

KING GEORGE of Greece can reply to his enemy, the sultan, that during the earthquake season the Turkish throne is quite as shaky as his own.

A CALIFORNIA policeman has fallen heir to a vast fortune and has become a count. There must be a grand flutter among the housemaids along his beat.

ECONOMY is a good thing, but like other good things it should be used economically. Indulgence in economy may become so prodigal as to impoverish the economist.

CHINA wants \$75,000,000 for the proper celebration of the sixtieth birthday of her empress dowager. The most intend buying cannon crackers instead of small ones.

In two New York beer saloons the ashes of two cremated beer drinkers are contained in crystal bottles. There is something peculiarly significant in these knights of the bottle returning after death, and the victim of the paronomaia habit will no doubt find something profitable to say about beer and beer.

The shah of Persia, who is 63 years of age—the father of eighteen children—and who has wives to sell, so to speak, recently took on another consort, and the affairs of the empire were brought to a stand-still while the giddy old gentleman whooped up nuptials such as the Orient has not seen since the days of Lalia Kookh.

A MAN named Leonard, who claims to have invented a bullet-proof shield, had it tested in Brooklyn lately. On that occasion he wore it himself, and a 45-caliber bullet from a Winchester rifle failed to pierce it. Mr. Leonard says that his invention is chiefly intended for armoring ships, and judging from the ease with which projectiles are smashing armor plates, something of this kind is needed.

JAPAN is apparently in Corea to stay. She refuses either to neutralize the ports or to withdraw her troops, despite Chinese bluster and the polite deprecations of the European diplomats. According to present appearances, there will be considerable reduction in the number of the Mongolian race before very long, and a lively demand for the superior lethal weapons and munitions of war manufactured by the barbarous Caucasians.

A STAY of proceedings has been granted in favor of Erastus Wiman, who was recently convicted of forgery and sentenced to the penitentiary by a New York court. The effect of this stay will be that Mr. Wiman will stay out of jail, though his conviction was strictly legal, and the sentence generally approved by the public. His attorneys have not yet entered a plea of insanity in his case, but may yet do so if the engine of justice can't be derailed without it.

The czar's method of determining whether or not the path of the royal train is beset with bombs is excellent in its way. A trusty subject is sent ahead on a heavy tricycle to experiment. If the czar's engineer observes a rain of faithful subject, accompanied by an occasional spoke and fragments of pneumatic tire, he knows that something is the matter and shuts off steam. It is a great scheme, and while apt to thin out the populace, is promotion of the longevity that is a fad with the czar.

MISS FRANCIS WILLARD advocates bicycling with all the enthusiasm of a recent convert. This enthusiasm is one of the singular developments of the cycling craze. Let the bitterest enemy of the whirling wheel once beset him, if only for a distance of 100 yards, and he instantly becomes a fanatical, bigoted and unreasoning advocate of cycling as against all other sports whatever. The conversation of Saul of Tarsus becomes a very commonplace affair when compared with the enthusiasm for wheeling displayed by men who once favored capital punishment for any person who rode a bicycle.

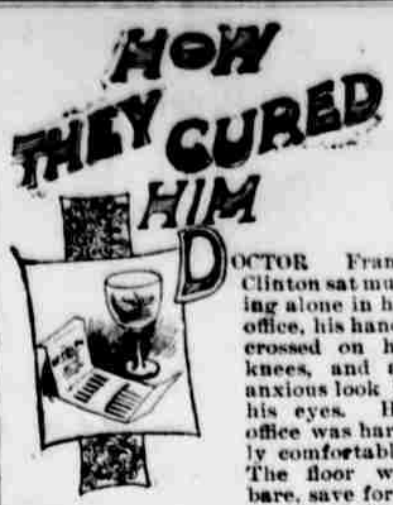
THE steamship companies are placing the cost of a voyage from the continental ports to New York within the reach of the pauper classes of Europe and a great many are taking advantage of it. Nine dollars now charged from the Mersey to New York includes not only the usual outfit of bedding but the cost of a railway ticket from London to Liverpool. The same excellent terms are made for passage from the south and southwest of England and South Wales. It is the time for the poor and oppressed to come to us in swarms and it will be necessary for the authorities to keep a sharp look-out for them.

A MAN in New Jersey got so filled with grief that he could only be relieved by being attached to a ground wire. Jersey lightning has been of record before, but it was not known that it could be managed in this way.

In yachting in British waters against the prince of Wales, George Gould was out of his element. He should challenge the prince to a friendly duel in Missouri Pacific or other fields with which he is more familiar.

The street fakir has reached the plane of commercial eminence in New York city which permits traffic in negligee shirts and white shirts and collars. The time may yet come when the shops shall visit the shopping woman instead of the shopping man visiting the shops.

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL has been enjoined from singing. No doubt she will pout, but she should think how much worse it would be had she been enjoined from marrying whenever the fancy strikes her.



DOCTOR Frank Clinton sat smiling alone in his office, his hands crossed on his knees, and an anxious look in his eyes. His office was hardly comfortable. The floor was bare, save for a couple of cheap mats. The paper was dingy, and gullible of any adornment in the way of pictures, excepting only his diploma, which was in a heavy gilt frame. A desk, a book-case partly filled, an old-fashioned sofa, and a few stuffed chairs, were the only other articles of furniture.

A small alcove was divided off from the room by a curtain, and behind which were a single bed, a wash-stand, on which stood a bowl and pitcher, and beside which was an uncertain-looking towel-rack. One chair and a bureau completed the bedroom set, if such it might be called.

Doctor Clinton was a young man, and would have been handsome in different surroundings. He had been in his present office for two months, and as yet had only been called to a child with the whooping-cough, whose parents were too poor to give him anything more than thanks, and their blessing, for his services. He had saved the least valuable of his surgical instruments, after spending all his means, he was in arrears for board and the landlady had just given him notice to pay up or vacate his rooms.

Suddenly he looked up with a changed expression. The bell had rung, and who but a patient could have rung it? He opened the door and the sweet voice of a lady asked: "Are you Doctor Clinton?"

"Yes, madame. Please walk in and be seated," said the doctor, a faint shade of nervousness mingling with his polite reply.

She was exceedingly fair, with large brown eyes, and reddish golden hair. Her dress was rich and her appearance was that of a lady.

"I want you to call and see my father," she said.

"This evening?" asked the doctor.

"Well—no," she answered, hesitating a little. "To-morrow will be better; but I must tell you beforehand, it is an odd case, and a bad one. But if you succeed in relieving him, you have only to name your fee."

"What is the trouble?" asked the doctor.

"Well, he is a hypochondriac," said the lady slowly, and it seemed unwillingly. "He has a strange hallucination, and if he is not cured it will end in his death."

"You have consulted other physicians?" he asked.

"Several of them," she said, a little furred. "Some of the best in the city. They had no—no—tact. They only argued with him, and—and—did nothing."

"There was something charming in the way she hesitated over her choice of words."

"You think he should be humored?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," she cried, her face filling with a wonderfully bright expression.



YOU MAY GO. "You have caught my idea. Oh, sir, do you think you can cure him?"

In her eagerness and excitement she laid one hand lightly upon his arm and her touch thrilled him.

"I will do all I can," the doctor gravely said. "What is his hallucination?"

"It is concerning his food," she said, the piquancy dying out of her face. "That is, to be exact, it is about what is given him to drink. For days, sometimes, nothing liquid passes his lips."

"He fancies it is poisoned?"

"Worse than that," cried his lovely visitor. "He thinks it is filled with the finest needles."

evening," the doctor retired to his office and pondered deeply. The result was that after glancing at nothing, and frowning very hard for some time, he finally arrived at a satisfactory conclusion.

The next morning he took from a drawer a strong horse-shoe magnet, and rubbed it steadily on the blade of his knife.

At length, when he had thoroughly electrified the blade, he replaced it in his pocket, and taking his hat started to make his first professional call; his very first, save the one to the child with the whooping cough. On the way to Mr. Bradley's residence, he stopped long enough to purchase a paper of very fine cambric needles. When he arrived at his destination he was shown to the library, where he found Mr. Bradley. Miss Bradley had been seated in one of the deep bay windows, and now, as the doctor's earnest tones fell upon her ear, she laid aside her book and sat an interested listener.

"Might I trouble you for a drink of water?" suddenly asked the physician, "excuse me," responded his host.

"Kate, please get a glass of water for Mr.—"

"Clinton," interrupted the doctor.

Miss Bradley murmured an indistinct "yes," left the room and returned almost immediately with the desired glass of water, which the physician accepted with a bow.

He raised the glass to his lips, and then a look of intense astonishment came into his face.

down, gazed at Miss Bradley an instant, and then, with a gasp, he turned, and then faced his host.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Mr. Bradley.

"Matter," echoed the doctor, angrily. "This water is full of needles! Numbers of them! The water is full of them! Don't you see them?"

"Needles!" shouted Mr. Bradley, excitedly. "Needles! What did I tell you, Kate?"

Miss Kate gazed intently into the water; her face was a study.

"But I see no needles," she said.

"Oh, you see no needles," sarcastically rejoined the doctor. "Mr. Bradley, do you see any needles?"

"You are right," declared Mr. Bradley. "I see them plainly with the naked eye, and my sight is poor, too. But you can't convince her, sir! She can't see them."

"Maybe I can convince her," said the doctor.

He took out his knife, and opened it. Then he thrust the magnetized blade into the water, and when he withdrew it a number of fine needles clung to it, which he, unobserved, had dropped into the glass.

"But you do not seem surprised," the doctor said, turning to Mr. Bradley.

INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

LATE HAPPENINGS IN FIELDS OF INDUSTRY.

An Automatic Motor with Oscillating Lever—An Improved Gate—The Latest Promises to Supercede the Bicycle—Notes and Comments.

An Automatic Motor. In this motor a pivoted oscillating lever has at its ends buckets which alternately receive and discharge water as the ends of the lever rise and fall, the actual weight of the water thus operating the motor with very little friction and a minimum loss of power. In the illustration the motor is represented operating a double-acting pump, which, with the motor, is arranged within a suitable open casing at the lower side of a dam in a small stream, the small figure being a detail view at one end of the lever with the bucket raised. In the middle of each bucket is a valve with downwardly extending stem which strikes the base of the frame when the bucket goes down, so that the valve is unseated and the water runs out, the valve being automatically seated when the bucket reaches its uppermost position, where it is connected with a water trough from a central chute. The beam is held in position, while being filled, by a hook which automatically engages a hook on a lever fulcrumed in bearings on the main frame, the other end of the



lever being weighted and the weight resting on a spring, whereby the raised end of the beam is locked in place until the water entering the bucket overbalances the weighted lever. The horizontal water trough from which the buckets are supplied is supported by swinging hangers, the trough being connected by links with elbow levers pivoted in the frame of the motor above the highest point of oscillation, whereby the trough is alternately shifted to supply the bucket first on one side and then on the other. A curved guide rod extends the buckets in their up and down movement.

An Improved Typewriter.

An inventor at the west claims to have constructed a machine which will accomplish most of the work of an ordinary typewriter, but is adapted for successful operation in the case of bound books of any size, as the device can be readily clasped upon a book of any breadth or thickness, for the recording of a deed or other instrument of writing. In this mechanism there are seventy-four characters, including all carried by the usual machines, while there are but twenty-seven keys to be operated, and in its movement it strikes downward or travels over the page or paper from left to right, along a spacing bar, the printing contrivance which moves along the bar weighing only four and one-half pounds, while the clasp and the entire apparatus weigh only nine and three-fourths pounds. There is also provided an ingenious kind of lining arrangement—suitable for application likewise to other typewriters—insuring perfect regulation of the distances between lines until the machine is finally worn out.

An Improved Farm Gate.

According to the improvement shown in the illustration, which has been patented by Richard T. Mulcahy of Rosenberg, Texas, the gate is supported centrally on a pivot post and adapted to be swung in either direction by levers and pull cords, the improvement being also applicable to a single gate. At the front and rear of the center of the gate opening are standards in alignment with the swing post, and above the top rail of the gate, at each side of the swing post, is pivoted a latch, the latches being guided in studs or standards on the gate and engaging keepers on opposite sides of the keeper posts. Each of these upper latches is also connected near its outer end by a vertical rod or link with a similar lower latch pivoted on the lower rail of the gate, and engaging a similar lower keeper on one of the keeper posts. Above the gate, on each side of the swing post, are fulcrumed bell crank or elbow levers, each of which is connected, at each end, by a link, with one end of a lever centrally fulcrumed on one of the standards in alignment with the swing post, each of these standards being also provided with upper and lower keepers adapted to engage the latches on the gate. On the central latch guide of each gate is also fulcrumed



HOW IT OPERATES. An elbow lever connected through a link by one of its members with one of the members of each of the elbow levers on the swing post, the other member of the elbow lever on the latch guide being connected with one of the latches on the gate. From each end of the levers pivoted on the standards at each side of the gate hang down pull cords, by means of which one approaching the gate on foot or in a carriage, from either direction, may, by pulling on one of the cords, actuate the levers on the central swing post, thereby first raising the latches and then swinging the gate open until the latches engage the keepers upon one of the standards. In opening the

gate, the lever upon the standard is moved to a diagonal position by a slightly forward pull, and the gate is closed, after passing through by a corresponding backward pull.

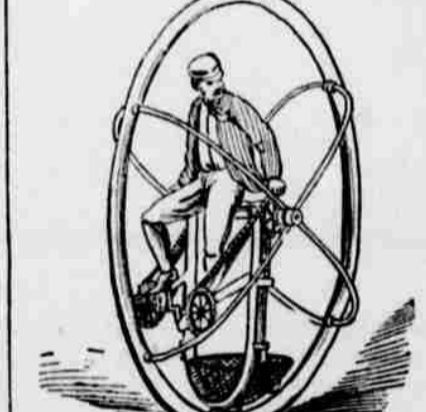
Disposing of Sewage. The claim is made for Germany of having the most complete and successful system of sewage disposal of any country on the continent of Europe.

In Berlin, where the features of this system are so perfectly represented, the drains from the houses receive both the rain water, the refuse water from the kitchen, etc., and the contents of the water closets, conducting them to an arrangement of radial sewers, through which, by a natural fall, they pass to a dozen different pumping stations within the area of the town. From these the sewage, through the medium of combined forces and suction pumps, proceeds through pipes of three feet or still greater diameter to the land which the corporation of Berlin possesses, the material thence making its final exit through a system of conduits so arranged that, before reaching them, it has parted with all its manurial power to the soil through which it is made to pass. The sewage water thus filtered reaches the river through the natural fall of the conduits in a comparatively purified state.

An Improved Enticely.

The wheel shown in the illustration, patented by a Chicagoan, is designed to facilitate traveling at a high rate of speed, while being of comparatively durable and simple construction. The rim has a cushion tire, two outwardly curved webs from which form a casing or cage for the rider, the webs preferably forming spokes connected with central hubs in which is a shaft on which is loosely hung a frame carrying a seat for the rider. In the forward lower end of the frame are also journals in which turns the crank shaft, with crank arms engaged by the feet of the rider in the usual way, the sprocket chains connecting with wheels on the main shaft on opposite sides of the seat and within the hubs, whereby the wheel is rotated.

The brake shoe is on the lower end of a vertically arranged fork, the upper end of each arm of which has a handle in easy reach of the rider, while springs on the fork arms normally hold the brake shoe out of contact with the rim. The wheel is held in upright position at rest by two rods sliding in vertical guides on the frame, the lower forked ends of the rods being normally held out of contact with the ground by springs, and the rods being pressed down into the ground by means of handles at each side of the frame is a basket to hold packages, etc., and connected with the basket is a rod on which is held an adjustable weight to counterbalance the weight



Wire-Rope Tramways.

It is strange that more attention has not been given to the means of transportation of which the wire-rope tramway is the fundamental idea. What more simple means of getting about which light and strong wire baskets run by means of grooved wheels put on in pulley-fashion. The baskets may be made to hold two, four or six, and can be run out upon the main cable by suitably arranged machinery. The cable may be on the grip or trolley systems, and the basket attachments can be so arranged as to clasp securely over the wire and at the same time without difficulty through the supporting framework that supports the wire. There would be no heavy, cumbersome and expensive cars; the strain on the cables would be much less than one might imagine, and rapid transit would be secured at a minimum of cost. As a carrier for ore and other articles this system has done most excellent service. In one place having a clear span of 2,250 feet, and at an angle of forty-five degrees, loads of 1,500 pounds were carried in about one and one-half minutes.

Differences in Method but—Traveler in Europe—Who are those two beautiful girls?

Steamer Captain—One is a Circassian whose parents are going to sell her to a Turk; the other is an American whose parents are going to give her to a nobleman.

Not to Blame.

Footlights—Our company produced your play last night.

Scribbler (in ecstasy)—Did the audience call for the author?

Footlights—Yes. They knew we were not to blame.—Puck.

He Understood His Business.

The Amateur—How is it all your photographs of people show their true expression so well?

The Photographer—I never tell a patron to look natural.

A Fraternal Gist.

Nellie—Why do you send out your wedding invitations so far in advance?

Millie—Many of our friends keep their money in savings banks, and have to give notice.

Fully Comprehended.

Teacher—As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Do you understand that?

Boy—Yes'm. W'en bicycle boys grow up they'll walk with a stoop.

CAUGHT BY AN OCTOPUS.

A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE ON A PACIFIC ISLAND.

The Beautiful Shell in the Deep Pool Was Not a Shell, But a Devil Fish That Wound Its Horrible Arms About Her With a Death-Like Grip.

There is one woman in San Francisco who read the account of the capture of a giant octopus at Monterey the other day with a shudder at the recollection of an encounter which she had long ago with one. Some fifteen years ago she was living with her husband on a little coral island just below the equator. The only inhabitants were the two white people mentioned and fifty or sixty Hawaiians to work the guano fields.

The superintendent had his wife and little child with him, and as news from the outer world could reach them but once in three months it was rather dull for the woman. As there was so little amusement to be found, she made the most of the few sources that she had. Chief among these was the gathering of shells, of which many and fine varieties were to be found on the reef at low tide.

One day mother and son had been out almost the whole tide, and fairly well laden with spoils were working back home, when, as she stepped across the reef, she saw the woman saw at the bottom what appeared to be a magnificent leopard cowry, the largest she had yet seen.

The water was pretty deep in the pool, being almost up to her waist as she stepped down into it, but she was so near home that she did not care, though she got wet through. Stooping to pick up the shell, she found that the water was even deeper than she had supposed, for, as her fingers reached to the bottom of the pool her face was almost wet by the waves which came rippling in with the rising tide. But the moment required to pick up a shell would not injure her, even though she had to put her face into the water, so she stooped lower, with closed eyes, and grasped at the shell below.

Her finger closed on the richly spotted object, but instead of the hard, smooth surface she expected to seize, her fingers sank deep into some soft, slimy substance and before she could drop it and rise from her stooping position a sudden splash and flurry dashed the water into foam, and two snakelike objects arose from the depths and twined themselves around her arm, bare to the shoulder, with numbing force.

The water, but a moment before clear as crystal, was in an instant clouded with ink and another snakelike form rose and twined around her arm, increasing the force and pressure until she suffered agony from the hold upon her arm, as well as from the fright caused by the sudden attack of the unseen foe.

Her face was scarcely three inches above the surface of the pool, and, to her horror, she found the strength of the creature was sufficient to keep her from rising any higher, and she knew that a few moments more of the pain would weaken her so that she must be drawn down into the pool instead of being able to escape from the horrible creature which held her in its grasp.

In the first shock a shriek of fear had startled the boy, who was some distance from her, and he came running back to see what had happened. He could be of no assistance; indeed, the mother feared the child also might be grasped and dragged into the pool. She called to him to run to the house, some little distance away, around a point of land which hid it from sight, and call for help.

The tide was rising rapidly. Wave after wave came rippling and swishing against her form, each one breaking a little higher, dashing a little more of its spray in her bended face. Death seemed very near, but her only fear was of the horrible black which she knew would be buried in her quivering flesh as soon as she should lose her strength and fall into the pool to where the devilish could grasp her with all its arms.

She could not raise her head to see if help was coming, but she strained her ears, hoping to hear footsteps or voices. Not a sound met her strained hearing. The water rose higher and higher. Each wave now broke in her face—almost over her head.

A wave bigger and higher than usual came rolling in and broke over her head, leaving her strangled and breathless. Hope was gone. She must die.

Put as she gave a last strangled cry a sudden rush of feet, a dash through the water, and her arm was grasped by strong hands, and she was raised above the surface a little. Other hands reached down beside her and grasped the unseen form of the monster, and with a mighty pull from the two strong pair of arms it was torn from its anchoring hold upon the rocks and thrown up into the open air.

The choking, strangling woman was carried down the tide mark. The octopus still attached to her by its slimy arms. As the attempt to pull it away caused her excruciating pain, the arms were one by one cut off, and even the horny disks still clung with considerable force to the bruised and crushed arm. The creature had used three of its eight arms to crush its prey, and held itself firmly anchored to the rock at the bottom of the pool with the others. It took all the strength of two heavy men to tear the hold of those five arms from the rock.

the rights of the city, more particularly the nocturnal ones in the haunts of its less reputable quarters. It is said that some of these guides are in league with rogues and reprobates, who make it a point to fleece the too-confiding sight-seers and share the profits with the guides. A petition has recently been presented to the municipal council asking that body to appoint a special set of guides, responsible to the authorities.

CHASING THE WALRUS.

Arnold Pike's Story of a Hunt Up in Bird Bay.

Arnold Pike tells in the Chicago Times of a walrus hunt in Bird bay, to the north of Spitzbergen. The bay was full of fast ice, but eastward the sea was fairly open and the hunter was rowing slowly back to the sloop, when the harpooner suddenly laid aside his glass and headed the boat for a black mass which the mirage magnified into the size of a small house, but which was really a walrus.

"The walrus raises his head, and we are motionless," says Mr. Pike. "It is intensely still, and the scraping of a piece of ice along the boat seems like the roar of a railway train passing overhead on some bridge. Down goes the head and we glide forward again."

The walrus is uneasy; again he raises his head, and a look about him with a quick motion, but we have the sun right at our back, and he never notices us. At last we are within a few feet, and with a shout of "Vesk op, gambling!" (Wake up, old boy!), which breaks the stillness like a shot, the harpooner is on his feet, his weapon clasped in both hands above his head. As the walrus plunges into the sea the iron is buried in its side, and with a quick twist, to prevent the head slipping out of the same slit that has been cut in the thick hide, the handle is withdrawn and thrown into the boat. No. 2, who, with a turn round the forward thwart, has been paying out the line, now checks it, as stroke and the "hammelmand," facing forward, hang back on their oars to check the rush. Bumping and scratching the ice was now along for about five minutes and the stop as the walrus comes to the surface to breathe. In the old days the lance would finish the business, but now it is the rifle. He is facing the boat. I sight for one of his eyes and let him have both barrels, without much effect apparently, for away we rush for two or three minutes more, when he is up again, still facing the boat. He seems to care no more for the soot-spitting bullets than if they were peas, but he is slow this time, and, as he turns to dive, exposes the fatal spot at the back of his head and dies."

DOGS HAVE THEIR LANGUAGE.

The Collie Came for Help and the Newfoundland Responded.

When engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick James Camden, a civil engineer, was compelled one night by a very severe snow-storm to take refuge in a small farmhouse, says Forest and Stream. The farmer owned two dogs—one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner and Mr. Camden and the man with him rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire. The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it.

Mr. Camden and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again. They waited a few minutes and then Mr. Camden rose, unfastened the door and looked out. Seeing nothing, he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door. Two or three minutes later the latch was tried a third time. This time the door opened and the collie walked in. He pushed the door back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Camden lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, bringing before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer, which had become separated from the rest of the flock.

Newfoundland and the other collie in the storm. Now, how did the collie impart to the other dog a knowledge of the situation unless through some supersense unknown to us?

Irish Arts and Crafts.

An Irish arts and crafts society has just been formed in Dublin for the purpose of stimulating the industry of Ireland, and attempting to raise the craftsman to a higher artistic level. The society is endeavoring to organize an exhibition of Irish arts and crafts, to be held in Dublin in the autumn of 1895.

HISTORICAL LIE.

There was probably no such man as Romulus. The first historian who mentions him lived at a distance of time so great as to throw extreme discredit on the story as told by him.

Alexander the Great did not weep for other worlds to conquer. There is reason to suspect that his army met with a serious reverse in India, a fact that induced him to retrace his steps.

The crew of Le Vengeance, the famous French ship sunk by an English man-of-war, did not cry "Vive la Republique!" They bawled for help, and the English boats were sent to their assistance.

Worshippers are not crushed by hundreds under the wheels of Juggernaut. The car has not been taken out of the temple for many years, and such deaths as formerly occurred were exceptional or accidental.

The immense burning glasses with which Archimedes burned the ships of the besiegers of Syracuse at ten miles distance were never manufactured, and it is now known that they could not have existed.

RICH AND RARE GIRLS

THE BIGGEST FINANCIAL PLUMS IN THE LOTTERY.

Wise Pretty American Heiresses—All Are Heart Whole and None Are Seeking Titles—Fair and Free Are They.

Very different from these are the two California heiresses, Miss Virginia Fair and Miss Maude Alice Burke. Both are beautiful, dashing girls. Both revel in society. Both are "showy" girls, and both have brilliant, effervescent manner—sometimes criticised in New York—but characteristic of the fine open air life they have led.

Miss Burke is the prettier of the two. She is blonde, red headed, with pretty teeth, peaches and cream complexion and eyes usually called "hazel." She laughs a great deal; and is the idol of her uncle, old Gen. Horace W. Carpenter, who made his millions on the Oakland Sea Front. Miss Burke has no fortune herself, but she has always lived with her uncle—since the marriage of her mother the second time—and is his acknowledged heiress to \$60,000,000.

Miss Fair has a sister, Mrs. Hermann Geirich of New York, with whom she lives part of the year, and from whose Fifth avenue mansion she was introduced into New York society. But she always claims California as her real home. Miss Fair is less beautiful than her sister, having less regular features. Her hair, eyes, and eyelashes are black and as beautifully regular as those of a madonna, but her nose is retroussé—vulgarily styled a "pig"—and although a very pretty girl, she can not lay claim to the great classic beauty which made Miss Tessie Fair, now Mrs. Geirich, so very celebrated. Miss Fair lives a life of great gaiety. Her father, ex-Senator Fair, has about \$50,000,000 invested in coal mine, but just how much Miss Virginia will get is not known. She has frequently said that she must marry an intelligent man—one of whom she would care little for money, so long as he were agreeable to her personally.

Brooklyn's greatest heiress is Miss Helen Post, the daughter of Stephen Post, and the owner of \$4,000,000 in her own name, besides an income for life of \$10,000 a year. Miss Post is a debutante with many attractions to recommend her. She is a blonde, is very pretty and an expert in outdoor sports. She is a leader in the Algonquin Riding club and an active member of the Civitas club, an organization to purify the government of Brooklyn. Miss Post is a little inclined to be strong-minded. She is a typical intellectual society woman of the century, or as the next century woman will be, and combines the qualities of knowing how to dance and how to think in a most remarkable and charming way. Miss Post's matrimonial choice will be a Brooklyn man, so she says.

None of these rich girls have any conspicuous faults—unpleasant fads or unreasonable peculiarities. And all are so lovely in mind, as well as desirable in person, that it may be said that the men who capture these nine virgins will have done wisely—not counting the hundred millions they will get.

These young ladies are the best in the world, so far as real, true worth goes. They are highly accomplished. Miss Alta, the eldest, plays the piano. Miss Edith is an expert on the violin. Their father plays the second violin in this home orchestra, while their brother, John D. Jr., and their mother take their respective parts. Their home life is ideal.

Miss Alta is about 25 years old and Miss Edith is a little younger, but neither of these girls have ever entered society, and neither has even had a Paris dress. A home dressmaker makes their clothes, and one maid suffices to preside over their toilets. Their time is devoted to visiting the sick at St. Luke's hospital, to study,

to music and to outdoor sports. Both of these girls will probably marry ministers or missionaries.

In the same category as these girls—too shy for society—is Miss Sylvia Howard Green, the only daughter of Heddie Green, and the heiress of \$100,000,000, more or less. Miss Green had \$5,000,000 left her by her grandmother, the interest of which she has never touched, and she gets, besides, a large amount from certain investments made for her long ago by her father, when the latter was the rich member of the family.

Her friends say that Miss Green will

marry; and that the man will be any one who will be kind to her and will take the trouble to penetrate the reserve which is wrapped about her and to overcome the shyness which she can not control. She is said to be like her father, and that she will make a good wife and a pleasant home, with her straightforward, honest nature and her millions, there can be no doubt.

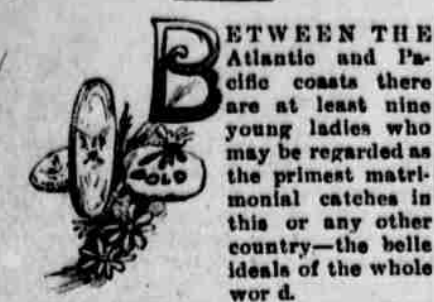
These young ladies, to go over them hastily, are Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, her cousin, Miss Sloane, Miss Alta and Edith Rockefeller, Miss Sylvia Green, Miss Virginia Fair, Miss Maude Alice Burke, Miss Julia Dent Grant and Miss Helen Post. Of these New York claims Miss Green, Miss Vanderbilt, Miss Sloane and the Misses Rockefeller during the time they are not in Cleveland. Chicago divides Miss

Grant's time with New York, while California claims both Miss Burke and Miss Fair, and the Bridge city holds possession of Miss Post.

So the distribution across the country is not an unequal one. Let no one suppose that the possession of millions makes all women alike, and levels them or raises them to the rank of society puppets, mere butterflies to feed upon the sweets of life and die when day is done, without having accomplished anything more than being beautiful. Far is this from being the case with these nine rich girls, who are all so different as possible, and who all are possessed of very distinct characteristics.

Miss Vanderbilt is considered the richest of the lot. Perhaps she is, and perhaps she is not. When fortunes reach the hundred million mark it is hard to tell which is the greatest, on account of the daily fluctuations of the great markets which these fortunes control. Miss Vanderbilt will have many of these millions for her own some day.

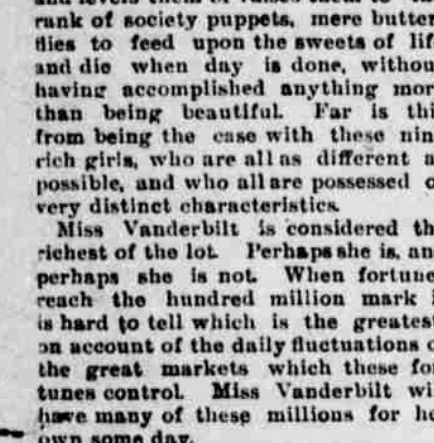
The resemblance of Miss Gertrude to her father, Cornelius Vanderbilt, is very marked. She has his low forehead, his benevolent expression, and the same low, half shy manner of talking. She has gone out little. Her friends are Miss Gerry and Miss Paulina Whitney. Her debut in society is a thing of the future. She will probably be presented this summer at Newport, but as she is not quite 18 this may be postponed until the fall, when the grand city house will have its ball room thrown open. Miss Vanderbilt is a quiet girl with no fads at all.



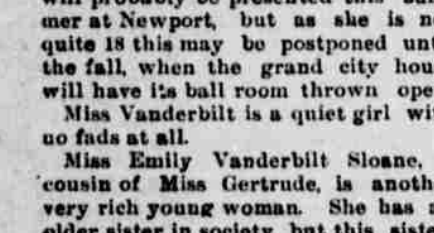
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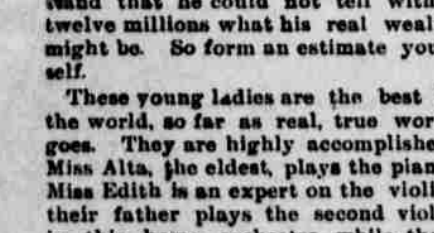
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GERTRUDE VANDERBILT. or unreasonable peculiarities. And all are so lovely in mind, as well as desirable in person, that it may be said that the men who capture these nine virgins will have done wisely—not counting the hundred millions they will get.



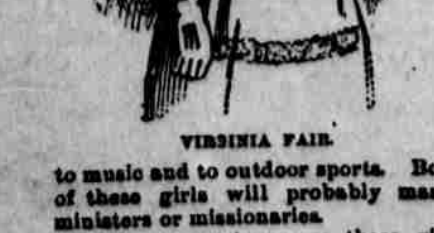
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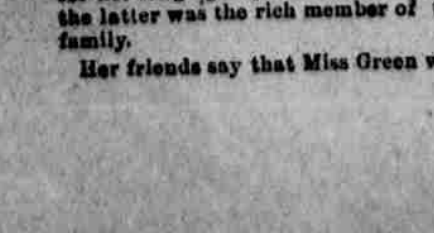
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES AND ANECDOTES FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

When Ma Was Near—A Little Girl Who Is a Regular Member of the San Francisco Volunteer Firemen—Majestic Count Leo—A Young Critic.

A Veteran at Twelve. Marie Mahoney is the mascot of the California volunteer firemen's association. She is the only girl mascot of the kind in the United States. She was born in San Francisco twelve years ago, and is the plumpest, jolliest little girl that ever was—just as if she wasn't an "officer" in the "Vets."

When Marie was five years old she began to march with the veterans, on the occasion of the visit to this city of the New York volunteers of the same order. Since then there is no excuse to be offered why she should not go along when there is any marching to do.

Marie Mahoney is the daughter of Senator Mahoney of this city and lives at the Baldwin and is as natural and unaffected as a girl could be. She wants to talk about anything in the world but herself and thinks interviewing the greatest bore. But she finally gave up to what she knew was a mascot, and what a long, unending vacation it had always been. The veterans idolize her, and were it not that she has two sturdy little feet to walk on and looked so well at the head of the ranks, they would insist on carrying her on their shoulders all the time when they are tramping. But Marie walks, and she walks miles and miles every time they have a parade and never thinks anything of the mud and of getting tired. As the result she is the picture of health and doesn't want to ever stop being a mascot.

"Marie is getting too big to march much longer with the firemen," said Mrs. Mahoney the other day. "I shall let her walk just once more, and that must end it."

"No, mamma," says Marie, coaxingly, with the nearest approach to a frown which she is capable of, "no, mamma, I don't want to stop yet."

And then you can see that the chances are that Marie will have things all her own way. Marie went to the World's fair as the mascot, and I never saw her all the time we were gone," says her mother. "That is, she was with the men all the time and I was only a maid when I did see her, to take care of her clothes and her father's." And she smiled indulgently on her.

And Marie dresses just like the men, only she wears a black skirt. Otherwise she wears when she marches a red shirt made like the firemen's shirts to a "U," even to the little hooks that keep the collar down, a black tie and a most killing little helmet. And it is so nearly killing that she has to have a tiny fatigue cap fastened to her belt behind just like the men. Her helmet is inscribed with all the monograms and letterings that make the other caps so interesting and mysterious. She carries besides, just like the three other officers, a silver trumpet, and she salutes with that, while the rest of the veterans salute with their hats.

When they went to Chicago they stopped at Denver, Salt Lake, Ogden, and Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, not to mention Buffalo, Albany and Niagara Falls. At all these places the mascot and the firemen and their wives were met with bands of music, flowers, speeches and the freedom of the city until they were nearly spoiled for common, everyday affairs. Marie on all these occasions started off with the association and the association that came to meet them and marched until she was tired and rode the rest of the way on a little engine that they took with them that was born in 1850. It was the same everywhere they went, and there was a great deal more cheering because that special little girl was along than there would otherwise have been. They stopped at Washington and the president gave them a special reception and kissed the mascot, who gravely planned a medal to his breast. He had been a great chum of Marie's father in their old Buffalo school days. And the medals? There are six of them, of all sorts and description. They were given to the little girl everywhere she went, until she has medals that no one else in the world has. The one she thinks the most of is a plain, homely, faded red one that reads: "Only a few of us left." There is something sad about that to Marie, for it means that the men to whom the badge belonged are either eight times her age or they have died long since.

But the best of it all is that Marie Mahoney is just a sensible, healthy, unspoiled little girl in spite of the life she leads, that is one grand combination of candy, parades and medals. She has no more self-consciousness than a bird, and she thinks as much of the veterans as they do of her.—San Francisco Examiner.

An Absent-Minded Man. The following anecdote of an absent-minded man has lately come to hand, and while some of you may have heard it before, it seems to be too good to be passed over entirely.

Among the personal anecdotes told of Peter Burrows, the celebrated barrister, and one of Ireland's "worst" is the following remarkable instance of absence of mind. A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing-room, and found him shaving with his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was, "To look in the glass."

"Why," said his friend, "there is no glass there!" "Bless me!" Burrows observed, "I did not notice that before."

Ringling the bell he called his servant, and questioned him respecting his looking-glass.

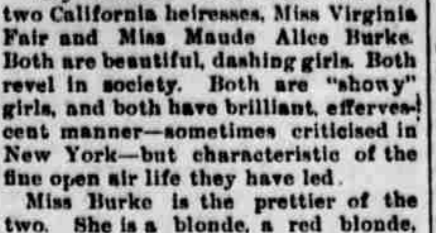
"Oh, sir," said the servant, "the mistress had it removed six weeks ago."—Harper's Young People.

An Inquiring Mind. "Mamma, where do the cows get their milk?" asked Willie, looking up

from the fanning pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence he again broke out: "Do the cows have to be spanked, then?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Majestic Count Leo. Count Leo is the name of a magnificent St. Bernard dog owned by Mrs. L. M. Kirkpatrick.

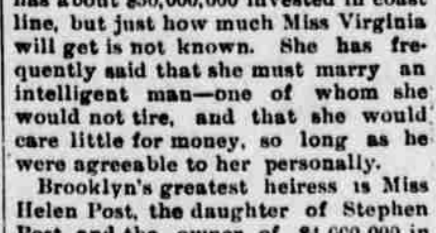
Leo is an aristocratic dog, as his name indicates, with a pedigree half a yard long, yet this in no way interferes with his amiability and intelligence.



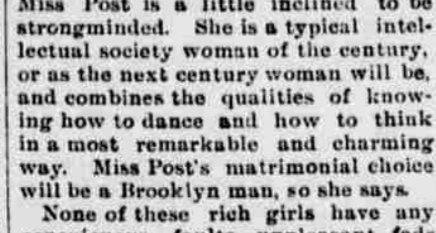
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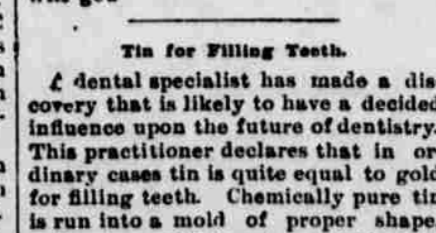
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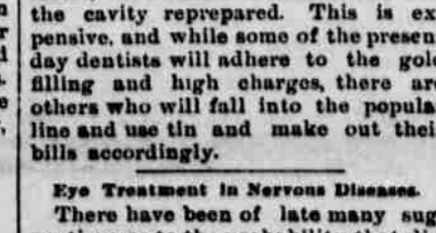
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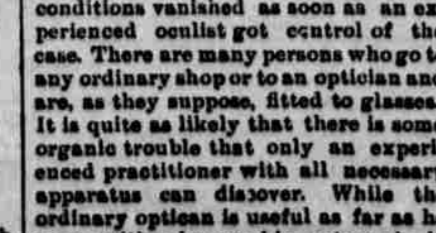
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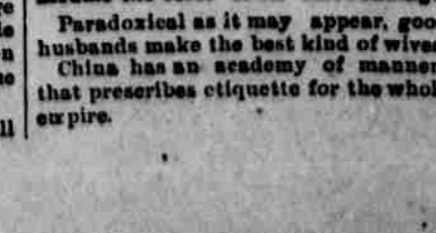
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MATRONS AND MAIDS.

THINGS OF INTEREST TO THE BETTER HALF.

When Mollie Bathes the Baby—A Pretty Dining Room at a Moderate Cost—An Amateur Woman's Portrait Painter—Some Favorite Recipes.

The Right Sort of Dining-Room. There are dining-rooms and dining-rooms, but I know a little woman with an attenuated pocket-book but a very wise head who has secured the prettiest one imaginable at an absurdly low cost. The room was one of those characterless apartments, perfectly square with two doors and only one window, unless we except a horrid square hole in the wall through which the viands are supposed to be passed from the pantry. In the first place she had the walls and ceiling stained a light, grayish blue, which made the room seem a third larger than its impression of misty distance.

The lower part of the wall, from the washboard to just the height of an ordinary wainscoting, was then smoothly covered with blue denim, forming a most effective dado, finished at the top with an oak molding which matched the wood finish of the doorways and answered admirably as a chair rail. The floor covering was blue denim, the effect being the same as engrain filling, and in the center of the room was a lovely Japanese rug in softest blues and yellows. My friend did not have money enough left for a sideboard after she had bought her pretty oak table and six chairs, so she got an expensive oak serving table with slender, curved legs and placed it directly beneath the objectionable pantry window. She then invested in two small oak wall cabinets with glass doors, exactly alike and nailed them to the wall over on each side of the pantry window, with the base resting on the table below. A dainty silk curtain in the same blue and yellow shades as the rug was hung before the window, while her prettiest cups were put in the cabinets, and the top of the table covered with a beautiful embroidered scarf, held a few pieces of rare old blue china. A few pictures in oak frames and a palm in a yellow jardiniere brightened the apartment, while blue denim draped the doorway and a white muslin curtain added to rather than concealed the light from the one window. Everyone admires that pretty room, but no one who knows its secrets can help admiring its clever owner more.

Her table when set for dinner sparkles with glass and silver. She uses no jardiniere but has in the center silver candlesticks with yellow shades. Flowers fade and even growing plants have to be replaced, but her lovely candlestick will always remain fresh and shining. It is one of her wedding presents, and she uses it because she can't afford flowers; which reminds me of one family who used silver dishes because they couldn't afford china ones. This is a literal fact. The silver had been in the family for years, and the present generation, going to housekeeping—stratified housekeeping in a flat—used it for a long while before they were able to buy the necessary china.

Paint Pictures with Her Toes. An "armless wonder" who, if she would consent to exhibit herself on the stage, would command ten times the salary of Unthan, who recently was seen in New York city, is the most celebrated portrait painter of the old world. She is Mlle. Amnee Rapi, the daughter of a Swiss barister, who died when she was 12 years of age, and she is both young and beautiful. She was born in the little town of Payerne, Switzerland, without hands or arms. When her father died a wealthy gentleman, a patron of art, became interested in her by seeing some paintings which she had made holding the brushes and palette in her toes. He undertook the care of her artistic training and sent her to the art school at Lausanne. From there she went to Geneva, where she took several prizes at the academy. She studied principally under Professor Bartholomy Menn, and devoted much attention to the old masters and Holbein's portraits. She exhibited a portrait in Berlin in 1891, and in the spring of 1893 went to London. For some weeks she gave herself up to the study of Rembrandt and Vandyck, in the National gallery. Then she painted the portrait of Princess May, wife of the duke of York, and it created a distinct sensation. Commissions from members of the English aristocracy followed, and when finally she became known that the artist was without hands or arms her work became still more and more appreciated, because of the almost insurmountable difficulties she had overcome in her career. She established a studio in London, which at once became a fashionable resort. Her portraits remarkable for their elegant simplicity, and are modern in tone and conception.

Boiled Asparagus with Browned Butter. After cutting the tough ends from the asparagus, wash it in cold water and tie it in bundles. Put it over the fire in salted, boiling water, and boil for half an hour. Take from the fire, drain off the water, place the asparagus on a hot platter (putting the heads all in one direction), cut the string with a pair of scissors and carefully remove it. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a small sauceron and brown, being careful not to burn it. Pour this butter over the asparagus, or serve it separate in a gravy boat.

What Woman Has Done Woman May Do. That can be accomplished by woman is well exemplified by the case of Miss Agnes Irwin, of Philadelphia, who has been appointed dean of Radcliffe college (the Harvard annex). Miss Irwin is not a college graduate, but has studied at home with such success that she is, as her friend Dr. S. W. Mitchell expresses it, "a good Anglo-Saxon scholar, and a past grand mistress of several languages." Miss Irwin is a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin.

Head Rest. For a head rest make a soft cushion four inches deep, twelve inches long and nine wide, cover it at the sides with a border of lettuce-green silk, and cover the top with chamois silk

embroidered with goldenrod or malden fern, slope the cushion in at the ends and sides, edge with green and gold tinsel cord, loops of which are sewn on at the end to form the handiest make three green and gold tassels at each corner.

Tradition of Orange Blossoms. Like all familiar customs whose origin is lost in antiquity, the wearing of orange blossoms at a wedding is accounted for in various ways. Among other stories is the following pretty legend from Spain, printed in Kate Field's Washington: An African prince presented a Spanish king with a magnificent orange tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant, but a foreign ambassador was tormented by the desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land. He used every possible means, fair or foul, to accomplish his purpose, but all his efforts coming to naught, he gave up in despair. The fair daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but lacked the dot which the family considered necessary in a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange blossoms, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter. Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair the wily ambassador promptly offered her a sum sufficient for the desired dowry, provided she gave him the branch and say nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on the way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair. Whether the poor court gardener lost his head in consequence of his daughter's treachery, the legend does not state, but many lands now know the wonderful tree, and ever since that wedding day orange blossoms have been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.

When Mollie Bathes the Baby. For my baby's sake And watch the operation With deep paternal pride; I mean the dimpled baby And sweet as he can be; For undeveloped points of Resemblance to myself.

When Mollie bathes the baby She always says to me: "Is he just as cunning? And sweet as he can be? Just see those pretty dimples! Aren't his eyes a lovely blue?" Ah, yes—"You precious darling, I would like those arms in two."

When Mollie bathes the baby I always say to her: "Look out now, don't drop him." And she answers back, "No, sir!" I can't talk about his rosy cheeks, The muscles in his arms, His shapely head, his sturdy legs, And other manly charms.

When Mollie bathes the baby The hon-she-oh bends its knee, And shows him greater deference Than ever it shows to me. But I feel no jealous longing, As he looks and smiles the while, For every one assures me That he has his father's eyes. —Ladies' Home Journal.

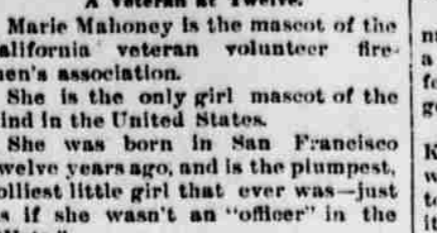
Marsh Mallow. One pound of clear white gum arabic dissolved in one pint of water, add one-half pound of sugar, place over the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved, and the mixture has become as thick as honey. Then add the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Stir until the mixture becomes thin, and does not adhere to the finger. Flavor with rose or vanilla. Pour into a pan that has been dusted with cornstarch. When cool mould or divide into squares.

A Manner of Cleaning Silver. To clean silver, first wash or remove all the grease from the silver, then rub with a woolen cloth wet with ammonia and whiting and polish on the chased and filigree parts with a tooth brush. This whiting is wet with ammonia and made into cakes or boxes, and agents are around selling for fifty cents a box that, the probability is, cost them ten cents. It is good to clean glass, windows and all kinds of glassware with.

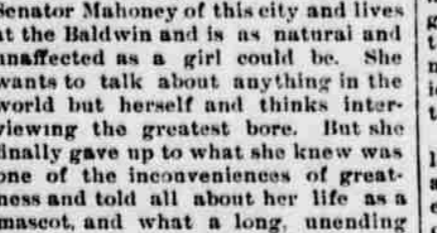
Minceed Veal. Chop the meat very fine, season with pepper and salt. Put in a sauceron a little of the gravy or boiling water. Add the meat, and when thoroughly heated through stir in a tablespoonful of butter, and if you please, a little lemon juice. Toast some small slices of bread, butter them slightly and arrange on a hot dish. Spread the mince upon them and serve at once. Garnish the dish with slices of lemon.

The Lassos. Auld nature awears the lovely dears Her noblest work she classes O. Her prettiest han' she tries on man, And then she made the lassies O. —Burns.

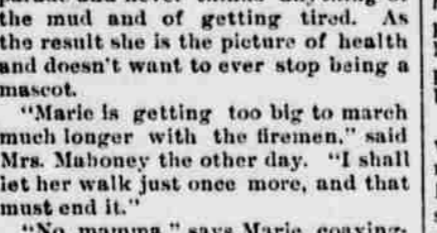
Delicate Padding. One pint of milk, one ounce of gelatine, one-half pound of sugar, six eggs, one quart of whipped cream. Put the milk and gelatine in double boiler and let them come to a boil. Beat the sugar and yolks together and stir in the milk. When cold stir in the whipped cream, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour into molds that have been wet with cold water and put on the ice to harden.



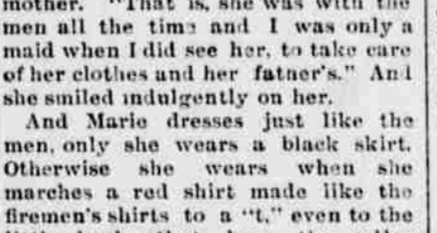
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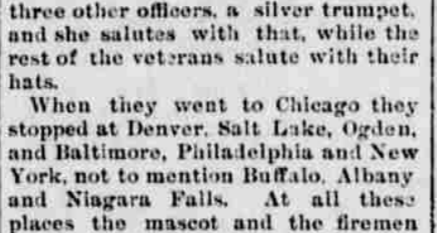
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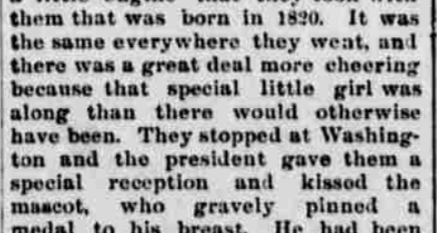
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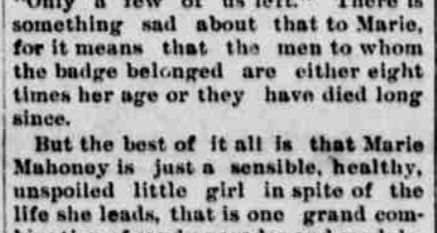
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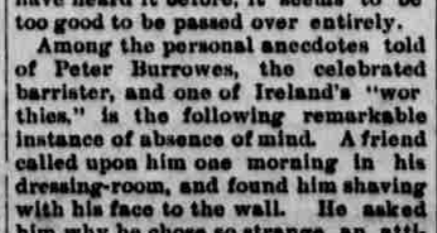
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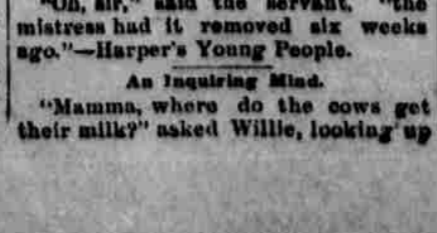
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OWES MOST TO THE DUTCH.

Few of New England's Culinary Items Can Be Traced to Old England.

Even in Connecticut was the skill of the Knickerbockers admired, says Harper's Magazine. A new invention or improvement was said to "beat the Dutch." The Delft tiles on the hearth, the crockery on the dresser, the blue tiles lining the front of the fireplaces in the best houses show how the Dutch had a part in the evolution of the New England house. Hundreds of open fireplaces in New England were decorated with these tiles after the Dutch fashion, and contained not only "proverbs in porcelain," but abundant biblical illustration. From the evidences of relics, nearly as much of the imported fine furniture in the northern colonies came from Holland as from England. Not a few of the old teapots and other table service, which followed upon the introduction of those oriental drinks which drove out beer and tankards, did indeed come over from Holland, though not in the Mayflower, as so often anachronistically alleged. When, too, the open fireplace gradually gave way to supposed improvements, it was to a Dutch thing with a Dutch name—the stove. Not only in Plymouth, but elsewhere, numerous houses had what can occasionally be seen throughout New England today (nor do we mean by this the latter substitute of tin) a Dutch oven. It was under this spacious dome of brick and clay that those famous articles of yankee diet, the pumpkin pie, brown bread, baked beans and fishballs had their evolution.

No smoker of tobacco in the snow-white meerschaum rejoiced more in his coloring of the sea-foam clay than did the rosy housewives of Massachusetts live in the rich hues of bean, bread and fish. The Brown-ing clubs of early days met in the kitchen rather than in the parlor or vendome. The doughnut may have been too cosmopolitan an article to claim invention at the hands of any one people; yet what yankee "fried cake" or doughnut ever equaled an omelette? Was not cruller, whose derivation confounds the dictionary-makers, who call it "a kind of" doughnut, first brought to perfection by Captain Kroll (pronounced and sometimes spelled cruller). The wilton commander and Dutch church elder at Fort Orange? To this day the "cookey" (koeke), noodles, hodgepodge, smearer, rulliches, cold slaw, and other dishes that survive in New England farmhouses are, despite their changed pronunciation and spelling, proofs that the yankees enriched their monotonous menu of early colonial days by borrowing the more varied fare of their Dutch neighbors in the West and South. As for the popular American winter breakfast luxury, the buckwheat cake, it was introduced from Central Asia by the Hollanders, acclimated, cultivated, named "beechmast" (buckwheat), and in the form associated with heat, sweets, aroma and good-cheer is a Dutch invention.

Brave Bossy. The Cow Saved Her Calf by Whipping a Grizzly Bear. "Usually a cow does not stand much chance when she engages in a hand-to-hand conflict with a grizzly bear," said Michael Ayers, a Colorado stockman, "but several years ago one of my cows killed one of these animals and came out of the struggle without a scratch. The cow had recently given birth to a calf. It being her first-born the mother was exceedingly vicious, and it was unsafe for a stranger to approach her, as her horns were long and pointed. The cattle-shed had a thatched roof, and was scooped out of the hillside a short distance from the house. One night a bear, having smelt the presence of a cow and calf, mounted the roof of the shed and proceeded to force an entrance by scratching through the thatch. The cow at the same time detected the presence of the bear, and held herself in readiness to receive the intruder. The noise of a terrible struggle aroused me, and, grabbing a lantern I rushed from my house, and on opening the shed door, found the cow in a frantic state, butting and tossing to and fro some large object, which evidently had lost all power of resistance. It turned out to be a good-sized grizzly, which had been run through and through the body by the courageous mother. The little calf was nestled in a corner, sleeping peacefully, and seemed un-mindful of the maternal struggle. I suppose that as soon as the bear gained an entrance through the roof it was pinned to the ground by the cow's horn before it had time to do any damage.

Selling His Epaullets. A lieutenant in the reserve of the Italian army and a resident of Geneva was recently discharged on account of his socialistic tendencies. In a letter addressed to the paper Era Nuova, he has offered his epaullets to the land of propaganda for the socialist cause. These epaullets, his grade will be sold at public auction, upon a first bid of 80 lire, or \$7, at which price a jeweler offered to buy the epaullets.

Next-Eater This Time. There was great joy among the vegetarians in Germany last year over the fact that a vegetarian won the annual walking match from Berlin to Friedrichshagen. The same vegetarian pedestrian was in the race this year, and it was generally expected that he would win the match again, but he was badly beaten by a "meat-eater."

Bather Topheavy. Boy—That toy boat you sold me is no good. Dealer—What's wrong with it? Boy—It won't stand up. Please right over as quick as I put it in the water. Guess you think I wanted it for a man-of-war.

The Poetry of It. She—I'd rather be a poet than anything in the world. Poet—You might be the next thing to one. She—Oh, tell me how. Poet—By becoming Mrs. Post. (He got her.)

THE BIGGEST FINANCIAL PLUMS IN THE LOTTERY. Wise Pretty American Heiresses—All Are Heart Whole and None Are Seeking Titles—Fair and Free Are They.

Very different from these are the two California heiresses, Miss Virginia Fair and Miss Maude Alice Burke. Both are beautiful, dashing girls. Both revel in society. Both are "showy" girls, and both have brilliant, effervescent manner—sometimes criticised in New York—but characteristic of the fine open air life they have led.

Miss Burke is the prettier of the two. She is blonde, red headed, with pretty teeth, peaches and cream complexion and eyes usually called "hazel." She laughs a great deal; and is the idol of her uncle, old Gen. Horace W. Carpenter, who made his millions on the Oakland Sea Front. Miss Burke has no fortune herself, but she has always lived with her uncle—since the marriage of her mother the second time—and is his acknowledged heiress to \$60,000,000.

Miss Fair has a sister, Mrs. Hermann Geirich of New York, with whom she lives part of the year, and from whose Fifth avenue mansion she was introduced into New York society. But she always claims California as her real home. Miss Fair is less beautiful than her sister, having less regular features. Her hair, eyes, and eyelashes are black and as beautifully regular as those of a madonna, but her nose is retroussé—vulgarily styled a "pig"—and although a very pretty girl, she can not lay claim to the great classic beauty which made Miss Tessie Fair, now Mrs. Geirich, so very celebrated. Miss Fair lives a life of great gaiety. Her father, ex-Senator Fair, has about \$50,000,000 invested in coal mine, but just how much Miss Virginia will get is not known. She has frequently said that she must marry an intelligent man—one of whom she would care little for money, so long as he were

ALL OVER THE WORLD

HAPPENINGS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO ALL

A Comprehensive Epitome of Serious and Sensational Events Condensed from All the Leading Dailies for the Past Week

Recently at Tracy City, Tenn., the convicts loaded a pipe with explosives placed in a coal car and attached a slow fuse to it. Deputy Warden Nelson and his assistants were passing along another entry to bring the convicts out for the night and when they arrived opposite the bomb exploded. Nelson was instantly killed and Guards Terrell and Thurman slightly wounded. A negro convict named Pat Hamilton was killed by a volley from the other guards.

At Tokio the conviction is growing in official circles that the Chinese negotiations are simply a pretext to gain time in order to allow China to concentrate her forces for the purpose of making a combined attack on the Japanese. Reliable information has been received at Tokio that the main body of the Chinese army crossed the northwestern frontier of Corea on July 25. Further firing on Japanese ships is reported.

At Paris, France, a few days ago a duel with swords was fought between M. Paul Deschanel and M. Clemenceau. M. Deschanel was wounded in the cheek. The duel was on account of an article published in La Justice, Clemenceau's paper, which his opponent asserted, was an insulting reply to a speech made by him in the chamber of deputies during the discussion of the government's anti-anarchists bill.

At Cleveland, O., Mrs. William Bonn, aged 70 years, is confined to her bed. Several days ago her body turned black and blue in places and presented an irritated and festering appearance. The blotches enlarged and spread until nearly every portion of her body was covered. Now the flesh is dropping off in large pieces, leaving the bone and muscles bare.

At Hartford, Conn., recently Raymond, aged 9, Leroy, aged 7, and Freddie, aged 4, the children of James W. Canier, a locomotive engineer, who had been missing for several days, were found dead in the closet of a freight car. It is supposed they closed the door and could not open it, and soon suffocated in the hot air of the narrow enclosure.

"Honest Dick" Tate, the defaulting state treasurer of Kentucky, has been located. For years his family had believed him dead, and since his disappearance his wife has died. Ensign Hugh Rodman, of the United States navy, who has been on a visit in Kentucky, says that while in Japan several months ago with his ship he met Tate and dined with him.

A large and indignant delegation from the industrial armies encamped about Washington applied at the room of the house committee on labor recently, not to urge their bills, but to plead for assistance. The expected happened. Their leaders have deserted them and they sought congressional aid to return to the localities whence they came.

United States Consul Gorman at Sourich believes that this is an opportune time for cattlemen to place surplus cattle in Switzerland. Owing to the hay famine last year all surplus stock there was killed. Now there is a great scarcity. Dressed beef brings \$30.88 per 230 pounds.

Louis Holder was hanged in the jail yard at Fort Smith, Ark., a few days ago. He was the seventy-eighth man hanged by George Matadon, the federal executioner at that place. Holder killed George W. Breckford in the Indian Territory while on a hunting and trapping trip.

At Carlisle, Ky., the other night a mob broke down the jail doors and took out William Tyler, colored, and hanged him to the cross arm of a telegraph pole. He was charged with criminal assault upon a 13-year-old girl, whom he had choked and beaten.

Michael Bailey, 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bailey of Nashville, Tenn., who disappeared last November and who has been searched for in all parts of the south, has at last been located at Kerrville, Tex. His father has gone after him.

The steamer Castor and bark Ernest collided recently off Sand Gate. The Castor was badly injured and sank within a few minutes after the vessels came together. Three passengers and the crew of twenty-six men were safely landed at Folkstone.

Henry Bennett, colored, was hanged at Memphis, Tenn., a few days since for the murder of his wife in May, 1898. He cut her almost to pieces with a pocket knife. The motive of the crime was revenge, the woman having left him.

Up to date 2,600,000 pounds of wool have been received at Great Falls, Mont., for shipment east. It is estimated that this year's total clip will amount to between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 pounds, or about twice the present receipts.

A few days since at St. Louis, Mo., Augusta Hook, 71 years of age, worried by her nearly three-quarters of a century on earth, wrapped herself in a sheet, saturated it with coal oil and set fire to it. Her remains were frightfully burned.

There has been no break in the lines of the Pullman strikers at Pullman, Ill. Not one of them is at work. Not a wheel in the great shops turns. Not a furnace with fire; the matter stands as it has for weeks.

"Gen." Kelly, Brown and Coxey are accused of having deserted their followers at Washington and the indignant commonwealers are left on the cold shoulders of congress or the relief associations.

The strange death of W. J. Martin, a glass worker, is reported from Dunsmuir, Ind. On a wager he drank two gallons of water without stopping for a moment, and died a few hours later in frightful agony.

Finland, Germany, has been invaded by bears, who are ravaging the farm stock. Troops have been sent to kill them.

OVER THE STATE

Interesting Collisions on Various Highways Taken from the Daily Press.

Frank Mueho and a young lady, Miss Beaumont, undertook to cross a bridge on the International and Great Northern near Dickinson, Harris county, recently. Before they could get across a north bound train was almost upon them. When he saw that they would be overtaken Mueho deposited the young lady on a stringer and attempted to get on the next one himself. He was not quick enough, and was struck in the back of the head and knocked to the ground about fifteen feet. He will recover.

United States Marshal Ware of San Antonio, has received a letter from Secretary of State Graham stating that the department of state had decided that the evidence in the case of Manuel Villareal, committed for extradition on warrants sworn out by the Mexican government charging him with murder, robbery, arson and kidnaping at San Ignacio, Mex., does not justify the issuance of a warrant of surrender, and the release of the prisoner from custody is ordered.

Norman F. Thompson of New York has filed suit in the United States circuit court at Galveston against Cornelius Davis and wife et al. of Brazoria county, Texas, for foreclosure of a mortgage on a large amount of Brazoria county land, claiming in the bill of complaint that the mortgage is due and unpaid on the property. The complainant alleges damages to the extent of \$100,000.

Mrs. Zillah H. Ellis, wife of Prof. Ellis, of Midlothian, Ellis county, shot herself through the head the other day with a pistol. Prof. Ellis had been living there a few days only, having moved there from Willis Point. They had just completed an elegant little home. Mrs. Ellis is a sister of Mr. C. B. Gillespie of Dallas.

At Navasota recently Frederick Stoltz, a farmer of Washington county, was driving a wagon loaded with lumber when the team became frightened and ran away, throwing him out. The wagon ran diagonally across his head and his body severely. He was badly hurt.

Near Grand Saline, Van Zandt county, recently Warren Hollis was gored by a bull while attempting to drive the animal out of his garden. The horn entered the right side below the ribs, inflicting a wound about four inches wide and penetrating the abdominal cavity. The wound is not necessarily fatal.

The workmen recently engaged in removing the old pump house belonging to the San Antonio and Aransas Pass railroad at Brushy creek, in DeWitt county, found a plaster of paris mold for making United States dimes. The molds show that they were made by experts and that they had been used.

At Palestine recently the night watchman of the Howard oil mill found old man S. A. Garner in an unconscious condition where he had fallen or been knocked from a high bridge near the mills. He is unable to say how it happened and is in a precarious condition.

The United States steamer Arbatus, of the Gulf coast lighthouse service, with Major Quinn and staff on board, is at the mouth of the Brazos on business connected with locating the site for the new \$50,000 iron lighthouse provided for by congress last year.

W. B. Bush of Fort Worth, charged with sending improper matter through the mail, had an examining trial at Dallas recently before the United States commissioner, who set his bond at \$200, which he gave.

Jako Fresman, a negro who formerly represented Waller county in the state legislature, has been elected janitor of the new court house by the county commissioners of that county at a salary of \$25 per month.

Quite a stir was created the other night at West Point, Fayette county, by some mischievous boys putting "high life" on some colts and dogs around the tent where services were being held.

A crowd of men went to Sim's lake, near Rockdale, recently, and captured a monster alligator gar, which measured six feet and two inches and weighed seventy-eight pounds.

The watermelon crop in the vicinity of Sulphur Springs is simply immense, from ten to twenty wagon loads are on the streets every day. One day recently there were 1155 melons in sight.

Major and Mrs. John W. Tabor celebrated their golden wedding at Bryan the other night, 3000 guests being present. The Tabor were married at Fern Springs, Miss., July 25, 1844.

At Sherman recently John Johnson, a switchman, while coupling a switch engine to a boxcar in the Houston and Texas Central railway yards, had his right hand painfully mashed.

Buck Taggart, who lives near Lawrence, in Kaufman county, while working with hay a few days since was struck and was unconscious for several minutes, but revived.

There is a rumor at Floresville that the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe railroad has gobbled up the San Antonio and Gulf shore road and will push the work shortly. This is denied.

J. Reynolds of Grandview, Johnson county, has exhibited a ear of corn of this year's crop, the actual weight of which is twenty-seven ounces, with 1044 grains. Who can beat it?

At Lyons, Washington county, recently, Henry Schultz, of Breham, while trying to board a local freight train, struck his leg against the step of the caboose and broke it.

Alex Stevenson, a switchman in the Palestine yard, had the thumb and second finger of his left hand mashed off while making a coupling in the yards the other night.

James McGrath, aged 47, wandered from home at Denison the other morning and has not since been heard from. His family are seriously alarmed for his safety. Parties of friends have been scouring the country, but without results.

The corn crop will be short in Parker county.

Crop prospects in Wise county are good.

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PRIVATE DETECTIVES.

A Vast Amount of Hunting and Mail-Making Done by Them.

It is a long while since the courts have dealt with the private detectives, and as a result the men who ply this particularly nefarious trade are becoming unusually prominent again in New York. They are advertising extensively, say the New York Sun, and many of the old offices, which were shut up when the crusade against them began in earnest a few years ago, have been reopened and the old shingles hung out again.

The private detectives were driven out of business by the newspapers and the strict attitude in the matter taken by the police. The work of these men is nearly always sneaking in character. They make a specialty of preying upon the jealousy or suspicions of married women, and their business is a lucrative one, because, as is generally known to the police, they almost invariably sell out to both parties. A woman who is suspicious of her husband is caught by the attractive advertisement of one of these agencies and ventures into the clutches of the manager of the concern. She wishes to have her husband shadowed, and two men are detailed to watch his movements. Shadowing is no longer profitable in New York, and is seldom resorted to by the regular police force.

If the detective succeeds in finding out one or two facts about a man that he would not care to have his wife know, he makes an arrangement with him by which all the reports submitted to her are revised by him. In other words he writes the reports, while the detectives take up some other case. Their charge is usually \$4 a day for each man who is supposed to be shadowing a victim. So it costs the wife \$8 a day for a report which her husband catches, which usually shows him in the light of a painstaking and unscrupulous husband. The amount which the husband pays depends upon the ability of the agency to beat him. It has been proved in scores of instances that the business is one of blackmail and fraud, and the police view with some alarm the great increase of agencies during the past year.

Shameful Waste. Lord-Chancellor Eldon was energetically aided in his parsimonious habits by his wife, of whom it was said that she and her daughter had but one bonnet between them. One morning, intending to enjoy a few hours' sport after a rainy night, he ordered Bob the pony, to be saddled. Lady Eldon told him he could not have it, but company being in the room, gave no reason. In a few minutes, however, the servant appeared and announced that Bob was ready. "Why, bless me!" cried her ladyship, "you can't ride him, Lord Eldon, he has got no shoes on."

"Oh, yes! my lady," said the servant, "he was shod last week."

"Shameful!" exclaimed her ladyship; "how dared you, sir, or anybody, have that pony shod without orders?" John, continued she, addressing her husband, "you know you only rode him out shooting four times last year, so I had his shoes taken off, and have kept them in my bureau ever since. They are as good as new, and these people have shod him again!"—Argonaut.

Too Small for Cats. The young man from the city had been fishing. He hadn't had much luck, but it was more than he was used to, and he looked very jubilant as he strode into the farmhouse kitchen with his catch.

"What's 'e got?" asked his host.

"Oh, nothing much. Just a few catfish."

"Mean them?" the farmer inquired, pointing with his pipestem.

"Certainly. They're not very large, but there's no doubt about their being catfish."

"Wal, maybe they passes for catfish out whar you come from. But here we calls them kitten fish."—Denver Tribune.

One Source of Opposition. "It seems a shame," said a visitor at the capitol, "for a man to serve his country faithfully and then be dropped out of sight. I'm in favor of lettin' 'em hold office during good behavior."

"Well," replied his companion, "it might be a good idea. But I don't know, but some of the senators ad look at it as an effort to shorten their terms."—Washington Star.

Large Heads With Small Brains. Dr. Crochley Clapham, who has made measurements on 4,000 inmates of asylums, says that insane heads are larger on the average than sane heads, though insane brains are smaller. According to Dr. Clapham the form of the insane head is usually conical or arrow-shaped, with the greatest diameter posterior to the central point of the head.

Sells on Sight. Peddler—Have you any daughters, mum? Housekeeper—Sir! "Please, mum, I don't ask out of vulgar curiosity, mum. I'm selling reconnoiter, mum. I'm selling reconnoiter, mum. What are they?" "You hang one up in the hall, mum, and it'll sell itself. It's exactly the same good-night kiss sounds like a cannon shot." "Give me three."—New York Weekly.

At the Piano. Young Man—Miss Emerald, permit me to kiss those ruby lips—just once.

Young Lady—O, no, Mr. De Smith, no man has ever kissed me.

Young Man—Me either; I'll swear to it.

Yum, yum!—Texas Siftings.

A Heartfelt Wish. Pedestrian, to beggar—I have little money to give you, because I am a poet, and what is more, my poems are not to be published until I am dead. Here's ten cents.

Beggar—Long life to ye, sir—M. Y. Weekly.

Heads and Brains. The air now known as "Hudson's Boodle" is older than the time of Cromwell, and was well known in the colonies prior to the revolution, under the name of "Hudson's Boodle."

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The "Lily White" Republican county convention of Dallas county endorsed Cleveland for sending troops to Chicago.

Nearly 400 warrants have been issued by the city of Dallas against parties who have not paid the tax on their dogs.

The Farmers' State Alliance meets at Island Grove, three miles from Grand View, Johnson county, on August 21.

Some \$10,000 worth of goods in the Slayden-Kirksey woolen mills at Waco were damaged by fire and water recently.

All the railroads have made a one-rate to the Democratic convention at Dallas from all parts of the state.

The recent consultation between the railroad commissioners and the railroad attorneys amounted to nothing.

T. H. Day, a citizen of Timpon, Shelby county, has mysteriously disappeared. His wife is very uneasy.

Many of the liquor dealers of Galveston are delinquents as taxpayers and the officers are after them.

Several train loads of cattle from Albany, Shackelford county.

The Houston, East and West Texas railway has been changed from a narrow to a broad gauge road.

Nathan Johnson, colored, was drowned a few days ago in the Brazos river five miles below Waco.

Many town councils are discussing the sewage question, most of which stinks small to heaven.

The San Antonio Butchers' benevolent association has filed its charter with the secretary of state.

John Davis fired six buckshot into the body of Will Mitchell at Linden recently. Both colored.

SOWING THE SEED.
A man sowed pumpkins in the sea.
And hoped to get a crop of wheat;
And then he sowed a corn of wheat,
Expecting to raise peas on it.
Another person, wise yet
Sowed watermelon in a hill,
And said good coonies three he'd get
Of every bean he cast his bit.
Another sage of wisdom vast
Sowed peas from a sack the early morn,
Expecting that he'd reap at last
A wondrous crop of fine sweet corn.
I know a boy with bright black eyes
Who thinks sometimes he'll be a man—
A man respected, strong and wise,
Who works upon the same queer plan.
He sows and fights, he chews and smokes,
His chest at marines when he can,
Now, please to tell me, little folk,
How long before he'll be a man.
I know a girl who dreams of fame,
Yet idles precious hours away,
Who sows the seeds of sloth all day,
— Sylvia Farnum.

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.
BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED.
"Do you go back to the store in the evening?" asked the young lady, as he rose from the table.
"Yes, I think so. I am expected to keep open in the evening."
"But you have an assistant?"
"Yes."
"Then I advise you not to make yourself a slave to business. We shall hope for the pleasure of your company occasionally in the evening."
James Cromwell felt flattered, and looking full in the young lady's face, he thought to himself, "She is very pretty, and she seems to show me a great deal of politeness."
"Thank you, Miss Manton, for your kind invitation. I will accept it very soon—as soon as I think I can be spared from my business," said Clara, gratefully.
"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." So runs an old proverb. This was illustrated in the case of James Cromwell, who ignorant of the real opinion entertained of him by Miss Manton, began, after a while, to conceive the delusive thought that she had taken a fancy to him, but was anticipating. Three evenings later, when supper was concluded, James Cromwell made no movement to go back to the store. This was quickly observed by Clara, who said, with a smile:
"You are going to remain with us this evening are you not, Mr. Cromwell?"
"If it will be agreeable," he said.
"Can you doubt it?" she said, with a look which quickened the pulsations of Cromwell's heart. "I get so tired passing the evening alone. Papa gets hold of a paper or magazine, and I am left to my own devices for amusement."
She invited Cromwell to her private parlor, which was furnished with a piano.
"Do you like music, Mr. Cromwell?" she inquired.
"Very much indeed," he answered, though the instrument and then he knew one tune from another.
"Perhaps you are a musician?"
"Not at all," he said hastily, and in this statement, at least, he was correct. "Won't you play something, Miss Manton?"
"I haven't anything now, but if you don't mind old pieces, I will play for you."
She played a noisy instrumental piece, to which James Cromwell listened in silence, with very little idea of what was being played. His eyes were fixed rather on the young lady herself.
"How do you like it, Mr. Cromwell?"
"Very much indeed," said Cromwell, hitching his chair a little nearer the instrument, and then coloring, lest the movement should have been observed.
"I think I will sing you something," said Clara. "I don't sing in public, but before an intimate friend I do not feel so bashful."
The words, "intimate friend," slipped out so easily and naturally that she seemed unconscious of them, but they were intentional and she glanced out of the corners of her eyes to watch their effect. She saw that Cromwell's eyes brightened, and then she knew that they had produced the effect that she had intended.
"She is certainly very charming," thought Cromwell, "and she is very friendly. I don't think I ever met a young lady so attractive."
"He's getting in love," said Clara to herself. "I'll be fun to see him when he gets carried away by the tender passion. I've heard of eloquent eyes, but I don't think his are capable of looking like anything except those of a ferret. Well, I'll see the play through."
She accordingly sang the well-known song, "Then I'll Remember Thee," putting into it as much meaning as possible, and occasionally glancing in a languishing manner at the young man who sat uneasily in his chair, and began to feel the symptoms of love. He sat as if spell-bound when she had finished.
"Why don't you compliment me, Mr. Cromwell?" she asked, turning with a smile. "Do you know you are wanting in your duty, sir? Every young lady expects to be complimented, when she has done a young gentleman the favor to sing to him."
"It was because I was so charmed," said James Cromwell, with more readiness than might have been expected. "I was so charmed that I was incapable of saying a word."
"I am afraid you are like the rest of your sex, a sad flatterer, Mr. Cromwell," said the young lady, shaking her head, with a smile. "You don't expect me to believe that now, do you?"
"Yes, I do, Miss Manton, for it is perfectly true," said James Cromwell, picking up courage; "you sing like a nightingale."
So the evening was passed. The young lady paid assiduous attention to her visitor, and when they parted her task was accomplished. James Cromwell was in love.

hoped that his remonstrance would have some effect. But meanwhile he had determined to accept his fate, and act in accordance with the instructions which had been given him.
There was a private school in Madison, kept by a college graduate, and to this school Robert was sent by James Cromwell. He found himself the most advanced pupil in the class, and he soon found that his teacher's acquisitions were far from extensive or thorough. Still he could learn by his own efforts, though not of course, as well as at his former school, and he resolved to make the best of it.
Meanwhile the flirtation between James Cromwell and Clara Manton continued. The young lady was always gracious, and so far as her manner went, might readily be supposed to have formed a decided inclination for her admirer, for such was the drollage that she had in her had a certain dash and liveliness of manner which fascinated him, and he felt flattered in no slight degree that such a young lady should have singled him out as her favorite.
One evening there was to be a concert in the village.
James Cromwell brought home tickets, and said diffidently, "Miss Manton, will you do me the favor to accompany me to the concert this evening?"
"Thank you, Mr. Cromwell," she answered, smiling graciously. "I will accept with pleasure. I was wishing to go, but papa does not very well to-day, so I had made up my mind that I must pass my time at home. At what hour does the concert commence?"
"At half-past seven."
"Will it be time if I am ready at a quarter past?"
"Quite so."
"Then you may depend on me."
Strange as it may appear, it was the first time in his life that James Cromwell ever acted as escort to a lady in visiting a place of public entertainment, and he felt a degree of awkwardness because of that. But when Clara Manton appeared she was so graceful and so agreeable that all his misgivings disappeared, and he walked arm in arm with her, feeling easier and more unembarrassed than he had supposed to be possible. When they entered the hall he glanced around him with pride at the thought it would be proved that he was the chosen cavalier of such an attractive young lady. If the concert it was unnecessary to speak. It closed at a comparatively early hour, and the two wended their way homeward.
"Shall we prolong our walk a little?" he said.
"It is still early, and it is very pleasant."
"Yes; that will be pleasant," she returned. "Papa is probably asleep by this time, and won't miss me. What a charming concert we had."
"None of them sang as well as you, Miss Manton," said Cromwell.
"O, now you are flattering me, Mr. Cromwell. I cannot permit that, you know," she said earnestly.
"No," he said earnestly. "I am not flattering you, Miss Clara. You are so—so—I hope you'll excuse me, but you are so beautiful and attractive."
"O, Mr. Cromwell!" uttered Clara, adding to herself, "I dare say he's going to propose. Well, it's just as well now as at any other time. How ridiculous it makes him look, being in luck!"
Luckily unconscious of the thoughts that were passing through the mind of his companion, Cromwell burst out, "But it's true, Miss Clara. I love you; and I don't think I can live without you. Will you marry me?"
"I am afraid you have said such things to a great many other young ladies before. How can I believe you are in earnest?"
"No; on my honor," he said earnestly. "I never loved before. Do not doubt the sincerity of my attachment. Don't you think you can look favorably upon my suit?"
"Perhaps I might," she answered coolly. "That is, in time. It is so sudden, you know. It is not more than a month since I first met you."
"But in that month I have learned to love you better than any one I ever knew, Miss Clara. Can't you give me some encouragement? Tell me that I am not wholly disagreeable to you."
"If you had been, would I have accepted your invitation this evening, Mr. Cromwell?"
"Then you do like me a little?" he said overjoyed.
"Perhaps a little," she said coquettishly.
After some time, Clara thought it polite to confess that she had herself no particular objections to him as a husband—a confession which filled the enamored druggist with delight—but, she proceeded, "I cannot marry without my father's approval."
"But do you think he will object to me?" asked Cromwell, in dismay.
"Papa is a very peculiar man," answered Clara, "I never can understand him. He never can understand me. He will look upon my proposition. Perhaps he may give his consent at once, or perhaps it may take considerable time to persuade him. I cannot tell. But whatever he decides, I cannot disobey him."
When Clara returned home her father happened to be still up. He had become interested in something that he was reading, and this caused him to defer his hour of retiring.
"Well, papa," said Clara, "I've got some news for you."
"I've had an offer."
"An offer? Who from?"
"Oh, from that ridiculous druggist, Cromwell."
"Well, what did you say?"
"I referred him to you. He's going to call to-morrow."
"Well, what shall I say? Just give me instructions. Do you love him?"
"Stuff and nonsense, papa! As if anybody could! Such a ridiculous creature as he is!"
"Then I am to decline the honor of his relationship?"
"Not exactly."
"But you don't love him?"
"That is not necessary in marriage. Thank Providence, I am not sentimental, and never shall break my heart for love. When I marry I want to marry a man who has got some money. Just find out if he's

worth ten thousand dollars. If he is, and will agree to settle half of it on me, I will become Mrs. Cromwell whenever he says the word. Otherwise, I won't. But of course, this must be your condition, not mine. I am supposed to be perfectly indifferent to money. I dare say I shall rail against you on account of your mercenary spirit, if he can't meet the condition, and comes to complain to me. You won't mind that will you?"
"Not a particle. Rail away, if you think best. It won't break any bones."
"Well, I am rather tired, and will go to bed. Good night, papa! Just let my suit understand that you are inexorable, will you?"
"Very good. I understand you."
CHAPTER XV.
A Mercenary Parrot.
James Cromwell lost no time the next morning in waiting upon Mr. Manton. He was in that state when a surprise is intolerable, and he wanted to have his fate decided at once. Accordingly, soon after breakfast, he was introduced into the presence of Clara's father, whom he found alone. The young lady, considerably foreseeing the visit, had gone out for a walk. Mr. Manton was sitting idly in a rocking chair, reading.
"Good morning, Mr. Cromwell," he said. "Take a chair, if you please, and excuse my rising. I am not young and strong like you, but an invalid."
"Oh, certainly," said Cromwell, doing as directed. "I have come to see you, Mr. Manton," he proceeded, "on important business."
"Indeed?" said his companion, whose cue was to assume an air of ignorance until informed of the nature of his errand.
"You have a daughter," proceeded the young man, nervously.
"Yes, and an excellent girl she is," said Mr. Manton, warmly.
"I am sorry to say that this was not Mr. Manton's real opinion. He and Clara, in fact, used to quarrel pretty often, in private, and he had more than once styled her a cross-grained vixen and trollop, and used other terms equally endearing."
"Yes," said James Cromwell, fervently, "your daughter is charming, Mr. Manton."
"She is a good girl. It would break my heart to part with her!" said the father.
"You would object to her being married, would you?" said Cromwell, alarmed at this last statement.
"I suppose she will marry sometime," said Mr. Manton. "No, I should not feel it right to interfere with her feelings, if she desired it. Far be it from me to blight her young affections."
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WITH A DIFFERENCE.
A Sportsman, a Sporting Man and a Sport Not the Same Thing.
There was a knot of men standing on a street corner, says the Washington Post. One of them had just finished relating some experiences of a hunting excursion which he had taken the day previous down the river.
"You're a sporting man, are you, Jack? I never knew that before, really," said one of his companions.
"No, sir," said the first speaker. "I am not a sporting man; I am a sportsman, but I am neither a sporting man nor a sport."
"Indeed! And where, pray, is the difference?"
"The difference? Why, great Scott, man, there is as much distinction between a sportsman, a sporting man and a sport as there is between a doctor, a cannibal and a thief!" The speaker glared at the others, but the first one still looked blank.
"Pray define them," he said after a pause.
"To be sure. It's something that everybody ought to know, but unfortunately lots of folks never take the trouble to learn those things. A sportsman is a man who loves to hunt, and is commonly fond of other athletic amusements in the way of boating, swimming, and the like. He is, pardon my opinion, apt to be a man of gentlemanly instincts and brains. A sporting man is an entirely different sort of a fellow. He is one who takes an interest in sports of different sorts, although he may not engage in them at all. He probably plays the races, drinks hard, takes in all the prize fights, and spends most of his evenings, when there is nothing else on hand, playing cards and whooping things up. But a sport is on a still lower scale. He is a fellow who thinks he is big potatoes, when he's really a nothing but a runt in the prize fights, and spends most of his evenings, when there is nothing else on hand, playing cards and whooping things up. But a sport is on a still lower scale. 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BUY!
Landreth's Turnip Seed at
McLemore's.

A. P. McLemore, Druggist, Haskell, Texas,

ALL KIND OF
MACHINE OILS,
CHEAPER THAN EVER.

I am the only one who handles BULK GAR-
DEN SEED. Therefore if you want your
seed to cost but little, buy from me.

The Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE,
Editor and Proprietor.
Advertising rates made known on application.
Terms \$1.50 per annum, invariably, cash in advance.
Entered at the Post Office, Haskell, Texas, as Second class Mail Matter.
Saturday Aug. 11, 1894.

Announcements.
For District offices, . . . \$10.00
For County offices, . . . 5.00
For Precinct offices, . . . 3.00
Cash in advance.

We are authorized to announce the following gentlemen as candidates for the offices under which their names respectively occur:

- FOR JUDGE, 39th JUDICIAL DISTRICT, ED. J. HAMNER.
- FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY, W. W. BEALL.
- FOR COUNTY JUDGE, JIM BALDWIN, P. D. SANDERS, H. R. JONES.
- FOR DISTRICT AND COUNTY CLERK, G. R. COUCH.
- FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR, W. B. ANTHONY.
- FOR TAX ASSESSOR, H. S. POST, J. N. ELLIS.
- FOR COUNTY TREASURER, JASPER MILLHOLLON.
- FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR, W. R. STANDEFER, H. M. RIKE.
- FOR CO. COMMISSIONER AND J. P., PRE. NO. 1, J. W. EVANS.

LOCAL DOTS.

—Six spools best thread for 25 cts at S. L. Robertson's.
—Mr. Jim Norris of Vernon is visiting his relatives here.
—Hamilton-Brown shoes for men, women and children received to-day at S. L. Robertson's.
—A brother of Mr. T. J. Wilbourn is here on a visit to the latter, and taking a look at the country.
—Please don't ask us to credit you any longer, if you do you will compel us to refuse you.
Rike & Ellis.
—Judge H. G. McConnell and Mr. R. B. Fields and representing our county at Decatur in the congressional convention.
—If you have an idea of buying a buggy, call at the Free Press office and see how cheap you can get one.
—Rev. W. G. Caperton of the Baptist church began a protracted meeting at this place on Friday. It will probably be continued into next week.
—Everything sold low for cash at S. L. Robertson's.
—Your money will buy more goods at Rike & Ellis' than any house in town, but your credit won't buy anything.
—Messrs. Nelson, Partridge and Newson, leading Knox county farmers, were here this week selling oats and buying goods of Haskell merchants.
—W. W. Fields & Bro. keep their stock of Groceries constantly replenished with new, fresh and choice goods.
—Senator J. C. Baldwin and Mr. R. C. Lomax will leave tomorrow to represent our county in the State convention, which meets at Dallas on the 14th instant.
Our old townsman Mr. S. E. Frost is here on a visit to his relatives. He completed his course at the Sam Houston normal institute and has secured the principalship of the third ward school in Fort Worth.
—We regret that a letter from our Faint Creek correspondent was crowded out this week. It was only done to make room for communications in regard to the railroad matter, which is of so much local importance just now, or other matter for the paper having already been set in type.

—Parties knowing themselves indebted to us on old accounts will please make settlement at once as we are needing our money and must have it.
W. W. FIELDS & BRO.
—Mr. J. A. Hale of Eastland is visiting his sister, Mrs. W. T. Hudson at this place. He is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Caddie, and Mr. Wyck Bird.
—Mrs. Baldwin is having some alterations made in her business house with a view of accommodating a larger stock of goods for the fall trade.
—We this week publish the essay read by Miss May Fields before the Sunday school mass meeting. It will be found interesting and instructive. Next week we will publish one by Miss Alice Pierson on the "Influence of Sunday Schools."
—Referring to the communications from several citizens in this paper, we are truly glad to see a WORKING interest infusing itself into our people. It indicates that we are getting over our Rip Van Winkle nap. When we get our community fully awakened and dressed in their working clothes we know something is going to be done.
—Mr. J. F. Jones is preparing to greatly enlarge his ginning facilities. He has purchased a 45-horse power boiler and a 35-horse power engine and will have his outfit ready to turn out 16 to 20 bales a day by the time the cotton begins to come in.

MARRIED.

On Sunday, the 5th inst., Mr. J. W. Collins of Haskell was united in marriage to Miss Irene Reeves of Knox county, when the couple immediately left on a bridal tour, which will include a visit to friends and relatives in the eastern portion of the state. The groom is one of Haskell's most popular citizens and his host of friends here are pleased to congratulate him on his happy fortune in capturing so charming, educated and worthy a young lady for his life partner, in which the Free Press joins heartily.

—Cupid, the little god who laughs at locksmiths and obdurate parents, played a successful game last Sunday. Services were in progress at the Methodist church when Mr. Chas. Denson, Jr. entered hastily and plucked County Judge Sanders outside, where he found Miss Callie Vernon and one or two friends awaiting him. Mr. Denson presented a marriage license to the Judge and asked that he tie the Hymenal knot between him and Miss Vernon without delay. This the Judge was about to do when Mr. S. W. Vernon, father of the young lady, hove in sight on a puffing horse and called a halt. On coming up and having the situation set before him, Mr. Vernon withdrew his opposition in so far as to tell his daughter that she might go on with the marriage if she desired but that he was done with them and did not want to see or hear anything more from them. The couple then proceeded to Judge Sanders' residence, where the ceremony of making them man and wife was performed. We understand that they will make their future home in the Indian Territory, and the Free Press hopes their troubles are over and that sunshine and prosperity will mark their pathway in future, and that the parents will have no cause to regret the willfulness of their daughter.

Our Congressional Convention.

The convention assembled at Decatur on the 7th, and the daily papers failing to get in Friday, the latest news we have is that the Cockrell forces captured the temporary organization by a vote of 55-6 to 45-6. There are 118 votes in the convention and when the above vote was taken six were absent and 11 were not counted because they were being contested on the ground that two conventions were held in the counties to which they belong and opposing delegations were claiming the right to the vote. A hard contest, possibly a dead lock, is expected.

—Messrs Oscar Martin and A. C. Foster left on Wednesday to attend the senatorial convention at Cisco. The Free Press would be pleased to see the nomination fall to Mr. Martin, though he hardly expects it himself as he has made no canvass of the district and his claims have not been put before the people.

—A little hard cash goes a long way at F. G. Alexander & Co's. these hard times. Try them and see how they will load you up for a few dollars.

—The Free Press family were presented with one of Mr. D. W. Fields' finest watermelons the other day. It was highly enjoyed by them. Thanks, Mr. Fields.

—I will cut sorghum for 75cts. per acre. Terms cash, or a satisfactory note. A. G. Rush.

—We have recently established, at Seymour, Texas, a warehouse and are now prepared to exchange flour and millstuff for wheat at the customary rate of exchange, and earnestly solicit the patronage of the farmers of Haskell, Knox and Throckmorton counties.

Respectfully,
VICTOR MILLING CO.
East side of square, in rock building, south of Bennett & Son, Seymour Texas.

A HOUSEHOLD TREASURY.

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

—We will be pleased to sell goods to reliable parties on thirty days time, but owing to the condition of business and our press for money to meet our accounts we can not in future make accounts to run longer than thirty days.

W. W. FIELDS & BRO.

—We learn that Mr. Lee Kirby, formerly of our town, is now at Rockwall, where he is running a branch dry goods house for Sanger Bros. of Dallas. His friends here are pleased to know that he has secured a permanent, lucrative business.

SPECIMEN CASES.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassala, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklin's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklin's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by A. P. McLemore.

LADIES!

Have you planted your flower garden for this year? You will want some new flowers, of course, a few bulbs, plants, and so on; but whether you get them or not you are going to have a generous supply of analgesic; they are always in style and always sure to enjoy as for our trouble. Now we want to furnish you with a valuable gift for the year FREE OF CHARGE. We will send you a copy of our "WOMAN" magazine, a large illustrated monthly, as bright as a new pin and as charming as a spring bonnet. It is the delight of the household, furnishing happiness for the sitting room, comfort for the sick room, valuable help for the sewing room, the kitchen and the garden. Perfect home paper, cut to fit and to delight woman, the home maker. The beautiful picture on the first page of every issue is alone worth the subscription price. Now for our offer: Send us ten cents (stamp or silver) and we will send you WOMAN two months on trial, and in addition we will send you 250 varieties of

FLOWER SEED FREE!

This offer is for immediate acceptance. Don't let it slip. Send to-day, and you will receive the seed and WOMAN promptly. Address: WOMAN PUBLISHING CO., Richmond, Va.

Sunday School Work.

(BY MISS MAY FIELDS.)
Read before the Sunday school union mass meeting held in Haskell on Sunday, July 29, 1894.
Many of us fail to attach much, if any, importance to Sunday School work, when we should deem it one of the greatest privileges that we are allowed to labor in such a broad field.

Many send their children to Sunday School regularly, yet do not seem to care into whose hands they fall, or whose influence is exerted over them.

How necessary it is that the teacher of a class in a Sunday school should be a reliable person in every sense of the word, and one who feels that he has a duty to perform; also, one who is interested and careful to instill no errors into the mind of the child, for all know that early impressions are the most lasting.

Still, no teacher can enter into the work with his whole heart unless the interest of the children can be awakened. Therefore, each pupil has a part to perform equally as important as that of the teacher.

How many of us fail to look at our Sunday School lesson 'till Sunday morning and then, try in vain to find some excuse to offer for our forgetfulness. It is the lack of interest on our part. Still others study the lesson simply as a task, not caring to know the precious truths found in the book of God, which alone ought to cause us to love to study.

We cannot make a success of our Sunday schools unless all will work willingly, lovingly and earnestly for the cause of our blessed Master. By the persistent exercise of a loving disposition, both children and teacher secure each the affections of the other, and often the work is pleasant and profitable. To teach is not hard, but, if you would reap richly the fruits of your teaching, you must keep yourself up to your teaching. Be careful how you tax the child's mind; do not make long and strained explanations of difficult passages of scripture. If you are in doubt of the meaning of a passage, say so, and become a student with your class and study it. The Bible is God's word, and no one ever knew all there is to know about it, and new and beautiful ideas are creeping into our souls from every nook and corner.

The teacher is verily a sower of seed and the child-mind is the most fertile ground into which it can be sown or cast. The idea of obedience to Christ's examples and teachings should be the prime object of every lesson and this obedience wrought by love.

Remember, Christ obeyed before he commanded. The child must not be wayward or wilful, if so, he will find it difficult to exercise the necessary tact and patience in his Christian work afterward.

The individual teacher should remember that a great responsibility rests upon him, and again, that every one of us must give an account to God.

Be careful in applying the notes, commentaries, normal lessons, lectures or whatever else may belong to the Sunday school.

The ultimate application of all these belongs to you. Encourage the children to do their own thinking and to express their opinions modestly but freely; this will require tactful management, and to be equal to the task, your whole soul should be in the work. As God loves you, love ye one another.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

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

—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kirby have returned from an extended visit to their children at Rockwall.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.



PROCLAMATION

By the Governor of the State of Texas.

Whereas, the Twenty-third Legislature at its last regular session, which adjourned on the 15th day of May A. D. 1893, passed the following joint resolutions, in the manner prescribed by the Constitution of this State, proposing certain amendments to the Constitution of this state, to-wit:

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas, that section 3, of the Constitution of the State of Texas, be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 2. This resolution shall be submitted by the Governor to the qualified voters of the State of Texas at the next general election, to be held on Tuesday the first Monday in November, 1894, at which election all voters favoring the amendment shall have their names written or printed on their ballots the words, "For the amendment to section 3, article 3, of the Constitution of the State of Texas." And all those opposed to the amendment shall have their names written or printed on their ballots the words, "Against the amendment to section 3, article 3, of the Constitution of the State of Texas." And the Governor shall, in a proclamation setting forth the fact that said amendment has received a majority of the votes cast for said amendment, shall proclaim that said amendment shall take effect from and after said public election.

Approved April 8 A. D. 1894.

Joint Resolution to amend section 30, article 16, of the Constitution of the State of Texas.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the legislature of the State of Texas: That section 30 article 16, of the Constitution of the state of Texas, be amended so that it shall hereafter read as follows:

Section 2. The duration of all officers not fixed by this constitution shall never exceed two years: Provided, that when a railroad commission is created by law it shall be composed of three commissioners, who shall be elected by the people at a general election for State officers, and their terms of office shall be six years: Provided, that in case of vacancy in said office, the Governor of the State shall fill said vacancy by appointment until the next general election.

Section 3. The foregoing amendment shall be submitted to the qualified voters of the State at the next general election. Those favoring its adoption shall have written or printed on their ballots the words, "For election of railroad commissioners," and those opposed to its adoption shall have written or printed on their ballots the words, "Against election of railroad commissioners." And the Governor of the State is hereby directed to issue the necessary proclamation for said election, and have the same published as required by the Constitution and existing laws of the state.

Approved May 31, A. D. 1894.

And whereas the State Constitution requires the publication of any proposed amendments one week for four weeks, commencing at least three months before an election.

And whereas, each of said joint resolutions requires the Governor to issue his proclamation ordering an election for the submission of said joint resolutions to the qualified electors of the State for their adoption or rejection on Tuesday after the first Monday in November, A. D. 1894, which will be the 15th day of said month.

Now, therefore, I, J. S. Hogg, Governor of Texas, in accordance with the provisions of said Joint Resolutions, and by the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this State, do hereby issue this my proclamation ordering that an election be held on Tuesday after the first Monday in November, A. D. 1894, in the several counties of this State, for the adoption or rejection of said proposed amendments to the Constitution of the State of Texas. Said election shall be held at the several polling places designated therein, to-wit, on Tuesday the 15th day of November, A. D. 1894, in the several counties of this State, for the adoption or rejection of said proposed amendments to the Constitution of the State of Texas.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto sign my name and cause the seal of State to be affixed, at the City of Austin, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1894.

(Signed) J. S. HOGG, Governor of Texas.
By the Governor, W. SMITH, (Signed) GEO. W. SMITH, Secretary of State.

THE NEW MEAT MARKET,

MIDDLETON & SMITH, Props.
Will keep the choicest and best beef to be had, also pork, mutton etc. when it can be procured of good quality.
Their prices will always be reasonable, and a share of the public patronage is solicited.
N. W. Corner Public Square Haskell, Texas.

SHERRILL BROS. & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—
HARDWARE,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
Stoves and Tinware, Tanks, Pumps, Pipe and Fittings.
Call and Try Us



Our competitors may "blow their biggest horns inside out," as the old song goes, telling about the bargains they have to offer, but if you will drop into Dodson & Halsey's store and ask them to quote prices to you on their choice clothing, dress goods, boots, shoes, hats and the good things to eat which go so far toward making life happy and enjoyable, and which they always keep in stock, you will find the song of low prices which they will sing you far sweeter music than the tooting of all the horns in Texas.

Try it once for the fun of the thing; no charge for admittance to the concert. The curtain is up and the play is in full swing now. Front seats reserved for gentlemen accompanied by ladies.

RAILROAD.

The WICHITA VALLEY will be extended to HASKELL in some future year, (may be) but the ONE PRICE RACKET STORE has already been established in Seymour and is proving a greater blessing than a railroad during the hard times.

Should you need anything in Notions, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ladies Underwear, Work or Dress Pants, Tinware, Stationery, etc. call and see us. We are just in receipt of new goods replenishing all our lines and make a specialty of Dress Pants. We can fit any customer or purse from 50 cts. to \$5.00. Our terms are strictly cash, and all goods proving unsatisfactory and returned in good condition in a reasonable length of time, will be exchanged or money refunded. Below we give a few quotations:

- Hamburg edging - 2 1/2 cts per yard.
- Splendid Corsets - 39cts each.
- Lace - 1 1/2 cts per yard.
- Pins - 4 papers for 5cts.
- Toilet Soap - 3cts per cake.
- 3-ply Linen bosom dress shirts, 48cts.
- Work Shirts from - 19 cents up.
- Tripple Seat drawers, - 39cts.
- Towels, - 5cts each.
- Lead pencils, - 3 for 1 cent.
- Pen points, - 3 for 1 cent.
- Pen holders, - 3 for 1 cent.
- Colored marbles - 6 for 1 cent.
- Machine thread, 2 spools for 5cts.
- Wash Bowls, - 5cts.
- Pint cups, - 2 for 5cts.
- 7 1/2 Gallon cups, - 6cts.
- Tin plates, - 2 for 5cts.

We could fill the paper with our bargains, and, remember these are not leaders but all goods are in proportion.

When you are in Seymour call and examine and get prices.

Respectfully submitted to the cash trade.
Branham & Petree, in Ranson Building, next door to Luck & Taylor, Seymour, Texas.

Swift's Specific
A Tonic Remedy For All Blood and Skin Diseases.
A reliable cure for Contagious Eruptions, Eczema, Herpes, Scabies, etc. As a tonic for delicate Women and Children it has no equal. Being purely vegetable, is harmless in its effects. A complete and safe Remedy for all Skin Diseases. Druggists Sell It. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Denver & Atlantic, Mo.

8 ft. \$25
12 ft. \$50
16 ft. \$100
AERMOTORS
ALL STEEL GALVANIZED
PUMPING OR GEARED SAME PRICE.

For the benefit of the public, the Aermotor Company declares a dividend and makes the above price a means of distributing it. It will be considered a means of distributing the earnings of the company. Aermotor Company, Chicago, Ill. The Aermotor Company, Chicago, Ill. SHERILL BROS., Agents, Haskell Texas.

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RAILROAD, FARM, GARDEN, Cemetery, Lawn, Poultry and Rabbit Fencing. THE HASKELL WHOLE WIRE CO., 116, 118, 120 and 122 N. Market St., Chicago, Ill.

GUM-ELASTIC ROOFING
costs only \$2.00 per 100 square feet. Makes good roof for years and any one can put it on. Gum-Elastic paint costs only 50 cents per gal. in 1 lb. lots, or \$4.00 for 5-gal. tins. Color, dark red. Will stop leaks in tin roofs, and will last for years. Try it. Send stamps for samples and full particulars. GUM-ELASTIC ROOFING CO., 30 & 41 West Broadway, NEW YORK. Local Agents Wanted.

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.

FOR SYRPHINA Use Brown's Iron Bitters. Physicians recommend it. All dealers keep it. \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine. See trade-mark and crossed redlines on wrapper.