

HUNTING FOR GOLD.

It Is by No Means a Healthy or Amusing Task.

A Prospector Just Back from Alaska and the Yukon Country Relates a Tale of Woe and Disappointment.

[Special Chicago Letter.] That obtaining gold in Alaska is not attended with the ease and comfort some accounts would lead people to believe is quite manifest from the story of a returned gold seeker, here given exclusively, as near as possible in his own language:

I arrived at Forty Mile creek, on the Yukon, some 1,100 miles up the river



EN ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE.

from St. Michaels, in July of last year, and in company with some hardy fellows went to prospecting for gold, which, from accounts that had been given us, we were led to believe could be literally scooped up by the bucketful almost anywhere in the district. Our first trial at prospecting convinced us that what we had been told regarding the country and its wealth of gold had been largely fairy tales, and we also soon learned that a person needs to be acclimated in Alaska as well as in the tropics, several of our party soon falling sick and some dying. Sickness and death are not pleasant subjects for contemplation under the most favorable conditions, but when they come in the midst of Alaskan dreariness, without proper nursing or medical aid, they are doubly grewsome and to be dreaded accordingly.

To persons who have never been in Alaska prospecting for gold it would probably not seem very hard or difficult work, but when it is understood that in the summer season the surface of the ground is covered with moss, under which is from two to three feet of soft mud with a frozen bottom—as that is as deep as the ground ever thaws—and that the prospector sinks into this mud from eight inches to two feet at every step, it will be readily seen that the life of the prospector for gold in Alaska, especially in the summer time, is not a primrose way. Instead, it is about the hardest and most disagreeable task mortal ever undertook. In tramping over ordinary ground when one gets weary he may sit or lie down and rest; not so, however, when wading through Alaskan mud, as one finds no place to sit or lie except in the cold mud, and I never realized what a blessed thing dry ground was until my prospecting experience in mud-covered Alaska.

We had established a permanent camp, where we had a cabin, made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, from which we made journeys through the adjacent territory in quest of gold. Being strong, and determined to strike it rich, I stood the wearisome work of prospecting better than the average man. I was taken sick while



PANNING GOLD.

out on a prospecting trip with two companions. My stomach refused to perform its natural functions and I was soon so weak and exhausted that I was unable to tramp through the mud. In this state I was left at our temporary camp while my companions continued prospecting. I grew weaker, and, realizing that if I would live I must eat, I made myself a savory dish of soup and forced down a few spoonfuls, but my stomach rebelled, and after three or four ineffectual efforts to retain some of the food I was forced to give up the experiment. By this time I was completely exhausted and felt a great desire to sleep. But where could I sleep? Not on the ground, for that was cold mud. The thought occurred to me that I might tie myself to a tree and sleep standing up. I therefore bound myself to a tree as well as I could, but found that my knees were too weak to sustain the weight of my body, and, untying the rope that bound me to the tree, I sank down on the cold, muddy ground and was soon in a deep slumber, from which I was aroused by my companions upon their return to camp.

It may be imagined how I felt when I awoke. My body ached all over, and it required considerable rubbing and stretching before I was able to stand on my feet.

My only idea now was to get back to our permanent camp, where I might at least have a chance to lie down, and therefore lost no time in setting out. I staggered and crawled by turns, and must have fallen at least 100 times in a distance of three miles or less, and when I finally got through I was a sight to behold. My hands, face and knees were cut and bleeding from contact with the brush and my clothing was fairly torn into shreds. Arrived at our cabin I fell through the door onto the floor and at once dropped into a deep sleep—the sleep of exhaustion—from which I did not awaken until the next day. I then found myself too weak to stand and was compelled to crawl about the cabin on my hands and knees, waiting on myself as best I could.

As I lay one night, shaking and disheartened, I heard the sound of an approaching steamboat's whistle and realized that if I could only get to the boat landing I might procure something from the boat's supplies that would give me strength and aid in restoring health. By a great effort I succeeded in crawling on my hands and knees to the landing, some 800 feet from the cabin, where I purchased a bottle of whisky from the captain of the boat, for which I paid \$15. I then crawled back to the cabin and arousing one of the inmates had him make me a hot whisky, which I drank and which, to my great joy, my stomach retained. I then fell asleep and when I awoke next morning felt somewhat refreshed. I had another hot whisky, after which I felt a slight desire to eat and a companion made me some soup which I ate and retained and soon began to feel stronger. The next day a man came along and discovering my bottle of whisky, out of which I had taken the two drinks, offered me \$25 for what was left.

During my dreary confinement in the cabin my own suffering was often forgotten in witnessing that of a poor fellow from West Virginia, who was laid up with rheumatism. By the way, I would warn everybody in the least subject to this ailment to stay away from Alaska, for if there is any one thing the dampness of the soil of Alaska has an especial affinity for it is rheumatism. This West Virginian had set out for Alaska with high hopes and bright an-



FORDING AN ARCTIC RIVER.

ticipations, being robust, well educated and possessed of considerable means; but here he was, so badly afflicted that he was unable to even crawl on his hands and knees, but had to roll about on the floor when he desired to change his position.

As soon as I was able to walk I sold my 18-months' supply of provisions and outfit and took the first boat down the river for home. As I approached the gangplank to board the boat some one hailed me with: "Will you please take a letter for my wife?" Turning to the speaker, I was fairly struck dumb with amazement. The man making the request was one of the party that had come up the river on the boat with me, and I remember how I had envied him his superb physique. Standing over six feet, broad-shouldered, deep-chested and strong-limbed, he was the picture of vigorous American manhood, but what a transformation two months' prospecting in Alaska mud had wrought! So great was the change in his appearance that but for his voice I would not have recognized him; his cheeks were hollow, eyes sunken and chest flattened—in fact, he was but a mere ghost of his former self. As soon as I could recover from my astonishment I exclaimed: "A letter for your wife? Why, man, I think you need to go to your wife yourself instead of sending her a letter!" to which he replied: "No, no; I can't go back yet. When I left my home in Iowa I mortgaged all my little possessions, including furniture, and also borrowed some from friends in order to get enough money to bring me here, and I can't go back until I have enough to pay my debts." Regretting that I could not pay his passage back and relieve him from debt, I took his letter and bade him a sad farewell, feeling that it was but a question of a short time before another victim to the lust for gold would be added to the long list of those who have laid them down to die in inhospitable Alaska.

Those who are making the most money in Alaska are persons engaged in transportation and trading, and to such the country offers an inviting field, but in the case of the poor man who has barely enough money to pay his passage there and buy provisions for a year the chances are that he will lose what little he has and possibly health as well; therefore I would say: If you have money with which to trade and speculate you may go to Alaska and can probably win; if not, you had better remain at home, as there will be enough unfortunates in the country without you.

GEORGE WOOD RAMAGE.

SLIPPERY ELM TIME.

A Man of Middle Age Recalls One of the Great Joys of His Boyhood Days in the Country.

"About this time of the year, when I was a boy, and the first warm days began to start the sap flowing in the trees," said the man with the white mustache, "we boys used to swarm out in the woods after slippery elm bark, or 'slippery elum,' as we called it. In fact, slippery elm time was as much of an epoch in the year of a boy of those days as marble time, birch time, winter-green time, sassafras time or swimming time, says the New York Sun.

"After picking out a suitable tree, preferably a small one, as the bark on the smaller trees was the more tender, we'd line out with our jackknives an oblong as large as we cared to, cutting through the bark to the wood. Then we'd loosen up one corner and with a tug or two the whole oblong would strip off as slick as a whistle.

"The bark required little preparation. All it needed to be fit for use was a judi-

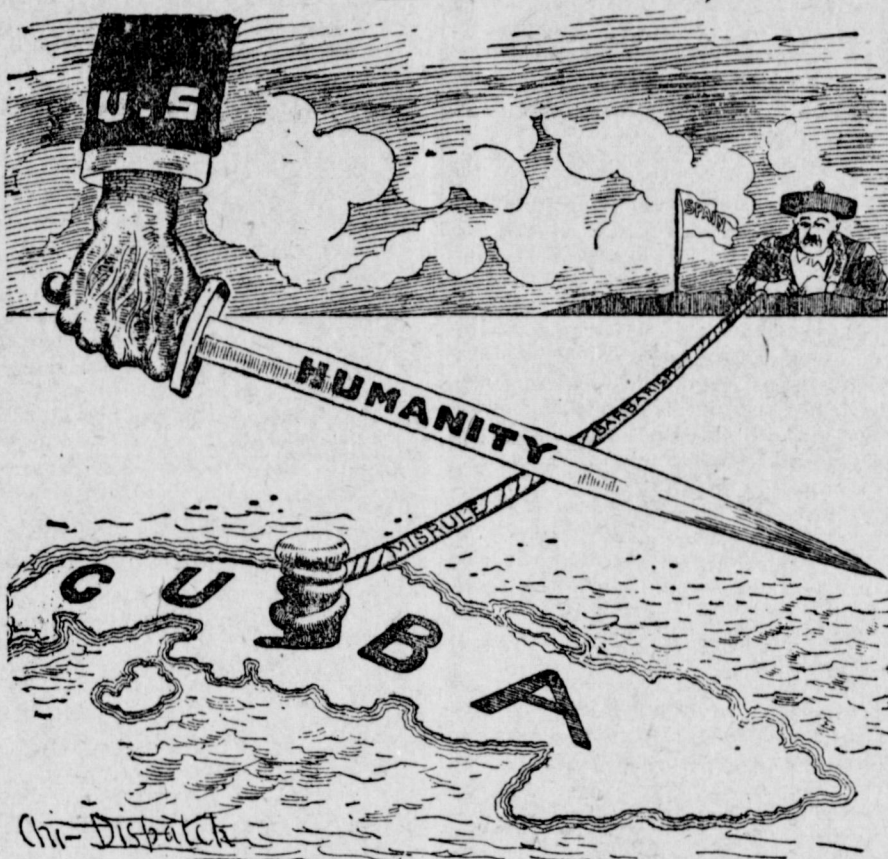
KITE FLYING.

A Pleasant Summer Pastime That Has Rendered Invaluable Aid to Science.

One of the most noticeable movements of the present time in popular science is kite-flying, while its practice as a pastime is having a large increase. Its interest to our reader, however, is almost wholly in its scientific aspect, says Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

To the question: What is really the use of all this practice with kites? Mr. H. H. Clayton, superintendent at Blue Hill observatory (in the suburbs of Boston) once replied nearly as follows: "We are living in an atmosphere of which we practically know very little. Our position is like that of crabs at the bottom of the sea. It is expected that such knowledge will be gained in these aerial explorations as will enable the meteorologist to predict hot and cold waves and the various kinds of storms more accurately and much earlier than has been done heretofore. The observa-

SPEAKING OF CUTTING CABLES.



This One Will Be Severed Completely Very Soon.

scious scraping off of the rough, scaly outer bark from the smooth, white layer of inner bark. Afterward it was cut up into strips lengthwise of the oblong. There's nothing nicer in the world to chew than a bit of fresh slippery elm bark. Our mothers would generally levy a contribution upon the spoils and dry it for medicinal purposes, such as slippery elm tea, which was first-rate for a sore throat, while as for a sore finger or a boil or anything like that a slippery elm poultice couldn't be beat.

"We boys overlooked these useful characteristics of the humble slippery elm bark, however. All we cared about was to get it to chew. It took the place of gum, which was ranked with candy and other like luxuries."

Silver First.

An old Scottish dame rather too fond of the "mountain dew" was one day "unco' drouthie," and without funds wherewith to provide "a drappie." She thought there was a chance of getting it on credit, so summoning her granddaughter, she said: "Lassie, gang round to Donald McCallum and bring

tions have already become serviceable in this direction, while the knowledge gained has modified opinions found in the text books."

Truly there are mountain tops three, four, and nearly six miles high, but these are remote or inaccessible; besides, the atmosphere enveloping them is mainly of the same stratum which rests upon the surface of the earth elsewhere, only a little rarefied, chilled and broken in upon slightly in storms, when the stratum is shallow, by the more rapidly flowing stratum next above; so that usually what may be found on the mountain peaks is merely the crest of a billow of the lower atmosphere.

Filtering Milk Before Using.

Central depots where milk is received and filtered before being taken to the consumer are now a feature of several European cities. Large cylindrical vessels are divided horizontally near their center by compartments containing each of three successive degrees of fineness, the coarsest being the lowest, and as the milk arriving from the country is poured through a pipe into the bottom of these vessels it rises through the



A FOREST SCENE IN HAWAII.

The wonderful fertility of the Sandwich Islands is accentuated by nothing as much as by the luxuriant growth of forests and woods. Edible fruits grow in indescribable profusion everywhere, as is shown by the picture, vegetation being so dense that trees, shrubs and vines form an almost impenetrable tangle.

me a gill. Tell him I'll pay him if the morning." Back came the child with a refusal. Donald declined to part with his whisky without the cash. Eager and irritated, the old woman cast about for some means of "raising the wind" and her eye fell upon the family Bible. "Here, lassie," she said, "gie him this and tell him to keep it until I bring the siller." Off went the little girl, but she soon returned still carrying the Bible. Donald was obdurate. "He says he maun hae the baubees first, granny." In anger the disappointed grandmotheer threw up her hands and exclaimed: "Losh, did onybody ever hear the like o' that! The man will neither tak my word nor the word o' God for a gill o' whusky!"

Its Riches in Real Estate.

The ground in the vicinity of the Bank of England is estimated to be worth not less than \$10,000,000 per acre, and land in Pall Mall has changed hands at \$2,500,000 an acre.

sand filter and is run off by an overflow pipe into a cool cistern, from which it is drawn directly into locked cans for distribution. The sand is renewed each time the filter is used.

What Causes Rain.

According to the American Primary Teacher, the following answers were recently given in a written examination to the question, "What causes rain?"
"Fog."
"Faucet."
"God."
"The ocean."
"Heaven."
"Pipes from the ocean."
"The sun gives it."
"The sun gets it from the ocean."
"At night the sun goes down and gets it."

Risks from Lightning.

The risk of being struck by lightning is five times greater in the country than in cities, and 20 times greater at sea than on the railway.

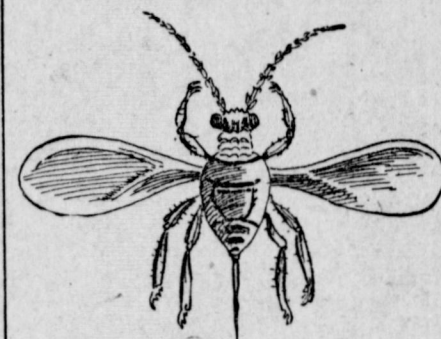


THE SAN JOSE SCALE.

The Bane of American Fruit and a Great Hindrance to Our Export Trade in Fruits.

Austria has legislated against American fruit because she objects to the immigration into her territory of the *Aspidiotus perniciosus*. If you don't recognize the name, be informed that it is the entomological title for the San Jose scale, which in turn is the appellation of a minute tree louse that is particularly destructive to orchards. An account of fresh fruits, plants and fruit refuse being the favorite vehicle of travel for the San Jose scale, an Austrian decree excludes all American fruit shipments that on examination show traces of the insect.

This little speck of a scale, no larger than the period at the end of this sen-



SAN JOSE SCALE. (Enlarged Several Hundred Times.)

tence, is a living, moving propagating insect, with a complicated organism, by means of which he works great destruction to fruit trees, roses, currants and all similar growths.

To the casual observer, the *Aspidiotus perniciosus* is very insignificant, and might and does pass for a simple point of discoloration on the tempting fruit you hold in your hand, ready to enjoy, at the expense of his life, for he cannot survive a bath of gastric juice. Examine the next lemon you buy, and if you see little dark specks on its skin scrutinize one of them under a strong microscope, and you will see a most formidable appearing six-legged insect. If he has wings he is a male scale, and if without wings a female.

This scale is a more important animal than many imagine, as is shown by the European prejudice against him. He holds a very high place in entomological society.

Prof. L. O. Howard, entomologist of the United States department of agriculture, said, in speaking of him:

"Never in the history of economic entomology in the United States has a single species of insect excited so much interest as has the San Jose scale."

"This bane of orchards is a native of Mexico and carries a Spanish name. When the entomologists classified him and added to his genus the word *perniciosus* they described him well, for he is most pernicious. He has entered into the United States, traveled over its entire extent where fruit trees grow, and has made his entry into Europe.

"The scale is the most prolific insect in the world," said Prof. W. Benthmüller, entomologist at the American museum of natural history, when asked about the little creature. "He follows every line of travel where fruit goes, soon gains a lodgment, and begins his destructive work on the trees. He takes the life out of whatever he lives on. He draws the juices from the trees, and the result is that their fruits shrink and finally they die.

"He is extremely difficult to get rid of, for besides being very prolific he is tenacious of life. If he once gains a lodgment incessant work is necessary to keep him from spreading with most disastrous results. Here is a branch where he has been working. You can see how he has destroyed the bark by sapping its life away. No tree can withstand such treatment."

The female scale does not lay eggs, but is viviparous, and her young are fixed on the bark of the tree they inhabit, and are at home in less than a day. Then they grow and wax strong, and in a little more than a month are parents themselves. This sort of thing continues all summer and far into the fall, and as the first progenitor and succeeding generations are living all of this time, the result is easily imagined.

What is the antidote? Many have been suggested and recommended, but with any it is a constant battle to make headway against the pests. There is a southern fungus called by the botanical name of *Sphaenostilbe coccoiphila*, which is said to be death to them and not injurious to the tree. It produces a disease from which the scales die. Hydrocyanic acid gas as a fumigator is said to kill them, and kerosene oil used as a wash is recommended as being equally fatal. Then scalding hot water is guaranteed to be a sovereign remedy. Any of these things is well enough if you reach all of the insects, but if any escape they will soon infest a large orchard.—N. Y. Herald.

Economy of Wide Tires.

At a hearing before Gov. Voorhees, of New Jersey, on the proposed wide-tire bill, it was stated that heretofore the township meetings have generally appropriated small sums for the care of the roads, but that now the wheelmen attend "these meetings in a body, and if the roads are not in as good repair as they think they should be, they move for an increase in the appropriation and generally carry their point." It was also argued that it would be cheaper to rebate ten dollars of taxes to any farmer using wide tires than to double the road appropriations, and wide tires would generally improve the roads.

SHORT ROAD SERMON.

Very Slight Increase in Expenditure Would Make Great Improvements Possible Everywhere.

It is constantly being remarked in conversation and printed in interview and editorials in the papers that better roads are very necessary, but that they are too expensive—the community is too poor to do anything, and there the matter ends.

This need not be so. There is hardly a town or county in this country in which the money now annually expended is not sufficient to procure much better road surfaces than now exist, while a very slight increase in expenditure would make great improvements possible.

First. Road taxes must be paid in money and not in labor. Good results have never been obtained by working out road taxes and it is not in the nature of things that they should be. Whatever is to be spent on the road must be available for use in the employment of experienced help under intelligent supervision.

Second. Proper grading must be secured, hills reduced and fillings made until no steep hill exists that the farmer must "load for" every time he hauls over the road.

Third. The bed must be thoroughly drained, or a good surface will be impossible, and the surface must enable the water to flow off readily. Nothing ruins a road so quickly as water standing on it or soaking into it.

Fourth. The roadbed must be crowned enough to shed water, and must be kept in condition by a system of regular repairs and continuous oversight.

Fifth. After a good surface is secured by the above methods, it must be preserved and maintained by permitting only the use of wide tires on heavily-laden vehicles, thereby continually rolling and improving it.—Good Roads.

FACTS ABOUT ONIONS.

They Clear the Blood of the Poisons Which Produce Rheumatism and Muddy Complexions.

There is no more wholesome vegetable grown than the odorless and much-despised onion. No one who eats freely of onions will ever be troubled with sleeplessness nor serious blood troubles. They clear the blood of those poisons which produce rheumatism and muddy complexions and those nations that eat of onions with the greatest freedom are the ones most free from ills of this kind.

Onions when grown from seed should be planted within a few days in order to have time to mature a full crop, but where sets are used they may be put out at any time while the sets are in the market.

The rows should be 15 inches apart and the onions three inches in the rows. The land cannot be made too rich nor too fine before planting. Put in fine manure and ashes, if you have them, work the soil over and over until it is as fine as dust, and sow the seed or put in the sets.

The cultivation should never be deep, the soil should not be disturbed below one inch from the surface at any time during the season. The onion throws out its roots near the surface, and as they are not very long the soil should be rich and the cultivation shallow. Never ridge the soil up to the rows. The ideal onion bed is one where the bulbs grow above the ground for more than half their size.

It is a common remark that onions agree with but few people. Anyone who eats them regularly will soon find any trouble of this kind gone as well as other and more serious ones very often.

Those who do not eat them because of the odor they leave on the breath are more nice than wise.—Farmers' Voice.

A HINT FROM BOSTON.

The Time for Making a General Demand for Permanently Good Roads Has Now Arrived.

People who travel on their wheels for long distances into the country at this season frequently find the mud of considerable depth, even when the dust is blowing in the city.

The bicycle will not have performed its first mission until the roads in one place are just as good as the roads in any other place, and the roads at one time of the year just as good as at any other time of the year.

The people who live in the country, until quite recently, had apathetically settled down to the conclusion that country roads must, of course, always be worse than city streets, and worse in the spring of the year than at any other season.

But this is a conclusion of mind that the advent of the bicycle has disturbed. There is no reason in the inherent condition of things that the city should have any advantage over the country in the matter of public thoroughfares; and it has been often demonstrated that it is possible to make a road that shall not be a mud river in the spring or a dust-cloud in the summer. A good road is as good at any time of the year as another, barring those unavoidable seasons when it is drifted with snowbanks.

All modern cyclists should demand that all roads should be uniformly good, and uniformly good at all times. It will be some time, of course, before this demand can be universally complied with, but the time has now arrived when it is not an extravagant demand to make.—Boston Globe.

An orchard of apples on a large scale should be composed of a few winter varieties. Mangel wurzels and rutabagas give good satisfaction for general stock feeding.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1898.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANS.

W. E. TIMMONS, Ed. and Prop.

No fear shall we, no favor way; How to the line, out as chips fall where they may.

Terms—per year, \$1.50 cash in advance; at six months, \$1.75; at three months, \$2.00; for six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.



TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for EAST, WEST, and C. O. & W. R. R. listing various routes and times.

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Table with columns for COUNTY OFFICERS listing names and titles.

Table with columns for SOCIETIES listing various clubs and meetings.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

Local news snippets including garden reports, school activities, and community events.

Local news snippets including garden reports, school activities, and community events.

Closing Out Sale.

MY ENTIRE STOCK OF Boots, Shoes and Hosiery, TO BE CLOSED OUT AT COST.

Commencing, Saturday, June 4th. Yours, LEO G. HOLZ.

Advertisement for 'THE NEW TIME' magazine, featuring an illustration of a man and a woman and text describing the publication.

THE NEW TIME, 56 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO

Subscriptions to The New Time will be received and forwarded by The Courant.

DEATH OF MRS. W. F. DUNLAP.

Shortly after 10 o'clock, last Saturday morning, this community was startled by the report that Mrs. W. F. Dunlap, of Strong City, had been, perhaps, fatally burned by the explosion of her gasoline stove, about 10 o'clock.

To the People of Chase County

Everything in my store consisting of dry goods, gent's furnishings, shoes, groceries, queensware, tinware and flour, to get for cost or less. I am going to quit business here.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of County Commissioners of Chase county, Kansas, will meet as a Board of Equalization, at the office of the County Clerk on the 1st Monday, in June, A. D. 1898, for purpose of equalizing the valuation of all property assessed in said county, for 1898, at which meeting or adjourned meeting thereof all persons feeling themselves aggrieved with the assessment made and returned by the assessors can appear and have all errors corrected.

NEW LUMBER YARD.

My stock is slow in coming; but, have patience, and it will be here before our war with Spain is ended. F.H. McCune.

COMMENCEMENT. The eleventh annual commencement exercises of the High School in this city took place last Thursday and Friday. Instead of crowding everything into an evening entertainment, as heretofore, class day was held at the school house, according to program as published in the COURANT, and the room was handsomely decorated by the Middle Class. Red, white and blue, symbols of American patriotism, being conspicuous in the decorations. The Rev. R. T. Harkness delivered the invocation, and Prof. D. F. Shirk spoke in praise of the graduates of the graduating class toward their teachers and to each other. The solo singing by Misses Maude Palmer and Nettie Hildebrand was good as was also the chorus singing. Miss May Williams gave a very interesting history of the class, as also an excellent oration on the "Barbarism of the Day," while the orations of Misses Annetta Holstinger, Emma Baker, Bella Clements, Anna Morgan, Margaret Williams, and Cecil Cullison, whose titles were published in last week's COURANT, showed that each had mastered his or her subject, and each spoke it well. The Class Prophecy and Class Poem by Bella Clements and Emma Baker, respectively, were highly spoken of. The commencement proper was in Music Hall, Friday evening, in presence of a crowded house and here, too, the decorations did ample justice to the Middle Class. The Rev. A. Cullison delivered the invocation, the solos by Misses Meriam E. Tuttle and Lenore Allen, Mrs. Kate Jordan Hewett and Mr. E. F. Holmes were highly appreciated, as were also the choruses. The Salutatory, by Miss Margaret Williams was well prepared and spoken. The address to the Middle Class, by Miss Anna K. Morgan, and the response by Miss Jennie Rogler, were highly appreciated. The valedictorian, Miss Annetta I. Holstinger, acquitted herself and the school with credit, impressing all with the sincerity of her feeling in bidding farewell to her class, her school, and her teachers, and thanking the School Board, the people and the teachers who had watched over and contributed to their education. The lecture of T. E. Dewey of Abilene, "Song and Poetry," illustrated by Mrs. Kate Jordan Hewett, of Emporia; Miss Julia McAnery, of Abilene, and Miss Meriam E. Tuttle, of this city, was well received; and the whole commencement was highly applauded. The graduates were Margaret Rogers Williams, Bella Clements, Cecil Cullison, Anna Kathrine Morgan, Emma Baker and Annetta I. Holstinger.

THAT SLICE OF WARM BREAD.

Coming home from the office, its cares and its worries,
Weighing me down with a burden too-night,
I thought of my care-free and forlorn boyhood,
And how quickly the years intervening took flight;
Ah! well! I remember no chain could have bound me,
As home from the schoolhouse my eager feet sped,
Would now that my dining brought such satisfaction,
As the thought of that slice of my mother's warm bread.
No business transaction, however successful,
Can give such a thrill of unalloyed bliss
As I felt when mother, with limitless kindness,
Laid that great snowy slice in my little brown fist.
No rhythmic wording can ever describe it,
Or no sweeter ambrosia the gods ever fed;
The future had need of no optimist's glasses,
While I held in my brown fist that slice of warm bread.
Oh, often when closing my desk for the evening,
Where the roar of the city drowns each homely sound,
I imagine myself at the old country home-stand,
Where the daisies are sprinkling the soft grassy ground;
And I hear in the pasture the clear tinkling cow-bells,
And know to the brook's limped pools they have fled;
I am once again sitting, a little brown rascal,
Munching away at my slice of warm bread.
While under the apple trees out in the orchard,
The white calves are playing at bump with the brown,
And the birds are a-twitter preparing for night time,
Busily feeding their babies of dawn,
Oh, never those memories life's hurry and bustle
Can ever efface, till the grave hides my head.
No pleasure of life e'er excel or quite equal
The wealth of content in that slice of warm bread.
—Albert Delane, in Housekeeper.

A CLEW BY WIRE

Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST.

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

I went on expressing amazement, until I discovered that Sonntag did not seem to hear me, so intent was he over the words the voice had uttered.
“Pshaw! what’s the use of bothering over that, Mr. Sonntag?” I said. “There isn’t much sense to be made out of it, anyhow.”
“Yes, there is, too. It is conversation, and not a mere jumble of words,” the old lawyer said, with an air of triumph. “Just hear what I make out of it now.”
Divided up, the following was Sonntag’s version:
First Party—“Never will you have my consent under existing circumstances. You have broken faith with me in every way. Why was the property removed from the original place?”
Second Party—“To bring you to time.”
First Party—“What did you do with it?”
Second Party—“Safely hid, where you can never find it unless you talk wisdom. I shall go for it this very night and take it away, and not one dollar will you ever—”
“There, that’s a pretty sensible talk. I take it,” said my lawyer, when he had finished.
“Oh, well, perhaps it is sensible enough, but what good will it do you, now that you have made a conversation out of it?” I remarked, in some impatience, for Sonntag’s satisfaction seemed to be out of all proportion to the importance of a few chance remarks caught in some mysterious fashion from a telephone wire.
The old lawyer smiled in a kind of plying way, and regarded me with a whimsical expression.
“Who knows?” I went on, gayly; “perhaps my arrival in Nelsonville may be the cause of a complete revolution in matters regarding the telephone. I must send for an electrical expert and have him investigate the mystery. Already there are visions of an immense fortune floating through my head.”
“Suppose we go to the old school-house from which the stones used in the two doorways were evidently taken,” Sonntag suggested, breaking in upon my imaginings.
“What possible difference can it make if the stones were taken from there?” I remarked. “That will not tell us why the job was done.”
“Well, it would be pleasant for you to meet an old friend. Horace Jackson’s hunting lodge is quite near the school-house. Perhaps we may find him at his place,” my lawyer said, insinuatingly.
“Yes, I know. The fellow Hunter, the agent at Sidington, told me Jackson comes up here occasionally to hunt and fish. But as for Jackson being a friend of mine, heaven save me from such friends!”
Noting Sonntag’s surprise at my words, I explained the reason of my outburst—how Jackson had of late changed his opinion of my innocence, and how Florence had made a compact with him, and the certainty he seemed to feel that she would be compelled to redeem her promise.
The lawyer was all attention now, keeping his sharp eyes constantly on my face, while I poured out my opinion of Jackson and his underhand methods. I was a lover, and Jackson a sort of rival, so naturally my remarks were somewhat stronger, perhaps, than necessary.
“Why did you call the station-agent Hunter?” asked Sonntag.
“Because he told me that was his name,” I replied.
“Indeed! What could he have told you that for, I wonder? His name is not Hunter; it’s Skinner.”

“It is? Well, that’s odd. Why should he wish to conceal his real name from me?”
“‘H’m!’ can’t say, I’m sure,” replied Sonntag, dryly. “But I am delighted beyond measure to hear what you have told me concerning Jackson,” he exclaimed, with more enthusiasm than he had ever displayed.
“Oh, indeed! It does not delight me; the bare suspicion has been enough for me to endure. I do not know that I would care very much for a seeming proof of guilt to be found against me. You do actually seem pleased,” I remarked with disgust.
“Pleased is not the word. I am more than pleased. What you have told me is a most important bit of news,” Sonntag said, taking up his hat.
“Why is it important, and to whom?” I asked.
“Very important to me, but more to yourself.”
“No, stay and explain,” I called to him as he went out the door; “what do you mean?”
“Haven’t a moment’s time. Must go. I mean that most probably the cloud which has enveloped your name will be lifted shortly. Do not cut into the cellar to-day. Wait until to-morrow.” Saying this, my lawyer departed.

CHAPTER XI.

I stood for some time gazing at the door through which Mr. Sonntag had gone. Amazement held possession of me. A thousand and one questions whirled through my head.
But my lawyer had departed. I finally strode to the window in the hope of finding him within hailing distance.
He was far down the Twineburgh road, too far to call him.
I saw him pull up his horse and lean forward and address a man who had approached him from the opposite direction.
The conversation lasted but a minute, and then horseman and pedestrian each went on their several ways.
When the pedestrian drew nearer I saw it was Hunter, the station agent at Sidington, or, as Sonntag had informed me, Skinner. It seemed very odd that he should have assumed another name. Then my eye caught the glimpse of a horsewoman coming down the road from the direction of the Morley residence. It needed but that glimpse to tell me that it was Florence. She was coming toward the house, perhaps to see me.
When she reached the cross-road leading to Sidington and Twineburgh, up which the man Hunter was approaching, she reined up her horse.

“Papa and I usually ride at this time. I am waiting for him,” she said, with a touch of surprise; for I had spoken in rather formal tones.
“Then I will defer my errand. Some other time will answer just as well, perhaps. Will you kindly tell me when I may have the pleasure of seeing you?”
“What is it, Nelson? What can be the matter?” she asked, her brown eyes staring in astonishment. “Will you not speak now?”
“Why, I can certainly. It is not very important, perhaps. I wish to ask you what you know about the station agent at Sidington. I have seen you talking with him on several occasions. What can one like you have to talk about with such a desperate villain!”
Florence’s face turned white. “Desperate villain!” she repeated, in a feeble whisper. “Why, Nelson?”
Then I told of my recent talk with the scoundrel and his dastardly attempt to shoot me.
Florence hearkened, with hands clasped across her bosom, her eyes staring in terrified amazement.
“Oh, do not be alarmed,” I added. “He did not hit me. A miss is as good as a mile, you know.”
But she still stood gazing at me, doubt and fear upon her face, too dumfounded to speak. Finally, she burst into tears, and, in a most pathetic way, held out her hands appealingly to me.
Stirred to the heart’s core by her grief, I caught the dear form in my arms. Wondering what could be the cause of the sudden and overwhelming expression of sorrow, and heartily ashamed of myself for having addressed her in cold, formal tones, I sought with many endearing terms to console her.
What is it, my love, that so distresses you? Tell me about it. You do not know how happy it would make me to be allowed to share your troubles.”
“I am troubled, Nelson, deeply troubled,” she replied, raising her tear-stained face. “There are so many inexplicable things going on about me, so much mystery, such forebodings of dreadful happenings, in my heart, that

the correct one, but the effect on the fellow startled me considerably.
His eyes grew staring, and a terrified, hunted expression came over his face. Glancing furtively around and drawing back a step or two, his hand went to his hip-pocket.
As the glint of a shining object caught my eye, I drew suddenly back to one side of the window, and the next instant a pistol report sounded out.
I stood still a moment, dumfounded by the attack, then dropped on my hands and knees and crept past the window to the table, in the drawer of which I had placed my pistol. Hastily grasping the weapon and noting that it was ready for use, I arose and approached the window, holding the pistol before me in readiness.
“Two can play at your game, Mr.—” But I got no further. The man was nowhere to be seen.
I hastened from the house and ran around, searching for him, but no trace could I discover. He had vanished completely. His sudden disappearance puzzled me.
I soon gave up the search, put the pistol in my pocket, and started briskly up the road toward the Morley place.
If the station agent was such a desperate fellow as to draw and shoot at a word, what could Florence have to do with him?
It was strange that Sonntag should know the fellow’s right name and not know the danger attendant on calling him by it. My lawyer had seemed surprised when I stated that the fellow had told me his name was Hunter. In all probability Sonntag had addressed him by the name of Skinner many times, and the fellow had not resented it, or the lawyer would have mentioned the fact. Why, then, should he resent in so fierce and deadly a manner my use of his right name?
Perhaps Florence could tell me something about Mr. Hunter, or Skinner. At least it was right I should warn her against him.
With these thoughts flitting across my mind, I soon arrived at the Morley home, and, entering the gate, went up the long graveled walk. Before an opportunity was allowed me to ascend the steps leading to the piazza, my name was called.
“Why, Mr. Conway!”
It was Florence who called, and who on my turning toward her got out of a hammock. She was still dressed in her riding-habit, and as I approached I noticed her horse tied to a post near by.
“Are you going riding again?” I asked. “In that case, pardon my intrusion.”
“Papa and I usually ride at this time. I am waiting for him,” she said,



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if it were not for your love existence would be misery. And now your own dear life is threatened, and all my fault, too. I cannot understand it at all. Why should anyone want to kill you? Oh, Nelson!”
She laid her head against me, and I gently stroked the soft tresses which fell back behind her ear in such beautiful waves. For a few moments I could not answer. Her words startled me beyond expression. What, in God’s name, was there about this back-country place? Had its uncanny mysteries even entered my darling’s sweet life to taint its happiness?
“Do not give way to an unreasonable terror, dear heart,” I finally said. “What possible harm can reach you?”
“It is not for myself that I am fearful, and I suppose it is unreasonable; but think, Nelson, if he had shot you!” She shuddered, and then with an effort became calmer.
“Do not worry about me. Be sure I am able to take care of myself; and forewarned is forearmed. What else is there? Tell me. You know you may count on my help and sympathy.”
“Yes, yes, I know that, Nelson. And I do need your help. It seems as though I were walking blindfolded on the edge of a precipice.” The loved form nestled closer to me. It made me foolishly happy to hold her in my arms and know they were as a haven of refuge to her.
“Then, too,” Florence went on, “I am so worried about father.”
“So you said yesterday. Have you any reason to be?”
“Maybe not; at least I know of none, except that he is so changed of late. But a woman’s instinct often divines causes for worry when none are perceptible.”
“You cannot mean that he is changed toward you?”
“Oh, no, no! Not in his love for me. Indeed, there seems to be an augmented tenderness toward me. And it makes me feel as though, somehow, I was partly the cause of the trouble. Why, I know there is something worrying poor father. He is even changing in appearance, and is becoming so haggard. There is some secret sorrow he is enduring. I spoke to him about it only the other day.”
“What answer did he give you?” I asked.
“Just laughed, and said I was gifted with a vivid imagination.”
“There, you see, it must be only business worry. If it were anything regarding yourself, he would not make light of it.”
Florence was partly comforted by my assurance. She glanced up into my face and smiled. But the troubled and perplexed look came back when she answered:
“Perhaps it is as you say. But I cannot get it out of my head that Mr. Jackson is somehow connected with it all.”
“Jackson? How could he affect your father’s life so seriously?” I exclaimed.
“I do not know. He used to come here frequently until lately. And after every visit father seemed to be so troubled and worried.”
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

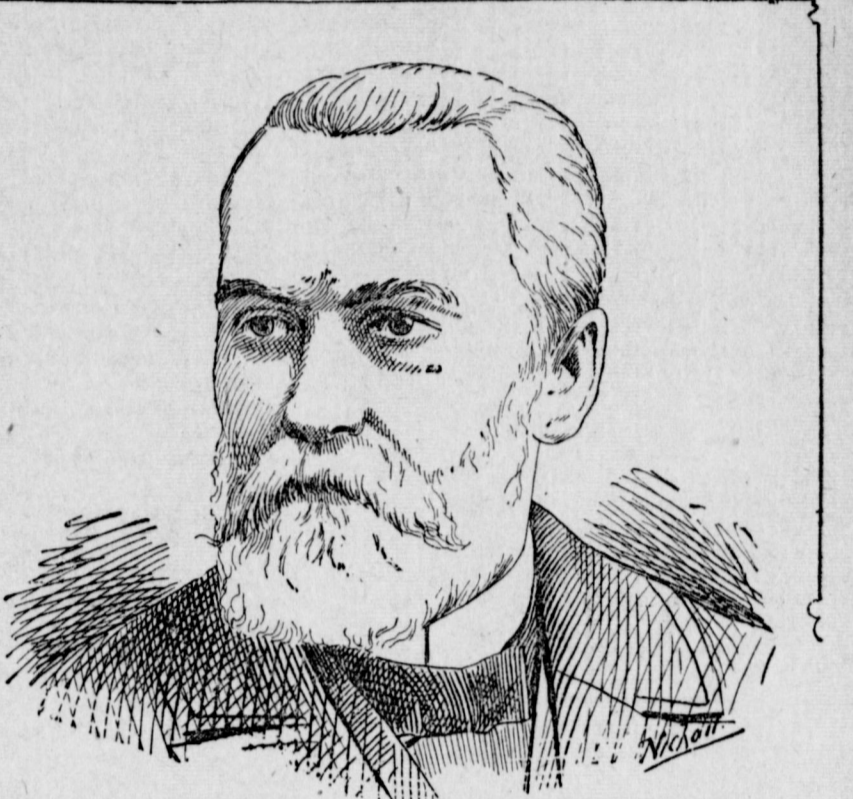
THE ART OF CONVERSATION.
He Traveled Round the World and Said Nothing About It.
Taking them all round, I had rather talk with a strange doctor than a stranger of any other profession. They have generally seen a great deal of human nature, and if they have only seen a little of it is worth hearing about. They never talk about art, at all events. I confess I am rather afraid of travelers, unless they are commercial travelers, and are too often anxious to impart it. Sometimes it is not even true. Frederick Locker used to tell of how an unscrupulous traveler narrating his adventures among the red Indians was cleverly stopped by Lord Barrymore. “Did you ever see anything of the Chick-Chows?” “Oh, a great deal,” said Sir Arthur; “a very cruel tribe, the Chick-Chows.” “And the Cherry-Chows, eh?” “Oh, very much among the Cherry-Chows,” continued Sir Arthur; “the Cherry-Chows were singularly kind to my fellows.” “And pray, Sir Arthur, did you see much of the Tol-de-rod-dy-bow-wows?”
This was too much for even Sir Arthur. He was rather put out, but the company was relieved. Nevertheless, there are modest travelers. I had once a great friend who had traveled all round the world. When almost on his deathbed he spoke to me on the subject for the first time with humorous paths. “My dear fellow, you will do me the justice, when I am gone, to say that I never told you one word about it.” But he was a noble exception.—Nineteenth Century.
The Wisdom of Kruger.
A golfer in South Africa left his property to be equally divided between two sons. Not being able to agree they decided to let President Kruger arbitrate. He said to the eldest: “You are the eldest, are you not?” “Yes,” was the answer. “So you shall divide the property.” This pleased the elder immensely. “You are the younger,” continued Kruger to the other, “so you shall have first choice!”—Golf.
A Youthful Financier.
Effie’s Brother—Do you love my sister Effie?
Effie’s Steady Company—Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know?
Effie’s Brother—She said last night she would give a ten pound note to know; and I’d like to scoop it in.—Tit-Bits.
Willing to Treat.
“Then, proud beauty, you refuse my love?” said he. “Well,” said the summer girl, thoughtfully, “I don’t know but that I might be willing to take an option on it.”—Indianapolis Journal.
In Every Sense of the Term.
“She is a decided brunette, isn’t she?” “Very. They say her husband can’t call his soul his own.”—Puck.

KING AND BRIGAND.
Romantic Adventures of a Caucasian Outlaw and His Sudden Execution.

The tribes in the Caucasus have, by their irreconcilable hostility to Russian administration, greatly retarded the progress of civilization and made their country a veritable hotbed of outlaw-ness.
The Russian government is using all the means in their power to attract settlers to this district, but their efforts are unavailing; the district continues to be chiefly a place of banishment for mild political offenders and members of unorthodox sects.
The abortiveness to introduce anything like law and order into this lawless land may be judged by the following characteristic incident:
A notorious brigand named Ahmed-Abuzar-Ogli was convicted and then

PATRIOTISM IN GERMANY.
The Pleasant Way in Which the Sentiment is Taught the Youth in School.

In Germany they teach patriotism in the popular schools; in England we do not—at any rate, not officially, says the Pall Mall Gazette. In Germany the Kaiser’s birthday, the anniversary of Sedan, and other national landmarks are celebrated in the national schools. They have feasts and music and excursions; but the children have kept clearly before their eyes the reason for their rejoicings. Indeed, the law impresses upon parents and children that all voluntary absence from these school feasts is an offense. There were parents who kept their children back, especially from the Sedan commemoration, and this on conscientious grounds. But now no longer; “for,” says the magistrate, “any unexcused absence from patriotic



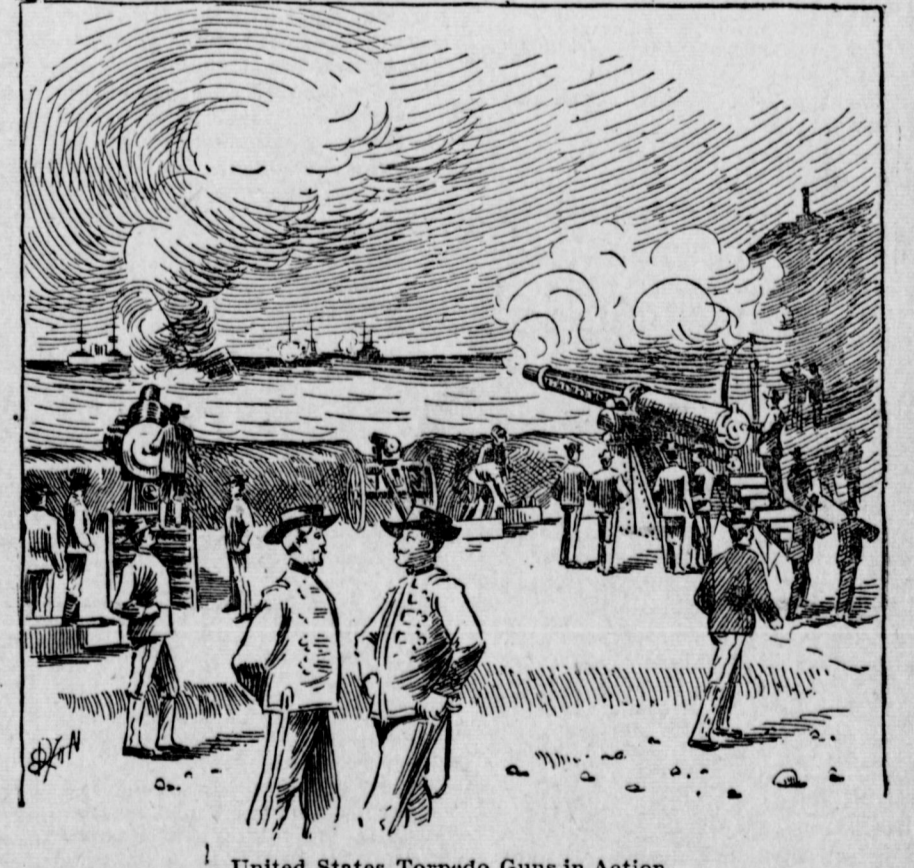
GEN. CALIXTO GARCIA, CUBAN PATRIOT.

This patriotic veteran, who is one of the oldest and best campaigners above ground, at present commands the Cuban forces in the eastern part of the island. He will be called upon to cooperate with the American army of invasion, and will, no doubt, do his part to drive the Spaniards, whom he hates with all his heart, out of Cuba. Gen. Garcia is now 65 years of age, and has fought the Spaniards for more than a decade.

transported for a term of ten years to Saghalien for highway robbery. Before the expiration of this term he succeeded in effecting his escape, and two years ago he returned to his native place, a village called Gunjal, in the Elisabetopol district, and commenced to rule like a king the inhabitants of the neighborhood.
He did so with the full cognizance of the Russian local authorities, who were powerless to raise even a protest against the usurpation of their official prerogatives. He administered the law after his own fashion, dealing out justice with an impartial hand, and causing the simple peasant folk to wonder at his wisdom.
This man’s power and influence over the minds of his coreligionists grew with such amazing rapidity that it would only have required a word from him to cause a revolution against the Russians.
As the officials in this village were abjectly in fear of incurring Ahmed-

festivals established by the school shall be considered as voluntary non-attendance, and inspectors, teachers and the authorities concerned are hereby instructed to this effect.
Patriotism is a pedagogue, perhaps, but patriotism none the less; and the children of a great empire might perhaps do well to take a leaf out of a book made in Germany. Let us imagine the astonishment of the English child if he were told that he was to have a holiday and a fete for the sake of some great event in our own history. But Germany has these patriotic school feasts, and France the emblem of the republic in every schoolroom, because they actually imagine the patriot is made as well as born.
Questions of Vernicity.
It is not wise to accept the assertions of historians as being always beyond question. They have made many errors. Mary of Scotland was not a beautiful woman; Richard III. was not a cripple, and no more is the famous

THE HISPANO-AMERICAN WAR.



United States Torpedo Guns in Action.

Abuzar-Ogli’s anger, it was due to the chance visit of a high government controller that the true state of affairs leaked out. Prince Galtzin, the governor-general of the military district, when aware of the facts, caused Ogi to be arrested, court-martialed, and summarily hanged as a warning to others of his type.
Truffles.
Truffles will soon be cultivated on scientific principles and are likely to become cheaper. M. Chatin, who discovered that the truffle is a mushroom, has announced to the Academie des Sciences at Paris that Due de Lesparre, brother of Due de Gramont, has found out how it germinates, and on what leaves its spores will become fruitful.
God Save the King.
The first use on record of the expression “God Save the King” occurs in the Bible, in II Kings, where the crowning of the King of Juda is described. “Hail Columbia” is altogether American.

“Round Tower” anything else but a mill erected by some of the early colonists. It is also not advisable to buy curios unless their authenticity can be absolutely established. There is a story of a sixteenth century traveler which is apropos in this connection. He had visited a French monastery where he was shown what was asserted to be the skull of John the Baptist. With some surprise the traveler said: “Why, the monks of— monastery showed me the skull of John the Baptist recently.” “True,” said the exhibitor, not a whit disturbed; “but those monks only possess the skull of the saint when he was a young man, while ours is his skull when he was well advanced in age and wisdom.”
Hunger Stones.
“Hunger stones” were seen only when the river is very low, and the date of their appearance is then cut into them. They are believed to forebode a year of bad crops.



M. QUAD'S QUEER HUMOR

As he waited at Rawlins for the east-bound train to pass several men rode up on horseback...

"I'm afraid, Willie," she replied; "I'm afraid that when the equine humps himself up in the middle you'll get a jolting."

"Who cares for jolting? You said I could ride a broncho, and now I'm going to do it."

"It ain't my fault, 'tall, gentlemen. The boss respected the lady's feelin' and started in to hump up in the middle gently, but the blamed hump got away from him and becom violent, and when that's violent humpin' fur me, has got to bust or sumbody go a-kittin'!"

"That must be for you," I said. "Yes, mebbe 'tis, but that's no rush to answer. He may want to see me about a coffin, and he may want to ax me how the old woman is. I told Salathiel he'd better look out fur that colt's heels, but he's rather pig-headed, Salathiel is."

HE LEARNED A LESSON.

She Was a Sharp Young Woman and She Made the Facetious Lawyer Walk Home.

A spunky West side young woman gave a budding attorney who is sometimes known as "Smart Alec" Smith, something to think about the other day.

By and by the expected car came along and to a stop. As it stopped Lawyer Smith gave a last flip to the half dollar before getting on board.

"Excuse me, miss, was it you who dropped this half dollar?" The elegantly dressed, beautiful young woman's face was suffused with a blush.

"For if it is your half dollar," continued Mr. Smith, suavely, "I take pleasure in returning it to you."

"Well," answered the young woman, her blush growing deeper, "well, I don't know as it's my coin, but seeing you are so polite about it, I guess I can handle it in my business."

And she gently transferred the 50-cent piece from Lawyer Smith's palm to her own.

The real joke of this story lies in the fact that 50 cents was all the money Lawyer Smith had with him, and that he had to get off the car and walk to his destination.—Chicago Chronicle.

Government Clerks as Soldiers. In the event of hostilities between the United States and Spain, and should it become necessary to defend the national capital from invasion...

UNFORTUNATE COLORS.

Jaundiced Man with Red Necktie Is Taken for a Spaniard and Has a Narrow Escape.

The man with the yellow jaundice leaned up against the drug store at the corner of Harrison and Halsted street and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"I tell you, I've had a mighty narrow escape," he gasped. "Why, how's that?" asked his companion.

"That's right. That's what they purty near did. They just liked to get my peck, I tell you—an I hadn't done a thing, either."

"You bet he is; he's got the Spanish flag on 'im neck now," yelled another. "But I came to a gang out in front of a saloon talkin' war."

"I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely and I was obliged to discontinue work."

"An Important Point. Wheeler—Ah, that was a glorious victory of Dewey's. Spruett's—it would seem so, but I shall reserve my own opinion of it until I find out what make of wheel he rides.—Chicago Evening News.

"I DO MY OWN WORK." So Says Mrs. Mary Rochiette of Linden, New Jersey, in this Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"I was bothered with a flow which would be quite annoying at times, and at others would almost stop. I used prescriptions given me by my physician, but the same state of affairs continued."

A GREAT REMEDY.

Greatly Tested. Greatly Recommended.

The loss of the hair is one of the most serious losses a woman can undergo. Beautiful hair gives many a woman a claim to beauty which would be utterly wanting if the locks were short and scanty.

Mrs. Herzmann, of 336 East 68th St., New York City, writes: "A little more than a year ago, my hair began turning gray and falling out, and although I tried ever so many things to prevent a continuance of these conditions, I obtained no satisfaction until I tried Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor."

Better. She—No, but it will purchase a coronet.—Up to Date.

In a Havana Restaurant. Hungry Man—I asked you for a ham sandwich, didn't I?

Pursued by Fate.—"McGuffin thinks he has more bad luck than any man living."

Marriage and Love. "A man," said the Cumminsville Sage, "marries a woman because he loves her, and a woman loves a man because she wants to marry him."

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Altman. The Kind You Have Always Bought. CASTORIA.

WHEN HAMLET EXCLAIMED "AYE, THERE'S THE RUB!" COULD HE HAVE REFERRED TO SAPOLIO.

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