented Almost to Madness by Unscrupulous Bosses.

She Says that All the Truth Concerning the Factory Life of the Unfortunates Has Not Been Told.

Barely Sustaining Life on the Miserable Pittance Received from the Slave-Drivers.

In the mass of letters recently received by THE TIMES was the following:

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—TO THE EDITOR: A poor white slave wishes to thank you for your efforts in behalf of her poor sisters, the shop-girls of Chicago. I have worked with them for four years and love them dearly. Your reporter was brave indeed when she battled with those terrible bosses. I fled from them and left my week's work with them unpaid for. I was a sad coward. I, the pet sister of two brave soldiers who gave their lives to free the slaves of the south. They told me to "take care of mother and be good and brave" and I never saw them more. I took care of mother till she went to her boys, and I have tried to be good, but I can not fight for my rights, and this is the case with many of us. We will not stand up for ourselves. Oh, you have not told half; you do not know half we have to bear. We are indeed slaves, worse slaves than those my brothers died to free. I wish you could see my book for the last month; you would wonder how I have lived. You have my best wishes for the goodness. May God bless you is the prayer of a white slave.

MAUD McGRAY.
— State street.

P. S.—My hand is cramped with twenty-five years' sewing. I can not write very well.

Curious to know something about the home life of the author the undersigned undertook to answer the letter in person. The address belonged to one of those State street flats, where apartments of from two to six rooms are rented to the miserably poor tenants. Up the dark stairs, along the narrow halls where family washings were drying, past coal-boxes and bucketsful of garbage I groped my way from door to door in search of Mary McGray, but no one knew any such party. Up stairs on the second floor were crowds of children, screaming infants, and scolding women, and in the open doors of the top floor were mothers rocking to sleep a pretty child or mending some torn garment by the flickering light of a kerosene lamp. The janitress thought there was a factory woman in the rear of the adjoining building, and taking a few matches from a box she lit the way with sputtering lucifers down the stairs and across the court that separates the cheerless buildings. A rap at the first door on the lowest flat was answered by the poor "white slave," who admitted me to a wretched little room that served for parlor, kitchen, and chamber. Over the plain

in a corner, on a little two-cover rug, was an oil stove from which the blackened coffee-pot had not been removed. Work covered the machine and the proximity of a small lamp to the needle gave evidence of the toil continued from the day. There was a rag mat on the floor, and two chairs, besides the machine and stove, comprised the entire furniture, her bed having been rolled up and placed inside a smaller room where a crippled brother was lying. On introducing myself the poor woman's face brightened with a

Old Hoss Flint quitted Detroit Friday morning everybody forgot that he left players behind him. Saturday's was lost to the cripples, and nobody plain where the hoodoo came in. He was the first to awaken to the dread. He got up, and without waiting for himself in company with the of Hyde Park Hotel, across his head the yellow locks, and shrieked: "d's sake, old man, get up quick!" "zee mat-ter?" growled the noble. The noble Roman was sleepy. He had laid a piece of cold ice on his forehead during the night and broken his

"We're thirteen of us, and if we go into without a break we'll be dead to d."

Old Roman hurled himself into his and toga and broke the dread-spell two feet. It was a narrow escape, when the train got into the depot young men with glad faces stepped logged to twelve boarding-houses. A only knows what might have happened. Adrian Constantine had not made. Possibly the team might not championship or something horrible expected like that might have occurred. Next time Ole Hoss Flint wants to to the bosom of his family the woman will count noses before he mission.

Want Ads in the CHICAGO TIMES.

FALL OF A BRIDGE.

Structure in Course of Erection Dredged Into the Ohio River. NATI, Aug. 28.—At 10 o'clock this the false work for building the ture of the Chesapeake and Ohio bridge over the Ohio between Cov and Cincinnati was swept by a great raft of drift that had accumulated at This trestle work was of wood and one hundred feet above low water ver. A "V" shaped protection of es had been formed on the upper the trestles to keep off the drift, but sucked under the boats and made great raft. At 10 today this great elled by thirty-two feet of water in r, moved and pushed the lofty rked off its foundations, dropping and fifty feet of the iron distance of one hundred feet into g stream below. No person was The trestle with the great raft of and flat boats went down the river twelve miles, where some of it was and anchored. The iron work es in the river near the Kentucky e channel span. The losers are the s, the Phoenix Bridge company, s. The boats were nearly all lost. s more low water would have em safe. They say that if they go to the extra expense of working it and day the accident will not de- completion of the bridge.

KIDNAPED FROM EVANSTON.

Things' Baby Boy Brought to Chicago, but Recaptured. Huchings, 2 years and 8 months as kidnaped from Evanston yester- noon, but fortunately rescued at the western depot when the train Chicago. When the little was taken off the train he the notice of the police es and frightened actions and when itations the little while he was the waiting room. He told his said he was pushed upon the train en.

Addressed man came to the waiting- claim the boy, but it ap- o so dread him and he had suspicious manner that the cluded to hold the boy until given elence of ownership. The man disap- and the child was taken to the Des- creet station. Dispatches were sent few hours later Mr. Huchings claim his baby. He could not ex- evident case of kidnaping.

Waukegan Carpet-Store Closed. KEE, Aug. 28.—The sheriff has closed Carpet-house of Thompson, Kuchler & Co. ents by E. R. Kueber for \$8,742, Nancy e, 28, E. J. Conner & Co.

have previously been barred over, but danger is found on all sides.

Put Your Want Ads in the CHICAGO TIMES.

FIGHTING THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

Serious Opposition to Manitoba to the Government's Railroad Contract.

Official circles there is intense excitement over the government's proposal to enter into a contract with the Northern Pacific for the purchase of the Red River Valley railroad. Premier Greenway has called the legislature together next Tuesday and will make an effort to have the contract ratified. Government supporters are divided on the question. Several members of the cabinet, and even the government's organ, bitterly oppose the ratification. Greenway is determined to stand or fall by the contract, however, and his defeat is not unlikely when the house meets.

The Sun says: "The legislature will meet next week, and, despite bitter opposition that has been raised in certain quarters, will, we have no doubt, ratify the provisional agreement entered into between the government of the province of Manitoba and the Northern Pacific company. What else can be done? To refuse to ratify the agreement means, with a certainty, no competition for this season's crop, as it is more than improbable that under provincial management the line to Portage La Prairie will be completed this season. It means the abandonment of proposed extensions in the near future of railroad facilities in all portions of the province. It also means the refusal to interest a large foreign corporation in the work of developing the country. Refuse to ratify the contract and provincial railroad lines are again thrown into chaos and there is absolutely nothing to which we can look in confidence. That end for which the province carried on its gigantic agitation will not be attained. We do not believe people are prepared for any such contingency, and feel quite assured that their representatives will support the action of the government in entering into an agreement with the Northern Pacific."

The Great Want Ads in the CHICAGO TIMES.

ST. PAUL MEN SWINDLED.

A Smooth Talker Works Off a Worthless Draft for \$3,374 and Disappears.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 28.—A man calling himself E. S. Burns and representing himself to be a lawyer for Savage & Green of South Omaha, Neb., bought 138 steers from Cunningham & Haas of St. Paul. Burns is a very smooth talker, and presented a draft on Savage & Green for \$3,374.20 in payment for the steers. He then disappeared and sold the steers, realizing a nice little sum by the transaction, though he could afford to sell them for a loss, as the draft which he gave proved to be absolutely worthless. Savage & Green disclaim having any such man in their employ, and know nothing of the transaction. Yesterday a warrant was issued, requisition papers on the governor of Nebraska were made out, and Detective Dan O'Connor started last night for Omaha, having learned that Burns had fled to Nebraska.

ARRESTED FOR ASSAULT.

Two Domesticates Make Serious Charges Against Their Employer.

The screams of a woman attracted the attention of two policemen to George Littlejohn's saloon at 369 South Canal street about 12 o'clock last night. They burst in the door and found three men attempting to assault two girls. The entire party were taken to the Twelfth street station. The girls at once became unconscious from the effects of a drug, it is said, and at a late hour had not recovered. The men gave their names as George Littlejohn, John C. Hunt, and Samuel Norman, the two latter being engaged in business. The girls are each 18 years old, and were employed as domestics in Littlejohn's family, he living above the saloon. His wife went into the country to visit a few days before and the girls were left in the house with Littlejohn.

Rain in Illinois. Rain and nearly stationary temperatures, except cooler in northern portions, and variable winds are the weather predictions for Illinois.

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ANNIE HANSEN FOUND.

She Is at the Jefferson Poor Farm and Is Very Sick.

Tossing and moaning on a pauper's bed at the poor farm at Jefferson is pretty blonde-haired Annie Hansen. Three weeks ago Annie was well and possessed of \$200. Now her money is gone and charity alone saves her from starvation. Miss Hansen started for a three week's country outing early in the summer, and instead of rosy cheeks on her return she was pale and wan. She evaded the anxious inquiries of her friends and gradually grew weaker until Aug. 1 when she was taken from her home, 2022 Wabash avenue, to the county agent's office. Then all trace of her was lost.

Mrs. Brown of 357 Twenty-fourth street tells the following story as the probable cause of her sickness: Annie worked hard every day and when evening came would seek the lake front for a breath of fresh air. There she met a well-favored man, who she in her confession claimed was a driver at Leroy Payne's Michigan avenue stable. They met night after night until sweet words won a mastery over virtue. So things went on until Annie was going away for a vacation. She then had \$200 saved and was in vigorous health. She returned penniless and broken in health, the result of a criminal operation. Mrs. Brown further said that she was a Dane and well connected in her native land. She has been in this country about four years. Lieut. Arch of the Twenty-second street station traced her from the county clerk's office, to the poor-house. We did not know anything of the loss of her money. No complaint has been lodged with the police implicating anyone as being criminally responsible for her sickness.

CROPS IN DAKOTA.

Damage by the Recent Frost Greater than at First Reported.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 28.—Samuel Vinton, a wheat dealer, returned tonight from a trip through north Dakota, and says the thousands of acres of wheat uncut and a large proportion never will be on account of the damage by frost. In the sections visited by the frost there are some fields which have escaped without damage, and in these the yield and quality will be excellent, but the crop is seriously injured. The yield will be largely reduced, according to the estimates of farmers and dealers, and not more than 20 per cent of the crop will grade No. 1 hard. In some localities visited by the frost the wheat presented a healthy appearance for a few days afterward and would then commence shriveling badly, some of it retaining the deceptive form and color as late as Friday. Under the circumstances it is impossible to make a correct estimate of the damage at the present time, but the loss to the farmers will be heavier than was first supposed. All through north Dakota the gentleman found many people from the eastern states who are carefully investigating the condition of the crops as the agents of New York brokers.

A One-Sided Swimming Match.

Several hundred people assembled at the foot of Indiana street yesterday afternoon to witness a swimming match between John S. A. Gullish, a Dane, who lives at 8 Paulina street, and J. Meador of 352 Fulton. Meador did not turn up and a man named Henry entered the contest. The first bout was from the boat-house at the foot of Indiana street over to the pier and back. Henry was stranded on the pier. Then the course was changed to North avenue and return. Gullish made the trip twice, but Henry was brought back in a boat.

factory woman in the rear of the adjoining building, and taking a few matches from a box she lit the way with sputtering lucifers down the stairs and across the court that separates the cheerless buildings. A rap at the first door on the lowest flat was answered by the poor "white slave," who admitted me to a wretched little room that served for parlor, kitchen and chamber. The room

in which, on a little two-cover rug, was an oil stove from which the blackened coffee-pot had not been removed. Work covered the machine and the proximity of a small lamp to the needle gave evidence of the toil continued from the day. There was a rug on the floor, and two chairs, besides the machine and stove, comprised the entire furniture, her bed having been rolled up and placed inside a smaller room where a crippled brother was lying. On introducing myself the poor woman's face brightened with a sudden radiance as she said: "I am so glad to meet Nell Nelson! Let me shake your hand. It's very good for you to come to see me, but if it was known that I talked to a Times reporter I should lose my place at once."

"You didn't remain long enough in the shops. That is the employers' defense and the employees' complaint. If you only had staid for a pay-day now I am sure you could have moved the public to pity."

"You were spunky or you never would have found out the prices for the cloaks. Now none of us ever know what the work will pay until long after the garment is finished. Sometimes the prices are not put on our books until pay-day, and when we get our envelope the surprise is painful. I hate to be about pay-day. It makes me sick to hear the girls. I have seen many of them go back in the dressing-room and cry because the pay was so much less than they expected."

"In the very factory that you had to fight for your pay I made two \$1.20 cloaks that I never got a cent for. It was my first week and I couldn't suit the forewoman. She ripped everything I made, and I was only able to finish two garments the whole week. Every time I went to her she called the manager's wife, and the tone of voice she used to me could be heard all over the factory. The last trip to the examining-room was so painful to me that I fled from the shop crying and did not dare ask for the money I had earned. I rode down in the elevator with my scissors rolled in my apron, and when I went to get out the boy asked for my pass. I told him I had no pass, but he said it was against the rules for him to let me out, so he went up to the forewoman and got it for me."

"At a cloak factory on Market street where I sewed all last year I never was able to earn \$5 a week, although I worked all day at the shop and three hours every night on hoods that paid 50 cents a dozen. We were supposed to be paid every two weeks, but the cashier was not regular, and we got our advances as often on the 1st and 15th as the 1st and 15th. Some of the girls made \$16 and \$18 for the two weeks, but they were in with the forewoman. Unless you are a favorite with her you never can get the high-priced cloaks. Another vixen is the finisher. If she takes a dislike to you she will hunt for faults and keep you back doing extra fine sewing. Girls who gave the finishers and forewoman favors fare better than the independent sewers. One evening I hadn't any car fare. I had gone without a lunch, and feeling sick as well as tired I went to the boss and asked for an advance on my four days' work. He refused, telling me it was against the rules of the house to advance any of the help. I told the girl I went with about my fix and she borrowed me a dime. The next pay day the finishers made up a purse of \$11 and gave me that and same night a little errand girl came round and gave me 50 cents more than the buttoners had subscribed. That was one of the happiest weeks we have known since mother died, for I was down with a hard cold and used the money for medicine and coal."

"Your articles have helped the girls more than you'd think. Every hand read them and so did every boss and manager. In the shop where I now am the whole place was cleaned and scrubbed and then the 'honest' reporter came round. He couldn't do fair work because the boss only let him talk to the buttoners and the finishers who get the big jobs. If he had come near me and I had given him my book the boss would discharge me as soon as the reporter left."

"The girls didn't like to be called factory

PRICE 2 CENTS.

SLAVE GIRLS.

Sewing Woman's Story of
Poverty and Privation,
Sickness and Sorrow.

and to Support Herself and Crip-
pled Brother by Making Cloaks for
"Almost Nothing."

Abused, Swindled, and Tor-
mented Almost to Madness by
Unscrupulous Bosses.

What All the Truth Concerning
Hard Life of the Unfortunates
Has Not Been Told.

Maintaining Life on the Miserable Pit-
ty Received from the Slave-
Drivers.

Mass of letters recently received
was the following:

AUG. 21.—TO THE EDITOR: A
slave wishes to thank you for your
half of her poor sisters, the shop-girls
I have worked with them for four
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L. I, the pet sister of two
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the south. They told me to "take care
d be good and brave" and I never
ore. I took care of mother till she
boys, and I have tried to be good, but
it for my rights, and this is the case
us. We will not stand up for our-
you have not told half; you do not
we have to bear. We are indeed
slaves than those my brothers died
th you could see my book for the last
would wonder how I have lived.
my best wishes for your goodness,
ss you is the prayer of a white slave.
MARY McGRAY.

—State street.
hand is cramped with twenty-five
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To know something about the
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top floor were mothers rocking
retty child or mending some torn
the flickering light of a kerosene
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man in the rear of the adjoining
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On introducing myself the poor
ace brightened with a sudden
she said: "I am so glad to meet

slaves but that's just what we are. I know
lots who can't make over \$4 a week to save
their lives, and you know we are not al-
lowed to speak. A finisher near me who
came to work just about the time you wrote
us up hasn't made \$3 one week since.

"My book? Oh, it has been running
eight weeks. Here it is." From the pages
of which the following entries were copied:
First week, \$1.30; second, \$1.75; third, \$3.90;
fourth, \$3.72; fifth, \$3.67; sixth, \$3.25; sev-
enth, \$4.15; eighth, \$4.03.

On this income a woman lives and sup-
ports an aged brother who has been a cri-
ple since infancy. How she manages only
neighbors know. While we were talking a
pleasant-faced young woman came in with
some parcels in her hand, saying she was on
her "way up stairs and stopped to rest a
bit." As there was no chair she put her
bundle of provision on the sink and leaned
against the wall. When a few minutes later
she said she must be going I noticed that
she had forgotten her groceries.

Before I left Miss McGray brought her
brother out of the dark bedroom to see me,
and as a means of allaying my own distress
I made him take all the change in my purse
to buy tobacco. The man was upward of 60
years of age, with long, thick white hair
that stood straight up on his head com-
pletely framing the wrinkled face with its
magnificence and strength. His left arm
was shriveled to the bone, and to add to his
pitiable deformity he wore a gingham coat
with coarse, untidy shoes and pants. With
all his wretchedness and bodily infirmity his
mind was keenly active and his merry mood
would put a misanthrope to shame. Miss
McGray told me that her brother looked after
the house, cooked her meals, and did all that
lay in his power to cheer and lighten her
burdens. While an extreme case it is a
by no means uncommon one in the un-
written lives of our city slave girls.
Mrs. Locke's attention had been called to the
unfortunate but heroic invalid and an effort
will be made to send him out in the country
for a few weeks to be a guest at the home of
some patron of Grace church vacation-fund.
It may interest a well-known and kind-
hearted Dearborn-street commission mer-
chant to know that part of the money he
generously contributed to the city slave girls
made Mary McGray weep with joy.

NELL NELSON.

Put Your Want Ads In THE TIMES. It Will Pay You.

MERRY MEN AND WOMEN.

Picnic of the Calumet Division of the Broth-
erhood of Locomotive Engineers.

The Calumet division of the Brotherhood
of Locomotive Engineers could hardly have
desired more suitable weather for their pic-
nic than was yesterday afforded them. A
delightful breeze served to temper old
Sol's fiery darts and during the latter
part of the afternoon an aggregation of fleecy
clouds blunted his weapons still further.
About three thousand people assembled on
the beach at Cheltenham, engineers, firemen,
switchmen, and clerks with their sweet-
hearts and wives, all determined to make the
best of a good opportunity and extract as
much pleasure as possible from the occasion.

During no part of the day was there the
slightest semblance of disorder. All seemed
happy and content to remain so. The
ordinary Cheltenham Beach amusements
were in full swing. There were the switch-
back cars with their usual bevy of girl-oc-
cupants. There were the fakirs with their
canes and rings, "niggers" heads, and cigars, and, of course,
there was a base-ball game. The Baltimore
and Ohio clerks played the Baltimore and
Ohio switchmen and succeeded amid great
excitement in snatching victory from the
jaws of defeat. But the chief attrac-
tion was the dancin' pavilion.
Bolger & Gerrard's string band dis-
coursed very creditable dance music and
there were not wanting those who were
eager to trip "the light fantastic toe." There
were men of all sorts and sizes accustomed
to direct the movements of the ungainly lo-
comotive now conducting pretty girls
through the mazes of quadrilles and lancers,
and apparently the change was not dis-
tasteful.

As evening came on the proceedings were
diversified with a little singing and every-
body added his quota unmindful of the
feelings of his neighbor. And so the en-
joyment was prolonged until late into the
night.

PROBING A MYSTERY.

Facts That Have Been Brought to
Light in the Murder of George
Campbell.

Strange Stories of Frank House, Who Is
Charged with Putting His Friend
Out of the Way.

How the Searchers Were Induced to Examine
an Old Filled-Up Well, in Which They
Found the Body.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Aug. 25.—Frank
House, charged with the murder of George
Campbell, will have a preliminary examina-
tion tomorrow, Thursday evening, Aug. 4,
one year ago, George M. Campbell, having
eaten his supper, lightly tossed his coat over
his shoulder and strolled out of the house.
He called at the neighboring farm of Charles
Chidester, some three-quarters of a mile dis-
tant, where he remained until 10 o'clock,
when he left, presumably for home. He was
never seen afterward until his body was dis-
covered buried in an abandoned well on the
farm of Charles Chidester over a year later.
Campbell was a slim-built man, 22 years
old, good looking, tidy in appearance, and
quite a social favorite. He resided with his
mother and half-sister on a 120-acre farm
owned by the former and situated about
seven miles from this city. His mother was
doubly a widow. She had two children by
her first husband and four by her last, David
Austin. Mr. Austin has been dead several
years.

The Chidester farm, where young Camp-
bell spent his last evening on earth,
is on the same side of the road
as the Campbell homestead and sepa-
rated from it by another farm. Employed
on the Chidester place at that time was
Frank House, a strapping fellow some 30
years old, solidly built, and weighing 240
pounds. He was a favorite with young
Campbell and the two were chumming and
always together. House was brought up in
the neighborhood, his parents now living
about four miles distant. His disposition
and general character would compare favor-
ably with that of other young men in the
vicinity. Notwithstanding the friendship
existing between the two young men, Frank
House was suspected and arrested for the
murder of George Campbell immediately
upon the discovery of the body. Several
circumstances directed suspicion toward
House. He was the last person seen with
Campbell and admitted having left him in
the road in front of the Chidester house at 10
o'clock that night. A few days after House
demanded of Mrs. Austin the team of horses
and some other personal property belonging
to young Campbell, claiming to have bought
them. The watch carried by House has
been identified as the one in possession of
George Campbell on the fatal night. The
most incriminating of all his admissions,
however, is that of having filled the old
well where the body was found three weeks
after the disappearance of Campbell.

The fact that a whole year elapsed be-
tween the murder and the discovery of the
body is a strange feature of the case. The
boy's mother says that when George did not
return that night she concluded he had gone
to Ceresco, a neighboring village, to visit his
cousin, Dr. Foote, and was not much sur-
prised when he did not appear the following
day. Then came a mysterious letter ad-
dressed to the mother, dated at Battle Creek,
and purporting to be from a friend of her
son. It said that George had hurt his hand
and he therefore dictated the letter, and an-
nounced that he was going to Dakota with
Mr. Kingman's party from Battle Creek.
The letter requested her not to put an at-
tachment on the team he had sold to House,
as he would pay her the money due on the
team by him. It also stated that he would
be back in the fall. House would seem to
be the person to be benefited by this letter.
It would not only satisfy the family and
friends as to the whereabouts of George
Campbell but would also establish House's
claim to the team. The letter was given
House to read. He says that he left it in the
barn. It has not been seen since. There
can be but little doubt that the person who
wrote it knew that George Campbell was
beyond any power of denying its authentic-
ity. Had the letter been preserved the hand-

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