

The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 8.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, May 27, 1893.

No. 21.

Directory.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.
(5th Judicial Dist.)
Judge, Hon. J. V. Cockrell.
Dist. Attorney, W. W. Hoell.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.
County Judge, F. D. Sanders.
County Attorney, F. P. Morgan.
County Clerk, J. L. Jones.
County Tax Collector, W. P. Anthony.
County Treasurer, Jasper Millhollon.
Tax Assessor, H. S. Post.
County Surveyor, J. A. Fisher.

COMMISSIONERS.
Precinct No. 1, J. S. Bibe.
Precinct No. 2, B. H. Owsley.
Precinct No. 3, G. W. Leno.
Precinct No. 4, J. B. Adams.

PRECINCT OFFICERS.
J. P. Precinct No. 1, J. S. Bibe.
Constable Precinct No. 1, T. D. Sikes.

CHURCHES.
Baptist, (Missionary) Every 1st and 4th Sunday.
Rev. W. G. Caperton, Pastor.
Presbyterian, (Cumberland) Every 2nd and 4th Sunday.
Rev. J. L. Jones, Pastor.
Christian (Campbellite) Every 3rd Sunday and Saturday before.
Rev. J. L. Jones, Pastor.
Presbyterian, Every 2nd and 4th Sunday.
Rev. W. H. McCollough, Pastor.
Methodist (M. E. Church S.) Every Sunday and Sunday night.
W. D. Bass, D. D. 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. R. Standefer, Superintendent.
Baptist Sunday School every Sunday.
O. W. Courtwright, Superintendent.
Presbyterian Sunday School every Sunday.
K. E. Sherill, Superintendent.
Haskell Lodge No. 62, A. F. & A. M. meets Saturday on or before each full moon.
S. W. Scott, W. M.
A. C. Foster, Sec'y.

Haskell Chapter No. 181.
Royal Arch Masons meet on the first Tuesday in each month.
H. G. McConnell, High Priest.
S. W. Scott, Sec'y.

Professional Cards.

J. E. LINDSEY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Haskell, Tex.
Solicits a Share of Your Patronage. All bills due, must be paid on the first of the month.

A. G. Neathery, M. D.
J. F. Bunkley, M. D.
DRS. NEATHERY & BUNKLEY.
Physicians and Surgeons.
Offer their services to the people of the town and country.
Office at A. P. McLemore's Drug Store during the day and residence at night.
Haskell, Texas.

Dr. F. M. Oldham.
DENTAL SURGEON.
Gold Crowns and Bridge work a specialty.

OSCAR MARTIN.
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

Notary Public.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

ARTHUR C. FOSTER.
LAND LAWYER.
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.
Land Business and Land Litigation specialties.
HASKELL, TEXAS.
Office one block west of Court House.

S. W. SCOTT.
Attorney at Law and Land Agent.
Notary Public. Abstract of title to any land in Haskell county furnished on application. Office in Court House with County Surveyor.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

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

BALDWIN & LOMELI.
Attorneys and Land Agents.
Furnish Abstracts of Land Titles. Special Attention to Land Litigation.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

Dewees & Rath.
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.
Estimates on Buildings; Furnished on Application.
THROCKMORTON and HASKELL TEXAS.

The Haskell SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP.
J. W. BELL, Proprietor.
Now has the most complete stock to be found west of Dallas.

The quality and workmanship of all goods are guaranteed.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.
One of the best Shoemakers to be found has just been employed and will do all kinds of work in his line promptly and in the best manner at prices to suit the times.
Call and leave your orders.

We learn from the governor's veto message that the state's net profit last year from sugar making on its 2000 acre farm was \$61,976.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says it is about definitely settled that the Cherokee strip will be thrown open to settlement about September.

A REPORT of the Cisco relief committee made on the 20th, shows \$43,636. 17 received for the benefit of the cyclone sufferers, exclusive of the \$10,000 appropriation by the legislature.

A MOVE is on foot, and it is said that Chicago and London capitalists have been interested in it, to build a railroad from Bowie via Graham, Albany, Abilene San Angelo to Spafford Junction on the Southern Pacific.

WAS Gov. Hogg's conscience asleep when he approved the scalp bounty law? The money with which the bounty is paid was in part wrong by taxation from persons not at all interested in the destruction of Jack rabbits, prairie dogs, coyotes and wild cats.

RECENT reports from all the grain growing sections indicate a short wheat crop, except in Minnesota and the Dakotas, where seeding is not yet finished and is from two to three weeks late, but may make a full yield. If the crop comes out short it is to be hoped that it will bring long prices as a compensation, as the cotton crop of last year did.

There is nothing I have ever used for muscular rheumatism that gives me as much relief as Chamberlain's Pain Balm does. I have been using it for about two years—four bottles in all—as occasion required, and always kept a bottle of it in my home. I believe I know a good thing when I get hold of it, and Pain Balm is the best liniment I have ever met with. W. B. Denny, dairyman, New Lexington, Ohio. 50 cent bottles for sale by A. P. McLemore.

On her trial trip a few days ago the new U. S. cruiser, built by the Cramps made the marvelous speed of twenty-one knots. This record gives the United States the fastest armored cruising vessel in the world and the cramps a sum of \$200,000 above the contract price. Even the records of the famous Blake and Blenheim are surpassed, the former having made only 19.7 on her trial trip when she broke down, and the latter has never yet been tried over a measured course.

While Mr. A. T. Richey, of Altona Mo., was traveling in Kansas he was taken violently ill with cholera morbus. He called at a drug store to get some medicine and the druggist recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy so highly he concluded to try it. The result was immediate relief, and a few doses cured him completely. It is made for bowell complaint and nothing else. It never fails. For sale by A. P. McLemore.

SEVERAL members of the late legislature are interested in and directors of a bi-chloride of gold institute at Austin, for the treatment of alcoholism and kindred habits. We thought something was the matter with our legislators from the way they held on and the amount of work they didn't do. We hope those members will recover.

The promptness and certainty of its cures have made Chamberlain's Remedy famous. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping coughs, and is the most effective remedy known for these diseases. Mr. C. M. Main, of Union City, Pa., says: "I have a great sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I warrant every bottle and have never heard of one failing to give entire satisfaction." 50 cent bottles for sale by A. P. McLemore.

The tabernacle church, Brooklyn, N. Y., over which Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is pastor, has been for a good while burdened with a floating debt in the neighborhood of \$100,000. About two weeks ago Mr. Talmage announced to his congregation that if the debt was not paid by the next Sunday he would resign from the pastorate. His congregation is a rich one and, rather than lose their noted pastor, liquidated the debt with which they have been dallying so long. On last Sunday Dr. Talmage announced the fact from his pulpit and said that he would remain as pastor of the church. Not every man could make such a dare and come out successful.

A. R. BENGE,
DEALER IN
SADDLES & HARNESS.

To my friends in Haskell Co.—
While in Seymour, call and examine my Prices on Saddlery and Harness Goods.

A. R. BENGE,
N. Main St. Seymour, Texas.

FOLKS REDUCED FROM 15 TO 10 POUNDS IN ONE MONTH.
BARKER'S...
PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL.

The Burglary cases Reversed.

ED CAMERON vs. State.—From Haskell: Appellant was placed on trial for burglary and pleaded in bar of prosecution an agreement made by him with the state through her district attorney to exempt him from prosecution on condition he would turn state's evidence against his confederate, and that he did testify at the examining court and that without his testimony the state could not obtain the testimony, that he was recognized as a witness for the state and was ready to testify. The court sustained the state's demurrer to the plea. It is held, on the ground of public policy, that the state may contract with a criminal for his exemption from prosecution if he honestly and fairly makes a full disclosure, whether the party testifying is a confederate or not. For the error of the court is not sustaining the defendant's demurrer, the judgment is reversed and remanded. Simkins, J.

ED CAMERON vs. State.—From Haskell: This is a conviction for theft and a companion case to the one above reported. For the reason there stated the judgment is reversed. Simkins, J.

Ohio vs Texas.

Our Land Commissioner.

The most contemptible piece of work that was ever done by a college faculty was the expulsion of the student who gave information leading to the discovery of the identity of the hazers at Delaware College, Ohio. Desiring to whitewash the guilty students, the faculty requested the informer to retract his statements, and upon the youth refusing to stultify himself the faculty voted to expel him. The students, who were guilty of the most barbarous hazing ever indulged in by college toughs, were all reinstated.—Ft. Worth Mail.

The Mail's article starts off wrong, it should have begun "One of the most," not "The most," for we have to go no farther than the Texas land office to find a parallel case in the discharge by commissioner McGaughey of the clerks who gave evidence against him in his impeachment trial. Perhaps it would not have been pleasant for them to remain in office with Mr. McGaughey, but that is another question. We have never seen it charged that any of them gave false testimony and, in discharging them through a spirit of revengefulness Mr. McGaughey placed himself in a sorry attitude before the public. Again, such an act is subversive of justice and against public policy, in that its influence will be to in future deter department clerks from disclosing evidence against their chiefs in cases of maladministration, defalcations, etc., for fear of losing their positions.

Those land office clerks did not manufacture the facts to which they testified, nor were they responsible for their existence and as honest men, could not do less than tell the truth when placed upon oath, and the people should not stand by and see them punished without protest. Commissioner McGaughey did not come out of his trial washed "whiter than snow" by any means, eight senators believed him guilty, and so voted. From all accounts the others believed him not corrupt, but incompetent. We believe the people should petition Mr. McGaughey out of office.

No Bounty Money for Texas.

Gov. Hogg has a second time vetoed a bill for the acceptance by the state of the 2-cents-a-pound bounty on sugar manufactured by the state, which amounts to over \$20,000 a year. He argues at some length and somewhat strongly on the unconstitutionality and viciousness of all bounty laws, with all of which we agree. He assigns as his reason for his veto that it would subject state officials to petty annoyances from federal officials, would be subversive of the state's sovereignty and debasing to her dignity, etc., Granting the soundness of all the governor alleges against the bounty system we are not able to agree with him in his reasons for refusing to accept the bounty. We do not see that the state's acceptance of the bounty would be any more an endorsement of the bounty principle than the acceptance by Governor Hogg as a lawyer of a fee from a defaulting bank president or cashier to defend him in the courts would be an endorsement or approval of that nearsighted method of procuring money, although the fee might be paid out of the ill gotten money. If the governor is so particular, he should carry his scruples a little further and investigate the source from whence every dollar he receives comes, lest he might unawares approve or endorse some questionable method of money getting by some one.

The S. S. & S. R. R. to Extend West.

The legal notice is being published of a meeting of the stockholders of the Sherman, Shreveport and Southern railway company to be held in Greenville, Texas, on May 26th, 1893, for the purpose of authorizing the company to borrow money to the amount of \$6,000,000, necessary for acquiring and paying for its line of railway, extending from Jefferson to McKinney, and to complete, improve and operate the same; and for constructing, completing, improving and operating certain extensions and branch lines of said railway, which are proposed and intended to be hereafter constructed, as provided for in its articles of incorporation, and to issue and dispose of its bonds for said amount of six millions of dollars to be so borrowed, and for the purpose also of authorizing, as security for the payment thereof, a mortgage by said company of its corporate property and franchises, including the proposed extensions and branches to be hereafter constructed, as the stockholders may at said meeting, approve and direct. This move westward of the S. S. & S. will probably accelerate the movements of the Fort Worth & Albuquerque road. Haskell is sure of one of them.

Why we Plow.

In a thoughtfully written article in a recent number of Texas Farm and Ranch Mr. G. H. Turner, in discussing the several reasons "Why we plow," gives as his last and most important reason the
"CONSERVATION OF SOIL MOISTURE.
To conserve the moisture that is deposited in the earth by rains and melting snows, and even by dew, necessitates deep preparation of the soil previous to planting, so that the rains may be readily absorbed. When absorbed it must not be allowed to escape by evaporation; but if the full benefit of the winter and spring rains is to be realized, the moisture must be carried quickly down beyond the immediate reach of the evaporating influences of the sun. Stored deep in the earth, a preputial reservoir, it is ready to be brought to the surface

MASURY'S - LIQUID - PAINT!

However good a paint may be you are sure of its superiority only after years of trial.
Time is the Only Reliable Test of a Paint.
Masury's Paints have stood that test in the western climate and
BASS BROS., Abilene, Tex.

for the use of the growing plants, when needed, by the capillary action of the earth. In order to make this matter plain to the average reader, we would say, that after every rain the soil is settled down, the particles of earth are packed nearer together, and the spaces between them are small. A number of these small spaces joined together make little tubes, and in these water will rise from below. If the soil has not been disturbed after a rain, these tubes extend to the surface, and so does the water in them. The water coming to the surface evaporates and escapes, consequently is lost as far as that individual crop is concerned. When the soil has been plowed, the spaces or tubes are made larger and water will not rise in large tubes; hence, it comes up as far as the small tubes are undisturbed and stops there, and the loose soil above prevents its rapid evaporation. In this way and by these means the natural pores of the earth are closed, the loose dirt serves as a mulch, and the soil moisture is conserved in time of drouth and retained in the soil (exactly where it is needed) from one rain to the next. This mulch not only prevents the escape of soil moisture, but it also tends to check the intense heat of the sun in its downward progress to the roots of the plants. Both of these are very important matters, during spells of long continued hot, dry weather throughout the whole of the United States, but doubly important throughout the semi-arid regions of the Southwest and West.

I have repeatedly seen corn "fired-up" to the ear—or where the ear ought to be—after a rain, where that right beside it, that received an additional working, was green down to the bottom blades. The ears of that which was well worked hung over in the middle; the other, on land precisely the same, but lacking the latterworking, pointed skyward, like they were taking a telescopic view at the moon.

The above advice is in marked contrast to that we heard one Haskell county farmer giving another the other day. Farmer number one was saying that he intended plowing his corn three times. Farmer number two said "Oh, that won't do any good, twice is enough to plow corn in this country." Now, we take it that the best authorities men of long experience and intelligent observation agree that shallow and frequent stirring of the surface soil in dry weather is the best way to save moisture and keep the crop growing. The killing of weeds and grass is not by any means the only reason for plowing as some seem to think.

Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Co.

NEW ORLEANS MAY 15, 1893.
RECEIVED from HENRY V. OGDEN, Resident Secretary of the above named Company by the hands of J. J. LOMAX, Local Agent, Fourteen hundred and forty and fifty one-hundredths [1,440.54.] Dollars, in full for all claims, for loss or damage by Fire on the 19th of April 1893, occurring to my property under, Policy No. 40,
J. G. Simmons, Haskell, Tex.,

A. H. Tandy, President. J. V. W. Holmes, Cashier.
B. H. Dodson, Vice Pres. J. J. LOMAX, Ass't Cashier.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

HASKELL TEXAS.
All business pertaining to legitimate and conservative banking solicited.
Prompt attention given to collections. Interest paid on time deposits.
DIRECTORS—A. H. Tandy, J. C. Baldwin, E. Hill, J. S. Keister, B. H. Dodson, R. E. Sherill, J. V. W. Holmes.

ELKHART WAGON AND TRUCK CO.

No. 1. Farm Wagon. \$24.50.
No. 2. Farm Wagon. \$27.
No. 3. Farm Wagon. \$27.
No. 4. Wagon. \$27.
W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

THE CITY MEAT MARKET,

DICKENSON BROS., Prop.
DEALERS IN
ALL KINDS OF
Fresh Meat.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

CALL ON

W. W. FIELDS & BRO.

—AT THEIR—
New Building on West Side of Square.

—Where They Have a Full and Complete Stock of—

STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES.

They propose to keep constantly stocked up with fresh and choice goods, which they will sell as low as such goods can be sold in this market.

—They will buy all kinds of—

—COUNTRY PRODUCE—

and pay best market prices for same.

GIVE THEM A CALL

Ripans Tablets
Ripans Tablets may be obtained of nearest druggist.
Remove the whole difficulty. Ripans Tablets will surely and quickly relieve cutting, or depression of biliousness, dizziness, distress, first symptoms of indigestion, ache. One tablet taken at the first onset, offensive breath and head-dizziness, habitual constipation, stomach and intestinal cure but promptly upon the liver, Ripans Tablets act gently.
Ripans Tablets are compounded from the best medicinal ingredients, and are prepared in a form that is pleasant to take, and is the most reliable remedy for all the above ailments.
Ripans Tablets are sold in boxes of 10, 25, 50, 100, 250, 500, 1000, and 2500 tablets.
Ripans Tablets are sold in all the principal cities of the world.



J. E. POOLE, Ed. and Prop.

HASKELL, TEXAS

PROFESSOR DOLBEAR says a powerful search light could project a beam to Mars in four minutes which could be seen and responded to if they have the apparatus that we have.

THERE is something hopeful in the sentiment which sends tens of thousands to the railroad depots to see an old, cracked, voiceless bell, and cheer it as they would the most eloquent of orators. It declared a nation's freedom when it had a voice and now it is a precious relic and an inspiration.

CARBONIC acid gas has been successfully experimented with in New York as a motive power for street cars. It has long been known that this substance as developed in over-ripe eggs would move large crowds with great celerity when the hen fruit was employed as a hand grenade. Whether it will chase a street car up hill at the rate of fifteen miles an hour is another story.

WHEN the people of Peru do not like a newspaper they are not content with saying so caustically on a postal card and stopping their subscription. They visit the office, pl the type, and chase obnoxious editorial genius over the back fence with its own shears. So public opinion molds the journals of Peru, a circumstance demonstrating anew that a good rule will work both ways.

THE Indian government has concluded to depose the khan of Kelat, who has, during his reign, killed 3,000 of his subjects. His favorite amusements consist in torturing one or another of his wives, and when life becomes too monotonous he relieves the ennui by burning a spouse alive. It is for exercising such inalienable rights as these that the khan is to be deprived of his crown.

CYCLONES have now taken their place in mortality records as regularly as has pneumonia or measles. The monster is as sure of havoc every year in America as is yellow jack in Cuba or cholera in India. Last year his total harvest in this country amounted to sixty-two souls. This year, with but four months of it done, and with the cyclone season but scarcely begun the harvest is nearly double the entire amount of 1922.

MAESTRO THEODORE THOMAS' defense of Paderewski's claim to use a certain piano was based upon his argument that an artist should be in touch with his instrument. Thomas' boycotting of the harps of a Chicago firm in favor of the one sold by the manufacturer of "Paddy's" piano induces the belief that the tinged director also holds to the argument that a concert master should be "in touch" with the manufacturer.

THE brother and sister who met after long separation and became married to each other only to discover their real relationship later, and go into mutual and proper melancholia have again appeared. This time in Ohio. They met four months ahead of time. All students of current fiction know that the brother and sister yarn is due only twice a year, and it was on violation of precedent is very near vandalism.

In a murder trial at Los Angeles the defendant was found guilty of murder in the first degree. "The verdict caused great surprise," says a chronicler of the event, "although the general opinion is that it is just." It is painful of course to surprise people, yet if a simple case of justice is sufficient to accomplish this, they ought to patiently endure the discomfort. There are long intervals not marked by surprises of this kind during which they have opportunity to recuperate.

It is all right for anybody to tip a waiter if he wants to. Good service at the table is an essential feature of a good dinner, and a token of appreciation in the shape of a tip to the waiter is something that nobody can object to. But when it appears that the tip really goes to the landlady instead of to the waiter, inasmuch as the expected tip is reckoned as a part of the waiter's wages, it puts a different face on the business, and the waiters are perfectly right in objecting to it.

THE eclipse of the sun, which occurred on April 19, was, according to the British Chronological and Astronomical association, a recurrence after a long cycle of eclipses, one of which took place in 800 B. C. On that ancient occasion there was a tumult in Nineveh because of the sun's face being darkened, and Shalmaneser II took possession of the throne, the people believing the gods were displeased with its then occupant. The story is told on an obelisk in the British museum.

It is a theory of the rain-makers that heavy cannonading is followed by a heavy downpour of rain, but in the New York naval parade the heavy downpour of rain was followed by heavy cannonading. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways, it seems.

THE Garcia ghost seems to have flitted over to Cuba, having long deserted its old haunts along the Rio Grande. It is useless to hunt this ghost with guns. The only practical plan is to bait a snake with a good medium, and coax the wrath to cover.

In the seventeenth century a pamphlet was published entitled "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze, With Devotion; or Salvation's Vantage Ground, or a Louping Sand for Heavy Believers." This almost rivals the salvation army tracts.

THE doctors of Kingston, Ont., are greatly exercised over the predicament that Miss Lizzie Mills is in. The young lady had occasion to prepare an early breakfast and while yawning her jaw became paralyzed and she has not since been able to close her mouth.

Ten Lives Lost and All Kinds of Property Destroyed in Its Path.

A LAWYER KILLED IN THE COURT HOUSE.

A Negro Kills a Mexican About a Fifty-Cent Gambling Debt—Charles Deslesses Quite Sick.

CADILLAC, Mich., May 22.—Forest fires are raging in the interior north-west of this city. Louis Sand's lumber camp near Lake City was burned. Samuel Campbell of this city, foreman of the gang, and Mike McCune were burned to death. Eight others missing are believed to have perished.

The fire broke out near Justin and ran two and a half miles in eight minutes. The farm house of a man named Anderson was destroyed. Mrs. Anderson and her two children perished in the house. A saw mill boarding house belonging to Edgar Morgareidge on the Toledo and Ann Arbor siding, four miles from here, was destroyed by fire. The mills of Lake City shut down Saturday to fight the fire. The city is in imminent danger. Ten are dead. Of these eight took refuge in a well and were cremated there by the timbers and curling falling on them and burning. Two tried to run the gauntlet and were burned to crisp.

A Cowardly Act.

CADDO, I. T., May 18.—John F. Daniels was shot and instantly killed Tuesday night at the Ward school house, about four miles from this place. He was teaching a singing class at the school house when some one fired from the dark through the open door with a 32-caliber rifle. The shot took effect about one inch above and just behind the left ear. A Mexican, Ed Gonzales, is under arrest. A gun was found in his possession carrying the same sized ball as that which killed Daniels. There was evidence that it had been recently discharged. He was tracked from his bed to the spot from where the shot was fired. The Mexican had been in this country about a year. He claims to be from Kyle, Tex. Daniels was a young man well liked and it was not known that he had an enemy in the country. Daniels' mother and relatives live in Newport, Ky.

Paying Royalty's Bills.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—The government will pay all the bills presented for the entertainment of the duke of Veragua. This statement was made by Secretary Gresham recently for answer to inquiries as to whether the bills sent to the state department in money expended in entertaining the duke in Chicago would be allowed. As the Infanta Eulalie of Spain comes also in the capacity of a guest, her entertainment will be provided by the government in all matters except where cities or states voluntarily defray expenses within their borders.

All Newspaper Men Know Him.

NEW YORK, May 19.—There is a very interesting story connected with the 370 columns of advertising in last Sunday's "World," which, beating all previous records, shows the vitality and energy of its advertising manager, S. G. Sea, who, about a year ago, was given up as a hopeless consumptive, utterly unable to work. As a last resource, the publisher of the "Cincinnati Post" told him of the discovery of Dr. W. R. Amick of that city, and this remedy for consumption absolutely cured him, as was proven by last Sunday's result.

Called on the Secretary.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—The Chinese minister, accompanied by the English speaking secretary of the legation, called at the state department yesterday afternoon and had a conference with Secretary Gresham in regard to the supreme court's affirming the constitutionality of the Geary act. He gave no intimation whatever of his intimation to suspend diplomatic relations with the United States, but on the contrary indicated his purpose of quieting affairs in China as much as possible.

A Cowardly Act.

ADKINS, I. T., May 17.—William McKinney, who lives northeast of town, narrowly escaped assassination Monday night while driving cows in from the pasture. The would-be assassin was concealed in the brush and fired two shots one passing through the crown of McKinney's hat and the other burning his hair. The officers are working on a clew.

Banker Suicides.

SAVANNAH, Ga., May 19.—Max Ullman, a prominent merchant and banker of Brunswick, Ga., committed suicide here yesterday morning. The Oglethorpe national bank and the First national bank, both of Brunswick, suspended yesterday, and great excitement is said to prevail there, but no further details have been obtained yet.

Lawyer Killed.

DANVILLE, Ind., May 22.—Colby Brown, president of the Lebanon natural gas company, shot Samuel Wesner, one of the most prominent lawyers in Indiana, at noon Saturday. Wesner died almost instantly. The shooting occurred in the courtroom directly in front of the judge's desk. The men had quarreled over a law suit.

Shot Through the Heart.

EDDY, N. M., May 22.—A Mexican and a negro became involved in a difficulty yesterday morning at Seven Rivers over a gambling debt of 50 cents. The Mexican drew his knife on the negro who got his pistol out of his trunk and shot the Mexican through the heart.

Terrible Death.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 16.—Mrs. J. E. Elough, wife of the well-known Baptist missionary, met a frightful death yesterday. She was killed by a falling bed which closed upon her and crushed her while her daughter stood powerless to prevent it.

A Remarkable Case.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 19.—Fired

DEATH IN THE PULPIT.

A Minister While Delivering His Morning Sermon Drops Dead.

MARRIED, STILL THEY ARE NOT HAPPY.

Two Little Negroes Fighting With a Gun, the Gun Went Off and There Was One—A Boy Shoots Himself.

SAN ANGELO, Tex., May 22.—Information by wire has reached here that Rev. James Mackey, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Lampasas, yesterday, while delivering his usual morning sermon to a large audience, fell dead in the pulpit. The breaking of a blood vessel in his head was the cause of his death. The reverend old gentleman was noticed to bend forward, then threw up his hands and fell backward, expiring instantly. His daughter, who was in the congregation, witnessed the death of her father.

Hunt County Killing.

WOLFE CITY, Tex., May 20.—A bloody tragedy was enacted on a farm on the Wolfe City and Greenville road, about five miles south of here Wednesday morning. Dick Yeager, a young farmer, was shot and killed by Tom Harvey, a neighbor farmer. The particulars of the killing are difficult to obtain, as no one saw the shooting. After Harvey had shot Yeager he started home, met a neighbor, told him what he had done, and went on to his house, only a short distance away. Justice Cole went out to hold the inquest. The coroner's verdict was that Yeager came to his death by a gunshot fired from the hands of one Tom Harvey. The killing is thought to have been the result of a former quarrel over a small strip of land lying between the two farms belonging to Harvey and Yeager. A pistol was found about three feet in front of where Yeager fell, cocked as if ready to shoot. Harvey is under arrest.

A Wife Murderer.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., May 17.—George Robinson, a young negro, was jailed yesterday on the charge of murdering his 18-year-old wife. The woman gave birth to a child five weeks ago, and through neglect and starvation has been sick since Saturday. Robinson ate the food that neighbors had sent his wife, and in a quarrel that ensued he beat her. Monday he returned and again ill-treated her and the woman was found dead in bed. Death resulted from heart clot in consequence of undue excitement and neglect.

Romantic Wedding.

GAINESVILLE, Tex., May 18.—Tuesday night about 8 o'clock Justice Hill was called to the Central hotel to perform the marriage ceremony for Mr. Fred Elish of Ardmore and Miss Mattie Paul of Paul's Valley. L. F. The bride is the daughter of Col. Sam Paul, and the couple had come all the way from Ardmore in a buggy to get around the objections of the young lady's brother Joe. They left on their return to Ardmore in their buggy yesterday morning.

House Searching.

TEMPLE, Tex., May 22.—The city officers are engaged in searching the houses of the negroes who were jailed for robbing smokehouses. Their search has been fruitful. The first place they went through was the house of Robert Lincoln, and there they found nearly thirty pairs of shoes and several pairs of pants, the latter being identified as some that were stolen from Sherrill Bros. & Co. over a month ago.

Horrible Crime.

AUSTIN, Tex., May 16.—The evidence in the case of Ed Nichols, colored, indicted for criminal assault upon a 10-year-old Bohemian girl, was completed yesterday. It was a cruel crime, equal in many respects in atrocity to that of Scott at Paris. The people are in no way aroused over the case, as it is generally believed the law will be fully vindicated.

Brakeman Killed.

MEXIA, Tex., May 20.—Yesterday Bob Smith, brakeman of this place, but for the last two years brakeman on the Houston and Texas Central railway, was killed while running in front of a backing train and trying to put a link in the coupling. No blame was attached to any of the trainmen.

Charged With Murder.

DALLAS, Tex., May 20.—John and Louis Lobel were brought here yesterday by Deputy United States Marshal McCampbell and McMuray, charged with the murder of Louis Dickson on Muddy creek, I. T., last November. They will have an examining trial on the 25th inst.

Freight Train Wrecked.

PITTSBURG, Tex., May 20.—A south-bound freight on the Cotton Belt was wrecked about one and one-half miles from here yesterday. The flange on a car wheel broke off, throwing nine cars down a high embankment. The engine remained on the track. No one was hurt.

Youth Shot.

DENISON, Tex., May 22.—Victor Spencer, aged 17, residing with his parents on West Bond street accidentally shot himself through the right foot Saturday with a 22-caliber target rifle. The wound is very painful.

Shot and Killed.

CALDWELL, Tex., May 22.—Saturday night at a Bohemian dance on Mount Prairie a Bohemian was shot and instantly killed. Particulars are not in. The dance was at the Bohemian's who was killed.

Boy Killed.

WORTHAM, Tex., May 22.—While two little negroes were playing with a pistol near Chancellor's gin, this county, one was accidentally shot and killed.

Attempted Outrage.

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THE LADIES' LIVES. A portrait of a woman in a hat and dress, possibly a socialite or a character from a story.

From them has been compiled in a single printed volume a more comprehensive record of charitable endeavor than has hitherto been presented. Princess Christian, Florence Nightingale, Lady Victoria Lambton, and Hon. Mand Stanley are contributors to the work.

The Gospel Corner.
Mrs. Hicks Lord, whose fortune runs into the millions, has the details of every piece of property at her fingers' end.

Heavenly.
Shyest of nature's brood. Retreating to the wood. Just at its edge a refuge have you found; Like partridge chicks in flight, Keeping yourself from sight Under their leaves hovering the ground.

Scripture and Adornment.
But on the other hand, beauty belongs to mankind, because it is inherent in God; it belongs to Christianity; it pervades the realm of the imagination, in which largely the elements of religion dwell; and the Christian man or woman, in ordinary times, in unrevolutionary times, in the average circumstances of life, has a right to decoration, to ornament, unrestrained except by considerations of equity, of expense, and of proportion as to what they shall distribute to the needy, at the same time conforming to the dictates of good taste, which is only a term to designate between true beauty and meretricious beauty. Does scripture forbid that I do these things? I must use common sense in interpreting the apostolic letters.

Little Miss Thackeray on Dickens.
It was known that Thackeray had the highest admiration for many of Dickens' novels. He often expressed his opinion on the point in the strongest terms. Mrs. Ritchie, his daughter, tells a story showing how this opinion was expressed to the members of his family. She was sitting in a room in their house at Kensington talking to her father, the late Lord Tennyson being also of the company. All on a sudden she turned to her sister and said: "Look at that book in which she was deeply interested and asked in a soft, childish voice, 'Papa, why do you not write books like Nicholas Nickleby?'"

The Law and the Ladies.
Mrs. Leonard Weber, who has been the founder and the leading spirit in establishing the Woman's Legal Education Society in connection with New York University, is a firm believer in the study of law for women, even if it is never employed save in the administration of the affairs of the household. If one questions her as to whether she thinks women could manage their clients she smiles brightly and answers, with the slight accent that betrays her foreign birth, "Of course, yes, if they have the brains for it."

Death of a Noted Spanish Author.
The literary world of Spain is in mourning for the death of one of its most distinguished representatives, Donna Concepcion Arenal, who died a few weeks ago. She was for many years the editor of *La Espana Moderna*, a literary-scientific journal of wide circulation. This lady was one of the very few women writers upon sociological, legal and scientific subjects. Her deep and thorough knowledge of these rather masculine subjects was gained under difficulties, as the opportunities for such study on the part of a woman are unfortunately still rare in the country of the Alhambra. Her principal work, "The Prison Guard," enjoys a wide popularity not only in Spain, but in other countries into whose languages the book has been translated.

Philanthropic Work of English Women.
Baroness Burdett-Goutts has been preparing during the past year a report on the philanthropic work of British women for the World's Fair. The reports for the benevolent work originated and carried on by British women form five large volumes, which will, at the close of the exposition, be presented to the free library, and from the reports have been classified, and

HOME FOR EX-CONVICTS. A PLACE FOR MEN RELEASED FROM PRISON.

After Serving a Term in Prison, Convicts Had No where to Go, and Often Committed Crime Until the Home Was Built.

Alighting from a train at the Little West Philadelphia station of Paschal after a fifteen minutes' ride from Broad street station, passing along a little footpath and turning to the left, one sees on the very corner of Seventy-third street and Paschal avenue an old-fashioned two-story house, distinct from the frame dwellings around it in that its walls are stone. Within its walls is located the Home of Industry for discharged prisoners of Pennsylvania, says the Philadelphia Times.

The majority of people, perhaps, do not pause to contemplate the difficulties encountered by criminals when, after serving a term in prison, they wish to begin life anew. It has been proved by those who have given the matter attention that criminals who have been duly punished are usually anxious to regain their standing as honest men. And it has been proven also that too often they are driven back to theft and robbery by the reprisals of their kind. Who is more friendless or fiercer than the man discharged from prison, thrown on his own resources, possibly dogged by detectives, long looking for him, and one aware of his history will employ his best skill ever so great? What course is open to him but a life of dishonesty? For men of this class never beg; they will support themselves, though it be by questionable means.

Entering the building from the front one passes first into the square parlors in which religious services are conducted at stated times. Here is a small organ, there a tall desk between the windows; plain chairs, are ranged round, and the floor is covered with well-worn carpet. On the walls are scriptural texts illuminated and framed. Through folding doors one sees into the back parlor, wherein is a well-defined nook, and thence one passes into the dining room, with its low ceiling, long tables, and comfortable array of chairs. Opening out of this is the kitchen, of which the managers are justly proud, and which forms a part of the annex recently erected. It is large and cheerfully light, with shining oil-cloth on the floor, and is fitted up with everything needed.

Next to the kitchen is the superintendent's office, where another bookcase, containing the works of standard authors, stands near his desk, and through another door one enters the wash room, where everything has been arranged for the large number of men. Of the sleeping rooms it need only be said that they correspond in neatness and comfort. Across the yard is the workshop, a large, low shed, where the men work daily at broom-making, which trade they are taught. For lack of room and suitable appliances the work is done with hand machines, but the brooms are of the best and the managers could easily find a market for three times as many as can be turned out under present conditions.

The home has been located in this building for two years, and has prospered in that time. During the past year 109 men were admitted, twenty-three of these found employment, fifty-eight left of their own accord, some to assist a similar institution in New York; forty-three were furnished with means and temporary lodgings and only eight were discharged for cause.

Some of the same ex-prisoners in talking of their old home here, where they were only a little girl there. They knew that the owner had in his possession a sum of several thousand dollars which they intended to capture. In their search for it one of them came upon a box and, shaking it exclaimed: "Hallo, boys, here's the money!" "Oh," exclaimed the little girl in alarm, "that is my savings bank." The finder asked her how much she had in it and on her replying twenty dollars he drew two ten dollar gold pieces from his pocket and dropped them in the box. The gang then left the house, their search for their intended booty having failed and their "honor" not allowing them to take the little child's money.

A man just discharged from the Eastern penitentiary was asked by a gentleman, out of curiosity, where he was going. He replied that he did not know, having no friends and no means of livelihood. Thereupon the gentleman told him of the home of industry and recommended him to go there temporarily. He did so, and upon leaving said to one of the managers: "I'm very much obliged to you for keeping me as you have done, and I want to tell you that I hadn't heard of this place and come here there'd have been a robbery on Bridge avenue. I had it all planned."

Upon one occasion a trusted and thoroughly reformed inmate of the home was sent to transact business at one of the banks. His president immediately sought the society's secretary, and exclaimed in horror-stricken tones: "Good heavens, Stoddard, do you know who that man was you sent down awhile ago?" "Who him?" "Of course I do," replied the gentleman. "Why, he's a noted bank burglar—the only of the smartest in the profession. Don't send him to our place again whatever you do."

"But he's one of our best men—perfectly trustworthy and—"
"That's my aim again, that's all." The following fragment of conversation recently occurred among a group of ex-prisoners at the home also testifies to the difficulties they had to encounter.
"I've had three situations," said No. 1, "and every time somebody told me and I got discharged."
"I've had my companions, 'Ben, don't take a situation; go in business for yourself and then they can't turn you off."
"Well, that's all right, but where's your capital to come from?"
Perfumed was used for fashionable correspondence.

ONLY A ROGUES OBELISK. SOME CURIOUS WAGERS.

The Professional liar of the Bridge Avenue as Mr. Vanderbilt. One young woman was a stranger in the city, the other had been here once before. One was a blonde, the other a brunette. They were standing on the platform at the New York tower of the bridge. The blonde was telling her companion what little she knew and much more that she didn't know about the city's sights. Near them stood a tall man of the masher variety. He was playing the ignoble part of eavesdropper, says the New York Advertiser.

"Now, Ruth, that is the Egyptian obelisk," said the blonde, pointing toward the well-known shot tower in the lower part of the city.
"Is that so? You don't mean that brown, shaft-like thing over there?"
"That's Cleopatra's needle, dear, and it was brought over here at great expense by generous Mr. Vanderbilt. Wasn't it real good of him?"
"It isn't worth mentioning, ladies," interrupted the masher, suddenly stepping forward. "Anybody, if he had had the means, would have done just the same as I did. It's a mere trifle and I would be glad to do it again any day."

"Why?" claimed the young woman in amazement, "are you Mr. Vanderbilt?"
"At your service, ladies," replied the masher, with a low, sweeping bow.
Although the fair creatures looked incredulous they began to question him about the famous relic, and kept the impatient fellow busy giving alleged information.
"Well," finally said the blonde impatiently, "what are those tiny windows for?"
"Lady," was the cool response, "those are not windows; they are air-holes. Egyptians had to breathe just the same as anybody else."

In despair the young woman looked inquiringly toward a nearby policeman and he came to their relief.
"I happened to overhear your conversation, ladies, so I'll take the liberty to say that that is not an obelisk at all; it's simply a shot tower."
Crestfallen and abashed the bogus Mr. Vanderbilt walked away. The young woman had met the professional liar of the bridge.

ABOUT CHEAP GUNS.

They Are as Reliable as a Cheap and Nasty Water. Things made to look like guns are sold for as low a figure as twenty-five dollars, but I want no such "gas-pipes at my shoulder," says a writer in *Outing*. As the cheap water keeps time in a fashion, so does the cheap gun perform. It will kill birds fairly well for a time if held straight, but it will not stand continuous use, and it may contain a flaw or flaw in the barrels, which the owners of it may not detect until too late. When the cheap water wears out and breaks no great harm can result; but when a shoddy gun concludes to spread itself ill—well, that is another story!

If I had a fair young son, full of promise and with a few ounces of gray matter scattered through his intellect—if I took pride in the boy and dreamed of future presidential candidature or high position in church or state for him—just at the last place on the Lord's earth where I'd want to see him stand would be before, behind or alongside one of those infernal machines known as a cheap gun. He might load and fire many times with no other results than a crack, a smoke and perhaps a dead bird or animal; and he might also only fire a few times, but once too often, and go single sculling across the river Styx, in consequence of his supposed-to-be sane parent's criminal folly in giving him a weapon to use which was liable to blow a head or an arm or a few sections of hand off him at a most unexpected and unfavorable time.

FEMININITIES.

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.
Silver scissors for cutting bunches of grapes are a table novelty.
The man who never praises his wife deserves to have a poor one.
The "Widow's Married Men's Club" is the name of a society at West Troy, New York.
From what did the old-fashioned horse pistol derive its name?—From its habit of kicking.
There are twenty-seven royal families in Europe, of which there are, all told, 460 members.
The woman who marries a man to reform him undertakes a task that will ruin her complexion.
"I wonder if it's true that every man has his price?" "No; for just think how many of them give themselves away."

Orange-peel when thoroughly dried or baked is a capital thing for lighting fires. It burns fiercely and gives out an intense heat.
It is a very easy matter for a person to be in two places at the same time. One frequently hears of a man being in a strange country and home sick.
When a man eloped with Briggs' wife he exclaimed: "Well, I can't blame him, poor fellow! I was awfully infatuated with her myself, once."
"Charles, dear, now that we are married, you know, we must have no secrets. So do, like a dove, hand me that bottle of hair dye; you will find it on my dressing-case."
Harry—And, dearest, do you think of me all day long? Dearest—I did, Harry; but the days are getting longer now and of course—well, you know that must make some difference.

Mrs. Rosetta Hinton, colored, who lives near Princeton, N. C., is said to have been a grandmother before she was 27 years old. She was under 13 when her daughter was born, and this daughter became a mother before she was 14.
Fagot parties are the latest. The company must be select and congenial; then after dinner has refreshed, the hearts are piled with pine fagots, the lights are put out, and the moment is waited for when the blaze is blue to tell stories. Ghostly tales are first brought out.
A London Girl's Club. A dozen bright college girls in London have started a truly educational club. It is called the "School of Fiction" and each member is supposed to write a story a month. These creations are read at the fortnightly meetings and are then bound in a precious volume, which becomes the joint property of the club members.

THE MEDIEVAL KEEP. A HOOSIER PASTEL.

Difficulties of Entering the Castles of the Dark Ages. It was not easy to enter a castle keep, encircled by a strongly fortified enclosure, isolated by a moat or precipice, and defended by outworks of palisading, protected by a barbican and several smaller towers. Having run the gauntlet of all this, having passed down the narrow, winding path between the palisades, the visitor arrived at the moat and blew a horn hung there for the purpose.

After parley with the porter and watchman, the drawbridge was let down, and after parley, perchance, the great gate swung back on its hinges, and the stranger found himself in a long, hollow archway, defended by a series of portcullises, with a perforated roof, through which boiling pitch, molten lead, Greek fire, or simple scalding water could be poured down from an upper chamber. In time of peace, however, he passes easily through the gate into a vast courtyard inclosed by huge battlemented walls or towers; a courtyard that is almost a village, and contains the church, the knights' quarters, the squire's house, the lodgings for pages and servants, the barracks, the cottages of the artisans and laborers on the estate, the bake-house, the kitchen, the walled and gated fish pond, the fountain, the washing place, the stables, the barns, etc. A second gate, a second portcullis, leads to a second smaller courtyard, says the *Contemporary Review*, where—hage, swart, and somber—towers the keep. It is immense, it is impregnable, and always opposite the weakest point of the defense, with a postern of its own leading to the orchard, and a subterranean way into the open country. Those who have admired the black majesty of Loches will admit the grandeur of the medieval keep.

The silent snow drifted through the motionless air, decorating, as with a crown of purity, the head of the keg whose spirit had so softly fed, ever and anon alighting on the inconspicuous nose of the weary wanderer, who plodded on painfully. Given time and the man, and space may be annihilated. The wanderer and the keg were now in conjunction. The keg had not moved. The right hand of the wanderer seized the keg. His fingers and thumb made one, two, three, four, five distinct impressions in the snowy crown, the insensate object at his left hand came to the aid of his right. The number of finger prints increased to six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten. The keg did not move. It had frozen to the ground. The wanderer plodded on painfully, for his thirst is immortal.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A REAL SORROW.

The Unhappy Graphologist Had Met His Waterloo. "I am a graphologist," said the man approaching the Detroit Free Press editor's desk gingerly. "I have a book," exclaimed the editor, rearing back. "A graphologist, sir?" "What's that? You aren't loaded, are you?" "Don't make fun of me," pleaded the visitor. "I have trouble enough already. I came here to see if you can do anything for me."

"Well, what's a graphologist?" "It's a person, sir, who reads character in handwriting. It has grown to be a profession, sir, almost, and I am making my living at it." "And what's your trouble?" asked the editor, ever ready to help the suffering and balm up the sore and afflicted. "It's this, sir," whined the visitor. "I've got over a hundred applications for reading character, and I can't handle them." "What's the matter? What help? I've got a city editor that can read eighteen different styles of handwriting at once, and can see each of them in a different language. He isn't busy now and I'll call him in."

The graphologist put up his hands pleadingly. "Oh, no," he begged, "don't do it. That isn't what the matter. It's the typewriter, sir. The idiots send me typewritten copy, sir, and I'll defy any graphologist in the world to read it." "And what's your trouble?" asked the editor, ever ready to help the suffering and balm up the sore and afflicted. "It's this, sir," whined the visitor. "I've got over a hundred applications for reading character, and I can't handle them."

THE CHICKADEE.

How This Bird May Be Tamed and How Nice He Is. Set forth a feast of snout on the window sill, and the chicken will need no bidding to come and partake of it, says the *Atlantic Monthly*. How daintily he helps himself to the tiniest morsel, never crumming his bill with gross mouthfuls as do his comrades at the board, the nuthatch and the downy woodpecker. They, like unbidden guests, doubtful of welcome or of suffrance even, make the most of time that may prove all too brief, and gorge themselves as greedily as hungry tramps; while he, unscared by your face at the window, carries at his repeat, picking up crumbs with leisurely satisfaction. You half expect to see him swept from your sight like a thistle-down by the gusty blast, but he holds bravely to his perch unruffled in spirit if not in feathers, and defies his fierce assailant with his oft-repeated challenge. As often as you spread the simple feast for him he will come and sit at your board, a confiding guest, well assured of welcome, and will repay you with an example of as delicate a life in the midst of dreariness and desolation. In the still bright days his cheery voice rings through the frosty air, and when the thick veil of the snow falls in a wavering slant from the low sky its muffled cadence still heartens you.

What an intense spark of vitality must it be that warms such a mite in such an immensity of cold; that floats his little life in a frigid air, and keeps him in song while we are cold and shivering! If our huge hulks were endowed with proportionate vitality, how easily might we solve the mysteries of the frozen North!

A Thoughtful Wife.

Wife—My dear, the air is very damp to-night. You'd better wear your fur coat.
Husband—I have it ready.
Wife—And wrap your muffler on closely. A little exposure often leads to sore throat, and sore throat leads to typhoid, a most dangerous disease. Wear your thick boots and woolen gloves, too. One can't be too careful when one's life insurance premium is in arrears, and yours is.
Clearing the Breakers. Objection Parent—Yes, I know how it is with you young people. You'd get along all right so long as the sea is calm and it is smooth sailing; but what would you do in case of a squall?
Practical Suitor—Well, if the worst comes to the worst, we can employ a nurse.—Puck.



Lover's Last Pleasure-House.
Jove built for his lover a pleasure-house.
A pleasure-house fair to see.
The roof was gold, and the walls thereof
Were delicate ivory.

Violet crystal the windows were,
All gleaming and fair to see.
Flare rose-stained marble uprose
That house where man longed to be.

Violet golden and white and rose
That pleasure-house fair to see.
Did show to all, and they gave love thanks
For work of such mastery.

Lover turned away from his pleasure-house
And stood in the only way.
He looked therein and he found therein
Of his treasure the only key.

Now never a man full time be done
That pleasure-house fair to see.
Shall fill with music and merriment
Or praise it on tongue.

—Philip Bourke Marston

Humility.
That is not in his breast,
But in the honoring of those
Whom chance has walk beside.
—Frank H. Sweet in New England Magazine

Sunlight and Bacteria.
Some highly interesting and important experiments on the effect of direct sunlight in destroying bacteria have recently been reported to the Royal Society of England by Prof. Marshall Ward. The fact that sunlight is inimical to bacteria has long been known, but Prof. Ward's experiments indicate that sunshine may be the most effective agent in keeping air and water free of infection.

The first experiment consisted in filling a small glass flask with water from the river Thames containing many thousands of anthrax spores, and exposing it for seven days to the light of the sun. The spores were all killed.

Then gelatin plates containing living spores were prepared, and means of a sun-shed plate placed over the gelatin plates, except where the outline of a letter cut through the plate allowed the rays to fall upon the gelatine beneath.

After the plates had been exposed to the sun from ten to six hours, they were put in an incubator designed to develop the spores. Then it was found that those spores which had been exposed to the sunlight falling through the letter cut in the sun-shed plate had been killed, while the others, which had been protected from the sun, had not been affected, and they developed into colonies of anthrax.

Whenever the anthrax colonies thus developed they clouded the gelatine, so that when the plate was held up to the light, the letter over which the spores had been killed remained as transparent, marking in the midst of an opaque plate.

The suspicion then arose that the heat developed, and not the mere effects of the light rays, might have killed the spores, but further experiments showed that this was not the case, and that it was undoubtedly the direct solar rays that acted as the germicide.

Thus scientific investigations are continually revealing new ways in which the sun, the great governor of the solar system, directly influences the destiny and welfare of the earth and all of its inhabitants.

Murder by a Feather.
Many ladies who wear the pretty, delicate plume of the egret, or the bonnets of the egret, are not aware that the egret's bonnet, and most gracefully over the back of the bird. Those who engage in the business of procuring these plumes know that to obtain a good supply with little trouble, the egret must be taken when the breeding season is well advanced.

The best time to attack them is when the young birds are fully fledged, and not yet able to fly, for at that time the solitude of the parent birds is greatest, and forgetful of their own danger, they are most readily made victims. When the killing is finished, and the few handfuls of egret feathers have been plucked out, the slaughtered birds are left in a white heap in the sun and wind, and in sight of their orphaned young that cry for food and are not fed.

It is sad that at the height of fashion such pitiful and shameful advantage must be taken of the saddest instinct of all living creatures—the instinct of affection and self-sacrifice for their young.

The Bright Side.
A lady and a gentleman were in the timber-yard, staid by a dirty, foul-smelling river.
The lady said: "How good the pine boards smell!"
"Pine boards?" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!"
"No, thank you," the lady replied; "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

—She was right. If she, or we, can carry this attitude through our entire lives, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and the cheerful face.

There is in some houses an unpleasant atmosphere which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor poverty take it away.—Miss Mitche.

Close Management.
A story of close management is told about a Yankee who lately settled down in the West. He went to a neighbor and thus accosted him: "Well, I reckon you hain't got no old hen nothin' you'll lend me for a few weeks, have you, neighbor?" "I will

THE FARM AND HOME.

A METHOD OF PREVENTING LAND WASHING.

Clayey soil suffers heavily.—To Increase Yields.—A Cure for Heaves.—More Sheep.—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

I was glad to notice in a late number of Coleman's Rural World, that somebody besides myself is concerned about the washing of land. I have felt concerned about that matter ever since I first came to the clayey Western region, writes C. A. Osgood. More than thirty years ago I wrote in the N. Y. Tribune that it seemed as if nature had taken the contract of filling up the Gulf of Mexico, and had impressed the farmers of this region into her service on a grand scale. They were to be good and willing helpers, as some of them that I know seemed to care for the washing of their lands if so be the number of acres were left and the ink not washed out of their title deeds.

When their fields became well scored over with gullies, they would put some straw in the deeper ones and plow all full of top soil and consider the harm all remedied, never seeming to realize that every operation of that kind lessened the average depth of their soil. The gullies, which were seven opposite to each other with strong gulleets between, form a firm base to the bag, may, if desired, be embowered to represent the marks of the wings and body of the insect. The same idea may be carried out in less expensive materials.

The Last Shall Be First.
A missionary in China sent home to Scotland for an assistant. The committee appointed to attend to the matter had their attention attracted to a young man of Aberdeen, who wished to enter into that work, but on coming before them his homely and untutored appearance induced their judgment against him. However, they thought that perhaps he might do for a servant in the mission field, and accordingly one of their number in private broached the subject to the young applicant, asking him if he was willing to go in that capacity. "Yes, sir, most certainly," was the reply. "I am willing to do anything so that I am in the work. To be a helper of wood and a driver of water is to me a honor for me."

Some time later the house is building, impressed by this beautiful spirit of humility, the committee sent him to fill the lumber place. That young man afterward became the famous Dr. Mission.

Church Moorings.
An old sea captain was riding in the city, and a young man sat down by his side. "Where are you going?" "I am going to Philadelphia to see 'Have you letters of introduction?" "Yes," said the old sea captain. "Have you a church certificate?" "No, yes," replied the young man. "I did not suppose you desired to look at that."

"Yes," said the old sea captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you reach Philadelphia present that to some church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world; and it is my rule, as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ship fore and aft with the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."—Selected.

Finger Nails.
The average person trims off the thirty-second part of an inch from each finger-nail a week, or about an inch and a half every year. The average of human life all over the world is forty years. There are, on an average, one hundred and thirty million people in the world who, therefore, wash on the average 25,000 miles of finger-nails in a generation.

Price of a Wife.
Among the Kadis the price of a wife varies from five to thirty cows. The Kadis are more moderate, and one cow is considered a fair equivalent, while a goat will purchase a wife among some tribes. But the cheapest Kadis appear to be the Kadis, who a father offered to bestow the hand of his daughter upon a traveler from pair of boots.

Aviating.
Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian, who starts on his Polar expedition in June, is sleeping under his silk tent to best effect, and he has a good reason for sleeping in the open air, covered with swan's skins which the party will take out with them.

A Pound of Cost.
Chemically treated, a pound of coal will yield six or seven brilliant colors—enough of magenta to color two yards of channel, vermilion for two yards, aurine for two yards, and all the rest for two yards of cloth.

South's and Mac's.
Every sixty-ninth person in Scotland is a South and every seventy-ninth a Macdonald.

Japanese Children.
Japanese children are taught to write with both hands.

Utilizing Town Rats.
The town rat, which of all animals is generally considered the one most offensive to the eye is thrown, in a useful member of society in the French capital. Here these creatures are collected together and placed in the great pound where the carcasses refuse of the city is thrown. These remains are quickly demolished by the rats, who leave only unutilized skeletons or bones behind them. The demolishers are, in their turn, destroyed themselves. Four times a year a great battle is effected, and when next the little creatures appear it is in the form of that article of world-wide admiration—the Galet de Paris. Indeed, no skin is superior to theirs, the pliability and strength of it rendering it the most suitable for the glove market.

Receipts of Paris Theaters.
The gross receipts of the Paris theaters, which, as is well known, are officially ascertained for purposes of taxation, reached last year more than twenty-two and a half millions of francs. That is to say, the Parisians and their visitors spent during the twelve months in going to the play more than \$5,000,000. This was, however, a falling off by some \$10,000,000 from the receipts of the previous year.

Too Often.
A guard in charge of an express train from Edinburgh to London was recently offered a drink by passengers thirty-two times in the course of the journey.

BRAVE LITTLE WALES.

PECULIARITIES OF THE COUNTRY'S MUSIC.

The Welsh Nationality and Language Has Never Been Lost.—A Softened Scottish and Low-Scottish Pronunciation in Ireland.

The nearest neighbors of Wales have sometimes done the country great injustice. The very name of Welsh is in itself an injustice. "Welsh" is only a very slight alteration in the familiar Teutonic word for "strangers of any kind." It makes no pretense to describe any particular tribe or race, or people. It is something like the Greek phrase which classified all men not pure Greeks as barbarians. It is a little less offensive than the Chinese description of "foreign devils." Still the name has adhered and the slight or insult of it has long been forgotten. The men of Wales know that they are Kymry, and do not object to being called Welsh.

The men of Wales have a picturesque country, a brilliant and romantic history, a thrilling national music and all but an enchanting national literature of song and epic and legend. There are still some old descriptions to be found for that wild and wonderful book—three parts genius, same and sound and one part—Lovelace's of Edgar Poe, sheer fudge—George Borrow's "Lavengro." Those who know the book will remember how the hero tells us of the change which came over him when he learned to read the Welsh poems in their native tongue. The great classics of Greece and Rome—even the yet more adored Dante—became of little account to him when once he had come under the spell of the poetry of Wales. Perhaps one reason was that the world had so long ignored the poetry of Wales, and so its existence and its vividness and its strength and its beauty suddenly flashes on George Borrow like a revelation. Even long and blind him to admit Homer and Sophocles, and Dante and Shakespeare. Nobody had told him anything about the poetry of Wales.

Wales is in appearance a softened Scotland—a less prosperous Ireland. O'Connell described Ireland in a phrase at once picturesque and accurate as "the land of the green valley and the rushing river." Wales, too, is a land of the green valley and the rushing river. He who will understand the poet, says (to me) must go about in the poet's land. He who would appreciate Welsh poetry must go about in the Welsh poet's land. A journey from Euston to Holyhead in the mail train, even if accomplished in the daytime and in summer, will not be quite enough for the purpose. A holiday at some fashionable hotel, the resort of strangers, will not be quite enough for the purpose.

The music of Wales has been often compared with the music of Ireland and of Scotland, and yet the music of Wales has a character entirely its own. One reason given by those who profess to know all about it is that the Welsh music was composed to the thrilling but delicate accompaniment of the harp. The Welsh minstrel's remained faithful to the harp in Ireland and in Scotland the harp reigned, of course, but it did not reign alone. It admitted a divided sway with the pipe—the bagpipe—which the Welsh poets and musicians held somewhat in scorn.

The ballad music of Scotland, and still more markedly of Ireland, has a way of trying the voice by sending it suddenly up great heights. This, it has been contended by many authorities, was a consequence of the necessity at some important moments of the music to make the words ring out above the bagpipe's accompanying and very self-asserting note. At all events, it is certain that the Welsh music holds a place not lower than that owned by the music of Scotland and of Ireland, and has a tone and a touch which are not borrowed from the notes of other song.

To Increase Yields.
In a recent issue of Practical Farmer, J. R. Lackey dilated upon the best means of increasing crop yields. Among other things he said: "We must still remember humus is the foundation to build on, and this furnished by clover and leguminous crops, that have also the power to draw nitrogen from the air, and those of a deep root, like clover, bring the mineral elements (phosphoric acid and potash) within reach of other crops. As we see these so-called renovating crops add humus (drawing carbon mostly from the air) and also nitrogen, but are very exhaustive on the mineral elements. But clover, if rightly used, is agricultural salvation. Clover hay should never be sold from the farm; may be fed, if desired, and manure returned to land. Never graze it, for large growth is what we want to turn, which should be done the second year from sowing the seed. It is then at its maximum value. An occasional liming helps to decompose vegetable matter, and is also beneficial to crops."

Even with this care the store of mineral elements will be reduced, and should be restored in some form, as by commercial fertilizers rich in potash and phosphoric acid. Fertilizers should be used as a supplement to manure or clover to supply plant foods that are deficient, but never as a substitute unless the land is rich in humus, for they lack the organic matter so useful in lasting fertility. In the purchase of fertilizers we should bear in mind that the value is upon the plant foods contained, and should buy accordingly. Air and moisture are the chief aids to fertility. Thorough drainage (tile drain if wet) admits the first and surface pulverization after showers retains the second. With the knowledge of how to restore and retain fertility, wide market facilities, the best farm implements, and the present agricultural literature, we are on the eve of an era of agricultural progression never dreamed of by our forefathers.

Farm Notes.
Bran and linseed meal are good flesh formers.

When stock are well fed there is less danger of overfeeding.

Walle earliness is an item, do not attempt to work the ground wet.

Active exercise immediately after eating hinders the digestive process.

The thoroughness in preparation is of more importance than a large acreage.

When it is too wet to work in the fields it is a good time to fix the fences.

Never be in such a hurry to plant as to do the work before the soil is fully ready.

There is no advantage in planting sorghum until the soil is reasonably warm and dry.

There will be no loss of growth if the change from dry to green food is made gradually.

By feeding the work teams liberally on oats, they will be able to perform more work.

When there is not a sufficient acreage of meadow plan to sow some millet or Hungarian.

Better results would be secured if farmers were more careful to test their seed before planting.

By making out the principal part of the grain ration of the work teams, they will be able to do more and better work.

Home Hints.
A small piece of cloth folded double is put underneath buttons, particularly on children's clothing, they will not tear out so easily.

It is a good plan to make the under part of a sleeve double; this part always wears out sooner than the upper part, and the piece to darn upon will be already in its place when it is needed.

When baking cake in a long tin line the sides and ends, as well as the bottom with stiff, white paper. You can then lift the paper out without breaking it, and can also be perched up to the tin, and successively in the middle without burning it anywhere else.

For small families it is well to remember that celery can be kept a week or longer by rolling it in dark paper, then pinning it in a towel and laying away in a cool, dark place. Before preparing it for the table place it in a pan of cold water and let it remain for an hour. This keeps the celery with a bow to a considerable extent, and will be finer than when first purchased.

It has been said that any good leather may be made waterproof by the following preparation: In half a pint of linseed oil scrape one ounce of bees wax, and add half an ounce of powdered resin and one ounce of oil of turpentine. Melt all these ingredients very slowly on the fire, taking care that they do not ignite. A coarse shaven vessel is a good thing to use for this mixture, rather much of the two. In such instances there would have to be some large mains charged with a good deal of water. In such cases I would, wherever practicable, lead them onto poor ridges to the limits of my own land, and if my neighbor objected to taking the line there I would drop it along the line to its natural exit, and in case of intermittent small rains to the furthest valley. I would treat them in much the same way. Instead of allowing them to meander

THE CHILD LOST IN THE SNOW.

A Terrible Mistfortune Overtakes a Christmas Party in Hungary.

In the country parts of Hungary, where there is often no church within many miles, the christening of a child is a momentous event, which people look forward to with joyful anticipation as to a gay festival, says the London Telegraph. It includes a long drive to the town or village where the church is situated, with a stop for refreshments on the way, and on the return home a banquet, with the usual accompaniment of singing, drinking and dancing. In winter, when the air is crisp and bracing, and the snow lies thick upon the ground, the christening party drive to church in a sleigh with "stimulation of bells," and provide themselves with abundant provisions, before setting out. This is what John and Magdalen Bator of Keszines did when New Year's day they took their child from their home to Trauman, where the priest was awaiting its arrival to perform the baptismal ceremony. They had a nice hamper of provisions for the road, in which home-distilled spirits to keep the cold out occupied a prominent place. The child was carefully wrapped up in swaddling clothes and enveloped in fur wraps and shawls until it became bulkier than it was long, after which it was duly deposited on the floor of the sleigh, which was thickly strewn with straw. It was a cold day, and the occupants of the sleigh felt obliged to swallow large quantities of alcohol to keep the cold out, so that when they reached the parish church and they were met by the priest they were all in a state of hilarious good humor. His reverence, having child their numbing festivity, asked them to hand him the child and get the ceremony over as soon as possible. They then discovered to their horror that they had lost the child! "Forgotten the child!" exclaimed his reverence; "how could you have forgotten the child when you came to have it christened?" "Ah! if we had only forgotten it," returned the father, "it would not matter much, but we have lost it."

And they at once drove back whence they had come, to the town with the clergyman, who carried a vessel full of water so as to baptize the infant in extremis, stopping to make a search wherever any heap of snow gave them grounds for surmising that the child might be there. At last they found the baby, inside all its warm wrappings, lying in the snow, but without the faintest sign of life. It was frozen to death. Instead of a banquet and merrymaking the joyful party are likely to taste poison fare and the sweets of sorrow.

Check the First Approach.
Of rheumatism, and further attacks may be avoided, if proper precautions against exposure are taken, and there is no hereditary predisposition. Unfortunately, people who ultimately become chronic sufferers, too often neglect the trifling twinges and preliminary symptoms, and only resort to remedies when the malady is advanced. Among the diseases for which Hostetter's Stomach Balm is especially indicated, is rheumatism, and the medicine being perfectly safe, it is certainly to be preferred to drugs used for its cure, which are frequently useless, and nothing more or less than poison. The substitution of this pleasant and safe remedy for the ordinary remedies, to obtain relief safely, or who have failed to obtain it from the numerous pseudo remedies for this disease in the market.

Observation is the most enduring of the pleasures of life.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure, on any Corn. Ask your druggist for it. Price 50c.

The special purposes of riches is to be generously dispersed.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

Do not let small evils tyrants of some men whom life is the middle-class.

IT WAS A SCURVY TRICK.
The Stealing of Our Declaration of Independence.

You did not know that our Declaration of Independence was stolen years ago by an emissary of the British government, did you? Well, it was, and that it was a scurvy trick, no honest man will deny. They did not take the paper, but they took the ink, which was just as bad.

Years ago when James Monroe was president and John Quincy Adams secretary of state an ingenious English engraver obtained permission of the two dignitaries mentioned to take the Declaration of Independence and engrave it in facsimile on copper. He carried the precious document to the printing office of one Peter Force. When everything was in readiness he placed it upon the imposing stone and laid a sheet of India paper of the same size upon it. This India paper was next moistened with water in such a manner as to have been dissolved. A heavy roller with a weight hanging from each end was then rolled several times over the historic document. When the India paper was removed from the face of the instrument it took with it at least one-half of the ink used in writing and signing the document.

What a dastardly act of sacrilege! It is a pity that every one connected with the infamous plot, from the engraver up to the president of the United States, the secretary of state and the British sovereign, were not punished for it, or at least made to give reasons why such a thing was allowed or permitted. The document is less than a century and a quarter years old, and with proper care should be almost as legible as it was on the fifth day of July, 1776. As it is, only eleven signatures of the fifty-three can be read without a glass, and some of them have disappeared beyond recall, all on account of the thieving trick of a government which, when they found that they could not keep the colonies dependent, stole the very ink from the document which declares our independence. To my way of looking at this matter, even though it has been time and again declared that the government at London was not cognizant of the engraving, the trick of the stealing of the ink from our magna charta was one of the capital crimes of this century.—St. Louis Republic.

Her Cousins.
Mr. Daseh—And now you have your divorce and are free. But I hope you will always consider me as calling on me for a favor.
Mrs. Daseh—There is one thing I wish you would do for me.
Mr. Daseh—Name it.
Mrs. Daseh—Please be best man at my wedding to Archie. He wants you to—Vogue.

Horrorizing Trouble.
"Maddox and his wife are always worrying about their children. Mrs. Maddox had a fit of nervousness the other day over the thought that their boy Wilfred would grow up and become a drunkard."
"And what does Maddox worry over?"
"He's afraid little Annetto will learn to play the piano.—Truth.

Conscience Don't Make Cowards of Us All.
Tramp—Here a pie I stole of yer windy, mum. I want to bring it back.
Housekeeper—Well, I'm glad yer've got some conscience.
Tramp—Yes, I'm tough, but I don't care to eat a strange mince pie.—Texas Sittings.

A Wonderful Little Town.
Johannsburg, in the Transvaal, is a wonderful little town. It is but five years of age and the inhabitants number 10,000. It stands upon a high reef, and upon this reef fifty companies are at work giving employment to 3,370 white men and over 32,000 natives. The town has gas, water, tramways and handsome buildings, while for twenty miles east and west the funnels of mining works can be seen.

Rather Mixed.
Jeweler—Now, that's what I call a clever scheme.
His Friend—Clever! Why, they'll take everything you've got!
Jeweler—Oh, no! You see that combination's mixed up with all my memorandum accounts, and by the time they find it they'll think it's fooling away time to use it.

Help for Everyone.
In the grand duchy of Luxemburg persons desiring work or help have now only to send a postal card to the director of the postal administration in order to have their wants advertised in every postoffice in the grand duchy.

SOMETHING UNUSUAL.
As a medicine, it is unequalled in its Golden Rule. And, because of that, there's something unusual in the way of selling it. Where every other medicine is sold in a bottle, this is guaranteed to be a cure, you have your money back.

It is the only guaranteed remedy for every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood. Dyspepsia, Biliousness, the most stubborn Skin, Scap and Scrofulous affections, and all other ailments of the blood in its earlier stages, all are cured by it.

It purifies and enriches the blood, restores every organ to beautiful action, and restores strength and vigor. In building up both flesh and strength of pale, puny, scrofulous children, or to invigorate and brace up the system after "Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases, nothing can equal the "Golden Rule." You pay only for the good you get.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS
WITH
THOMSON'S
SLOTTED
CLINCH RIVETS.
No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly. The clinch is absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather or harness up the system after "Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases, nothing can equal the "Golden Rule." You pay only for the good you get.

At a Price
Claims & Collections in the U. S. and Foreign. L. A. JUDSON, MFG. CO., 110 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

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KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and has the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

"For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle of August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me." Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N.Y.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

THE DUCKSKIN BREECHES BEST MADE, BEST FITTING, BEST WEARING

JEAN PANTS IN THE WORLD. Manufactured by THE GOODWIN CLOTHING CO., EVANSVILLE, IND.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. Colvin, La., Dec. 8, 1886 - My wife used MOTHERS' FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.

PALATINE MILL.

A well-like stream without a sound. Steals by and hides beneath the shore. Its vital secrets eavesdrop. Within its sultry bosom bound.

And this was Rome, that shrieked for room To stretch her limbs: A hill of caves For half-wild beasts and hairy slaves; And a palace tent within her womb!

Two lone palms on the Palatine. Two rows of cypress, black and tall, With white roots set in Caesar's hall - A garden, convent and sweet shrine.

Till breaks on a broken wall. That looks away toward Lichenon, And seem to mourn for grandeur gone: A well, an owl - and that is all.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON. BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. CHAPTER VIII. - CONTINUED.

We have seen John in nothing but the stormiest conditions. We have seen him reckless, desperate, tried beyond his moderate powers; of his daily self, cheerful, regular, not untruthful, we have seen nothing; and it may thus be a surprise to the reader to learn that he was studiously careful of his health. This favorite preoccupation now awoke. If he were to sit there and die of cold, there would be mighty little gained; better the police cell and the chances of a jury trial, than the miserable certainty of death at a dike-side before the next winter's dawn, or death a little later in the gas-lighted wards of an infirmary.

He rose on aching legs, and stumbled here and there among the rubbish-heaps, still circumvented by the yawning crater of the quarry; or perhaps he only thought so, for the darkness was already dense, and the snow was growing thicker and he moved like a blind man; and with a blind man's terrors. At last he climbed a fence, thinking to drop into the road, and found himself staggering, instead, among the iron-furrows of a plowland, endless, it seemed as a whole country. And next he was in a wood, beating among young trees; and then he was aware of a house with many lighted windows, Christmas carriages waiting at the doors, and Christmas drivers (for Christmas has a double edge) becoming swiftly hooded with snow.

From this glimpse of human cheerfulness he fled like Cain; wandered in the night, unlit, careless of his feet, and, as he lay and then arose again and wandered further; and at last, like a transformation scene, beheld him in the lighted jaws of the city, staring at a lamp which had already donned the tilted night-cap of the snow. It came thickly now, a "feeding storm," and while he yet stood blinking at the lamp, his feet were buried. He remembered something like it in the past, a street lamp crowning and caked upon the windward wall with snow, the wind uttering its mournful hoot, himself looking on, even as now; but the cold had struck too sharply on his wits, and memory failed him as to the date and sequel of the reminiscence.

His next conscious moment was on the Dean bridge; but whether he was John Nicholson, of a bank in California street or some former John, a clerk in his father's office, he had now clean forgotten. Another blank and he was thrusting his pass-key into the lock on his father's house.

With this specimen of the French, not of Stratford-upon-Avon, but of a finishing establishment in Moray place, she left John alone in his father's sanctum. He fell at once upon the food; and it is to be supposed that Flora had found her patient wakeful, and been detained with some details of nursing, for he had time to make a full end of all there was to eat, and not only to empty the teapot, but to fill it again from a kettle that was fitfully singing on his father's fire. Then he sat torpid, and pleased and bewildered; his misfortunes were then half forgotten; his mind considering, not without regret, this unseasonable return to his old love.

He was thus engaged, when that bustling woman noiselessly re-entered. "Have you eaten?" said she. "Then tell me all about it."

"It was a long and, as the reader knows, a pitiful story; but Flora heard it with compressed lips. She was lost in none of those questionings of human destiny that have, from time to time, arrested the flight of my own pen; for women, such as she, are no philosophers, and behold the concrete only. And women, such as she, are very hard on the imperfect man.

"Very well," said she, when he had done; "then down upon your knees at once, and beg God's forgiveness." And the great baby plumped upon his knees, and did as he was bid; and none the worse for that! But while he was heartily enough requesting forgiveness on general principles, the rational side of him distinguished, and wondered if, perhaps the apology were not due upon the other part. And when he rose again from that becoming exercise, he first eyed the face of his old love doubtfully, and then, taking heart, entered his protest.

"I must say, Flora," said he, "in all this business I can see very little fault of mine."

"If you had written home," replied the lady, "there would have been some of it. If you had even gone to Murrayfield, reasonably sober, you would never have slept there, and the worst would not have happened. Besides, the whole thing began years ago. You got into trouble, and when your father, honest man, was disappointed, you took the pet or got afraid, and ran away from punishment. Well, you've had your own way of it, John, and I don't suppose you like it."

"I sometimes fancy I'm not much better than a fool," sighed John.

"My dear John," said she, "not much!"

He looked at her and his eyes fell. A certain anger rose within him; there was a Flora he discovered; she was hard; she was of a set; a cold, settled, mature, unchangeable manner; plain of speech, plain of habit - he had come near saying, plain of face. And this exhalation called herself by the same name as the many-colored, clinging child of years; the frequent laughter, and the many sighs, and the kind, stolen glances. And to make all worse, she took the upper hand with him, which (as John well knew) was not the true relation of the sexes. He stole his heart against this sick nurse.

"And how do you come to be here?" he asked.

"I mean about the 'other thing.' That's serious."

"Is that what my father spoke about?" asked John. "I don't even know what it is."

"About your robbing your bank in California, of course," replied Alexander.

It was plain, from Flora's face that this was the first she had heard of it; it was plain still, from John's, that he was innocent.

"I've explained it to you in all my days," cried John; "except my father, if you call that robbery; and I brought him back the money in this room, and he wouldn't even take it!"

"Look here, John," said his brother; "let us have no misunderstanding upon this. Macvean saw my father; he told him a bank you had worked for in San Francisco was writing over the habitable globe to have you collared - that it was supposed you had nailed thousands, and it was dead certain you had nailed three hundred."

"Three hundred?" repeated John. "Three hundred pounds, you mean? That's fifteen hundred dollars. Why, then, it's Kirkman!" he broke out. "Thank heaven! I can explain it all. I gave them to Kirkman to pay for me the night before. I left - fifteen hundred dollars and a letter to the manager. What do they suppose I would steal fifteen hundred dollars for? I'm rich; I struck it rich in stocks. It's the silliest stuff I ever heard of. All that's needed is to enable the manager; Kirkman has the fifteen hundred - find Kirkman, he was a fellow-leek of mine, and a hard case; but, to do him justice, I didn't think he was hard as this."

"And what do you say to that, Alex?" asked Flora.

"I say the cabdriver shall go to-night!" cried Alexander, with energy. "Answer me, too. If this thing can be cleared away - and upon my word I do believe it can - we shall be able to hold up our heads again. Here, you John, you stole down the address of your bank manager. You, Flora, you can track John into my bed, for which I have no further use to-night. As for me, I am off to the post-office, and thence to the High street about the dead body. The police ought to know, you see, and they ought to know through John; and I can tell them some particulars about my brother being a man of highly nervous organization, and the rest of it. And then, I'll tell you what, John, did you notice the name upon the cab?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STORY OF GENERAL SHERMAN

Singular Interview at Jackson, Mississippi.

Yes, Joseph E. Johnston had crossed Pearl river on his retreat to the East, and it was known that Sherman would evacuate Jackson and pursue him as soon as possible, says Sunny South. With great difficulty I had secured from the federal authorities the assurance that my cotton factory would not be burned. But on the night when the evacuation was in progress I learned from reliable sources that a change had been made in the orders and that the torch was likely to be applied to the property at any moment.

I resolved to seek an immediate interview with General Sherman himself - entertaining, but slender hopes - especially at such an untimely hour, for it was past midnight - of reaching the presence of the federal chief. I had little trouble of ascertaining that his headquarters were in the case of the West Jackson, and before many minutes had passed I was at the front gate of the place, where, to my great surprise, I found no guards to check my progress. The house was quiet and unlighted, so far as I could discern. Somewhat puzzled I paused for a minute or two and said to myself: "Surely this is not the headquarters of a great United States army."

But seeing no one to inquire of I opened the gate, went up to the house and on to the porch. For some minutes I stood there listening, but I heard no sound within, nor was there any guard to challenge my intrusion. Through a shaded transom I caught the reflection of a light. I tried the door, found it ajar, pushed it open and stepped inside. The place was silent - there was nothing to indicate occupancy by the military.

"I have come to the wrong house," I said. But observing that a dim light was reflected through the half-open door of a room opening into the hall, I advanced and entered the apartment. It had but a single occupant. He was sleeping upon a lounge and my steps aroused him. He turned over and looked at me with his eyes, and I walked out and returned up town. A few hours later the factory was in ashes.

"And you say that General Sherman had no body guards?"

"I say that I entered his bed room and left it without being challenged. In fact, without meeting a soul except the general himself."

This remarkable incident was told in Green's book, and the narrator was Joshua Green, its former and president.

Abundant in Resources. There is a little old in the world, only 2 1/2 years old, who is possessed of an ambition to pronounce big words correctly and is very proud of her accomplishments in that line. She has a little cousin, some months older, who cannot speak so plainly, so this increases her pride. But her father often tells her, when she doesn't obey him promptly, that he has another little girl down town who minds him always and is never disobedient. This mythical little girl has grown to be a reality with her and she imagines one really does exist who has alienated her father's affections.

Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

Feeding London. For the feeding of London a little more than 323,083 tons of meat, poultry and general provisions were delivered last year from the public markets alone. This total was some 15,000 tons more than in any previous year. There was an increase of over 19 per cent in the supplies of American meat, 939,442 animals passing through one cattle market of the metropolis and 141,130 through another, all going to supply the city with food. These figures of course only indicate a part of the supplies.

Survivors Meet. The survivors of the war steambreaker Sultan, which blew up in the Mississippi river near Memphis, in 1865, with the loss of 1800 lives, held their annual reunion at Maryville, Tenn., recently. Five states were represented. During the exercise James Lawton, who was supposed to have been drowned in the disaster, made his appearance, having come from Mexico to attend the reunion.

Nervous Women. Creole Female Tonic will cure your nerve aches and make you feel young and strong again. It will restore color to your cheeks. It is a splendid tonic.

It is not surprising that some means of communication exist between animals. The fact that they exist together proves this. Every one has noticed that ants stop to greet one another when they meet. One species of money utters six distinct sounds to express the consciousness of the presence of danger. The deer uses three different sounds to express the same idea. If man was placed back in the condition of the primitive ages, he would use a similar method of expression.

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The Tariff Has not raised the price on Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco. There are many other brands, each represented by some interested person to be "just as good as the BULL DURHAM." They are not; but like all counterfeits, they each lack the peculiar and attractive qualities of the genuine.

You Should Know THAT P-R-E-S-T-O-N'S HED-AKE CURES ANY HEADACHE. AND IT WON'T CURE ANY THING ELSE! IT IS GUARANTEED TO DO THAT, IT WILL DO IT IN 15 MINUTES! YOU PAY ONLY FOR THE GOOD IT DOES. NO CURE - NO PAY.

AN ASTONISHING TONIC FOR WOMEN. McELREE'S WINE OF CARDUI. Strengthens the Weak, Quiets the Nerves, Relieves Monthly Suffering and Cures FEMALE DISEASES. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST ABOUT IT. \$1.00 PER BOTTLE. CHATTANOOGA MED. CO., Chattanooga, Tenn.

PRATT GINS AND GINNING OUTFITS. HOWARD F. SMITH, M'G'R., Houston, Texas. Garfield Tea Cures Sick Headache. DRUSSES FOR RHEUMATISM. YOUNG MEN. Thompson's Eye Water.

LEWIS' 98% LYE PURIFIED AND PERFECTED. The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other lye, it boils a blue powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. It will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 10 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning waste pipes, drain, gutters, stoves, chimneys, boiler, bath-tubs, iron, tin, etc. FERTILIZER, etc. W. H. U. DALLA.

