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The City Circulation of THE MAIL exceeds that of any morning paper.

PARTIES who are anxious to know who will be police commissioners can get pointers at THE MAIL office.

THERE are a great many people in the city who are in favor of wiping out the gamblers and small fry politicians.

THE populists of Kansas are conservative, law-abiding, level-headed people who know their rights and have the courage to maintain them.

It is to be hoped that the Kansas legislature will get down to business and pass some laws that will break up gambling on that side of the line.

THE Star is apparently getting even with the gamblers. There is a bitter personal feeling between Nelson and Findlay. They both need reformation.

The action of Mr. Cleveland in attending the funeral of ex-President Hayes was a graceful tribute to an honored citizen. It will make many friends for the president.

THE MAIL is not dictating to Governor Stone. It is supporting him in his efforts to give the state an honest administration. The evening twinkler and the morning Times are assuming the role of dictators.

If the Star had kept quiet the legislature would have passed a number of important bills in the interest of the people, but now it is doubtful if anything is done. Men object to being driven under whip and spur.

THE Times, with the assistance of the railroad companies, got up an excursion to the Indian territory. A number of prominent business men in this and neighboring cities were invited. Some of them accepted the invitation. The train consisting of several Pullman cars made the trip, and the excursionists are at home again. Witten McDonald and others made several speeches and the Times was well advertised in the Indian territory.

THE MAIL suggested some time since that Governor Stone would select good men for the various appointive offices in this city. He will appoint men who will see that the laws are enforced. Wiley O. Cox, Clay Arnold, R. J. Hawkins, Felix LaForce or Tom Buckaer would make good police commissioners. They would not be run by gamblers or newspapers. They would discharge their duty fearlessly and conscientiously. THE MAIL takes the responsibility of announcing to the municipal improvement association and other organizations, that Governor Stone is a self-reliant and level-headed man, and is capable of discharging his duty. He will select his offi-

To travel at an ambling gait,
I do my utmost, early, late,
To make her fancy take my part,
And on this question meditate—
How shall I win the maiden's heart?
I send her roses, fragrant, pure,
And loving songs I perpetrate;
I sit upon her furniture
And tell her of my woeful state;
In hope that sighs may indicate
That in her breast a shaft doth smart,
And give me cause to jubilate—
How shall I win the maiden's heart?

L'ENVOI.
Prince, thou art rich, pray liquidate
The bills I owe in every mart
For flowers and sweets, gems small and great,
With them I won the maiden's heart.
—P. McArthur in New York Sun.

A BAFLED CRIME.

Sadie Ranstead was my cousin, and an angel, in my eyes, at least. I was an orphan without kith or kin in the world save Sadie and her mother. I was a child in short frocks and pinafores, and Sadie was a lovely young lady. I was not so young but that I knew she was an angel to at least one pair of eyes besides mine. I believe Colin Balfour could have kissed the ground she walked on. I did not like Colin Balfour myself. He was too big and black browed to suit my childish fancy.

He was very humble until she had promised to marry him, and then he began right away to be so unreasonable that he made her life just as miserable as could be.

Well, one day Colin Balfour went off in one of his rages and enlisted.

Six months, a year passed, and no word from Colin Balfour. Other fellows came home on leave to see sweethearts and mothers, but Colin neither came nor wrote, though we heard of him through others often, and at last that he had married a pretty southern girl.

Sadie gave one moan when she heard it; then she took hold of me and shook me in a sort of passion of pain and outraged love.

"He is a wicked man, Greta. He has no more heart than a stone. We will forget him."

The next day she had promised Gran'ther Mayhew, who came often to the house—little dreamed I what for—that she would be his wife. Child as I was, and little comprehending the holy mystery of wifehood, I was afraid of Sadie when I knew what she had been promised and would not let her kiss me.

However, the kind old man was a great favorite of mine at bottom—a genial, gentle, good man, who thought he was doing right and best in marrying a girl young enough to be his grandchild.

Mamma Ranstead (as I always called my aunt) was in great trouble, and was too proud to receive that aid from Gran'ther Mayhew which she would not refuse from her daughter's husband. I suspect that Mamma Ranstead was more than a little politic.

He and Sadie were married very shortly, and a new house was built quite away from the old one and on a site of Sadie's choosing. Gran'ther Mayhew was very kind and very patient. I think he never said an impatient word, though Sadie must have tried him sorely with her whims sometimes.

One day, when Sadie had been married about a year, Mamma Ranstead fell suddenly ill, and, while Sadie and I stood aghast with fear of what might happen, the worst happened that ever could—Mamma Ranstead was dead.

Six months after came the news that Colin Balfour had been killed. Sadie had not seen him for near three years now, and she knew him treacherous and unworthy, but she shrank under the shock of hearing that he was dead, as though she had been his plighted wife and he the hero of her wildest imaginings. Fortunately or unfortunately, Gran'ther Mayhew was away from home on some important business matter just at this time.

One day, the day but one after the news had come of Colin Balfour's death, there

as if imploring.
For answer he turned shortly on his heel and moved noiselessly toward the terrace door.
Sadie drooped an instant and followed him.
They stood in the full moonlight now, and I could see Colin Balfour's scowling brows and Sadie's uplifted, glittering eyes. She shook her head, and clasping her hands across his shoulder laid her cheek upon them. Colin Balfour put an arm around her and bent his face a moment to hers; then he led her down the hall again toward Gran'ther Mayhew's door, released her and stood while she slowly advanced.

I can give no name to the sensations that were mine while I watched these two. It was something worse than terror, yet akin to that—something that made me long to put my arms around Sadie and hold her fast—faster than any baby arms had strength. She opened the door of Gran'ther Mayhew's room and vanished within. Suddenly, swift as thought, I ran back to my own chamber, which opened upon a piazza which ran by Gran'ther Mayhew's windows. My own windows were open. Her's might be.

Stepping out I ran quickly along; Gran'ther's windows were open, and as I dropped lightly over the ledge into the chamber, the old man lay peacefully sleeping, and Sadie stood before his bed, a small, dark vial in one hand, the water goblet from which gran'ther drank through the night in the other. But she was shaking so that she could not hold the goblet, and setting it down again, she stood quaking and awfully white.

Heaven knows what guided my childish steps to her side, but I put simple and most natural words in my mouth at such a time.

"Sister Sadie," I said, throwing my arms around her, "what scares you?"

She stared at me a moment, then caught me to her, and dropping upon the floor, strained me in a frantic embrace.

"Oh, Greta! Greta! thank God you have come! Oh, Greta, save me!"

"Was she afraid of Colin Balfour?" I fancied so, and trembling at my own daring ran and turned the key in the door. Then I went back to Sadie, and she opened her arms eagerly, and I fell asleep, so, and waked up so, just as morning was breaking. Sadie seemed never to have closed her eyes, and her face was still very white, but it was the old sweet, kind face, again, sad, but something in it that made me whisper wonderfully:

"Are you good again, Sadie?"

"I'm not so bad as I might have been but for you, darling," she returned with a strange look, and leading me out into the hall, where was now no Colin Balfour, she went with me to my bed and lay down beside me till the servants were stirring. I slept again and was awakened by hurrying steps and alarmed exclamations.

Gran'ther Mayhew was dead!

A small vial of laudanum was found on the carpet beside the bed, and it was at first supposed that he had died from an overdose of laudanum. But a medical examination showed that he had come to his sudden death by perfectly natural causes. An acute disease which had long preyed upon him, without the knowledge of any save himself and his physician, had suddenly set its fangs in his heart while he slept.

That night when they had dressed Gran'ther Mayhew for his last rest, Sadie took me in to see him. There, with my hand in one of hers, and the other laid upon her dead husband's breast, she vowed a vow never more to look upon the face of Colin Balfour.

He tried to see her when all was over, but it was in vain. She sent him by my hand the vial of laudanum, and by my lips the witness to her vow.—Buffalo News.

Whittier's Poetic Character.

It has been said till it says itself that Whittier was the people's poet. This is true; but he was more than that. He was the poet of a broad humanity, and he was the poet of a living faith. His songs of freedom, which perhaps in his heart's

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