

# The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 11.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, Jan. 11, 1896.

No. 2.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**  
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. P. McLemore.

**Directory.**  
OFFICERS 39th JUDICIAL DISTRICT.  
District Judge, Hon. Ed. J. Hamner.  
District Attorney, W. W. Beall.

**COUNTY OFFICIALS.**  
County Judge, F. D. Sanders.  
County Attorney, J. E. Wilfong.  
County Assessor, G. R. Conch.  
County Clerk, W. T. Anthony.  
County Treasurer, Jasper Millhollon.  
Tax Assessor, H. S. Post.  
County Surveyor, H. M. Hike.

**COMMISSIONERS.**  
Precinct No. 1, J. W. Evans.  
Precinct No. 2, H. H. Owsley.  
Precinct No. 3, J. L. Warren.  
Precinct No. 4, J. M. Perry.

**PRESIDENT OFFICERS.**  
J. F. Prec. No. 1, J. W. Evans.  
Constable Prec. No. 1, J. W. Evans.

**CHURCHES.**  
Baptist, (Missionary) Every 2nd and 4th Sunday.  
Rev. R. M. G. Kland Pastor.  
Presbyterian, (Cumberland) Every 2nd Sunday and Saturday before.  
No Pastor.  
Christian (Campbellite) Every 3rd Sunday and Saturday before.  
Pastor  
Presbyterian, Every 2nd and 4th Sunday.  
Rev. E. E. Sherrill, Pastor.  
Methodist (M. B. Church) Every Sunday and Sunday night.  
N. B. Bennett, Pastor.  
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.  
Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.  
P. D. Sanders, Superintendent.

Christian Sunday School every Sunday.  
W. E. Standefer, Superintendent.  
Baptist Sunday School every Sunday.  
W. P. Whitman, Superintendent.  
Presbyterian Sunday School every Sunday.  
J. M. Baldwin, Superintendent.

**CIVIC SOCIETIES.**  
Haskell Lodge No. 822, A. F. & A. M. meet Saturday or on before each full moon.  
F. D. Sanders, W. M.  
J. W. Evans, Sec'y.  
Haskell Chapter No. 151  
Royal Arch Masons meet on the 1st Tuesday in each month.  
H. G. McConnell, High Priest.  
J. W. Evans, Sec'y.  
Prairie City Lodge No. 395 K of P. meets every first, third and fourth Friday nights of each month.  
Ed. J. Hamner, C. C.  
E. H. Morrison, K. of R. S.  
Elmwood Camp of the Woodmen of the World meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday each month.  
J. E. Poole, C. O. C.  
G. R. Conch, Clerk.  
Haskell Council Grand Order of the Orient, meets the second and fourth Friday night of each month.  
C. D. Long, Pashaw.  
W. E. Sherrill, Pashdiah.

**Professional Cards.**  
I. E. Lindsey, M. D., E. K. Gilbert, M. D.  
**Lindsey & Gilbert,**  
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.  
Tender their services to the people of Haskell and surrounding country. Surgery and all chronic diseases solicited.  
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**FOSTER & SCOTT,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.  
Civil practice exclusively, with special attention to land litigation.

Practice in all the courts and transact a general land agency business. Have complete abstract of Haskell county land titles.  
Notary in Office.

**H. G. McCONNELL,**  
Attorney - at - Law,  
HASKELL, TEXAS.

**BALDWIN & LOMAX,**  
Attorneys and Land Agents.  
Furnish Abstracts of Land Titles. Special Attention to Land Litigation.  
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**Ed. J. HAMNER,**  
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,  
HASKELL, TEXAS.  
Practices in the County and District Courts of Haskell and surrounding counties.  
Office over First National Bank.

**P. D. SANDERS,**  
LAWYER & LAND AGENT.  
HASKELL, TEXAS.  
Notarial work, abstracting and attention to property of non-residents given special attention.

**Scientific American Agency for**  
**Electric Bitters**  
Sole Importers  
A. P. McLemore's Drug Store  
Haskell, Texas

**What will Haskell people do for Haskell in 1896?** Where there is not progress there is decay and retrogression. Let us all face to the front and with one accord and an unflinching stroke work for the development and upbuilding of our town and county. It will be found that an earnest pursuit of this course will result in personal benefit to every citizen.

**More Trouble for England.**  
THE English last week raised something of an insurrection in the Transvaal country, South Africa. One Dr. Jameson, manager of the South African commercial company, a corporation chartered by the English government, at the head of about 700 men attempted to march on the capital and force the granting of certain political rights to the foreigners, but the natives, Boers, under command of President Kruger surrounded and captured Dr. Jameson and his forces and is holding them prisoners. While the act was ostensibly to secure certain political privileges for the English and other foreign residents of the Transvaal and was repudiated by the English government, the universal opinion in all countries seems to be that the real purpose was, had the expedition been successful, to seize the country and convert it into an English province and that England would have sanctioned the proceeding, as she has done under similar circumstances on several occasions.

Germany is also interested in that section and is very jealous of the acquisition of additional territory by England, and so certain was the German government that the English government was behind the scheme that a diplomatic note was promptly addressed to it asking what it proposed to do in the matter. Emperor William also cabled a personal dispatch to President Kruger congratulating him on his success in capturing Dr. Jameson and checking the movement. This latter action of the German Emperor made all England hot in the collar, and the press and people are pouring a hot stream of invective and war talk at Germany, all of which seems a little strange and inconsistent if England was sincere in repudiating the South African incident.

The following news clippings from the late dailies indicate a critical situation between the English and German governments:  
London, Jan. 7.—The Times says this morning: "Orders have been sent to Portsmouth, Davenport and Chatham for the immediate fitting out of six snips to form a squadron, the reason being to have a squadron ready for any required emergency."  
"It will be composed of two first-class battle-ship, two first-class and two second-class cruisers. Probably the Royal Oak and the Revenge will be chosen."

New York, Jan. 7.—A dispatch to the Journal from London says: The government's eye is still on the news from Cape Town, and meantime the most serious consideration is felt at home. Following the story that Emperor William had told his ministers that after the Transvaal trouble he meant to send a minister to Johannesburg is taken to mean that he intended to recognize the complete independence of the Transvaal. This act would mean war between Germany and Great Britain.  
Emperor William has not ships enough to fight England and may not do so alone. The case is one either of pure bluster or else is the outcome of a well arranged plan between Russia and Germany, in pursuance of which Emperor William takes the first slightest excuse for announcing his intentions.  
The situation was intense here last night, because England is not averse to this war, as she was to a war with the United States. The editors-in-chief of all the leading London dailies were sent for by Mr. Chamberlain and cloistered with him for some time, after which he went the Isle of Wight to see the queen.  
By her command he has been sending her reports by wire and papers by message twice a day, so the queen was well posted before ordering him to visit her. The real situation is critical beyond expression.

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## The United States and British Navies Compared.

In view of the complication that has arisen between the United States and Great Britain, the Scientific American has compiled a table of the available war ships of the two countries, from which we extract the following. No account is taken of ships that possess a speed of less than 7 1/2 knots an hour, or are armed with obsolete smooth bore guns:

Ships.	Average tons.	Avg Speed, knots.
U. S. 4	10,568	16.42
Gt. B. 29	13,000	17.47

**SECOND-CLASS BATTLESHIPS.**

U. S. 3	5,703	16.70
Gt. B. 12	9,502	13.63

**THIRD-CLASS BATTLESHIPS.**

U. S. 5	4,404	11.90
Gt. B. 11	7,075	13.43

**COAST DEFENSE BATTLESHIPS.**

U. S.—The 6 knot boats armed with smooth bore guns are reckoned as obsolete.		
Gt. B. 13	4,040	11.00

**TOTAL BATTLESHIPS OF ALL CLASSES.**  
U. S. 12, total tonnage of 81,404 tons.  
Gt. B. 65, " 621,280 "

In estimating the relative strength of the two navies from the above table, it must be borne in mind that the basis of comparison should be the total displacement (tonnage), rather than the total number of ships. Estimated on this basis Great Britain possesses a superiority of fighting power in first-class ships of the line of 9 to 1. In battleships of all classes her superiority is 7 1/2 to 1.

**First-class armed and protected cruisers, of 20 knots and upwards:**

Ships.	Average tons.	Avg Speed, knots.
U. S. 5	7,700 "	21.90
Gt. B. 9	9,733 "	21.00

**SAME, FIRST-CLASS, UNDER 19 KNOTS.**

U. S. none		
Gt. B. 21	7,581 "	17.00

**SAME, SECOND AND THIRD-CLASS.**

U. S. 14	3,288 "	18.23
Gt. B. 60	3,828 "	19.20

**LOOKOUT CRUISERS.**

U. S. 5	1,519 "	16.73
Gt. B. 19	1,997 "	17.00

**GUNBOATS.**

U. S. 7	1,007 "	16.00
Gt. B. 34	841 "	19.00

**TOTAL CRUISERS OF ALL CLASSES.**  
U. S. 31, total displmt, 99,421 tons.  
Gt. B. 143, " 536,725 "

Estimated as before on the basis of displacement, this table shows a preponderance for Great Britain in cruisers of 5 1/2 to 1.

Of merchant steamers which are built to meet the naval requirement for conversion into cruisers, the United States have 4 and Great Britain 26.

**TORPEDO BOATS.**

U. S. 10		
Gt. B. 166		

**TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS, BUILT AND BUILDING.**

U. S. 00		
Gt. B. 62		

Which shows Great Britain to possess a superiority in fighting ships of all descriptions of 6.4 to 1.

In the event of war with that country these are the odds against which we should have to contend at the outset.

The article goes on to point out that with Great Britain's greater ship-building facilities she could build about six warships to one that could be turned out from our yards.

**DID YOU EVER**  
Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for... If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female Complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy, or troubled with dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Large bottles only Fifty cents at A. P. McLemore's Drug Store.

—If it didn't pay, unscrupulous merchants wouldn't advertise—but they are the kind that advertise.

It is very conclusively shown by the Scientific American that we are greatly outranked by England in the matter of naval equipment, but all things considered, the disparity between the two countries is not nearly so much against us as it was in 1776 or in 1812, and while a conflict between them would be a terrible disaster, which we hope to see averted, we have no misgivings as to the final result, should it come.

LET the bickerings, the animosities and the blotches that mar the record page of 1895 pass behind you and die with the old year, while you turn with resolute face and new resolves to the unwritten page of the new year, determined to make it carry a better record of your life than that of the past year.

It is generally conceded that the newspaper is a potent factor, a valuable agency in the development and progress of the community in which it is published, but the newspaper of a town may boast of its advantages, boom it and sound its praises until doomsday without much benefit unless the citizens of the town manifest in a more substantial way than by mere talk, which is very cheap, that spirit of public interest and enterprise, which is necessary to the continual growth and prosperity of any community. No matter how great the natural advantages of a community, if its people are without public enterprise or the disposition to encourage the investment of capital, the growth of industrial enterprises and the coming of immigration it will attract neither. Let us girl up our loins and enter the battle for the development of Haskell during the coming year.

A DISCOVERY of importance for the history of early Christian literature is credited to Dr. Karl Schmidt, of Cairo, Egypt. In the library of the cloister of Akemim—the same library in which the Gospel and Apocalypse of Peter and Apocalypse of Elijah were found—Dr. Schmidt recently came across an old Coptic manuscript containing a record of conversations between Christ and his disciples. Both the beginning and conclusion have been lost through mutilation of the manuscript. The chief subject of conversation is the resurrection of Christ, which is reported in detail and in such a manner as to combine the narratives of the four gospels. The object of the writing is to warn the reader against unbelief especially gnosticism. There is a long discussion of the resurrection of the body. The work shows itself to be an apocryphal missive of the apostles to the congregations, and reveals the congregational orthodoxy in the early church. Like the apocalypse of Peter, it shows also that the church was not always able to resist the temptation of following the gnostic trend of thought. Its date, approximately, is 160 A. D.—Scientific American.

ANENT the fact that the finance committee of the senate has reported a straight free coinage bill for consideration by that body, the Fort Worth Gazette remarks with gusto: THE DAY OF JUDGMENT COMING. The substitute reported by the senate finance committee for the house bond bill sharply defines the central issue of the coming campaign. In the face of the adoption of a free coinage measure by the finance committee of the upper chamber by the decisive majority of 8 to 5, the contention that silver has ceased to be an issue is palpably absurd and fit only for the gilded chambers where the bullionaires of the New York Reform club repose their wearied limbs.

Silver is very much an issue, as the party that tries to hedge and dodge in the coming fight will find to its sorrow. The long discussion has aroused the masses of the people, whose sentiments on this subject were never in doubt. They propose to have a chance to vote directly upon the question of the financial policy to be followed at Washington, and it will go severely with any party that attempts to deny them this right. The people will sit in judgment on monometallism next November, and it has reason to fear their verdict.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

**DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER**

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

**PAINT CREEK PENCILINGS.**  
Christmas Entertainments, Etc.

Paint Creek, Jan. 6, 1896.  
To the Free Press.  
Weather is warm with a slow rain falling. We have been making some inquiry about the few wheat crops that are in our section and learn that Messrs. J. C. Clark, J. E. Davis and Chas Donohoo have fine prospects. Messrs. Garren and Armstrong of Willow Point will run their thresher in our neighborhood this week. There will be quite an amount of sorghum threshed, also oats and millet. Mr. Taylor is off to Seymour with fifty head of fine beef steers that he will ship. Messrs. Hudson and Tandy were through here last week buying beef cattle. Mr. T. M. Stephens is another wanderer who has returned to Haskell. Our Christmas tree was quite a success, considering the rain and mud, and opened with speeches by Prof. J. B. Jones, Misses Mitty Ward and Henry Hart. Mr. Rufus Denson and sisters, Misses Lucy and Unice of Wild Horse Prairie, spent Christmas here with their many friends. Mr. Eugene Griffin and Miss Alma Post of Haskell also spent a few days here. Mr. J. T. Hughes of Jack county is visiting his parents at this place for a few weeks previous to going farther west prospecting. Mr. S. M. Goroum of Weatherford is here prospecting. Mr. Hamilton and family will soon arrive; they have been on the road for quite a while. Mr. Eldridge Lackey of Sulphur Springs, has come to spend a year with his brother Mr. L. P. Lackey. Mr. Arnold and family will move to Stonewall county for this year and then return. Mr. Jim Clark who has been visiting the sick bed of his father-in-law in Hill county will return this week, also Miss Rena Clark will return from Dallas in a few days. The entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Ballard during last week marks the grandest social event of the holiday season (so say the young gentlemen and ladies.) Quite a number of the young folks attended a nice dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Davis on Dec. 26, which was greatly enjoyed by all. Miss Sallie Hughes entertained her young friends with an apron party, which was quite an enjoyable affair. Misses Fannie Davis, Sallie Hughes, Lucy and Unice Denson accompanied by several young gentlemen, attended a musical in Jones county during the holidays. The Misses Kennedy of Sones county enjoyed a portion of the holidays with friends here. There was a grand ball on Christmas night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Hisey. Miss Effie proved to be quite a hostess and received many compliments from her friends. We have had some sickness in our sections recently. The rapid spread of Dr. Gilbert's practice since the cure of several hopeless cases has given him quite a reputation throughout the country. His success in the treatment of our sister, Mrs. J. L. Warren, who was so dangerously ill and near death, is very flattering, and the public appreciation of his success is manifest in the wide extent of his practice. We are aware that our letter is already too long, but we must have space to wish that our editor enjoyed a pleasant Christmas and happy new year. We hope also that the readers will excuse our holiday news being a little old, as we have been waiting on the sick and couldn't report sooner.

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The Father. The Mother. Home Topics, Recipes.

Practical Farming, Stock Raising.

is full of Helpful, Wholesome Reading for Every Member of

**THE FAMILY WEEKLY.**

One Year's Subscription, \$1.00. AGENTS WANTED. Sample Copy Free and Big Premium List if you ask for it. Address: **Texas Farm and Ranch, DALLAS, TEXAS.**

The Daughter. Fashionable, Interesting Stories.

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We are giving away to desirable, reliable gifts, CornShellers, Family Grist Mills, Books, etc.

our subscribers all sorts of Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Mills, Books, etc.

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and the opportunity to supply yourself with the news and plenty of good reading matter for a year at very small cost.  
Read the several special offers made below, make your choice and hand or send your order to the Free Press.

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Two Papers GIVEN AS A PREMIUM For One CASH SUBSCRIBER TO THE FREE PRESS.

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HERE THEY ARE:

**Womankind.**  
This is a 16 paged illustrated monthly journal, devoted to the household and other interests of the women of America. Besides its stories, editorial and miscellaneous reading matter it has well conducted departments under the following headings: Motherhood, Home and Work, About Women, The Children, Woman's Parliament, Toilet Hints, and Floral. Much valuable information can be obtained from these several departments by any intelligent women.

**The American Farmer and Farm News.**  
This is a 16 paged monthly paper dealing with the various subjects interesting to the farmer and stockraiser. Besides its valuable correspondence by experienced farmers and stockraisers and much interesting miscellaneous reading matter it has well conducted departments under the following headings: Agriculture, Horticulture, The Home Circle, The Dairy, Poultry, Bees, and Live Stock. It is a paper that can not fail to be of value to any intelligent farmer.

Our great offer is that we will give both "WOMANKIND" and the "AMERICAN FARMER" absolutely free to every person paying us \$1.50 cash in advance for the Free Press for one year. Or, we will give one year's subscription to either of the above papers to every subscriber paying up one year or more past due subscription to the Free Press within the next sixty days. Address: THE FREE PRESS, Haskell Texas.

**SIXTY CENTS FREE**  
Extraordinary Offer to Newspaper Readers—Limited to Sixty Days.

By special arrangement with the publishers of the Fort Worth Weekly Gazette we are enabled to make this extraordinary offer:

Remit us \$1.60 for one year's subscription to the HASKELL FREE PRESS and we will send you free, as a premium the Weekly Gazette for one year. This offer applies only to persons who are not now subscribers to the Gazette.

THE FORT WORTH WEEKLY GAZETTE is a large eight page paper, seven columns to the page, issued on Friday of each week. Its subscription price is 60 cents per year, and it gives its readers more for their money than the New York, Chicago, Atlanta or Louisville papers.

The Gazette is a plain democratic paper, without frill or furbelows in its politics. It advocates: The free coinage of silver at 16 to 1—the most important issue now before the country. Tariff reform that will give the producers an equal chance with the manufacturers. An income tax. Pension reform. The repeal of the state bank tax. The election of United States senators by popular vote. Ineffective railroad commission.

The enforcement of the anti-trust law against all trusts. The Gazette is NOT OWNED BY THE TRUSTS. It prints: All Texas news. All general news. All foreign news. Local and foreign markets. A farmers' department. A women's department. Stories, sketches and many interesting special features. This offer is the best ever made to the newspaper readers of Texas, as will be withdrawn after sixty days. Take advantage of it at once. Remit \$1.60 to us for one year's subscription to the FREE PRESS and we will send it and the Weekly Gazette for one year. If your subscription to the FREE PRESS has not expired will credit you with one year's subscription from the time of its expiration. Address the HASKELL FREE PRESS, Haskell, Texas.

**GOOD NEWSPAPERS At a Very Low Price.**

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS (published in Dallas) is published Thursdays and Saturdays (also contains of eight pages. Special departments for the farmers, and the boys and girls, including a complete list of news items. It is a most interesting and instructive paper. We desire the attention of our readers to the fact that the price of this paper is only 10 cents per copy. Send your order to the publisher, THE NEWS, Dallas, Texas.

# Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Publisher.

HASKELL, TEXAS.

The man who loses his temper also loses his game.

As there are exceptions to all rules, some rules must have brains.

John Bull takes to the Monroe doctrine with the eagerness of a tramp to a bar of soap.

Kansas farmers have discovered that sunflower leaves make as good cigar fillers as cabbage leaves.

During the recent cold snap elk in the vicinity of Lander, Wyo., came from the mountains to feed with the cattle.

The sultan is doing his best to prove that he has to kill the ferocious Armenian sheep to keep them from biting him.

The reputation of Chicago was sustained one day last week when five judges granted a hundred divorces in three hours.

Before Harry Hayward left Minneapolis he had succeeded in making the verdict of the jury and that of the public entirely unanimous.

Somebody in Steubenville, Ohio, advertises a matrimonial plot for 50 cents. And another advertises "divorces secured on easy terms."

The use of "perforated bed-clothes" is recommended as a cure for rheumatism. This seems to be merely an amplification of the porous plaster idea.

Illinois' attorney general has decided that it is a lottery and therefore illegal to give purchasers of merchandise a guess at the number of beans in a jar.

An ex-hangman, who has sent over five hundred criminals out of this world, says that not one of these was a teetotaler. There's expert testimony for you.

Westley Black, of Stillwater, Ok., was engaged to a lady in Ohio for twenty-three years and finally married her one day last week. Think of that, impatient girls.

Since the substitution of electricity for animal power on street railways 145,000 horses have lost their job—nearly 71 per cent of the whole number formerly employed.

Last week the Salvation Army stationed at Odensburg, N. Y., announced that on Saturday evening they would expose the biggest liar in town. All the preparators of note flocked to hear the expose, and the result was the greatest boom the army ever enjoyed in that section. It was a great night for the liars.

Anger is short madness. Is he not a madman that has lost the government of himself, and is tossed hither and thither by his fury as by a tempest? The executioner and murderer of his own friends? It does all things by violence, as well upon itself as others; and it is, in short, the master of all passions.

A Kansas member will go thundering down the ages as the man who made the first speech in the LIVth congress. After the roll was called, he arose with great dignity, addressed the clerk, announced his name, and then asked if his name had been properly recorded. This speech was not particularly brilliant, but it was the first of the LIVth congress.

Gentleness, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowardice and the fawning assent of sycophancy. It reasons no just right from fear; it gives up no important truth from flattery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle in order to give it any real value.

Rev. H. D. Fisher, of Kansas, would not have been satisfactory as chaplain of the house of representatives, anyway. He makes longer prayers than any other person we know of, and long prayers are not popular in congress or out of it. Besides, he tells the Lord nearly every day about the Quantrell raid, in which he was rolled in an old carpet by his wife, and saved, and there is nothing for which he will not petition the throne of grace, says a Kansas paper.

Dr. Brewer says in the Journal of Hygiene that he cured two young women of consumption by giving them all the peanuts they could eat. They had taken cod liver oil and tonics until nearly dead. He fed them peanuts a year and allowed them to inhale vinegar fumes when they were pronounced cured. The peanut, he says, is an excellent fat producer. He declares that it beats the Koch lymph, and is the most satisfactory treatment he has ever tried for lung diseases.

Some poor, abused sots in Calcutta have been finding out what frauds were practiced on them by dealers that sold them "Primo Old Scotch," a compound of cheap potato spirit, nicotine, sepium and sulphuric acid. The analytical chemist could give an instructive lecture in any barroom.

The National Medical college of Switzerland has appealed to the press not to report suicides, as such articles increase the number of these crimes. Even newspapers need to learn that they are their brothers' keepers.

A Chicago lawyer who drew up the incorporation papers for a Colorado mining company recently received in payment for his services \$100,000 in notes of the company. His family sold it to one of the incorporators for \$10 each and is now laughing over his good luck.

In a recent counting in the south Pacific, near the Friendly Islands, a weighing was made of 2,500 tons of water, and the result was 2,500 tons. This is the deplorable state of affairs, though the water is not supposed to be so heavy.

## COAL OIL JOHNNY.

### CAREER RECALLED AFTER OVER THIRTY YEARS.

Still Living and Enjoying Life in a Reasonable and Comfortable Manner—An Involuntary Deposit in a Bank Saved Him from Poverty.

GOOD FOLKS FOND of instructive stories with "moral" endings, have taken much comfort out of the supposed death in abject poverty of that model prodigal, "Coal Oil Johnny," such a finale being what one would naturally expect from the pyrotechnic career of perilous activity which made him famous. But the inevitable order of the fitness of things is out of joint again, as usual. Coal Oil Johnny is not, as is popularly supposed, dead and buried, but alive, in pretty good condition physically, and in quite comfortable circumstances. And shocking as it may be to those accustomed to holding him up as a horrid warning to the young, the fact seems beyond dispute that Coal Oil Johnny's good financial plight today is the direct result of his having been a reckless, irresponsible, drunken spendthrift when young.

In December, 1857, William McClintock, owner of an almost worthless little farm on Oil creek, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, accompanied by his wife, went to the county poorhouse to pick a boy for adoption, as they had already adopted from the same institution a daughter. They selected a lad 12 or 15 years old, to whom the name of John Steele had been attached—though he got it does not appear in the record. A little more than a year later the farmer died, leaving all his small property to his widow, and she, impressed by his sudden demise with a new sense of the insecurity of life, almost immediately made her will. She bequeathed to her adopted daughter, who was her favorite, the sum of \$2,000, the total sum she and her husband had accumulated by a lifetime of frugality and toil managed to save. To the boy, John Steele, she left the farm, which was possibly worth a couple of hundred dollars at that time. Within a few months after her execution of that instrument, on Aug. 28, 1859, Colonel Drake struck oil on the first bored well, which was on the McClintock farm.

Colonel Drake leased one-eighth of an acre from the Widow McClintock, for which she received one-half of the yield of the well. That contract was made in advance, when nobody had an idea of what a well might yield, and neither party to it had any monopoly of amazement when hundreds of barrels of petroleum per acre were realized. Very speedily the farm was leased out in one-eight-of-an-acre patches and dotted all over with wells. The widow was in receipt of thousands of barrels of oil every day, for which she found ready sale at from \$12 to \$15 per barrel, and the sums of money she handled were greater than she had ever before believed existed. As she had no confidence in banks, she sent down to Pittsburgh for a big safe, which she crammed full of money and bonds. Life was such an exciting whirl of astonishing experience to her that she forgot all about the will, and forgot that death may come as suddenly to a rich widow as to a poor farmer. Had she not done so, it is probable that the contents of more than one big pigeon-hole in the big safe would have been added to the adopted daughter's share.

One evening in March, 1862, John Steele, who had been away with a team hauling oil, returned home and found the house in ashes. The charred bones of the widow were picked out of the ruins. It was supposed that she had accidentally set herself ablaze, and then the house, by rashly using petroleum to start the kitchen fire.

As John Steele had been legally adopted, he was the natural heir to the contents of the big safe and the river of revenue from the oil-producing farm, his possession of which was further fortified by the widow's will, made before the change in her fortune. This sudden acquisition of enormous wealth turned his head, not all at once, but speedily. He wished to find in enjoyment of an intensified consciousness of its reality, but was too ignorant to do so in any intelligent way. He married the daughter of one of his workmen, and she taught him to write his name in a laborious, mechanical way, and that was all he ever learned of the art and mystery of letters. She tried to keep him straight, but he knew too little to

comprehend self-respect, felt himself too rich to be trammelled by conventionalities or to care for the opinion of others, and thirsted for a riotous excess of sensuous gratification, the highest pleasure he was capable of.

Suddenly his wealth came to an end. He had succeeded in squandering even more than his vast income, and was in debt. Of course, he had been plundered mercilessly, right and left, but had literally thrown away several fortunes, and creditors, seeing his downfall, were pressing him. He mortgaged the farm for a large sum, and plunged afresh into even wilder extravagance and more reckless dissipation than before, but with less to go upon, and the end came quickly. His mad career was over.

After a short time of abject destitution, in which he was deserted by all who had preyed upon him, he went to work driving the Girard house stage, in which guests were carried to and from the railroad depots. Soon he wearied of that and some one paid his fare back to Oil Creek, where he obtained employment as a freight handler at the depot, in which capacity he earned \$25 a month. That was not enough to support himself and his family, and there was nothing more remunerative that he could find there to do.

His wife raised, by the sale of her jewelry, a sum sufficient for the transportation of the family out to Nebraska, and in Lincoln, Coal Oil Johnny settled down. They were very poor, but managed somehow to live, for Johnny was a willing worker at any labor he could procure. Realizing the evil fortune of such limitation as had been put upon his capacities by his ignorance, he took care that his son, a bright lad, should receive as good an education as was attainable under the existing circumstances. When the boy was old enough he obtained employment as a ticket and freight agent at the Ashland, Neb., railroad station, and there his father, Coal Oil Johnny, that was, plain John Steele, as everybody about there knows him, works steadily and patiently for the railroad company under the son's direction, handling freight, taking care of the station, and so on. And he is a hale, hearty and well-preserved man, apparently about 53 years of age, seemingly well contented.

But he is by no means dependent now upon his labor for the maintenance of his family or upon his steady and industrious son. At a time when his situation seemed most miserable and his prospects least hopeful, while he was still seeking a day's work at any hard labor in Lincoln, fortune again smiled upon him, a gleam of his old luck glided his life once again.

In some way the directors of a Philadelphia bank in which he had made an informal deposit thirty years before, learned of the unhappy condition of the Steele family away out in Nebraska, of the total reformation in Coal Oil Johnny's habits, and the manly struggle he was trying to make for the past. Having assured themselves of the identification of their erratic depositor, they made up their account and forwarded to him the sum left in their charge, with interest from the date of its deposit. How much it was is known only to those concerned, but it is believed to have been somewhere about \$80,000, probably more rather than less. With that money 700 acres of choice farming land near Ashland were purchased, and a good house erected, with barns, out-houses, excellent fences, etc. There Mrs. Steele is in control, and if the bad idea should occur to Johnny of an experimental return to the tumultuous delights of earlier days, it is not probable that he would be able to prejudice the family interest in that farm. But there are no fears of his doing so. He has proved himself a man, not merely a warning.

### How to Build a Road.

Seeing the necessity for a good road between Florence and their beautiful little city of Piesole, the authorities of the latter place issued titles of nobility which were described in a "book of gold," and for which titles good round sums were asked—some hundreds of dollars up, according to the dignity of the title. Counts, barons and marquises were created by the score; a man who taught dancing in England became a baron, and a young clerk in a banking house bought the right to be called duke. The road is a fine one, and as the carriage rolls along it the visitor tries to fancy what must have been like to go bumping along in the great sort of wicker basket, without wheels, that used to be drawn by two oxen.—Boston Commonwealth.

A movement is on foot to establish in Burlington, Vt., a large shirt factory to employ from 200 to 300 hands.

## WHAT BECOMES OF THE PINS.

### Problem Solved at Last—Resolved Into Their Elements.

An old gentleman in the north of London has recently been making a series of interesting experiments with a view to finding a solution to the question often asked: "What becomes of the countless myriads of pins, etc., that are annually lost?" As he expected, he finds that it is the disintegrating effects of the air which resolves even the most intractable little instruments into their elements, says an exchange. He put some hundreds of brass and steel pins, needles, hairpins, etc., in a quiet corner of his garden, where they would be subject to all the destructive agencies of dampness, earth wind, etc., although secure from the predatory hands and disturbing feet of inquisitive intruders. The results are curious. Ordinary hairpins were the first (taking 154 days on an average) to oxidize into a brownish dust—ferric oxide—which was scattered to the wind as it was formed, and not a trace of a single one could be detected at the end of seven months.

Common bright pins took as long as eighteen months before their combustion was complete, but brass ones had been entirely turned into green verdigris long before that. At the end of fifteen months an ordinary needle had had its nib entirely rusted away, but the wooden stick was almost unaltered. It is probable that the point on it had somewhat of a preservative effect. Some used wax vestas were almost gone, with the exception of the cotton wick, in less than eight days from the time they were deposited and the sulphur leads of some unlit ones were perfect as ever. Fused-steel needles of a small size lasted a very long time (over two years and a half), but a black-lead pencil proved itself to be practically indestructible, both cedar and plumbago being almost as good as when new, even though harder things had quite rotted.

## EXPLAINED AT LAST!

### This is What Weighted Down the America's Cup Defender.

From Deer Island, Me., has come at last the explanation of the Defender's mystery, which has so puzzled Lord Dunraven. It tells just how the Defender was sunk four inches after being measured, and why she came up again before being remeasured. It has been estimated that it would take a weight of fourteen tons to sink Defender four inches. Nobody has hitherto known how this was brought on board. It is now explained.

### Earrings to Be Revived.

It is rumored that the use of earrings is to be revived, and as these ornaments have frequently been given as wedding presents in fashionable circles lately, I am afraid it is likely to be true. I noticed that the Duke and Duchess of York presented a brooch and earrings to Lady Eva Greville. I do sincerely hope that the women of to-day will not often be found willing to revert to a fashion which is but a remnant of barbarism, and that they will not spoil the natural beauty of their ears for the sake of sticking jewels in them. If once the fashion of earrings should become general again it will only be a matter of time before the reintroduction of those hideously vulgar-looking, long pendants, which distorted so many pretty ears in the past. Before any reader has her ears pierced I hope she will consider that the fashion may be very transitory, and that even if the rings are not worn the mark very seldom disappears; moreover, any weight attached to the lobe of the ear is likely to drag it down and spoil its proper shape.—Home Notes.

### The Dejected Young Man.

"Woman," said the dejected young man, "is a fake."

"Yes," spoke one listener.

"Yes!" spoke one listener.

"Yes!" spoke one listener.

Since I saved up all my billiard money and lived on beans two weeks to buy myself on an opera and a supper for a young woman. Then I asked her to marry me, and she said she was afraid I was too extravagant to make a good husband.—Indianapolis Journal.

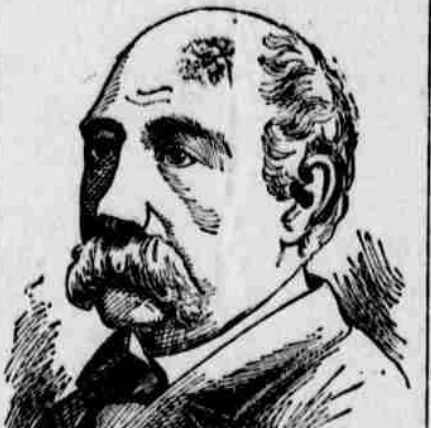
## CRISPI'S DAILY LIFE.

### PERSONALITY OF THE PRIME MINISTER OF ITALY.

His House and Household—Habits of Eating and Sleeping—A Handy Revozier—His Wife and Their Daughter—His Superstitions.

(Special Correspondence.)

HE crowd, largely composed of Anglo-Saxon elements, which daily in winter floods to the Piazza Trinita del Monti into three streams, of which the largest pour down the picturesque staircase to the right of the obelisk, and loses itself in the Piazza di Spagna, or, as the Romans call it, the English Ghetto. Of the remaining two, one runs into the Via Sistina on its way to



FRANCESCO CRISPI.

the region of hotels and pensions, while the smallest and quietest flows into the silent Via Gregoriana. Perhaps it is owing to the fact that this street is not much frequented that the grim old Palazzo Zuccari, still occupied by the descendants of the celebrated painter, attracts the attention of the passer with its strong-barred loopholes of the windows, suggestive of past violence, its doors grotesquely fashioned in the shape of yawning monsters, and its general aspect of quaint and uncanny antiquity.

But certainly very few visitors to Rome, even the Anglo-Saxons, famed in Italy for their prying inquisitiveness, have ever noticed a little one-story house, unpretending in its elegant simplicity, which stands at the beginning of the street directly opposite the grim old palace. Before this little house a couple of tall gendarmes and a policeman are to be seen continually patrolling, while two other men, whose awkward appearance in plain clothes is strangely suggestive of blue cloth and brass buttons, lounge about the neat entrance. In spite of these precautions, no unpretending is the exterior of the little white house that the passer-by would sooner suspect the detectives of being duns besieging the garconerie of a luckless viveur, and the gendarmes to be in readiness to protect them against a sudden onslaught, than that they were guarding the residence of Signor Crispi, the veteran statesman, the Italian prime minister, who has been so persistently, and not without reason, accused of megalomania.

Evading the lynx-eyed surveillance of the two corbiers, let us step across the marble threshold into the little square courtyard of Doric pillars. A door on the left opens into a small but well-kept garden. A marble staircase on the right leads up to the apartments occupied by the prime minister and his wife, Donna Lina. A third occupant, their daughter Giuseppeppa, or Peppina, as she was more commonly called after her pet name in her father's musical native dialect, was married last winter to a young Sicilian nobleman, Prince Linguaglossa, with whom she now inhabits a beautiful palace at Naples. Signor Crispi is entirely devoted to his handsome daughter, and deeply felt the separation; but in compensation he often runs down from the



PEPPINA CRISPI.

capital to visit the young couple, so that the family ties may not be altogether severed. Indeed, Prince Linguaglossa, in his zeal to prove his unbounded love and veneration for his new kinsman, has even managed to get himself mixed up in the attacks of Cavallotti against the prime minister, exchanging with the deputy both verbal and epistolary insults, and following them up with a challenge to mortal combat, which, however, Signor Cavallotti had the good sense to treat with the ridicule it richly deserved.

Unlike his southern countrymen, Signor Crispi sets little, sleeps less, and is what we would call a total abstemious, though the blue ribbon is not found among his numerous decorations. He is a very early riser, and seldom gets up later than 6.

At Palazzo Braschi the business of the day begins. Commendatore Pinelli reports on those affairs which call for the prime minister's direct attention, while Signor Crispi takes notes and gives orders and instructions. In the morning the ante-chamber is always crowded with the passionate of obtain-

ing an interview with the prime minister, and unless business is unusually pressing, they are always admitted to his presence. A revolver, however, gleams ominously from among the papers on the desk of the statesman, a slight somewhat calculated to damp the impression of gratitude which applicants feel at being thus easily received.

At 12 Signor Crispi drives home to luncheon, another frugal repast, consisting of a dish of meat and some vegetables and fruit, to which Commendatore Pinelli is invariably invited. The conversation, while being exclusively on political subjects, is mainly carried on by Signor Crispi. Without indulging in the soothing siesta, so dear to Italians in general, and to Sicilians in particular, the untiring old statesman, once lunch is ended, drives back to the Palazzo Braschi by a long detour, and stops there, as a rule, till 7, but sometimes does not return home till 10, or even later. During the Sicilian revolution, when telegrams arrived every minute from the scene of the riots, he sometimes remained at his post receiving news and sending orders till long after midnight. At dinner, which differs little from his former meal, Signor Crispi never talks politics, but seems to desire a rest from this all-absorbing topic.

A few friends are in the habit of dropping in when the meal is over—deputies, journalists, or old patriots, for the most part—and with these the prime minister passes the evening in pleasant conversation, which Donna Lina never allows to flag. It is thus that Crispi forgets his present toils and responsibilities. With youthful reliance he flies back to the times of his exile, to that exciting time of fighting and uncertainty which preceded the making of Italy, and there in the circle of his intimates the Sicilian birth betrays itself through the dialect, long laid aside in public, but which springs spontaneously to his lips when the veteran soldier fights his battles over again.

This is how Crispi usually spends his days. Always busy and active. Always anxious to do as much of the work as he can himself, although, of course, Commendatore Pinelli is of the greatest help. This gentleman may be said to be the prime minister's political factotum.

The only trace of weakness which we can find in Signor Crispi's otherwise iron character is superstition. He has inherited this from his Sicilian fathers; it flows in his blood, and it would be hard to find a more superstitious man than the present Italian prime minister. He always wears a coral ornament in the shape of a horn on his watch chain as a charm against the evil eye, in which he firmly believes. It is curious, during a stormy debate in the chamber of deputies, to see his hand steal gently to this talisman, and, fingering it nervously before he rises to speak, seem



MME. CRISPI.

to repel the evil influence of the hundreds of eyes riveted on him from all parts of the house. Signor Crispi never carries any money on his person, with the exception of two English sovereigns given to him by Garibaldi as a souvenir, which he always keeps in his waistcoat pocket, attaching to them a superstitious value.

Such, briefly, is the man who now rules over the destinies of Italy. How long he will so rule it is hard to say. There are those who think they see signs that his sun is setting; that the Anglo-Saxons who will crowd the Piazza hills this winter will be there to see his declining. It is hard to tell. Loved by some, detested by others, Francesco Crispi is certainly a strong individuality, and as such he will live in Italian history, even though it may be that his name be written and his deeds be remembered in strains other than those of the indiscriminate laudation that comes to his ears, now while he is in power, from the millions of an official press.

### A Lunch Astray.

At Middlesborough recently two boys were playing in the street late at night, when there came from the farther side a voice calling "Willie White, quick come." One of the boys, thinking it was some one who knew him, crossed over, when, from out of the darkness, came two hands, thrusting into his something soft, hot and very uncomfortable to touch. "Good-by; kiss me," said a voice. A pretty face was put forward, a scream and down the area steps disappeared a cook. Going to the next lamp, Willie opened the mysterious packet. It was a pile of delicious-looking pancakes. How will Willie be led to laugh when he told us how that poor policeman lost his supper that night—London Telegraph.

### Words of Experience.

"Have you written any of your speeches yet?" asked the old member of congress of the new one.

"Why, no," was the reply. "I don't know yet what topic I may find it desirable to speak upon."

"What topic? Why, man, you don't need any topic, what you want to do is to have something ready to fling into the breach when your party calls on you in an emergency to come forward 'nd kill time."—Washington Star.

### Oils as a Fuel.

A French naval engineer named D'Huzy has invented a pressed oil cake for use as fuel on ocean steamers. It is not affected by temperature, is smokeless and odorless, cannot evaporate or cause explosion, and burns only on the surface, giving out intense heat, and leaving only from 2 to 3 per cent of ash. A ton of this fuel is equal to thirty tons of coal and costs between \$5 and \$10.

Spanish women used to keep lumps of rock crystal on their toilet tables for cooling the hands, as the temperature of those wonderful balls is said to never vary.

### YELLOW BIRD, BLOOD RED FLESH!

A wonderful combination, a true & delicious novelty, found only in Salzer's Golden Pumpkin Watermelon. It's marvelous. We paid \$500 for one melon! You will want it, everybody, wants it. 5 kernels 10c, 25 kernels 40c, 25 packages earliest vegetable seeds \$1.00. Our new creations in oats yielding 20 1/2 bu., barley 11 1/2 bu., potato 1,200 bu. per acre! Where will it end?

If you will cut this out and send with 12c. postage to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a package of above Salzer's Golden Pumpkin Watermelon seed and our 148 page seed catalogue free. Catalogue alone 5c. for mailing.

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"Nelson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money returned. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Youth is an excuse for everything, but after a man passes middle life, there is little excuse, and little hope.

Notice.

I want every man and woman in the United States who are interested in the opium and whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address, R. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., box 577, and he will be sent you free.

As soon as one feels a little sense, a dozen new ones take his place.

NOTE—All pills stopped from by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Pills After the first day's use. For particulars, see our 200 page Catalogue. Price 50 cents. Send to Dr. Kline, 149 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Some mortals are so greedy that if they could they would live always.

It the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Secure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. The man who knows least generally wants to talk the most.

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OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS. CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. None greater under the price is stamped on the bottom.

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THE \$3 SHOE! If you desire cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 3 cents to pay carriage. \$10.00 for \$8.00. \$8.00 for \$6.00. \$6.00 for \$4.00. \$4.00 for \$2.50. \$2.50 for \$1.50. \$1.50 for \$1.00. \$1.00 for \$0.75. \$0.75 for \$0.50. \$0.50 for \$0.25. \$0.25 for \$0.10.

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## PRIVATE ROOMS FOR WOMEN STOCK GAMBLERS.



The fever of Wall Street speculation has reached the women of New York. There are at present enough women gamblers in stocks to make it profitable to run a stock broker's office exclusively for women. Within a stone's throw of the Stock Exchange in this Adames Eden of speculation, it is a cozy room, made attractive to the feminine eye and equipped with all the accessories usually found in the downtown broker's office. Here "Sugar" and "Whiskey" and "L. & N." and "St. Paul" are discussed by the fair speculators with all the confidence and the intimate knowledge of market conditions displayed by the professionals. They know what bearing the Kaffir crisis has on American stock market conditions. They size up the Ararat

# OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.



## CHAPTER I.

GREAT storm had raged with unabated fury for three days, but now at the shutting down of the twilight the clouds were breaking, and toward the sunset there gleamed a single spark of blood-red light low down upon the western mountains. The wind had changed from the east, and the breeze that fanned the brows of Ralph Trenholme as he paced back and forth over the shingly shore, was like the breath of early June. And it was the last of October. The sea was still high, tossing in at intervals remnants of the ill-starred ship that had gone to pieces on Joliet Rock, just outside the harbor mouth of Portia.

How anxious had been the hearts on shore for that wretched ship! How earnestly they had watched it since early dawn, when it had appeared in the offing—driven about helpless, at the mercy of the winds and waters, and at last dashed upon the cruel rocks. They had devised vainly among themselves, these hardy fishermen, ways and means to save the vessel from her fate. The proud mistress of Trenholme House—better known as High Rock—had come out into the storm, as pale and anxious at the rudest fishermen's wife among them—come out to beg them to do all that human arm could do, to offer them gold, if they could save but one poor life, and those brave, courageous men had looked at her, and at each other, sorrowfully and in silence; they knew by stern experience that no boat could live an hour in a sea like that. And so the ship was left to go down unaided.

But Ralph Trenholme could not be quiet. With the daring impulsiveness of a boy of fourteen, he had thrice launched the Sea Foam, his own little boat, to go to the aid of the sufferers, but as many times had the men of the coast forced him back. They would not stand by and see him go to death for nought. Ralph fought against them bravely, but was obliged to yield, and restless, and chafing at his inactivity, which seemed to him almost cowardly, he paced the shore, and looked out to sea.

There came a great wave. He watched it rising afar off, and saw that it bore upon its crest something whiter than the foam. He darted down to the water line, and stood there when it came so near that it drenched him through, but he caught the precious freight it bore in his arms, and by the wan light he looked into the face of a little child—a girl—perhaps six or seven years old, with pure features, attired in calm repose, and long, curling locks of gold, floating dripping down, and tangled with seaweed. He had no satisfaction of knowing that he had saved a life, for it she had been dashed in upon the shore, the sharp rocks would have crushed out from that beautiful face every semblance of humanity. He puts his lips down to hers. There was a faint warmth. He ran up the steep path leading to High Rock, bearing his treasure in his arms, and took to his mother, who was sitting before the great fire that streamed redly up the chimney.

"See what the sea has given me!" he cried, putting her down on the sofa. "A real little sea nymph and as beautiful as an angel!"

"Sothy, my son," said Mrs. Trenholme, with mild dignity. "She is for Dr. Hudson—perhaps she can be restored."

Ralph was off instantly, but when he returned with the doctor, the little girl did not need his aid; she was sitting up, and looking around her with great wondering eyes, and a flush of scarlet on either cheek. But when any question was put to her, she could give no satisfactory reply. She put her hand to her forehead, in a confused sort of way, and said she could not remember. All knowledge of the past was blotted out. It was as if it had never been. She did not even remember that she had been on a shipboard, and when they asked her about her parents, she looked at them in such a dazed sort of way that Mrs. Trenholme saw at once it was useless to press the matter. The severe shock to her nervous system had received from "raining so long in the water had wrought too oblong in the past."

Her clothing was like a costly, but there were no trinkets by which any clue to her parentage could be obtained. The only thing that might serve to identify her was a minute scarlet cross, set below the shoulder, on her arm—marks that had evidently been pricked into her skin with some indelible substance.

"After a few weeks the wonder and curiosity which this sole survivor of the wreck had excited died away, and Mrs. Trenholme, yielding to the earnest solicitations of Ralph, decided to adopt her, and rear her as her own. The child was christened Marina, which name she was given, and named after the sea. Her clothing was like a costly, but there were no trinkets by which any clue to her parentage could be obtained. The only thing that might serve to identify her was a minute scarlet cross, set below the shoulder, on her arm—marks that had evidently been pricked into her skin with some indelible substance.

"To change the conversation, Imogene Ireton is coming here tomorrow for a visit of indefinite length. I think Imogene will surprise you. You have not seen her since you left home, I think?"

"I have not, but I have no doubt she has developed wonderfully. Imogene was always magnificent!"

"And now she has no peer. I have never seen one who would compare with her. But tomorrow you shall judge for yourself."

The conversation closed, and Ralph thought no more of it until Imogene Ireton burst upon him. He was amazed. He had expected to see a very beautiful woman, but, instead, he touched the hand of a princess. Three years older than Marina, at nineteen she was fully developed, with a form that would have driven a sculptor mad with ambition to rival it. She was rather tall, with that graceful, high-bred carriage of manner that came to her so naturally, and the voice that in her young girlhood had been so sweet, was now a breath of musical intonation. Her complexion was still rarely clear, the cheeks a little flushed, the mouth a line of scarlet, and the hair dark and lustrously splendid, and the eyes—such eyes are never seen twice in the world at the same time, and though Mrs. Ireton, at the end of a fortnight, had not succeeded in capturing the heir of Trenholme, it must be admitted that she had interested him. Toward Lynde Graham, who was at the Rock almost daily, she was cold and reserved; she never forgot the distance between Judge Ireton's heiress and the son of a poor fisherman. And yet, despite her coldness, which at times was almost cruel, before she returned home Lynde Graham had learned to love her. He kept his unfortunate secret to himself; he felt that it would cause him nothing but pain and sorrow, should it escape him by word or deed.

The winter passed quietly. There was an occasional pleasure party, but they were by no means frequent, and it was not until summer came that the real round of pleasuring, which was destined to break the calm of the Rock for the season, began.

## THE WATCH ADJUSTER.

He is a Man Whose Delicate Work Requires Large Experience and Much Skill. Perhaps the most highly skilled and best paid men in the watchmaking business are the watch adjusters. One adjuster in a great factory used to receive \$10,000 a year. The adjuster's work is one of the important elements of cost in the making of a fine watch, and a \$10,000 adjuster should be competent to perfect any watch, whatever its delicacy and cost. It is the business of the adjuster to take a new watch and carefully go over all its parts, fitting them together so that the watch may be regulated to keep time accurately to within a minute a month. Regulating is a very different process from adjusting and much simpler. A watch that cannot be regulated so as to keep accurate time may need the hand of the adjuster, and if it is valuable the owner will be advised to have it adjusted. There are watch adjusters in New York working on their own account and earning very comfortable incomes. To the adjuster every watch that comes under his hands gets to have a character of its own. He knows every wheel and screw and spindle that help to constitute the watch. He knows its constitution as a physician knows that of an old patient. He can say what the watch needs after an accident, and can advise as to whether it is worth adjusting. No new watch can be depended upon until it has passed through the hands of the adjuster, for however admirable the individual parts of the works, their perfect balance is to be obtained only by such study and experiment as it is the business of the adjuster to make. The adjuster is a highly-skilled mechanic, with wide knowledge of his business, and the utmost deftness in its prosecution.

Something New in Botany. Pro. G. Macloskie, of Princeton reported to the botanists of the American association a singular discovery about the flowering plants. He finds that all species include two kinds or castes of individuals, born of the same mother plant, but differing by being slightly twisted in opposite directions, the seed, shoot, stem, leaves, inflorescence, and flowers being turned alternately in some plants, and sinistrally in others, from the same pod. This peculiarity is of a primitive nature, and is often obscured by secondary twining of stems, spreading out of leaves to the light, and twisting of flowers. But if you go into an orchard you will find half of the trees and of the weeds with their leaves forming left-handed spirals, and as many producing right-handed spirals. This curious habit of growth appears to depend on the place of origin of seeds in the seed vessel. One column of grains in an ear of Indian corn will produce plants turning one way, and those borne by the next column will turn the opposite way; a bean pod has dextral seeds on its left valve, and sinistrally on its right; not so however, the iris, calla lily, and a few others, which grow by the branching of root stocks. The term antitropism is used to indicate the habit of twisting in different directions. This discovery is fertile in suggesting new lines of inquiry, explains the real nature of phylitaxy, and removes many difficulties from botany. It may explain why some telegraph poles split with a dextral and others of the same species with a sinistrally curve, a phenomenon which comes tried to explain by wind pressure on the growing tree. It also raises new questions as to the formation of the embryos differently on two sides of a leaf. Above Mannheim the Rhine is to be seen remarkable as far as Strasburg. As a canal will be inadequate, important changes must be made in the river bed.

## HE IS A RISING STAR.

CHARLES B. HANFORD IN SHAKESPEARIAN CHARACTERS.

His First Appearance as Cassius in "Julius Caesar"—Now Playing Shylock, Virginia, Othello, Mercutio, Damon, and Marc Antony.

Memory serves me rightly, it was in the spring preceding the assassination of President Garfield that I witnessed in Washington at the old National theater the debut of a promising young man in that most extraordinary product of Shakespeare's glorious genius, that never-fading and almost flawless drama which he built around the historical fact of the assassination of Julius Caesar. I was writing dramatic criticism at that time for two papers, I think, and I wish I had kept the prophecy I made in regard to the amateur who played Cassius, because it would fit in so well with what I have to say of him here, writes Lorillard Spencer in a series of excellent biographies in the Gallery of Players. There were a certain crudity and awkwardness, of course, in the rendition, but it was quite clear to me that Charles B. Hanford, thirty-five years ago, was no stage-struck blockhead, but a man whose proper place in life was behind the footlights. The years have amply proved my prophecy. Mr. Hanford had the good sense to join a regular company, take eagerly the smallest parts offered and work hard and slowly up the ladder. Two seasons later he was playing roles of considerable import, and in Tom Keene's company and while acting Egeon in "The Comedy of Errors" at the Dramatic Festival in Cincinnati he attracted the attention of Robson and Crane, so that two seasons later they invited him to join them especially to present the character. This piece of appreciation led at once to other engagements, and he has been playing Egeon at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, and leaned out of his box to applaud him. The next day

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CHARLES B. HANFORD. Hanford received an invitation to join the Booth-Barrett company for the following season. After several seasons with them, in which he gave much satisfaction to the public, especially with his Marc Antony, Hanford joined Julia Marlowe to play heavy leads or light comedy parts. In 1893 these excellent dramatic organizers, the Rosenfelds, of New York, engaged him for the part of King Marbo in Fels' pictureque performance, "Olaf," at Niblo's Garden. His performance was very fine. In the following year he toured the country, supporting Mrs. Drew and playing Captain Absolom in "The Rivals" and Harry Dornon in "The Road to Ruin." This season he has gone on the road with



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Eliza H. Spencer and Miss Nora O'Brien as joint stars, and he will play Shylock, Virginia, Othello, Mercutio, Damon, Master Walter and Marc Antony. I trust he will meet the success he deserves. He has a fine voice, well managed, his readings evince conscientious study in addition to natural intelligence, and he has earned by long service the right to be seriously considered as a star.

ROSA MOSENTHAIM. Winner of the Ladies' Mile and a Half Single-Scull Race at Austin. The international rowing regatta which took place at Austin, Texas, on the Colorado river was an event of great interest. The Englishmen captured everything of value in sight. The four-oared race was over a three-mile course with turn, for the championship of the world and a purse of \$1,500. The English crew, which won in 17 minutes, 20½ seconds, consisted of George Barry, ex-champion of England, W. Barry, of Cambridge, W. Haines and John Wingate of London. The winner of the ladies' mile-and-a-half race was Rosa Moenthaim.

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MISS ROSA MOSENTHAIM. Half straight-away single-scull race was Miss Rosa Moenthaim of St. Louis; time, 15 minutes, 17½ seconds.

The double-scull race for the world's championship and a purse of \$1,000 was the event of the regatta, and was the greatest race of its class in the history of rowing. Barry and Huber won in 17 minutes, 40 seconds, lowering the world's record by 22 seconds. The result in the four-oared event was a keen disappointment to the American sports, as individually the American oarsmen were far superior in weight and skill to their English opponents. They had rowed together but a few times. Now they rowed together for three years past. The work of the American crew was terribly ragged, and they were evidently outclassed from the start.

Phrenological Indications. Marian asks if according to phrenology persons with very delicate and thin faces are in any way undeveloped. Answer: As slenderness and delicacy are distinct characteristics and indicate a particular temperament, it is difficult to see how phrenology can indicate anything in the case. Slenderness and delicacy ordinarily accompany refined feeling and a susceptible temperament. Phrenology is not supposed to have attained to the rank of an exact science, and is not by many persons relied upon in making up estimates of character. A boy who is very thin and delicate, and is, however, right in the main, and most of the failures that are chronicled are due to faulty reading and the exceptional and eccentric characters that are said to prove rules.

Helious Offense. Mrs. Fligg—Tommy put a bent pin in the minister's chair when he was calling this afternoon.

Mr. Fligg—Gimme your slipper, quick. A boy who will play such a trick on a man who doesn't swear needs one of the best lickings that can be procured.

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## FAD OF MAYOR SUTRO.

SAN FRANCISCO EXECUTIVE A MODELER IN DOUGH.

Makes Little Pigs and Seals—Likenesses of These Familiar Animals Grow Under His Fingers with Rapidity—It is a "Topsy-Like Talent."

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE: Great men are peculiar in their hours of ease. All of them have their hobbies in private life and in their History teems with incidents. Nero had a passion for fiddling and Cincinnati grew the best cabbages in early Rome, nearly as good as those grown now in the garden. Peter the Great was an amateur ship-builder of no mean ability, while Henry III of France was an artificer in clocks, several of the Louisies also being expert locksmiths. Few of the really great men except Jim Corbett were ever given to athletics, but there is one notable instance in the case of Louis Philippe, for the season that, while he had never practiced on the cinder path, he became at once bound the most remarkable sprinter in Europe. Everybody knows all about good King Cole, who was a jolly old soul, which brings the history of hobbies down to Mayor Sutro, of San Francisco, lord of the seal rocks, grand seigneur of the City Hall and a whole lot of other things besides. Mayor Sutro has a hobby—an artistic one at that—which his modesty has kept hidden for, for, these many years, fifteen at least. The Mayor is a modeler in clay and dough, an humble follower in the class of Dorothea Poldias and Michael Angelo. With a twist of his wrist and a wriggle of his thumbs he turns out wonderful forms, testifying to his genius and his skill and the beauty of his plastic art. His Honor has never tried his hand at an heroic piece and, while he can, has done very little in clay. He prefers dough. He fairly revels in dough.

Let artistic souls writhe in agony over what they may consider a plebeian proclivity of a noble art. Let them turn up their noses and say, "Nough! What of it? Mayor Sutro cannot help it. Like King Midas of old, everything he touches turns to dough; and at the present time they say he has more of it than any other great man in San Francisco. Having plenty, he does what he pleases with it, and he pleases to make little pigs and baby seals and cows and horses and to cover them over with a coating of modeling and present them to his friends as souvenirs. Verily, in the hands of Mayor Sutro, dough has supplemented the rocks of ancient art. For something like fifteen years has Mayor Sutro concealed his greatest accomplishment from the people who are now his consiliments. For nearly three lustres has he chosen to conceal the light of his genius under a bushel. Now it is all out. The Mayor has blushing acknowledged it and stands ready to take his place in the hall of fame in company with Alexander Badlam and the butter sculptors. Dough and butter! Bread and oleo! "Yes," said Mayor Sutro in his office the other day, after a certain amount of bashful hesitation, "I make a good many little things out of dough, principally animals. Little pigs, little seals, cows and horses. I have a talent that way, and I have amused a great many people with it in the last fifteen years. I don't know, really, how I discovered it—a sort of Topsy-like talent, I suppose. It just grew. When I was in Europe some years ago I used to make little figures out of the bread I would take from the table, and surprise a great many people. Very few people here knew I could do this—just a few of my friends, and I have not said very much about it. I have a number of the figures at my house out on the Heights, and several of my friends have more. Just as soon as they are made, you know, you coat them with modeling, and they will last any length of time."

Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Publisher.

HASKELL, TEXAS.

A STATE BRIEVARY.

Interesting Items Gleaned and Arranged from the Daily Press.

H. Clay Emmett, a young man who passed through Belton recently, was reported a singular find made by him during a cattle hunting raid.

The state revenue department has begun an examination of the accounts of purchasers of school lands in arrears for interest in cases where forfeiture must be had by judicial ascertainment.

Peter E. Seargeant, old in years, is now in a cell in the Tarrant county jail under sentence of twenty years imprisonment in the penitentiary for the killing of Pat Foley in the autumn of 1894.

At a recent meeting of the printing board it was decided to have printed as soon as possible 2000 copies of the report of the railroad commission for the year 1895 and 1900.

At Emory an attempt was made the other night by unknown parties to burglarize the vault in which were kept the tax collector's rolls and books and the money collected for the present year, which amounts to several thousand dollars.

January will be a busy month in Waco. On the 14th and 15th the Central Medical association will be there and on the 20th the district assembly Knights of Labor will convene in Waco.

H. L. Reed, who recently removed from Campagna, Ill., to Jefferson county and located on a rice farm, went to Beaumont recently, and made a number of purchases and left in a salubrious manner.

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At San Antonio the other day while Ed Sarron of the fire department was exercising the horses of his engine company he collided with a buggy containing Mr. and Mrs. H. Herring.

At Houston Mrs. Rebecca Stevenson, joined by her husband, J. W. Stevenson, doing a general grocery business, filed a deed of assignment recently.

A heavy snow storm struck Midland, Midland county, the other morning. The ground became warm most of it melted as it fell.

CARLISLE AND BONDS.

SECRETARY ISSUES A CIRCULAR OF INFORMATION.

The Bond Issue Will Be Dated Feb. 1, 1896 and be in Denominations of \$20 and Multiples—R. W. Finley to Tax Collectors of the State.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Speculation concerning the amount and character of the new bond issue was set at rest last night when Secretary Carlisle made public the subject.

It was almost midnight when Secretary Carlisle's circular was made public. The fact that the bonds will be issued in sums of \$20 and multiples thereof and be payable in installments is a feature which, it is believed, will make them regarded with popular favor.

The main reason for dating the bonds a year back is said to be in order to give the public a better opportunity to judge their market value by comparing them with the gold 4s issued at that time.

The circular is as follows: Treasury Department, Office of Secretary, Washington, Jan. 6, 1896.—Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received at the office of the secretary of the treasury at Washington, D. C., until 2 o'clock noon on Wednesday, the 6th day of February, 1896, for the purchase of one hundred million dollars (\$100,000,000) of United States 4 per cent coupon or registered bonds, in denominations of fifty dollars (\$50) and multiples of that sum as may be desired by bidders.

The bonds will be dated on the 1st day of February, 1895, and payable in coin thirty years after that date and will bear interest at 4 per centum per annum, payable quarterly in coin, but all coupons maturing on and before the 1st day of February, 1896, will be detached and purchasers will be required to pay in United States gold coin or gold certificates for the bonds awarded to them and all interest accrued thereon after the 1st day of February, 1896, up to the time of application for delivery.

At San Antonio the other day while Ed Sarron of the fire department was exercising the horses of his engine company he collided with a buggy containing Mr. and Mrs. H. Herring. Sarron was thrown and sustained a fractured skull. Herring's team smashed the buggy, injuring both occupants.

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At Bryan, recently, Will T. Riggs had his right foot badly mashed in the Houston and Texas Central yards by the wheels of a moving freight car.

A heavy snow storm struck Midland, Midland county, the other morning. The ground became warm most of it melted as it fell.

Congressmen Culberson and Cooper have recommended Mr. James Turner of Marshall for one of the places on the Venezuelan commission.

SPANIARDS SCARED.

INSURGENTS GO WHERESOEVER AND WHENEVER THEY LIKE.

It seems that the Spanish forces can not check the rebels in their march toward Havana—a stirring debate in the Senate over the bond issue.

HAVANA, Jan. 4.—The authorities confess grave condition of affairs by proclaiming martial law for the provinces of Havana and Pinar del Rio. Maximo Gomez has declared his purpose to penetrate into the province of Pinar del Rio.

It is by no means to be considered that the apparent lack of hope of checking the new advance shown by the insurgents here and there is due to the efforts to prevent the advance of the Spanish forces on all sides.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The president has accorded a hearing to a delegation of the Cherokee council composed of G. W. Benje, E. T. Harris, Ronch Young and Joseph Smallwood.

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A massacre is said to have occurred at Biredjik, an important town on the Danube. The outrage is believed to have been committed by Kurds and Homedli colony.

Sam Johnson—So you has hired Lawyer Jones ter sue me, has yer? With After that you has paid him you will go home in a rickshaw's feet on Jim Webster—Dat's what you is fooling yourself. He told me his fee would be only nominal.

Sam—Heah! You don't know what phenomemal fee means.—Texas Sittings.

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**SHE IS IN A CONVENT.**

**VICTORIA MOROSINI IS FOUND AT LAST.**

The First Heiress to Inaugurate the Custom of Marrying the Coachman—Reason for Her Desertion of Him Never Made Known.



**VICTORIA MOROSINI**, daughter of Banker G. F. Morosini, is now living in the Convent of Sisters of St. Joseph in Rutland, Vt. As Mrs. Ernest Hills, a m. p. Schilling, wife of her father's coachman, it will be remembered, she figured as one of the most mysterious disappearances of the press of the country has ever tried to fathom. Her elopement with Schilling on Sept. 9, 1884, her subsequent appearance as a chorus girl and then her strange departure, in what direction no one could say, were successive chapters in an always interesting story of metropolitan life. Additional interest was given to the case from the wealth and high business standing of Giovanni P. Morosini, who was an intimate friend and associate of the late Jay Gould.

The discovery of Victoria Morosini in beyond question or doubt, as the following details will fully establish. Schilling's own search for his runaway wife, carried on as it was under great difficulty, was followed by the public with dramatic interest. Many persons volunteered to aid him, but sentiment and a sense of fair play proved feeble weapons against money and the social

except for the white hand across their forehead.

In the rear to the east is the nun's private chapel, which has an exit to the east lawn. A stairway leads from the right of the main entrance to the second floor. In the northeast corner of second floor is the main music room, connecting with other and smaller music rooms.

The most practiced eye would fall to discover in the building anything beyond the simple outfalling of a convent, with parochial school accommodations. There must be at least eight pianos in the various music rooms, and one of them was notably finer than the rest. This fact was noted as the first break from the monotony which characterizes the institution.

Several of the boarders' chambers are on the second floor. As a rule these boarders are girls who are there to receive an education, and are rarely over seventeen years of age. The convent contains seventeen or eighteen boarders at present. It was learned later that a woman boarder in the convent owned the expensive piano in the music-room, and that she taught music to both day pupils and nuns. In passing back to the head of the stairs a second view of the piano disclosed a white rose dropped at the side of the manual. It was a mute witness of the story of Victoria Morosini's life. This piano was hers, and the fallen rose was hers, and she was in the convent—a boarder and nun's teacher, and a lover of flowers and children.

Victoria has not taken the vows of a nun. There is no evidence that she intends to. She lives at the convent, dresses in black exactly like the sisters of St. Joseph, except for the white forehead band. While her convent life is as plain, isolated and uneventful as that

not eat with the nuns unless they choose to. They can have private tables and such food as they may order. Victoria has a table by herself, but she often dines with the Mother Superior.

The nuns do chamberwork from 7.30 to 8.30, and the time until 9 is spent in preparations for school, which continues from 9 until noon. The dinner hour is from 12 to 1, and school again from 1 until either 3 or 4, when all the nuns walk out with the children. They sometimes take boarders or children out shopping; the smaller ones play on the convent lawn; the older ones walk, in pleasant weather, along the Otter Creek road from Center Rutland to Haven's Boiling Springs.

The evening schedule is not quite as barren of relieving incident. After supper, at 6, and prayers in the chapel, at 7, comes, usually, a play hour for the children, when music and games are in order. Victoria is often at the piano in the evening, and shows a marked fondness for St. Joseph's convent.

Anness for children. At 9.30 the convent is dark and quiet.

A dull life, to be sure, for a young

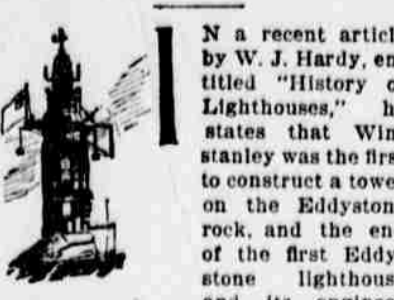


woman of so many accomplishments. More to her liking, the world might say, would be that pleasing picture of Father Morosini and his daughter Julia at the Horse Show, which attracted the attention of the throng a few days ago. But the world is wrong. Victoria, to all appearances, is where she is the happiest.

**NOTES OF SCIENCE.**

**SOME CURRENT INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.**

The First Light House—An Electric Heater—For Home Amusement—Safe and Simple Well-Digging—A Long-Felt Want.



In a recent article by W. J. Hardy, entitled "History of Lighthouses," he states that Win-stanley was the first to construct a tower on the Eddystone rock, and the end of the first Eddystone lighthouse and its engineer are well known. Shortly after the destruction of the Winstanley tower, another structure was built by John Rudyard at the instigation of a London merchant named John Lovett. Rudyard's lighthouse was alike doomed to destruction; but this time by fire. John Smeaton's lighthouse, which in the middle of the last century took the place of the two ill-fated buildings, was destined to be more enduring. Unlike its predecessors, it was built of stone—huge blocks dovetailed one in to the other—and was in use until 1877, when the rock on which the structure stood was found to be insecure. The present lighthouse was constructed by Sir James Douglas, who also invented the lamp-burner that gives a light equal to a million candles—6,000 times more powerful than the light of Smeaton's tower. Sometimes the keepers ran short of food, and a case is recorded where one man died, and for nearly four months his companion lived alone with the dead body.

**Safe and Simple Well-Digging.**

A farmer who had experienced no little trouble in getting a well dug, because of the softness of the soil and the danger existing, has tried a plan that not only works admirably, but is absolutely safe, and can be carried on by the very best greenhorn in existence. Any man who knows enough to wield a pick and shovel can, under intelligent direction, make a success of well-digging. A section of sewer pipe about five feet in diameter was tried on the ground and over into this the workmen climbed. A derrick with pulleys and hoisting appliances was rigged over this pipe. The workmen shoveled the earth into buckets, which were drawn up and emptied on the outside. When the soil was as large as the pipe, the earth was scooped out to allow the pipe to settle. This was kept up until one section was some distance below the surface of the ground; then another section was added. The weight of this and the constant jarring assisted in carrying the pipe down into the earth and when a certain length had been reached that given serious trouble to well-diggers in the neighborhood was reached, and in the most surprisingly short time the pipe settled through it and struck terra-firma. Then the quicksand was bailed out and the work went on. Of course, more or less of the quicksand worked in from the bottom, but by careful management no special annoyance was experienced. A ledge of rock was struck, and this was drilled through in the usual fashion, blasting being out of the question, as that would shatter the pipe. The well when finished was over forty feet deep, and the pipe was anchored upon a thin sandstone base. After a few days it was pumped out, and only a few bucketsful of sand were found in the bottom. After two or three pumpings the well was entirely cleared, and the supply of delicious water was unending.

**Possibilities in a Ton of Coal.**

A student of out-of-the-way things has made the following interesting calculations: "From a single ton of ordinary gas-coal there may be produced 1,500 pounds of coke, 20 gallons of ammonia-water and 140 pounds of coal tar. More curious still, it is found that by destructive distillation the coal-tar will yield nearly 70 pounds of pitch, 17 pounds of creosote, 14 pounds of heavy oil, 9-12 pounds of naphtha yellow, 6-3-10 pounds of naphthaline, 4-3-4 pounds of naphthol, 2-1-4 pounds of solvent naphtha, 1-1-2 pounds of phenol, 1-5-5 pounds of aurine, 1-1-10 pounds each of benzine and aniline, 7-1-109 of a pound of toluidine, 4-1-109 of a pound of anthrane and 9-10 of a pound of toluene."

**A Railroad Under Water.**

A railroad through the sea is to be built between Brighton and Rottingdean, the rails being so near low-water mark that they will be submerged the greater part of the time. There are four rails, the outside ones being eight-foot apart, fastened to concrete blocks mortised in bed rock. On these four-wheeled trucks will run supporting twelve-inch steel tubes, inside which are the shafts that propel the wheels. The tubes rise twenty-three feet above the rails supporting the car, which has a deck 46x22 feet. The motive power will be electricity conveyed by the trolley system.

**A Long-Felt Want.**

A foreign idea which might be adopted with great benefit by railroad men in this country, is the use of a fireless locomotive in long tunnels. The power consists of a receiver charged with warm water at a pressure of about 227 pounds the square inch. The water is reheated at suitable intervals and is condensed after being used in the cylinders. The condenser of 1151 tubes represents a cooling surface of 538 square feet.

**A Large Diamond.**

The great black diamond which was found two years ago in South Africa is the largest stone of its kind in the world. It weighs 282 carats. It is black, therefore not suitable for ornament, but is of great value in the arts. The stone is valued at from thirty to forty thousand dollars.

**The Wolf and the Lamb.**

A wolf, meeting a lamb astray from the fold, resolved not to lay violent hands on him, but to find some plea which should justify to the lamb himself his right to eat him. He then addressed him: "Sirrah, last year you called me a damphool!" The lamb then bleated pitifully and exclaimed: "Indeed I was not born last year; I am an honestinnus spring lamb." The wolf then said: "You would have called me a damphool if you had been born!" "No, good sir," replied the lamb, "I always go to Sunday-school." The wolf laughed and exclaimed: "Well, if I let you go now you will be sure to call me a damphool." So he seized the lamb and dined heartily, without green peas or mint sauce.

**Moral.**

Anyone who will stand and argue with a hungry wolf, instead of calling the police and making a bee-line for the next county, has a bad case of brain fever.—Truth.

**Reason Has Two Genders.**

Mrs. Strongmind—Men think they are good reasoners, and yet every man judges all women by his wife.

Mr. S—Women don't reason that way.

**"I should say not."**

"No, indeed. Every woman judges her husband by the worst things she hears about other women's husbands."—New York Weekly.

**How to Sell an Umbrella.**

The proper way to sell an umbrella is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand, and hold them tightly enough to prevent their being twisted while the covering is being twisted around with the other hand.

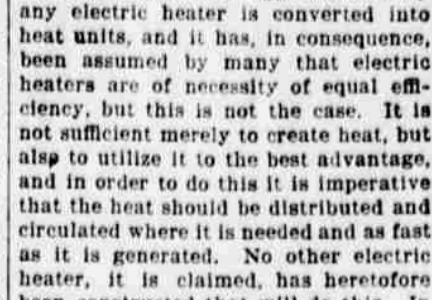
**About the latter end of the reign of Charles I it was customary to have**

recess performed in Hyde park.

**HABIT IS SPREADING.**

**A STEADILY INCREASING DEMAND FOR COCAINE.**

Cases Where It Has Caused Death—A Fine Servant, an Unhappy Master—An Overdose Caused Unconsciousness and Possibly Death.



HE cocaine habit is spreading. Ever since the peculiar, pain-alleviating properties of this drug became generally known, a few years ago, it has been in steadily increasing demand, until to-day the sale of the medicine alone brings a neat profit to the dealer. In New York, which is a city of nerves, it has proved to be an especial favorite, says the World of that city.

Ordinarily druggists will not sell a solution of cocaine stronger than 40 per cent without a doctor's prescription. And there is excellent reason for this precaution. Cocaine is a fine servant, but a very ugly master, in which respect it is much like opium and morphine. It is frequently applied externally for the relief of toothache and neuralgia, and in this way it cannot do much damage. But when taken internally it may work serious consequences. The effects of an overdose of the 10 per cent solution of the hydrochlorate of cocaine (the solution usually sold in drug stores) are as follows: The patient suffers immediately from vertigo, and then epileptic convulsions; the teeth are firmly clenched, and the face and lips become bloodless. There is apparently no suffering, as the brain becomes numb and the patient loses consciousness. If the dose is sufficiently large death will ensue. There are numerous recorded cases of fatal poisoning by cocaine. Among these are the case of a woman of seventy-one years of age, who died five hours after the subcutaneous injection of two-thirds of a grain; and the case of a man in whom the injection of one and one-third grains was followed by a fatal result. One case is also on record where death occurred in a female after three grains and a half had been administered hypodermically. It is stated that a man died almost immediately after swallowing twenty-two grains.

**Unusual Circulation of Air is Maintained.**

All air passes through the coils, and all the heat generated is carried off and distributed into the body of the car, the case of the heater remaining perfectly cool. It is claimed that there is absolutely no waste, and consequently that a much higher degree of efficiency is obtained than has hitherto been practicable.—Philadelphia Times.

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A student of out-of-the-way things has made the following interesting calculations: "From a single ton of ordinary gas-coal there may be produced 1,500 pounds of coke, 20 gallons of ammonia-water and 140 pounds of coal tar. More curious still, it is found that by destructive distillation the coal-tar will yield nearly 70 pounds of pitch, 17 pounds of creosote, 14 pounds of heavy oil, 9-12 pounds of naphtha yellow, 6-3-10 pounds of naphthaline, 4-3-4 pounds of naphthol, 2-1-4 pounds of solvent naphtha, 1-1-2 pounds of phenol, 1-5-5 pounds of aurine, 1-1-10 pounds each of benzine and aniline, 7-1-109 of a pound of toluidine, 4-1-109 of a pound of anthrane and 9-10 of a pound of toluene."

**A Railroad Under Water.**

A railroad through the sea is to be built between Brighton and Rottingdean, the rails being so near low-water mark that they will be submerged the greater part of the time. There are four rails, the outside ones being eight-foot apart, fastened to concrete blocks mortised in bed rock. On these four-wheeled trucks will run supporting twelve-inch steel tubes, inside which are the shafts that propel the wheels. The tubes rise twenty-three feet above the rails supporting the car, which has a deck 46x22 feet. The motive power will be electricity conveyed by the trolley system.

**A Long-Felt Want.**

A foreign idea which might be adopted with great benefit by railroad men in this country, is the use of a fireless locomotive in long tunnels. The power consists of a receiver charged with warm water at a pressure of about 227 pounds the square inch. The water is reheated at suitable intervals and is condensed after being used in the cylinders. The condenser of 1151 tubes represents a cooling surface of 538 square feet.

**A Large Diamond.**

The great black diamond which was found two years ago in South Africa is the largest stone of its kind in the world. It weighs 282 carats. It is black, therefore not suitable for ornament, but is of great value in the arts. The stone is valued at from thirty to forty thousand dollars.

**The Wolf and the Lamb.**

A wolf, meeting a lamb astray from the fold, resolved not to lay violent hands on him, but to find some plea which should justify to the lamb himself his right to eat him. He then addressed him: "Sirrah, last year you called me a damphool!" The lamb then bleated pitifully and exclaimed: "Indeed I was not born last year; I am an honestinnus spring lamb." The wolf then said: "You would have called me a damphool if you had been born!" "No, good sir," replied the lamb, "I always go to Sunday-school." The wolf laughed and exclaimed: "Well, if I let you go now you will be sure to call me a damphool." So he seized the lamb and dined heartily, without green peas or mint sauce.

**Moral.**

Anyone who will stand and argue with a hungry wolf, instead of calling the police and making a bee-line for the next county, has a bad case of brain fever.—Truth.

**Reason Has Two Genders.**

Mrs. Strongmind—Men think they are good reasoners, and yet every man judges all women by his wife.

Mr. S—Women don't reason that way.

**"I should say not."**

"No, indeed. Every woman judges her husband by the worst things she hears about other women's husbands."—New York Weekly.

**How to Sell an Umbrella.**

The proper way to sell an umbrella is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand, and hold them tightly enough to prevent their being twisted while the covering is being twisted around with the other hand.

**About the latter end of the reign of**

Charles I it was customary to have recess performed in Hyde park.

**MISTAKEN IDENTITY.**

**There Was a Vast Difference in the Two Cases.**

The other day at Montezuma, while two citizens were conversing about the depot a negro approached and addressed one of them as follows:

"Kurnel, I h'ary 'yants to git a man out on de platashun."

"Yes, I want a man out there," replied the colored man as he looked the negro over. "Seems to me I've seen you before."

"Reckon not, sah. I've new run 'ere."

"But I'm sure I've seen you somewhere. Let's see, I was over at Perry the other day."

"Yes, sah, 'yo' was over at Perry."

"And while there I called at the jail."

"Yes, sah, 'yo' called at de jail. I has got a powerful nice jail ober Perry."

"And while at the jail I saw a colored man who was serving a sentence for stealing a hog."

"No doubt of it, kurnel. Yes, 'yo' dus saw a cull'd pesson right in dat jail at Perry."

"And you are the man," said the colored man as he laid his hand on the negro's shoulder.

"Jes' so, kurnel—jes' so. I was right in dat jail at Perry, an' I dun 'members of seein' 'yo' pass along. Curious what a mem'ry some white folks has in their heads."

"But you don't suppose I want a man who has been in jail for stealing, do you?" exclaimed the colored man.

"No, sah—no, sah. Of co'se 'yo' don't. Dat's what I've here to dislain about. 'Yo' got it all wrong 'bout dat hog, kurnel. De pesson who dun stole de hog was asleep when 'yo' called. I wasn't in dat jail for stealin' no hog. I've no such man as dat."

"Then what were you in for?"

"Why, dey said dem two bags er cotton seed meal what dey found in my cart was stolen from de depo'."

"Oh, I see. Well, what's the difference?"

"What's the difference? Heaps o' difference, sah. On de one hand, I've loadin' up a bar'l o' salt arter dark, an' dem bags jes' tumbled into my cart while my back wuz turned. On de other hand, a pesson goes out by daylight and runs a hog aroun' de woods for over two hours before he catches a hind leg. 'Seuse me, kurnel, I did reckon I'd like to work on 'yo' plantashun, but if 'yo' am de sort o' man who can't see de difference between a pesson resin in jail to oblige de jury an' bein' sent to jail for stealin' a hog I couldn't trust my reputashun in 'yo' hands. Good mawnin', kurnel, good mawnin!'—Ex.

**THEOSOPHY AN OPIUM DREAM.**

**A Reverend Renegade Says It Came from a Drug-Fuddled Brain.**

The Rev. J. Henry Wiggin, formerly an officer in the original Theosophical society established in New York in 1875, has exploded a bombshell, so to say, among the ranks of the Boston theosophists. "My investigations in theosophy resulted in disappointment," he says. "I approached the subject as an unbiased seeker after truth. I was open to conviction, and held my judgment in suspense. There was nothing about it to ground a faith, and after my return to Boston I asked that my name be dropped from the membership of the New York society."

Mr. Wiggin discredits the claim to a venerable Oriental origin which is advanced by the American adherents of the faith. He characterizes Mme. Blavatsky as a fraud, and he calls Col. Olcott, president of the European and Asiatic branch, a dupe. He says that the theory advanced by Mme. Blavatsky rests the entire faith "on the sinking sands of an opium faggot's brain."

**One Woman's Power.**

As a matter of fact English sovereigns have rarely taken any active part in politics since George III's time but they still could do some very astonishing things if they chose. The queen could dismiss every Tommy Atkins in the army, from the commander-in-chief to the youngest drummer boy. She could disband the navy in the same way and sell all the ships, stores and arsenals to the first customer that came along. Acting entirely on her own responsibility, she could declare war against any foreign country or make a present to any foreign power of any part of the empire. She could make every man, woman and child in England, Scotland and Ireland a peer of the realm, with the right, in the case of the males who are of age, to sit in the house of lords. With single word she could dismiss any government that happened to be in power and could, it is believed, pardon and liberate all the criminals in our jails. These are a few of the things the queen could do if she liked; but it is not necessary to say that her majesty never acts in matters of state except on the advice of the government for the time being.—New York Recorder.

**Bicycles and Baggage.**

"Bicycles are worrying the life out of baggage-men nowadays," said Alfred Hasmer, of Denver, recently, "especially when the owners neglect to hand up a tip. On the Denver and Rio Grande, for instance, there were checked during July 1,644 wheels, or an average of over fifty-three daily. If they had brought a quarter each of the pockets of the baggage-men, who handled and watched them, or even if the company had collected a fee for the transportation service, there would have been some satisfaction, but for the road to carry its little wind-inflated competitor for nothing hurt the trainman like fury. As a wheel might say, 'This makes baggage-men pneumatically tired.'"

**Cheer's Mistake.**

Julius Caesar was a thin man, tall and with a very wrinkled, sandy countenance. His forehead was broad and full of small wrinkles, his eyes were not large but described as amazingly bright and quick. His nose was of more than usual size and his chin full and prominent.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**In Bedtime.**

Before the world was a very young man, blind as a bat, came along one night and bludgeoned me. I was so scared that I ran for my life and hid in a hole under the floor. The man came back and looked under the floor and found me. He said, 'What a shame! I had a good idea of who you were, but I didn't know you were so young.'—Boston Transcript.

**The New Web.**

Uppers.—"How do you manage to get such perfect-fitting clothes?" Do you—may them ready made."

**WIDOW TOWNSEND IS 99.**

**The Oldest Woman in Two Towns, and Her Years Sit Lightly.**

Mrs. Harriet Byron Townsend, the oldest woman in the towns of Heapstead and Oyster Bay, celebrated the 99th anniversary of her birth recently. Mrs. Townsend has been married twice, and until the death of her second husband, six years ago, she attended to her home duties unassisted. She is vigorous physically and mentally, but her sight is impaired. Mrs. Townsend was born in Locust Valley on Nov. 29, 1792. Her father was John Seaman. Her earliest suitor was Adonijah Hicks, whom Harriet married when she was 20 years old. Five years later Hicks died, leaving his wife with two children. Walter B. Townsend, a young man who married the widow in 1828. Mr. Townsend lived to the age of 92, dying six years ago. At the family celebration on Tuesday five generations were present in the persons of Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Henry Thurston, Mrs. Chauncey Combs, Mrs. William Matthews, and her two children.

**GIRL IN A TRANCE.**

**Went to Sleep Some Days Ago and Is Still Comatose.**

Miss Jessie Wiley, 22 years old, of New Brunswick, who came to New York the other day to visit friends, has fallen into a trance. She is still in a coma, and is unable to be awakened. She was attending to spend Thanksgiving with friends, and arrived there on Wednesday afternoon. She was tired and went to bed almost at once. At supper time her friends tried to awaken her, and failing, became alarmed and sent for Dr. Ferguson of Ogden Avenue and High Bridge road. He tried his best to arouse her, and worked with her all night, but with no better success than the family had had. The next day she was removed to Fordham Hospital, and later Dr. Scott of that hospital had her taken to the home of other friends here in Powell place. She is still there. During the time between the attack was taken there and last week three or four more physicians have been attending her, and they have tried every means they know of to arouse Miss Wiley, from sticking pins into her flesh to giving her shocks with an electric battery. They have succeeded upon several occasions in getting her enough aroused to murmur a word or two, but when she falls back into the same death-like sleep.

**JESSIE WILEY.**

eral occasions in getting her enough aroused to murmur a word or two, but when she falls back into the same death-like sleep.

**Miser Pardee's Crushing Loss.**

Charles Pardee of Watertown, N. Y., who committed suicide the other evening near Great Bend, a few miles from that city, was a bachelor miser, said to have been worth over \$100,000, of which \$50,000 is in real estate in Denver. He was 76 years old. The deed was done by cutting his throat, and the immediate cause was the failure of a man to whom he had loaned \$3,200 without security. He was a carpenter by trade. Working hard and living in a miserly way, he accumulated considerable money. When 40 years old he was obliged to quit his trade by catarrhs forming on his eyes. He became a money lender. He lived in a hut till two years ago, when it burned to the ground, and Pardee narrowly escaped death. He slept in the police station at Watertown the next night rather than pay for lodging at a hotel. He was at the home of Emory Penock, near Great Bend, when he committed suicide. He had stopped at the house after learning that his creditor's property was in the hands of an assignee. The family went to church, leaving him alone, returning to find him lying on the floor with his throat cut from ear to ear, and the knife in the blood by his side.



**VICTORIA MOROSINI.**  
(As She is To-day.)

prestige of New York's leading families.

The detective instinct of scores of persons who have followed this case as Poe used to run down the thread of a tragic mystery, led in almost every instance to the doors of a cloister. This refuge seemed to be the most natural



**VICTORIA MOROSINI.**  
(in Days Gone By.)

one for her, and when Victoria's mother died, Dec. 3, 1883, and the funeral was delayed four days, many of those who went to the little private chapel of the sisters of Charity in Mount Saint Vincent's Convent, where the funeral services were held, hoped to identify the daughter in the crowd of praying nuns. But the solemn day passes without a sign of her. That Victoria attended the funeral there is little doubt. She had been living at Rutland for about a year, under the name of Miss Baldwin, and was in the habit of visiting her family at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson once or twice a year. So that the reconciliation was, as had been guessed, a reality.

The day seemed impenetrable as the Morosini's mystery when the writer entered the State of Vermont, having as a chance remark of a Massachusetts woman of fashion that she had seen Victoria out driving with a young lady in West Dorset, Vt., and that she was later seen with a sister of the Order of St. Joseph in Vermont. There are in that State three convents of the order of St. Joseph.

The reception room of the Rutland Convent is at the left as one enters the building on the first floor. In the rear and at the west is a school-room where children from the city are taught by the nuns, who are always dressed in black,

of the strictest ascetic, she is not subject to the discipline of the institution beyond her wish. She has grown somewhat stouter since the days when she danced in lights with mandoline and song at the Casino, while her German husband made \$2 a day as a sixth avenue car conductor.

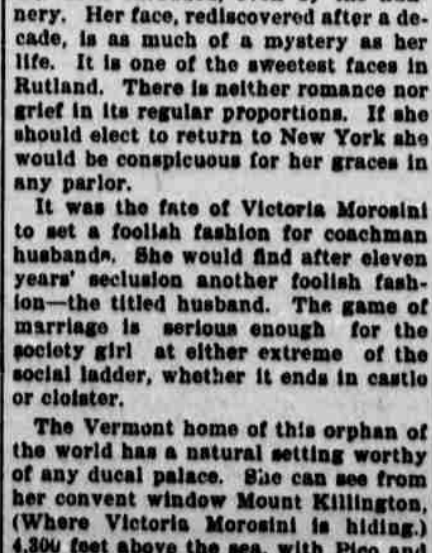
Her hair, the glimpse of it one can see behind her black veil, is still brilliant and without trace of age or grief. Victoria often walks out with a nun or the mother superior and occasionally alone. A peculiarity of her head dress is that she wears no covering but a black veil. Until within a year this veil has fallen over her face in the public street, but latterly she draws it about her face so as to completely cover her hair. She usually wears colored glasses, although still having perfect eyesight.

In spite of this disguise, her clear complexion and fine features only show to better advantage. Her life of social distinction is gone, but her beauty has not been shrouded, even by the nunery. Her face, rediscovered after a decade, is as much of a mystery as her life. It is one of the sweetest faces in Rutland. There is neither romance nor grief in its regular proportions. If she should elect to return to New York she would be conspicuous for her graces in any parlor.

It was the fate of Victoria Morosini to set a foolish fashion for coachman husbands. She would find after eleven years' seclusion another foolish fashion—the titled husband. The game of marriage is serious enough for the society girl at either extreme of the social ladder, whether it ends in castle or cloister.

The Vermont home of this orphan of the world has a natural setting worthy of any ducal palace. She can see from her convent window Mount Killington, the highest peak in the State, from which 4,300 feet above the sea, with Pico and Shrewsbury as its mountain outposts to the east. The Taconic range, with here and there outcroppings of marble, shuts out the Champlain waters to the west. The convent stands not far from Otter Creek, and Victoria is frequently seen of a pleasant day strolling with children or nuns along the valley road.

Life at St. Joseph's Convent is a simple and somewhat rigorous routine of work and prayer, extending from daybreak until 9.30 in the evening, when all lights in the building are put out. The mass rise at 5.30 a. m., go to prayers at 6, mass at 7 and breakfast at 7.30. These boarders who are of age, or old enough to take care of themselves, do



It is said by an observer, who has made the subject of careful study, that the bicycle race is caused by the common diseases produce the same connotations of countenance. It is a notable fact the most pronounced victims of bicycle face are those who stoop in their saddles, and who wring and squirm for their efforts to be comfortable. The present faulty saddle is also responsible for much of the trouble with the arms that has been complained of. In attempting to sit comfortably, the rider strives to divide his weight between the pedals and the handle-bars. The result is too great tension on the muscles of the arms, and consequent serious, if not irremediable, injury.

To ascertain the gearing of a bicycle the following directions are given by an expert: Multiply the diameter of the rear wheel by the number of teeth in the large sprocket. Divide by the number of teeth small sprocket, and the quotient is the gear of the cycle. For example:

28 rear wheel.	224
18 large sprocket.	25
	224
	25
	8,904
Small sprocket, 8) 504	
	63 gear of wheel.

**For Home Amusement.**

A very pretty effect, may be found in decorating candles. The operation does not require any special skill on your part, for it is wholly mechanical. It is necessary, only, that you follow the directions carefully:

Take a sheet of paper on which is printed some neat figure or design, and roll the paper tightly around the candle, the picture side next to the wax, or tallow, of which the candle is made. Then run a lighted match quickly over the back of the paper where the picture touches the candle, and you will find that all the parts of the design have been transferred to the candle in grayish tints.

The thinner the paper, and the more

# SUES A VANDERBILT.

## BARONESS DE BERZENYI HAS MADE GRAVE CHARGES.

It was intended as a wedding gift for the Duchess of Marlborough and seems to have got lost in the excitement of the wedding.



Baroness de Berzenyi, of Austria, has brought suit against Mrs. Alva E. Vanderbilt, mother of the Duchess of Marlborough, for \$500 with interest from Oct. 26 last, for the loss of a small antique known as the "Tantalus Cup."

The action is brought through Lawyer Julius Lehmann, of New York, and the papers have been served upon Col. Jay, who represents Mrs. Vanderbilt.

The Baroness came to this country from France about nine months ago. She is a very handsome woman, about twenty-five years old. Upon her arrival from Paris she went to the Waldorf, where she occupied a suite of rooms for some months. After that she moved to private apartments on Fifth avenue. She sailed for Paris last month.

When the Baroness came she brought valuable bric-a-brac, paintings and Japanese and Chinese curios which were said to be worth in the neighborhood of \$10,000.



BARONESS DE BERZENYI. (Who accuses Mrs. Vanderbilt.)

According to the affidavit on file in the suit Mrs. Vanderbilt was looking about for suitable wedding presents for her daughter, Consuelo, and she asked a mutual friend to have the Baroness send her Japanese, Chinese and Oriental curios including the famous cup, to the Hotel Savoy for inspection. Mrs. Vanderbilt was living at that hotel at the time. The curios and the cup, it is said, were later taken to Mrs. Vanderbilt's home on Madison avenue. The Baroness was inclined to sell the cup and the other articles. The day before the wedding of Mrs. Vanderbilt's daughter to the Duke of Marlborough the Baroness sent to Mrs. Vanderbilt

asking whether she intended to purchase her curios and the Tantalus cup. In her complaint the Baroness says that all the curios were returned to her with the exception of the cup, which she valued at \$500. It is stated that the cup was lost.

Of its value the complaint says "that the cup, owing to its historical and mythological value, its exquisite workmanship, oddity, and, moreover, owing to the fact that there are but few of the kind and quality in existence, was reasonably worth \$500." It is also set forth by reason of the intrinsic value and exquisite workmanship, fragility and delicacy of the above-mentioned bric-a-brac, great care and attention is given to the articles by people who possess them, so much so that it is a common practice to keep them in cushioned cabinets, which are seldom opened. Safes, it is alleged, are kept by persons who possess valuable bric-a-brac, and such safes as these sent to Mrs. Vanderbilt by the Baroness are kept in such safes until some occasion occurs when it is desired to display them.

The Baroness alleges that it was Mrs. Vanderbilt's intention to purchase the cup and the other bric-a-brac as a present to her daughter, Consuelo, that the goods were delivered to the Duke's mother-in-law in good condition, and that she agreed to take good and proper care and to return the same. If she did not desire to purchase them, she would have returned them to the Baroness. Speaking of the failure of Mrs. Vanderbilt to return the Tantalus cup, the complaint says that Mrs. Vanderbilt did not take due and proper care of the cup, nor would when she was so requested, nor at any time before or afterwards, redeliver the same to the Baroness, but on the contrary took such bad care thereof that by and through the carelessness, negligence and improper conduct of Mrs. Vanderbilt, the cup



MRS. ALVA E. VANDERBILT. (Accused of Making Away with the Tantalus Cup.)

became and was broken, stolen or lost. "Before bringing this action against Mrs. Vanderbilt," said Lawyer Lehmann to the writer, "I notified Col. Jay, Mrs. Vanderbilt's counsel. He told me that in this case Mrs. Vanderbilt was only a baiter in law without consideration, and that the cup could not be found. Col. Jay says up that his client has no case in law for a suit of damages. I contend otherwise, especially on account of the great value of the Tantalus cup. The Baroness has sailed for France, but I expect her here to appear when the case comes up for trial."

# VERITABLE HUMAN VAMPIRE.

## He Strangles Cattle with His Naked Hands.

The cattle men on the ranges west of Pierre, S. D., tell a ghastly story of a madman, who for some time past has been roaming over the reservation, killing cattle with his naked hands to suck their blood, and in some cases even attacking men. No one seems to know who the man is, nor how long he has been wandering about the ranges. He was first seen some four or five weeks ago. Repeated attempts have been made to capture him, but thus far without success.

He is said to labor under the hallucination that he is a vampire. How he manages without a weapon of any kind to kill the cattle on which he lives is a mystery. When found after he has left them the animals appear to have been seized by the heads, borne to the ground by main strength and torn to pieces by the teeth and nails of the lunatic.

Jack Lewis, a cowboy on one of the ranches about midway between Pierre and the Black Hills, is the hero of the most exciting adventure with the madman yet reported. It was nearly a fortnight ago. Lewis had been out for several days with a party on the range and about 6 o'clock in the evening he wandered away from his companions and dismounted for a few moments. As he stood by his horse he was suddenly struck from behind and hurled to the ground and nearly strangled by the maniac. He struggled furiously, but was unable to reach his weapon, while his assailant frothed at the mouth and made every effort to seize the cowboy by the throat with his teeth.

Such wonderful strength did he display that Lewis was nearly overpowered and would doubtless have been killed had not his friends, attracted by his cries, arrived in time to rescue him. The mad man flew when he saw this reinforcement coming, and although pursued by several men on fast horses, he contrived to elude them in the dusk and make his escape. Lewis was quite badly torn about the face and neck by the man's teeth, and received a shock from which he has not yet fully recovered.

# HER BALLOON SLEEVES.

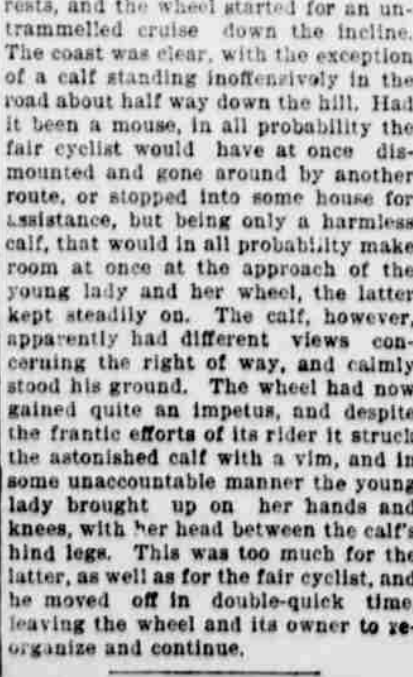
## They Prove "Just the Thing" for Beating the Customs Officers.

Mrs. Margaret Morrison, a prepocessing young widow, whose father is a prosperous farmer living near Port Angeles, was arrested at Port Townsend, Wash., the other day by the customs officials and charged with smuggling opium into this country. Opium valued at \$100 was found concealed about her wearing apparel. She was accompanied by her twelve-year-old daughter, on whose person four pounds of opium were discovered. While coming across from Victoria the inspector imagined her figure was unusually plump, and upon inspection five tins of the drug were found ingeniously secreted in her balloon sleeves. At the Custom House she fainted and went into hysterics, and requested that her daughter be sent outside into the open air. Hardly had her child reached the sidewalk when she began running and crying, throwing dozens of cans of opium into vacant lots. Later Mrs. Morrison, in consideration of similar charges not being presented against her daughter, pleaded guilty, and is detained in prison. The officers claim the woman has been regularly engaged for several months in smuggling opium for a Chinese firm.



MRS. MARGARET MORRISON. Engaged for several months in smuggling opium for a Chinese firm.

The Girl, the Wheel, and the Calf. A calf, a bicycle, and a young lady were the principal actors in a little comedy a few days since, the scene of which was laid in the vicinity of New York Mills near Utica. The young lady, and the wheel were sent on their way along one afternoon, when they went to the top of a hill, which offered a fine opportunity for a coast. Accordingly the young lady's feet went up on the rests, and the wheel started for an untrammelled cruise down the incline. The coast was clear, with the exception of a calf standing idly in the road about half way down the hill. Had it been a mouse, in all probability the fair cyclist would have at once dismounted and gone around by another route, or stopped into some house for assistance, but being only a harmless calf, that would in all probability make room at once at the approach of the young lady and her wheel, the latter kept steadily on. The calf, however, apparently had different views concerning the right of way, and calmly stood his ground. The wheel had now gained quite an impetus, and despite the frantic efforts of its rider it struck the astonished calf with a vim, and in some unaccountable manner the young lady brought up on her hands and knees, with her head between the calf's hind legs. This was too much for the latter, as well as for the fair cyclist, and he moved off in double-quick time, leaving the wheel and its owner to reorganize and continue.



Mrs. Charlotte Embden, a sister of the poet Paine, is still living, at the age of 88.

Ants Remain Torpid All Winter. People of almost all nations have believed that ants lay up food for winter. The alleged fact is mentioned many times in ancient and modern literatures and is directly stated in the Book of Proverbs. They do no such thing. During the winter they remain in a torpid or semi-torpid condition.

The bells carries great burdens upon her shoulders during the day, but at the evening reception she hasn't on her body enough clothing to flag a hand car.

# FOR WOMAN AND HOME.

## INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

### Cotton Frocks for Household Work—Some Pretty Designs for the Street—New Frocks in Costumes—Advice to Young Girls—Fashion Notes.



WHEN the trousseau is being prepared very few young girls include a few cotton frocks to be worn when doing the small duties every housewife is sure to be called upon to do. A sensible girl has a cotton frock for morning wear, preferring them to a silk or worsted because they can so easily be kept fresh and sweet and because her husband, though a club man, admires a woman most when engaged in some of the many little duties about the house.

One of the prettiest of these frocks, and one in which she will look as sweet as a rose, with her pink cheeks and brown eyes, is made up of pale pink French seersucker, crinkled very like crepon. It is made to come only to the ankles, and makes her look like a young slip of a girl in her teens. It is spotted with black polka dots, just as Frenchy as can be. The skirt is full and gathered at the waist into a narrow belt. The round, full waist is brought into the same belt, so that the frock is really in one piece. There are full bishop sleeves, finished by a ruffle at the wrist, drawn together by a rubber band, so that they may be easily turned back to the elbows if desired. There is a pointed yoke of fine white linen set in over the shoulders and edged with a full fringe of the same, finished by a narrow heading at the top. A large apron of the linen has broad ties at the back and a dainty frilled pocket. Another pretty seersucker frock is in dull china blue, flecked with black and trimmed with row upon row of white serpentine braid about the skirt, belt, yoke and sleeves.

Another Field for Trained Girls. While the great question of the employment of women—the problem of providing employment for those not belonging to the laboring class, but reduced from comfort to poverty—is a matter of mere discussion with many persons, one enterprising individual, who believes in the practical application of her theories, is devoting her energies to providing a school where the duties required of an accomplished waitress can be thoroughly taught, and where can be gained a good connection that shall insure profitable, possibly regular, employment. And not merely waiting will be taught, but also the art of arranging table decorations, of properly cleaning silver, and altogether assuming the responsibility of the serving of the dinner. The mistress of a small establishment often finds great difficulty in entertaining her friends because she has not a servant capable of managing the dinner without too much anxiety to herself. But, if a refined, clever waitress could be obtained for a moderate charge, one that thoroughly understands her business, she would be far more attractive than the pretentious hired waiter, and hospitality might often reign in the average household.

Moreover, it is predicted that wealthy American families will soon follow the latest fad of many stately English homes, and employ maids in the place of butlers and footmen. It has been proved that a trained waitress is just as competent to decide what wines will be required, and to ice or heat them to the proper temperature, as an experienced butler, and she is much less likely to have a propensity for sampling them. In one aristocratic English household where maids take the place of footmen, they have liveries of crimson cloth skirts and Georgian coats with square lap pockets, white pipe waists, coats, and muslin and lace stocks, and their heads they wear little lace caps, and for large dinner parties they wear powdered hair. Ordinarily, however, the uniform most in favor for maids is silver gray alpaca, the wide linen collar and cuffs tied with bows of gray ribbon, and there is a great display of white lace and muslin in the apron and its broad strings.

Some Pretty Designs. It is such a difficulty to choose just what will be best for one among so much that is fascinating in cloaks. The smart tan jackets are certain to become common, simply because they are so very pretty; every girl will crave one, and the darker ones will be more popular. The ripple velvet coats, too, though they are as lovely as possible, are not a bit new, and are almost despairing in the search until some of the smart little Eton affairs are seen. One of the prettiest of these is made of deep hunter's green velvet, with trimmings of chinchilla fur, to be worn with a velvet gown of silvery gray. This especially beautiful comes to the waist, and fits snugly below the elbow, and broad revers of chinchilla, and about the face flares a deep collar of the same fur. It opens across the chest, showing the



front of the dress bodice and a deep pointed girdle of chinchilla. A white of the fur and lace gloves of white, stitched with black, finish it. A flaring hat of winter velvet has a crown in the Tam O'shanter shape, and a decoration of jetted quills and crushed pink roses.

Work of Vassar Graduates. Many and varied are the other occupations pursued by Vassar women, each with a small individual following. Librarianship has recently been elevated to the dignity of a profession, and six graduates have adopted it. There are five artists and five farmers. Included in the latter list is Mrs. Francis Fisher-Wood (74), known in several other ways, who is proprietor of the Kingwood herd of Jerseys, and manufacturer of a choice brand of sterilized milk for the special feeding of infants. There are four chemists, two of whom deserve further mention. Mrs. Swallow-Richards (79), besides her advanced scientific investigations, has done practical work which deserves the gratitude of every housekeeper. Her pamphlets on "Home Sanitation," "The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning," etc., have been widely circulated. Mrs. Richards is also the founder of that famous pioneer institution, the New England Kitchen of Boston. Miss Welch (84) has distinguished herself in the universities of Geneva and Paris, and is said to be the only woman chemist in the city.

"The Death Do Us Part." Tired by a long day's work and feeling a bit "blue" over some matters which had gone counter to my hopes, I was walking down Broadway one night last week, on my way home, says a writer in New York Herald. It was after 1 o'clock and the downtown street were almost deserted. As I turned through Sixteenth street I noticed an old lady and an older gentleman walking slowly by arm in arm, evidently husband and wife. He was apparently about 70, she perhaps five years younger. They seemed very fond of each other. There was just the least little inclination of the head of each toward the other, and

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## comes to stay

There is more than one food which will cause the body to increase in weight. A free supply of sugar will do this; so will the starchy foods; cream, and some other fats. But to become fleshy, and yet remain in poor health, is not what you want. Cod-liver oil increases the weight because it is a fat-producing food. But it does far more than this. It alters, or changes, the processes of nutrition, restoring the normal functions of the various organs and tissues.

## Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, is pure cod-liver in a digested condition. So that, when a person gains in weight from taking Scott's Emulsion, it is because of two things: First, the oil has acted as a fat-producing food; and, second, it has restored to the body a healthy condition. Such an improvement is permanent: it comes to stay.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. Ask your doctor. This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 15 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. B. P. Lewis, Lebanon, Ohio.

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## To Health

A POINTER:  
Use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

GUARANTEE  
Purchase Money refunded should Brown's Iron Bitters taken as directed fail to benefit any person suffering with Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Biliousness, Female Infirmitis, Impure Blood, Weakness, Nervous Debility, Headache or Neuritis. More than 4,000,000 bottles sold—and only \$200,000 asked for and refunded.

(SEAL.) BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, Md.

## Be sure to bring Battleax PLUG

and no other, for it is the largest piece of Good tobacco ever sold for 10 CENTS

Absolutely Pure-Delicious-Nutritious.

The Breakfast Cocoa

WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP  
NO CHEMICALS.

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR WALTER BAKER'S GOOD BREAKFAST COCOA MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEATS THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE COGNACINER ON EVERY CAN.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

## De Kalb Fence Co.,

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. GALVANIZED AND HOOD FENCE. Also CABLED POSTING, CABLED AND RABBIT FENCE. We manufacture a complete line of Spanish Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. You consider quality in our wire fence.

121 High Street, DE KALB, ILL.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### GOOD ETCHINGS FOR OUR LITTLE READERS.

The Sleepy Song—A Sober Thought—A Noble Youth—A House's Engineering—A Pleasant Greeting—Duty and Love.



OFTLY LITTLE hands are folding— Play forgotten—waiting rest! Drowsy eyes fond dreams behold— Brighter than the painted west. Nearer, drawing nearer, Blessed rest!

Cleaver, ever deceiver Comes the fairy music, low, Leading forth the happy visions Only childhood's eyes can know— Sweet, sweet rest!

Gently little eyes are closing, Drooping with their weight of bliss; Lips assimilate, while supposing Every touch and angelic kiss. Sweeter, ever sweeter, Peaceful sleep! And the music's mystic meter Crooms a heavenly lullaby While the cherubs hold their hands At the windows of the sky, Precious sleep!

Innocence asleep! so tender, Love could only stoop to kiss— Life can show no calm surrender Half as brave or mild as this. Purer than love's passion, This the best! Fairer than all fashion— Ah! to share its peace benign— 'Tis the only mood where humans Prove their lineage divine— Sweet, sweet sleep —Geo. E. Bowen—The Inter Ocean.

A Sober Thought.  
The Golden Center tells of a mechanic who had been in the habit of dropping into a beer saloon twice a day, and spending five cents each time for a glass of beer, was captivated one day by a new thought. "I am poor," he said to himself; "my family need every cent I can earn; it is going more and more expensive every year; soon I shall want to educate my children. Ten cents a day for beer! Let me see that fifty dollars and twenty cents a year! And it does me no good; it may do me harm. Let me see—ah—here he took a piece of chalk and solved the problem on a board—"I can buy two barrels of flour, one hundred pounds of sugar, five pounds of tea and six bushels of potatoes for that amount." Pausing for a moment, as if to allow the grand idea to take full possession of himself, he then exclaimed: "I will never waste another cent." He never has, and he is to-day a prosperous man.

A Noble Youth.  
How many young men, just budding into manhood, have taken the fatal cup. And not stopping at the first, as they may have thought of doing, but taking a second soon after the first and so on, until their ruin was complete. There was once a young man who was clerking in a large dry goods store that was so famous for its liquors as they may have thought of doing, but taking a second soon after the first and so on, until their ruin was complete. There was once a young man who was clerking in a large dry goods store that was so famous for its liquors as they may have thought of doing, but taking a second soon after the first and so on, until their ruin was complete.

Madam Holiver.  
I am a mid-wife and have been giving McCrees' Wine of Cardui to Mrs. Doughty for two weeks. She was in the Droughty tea to my lady patients, both during pregnancy and after birth as a tonic, and have found the treatment will do more than is claimed for it. Two years ago I was troubled with female weakness myself, that I could not work at all. I heard McCrees' Wine of Cardui recommended, and got six bottles of it, and a mammoth package of Theodor's Black-Draught. I began the treatment as directed, and in two weeks I had improved so much I could do my work, and have never been troubled with it since.

Zurich, Kansas.  
Mrs. V. M. Bouvart, writes: "I have always been a great sufferer during child birth. I used McCrees' Wine of Cardui before confinement the last time, and the pains were much less and shorter than ever before, and my baby is larger and much healthier than any of the others."

No one can cash a compliment and it is hard to counterfeit.

A Novel Idea.  
The Omaha Weekly World-Herald has struck another novel way for increasing its circulation by offering large prizes to those now subscribers who construct the shortest sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet. This is sort of reverse of last year's prize contest, when the object was to construct the largest number of words out of certain letters.

It will be interesting to note how short a sentence can be made and still contain all the twenty-six letters in the alphabet. The trouble, of course, will be to get in such letters as x, y, z and g. Ex-Congressman Bryan, who edits the paper and prescribes for silver calumny, must have a good inventive genius to devise these novel schemes.

To those who hear his voice and understand it, God declares his love.

poor little woman without cash down, When this "model" came in she saw a chance for big return of money, so she compromised with her customer, and agreed to let her have a model dress, just imported, for a very low figure. Whereat the poor woman paid all the money she had received for all her dresses, and out Mme. Y. brought the model. The poor woman talked herself blue in the face, but she could not say anything to protect herself without betraying her dealing with Mme. X., so poor thing, she danced in her old frock after all, having swapped all her other gowns for the privilege.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

That Dull Schooler.  
The teachers' association of Hartford county, Conn., has taken as the special subject for discussion at the meeting to be held this week "the dull scholar," and it is a bigger question than the teachers imagine it to be. To the truly philosophical educator it is not the bright boy who is the most interesting, and in many cases he is not the one who furnishes the best material for profitable attention. The Hartford Courier very wisely remarks, apropos of the meeting: "Many is the high-spirited scholar who is now glad to get \$800 or \$1,000 a year as teacher or preacher in the back country, while his dull associate of college days pays as much as that for a summer cottage in the same dead town." It will be a long time before the mass of people realize that intellectual aptness and alertness are not the main element of success. What that element may be described by the broad expression "moral stamina," or, as Emerson said, the power of sticking to anything. Very keen mental insight, indeed, is sometimes a handicap in the race for success. The Englishman has been said to get along remarkably well because he is too dull to see difficulties in his path. Dullness in youth, moreover, often changes into downright brilliancy in later life.—Buffalo Express.

Evidence Against Him.  
"Why don't you have me called at 6 o'clock?" roared a commercial traveler in one of our city hotels, as he faced the clerk and banged his fist down on the register. "I did," calmly replied the clerk. "You did not, sir." "I tell you I did." "You did not, sir, and I can prove it." "All right, go ahead; but you can't prove it." "Yes, I can." "Prove it, then." "Well, you did not have me called at 6 o'clock, because I did not leave word to be called at all," and the commercial man grinned and looked for the clerk to blush and apologize. But he looked in vain. A little thing like that would not bother a hotel clerk.—Bangor News.

A Pleasant Greeting.  
One day a stranger, approaching the late John Boyle O'Reilly from behind, mistook him for a friend whom he had not seen for some time. In his enthusiasm he stepped up, slipped his supposed friend on the shoulder, and greeted him with some particularly hearty expression. Many men in O'Reilly's position would have felt at least a momentary annoyance. Not so with the poet. Turning about, he stretched out his hand, "It isn't Jack," he said, "but I'm glad to shake hands with any man who is as glad to see an old friend as you seem to be."

Stop Me.  
Stop me, good people! Don't you see my master's running away with me? Help, Master Commonsense! Are you afraid? Good Mistress Prudence, come to my aid! Stop me, Conscience; stop me, I pray! My temper, my temper, is running away! Dear Brother Kindness, snatch after the reins! Help, or my temper will dash out my brain! Help, or I'll get a terrible fall! Help, Shame, Caution, Love, Wisdom and all! —Amos R. Wells.

Female Life in a Lighthouse.  
Boston has a lighthouse keeper's daughter who, perhaps, has not emulated her heroines on the island of summer and winter, ever since her father was appointed as keeper of the light in 1880. Miss Lynden is an accomplished photographer, and many of her charming stories are illustrated by her own pictures.

He Cares for Me.  
"We are the portion the Lord takes out of the hand of His enemy and ours, and He cares for us as such. A love that is everlasting, a care that is likened to that which guards the pupil of the eye, a fidelity of attachment to which the mother's love finds no parallel—these have been expended on us and are still in operation toward us. Can it be doubted, then, that He cares for us?"—Dr. John Hall.

No Duty Without Love.  
We cannot do our duty to any one without love. We cannot keep His commandments without doing our duty to men. But, when we learn to love and to obey the prompting of love in our human relationships, we find that "His commandments are not grievous" any more. We are in sympathy with the spirit in Him, and we are the children of our Father which is in heaven.

A Gentlemanly Game.  
In the Cornell-Princeton football match Mr. Lyle had his wind knocked out of him so that he lost all interest in things pertaining to this earth. Mr. McLaughlin withdrew on account of a damaged leg; Mr. Armstrong went back on his name; and Mr. Gaitley—possibly a relation of the troubadour—was badly shattered as to his nose. In this connection it is interesting to note that "It was a most gentlemanly game."—Boston Journal.

## LUMBAGO, LAME BACK, STIFF NECK,

and nothing so promptly and surely as ST. JACOBS OIL.

THE ANEMOTIC CO. does not beat the world's most famous liniment, because it has reduced the cost of producing it to such an extent that it is now many branches more, and supplies its goods and repairs its goods at a price that is many times more than that of any other. It is a true and reliable remedy for all rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, lumbago, headache, neuralgia, toothache, earache, sore throat, and all other pains. It is a true and reliable remedy for all rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, lumbago, headache, neuralgia, toothache, earache, sore throat, and all other pains.

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS.

## Cancer

and when told this, the most eminent specialists of New York, who have been consulted, declared her case hopeless. All treatment having failed, she was given up to die. Her treatment consisted of this medicine, and astonishing as it may seem, she was cured. Our medicine kills this disease, but will not cure any other.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS.

## SALZER'S NORTHERN GROWN Potatoes

150 PER BBL.

We are the largest growers of seed potatoes in the world. We have the finest stocks imaginable. Just the sorts wanted and in the best of the North. Now, sir, when you plant potatoes, you want to crop, not merely to get a few tubers. You cannot get big yields from poor soil, but when you plant Salzer's Potatoes, you can get big yields from any soil. You can get big yields from any soil. You can get big yields from any soil.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED & LACROSSE WIS.

## Great Prize Contest.

1st Prize, KNABE PIANO, style "P" \$800  
2d Prize, Cash, 100  
3d Prize, Cash, 50  
10 Cash Prizes, each \$20, 200  
15 Cash Prizes, each \$10, 150  
28 Prizes, \$1,300

The first prize will be given to the person who constructs the shortest sentence, in English, containing all the letters in the alphabet. The other prizes will be given to those competitors whose sentences stand next in point of brevity.

## CONDITIONS.

The length of a sentence is to be measured by the number of letters it contains, and each contestant must indicate by figures at the close of his sentence just how long it is. The sentence must have some meaning. Geographical names and names of persons cannot be used. The contest closes February 15th, 1890, and the results will be published one week later. In case two or more prize-winning sentences are equally short, the one first received will be given preference. Every competitor whose sentence is less than 116 letters in length will receive Wilkie Collins' works in paper cover, including twelve complete novels, whether he wins a prize or not. No contestant can enter more than one sentence nor combine with other competitors. Residents of Omaha are not permitted to take part, directly or indirectly, in this contest.

This remarkably liberal offer is made by the WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD, of which the distinguished ex-congressman,

**WILLIAM J. BRYAN, is Editor,**

and it is required that each competing sentence be enclosed with one dollar for a year's subscription. The WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD is issued in semi-weekly sections, and is newly as good as a daily. It is the western champion of free silver coinage and the leading family newspaper of Nebraska.

Address,  
**Weekly World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.**

## Do You Wash?

Of Course—  
Do you Wash QUICKLY!  
Do you Wash EASILY?  
Do you Wash THOROUGHLY?  
Do you Wash CHEAPLY?

You may IF you will use

## CLARETTE SOAP.

The best, purest and most economical soap made. Sold everywhere. Made only by

## THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

St. Louis.

## PISOS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

"I firmly believe that Pisos' Cure kept me from having kept Consumption."—Mrs. E. D. BULLING, Denver, Colorado, N. Y., June 15, 1889.

Cure Where All Else Fails. BEST PREVENTIVE OF CONSUMPTION. TASTE GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**The Haskell Free Press.**

**J. E. POOLE,**  
Editor and Proprietor.  
Advertising rates made known on application.  
Terms \$1.50 per annum, invariably cash, in advance.  
Entered at the Post Office, Haskell, Texas, as second class Mail Matter.  
Saturday, Jan. 11, 1896.

**A. R. BERGE,**  
DEALER IN  
**SADDLES & HARNESSES**  
To my friends in Haskell Co.:—  
While in Seymour, call and examine my Prices on Saddlery and Harness Goods.  
**A. R. BERGE,**  
N. Main St. Seymour, Texas.

**LOCAL DOTS.**

—Spend your cash with S. L. Robertson and save money.  
—See J. S. Rike if you want good seed oats.  
—An agent was here this week selling fire extinguishers.  
Every reader can get a handsome briar pipe free. See advertisement of Duke's Mixture.  
—Mr. D. L. Winter placed his name on our subscription list this week.  
—Get good double seamed stove pipe at Reed's new tin shop.  
We understand that Mr. T. G. Carney has purchased the mercantile business of Mrs. J. C. Baldwin.  
—Carry your furs and hides to J. G. Owens and get the best market price for them.  
—Dr. Gilbert returned yesterday from Oak Cliff, where he went to visit his mother, who was sick. He says he left her but little improved.  
—Mr. Bob Edge of the Sand Hills neighborhood was in town Wednesday with a well developed case of measles, supposed to have been contracted at Graham.  
—Mr. Ed Lanier, who is ranching in King county, was here this week taking a degree in Masonry and trading with our merchants.  
—Good, sound oats are scarce, get your seed while you can, of J. S. Rike.  
—Rev. Ford, pastor of the M. E. church at Benjamin, has been attending the protracted meeting here this week.  
—Miss Lennox Millhollon has returned from the I. T., where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Nick Hudson.  
—1895 is gone and the cemetery is still unfenced. Let not the new year grow old before the work is completed. If it can be done in time to allow of the planting of trees and shrubbery, so much the better.  
—I have a lot of extra heavy sheet steel for stove pipe. The best is the cheapest. Call and see my double seamed pipe.—Theo Reed.  
—County Commissioner J. L. Warren was in town yesterday with one of the best three year old colts we have seen in some time.  
—The Star saloon has just received a fine line of whiskies and case goods for the holiday trade. You can get first-class whiskey for your egg-nogs. Bring the money with you.  
—The K. Ps. and W. of W. have moved their lodges to the hall over the old Palace drug store.  
—The measles are on the rampage at our neighboring town of Rayner. The editor of the Reporter complained last week that half of his family were down with the disease.  
—A Mr. Norman, from Fall county, arrived here this week and has settled on land owned by him on Wildhorse prairie, where he has addressed himself to the work of opening up a farm. He has purchased some buildings in town which he is moving out to his place.  
—Mr. S. W. York begins the new year as a subscriber to the Free Press.  
—Mr. Chas. Denson says that there is a better winter season in the ground now and that the prospects are better for good crops in Haskell than they have been at this time of the year since 1889.  
—Mr. S. W. Scott returned a few days ago from his holiday visit to Austin and to his parents near Georgetown, in Williamson county, where his father resides on the same old homestead settled by him in 1827. He says his holiday was a most enjoyable occasion to him.

—I have bought the abstract and laid business of Messrs. Baldwin and Lomas and good will of their patronage, and will be pleased to serve any of their old clients, and give prompt and careful attention to their business, should I be entrusted with it. Respectfully,  
P. D. SANDERS.

—Rev. R. H. H. Burnett, of Oak Cliff, a well known and popular evangelistic preacher of the Methodist church, began a protracted meeting here on last Saturday night and has continued through this week.  
While not much excitement has been aroused, his sermons have been received with much interest and several persons have given in their names for church membership. Mr. Vaughan, an excellent vocalist, who accompanies him, leads the music. The services are being held in the court house.

—In future we will expect all accounts to be paid promptly on the first of the month, unless special arrangements are made for longer time.  
We positively cannot run open accounts on longer time. Our prices will be made on a cash basis with this point in view, and we earnestly solicit your trade, believing that we can make it to your interest as well as to our own for you to trade with us.  
Respectfully,  
W. W. FIELDS & BRO.

—We are in receipt of a remittance from Dr. G. C. McGregor of Waco of his dues to the Free Press, with which he says he is well pleased, especially with the country correspondence giving news of the progress and development of the county. He especially compliments our Paint creek correspondent.  
He suggests that we warn our farmers against Johnson grass; that the McLennan county farmers have experienced its pernicious effects on their farms, and so far have not met with much success in their efforts to exterminate it. We believe it is good advice to heed.

**Mitchell Wagons.**  
We have taken the agency for Haskell county for this wagon and are in position to sell them as cheaply as they can be bought at any railroad point. This wagon is well known for its durability and light-running qualities and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Call and get our prices and terms if you want a wagon.  
W. W. FIELDS & BRO.

—The attention of our lady readers is directed to a stirring appeal by General James B. Gordon, touching the matter of erecting a Memorial Hall for the reception of historic relics and mementoes of the Lost Cause, as also for the perpetuation of the memory of the heroic women of the South.  
It is a praiseworthy undertaking and we hope to see the ladies of Haskell respond to the call with a hearty enthusiasm.  
Mr. Rous, spoken of by General Gordon as donating \$100,000 to the enterprise, is an ex-Confederate now doing a large mercantile business in New York city.

**Stockholders Meeting.**  
The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Haskell National Bank for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of said bank in the town of Haskell, Texas, on Tuesday, Jan. 14, 1896, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. J. L. JONES, Cashier, Dec. 16, 1895.

**THE MAN WHO SAWS WOOD**  
and says nothing is generally regarded as the model of diligence and dogged perseverance.  
He usually makes a living, sometimes manages to lay by a little for a rainy day; and if he encounters no serious ill luck, may some day become the happy possessor of a humble little cottage, but

**THE MAN WHO BLOWS HIS HORN**  
with discretion and intelligence is the fellow who secures brilliant success, and in time advances from poverty to wealth, until, eventually, he retires to spend his declining years in a mansion. Judicious advertising is discreet business horn-blowing.

—Mr. David Hamilton who has purchased the Easterling place on Paint creek moved in yesterday.

**A Haskell Farmer.**

Mr. J. E. Davis, one of Haskell county's progressive and prosperous farmers and stock raisers, was in to see us a few days ago and put himself straight on our books for the FREE PRESS and Farm and Ranch for another year.

Mr. Davis is one of the men who is taking the lead in proving this to be a profitable farming country. We venture the assertion that there are few farmers in eastern Texas or the most favored portion of the older states that can make a better exhibit of results on last year's farming than he can, working force considered. In talking with Mr. Davis we learned that his last year's cotton crop netted him, after paying ginning expenses, etc., the sum of \$855, and his feed crops, including wheat, corn, oats, nilo maize, sorghum and cotton seed, estimated at the low st prices, amounted to about \$300 more. This is leaving out of the count garden vegetables, truck patches, etc., besides which he produced an ample supply of meat and lard for this year's consumption. One hog killed by him recently at a little over one year old weighed 340 pounds net, yielded ten gallons of lard. Besides his farm work Mr. Davis owns a lot of choice stock, principally horses and mules with which he has to divide his attention, and the profits of which should be reckoned in his earnings, but the data for which we neglected to get.

All of Mr. Davis' work was carried on by himself and his two boys, the latter attending the neighborhood school until some time in March.  
Mr. Davis is not alone in achieving such results in farming in Haskell county, but is one of the number who are rapidly sweeping away the old fiction that a man could not make a living farming in this country. His case is particularized by the FREE PRESS because it happened to come conveniently in possession of the details. If there are any doubters let them write to Mr. Davis at this post office for verification of the foregoing.

For the past two weeks a leading English newspaper the London Daily Chronicle, has had an able correspondent in New York and Washington investigating as to the real feeling in this country in regard to the Monroe doctrine, especially with reference to the Venezuela question. Extracts from his reports to his paper cabled back to the press of this country show that he has become thoroughly convinced that the United States are thoroughly in earnest and will brook no trifling in the matter. He has made several suggestions embodying advice to the English government to bring the matter to a pacific settlement, all of them requiring more or less yielding on the part of Lord Salisbury and none of them hinting at any weakening of the part of our government.

One of his latest reports after suggesting a way out of the difficulty closes with this significant paragraph:  
"It would be a terrible mistake for England to believe that there is any division of opinion worth considering in this country. Washington, far more than New York, is the pulse of the United States, and I have been feeling that pulse for over a week and I assert, despite criticism or contadiction that America will speak with practically one voice in support of the cabinet in the Venezuela matter."  
"If Lord Salisbury decides that it is impossible to take any step, let him and England at least recognize what is the alternative."

**Advised Letters.**  
The following is a list of letters remaining at the Post office Haskell, Texas, for 30 days.  
Casey, Thomas Esq. 11.  
Johnson, Mr. J. A. 1; Kegans, Mrs. Mary 1; Smith, Miss Esq. 1.  
If not called for within 30 days will be sent to the dead letter office.  
When calling for the above please say advertised. Respectfully,  
C. D. LOU, P. M.  
Haskell, Texas Jan. 1, 1896.

**A HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.**  
D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it for procurable. G. A. Dykeman Druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and that it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at McLemore's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00.

**To the Women of the South.**

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES CONFEDERATE VETERANS. }  
NEW ORLEANS Dec. 7, 1895.  
GENERAL ORDER, No. 155.

The progress made by the able and distinguished committee appointed in General Orders No. 145 and 149 from these headquarters to examine into and report upon the plan submitted by the great philanthropist and benefactor, Charles Broadway Rous, for the establishment of a grand Memorial Hall where Confederate relics and mementoes are to be deposited for all time, and which is to become the "Battle Abbey" of the South; must be very gratifying to the old veterans and to all those who love the traditions of the South and who cherish the memories of the courage and heroism of her sons, and the unparalleled devotion of her noble and self-sacrificing women.

This splendid committee has now successfully launched the grand enterprise, and through their action and that of their sub-committees, have formulated a mode of proceeding which, if energetically carried out, cannot fail of success.  
It will be remembered that the generous and large-hearted donor, Mr. Charles Broadway Rous, who alone conceived this project for the perpetuation of the history and glory of his countrymen, presented a plan for its consummation to the veterans at the Houston reunion, at the same time subscribing \$100,000 as his individual subscription to assist in carrying out his grand views and ideas, conditioned upon the veterans raising a like amount.

To raise this \$100,000 additional, and enough more to endow and insure the perpetuation of the institution, is the problem which now occupies the attention and efforts of the committee.  
It is believed that one-half of the amount required will be raised through the subscription of the more than 50,000 members of the U. C. V. Associations, and which will entitle them to certificates showing their contributions, thus giving each contributor an interest in this glorious enterprise, which is so near and so dear to the heart of every veteran—and it is considered to be sure and beyond peradventure, that the other half, or balance, whatever may be required, will be raised by the noble women of the South.

The committee suggested that the most feasible manner of reaching the desired object is to set apart a "Memorial Festival Day," and they ask that the General Commanding will designate the date, and issue a general order.  
The General Commanding, therefore in compliance with the request of the committee, designates Friday, May 1, 1896, as the most suitable for a "Memorial Festival Day," to be set apart for the use of the women of the South in raising fund, for this great Memorial Hall.

All the details and exercises of this "Memorial Festival Day" are to be planned, conducted and carried out entirely under the orders, control, ideas and management of women of the South in their respective localities.  
For in whose hand could this sacred trust more properly be placed, and with more certainty of success, than into those of the gentle women of the South, who have never yet faltered or failed in the performance of any duty, either in war or in peace, imposed upon them for the Southern cause.

Their spirit and determination animated the men of the South at the scene of the first conflict; they were the most constant and unremitting patriots and workers during their country's mighty struggle, and the last to abandon the sacred cause after Southern hopes vanished behind the clouds at Appomattox.  
The true history of their deeds and triumphs has not yet been told. No historian has yet written the story, nor muse the song, nor minstrel strung the lyre, which fitly celebrates their praise.  
The straight to which they were reduced for food and clothing, the self-abnegation and hardships endured by them during those dark and gloomy days of war, finds no parallel in history; their patriotism will be written in golden letters upon the tablets of time, ineffaceable while memory lasts, and, as ministering angels, the names will live upon the pages of poetry and romance as long as chivalry exists in the hearts and minds of mankind.  
This "Battle Abbey" will not be

dedicated alone to the history and deeds of the civic and military heroes of the greatest of civil wars; but the General Commanding will see that within its sacred portals sufficient and conspicuous space will be reserved for the names and fame of the "Heroines of the South."  
As yet, only wandering troubadours, like the bards of the middle ages, journeying from castle to castle, have very faintly sung their praise; but the tender and sacred memories which cluster with a halo of love and veneration around their living and dead demands that their names and the story of their glory be gathered ere it is too late, and that some Master, whose pen is inspired with celestial fire, and whose touch is mellowed and hallowed by the richness and grandeur of the theme, shall mingle and blend them with their glorious achievements into a Southern Epic, glowing with tributes of their unrivalled history, to be deposited in this sanctuary of Southern valor.

In this Temple of Fame, which is to be consecrated to all the people of the coming centuries, in a niche which will be carved out by the story of their own wondrous deeds and glory, a monument will also arise, commemorative of the courage and fame of the "Heroines of the South," a name which will ever be linked in history with those of "Roman Matron" and "Spartan Mother." For did not every Southern mother, like the "Roman Matron," proudly exclaim: "These are my jewels!" and did not their fortitude and heroism rise to even supreme heights? For they sent their offspring bravely and loyally to battle for their country, and with the "Spartan Mother's" deathless injunction: "Return with your shield, or on it."

It is to the survivors of these illustrious women and to their descendants, to whom the General Commanding, therefore, confidently intrusts this important mission of assisting in this holy undertaking.  
The General Commanding appeals to and urges these heroic women, survivors of a heroic age, and all the daughters of the South who take pride in the history of such worthy and glorious ancestors, to immediately, upon the receipt of this order, organize societies and elect presidents, and secretaries, treasurers and other officers, in every city, town, hamlet and neighborhood in the South, and to notify Colonel R. C. Wood, general manager of the Confederate Memorial Association, No. 44 Perdido street New Orleans, La., so that he can at once supply them with subscription books and full instructions, and respectfully requests that they will commence without delay the collection of funds for the erection of this depository of the records of the valor of Southern manhood and the heroism of Southern womanhood and continue their efforts systematically making the "Memorial Festival Day," May 1, 1896, the culmination of their efforts.

The money raised by each society and in each locality must be deposited in some good bank or other safe depository, to the order of the United Confederate Veterans for the use of the Confederate Memorial Association, to remain until called for by proper authority.  
In the meantime, each society or locality, where money is raised, will report the amount collected to Colonel R. C. Wood, general manager of the Confederate Memorial Association, No. 44 Perdido street, New Orleans, La., so that an idea can be formed of the total amount thus secured.

The General Commanding requests the old veterans composing the 171 United Confederate Veterans Camps of this association to render all the assistance possible to the ladies engaged in this holy cause.

The General Commanding also requests that every newspaper throughout the South and elsewhere, favorable to this grand historic enterprise, will publish this order, and with editorial comment give it the widest publicity.

By order of  
J. B. GORDON,  
General Commanding.

GEO. MOORMAN,  
Adjutant Gen'l and Chief of Staff.  
[Official.]

THE Dallas News remarks that the enterprise of Dallas can be fitly judged by the advertising columns of the News. What would be the verdict as to Haskell judged by the same standard. Look at the columns of the FREE PRESS, ye business men, and say.

M. S. PIERSON, President.  
A. C. FOSTER, Vice-President.  
J. L. JONES, Cashier.  
J. Y. W. HOLMES, Asst. Cashier.  
**THE HASKELL NATIONAL BANK,**  
HASKELL, TEXAS.  
A General Banking Business Transacted. Collections made and Promptly Remitted. Exchange Drawn on all principal Cities of the United States.  
DIRECTORS:—M. S. Pierson, A. C. Foster, J. L. Jones, Lee Pierson, P. D. Sanders.

**SHERRILL BROS. & CO.,**  
—DEALERS IN—  
**HARDWARE,**  
**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,**  
Stoves and Tinware, Tanks, Pumps, Pipe and Fittings.  
Call and Try Us.

**HANCOCK - ROTARY - DISC - PLOW**  
We have just received a Car of them. After a thorough test, we pronounce it a practical success. From strictly an economical standpoint, you cannot do without it, and if you have any amount of plowing to do you must have one.  
We would be pleased to furnish all information wanted concerning them. Let us hear from you.  
Yours truly,  
Ed. S. HUGHES & CO.,  
ABILENE, TEXAS.

**You Will Save Money By**  
—DEALING WITH—  
**Burton, Lingo & Co.,**  
LUMBER DEALERS.  
LARGEST STOCK, LOWEST PRICES.  
Cement, \$2.50 bbl. | Lime, \$1.50 bbl. | Shingles, good, \$1.75 per 1000.  
Fire-Proof Brick kept on hand.  
ABILENE, TEXAS.

**LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE BICYCLE FACTORY on Earth**  
**Write for PRICES and CATALOGUE**  
  
OUR GOODS ARE THE BEST  
OUR PRICES THE LOWEST  
**Parry & Co. Indianapolis, Ind.**

**SABBATH READING.**  
A Weekly Non-Political, Non-Sectarian Paper. "Determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ."  
50 CENTS A YEAR.  
For day School Officers and Teachers; Christian Endeavors, King's Daughters, Epworth Leaguers, and any other bodies of Christian Workers.  
We want the names and addresses of members of above societies, and to any friend who will send us a good-sized list of such we will send a copy of our picture (postpaid).  
"How Slowly the Time Goes."  
address SABBATH READING,  
31 Park Row, New York.

**Greatest Retail Store in the West.**  
106 DEPARTMENTS—STOCK, \$1,500,000 FLOOR AREA, NEARLY 7 ACRES.  
Dry Goods—Millinery—Ladies' Hats—Notions—Boys' Clothing—Men's Furnishings—Shoes—Jewelry—Silverware—Books—Furniture—Carpets—Wall Paper—Hardware—Canned Goods—New Tea Room.  
**Why You Should Trade Here—**  
The assortment is the greatest in the West—under one roof.  
Our one-price check—no shipments will fit you out complete.  
We buy for spot cash—our prices are consequently the lowest.  
Many refunded on unsatisfactory goods—just returned at once.  
Handsome 100-page Illustrated Catalogue—free out of postage-free by mail.  
**Come to the Big Store if you can.**  
You will be made welcome. If you can't come, send for our catalogue—free by mail.  
Emery, Bird, Thayer & Co.,  
SUCCESSORS TO  
**Bullard, Moore & Company,**  
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