

# ion News.

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### DISCONTENT.

A BALLAD WITH A DOUBLE REFRAIN.  
It is not in man to be quite content,  
You may fill his cup till it overflow,  
You may pay him his due, yes, cent per cent,  
But he'd rather have this or that, you know;  
Or be somebody else, like so-and-so—  
And fortune's favors may pour and pour,  
And the zephyrs of fame propitious blow,  
But the average man wants something more!  
Indulge a man to the top of his head,  
In life, war, politics give him a show,  
And when he wins he's sure to repent—  
He'd rather have this or that, you know!  
To Congress he no longer wants to go—  
Or the girl he used to love and adore,  
Won and his wife, seems a little slow—  
And the average man wants something more!  
Not the winter alone brings discontent,  
Though he bitterly growls at the frost and snow,  
The seasons to worry him all are sent,  
And he'd rather have this or that, you know.  
When the mercury's high he wants it low;  
Some feature or other he's sure to deplore;  
The pessimist pines for an unknown woe,  
And the average man wants something more.

### ENVY.

The harvest lacks something whatever he sows,  
And he'd rather have this or that, you know;  
You may give of all things good galore,  
But the average man wants something more.  
—Hepburn Johns, in Pillsbury Dispatch.

### MISS VASSAR'S DIAMONDS.

BY LOIS GREY.

The marriage of Miss Vassar was of the sort of which people talk. It outraged that sense of fitness which the world possesses so strongly in regard to the marriage, not of itself, but of its friends. A few, to be sure, objected that nothing could be fitter. Miss Vassar, if not quite in her first youth and not what one might call pretty, had inherited all the millions of her father; Louis Radetsky had no millions whatever, but he was young and the handsomest man in town.  
Whatever might or might not be said, Helen Vassar was happy. Her gentle, sympathetic eyes had certain depths nowadays that made Leslie Radetsky blink.

The last carriage rolling away from Miss Vassar's hall faced the late rising moon. The day had been cool and the night had a warning of winter.

There were sounds of closing doors, of moving footsteps, about the great house for a half hour or more. On the landing of the first floor Helen said good night to her guest and the women separated and went to their rooms. The last light was extinguished after a time and everything sank into silence.

The creaking of a door woke no echo in the wide hall. A window at the end of it admitted moonlight cloistered in its whiteness. It just touched a softly stepping figure dressed in black. In black, of course. How could one tell what trick a stray moonbeam falling on white might play?

Miss Vassar slept behind locked doors. But between her bedrooms and the hall was a small boudoir. There was moonlight enough here also. Enough, at least, to see one's way to the curious cabinet of inlaid Japanese woods that stood in one corner. A fragile thing in appearance, but not fragile in reality, unless you happened to know the mechanism of its secret drawers.

When you did, what more easy than to touch a spring and assist the hinge that noiselessly turned, exposing the indistinct contour of the well-known coffer behind! The box was light of weight, despite the value it represented. But those swift, dexterous fingers had no thought of carrying it. Already they had pressed the secret spring lock that opened it and lifted the padded tray. Just then the moon passed under a cloud.

But there was no possibility of mistake in the touch of those cold chained stones, slipping, like a snake, against the palm. This was the wonderful Vassar necklace, enriched, in three successive generations, by gems scarce anywhere to be matched.

The tray was replaced, the coffer put back, the hinge turned. The Japanese cabinet stood in its corner as if no alien touch had violated it. The dark figure, in the light of the reappearing moon, glided from the room as noiselessly as it had glided in.

"That wretched woman has been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary." For days Miss Vassar had been oppressed as with a weight. Even the preparations for her approaching marriage seemed scarcely to arouse her. She had taken a liking to the best little French maid so short a time in her service before she had been arrested for the theft of the Vassar necklace. Even now, every proof of her guilt, she could apparently, convict her in her own appearance her regrets.

"You are morbid," said Leslie. "What is to prevent

scarcely a year younger than she had been almost as a son to her one. And was there a nearer and a dearer love yet, so deep hidden in the secret recesses of consciousness that even the heart that harbored it had not recognized its presence?

It was all over now. There was one thing left alone, and that was ever friendly.

She went back into the house and wrote two letters. One was addressed to Helen Vassar. It accused her, Leslie Radetsky, of the theft of the Vassar diamonds. She wanted the money for her own personal uses. No need ever to ask what those uses might have been. That would never be discovered. The French maid was innocent. Steps might be taken at once for her liberation. Suspicion had, of course, been purposely thrown on this woman. Who else knew where Miss Vassar kept her diamonds—who but the new maid and Miss Vassar's friend, the adopted sister of the man she was to marry? Miss Vassar had wealth in superfluity. What she had regretted was not the loss of her diamonds so much as the guilt of a young girl who had impressed her as innocent. Well, that young girl was now absolved. It was true that the adopted sister of her betrothed bore the guilt instead. But she loved the brother, and for his sake, perhaps, she would drop the veil over a crime expiated as sins could alone be expiated, it was said.

Such was the substance of the first letter. The second was written to Louise.

"You are safe, unless you speak yourself, which, though you are a coward, I do not think likely. Helen will not seek to know one detail of my deed. She is noble and Quixotic. She need never discover that the necklace passed on to you and was severed and the stones scattered and sold. The French girl is safe, too. I am going where disgrace does not reach. Strange! I loved you. Can you understand that, I wonder?"

Both letters were found by her side. The room was filled with the odor of bitter almonds and she held the little vial still clenched in her stiffening hand.

Louis Radetsky and the heiress were married abroad a year later. The young man had been for months at death's door with a fever of the brain.

They now live in Paris. He has aged and broken rapidly. His health is poor and he has strange hallucinations. But after so ghastly a shock, what more natural, thinks his wife.

She cares for him with a wonderful devotion. But there is a sadness in her face and a curious shadow lingers there at times. —New York Mercury.

Prattled With Her Fingers.  
A peculiar family attracted the attention of the passengers on a Brooklyn

### Some Rare Exceptions—Must Have Been a Railroad Man—Anxious to Know—Too Literal, Etc., Etc.

There was a woman all alone  
Within a gloomy house  
Who in the watches of the night  
Beheld an awful mouse.  
And then the woman, fair but frail,  
In wildest terror fled!  
Ah, no! She caught it by the tail  
And soon the mouse was dead.

A fellow loved a maiden once  
And she became his bride,  
And pretty soon his wife's mamma  
Came with them to reside.  
And then they fought like cats and dogs  
And never could agree;  
Oh, no! They lived together yet  
In peace and harmony.

Once on a time a thoughtless boy  
Who sought to have some fun  
Heedlessly at a playmate aimed  
A rusty, broken gun.  
And one fair youth was killed and one  
Was fearfully alarmed!  
Ah, no! It wasn't loaded, so  
That neither one was harmed.

A girl who'd taken lessons  
At a cooking school or two  
Her heart unto her sailor gave,  
As women often do.  
He ate some cake she made and then  
He died, poor hapless man!  
Ah, no! He says his wife can bake  
"As good as mother can."

A youth who loved his sweetheart  
As he loved his very life  
Fell on his knees and begged of her  
To be his darling wife.  
Ha, ha! And then she told him  
That she would his sister be!  
Ah, no! They soon were married  
And are living happily. —Chicago Post.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.  
Doctor—"These pills, Mr. Croaker, will either kill or cure."  
Patient—"Say, doc., which will they do first?"—Judge.

COMRADES AS TO HOURS.  
"I do my best work at night," said the newspaper man.  
"So do I," remarked the burglar, who overheard.—Yankee Blade.

IF SFLDOM FAILS.  
"Don't you smell fire?"  
"No; I don't think I do."  
"I don't either; but most people do if you ask them."—Pack.

MUST HAVE BEEN A RAILROAD MAN.  
"I always keep my boys on the right track."  
"How do you manage to do it?"  
"Oh! by lots of switching."—Pack.

THE OTHER.  
"How does the new machine work?"  
"It's all right, but it's a little noisy."

### AN OBLIVIOUS YOUTH.

"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy.

"You must bring an excuse," said the teacher.

"Who from?"  
"Your father."

"He ain't no good at makin' excuses. Ma catches him every time."—New York Sun.

WANTED PROOF.  
Tommy (down in the street)—"Oh, pa, put your head out of the window a minute."

Pa (putting his head out of the window)—"What is it, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Nothing, except I have got a bet with Johnny Jones that your bald place is bigger than his pa's bald place."

—Texas Siftings.

ONE WAY OF GOING THROUGH COLLEGE.  
Lady Visitor—"I am very sorry to see you here, my young friend. You appear to have received a good education."

Convict—"Well, ma'am, I have been through Trinity College."

Lady Visitor—"Is it possible?"

Convict—"Yes, that's the reason I am here. They caught me as I was going through."—Chatter.

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY.  
"That was a close shave," said Raleigh, as his head dropped in to the basket.

"Yes. Have a little brillianine on your mustache!" retorted the executioner.

But Raleigh never smiled. He was too much of a courtier to laugh at an ill-timed jest.—New York Sun.

HE WAS ENGAGED.  
"Is your pa in, Mary?"  
"Yes, but you may come in."  
"I don't think he likes me, and he might—"

"There is no need of being afraid; he is engaged."

"Engaged, is he?"

"Yes; he stayed out till after twelve last night and went off this morning without giving me chance to talk."

She is talking to him now, and he is in this part of the house for the last three hours.—Boston Herald.

THE HOTEL.  
Hotel Colonel.

### QUEER CHILIAN HARNESS.

#### THE ACCOUTREMENTS OF A TRANS-ANDREAN CARAVAN.

#### A Bridle Which is Both Whip and Muzzle—High-Cushioned Saddles—Enormous Wheel Spurs.

Our little caravan consisted of six mules—one for me, one for Benigno, one for the baggage, two spare animals in case of accident, and the yegua madrina, or bell mule, which all the others followed. The general order of march was the "madrinas," the spare mules, and the baggage mule in the van, followed by Benigno, who drove them on with his lasso, and chased them back into the path when they wandered away. A short distance behind Benigno, my mule stepped along at a rapid walking pace, rarely breaking into a trot, and that only when he saw that the others were getting too far ahead. As for the accoutrements, they presented some special details worthy of notice.

The bridle of both mules and horses in the mountain districts of the Argentine and of Chili is provided not only with a bit and curb, but also with a semi-circular metal guard which covers the lips, and serves the double purpose of protecting the nose of the animals in case of a fall or slip in going up hill, and at the same time preventing them from drinking when they are fording streams. This Chilian bit is a formidable engine against which no animal can rebel. The reins are generally made of twisted strands of untanned leather, finely plaited in round lengths which are joined together with rings, while attached to the bridle is a leather lash, yards or two yards and a half long, which takes the place of a whip.

which you whirl round and strike with a lasso, and the close strokes across the face, especially the nostrils.

At least a few of the makers and actresses in England have thus far been able to supply the demand for these oppor-

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A pump chamber weighing 6000 pounds has just been cast at Pittston, Penn.

Chicago is preparing to send great quantities of milling machinery to China to be used in the gold mines.

A horse power is a power capable of raising 33,000 pounds avoirdupois through the space of one foot in one minute.

A Frenchman has invented portable tablets, by nibbling at which one may sustain life indefinitely, without the use of any other food.

An English engineer proposes making double shell boilers, maintaining a pressure between them. By these means he calculates that a much higher pressure can be carried than is possible even with the coil boilers already in use.

The London (England) tower is so far on its way to become an accomplished fact that a site of 300 acres has been purchased. One-half of the ground will be used for the site of the tower and the other half will be laid out in pleasure grounds.

Mustard oil is being manufactured in Germany for lubricating purposes. It is said to be unaffected by cold above a temperature of about fifteen degrees Fahrenheit, and does not readily become rancid or form fatty acids likely to attack metal.

At least a few of the makers and actresses in England have thus far been able to supply the demand for these oppor-