

EVERYTHING is possible in this country. But supposing it happened that a man who was once a messenger boy should be nominated for President, would he run?

The United States Senate is a great place for chums, avers the Chicago News-Record. Back and Allison were such a pair, as were Don Cameron and Butler, Vest and Plumb, Edmunds and Thurman. Another notable case of congressional Damon and Pythias is that of Tom Reed and Bonrke Cockran in the House.

In 1825 there was but one lone representative of homeopathy in this country. To-day 25,000 physicians are enrolled under the banner of Hahnemann. In 1836 the first homeopathic college in the world was incorporated, issuing diplomas to sixteen physicians in six years. Now, says the New Orleans Picayune, there are sixteen such colleges graduating annually 500 students.

That the Norsemen discovered America centuries before Columbus did receives emphasis from Professor Horsford, of Harvard, who says that he landed on the Charles River at Cambridge. The professor petitions the municipal authorities to protect certain ridges of grass-covered earth, which he claims are the foundations of Leif Erikson's house and date from the year 1000.

New York is the first city in the country to start an effort to provide artistic street decorations for a public celebration. In order to secure worthy results, Perry Belmont, Chairman of the Art Committee for the Columbus celebration on October 12, has called to his aid as advisers the leading painters, sculptors, designers and architects of the city. This is a distinct and important advance in civilization, declares the Boston Transcript. The popular taste has been too long at the mercy of mere contractors.

John Burns, the eminent English labor authority, says that no man's services are worth more than \$2500 a year. The St. James Gazette notes that an exception will have to be made in the case of opera tenors, as Jean de Reszke earns that much in a week. Recently he contributed one night's salary to the Erving Thomas memorial fund in the shape of a check for \$800. At three performances a week that amounts to the neat sum of \$125,000 a year, more than the most fashionable physician or the most successful lawyer can hope to clear. For the last two generations, says the Gazette, famous singers have been paid the most enormous rates, yet none of them have transmitted any amount of money to the next generation. It is easy come, easy go.

An interesting contribution to the discussion of American country roads comes from Professor Richard T. Ely, who affirms that "poor roads cost this country on the average over \$20 a horse." He is sustained by Professor Jenks, of Knox College, who thinks "\$15 a horse is a low estimate for this loss." The Board of Trade, of Knoxville, Tenn., has also made the suggestive computation that bad dirt roads cost the people of that one commonwealth more than \$7,000,000 a year. From tables made upon other statistics it is also declared that on a gravel road a horse will draw nearly one and a half times the load, and on macadam over three times the load he can draw on the common dirt road. The losses from time consumed, from wear on beast and vehicle and from repairs in indirect ways fall principally, of course, upon those engaged in agricultural pursuits. The average cost which produce carriers bear in hauling to the Knoxville market from the surrounding farming region is estimated at \$7.50 a load. This average, it is authoritatively stated, could be reduced one-half upon good dirt roads and five-sixths over good macadam roads. That is to say, one of the chief expenses borne by farmers is doubled through the extravagant economy which perpetuates poor roads. It is, comparatively speaking, a saving of cents and a spending of dollars. The amount of money annually lost in this country from coast to coast through badly kept highways can only be guessed at, but it is something enormous.

**THE LOVER'S QUARREL.**  
BY JEFFREY FORDHAM-HANFORD.  
I gave him back his letters.  
The locket, his picture, and ring;  
We quarreled, and this was the ending,  
So I kept not a single thing.  
Oh yes; I did keep the rose-bud  
He fastened that night to my hair,  
Then told me how fondly he loved me,  
And called me his "darling, so fair."  
I really did think that he loved me,  
And thought him so manly and true,  
And now we have parted in anger,  
I wouldn't believe it would you?  
I hope you don't think I feel badly;  
You're mistaken; I mean I don't care;  
It wasn't my fault that we quarreled;  
I wouldn't have been such a bear.  
'Tis his place to ask for forgiveness,  
So I'll flirt just as much as I can,  
And then I won't speak if I meet him—  
That's such an excellent plan.  
But back there's a ring at the door-bell;  
Yes, his step on the floor;  
I never knew how much I loved him—  
"Wait, darling, I'll open the door!"

**THE JEWELLED HAIRPIN;**  
—OR—  
**The Strange Tragedy of the Grand Hotel.**

BY ARTHUR GRIFFITH.  
CHAPTER I.  
A TERRIFIED CHAMBERMAID.  
HAD just finished dressing, one Sunday morning, in my bedroom upon the first floor of the Grand Hotel, Bythessea, when I was startled by a loud scream in the passage. It was followed by another and another. I found on going to my door, that they proceeded from an frightened chambermaid, who was shrieking as she ran wildly down the corridor. Sounds so unusual and so disturbing caused, not strangely, a great commotion. The other occupants of the rooms on the same floor came out, ladies with the rest, in various phases of dressing, some in complete deshabille. I was followed by another young girl in particular, a dark brunette, whom I had noticed for some time past and greatly admired. Her pale, olive-tinted cheeks, diffused with a fine color, her large brown eyes wide open with terror, her magnificent raven hair hanging loose over a pale blue peignoir, which betrayed, rather than concealed, her tall but exquisitely molded figure, presented a vision of such rare and ravishing beauty that for a moment I paused spell-bound.

But the noise and commotion now increased, and I pushed forward to learn its cause, just as a second female figure, older, but with a strong family resemblance, appeared behind that already described, and I heard the words, "What is it, Clara? Tell me quick!" as I passed on.

By this time the disturbance had become general. A crowd—visitors like myself, porters, waiters, other chambermaids surrounding the one who had been shrieking, and who seemed on the verge of hysterics, and all were asking her what it meant.

Her only answer was to point to the end of the corridor, and gasp out hysterically at intervals, "No. 99! No. 99!"

Thither every one rushed in a body. The door of the bedroom, No. 99, stood open. We crowded in, and soon saw the cause of the chambermaid's screams.

The body of a man lay there motionless on the floor. He was on his back, in his clothes, and fully dressed, with his limbs drawn, and great, staring, wide-open eyes.

"But there is money, loose gold and silver, lying near it. A thief would never have left the cash had robbery alone been the motive of the crime."  
"The manager again interposed. "Who is the poor gentleman?" he went on, addressing himself first to the porters and servants who stood near.

"To them, as I had already ascertained, he was only "No. 99."  
"One of you run to the pipe and whistle down to the bureau for his name," said the manager. "But perhaps some of you gentlemen know him?" now speaking to the whole roomful—a dozen of us at least.

There was a dead silence. We looked at each other blankly and interrogatively; but no one had, or would acknowledge, any acquaintance with the deceased.

Then the servant returned to say that the dead man was entered in the books as Joseph Cooch. He had arrived on the day previous alone; apparently he had no friends or belongings in the hotel. The corpse was that of a stalwart, seemingly athletic man, in the prime of life, with a dark, wavy, handsome face. The clothes were of ordinary cut and appearance, but with something that suggested the seafaring man.

"His portmanteau—I see he had a small one—his papers, and his things generally, must be taken care of," I said. "Some one will, no doubt, turn up to claim them."  
"Of course, of course," said the manager; "the police will see to that. A most unfortunate affair," he repeated, recurring to his first and chief trouble, "to happen now, just at our very busiest time, I don't trust I shall be empty for a week."

He was paid a percentage on the business done, and was thus intimately concerned in the return of the season.

"No one will much like to remain," began one of the visitors.  
"Don't say that, Mr. Sarsfield. You must not desert us at such a moment as this."  
"I meant remain on this floor. Our room is close here, and my wife will be terribly put out when she hears what has happened. The screams frightened her dreadfully. Both she and her sister are inclined to be rather nervous, you know."  
"I will change your room," I once, Mr. Sarsfield, if you wish," said the manager eagerly.

"I think, perhaps, it would be just as well not to tell the ladies the whole truth; at least, not just as yet," said a new speaker, an intimate friend, as I knew, of the Sarsfields. I had seen him continually with them.

"You are right, Fawcett, quite right," replied Mr. Sarsfield, gratefully; "they must not know of this until we know."

I was looking at him as he spoke, and fancied I saw his face darken and grow somewhat somber. It was a face habitually grave, almost stern, with rather sad, pale eyes, preoccupied and thoughtful in expression. His thin lips were drawn down at the ends, and the lines on his forehead indicated that he must have known anxiety—great trouble, perhaps—in his time. A man already past the middle age, with his hair turning to silver, but still upright in carriage and of vigorous frame.

His friend whom he addressed as Fawcett was a man still in the prime of life, but looking probably much younger than his real age. He was slightly-built and had a well-preserved figure, a good-looking face, with which time had dealt lightly, and the fair auburn hair that seldom turns gray until late in life. With his smiling lips and elaborately polite manner, he seemed anxious to please all, ladies especially, and with this idea, no doubt, paid scrupulous attention to his personal appearance, from the perfectly fitting boots to the large points of his hair.

Upon me, I must confess, the impression he had made had been far from favorable. I did not like the look in his eyes, which, indeed, prejudiced me the more against him, besides they were of different colors—one hazel-brown, the other violet-blue. I thought their expression false and the man altogether unpleasing. But then I was half jealous of the fellow. He was far too well established in the good graces of the young lady, in the blue peignoir whom I have already mentioned, with the frank confession that I admired her, although I scarcely knew her.

It was of the young lady, Miss Clara Bertram, and her sister, Mrs. Sarsfield, that they were speaking.

"Perhaps I ought to go and reassure them," continued Mr. Sarsfield.  
"Shall I go with you? As far as the door, I mean. I could escort them down safely away from all this," suggested Captain Fawcett.  
"No, no! I had better go alone. My wife might suspect something. And saying this Mr. Sarsfield pushed his way out.

passage, while her husband followed, half leading, half supporting his nearly unconscious sister-in-law.  
I returned to No. 99, where the manager was the center of a group of people, still busily and excitedly discussing the curious catastrophe.

"There is nothing to be afraid of," he was saying, in answer, no doubt, to alarms more or less openly expressed by others than the Sarsfields.  
"You say that very coolly, yet we may all be murdered in our beds to-night, like this poor fellow," protested one of the visitors.  
"At any rate he was not in his bed," replied the manager. "You will observe he had not undressed. He had not even laid down on the bed. See, it is quite unaccountable and tidy. No one has touched it, far less slept in it."  
"He must have been attacked directly he came upstairs," I said, following out a line of thought of my own. "Quite early in the night, I mean."  
"How do you know that, Mr. Leslie?" asked the manager, turning on me rather brusquely. "There is nothing to indicate that such was the case."  
"It is more than probable, nevertheless," interposed the doctor. "Death must have occurred nine or ten hours ago; of that I have never had the smallest doubt."  
"That would take us back to 11 or 12 o'clock last night," said the manager, shortly; and with visible impatience he went on—when numbers of people were still up and about. The idea of a marvellous affair occurring at such a time and without the slightest noise or notice to a soul—it's too preposterous!"

"There was no affray," I replied. "The doctor tells us death was instantaneous. Besides, what was to prevent the murderer from waiting here in secret, hiding till his victim came to bed?"  
"Where could he have come from?" asked the manager, testily.  
"Anywhere; from the next room; down stairs. It is perfectly possible. Anybody can come and go here as he pleases—inside the hotel, you understand—at all hours of the night."  
"That would imply that you think the murderer was one of the lodgers in the hotel," a newcomer said, addressing himself directly to me.  
"What! you here, Haspitt?" began the manager. "Has the chief—"  
But the other, a sharp-eyed, elderly man, with a hard, impassive face, fringed with sandy hair, made an almost imperceptible gesture, and the manager held his tongue.

It was, as I afterward learned, Mr. Haspitt, the smartest of the detectives belonging to the Bythessea police force.  
"As to the probabilities are that the murderer was probably in an inmate of the hotel," I replied in a firm tone, more and more enamored of my own theory.  
"What right have you to come to such a conclusion?" asked the manager, testily.  
"It is an accusation, an unfair, unjust, unjustifiable accusation against all of us," said another voice, rather hotly.  
The champion of the visitors at the hotel was no other than Captain Fawcett.

I am included in the accusation, then, as I am staying here myself," I replied, quietly. "I base my conclusions"—this was said to the manager, and not to the irascible Captain Fawcett—"upon the simple fact that no one from outside could easily introduce himself into the hotel at a late hour—not without attracting attention, I mean."  
"Well, there is the fire-escape," said Captain Fawcett, fighting hard for his own views, which seemed intended mainly to exonerate all who had occupied the hotel.  
"Aha!" The interjection was uttered softly by the detective, who immediately left the room.  
"I have anything to show that the fire-escape has been used?" asked the doctor, and the quest on had the effect of emptying the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]  
**Two Old-Time Love Letters.**  
In an old book, dated 1820, there is, says the People's Companion, the following very curious love epistle. It affords an admirable play upon words:  
"Madame—Most worthy of admiration. After long consideration and much meditation on the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of the declaration, I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration, and if such oblation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration it will be an aggrandizement beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of yours."  
"SANS DISSIMULATION."  
The following is the still more curious answer:  
"Sir—I perused your oration with much deliberation at the great infatuation of your imagination to such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and much serious contemplation I supposed your animation was the fruit of recreation or had much nonchalance as it was possible to employ in conveying the painful fact.  
"Dead! In which room?" asked Clara, quickly.  
"No. 99."  
She seemed to have anticipated the answer, for already she had drawn the folds of the black lace mantle over her face, and stooped, with a quiet assurance of death, as though expecting a blow.  
"Dead!" repeated Mrs. Sarsfield. "How? When? Who is he? What did he die of?"  
Her answer came from Captain Fawcett, who by this time had slipped up and stood by her side. He whispered just one word into her ear, the meaning of which she gathered from the horrified start she gave.  
"Murder!"  
She had no time to frame the whole word, for her husband had seized her by the arm and was dragging her away.  
"I tell you this is no place for you, Anna. See, Clara is half fainting."  
Even as he spoke the girl's face grew ghastly white, and her tall, slight frame swayed to and fro, as though but for his arm she would have fallen to the ground.  
"Come away, come away," said Mrs. Sarsfield, coarsely.  
It was clear too, that she was overcome with the horror of the scene.

**IS A MYSTERY STILL**

No Clue to the Murderer of the Bordens.  
DETECTIVES ENTIRELY BAFFLED.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Aug. 8.—The mystery surrounding the murder of Thomas J. Borden and his wife last Thursday, as deep as ever, and the detectives to admit they are baffled. This morning City Marshal Hilliard submitted a long interview with a United Press reporter. As to the blood said to have been found on the axe in the custody of the police, he said:  
"I don't know whether these spots of blood or from rust. They are of a color that may be taken for either, until the Boston chemists pass an opinion it would be folly for me to speak."  
"I sent men to chase it down to-day to myself, but after every drop had been cleared up I believed there was no man traveling to New Bedford from this city under suspicious circumstances."  
"At this moment I can say that I cannot connect any members of the family with the murder. We can get certain points, but from thence facts will not match and we make them. A great deal has been made up to this time. These persons have practically been under arrest for the past few days. If I were to give a candid opinion you should not be made. I would say that the present evidence nobody could follow. It would be folly for us to play a game of hide-and-seek with the side clues are yet to be looked up. Assistant Superintendent Hanson of the Pinkerton Detective Agency in New York, he was brought here by Counsel J. G. He was on the part of the family. He admitted that the crime is the most he will require the best efforts of the police of New England to ferret out."  
Mr. Jennings is the family lawyer. He is intimately acquainted with the daughters. From the first he has been the idea of the suspicion entertained by the police against Miss Lizzie. She appeared in public Saturday afternoon during the funeral, she has gained warm supporters, in Mr. J. G. Harrington is embittered against the family, and he does not state to say the most unfounded.

**COL. STREATOR ARRESTED.**  
He Waived a Preliminary Hearing and Gave Bail.  
PITTSBURG, Aug. 3.—Lieutenant Colonel Streator was arrested yesterday on warrants sworn out by ex-Private Lams, the man who was hung up by the thumbs and had his head partly shaved at Homestead. He was taken before a justice at Washington, Pa., waiving a preliminary hearing and bail being fixed at \$500, it was promptly given.  
Col. Hawkins and Surgeon Grim are both in camp and consequently exempt from arrest, but State Senator Robbins appeared in their behalf and stated they would surrender at the first opportunity. James Gaffney appeared and offered bail for both. The bond is \$500 in each case, and there are two cases against each defendant.  
The trials will occur in September.

**The New York Building Strike.**  
NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—The building strikers were reinforced yesterday by several thousand men, who obeyed the orders of the Board of Walking Delegates and quit work. Fully 80 buildings in course of construction have been deserted. The Board of Walking Delegates has declared that it will strike every building in the city if necessary in order that the Iron League may be forced to the wall.

**Pursuit of the Train Robbers.**  
VISALIA, Cal., Aug. 8.—This town is still wildly excited over the last two days' battles with the train robbers. Nearly every able-bodied man has joined the sheriff's posse, and all are out hunting for Evans and Sontag. Those who know the mountain country back of Visalia say that Evans is pretty sure to get away, so he can travel forty miles a day with ease and he kneaves every trail and canyon. Feeling against the robbers is so bitter that it is almost certain they will be lynched if caught.

**To Assist Corbett in Training.**  
MCKEY PARK, N. J., Aug. 8.—John McVeay, the well-known Philadelphia wrestler, will in future assist Jim Daly in the training of pugilist Jim Corbett for his fight with Champion Sullivan. Corbett's strength has increased to such an extent that Daly has become too light for him, hence the change. McVeay is a powerful man weighing 232 pounds. He says that he never saw a fighter in better condition than Corbett is at present.

**Hanged Herself With a Towel.**  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 8.—The body of Mrs. Thomas Early, of Dubuque, Ia., the wife of a prominent Chicago commission merchant, was found hanging by a towel in an out-building attached to a Pennsylvania avenue boarding house late last night. Mr. and Mrs. Early arrived here Saturday. The latter suffered from nervous prostration and was brought to Atlantic City for treatment.

**Ward's Reported Elopement Denied.**  
HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 8.—The reported elopement of Ferdinand Ward and a daughter of C. Pelton, of Middletown, is denied by members of Miss Pelton's family. All members of Mr. Pelton's family are at home except the eldest daughter, who is visiting a lady, a friend in Massachusetts.

**Abby Park Bicycle Tournament.**  
ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 5.—All the prominent racing men, including Birdie Minger of Chicago and other Western crack riders, are here for the tournament of the Asbury Park Wheelmen, to be held to-day and to-morrow. Zimmerman, the world's champion, is entered in all the principal races. Over 300 entries have been received and nearly 100 men will compete. The track is very fast, and an effort will be made to break the mile record.  
**To Take Off "Tribune" Boycotts.**  
NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—At the meeting of Typographical Union No. 6 it was agreed to take off the boycotts from the union as soon as all the details of a union-wide strike have been settled. The boycotts of the "Tribune" have been the cause of much trouble, and as soon as the details of a general strike have been settled, the boycotts will be removed.

**DEATH OF COL. JOHN A. BORDEN.**  
He Was Vice-President of the Board of Trade.  
SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 4.—Colonel Borden, vice-president of the National Board of Trade, member of the commission to revise the State tax laws, and who died at his home here at the age of 50 years.  
Colonel Borden was born in Irvington, N. Y., and graduated at Brown University for a long time president of the Scranton Board of Trade and in many enterprises.  
Among his greatest achievements was his promotion of the unification of commercial laws and the introduction of the private indebtedness claim act of recent years. He was also the mover of the movement to make per capita taxation a Department as a basis of taxation.  
He was connected with many leading scientific and mechanical enterprises of the country.  
OHAMA, Neb., Aug. 8.—The train carrying \$2,000,000 in gold is being made to prevent the details of the train for fear of robbery. The passage of the train has been delayed for several days.