

The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 9.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, Nov 24, 1894.

No. 47.

Directory.
OFFICERS 39th JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
District Judge, Hon. C. P. Woodruff.
District Attorney, W. W. Beall.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.
County Judge, F. D. Sanders.
County Attorney, P. F. Morgan.
County & Dist. Clerk, J. L. Jones.
County Treasurer, W. B. Anthony.
County Assessor, Jasper Hill Holton.
County Surveyor, H. S. Post.
County Sheriff, J. A. Fisher.

COMMISSIONERS.
Precinct No. 1, J. S. Nicks.
Precinct No. 2, E. H. Owsley.
Precinct No. 3, C. W. Lucas.
Precinct No. 4, J. B. Adams.

PRECINCT OFFICERS.
J. P. Post, No. 1, J. S. Nicks.
Constable Prec. No. 1, T. D. Suggs.

CHURCHES.
Baptist (Missionary) Every 1st and 3rd Sunday.
Rev. W. G. Owsley, Pastor.
Presbyterian (Cumberland) Every 2nd and 4th Sunday.
Rev. J. L. Jones, Pastor.
Christian (Campbellite) Every 2nd Sunday and Saturday before.
Rev. J. S. Nicks, Pastor.
Methodist (M. B. Church) Every Sunday and Sunday night.
Rev. N. H. Bennett, Pastor.
Sunday School every Wednesday night.
Sunday School every Sunday 10:30 a. m.
S. D. Sanders, Superintendent.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.
Haskell Lodge No. 88, A. F. & A. M. meets Saturday on or before each full moon.
P. D. Sanders, W. M.
J. W. Evans, Sec'y.
Haskell Chapter No. 121
Royal Arch Masons meet on the first Tuesday in each month.
H. G. McConnell, High Priest.
J. W. Evans, Sec'y.

Professional Cards.
J. E. LINDSEY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Haskell, Texas.
Office in Parish building, N. E. Corner square.
A. G. NEATHERY
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Haskell, - - Texas.
Office in Parish building, N. E. Corner square.
OSCAR MARTIN.
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law
HASKELL, TEXAS.
Notary Public, TEXAS.
ARTHUR C. FOSTER.
LAND LAWYER.
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.
Land Business and Land Litigation specialties.
HASKELL, TEXAS.
Office in Haskell National Bank.
S. W. SCOTT, J.
Attorney at Law and Land Agent.
Notary Public. Abstract of title to any land in Haskell county furnished on application. Office in Court House with County Surveyor.
HASKELL, TEXAS.
H. G. McCONNELL,
Attorney - at - Law.
HASKELL, TEXAS.
BALDWIN & LOMAX.
Attorneys and Land Agents.
Special Abstracts of Land Titles. Special Attention to Land Litigation.
HASKELL, TEXAS.
Edw. J. HAMMICK.
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW.
HASKELL, TEXAS.
Practice in the County and District Courts of Haskell and surrounding counties.
127-Office over First National Bank.
P. D. SANDERS.
LAWYER & LAND AGENT.
HASKELL, TEXAS.
Notarial work, abstracting and attention to property of non-residents given special attention.

F. P. MORGAN,
Atty and Counselor at Law
AND LAND AGENT.
HASKELL, - - TEXAS.
Will practice in all the District and Supreme Courts of Texas, and the U. S. Circuit and District courts.
Any business entrusted to his care will receive his prompt and careful attention.

Santa Claus' Headquarters!

**Risque Dolls,
China Dolls,
Rubber Dolls,
Elegant Fish Goods,
Albums,
Dressing Cases,
Manicure Sets,
Ornamental Parlor Lamps.**
WORD & ALEXANDER,

Our selection of Holiday Goods this season is large and varied, our intention being to have something to suit every age, every taste and every purse.
It would take columns of space to name all of the pretty, ornamental, amusing and useful articles in our stock, so we content ourselves with inviting you to come and see them. We think that both goods and prices will please you.

**Parlor Games and
Story Books,
Fancy Toilet Articles,
Elegant Vases,
Clocks and Fine
Stationery,
China, Alabaster and Risque Goods,
all in Great variety.**
ABILENE, TEXAS.

The report of the superintendent of penitentiaries shows 4125 convicts on hand Nov. 1st.

The Waco cotton palace is in full swing and from all reports is proving a great success.

The man who wears the BUCKSKIN BREECHES has a happy wife. She never has to mend. Every pair warranted.

GALVESTON'S city council has just allowed the bill of \$1800 against the city for extra police hire during the railroad strike there last July.

THREE women were elected to offices in Colorado. One as superintendent of schools and two as members of the legislature.

COKEY of "industrial army" fame was a candidate for congress from an Ohio district, but his name had waned to such an extent that he hardly blacked the board.

MANY people in the western part of Nebraska are in a state of destitution. A relief commission appointed by the governor is at work soliciting and collecting aid for them.

The volcano Colimad, in Mexico, was reported a few days ago as emitting a column of flame 700 feet in height and lighting the country around for miles.

The Sparta, Ga., News says: One populist precinct in Hancock polled more votes than there are men, women, children, horses and mules in the district. This was done probably with a view of purifying elections.

If the farmers do in 1895 as they have always done in the past, talk about reducing the cotton acreage, then every fellow go ahead and plant a big crop thinking the other fellows will plant small ones, they will probably have a three cent market to deal with.

For a pain in the side or chest there is nothing so good as a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound over the seat of pain. It affords prompt and permanent relief and if used in time will often prevent a cold from resulting in pneumonia. This same treatment is a sure cure for lame back. For sale by A. P. McLemore.

A PARTY of about 200 prominent Chicago and St. Louis business men, who are said to represent a capital of over \$100,000,000, made an extensive tour of this state during the past week. They were on a mission of pleasure, but expressed themselves highly pleased with Texas, and it is predicted that their visit will result in good for Texas.

WITHOUT exception, so far as we have heard expressions from them, persons who have gone from Haskell county to other sections of the state and returned, say that comparatively the farmers of Haskell county have nothing to complain of; in fact, that they are in better condition than the farmers of other sections, especially those sections most largely devoted to cotton.

W. A. McGuire, a well known citizen of McKay, Ohio is of the opinion that there is nothing so good for children troubled with colds or croup as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He has used it in his family for several years with the best results and always keeps a bottle of it in the house. After having a gripe he was himself troubled with a very severe cough. He used other remedies without benefit and then concluded to try the children's medicine and to his delight it soon effected a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. P. McLemore.

**CALL ON
J. F. CLARK,
THE OLDEST JEWELER
- IN ABILENE -
For Watches and any thing in the
Jewelry line.**

**WILL MEET EASTERN PRICES ON GOODS IN MY LINE.
Goods sent on selection to responsible parties.
Store on Pine Street, Abilene.**

The short session of Congress will convene on Dec. 5th. As the newly elected members of the house, who will give it a republican majority, will not take their seats until March 4th, next, it may be that the democrats will pass the "popgun bills" giving us free sugar, coal an iron.

The Cisco Apert's position is not an enviable one. All the papers are reminding it that is said "If Dean does not get more votes than Cockrell, we will shut up shop and leave." It is now in order for the Apert to explain that its statement was only a "campaign lie" and didn't mean anything.

The idea that the hard times under which the country has been laboring for some time had more to do with the way the late election went than all other causes combined seems to have the weight of opinion in its favor. A number of leading men admit that the result would most likely have been the same; viz, that the people would have voted for a change of administration, under existing conditions, no matter what party might have been in power.

A Galveston cotton firm is advising farmers and interior merchants to hold their cotton for a rise, which the firm believes will come in two or three months. They argue that with a 9,250,000 bale crop, which they estimate the highest it will reach, the price ought to be from 6 to 7 cts. They say that the present low price is due in a large measure to the fact that farmers and merchants have rushed their cotton to market as fast as they could handle it and that buyers have taken advantage of the temporary glut to depress the price.

An Immigration Movement.
Mayor Paddock of Fort Worth has just returned from St. Louis, where he attended a meeting of the representatives of all the railways and several steam ship lines interested in immigration and travel to Texas. Mr. Paddock was instrumental in getting the representatives together, its object being to devise a plan for advertising Texas and inducing immigration. It is stated that a most excellent plan was adopted, which will shortly be made public, when the public spirited and interested citizens of the state will be called upon to co-operate for the advantage of their respective localities.

A QUARTER CENTURY TEST.
For a quarter of a century Dr. King's New Discovery has been tested and the millions who have received benefit from its use testify to its wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. A remedy that has stood the test for so long and that has given so universal satisfaction is no experiment. Each bottle is positively guaranteed to give relief, or the money will be refunded. It is admitted to be the most reliable for coughs and colds. Trial bottle free at A. P. McLemore's drug store. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

**GUM-ELASTIC
ROOFING**
costs only \$2.00 per 100 square feet. Makes good roof for years and may one cent put it on Gum-Klastic paint costs only 50 cents per gal. in 100 lbs. or \$1.50 for 5-gal. tubs. Color, dark red. Will stop leaks in tin or iron roofs, and will last for years. Try it. Send 25c for samples and full particulars.
GUM-ELASTIC ROOFING CO.
3241 West Broadway, NEW YORK
Local Agents Wanted.

Sheriff's Sale.
State of Texas,
County of Haskell, } By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the district court of Travis county, Texas, by the Clerk thereof, on the 24th day of November, 1894, in cause No. 11,708, wherein The American Freehold Land Mortgage Co. of London, Limited, as plaintiff, on the 2nd day of October 1894, recovered judgment against W. A. Black for the sum of Seven hundred and thirty-nine and 20-100 dollars, with interest thereon from date until paid at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, and costs of suit; and against T. W. Folts for the sum of two hundred and forty-six and 40-100 dollars with interest thereon from date until paid at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum and costs of suit, said judgment being also a foreclosure of a vendor's lien, as the same existed on the 30th day of January, 1890, and at all times since said date has existed as against the defendants W. A. Black and T. W. Folts: Said order of sale to me as Sheriff of Haskell county, Texas, directed and delivered on the 7th day of November, 1894. Therefore I, W. B. Anthony, Sheriff of Haskell county, Texas, as aforesaid, have seized and levied upon, and will proceed to sell to the highest bidder for cash within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's sales, on the first Tuesday in December, 1894, it being the 4th day of said month, before the court house door in said Haskell county, Texas, in the town of Haskell, the following described property as pointed out in said order of sale:
320 acres of land situated in Haskell county, Texas, patented to Jesse White on January 14th, 1859, Patent No. 145, Volume 9, known as Abstract No. 427 and, located by virtue of bounty certificate No. 3025, issued to Jesse White.
Said land to be sold to satisfy said judgment in favor of the American Freehold Land Mortgage Company of London, Limited, against said W. A. Black and T. W. Folts, with interest and costs of suit.
Given under my hand this 7th day of November, 1894.
W. B. ANTHONY,
Sheriff Haskell County, Texas.

Sheriff's Sale.
State of Texas,
County of Haskell, } By virtue of an execution for cost issued out of the Honorable Dist. court of Haskell county, on the 20th day of Oct. 1894, by the clerk thereof, in the case of Emily McKinzie et al, versus Amelia Brass, et al No. 149, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell, within the hours prescribed by law for sheriff's sales, on the first Tuesday in Dec. A. D. 1894, it being the 4th day of said month, before the court house door of said Haskell county, in the town of Haskell, the following described property to wit:
A 1/2 undivided right, title and interest in and to that certain tract or parcel of land lying in Haskell county, Texas, described as follows: 202 acres of land out of and along the north boundary line of the John H. Parkhurst survey in said county of Haskell, state of Texas, and being the same land deeded by M. C. Granbury to Alexander and Emily McKinzie, which deed is recorded in book 10, page 258, deed records of Haskell county, Texas, to which reference is here made.
M. C. Granbury, Austin, Texas, Levied on as the property of Alexander and Emily McKinzie to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$24.50 in favor of Emily McKinzie et al and cost of suit.
Given under my hand, this 23rd day of Oct., 1894.
W. B. ANTHONY,
Sheriff, H. Co., Tex.

IT MAY DO AS MUCH FOR YOU.
Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill. writes that he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called Kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At A. P. McLemore's Drug Store.

WANTED- Young men and ladies to learn Telegraphy for Railroad positions. Situations secured or cost of learning refunded. For particulars address
DALLAS TELEGRAPH COLLEGE,
Dallas, Texas.

PALACE HOTEL.
ABILENE, TEXAS.
(South Side West of Court House.)
MRS. LOU FOLEY, Proprietress.
This house has been newly renovated and its management improved, and it now offers as many conveniences and comforts to its guests as will be found at much higher priced houses.
Haskell Patronage is Solicited.

C. E. WELCH,
(Successor to John Stromberg)
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
**SADDLES,
HARNESSES,
and BRIDLES,**
Ordered work a specialty.
ABILENE, TEXAS.
South Side, Opposite Post Office.

Henry Wilson, the postmaster at Welshon Florida, says he cured a case of diarrhoea of long standing in six hours, with one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. What a pleasant surprise that must have been to the suffer. Such cures are not unusual with this remedy. In many instances only one or two doses are required to give permanent relief. It can always be depended upon. When reduced with water is pleasant to take. For sale by A. P. McLemore.

Sheriff's Sale.
State of Texas,
County of Haskell, } By virtue of an execution for cost issued out of the Honorable Dist. court of Haskell county, on the 20th day of Oct. 1894, by the clerk thereof, in the case of Emily McKinzie et al, versus Amelia Brass, et al No. 149, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell, within the hours prescribed by law for sheriff's sales, on the first Tuesday in Dec. A. D. 1894, it being the 4th day of said month, before the court house door of said Haskell county, in the town of Haskell, the following described property to wit:
A 1/2 undivided right, title and interest in and to that certain tract or parcel of land lying in Haskell county, Texas, described as follows: 202 acres of land out of and along the north boundary line of the John H. Parkhurst survey in said county of Haskell, state of Texas, and being the same land deeded by M. C. Granbury to Alexander and Emily McKinzie, which deed is recorded in book 10, page 258, deed records of Haskell county, Texas, to which reference is here made.
M. C. Granbury, Austin, Texas, Levied on as the property of Alexander and Emily McKinzie to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$24.50 in favor of Emily McKinzie et al and cost of suit.
Given under my hand, this 23rd day of Oct., 1894.
W. B. ANTHONY,
Sheriff, H. Co., Tex.

**Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.**
**DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER**
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Alkalies. Always of the highest quality.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

A. H. TANDY, President.
B. H. DODSON, Vice Pres.

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

M. S. PIERSON, President.
A. C. FOSTER, Vice-President.
J. L. JONES, Cash.
LEE PIERSON, Asst. Cash.

THE HASKELL NATIONAL BANK,
HASKELL, TEXAS.
A General Banking Business Transacted. Collections made and Promptly Remitted. Exchange Drawn on all principal Cities of the United States.
DIRECTORS—M. S. Pierson, A. C. Foster, J. L. Jones, Lee Pierson, P. D. Sanders.

WATT MIDDLETON. BUD SMITH.
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

E. G. SHORSH,
Jeweler and Watchmaker.
ABILENE, TEXAS.
East Side of Pine Street.
Watches, Clocks, Silverware,
Jewelry, Spects, &c.
Agent for the celebrated
DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE.
Needles and Attachments for any kind of machines for sale.
Repairing Fine Watches a Specialty.

Buy - Native - Fruit - Trees
-FROM THE-
Merkel (TAYLOR) Nursery.
It is an admitted fact among experienced orchardists that trees propagated under the same conditions of soil, climate and seasons as those under which they are to be finally grown will give much better results than trees that were propagated under other conditions, hence, it is advisable to get nursery stock as near home as possible.
I will be in Haskell about December 10th, with a full line of
FRUIT AND SHADE TREES, SHRUBBERY, EVERGREENS, ETC.
Peach and apple trees each 15 cts. Plums, Apricots and Cherries 25 cts.
Roses and Shade trees, 50 cts. Berries, all kinds, per doz. 50 cts.
You will find my stock at the City Hotel—remember these trees were raised in Taylor county. Respectfully,
J. D. BORING, Prop.
MERKEL NURSERY, Merkel, Texas

\$85.00 If your dealer does not handle our goods write us for prices
**Buggies, Spring Wagons,
Road Carts & Wagons.**
Perry Mfg Co
EARTH PROTECTIVE VALUE

S.S.S.
PURELY a vegetable compound, made entirely of roots and herbs gathered from the forests of Georgia, and has been used by millions of people with the best results. It CURES
All manner of Blood Diseases, from the most ordinary little boils on your nose to the worst cases of inherited blood taint, such as Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh and
SKIN-CANCER
We will send you by mail post-paid one small evergreen tree adapted to your climate, with instructions for planting and caring for it, to go with our complete list of Nursery stock. If you will cut out this advertisement, mark on it the name of this paper, and tell how many and what kind of trees and plants you would like to purchase, and when you wish to plant them.
We will cover you liberally gratis on the stock you want that have over 2000 different kinds.
**EVERGREENS, FRUIT TREES,
SHRUBBERY, ETC.**
Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

COLONEL HOHENLOHE-SHILLINGS-... starts right out by showing that there may be a great deal in a name, after all.

TO RE-EMPLOY a well-worn saying—the boundary dispute between Mexico and Guatemala is to be settled by peaceful means even if both countries have to fight to that end.

LONDON has "reformed" its music halls by making stringent regulations as to the character of both performers and frequenters. In a selfish sense American moralists have little reason to rejoice over this much-needed reform.

THE Chinese Six companies, in ordering the Celestials not to give evidence in suits brought under the Geary law, set themselves above the courts and the statutes of the United States and invite investigation by the federal authorities.

THAT the students at the Northwestern university should have to organize to suppress cribbing among themselves at examinations would seem to suggest that President Rogers and his cabinet have failed to use their disciplinary powers sufficiently.

THERE is not the slightest doubt that the spread of diphtheria and other deadly contagious diseases is largely due to the ignorance, thoughtlessness or selfishness of parents. The only way to protect the public is to rigidly quarantine the houses when cases are known to exist.

THE statistics presented by the British medical association show that it is possible for a steady drinker of spirituous liquors to live as long as the oldest of total abstainers. These cases, however, do not prove that abstinence from tobacco and liquor is not conducive to longevity.

PITTSBURG claims to possess the smartest bill posters in the country. If a hat box is left outside the house the owner is quite likely to find a cigarette beauty, a ballet girl or some new kind of headache cure upon it.

Those people who have denied themselves the pleasure of eating grapes during the past season for fear that some grape seed would wander along down the intestinal way until it reached that little old de sac, called the vermiform appendage, are then dropping in, as an apprehensive as was the chronically-well old lady who would never wear any stockings but spied upon new ones, explaining that she might some day have a fit on the street and then how she would look with a hole in her stocking.

A BRITISH officer, who apparently knows, says that it "would be as reasonable to pit brave men armed with pitchforks against brave men armed with rifles as to pit man for man, the Chinese in their present condition against the Japanese. Of all native and colonial troops," said he, "I would, next to Ghorakas, prefer a regiment of Japanese. They are brave, temperate, patient and energetic, and at this moment the Chinese, wherever might be done with them, are 200 years behind the times."

We are accustomed to regard the Japanese as little better than half civilized, even though recent treaties with the great powers have placed her on equal footing with them. But there are many ways in which her people are eminently superior to the average American, who might profitably copy the example of the Japanese workman, who bathes his wife at least once a day, and sometimes twice. Public baths are provided on every street, which are fed by a constant current of cold and hot water. The bather plunges in, remains immersed some ten minutes, then comes out and receives a warm douch of fresh water.

JOHN HUSMAN of La Grasso, Wis., had a busy day a short time ago. In the morning his horse ran away and smashed up a costly carriage. In the afternoon another runaway bruised him, and in the evening he was shot accidentally.

FARMER Swayne of Huntington, Pa., who has unearthed the skeleton of a mastodon on his farm, is watching the mouths of the scientists who are busy to see if he can get a cent for his find. It is the best crop Farmer Swayne has raised in several years.

THE best way to appreciate how far the new football rules have eliminated the element of roughness from the game is to read the rules carefully and then refrain from witnessing any football matches.

THERE is a great excitement over the newly-discovered gold fields in Coalgardie, Western Australia, where, it is said, the precious metal is being mined like iron ore. "Four cuts of rock yielded 555 ounces of gold" and "the Londonderry mine has been sold to an English syndicate for \$1,350,000."

ROGER AND I.

It is a very simple story. My mother is Marian Ray, and I was 20 years old when I first met Roger Dermott at Somerset where I was passing the summer. We—my mother and I, who composed our entire family—had strayed to this quiet place because we knew that her lease of life was not for very long, and I grasped at any suggestion of possible relief to her, even as the drowning cat at straws, forgetting how frail they are. And it was terrible to me to think that I must be left alone in the great, wide world—alone and poor.

We were always together—my mother and I—for she was more like an elder sister than a parent, and we clung the closer now, for we felt that the time was short.

Therefore, I made her life as pleasant and easy as possible, and her only anxiety was for my lonely, unprotected future when we must leave her out under the flowers and the dew, and I would be friendless.

But I, feeling very brave and confident, as the young are prone to do, smiled back courageously into her face, and at last when my future began to be discussed, changed the subject of conversation.

And so we lived on at the seaside, and our two lives were very gay and untroubled, until the time came when a ray of sunshine slipped in, but, ah! when the sunshine goes again, I notice it is always darker than before it came. We were strolling along the beach one divine June morning, my arm around my mother in a tender, protecting way when she suddenly started from my side, advanced a few steps, and with a flush upon her pale face, held out her hand in a cordial greeting. Glancing up in surprise, I met the laughing brown eyes of Roger Dermott. He saluted me with a courteous bow, insisted upon taking my place beside mother, and together we resumed our morning walk. That was the beginning of many pleasant days. Days no longer lonely, for he was ever with us, no longer now was my heart filled with gloomy forebodings for the future, for Roger and I were betrothed.

It is wonderful what great strides hearts will make toward each other when isolated from society and surrounded by the wealth which dear Mother Nature loves to lavish upon her children.

Looking back upon that past, after the lapse of years, I think my eyes grow wet as somewhere within my breast Stabbed a faint and slithering pain never wholly laid to rest.

Somehow, that second spot has ever been to me as the graveyard in which all I ever loved lies sleeping; and yet there is no dust there to mark the spot.

Mr. Lee, my employer, was a general old gentleman, a perfect "book-worm," and I soon found my work engaging. Among books I could not be very lonely; and so the days wore away, and at last I grew quietly happy.

Some three years had elapsed since my mother's death, when one day, going into an unused room, I stumbled over a small wooden box.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, "if there isn't that box of second-hand books which I purchased two weeks ago!" They contained some valuable works, and are worth something.

So saying, he removed the lid from the box. I assisted him in assorting the contents. Almost the first volume I touched was a copy of Longfellow's poems, with Roger Dermott's name on the fly-leaf. Well, did I remember the book—which he had sent me the day before he had sailed for the Indies.

As I opened it, a folded paper fluttered from between the leaves to the floor. It was a letter addressed to me. Trembling like a leaf, I read these words:

"DARLING MARIAN—Forgive me if I do not come as early as you wish. Little Miss Jean has set her mind to do her favor. I have some influence with him, and I have consented to try and induce him to consent. I send this note to you, with the hope of Longfellow that I promised you. Please await patiently the coming of your 'Rooms.'"

The spring sunlight stole into the little room where I sat, staring my own mad folly in the face. Bowing my head upon my clasped hands, I wept tears of bitter grief. So, we were separated forever, and I, in my mad blindness, had done it all.

Two weeks later I came back to the old home by the sea. Almost the first person I met was the man, Dermott, who had just returned from his voyage. I went swiftly up to him and sturdily tramping pride under foot, in a low, trembling voice I told him the whole story, and begged him to forgive me.

Standing there in the sunset with the waters of the old ocean at our feet, Roger took my hand in his. "Darling," he said softly, "of course you are forgiven. Be my wife at once, and never doubt me again, Marian, never while you live!"

And standing there together, a happy faith and trust crept into our hearts—never to go away again—never any more.

Live Stock Around Paris. In order to ascertain the resources of the Seine department as far as victuals are concerned, the police authorities ordered a census to be taken of the live stock in the four yards in the immediate vicinity of Paris, which gave the following result: Guinea fowls, 453; turkeys, 1,316; geese, 3,240; ducks, 6,090; pigeons, 39,643; rabbits, 50,640, and poultry, 101,510.

A White Negro Girl. In Chambers county, Alabama, there resides a 16-year-old girl whose skin is as white and smooth as that of an Albino. Nine years ago she was a black as the regulation negro. The change is the result of a skin disease called leucoderma.

Not watching bravely for his coming, I watched the offing, where the ships rocked lazily to and fro, with the rising wind. The surf lines came booming up at the foot of the rocks, frothing and foaming angrily; the gulls whirled above my head, shrieking and dipping into the white-capped waves. And then, watching the sun go down, I began to wonder at Roger's delay. We had walked upon the beach every pleasant evening, but never before had I waited for his coming at this spot. And, thinking how pleased he would be to find me so much nearer than he anticipated, I smiled to myself as I marked at last his familiar form morning along the beach. But—where

was he going? He directed his steps to a little boat or cove on the shore, which I had never visited, for he had warned me of its danger when the tide was in.

As I heard of the sheltered cove, I perceived that the place was occupied, for there was the gleam of a gray dress, and then I saw a slender form. It was Miss Dean, the daughter of a fisherman, living near, and my heart gave a great, angry bound, as I saw that Roger evidently expected her. I saw her turn to meet him, and flinging back her long, dark hair from her prettily face, she seized his hands with a passionate gesture.

But I waited to see no more. Down from the rock I dashed, and turned toward home. Then, I composed myself, and walking quietly to the hotel, I sought my own apartments. My mother—gentle soul!—attributing my agitation to my parting with Roger, tried to soothe me, and I was too heart-sick to explain. In a short time, I heard his voice, asking the servant if we were engaged, and regardless of consequences, I sent down word that I was too ill to see him, on that, the last evening we were to be together.

The next morning, before the ship sailed, I wrote a line to Mr. Roger Dermott, and returning a book which I had found awaiting me, I told him that he was free; our engagement was at an end. And, with quiet scorn, I warned him not to write to me, for if he did, I would burn his letters unopened. And Roger Dermott knew that I never broke my word. I slipped his ring into the envelope, and so, it was all over.

After that we returned to our home in New York; and there the fever seized me. I went down to the aid of death, but my feet were staid at the portals, so I came back to life, with its duties and stern realities. One blow followed another in quick succession. Hardly had I regained my strength, when my mother set forth upon that last lonesome journey that we all must take alone.

With her dear hand in mine, I watched her as she "fell in sleep." She died unconscious of what had come to her. Roger, and I, and our two names were the last upon her lips. And we, who had always been together, were parted forever now!

I stood alone in the world. God help the poor woman who has that to say of herself, and with a woman's precarious chances of earning an honest livelihood. But I was fortunate in finding a friend, and just at the blackest hour of my night, the hour before the day-dawn, just when my heart had failed me, and desolate and alone I felt "hedge-d in" by all the pitiless world, a kind hand was stretched out to save me from despair. An old-time friend of my father offered me the charge of a circulating library, and too thankful for words, I turned my hand in gratitude, and turned my face in the direction of my work.

It was in the beginning of winter, and glad was I of the employment which would secure me from want during that inclement season, and I was ready for the hardest, most irksome task.

FEW TURTLES LEFT.

A CASE OF MAN'S WATCHFUL DESTRUCTIVENESS.

Not More Than Two or Three Dozen Turtles Left on the Galapagos Islands From Which Millions Have Been Taken by Visiting Ships.

Dr. Baur, who probably knows more about turtles than any other man living, has returned from Galapagos islands, writes the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Times.

He brings news of the almost entire extinction of the gigantic tortoise for whom he derives the name Long ago became celebrated. There are none of them left on any of the isles except Albemarle and Duncan. About a dozen remain on Duncan and a very few survive on Albemarle, high up in the mountains.

Science regards these islands as classical ground, because Darwin obtained there the first ideas which led to the investigations culminating in his book "The Origin of Species."

He visited only a portion of the archipelago, but his explorations resulted in the discovery of an extraordinary fauna, many kinds of animals being found that were unknown elsewhere in the world.

The most extraordinary of the animals peculiar to the archipelago were the huge black land tortoises. From them is derived the name Long ago given by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. Some of these turtles attained a weight of nearly one thousand pounds. Unfortunately for them it was soon discovered that they were particularly good to eat, and whaling and other vessels acquired a habit of stopping at the islands for supplies of fresh meat in this shape. The creatures served admirably for the purpose, inasmuch as they were on shipboard for many months and could be killed when wanted for the table. In this way six thousand turtles were taken from Charles island alone in one year. It has been reckoned that no fewer than ten millions of the animals have been carried away by ships from the archipelago since its discovery.

On the whole, it is rather surprising that I, a young man, should have explored Duncan island thoroughly and found twenty tortoises. Of these he took eight, sparing the rest. Four of them he sent to Chicago, where they are now alive at Lincoln park; the others died. Duncan island rises to a height of 1,200 feet above the sea level. Albemarle island reaches 1,500 feet above the sea level. At an elevation of 2,000 Dr. Baur got his biggest turtle, which was four feet long, three and one-half feet high and weighed 500 pounds. It was strong enough to walk about with three men riding on its back.

The archipelago consists of fifteen small islands. The line of the equator runs directly through it. It lies due west from the coast of Ecuador 650 miles. The supposition is that in an ancient epoch all of the islands formed part of a continuous land mass, but a subsidence of the latter beneath the sea left above water only the highest peaks of the mountains by which it is crowned. These peaks are the islands of today. Originally, it is imagined, the tortoises were all of one species, but the isolation of colonies thus left to survive in localities between which there could be no communication resulted in the development of different characters.

So by the time of the discovery of the archipelago each of the islands had its own peculiar kind of tortoise. One reason why the animals are so interesting is that they are very ancient, being survivors of the Tertiary period. They are vegetable feeders, browsing on the young shoots of cacti and grasses. In former times they visited the sea periodically, but the few survivors have abandoned the custom. Being very fond of fresh water, they have had the habit of making long pilgrimages to reach springs high up on the mountains. To get to them they would travel day and night at the rate of three or four miles an hour. Thus in the course of centuries regular roads were made by them to and from the watering places, and it was by following these well-traveled paths from the coast that the Spaniards first discovered the springs.

Captain David Porter visited the Galapagos islands several times between 1812 and 1814 on the United States frigate Essex. He was the first who noticed the difference of the tortoises on the different islands. He likewise published the first picture of one of the land turtles. His ship took on board large numbers of them. The next was called by the sailors "Galapagos mutton." Four British vessels captured in that neighborhood by Porter were found stocked with quantities of the turtles. At one time the Essex laid in a supply of fourteen tons weight of the animals. They were stowed away below like any other provisions, and used as occasion required.

It is a curious and disgusting fact as is their appearance, an animal of this kind is a more wholesome, luscious and delicate food than they are. The finest green turtle is no more to be compared to them in point of excellence than the coarsest beef is to the finest veal.

In 1829 the government of Ecuador established a penal colony on one of the islands, which relied principally upon the tortoise for fresh meat. Later a factory was set up for the purpose of obtaining their oil, of which a big fat specimen would yield five or six gallons. Dogs, too, introduced by the colonists and by ships, have destroyed myriads of the young turtles, waiting for them to hatch and then devouring them. The animals are known to live to a great age, probably not less than 300 years. They are thought to be entirely deaf, taking no notice even of the report of a gun close by.

A Curious Electric Clock. At Leeds, England, there is an electric clock which has been continually ticking of the time since 1840. It is a queer-looking horological instrument, without either springs or weights, and only having three wheels. It was made by James Smith, an optician and a relative of the present owner, Mr. Edward Smith, jeweler. Mr. Smith says that the motive power of this queer clock is "natural electricity," another clock or battery being used. It is kept going by a brass cylinder, containing two and one-half miles of fine coiled copper wire, the whole being attached to the lower end of the pendulum, which moves back and forth over a magnetized steel bar. This is probably the only clock in the world which is driven by the pendulum, instead of vice versa.

HE STRUCK OIL ONCE.

And If He Didn't Get a Fortune He Got a Bit of Revenge.

"I see petroleum has been discovered in Marin county and a company is buying up all the land in the neighborhood," remarked a rancher at a San Francisco hotel and it was noticed that there was a tinge of incredulity in his tone.

"Yes; I believe they have struck oil up that way," was the corroborative evidence of one of his hearers.

"Well, I'll believe it when they commence piping it into tanks, and not a minute before. I struck oil once."

"Is that the way you made your fortune?"

"Yes; that's the way I made my fortune, which at the present time lacks just \$2,000 of being a blamed cent. Those are my liabilities; assets nominal, as the papers say."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, it was this way: I had a mineral spring on my ranch up in Lake county, and the gas that came out of it used to kill little birds that came to the spring. 'Natural gas,' says I, and commenced poking around with a little spade. Then a yellow, greasy scum formed on the water. 'Coal oil,' says I, and I commenced dreaming of tanks of petroleum and barrels of money. I got a cheap drilling outfit, and bored a hole down about eighty feet, and all the neighbors sat around laughing at me, but I reckoned on having the last laugh.

"Now, look here, Mary Ann, don't chirkow. I don't want to kick up the hole smelling awful strong of coal oil, and the first lift brought up a lot of oil that burned for half an hour. 'I've struck oil,' says I to myself, but I kept it quiet. I let a few of my friends up all the land around there, and got an expensive outfit and commenced drilling. We punched the ground full of holes for about six months, and couldn't find enough oil to make a grease spot on a silk dress. It broke the whole crowd of us."

"How did you chance to strike that little pocket of oil in the first place?"

"I just found out that one of the neighbor's boys poured a five-gallon can of coal oil in the hole one night to make me feel good, and if anybody should ask you, you can tell them that I am feeling a blamed sight better than he is right now, for his dad went broke on it, too, and we took turn about walloping him."

On the Hotel. First Actor—How much do you earn in your new role? Second Actor—I earn about \$500 a week, but the manager only gives me \$25.—Texas Siftings.

LIGHT DIVERSION. "Did Mr. Oatlin seem to enjoy the play?" "Yes, indeed; the orchestra played selections that he could pat the time to with both hands and feet."

Sympathetic Neighbor—And your poor dear husband has just died? Grief Stricken Widow—Yes, Poor Jim! He was always doing something to make me happy!

"I understand," said Miss Fledgling, that the baron de Faigue has lost his reputation." "Indeed!" replied Miss O'Hibbard. "Well, for his sake I sincerely hope so."

Hoax—That man's a philanthropist. He's the founder of the S. P. U. P. S. W. Joax—What's that? Hoax—Society to Protect an Unsuspecting Public from Popular Song Writers.

Bob—What did the lecturer say when you threw those cabbages at him? Dick—Oh, he said he had hoped the audience would be pleased, but he really hadn't expected they would entirely lose their heads.

"We are going to have Mabel very highly educated," said a clever man, recently. "I don't want to be highly educated," came in the unexpected voice of Mabel, a little tot of five, from another room, "I want to be just like you."

LORDS OF CREATION. A Cincinnati man who advertises a fine steel instrument for ten cents' worth of stamps, returns a needle to inquirers.

"Is Chinner making any money out of politics?" "Not a cent. Says he is perfectly satisfied with what he makes it."

The chief of police in Baltimore says that he never found boys in the schools until lager beer was introduced and games prepared to entertain them.

It is claimed that a college graduate's chances of obtaining a fair degree of eminence are as 250 to 1 as compared with the men who have not been to college.

King Theodor of Abyssinia, punished Christian missionaries by compelling them to stand in the blazing sun while his generals was read, a period of four hours.

Frederick Masson lately discovered, and Paris Journal has published, a manuscript in which Napoleon, in 1791, maintained that love, being injurious to the individual and to the community, should be banished from the world.

A family of father, mother, daughter and five sons in a northern county of New York, averages six feet three inches. The daughter is just six feet, and the shortest of the family. The tallest son is six feet, six inches; the father is six feet and two inches.

"I am surprised, Bobby," said his father, reprovingly, "that you should strike your little brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to hit one smaller than yourself?" "Then why do you hit me, pa?" inquired the boy with an air of having the better of it.

"Upon my place at home there is an apple-tree, the fruit of which is sweet on one side and sour on the other," said C. E. Harrington, of Baltimore, Md., recently. "It has been known for many years that these apples are sweet, but no one has ever been able to explain the phenomenon."

WANT TO STAR.

Quaver Ways of Housemaids Who Long to Be Actresses.

Young women employed in shops and passably good looking housemaids are especially attracted by the glare of the footlights, and it is a notorious fact that when a great spectacle is produced at the opera house or the Auditorium servants immediately command a premium, says the Chicago Tribune.

All the Susans and Mary Janes of the city are eager to enroll themselves under the Kiraly banner, and without doubt each individual figurant considers herself "an actress."

A popular actress on tour was recently started in her lodgings by a shock-headed servant girl, very deaf and very dirty, saying: "I saw yer last night, miss. My, acting is easy; you've only got to walk on the stage and talk a bit. I wish I'd a taken to it instead of going out to service."

Mr. Bancroft was once puzzled for some time by a rough scrawl he received (it was on the back of a grocer's wrapper) intimating that the writer "wanted to go on the stage." It was not until after much manipulation of his spectacles that he gathered that "stag" must be intended for stage. Again, a former domestic servant in the employ of one of our most popular comedians was found fault with by her master after having given very serious cause of complaint. She used to fancy herself Mariana in the "Moated Grange," and just before the family breakfast time, when she ought to have been making bread or looking after the cooking of chops or kidneys or bacon for breakfast, she would be found moaning around the back garden gazing into lilies and striking rapturous attitudes in front of sunflowers. But the popular comedian wanted his breakfast, so one day he was forced to say to her, with all his natural kindness of manner:

"Now, look here, Mary Ann, don't chirkow. I don't want to kick up the hole smelling awful strong of coal oil, and the first lift brought up a lot of oil that burned for half an hour. 'I've struck oil,' says I to myself, but I kept it quiet. I let a few of my friends up all the land around there, and got an expensive outfit and commenced drilling. We punched the ground full of holes for about six months, and couldn't find enough oil to make a grease spot on a silk dress. It broke the whole crowd of us."

"How did you chance to strike that little pocket of oil in the first place?"

"I just found out that one of the neighbor's boys poured a five-gallon can of coal oil in the hole one night to make me feel good, and if anybody should ask you, you can tell them that I am feeling a blamed sight better than he is right now, for his dad went broke on it, too, and we took turn about walloping him."

On the Hotel. First Actor—How much do you earn in your new role? Second Actor—I earn about \$500 a week, but the manager only gives me \$25.—Texas Siftings.

LIGHT DIVERSION. "Did Mr. Oatlin seem to enjoy the play?" "Yes, indeed; the orchestra played selections that he could pat the time to with both hands and feet."

Sympathetic Neighbor—And your poor dear husband has just died? Grief Stricken Widow—Yes, Poor Jim! He was always doing something to make me happy!

"I understand," said Miss Fledgling, that the baron de Faigue has lost his reputation." "Indeed!" replied Miss O'Hibbard. "Well, for his sake I sincerely hope so."

Hoax—That man's a philanthropist. He's the founder of the S. P. U. P. S. W. Joax—What's that? Hoax—Society to Protect an Unsuspecting Public from Popular Song Writers.

Bob—What did the lecturer say when you threw those cabbages at him? Dick—Oh, he said he had hoped the audience would be pleased, but he really hadn't expected they would entirely lose their heads.

"We are going to have Mabel very highly educated," said a clever man, recently. "I don't want to be highly educated," came in the unexpected voice of Mabel, a little tot of five, from another room, "I want to be just like you."

LORDS OF CREATION. A Cincinnati man who advertises a fine steel instrument for ten cents' worth of stamps, returns a needle to inquirers.

"Is Chinner making any money out of politics?" "Not a cent. Says he is perfectly satisfied with what he makes it."

The chief of police in Baltimore says that he never found boys in the schools until lager beer was introduced and games prepared to entertain them.

It is claimed that a college graduate's chances of obtaining a fair degree of eminence are as 250 to 1 as compared with the men who have not been to college.

King Theodor of Abyssinia, punished Christian missionaries by compelling them to stand in the blazing sun while his generals was read, a period of four hours.

Frederick Masson lately discovered, and Paris Journal has published, a manuscript in which Napoleon, in 1791, maintained that love, being injurious to the individual and to the community, should be banished from the world.

A family of father, mother, daughter and five sons in a northern county of New York, averages six feet three inches. The daughter is just six feet, and the shortest of the family. The tallest son is six feet, six inches; the father is six feet and two inches.

"I am surprised, Bobby," said his father, reprovingly, "that you should strike your little brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to hit one smaller than yourself?" "Then why do you hit me, pa?" inquired the boy with an air of having the better of it.

"Upon my place at home there is an apple-tree, the fruit of which is sweet on one side and sour on the other," said C. E. Harrington, of Baltimore, Md., recently. "It has been known for many years that these apples are sweet, but no one has ever been able to explain the phenomenon."

WANT TO STAR.

Quaver Ways of Housemaids Who Long to Be Actresses.

Young women employed in shops and passably good looking housemaids are especially attracted by the glare of the footlights, and it is a notorious fact that when a great spectacle is produced at the opera house or the Auditorium servants immediately command a premium, says the Chicago Tribune.

All the Susans and Mary Janes of the city are eager to enroll themselves under the Kiraly banner, and without doubt each individual figurant considers herself "an actress."

A popular actress on tour was recently started in her lodgings by a shock-headed servant girl, very deaf and very dirty, saying: "I saw yer last night, miss. My, acting is easy; you've only got to walk on the stage and talk a bit. I wish I'd a taken to it instead of going out to service."

Mr. Bancroft was once puzzled for some time by a rough scrawl he received (it was on the back of a grocer's wrapper) intimating that the writer "wanted to go on the stage." It was not until after much manipulation of his spectacles that he gathered that "stag" must be intended for stage. Again, a former domestic servant in the employ of one of our most popular comedians was found fault with by her master after having given very serious cause of complaint. She used to fancy herself Mariana in the "Moated Grange," and just before the family breakfast time, when she ought to have been making bread or looking after the cooking of chops or kidneys or bacon for breakfast, she would be found moaning around the back garden gazing into lilies and striking rapturous attitudes in front of sunflowers. But the popular comedian wanted his breakfast, so one day he was forced to say to her, with all his natural kindness of manner:

"Now, look here, Mary Ann, don't chirkow. I don't want to kick up the hole smelling awful strong of coal oil, and the first lift brought up a lot of oil that burned for half an hour. 'I've struck oil,' says I to myself, but I kept it quiet. I let a few of my friends up all the land around there, and got an expensive outfit and commenced drilling. We punched the ground full of holes for about six months, and couldn't find enough oil to make a grease spot on a silk dress. It broke the whole crowd of us."

"How did you chance to strike that little pocket of oil in the first place?"

"I just found out that one of the neighbor's boys poured a five-gallon can of coal oil in the hole one night to make me feel good, and if anybody should ask you, you can tell them that I am feeling a blamed sight better than he is right now, for his dad went broke on it, too, and we took turn about walloping him."

On the Hotel. First Actor—How much do you earn in your new role? Second Actor—I earn about \$500 a week, but the manager only gives me \$25.—Texas Siftings.

LIGHT DIVERSION. "Did Mr. Oatlin seem to enjoy the play?" "Yes, indeed; the orchestra played selections that he could pat the time to with both hands and feet."

Sympathetic Neighbor—And your poor dear husband has just died? Grief Stricken Widow—Yes, Poor Jim! He was always doing something to make me happy!

"I understand," said Miss Fledgling, that the baron de Faigue has lost his reputation." "Indeed!" replied Miss O'Hibbard. "Well, for his sake I sincerely hope so."

Hoax—That man's a philanthropist. He's the founder of the S. P. U. P. S. W. Joax—What's that? Hoax—Society to Protect an Unsuspecting Public from Popular Song Writers.

Bob—What did the lecturer say when you threw those cabbages at him? Dick—Oh, he said he had hoped the audience would be pleased, but he really hadn't expected they would entirely lose their heads.

"We are going to have Mabel very highly educated," said a clever man, recently. "I don't want to be highly educated," came in the unexpected voice of Mabel, a little tot of five, from another room, "I want to be just like you."

LORDS OF CREATION. A Cincinnati man who advertises a fine steel instrument for ten cents' worth of stamps, returns a needle to inquirers.

"Is Chinner making any money out of politics?" "Not a cent. Says he is perfectly satisfied with what he makes it."

The chief of police in Baltimore says that he never found boys in the schools until lager beer was introduced and games prepared to entertain them.

It is claimed that a college graduate's chances of obtaining

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 N. J. Villas went to the farm of Mrs. Fromer, near Jamestown, S. D. Seeing him at the barn she went to see what he wanted. When she approached Villas knocked her down with a club and beat her into insensibility. He dragged her into the barn and assaulted her, and then threw her into the well and set fire to the barn and left. The barn was burned to the ground, but Mrs. Fromer escaped death in the well. She managed to climb out of the well and go to the house. Taking her children she crawled on her hands and knees to a neighbor's two miles away and died after telling her story. Villas was captured and jailed.

Two of the largest savings banks in Hartford, Conn., the Society for Savings and the Mechanics' Savings bank, have notified all large depositors, especially those having \$10,000 in one deposit, to reduce the amount to below \$3000. This step is taken in view of the provisions of the income tax law, which provides that all savings institutions of mutual or no capitalizing organization which have individual deposits amounting to \$10,000 or more, or that receive \$10,000 or more from an individual depositor in the year, are liable to the tax of 2 per cent on the entire income of the bank.

At Jackson, Miss., the federal grand jury by a vote of more than two to one refused to indict the governor, treasurer and attorney general in the matter of printing the Mississippi state warrants, it being alleged by Chief Haze, supported by Secretary Carlisle and Attorney General Olney, that they violated the laws, "being a libelous and similar to United States currency and national bank notes."

At Xenia, O., recently a wedding was celebrated, the ceremony being performed in the room adjoining that in which the bride's mother lay in her coffin ready for burial. George Pinkel of Springfield, O., was the groom, the bride was Mrs. Clarinda Hickens and the officiating clergyman was the Rev. R. P. Clark of Xenia. After the wedding the bride party took carriages and attended the funeral of the bride's mother.

The department of public works of Mexico has just approved the location of the line of the Mexico, Cuernavaca & Pacific Railroad from Cuernavaca to the port of Acapulco on the Pacific coast, a distance of 175 miles. The route of the road is through the towns of Puente de Ixtla, Iguala, Taxco, Chilpancingo and the richest agricultural section in tropical Mexico.

Gov. Fishback of Arkansas, by request of the governor of Mississippi, has appointed eleven delegates to represent Arkansas in the anti-optic convention to be held at Vicksburg, Miss., November 29. Gov. Stone of Mississippi urges that the interests to be considered at the convention are of the "most importance to the cotton and rice growing states."

At a recent meeting of the committee on arrangements for the forthcoming arbitration conference which will take place at Chicago under the auspices of the Civic Federation, the secretary reported that nearly thirty eminent speakers and thinkers had notified the committee of their intention to address the congress.

While the regular guards in the state prison at Columbus, O., were gone home to vote, there was a general fight in one of the prison shops between the whites and blacks. The ringleader of the riot was badly injured before it was quelled.

As eleven years is said to be the life of the average steel rail, the ten million tons now in use in the United States must sooner or later make way for others. These renewals involve an annual replacement of not less than 1,727,172 tons.

It is not likely that the force of mail clerks between Sedalia, Mo., and Denison, Texas, on the Katy will be reduced on account of the new service on the Iron Mountain. The tonnage of mail matter, however, will be greatly reduced.

Jessie Haller, who killed Frank Carpenter, near Cortez, Cal., last spring, started out recently to kill the entire family. He met a brother of Carpenter and a man named Dale. He killed Carpenter and dangerously wounded Dale.

John Burns, the great labor leader, will shortly leave his native Britain and visit the United States. He will come as the delegate of the Federation of British trade unions to the American congress of trades unions at Denver.

The Schulenberg and Boeckler Lumber company of St. Louis, Mo., has assigned. Preferences \$216,000; liabilities not yet known. Assets \$600,000, consisting of lumber lands in Illinois, Wisconsin, Kansas and Missouri.

Recently in clearing away the wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio road, east of Rockwell, Pa., the body of C. W. Minear, a brakeman, was found. This makes a total of six killed. No passengers were injured.

The British steamship Serate cut down the Italian bark Balastina Rosenta the other night. She was loaded with wheat for Europe, and was anchored off Point Indio, Brazil. Her crew was saved.

Four miles south of Litchfield, Ill., recently a farmer named A. Hottenroff shot and killed Mrs. Nemeyer and then fatally shot himself. The tragedy was the result of a quarrel over a piece of land.

Cardinal Gibbons says that the reunion of all Christian churches under one shepherd would be easier than it is generally imagined, and that the Catholic church could modify her disciplines.

Two men were mortally wounded and three others shot in a fight at the polls in Shelby county, Ala.

Two of the Cook gang, recently, entered the town of Lenape, Kan., in day time, and terrified the people, killing one man, looted two stores, getting some money, and rode away.

Recently burglars entered the home of an American family named Kelly at San Luis Potosi, Mex., murdered the lady of the house, seriously wounded her son and robbed the premises.

A 3-year-old child of Lewis McGuire, living near Worthville, Ky., was shot and instantly killed recently by her 10-year-old brother, who was fooling with an old shotgun.

Senator Isiah G. Harris was robbed of his gold watch and a small sum of money the other night in a hotel at Bolivar, Tenn. The thief entered his room while he was asleep.

The third floor of the city railway building at Montreal, Canada, collapsed recently, killing two persons, fatally injuring one and seriously injuring several others.

The prohibition against the landing of American cattle and American dressed meat is announced in a decree of the Hamburg senate from every port of Germany.

China wants peace. She is willing to cede all claims to Corea; but Japan having been victorious so far, wants more territory and all costs of the war made good.

The Export Coal company of Pensacola, Fla., has made an assignment to F. C. Brent, president of the First national bank of that city for the benefit of creditors.

In France 148,000 families have claimed exemption from certain taxes recently voted by the government on account of having seven or more children.

Large quantities of oranges are being shipped to the United States by the Mexican Orange Packing company from the Montemoreles plantation in Mexico.

From Rio Janeiro comes word that soldiers and sailors have been fighting with the police fiercely for two days, but there is no other disturbance there.

Sheriff Cook, of Washington county, Ohio, who to prevent a mob from hanging a negro who confessed to rape, was defeated at the late election.

Recently at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., the tug Crusader was burned. Henry Billings and Charles Whiffin, Port Huron firemen, were burned to death.

The Pina and Maricopa Indians of Arizona territory have resolved to quit the reservation system and take farms in severalty and settle down.

An Omaha, Neb., jury found for the defendant in Rev. Mr. Campbell's suit against Barker Johnson for \$50,000 for alienating his wife's affections.

At a voting precinct near Milam, Mo., on election day, in a fight D. L. Harris was brained with an ax in the hands of a man named Mather.

The distillers of Baltimore, Md., will test the constitutionality of the section of the new tariff law increasing the tax on whisky in bond.

The total value of the importations of sugar for the fiscal year 1893 is \$118,000,000, and for three months of 1894, \$127,000,000.

Actuated by jealousy, Humphrey Johnson of Collinwood, O., recently shot his wife through the head and then killed himself.

Over \$1000 has been subscribed in Kansas city, Mo., by good people to prosecute political rascals, frauds and dead beats.

Business failures, according to Bradstreet's commercial agency, were 474 for two weeks recently, footing up \$2,957,567.

George Robinson of Louisville, Ky., has endowed the Shenandoah Valley academy at Winchester, Va., with \$10,000.

Dr. Mary Walker is opposed to capital punishment, and addressed a large meeting at Boston recently on the subject.

The quarantining of German horses is proposed in retaliation for the exclusion of American cattle and fresh beef.

Assets of the Union Stock Yards company, of Sioux City, Ia., to the value of \$2,500,000 have been ordered sold.

The attorney general of Tennessee has brought suit against the cotton seed oil mills of that state.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage has just returned to Brooklyn, N. Y., from his tour around the world.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE'S RETURN FOR A SERMON TEXT.

The Text Being Chosen from Luke 15: xlii: "Bring Hither the Fatted Calf and Kill It"—A Touching Discourse on the Vicissitudes of Life.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 11.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, having concluded his round-the-world tour, has selected as the subject for to-day's discourse through the press: "Home Again."

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festive feasting and merriment, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our tables may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son, whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever, has got tired of sightseeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration. There is a calf in the pen that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never will be a grander day in the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work, and let the housekeepers bring into the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table and says grace, and thanks God that his long absent boy is home again. Oh! how they missed him! how glad they are to have him back. One brother indeed stands putting at the back door, and says: "This is a great day about nothing; this had boy should have been chastened instead of greeted; he is too good for him!" But the father says, "Nothing is too good; nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had so lately nearly now. Let the covers lift. Music! He is dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merry-making when a soul comes home to God.

First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great joy of the world is the parlor of the father's house. One night was a young man, who next morning rang my doorbell and said: "Sir, I can not contain myself with the joy I feel; I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen, perhaps, a man running for his physical liberty, and the officers of the law after him; and you saw him escape to a foreign land, and how great was the glee of that rescued man; but it is a very tame thing that compared with the running for one's everlasting life—the terrors of the law after him, and Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan, in his great story, tells how the Pilgrim put his fingers to his ears and ran, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car driver, after having had to struggle to support his family for years, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was joy amounting to bewilderment; but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of heaven, and he can truly say, "Its mansion are mine, its temples are mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine."

Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry-making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water-bright, sparkling water; to the morning-roseate, fireworked, mountain transfigured morning. I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort, and hope and heaven, and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in all this land and cry: "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!"

You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He rose in the presence of two churches—the church on earth and the church in heaven—and he said: "Now, this is my experience: sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things." If all the people who read this sermon knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera, his attendant said: "Give you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had my pain except sin." Then they said to him: "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would; tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surge of the sea, and I had to cry out, 'Glorious Lord! It is enough! Stop, Lord—enough!' Oh, the joys of this Christian religion!"

Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the gospel. The world can not satisfy you; you have found out—Alexander, longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron, whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire, cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry II., consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world can not make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode, shouted in the street, "God save the queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come into this greater joy, this holier life, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh, there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier, lying there a dying under the starlight, began to sing: There is a land of pure delight, And when he came to the next line there were scores of voices uniting: Where saints immortal reign.

The song was caught up all over the field among the wounded, until it was said there were at least ten thousand wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse: These everlasting joys abide, And never withering flowers; Death like a narrow stream divides, That heavenly land from ours. Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart throbbeth between you and that religion this moment. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and all is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it—you know it.

We are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty song and we can be merry with the merry, but those of us who have toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame in comparison with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great crisis of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen twenty of them. Thank God, thank God!

I notice also when the prodigal comes back all Christians rejoice. If you stood on a promontory and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing north to the storm, and a vessel crashed into the rocks and you saw people get ashore in the life boats and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock of Christ Jesus.

When prodigals come home just hear those Christians sing. It is not a dull tune you hear at such times. Just hear those Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication, we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, was but eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home.

Once more I remark, that when the prodigal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festival. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraphic chart, you have no idea how many cities are connected together and how many lands. Nearly all the telegraph lines of the earth seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls to-day should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hallelujah!" and another would say, "Hallelujah!"

Pleased with the news the angels below In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy. Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindle with new fire; The sinners lost is found, sing And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cleopatra the orator. At the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror. At the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher; but at our father's table all the angels of the east seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls to-day should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hallelujah!" and another would say, "Hallelujah!"

Pleased with the news the angels below In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy. Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindle with new fire; The sinners lost is found, sing And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cleopatra the orator. At the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror. At the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher; but at our father's table all the angels of the east seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls to-day should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hallelujah!" and another would say, "Hallelujah!"

Pleased with the news the angels below In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy. Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindle with new fire; The sinners lost is found, sing And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cleopatra the orator. At the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror. At the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher; but at our father's table all the angels of the east seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls to-day should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hallelujah!" and another would say, "Hallelujah!"

Pleased with the news the angels below In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy. Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindle with new fire; The sinners lost is found, sing And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cleopatra the orator. At the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror. At the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher; but at our father's table all the angels of the east seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls to-day should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hallelujah!" and another would say, "Hallelujah!"



HIS THANKSGIVING.

Mr. Lorrimor gave a hoarse shriek and fell back on his folding-bed so heavily that it nearly closed up with him. Chris, having heard the wild cry, banged the door shut in the furious woman's face and came in, looking scared.

"My Mr. Lorrimor, but she's got 'em bad! Wouldn't blame any man for leaving her. Golly, but she's mad!" "Oh, Chris!" returned the gentleman, faintly. "I swear I don't remember any woman out west. There was a girl, but I didn't look at her much. But she—she seems to know my name and the time I went out there and came back. Oh! I don't know—what does she mean? What does she look like? Quick, tell me; she's kicking the door in. The people down stairs will be up in a minute. What shall I do?"

"Respiration was on his forehead." "She ain't bad looking," said Chris, "she's kind of short and thick. She's got yellow hair cut short and curly and seems like she touched up her cheeks with paint. Looks kind o' tough."

Lorrimor groaned. "She's yelling again. Go there, Chris, go and save the door. Hear her. She says she's got the twins down stairs. Oh, what will I do if the squalling brats come up here. She's telling the names of the fellows I was with—see that—Crosby—Ruttan—Oh, she knows something. What if I did it when I was drunk—married that slangy, horrid thing? She had yellow hair that curled—she might have cut it—what if I did this dreadful thing—and had twins and deserted them—oh, but that couldn't be. I wasn't drunk for a year, though I might have been for a night. Chris, go out again—and—question her. Say I'm sick and ask her all about it. Tell her I never did anything so wicked—and all the circumstances have slipped my memory. Get the particulars."

Chris flew out and shut the door behind him. At that instant the street bell began to ring again. Lorrimor buried his face in the pillow and stopped his ears with the bath-robe. It was the twins perhaps. He forgot that two years old is young to reach a bell-button.

The next he knew Chris had returned, letting himself and another in with the latch key. Lorrimor felt a hand on his shoulder and heard the voice of a former college chum and intimate friend.

"Hazard!" he gasped. "Is that you?" "What's the row?" asked his friend. "Oh, Hazard, that woman—you saw her; what shall I do? What will people think?" "Well," said his friend, judiciously, "you know it might seem queer to see a young blonde female at the door of a straight laced fellow like yourself at this time of day. It's quite too late. You ought to manage better."

"I think you might leave out your joke and help me a little," said Lorrimor, scrambling to his feet in a fit of desperation. "Won't you, for heaven's sake, go out and send her away? It's easy to say I'm sick—say I've got smallpox or whooping cough or anything horrible, I beg of you. Offer her anything to go away. Tell her I don't remember the least thing about it."

"I'll do my best, old man," said Hazard, bravely, and hurried out. Lorrimor held his breath and crept near the door. Hazard was succeeding it seemed. He had reduced the conversation to whispers, broken now and then by something like a sob.

After many moments Hazard came to report. "I've fixed it, old fellow. She's agreed to compromise. I've promised her a lot of things—had to—"

"What did you promise?" Lorrimor wrapped his bath robe closer and looked resolute. "Well, first she says as to-day's Thanksgiving she requires a good dinner. She doesn't insist on Delmonico's—in fact there are other places she might prefer—more select and expensive. A party of six would suit her—including herself and you—"

"What?" roared Lorrimor. "She thinks I'll appear in public with her?" "Hush! Go slow, old man. The twins won't be in evidence. She'll look better in evening dress. There—so to the wine. There must be at least a dozen of champagne and a box of cigars for each of the six."

then get tired of her and desert her when her twin babies are only a month old, so she can't follow you. Oh, yes, Will Lorrimor—"

Mr. Lorrimor gave a hoarse shriek and fell back on his folding-bed so heavily that it nearly closed up with him. Chris, having heard the wild cry, banged the door shut in the furious woman's face and came in, looking scared.

"My Mr. Lorrimor, but she's got 'em bad! Wouldn't blame any man for leaving her. Golly, but she's mad!" "Oh, Chris!" returned the gentleman, faintly. "I swear I don't remember any woman out west. There was a girl, but I didn't look at her much. But she—she seems to know my name and the time I went out there and came back. Oh! I don't know—what does she mean? What does she look like? Quick, tell me; she's kicking the door in. The people down stairs will be up in a minute. What shall I do?"

"Respiration was on his forehead." "She ain't bad looking," said Chris, "she's kind of short and thick. She's got yellow hair cut short and curly and seems like she touched up her cheeks with paint. Looks kind o' tough."

Lorrimor groaned. "She's yelling again. Go there, Chris, go and save the door. Hear her. She says she's got the twins down stairs. Oh, what will I do if the squalling brats come up here. She's telling the names of the fellows I was with—see that—Crosby—Ruttan—Oh, she knows something. What if I did it when I was drunk—married that slangy, horrid thing? She had yellow hair that curled—she might have cut it—what if I did this dreadful thing—and had twins and deserted them—oh, but that couldn't be. I wasn't drunk for a year, though I might have been for a night. Chris, go out again—and—question her. Say I'm sick and ask her all about it. Tell her I never did anything so wicked—and all the circumstances have slipped my memory. Get the particulars."

Chris flew out and shut the door behind him. At that instant the street bell began to ring again. Lorrimor buried his face in the pillow and stopped his ears with the bath-robe. It was the twins perhaps. He forgot that two years old is young to reach a bell-button.

The next he knew Chris had returned, letting himself and another in with the latch key. Lorrimor felt a hand on his shoulder and heard the voice of a former college chum and intimate friend.

"Hazard!" he gasped. "Is that you?" "What's the row?" asked his friend. "Oh, Hazard, that woman—you saw her; what shall I do? What will people think?" "Well," said his friend, judiciously, "you know it might seem queer to see a young blonde female at the door of a straight laced fellow like yourself at this time of day. It's quite too late. You ought to manage better."

"I think you might leave out your joke and help me a little," said Lorrimor, scrambling to his feet in a fit of desperation. "Won't you, for heaven's sake, go out and send her away? It's easy to say I'm sick—say I've got smallpox or whooping cough or anything horrible, I beg of you. Offer her anything to go away. Tell her I don't remember the least thing about it."

"I'll do my best, old man," said Hazard, bravely, and hurried out. Lorrimor held his breath and crept near the door. Hazard was succeeding it seemed. He had reduced the conversation to whispers, broken now and then by something like a sob.

After many moments Hazard came to report. "I've fixed it, old fellow. She's agreed to compromise. I've promised her a lot of things—had to—"

"What did you promise?" Lorrimor wrapped his bath robe closer and looked resolute. "Well, first she says as to-day's Thanksgiving she requires a good dinner. She doesn't insist on Delmonico's—in fact there are other places she might prefer—more select and expensive. A party of six would suit her—including herself and you—"

The kicking ceased. Hazard came back. "She says for you to call out loudly in your own voice that you promise."

"I promise!" yelled Lorrimor. "On your honor as a gentleman?" "On my honor as a gentleman. Well, why doesn't she go away?" "She's straightening her hat; it come off."

"But, I say, Hazard, it's an infernal shame. I—"

"Old man, I'm afraid it's all too true."

"That I married her?" Lorrimor's knees trembled.

"Well, perhaps not you yourself exactly. But some one else might have used your name—pretended to be you—"

Lorrimor jumped a foot high. "Crosby! Crosby did it. It's his work. That woman's name is Crosby. She's his wife—and just to think that smooth-faced, innocent-looking—"

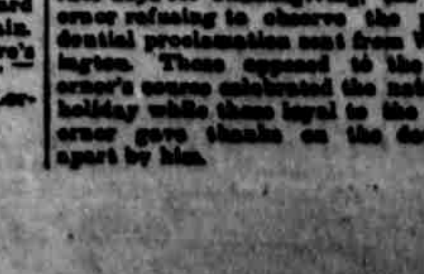
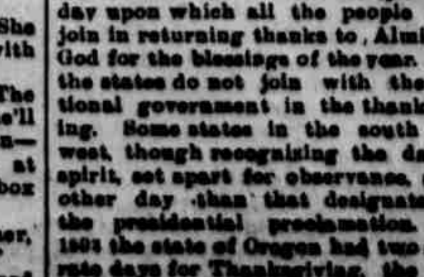
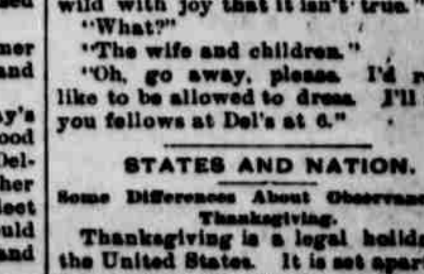
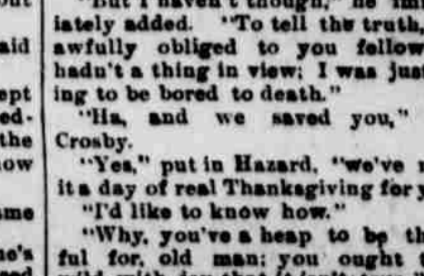
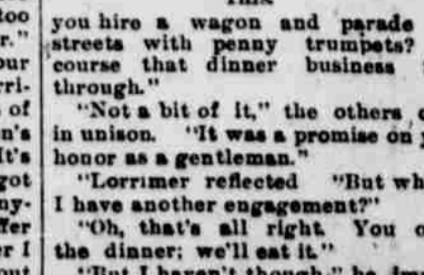
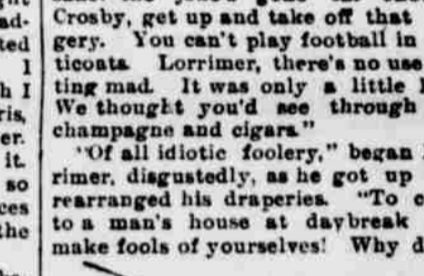
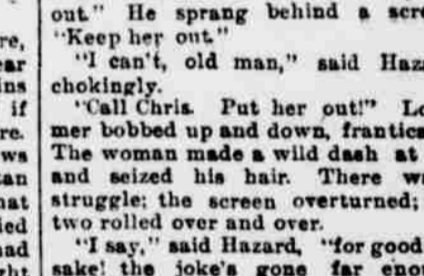
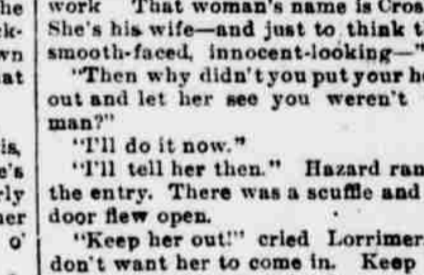
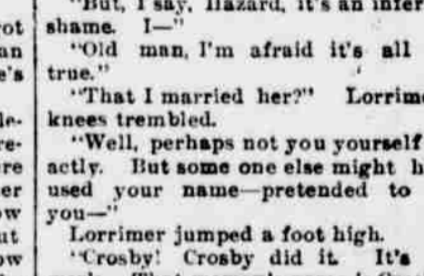
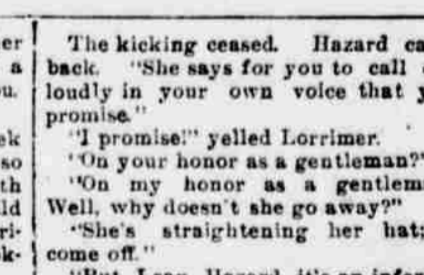
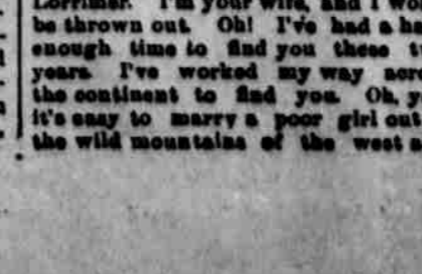
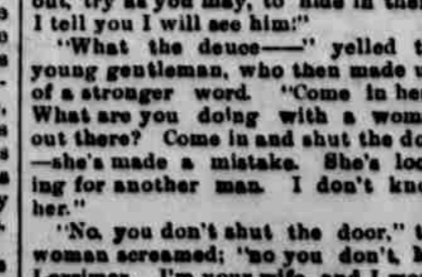
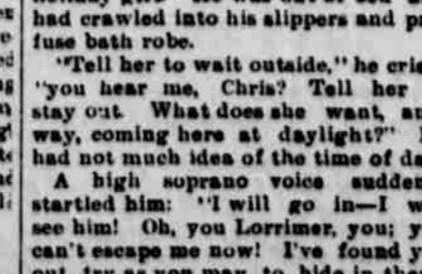
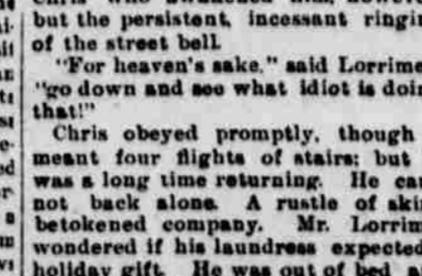
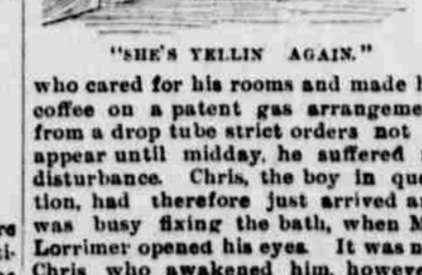
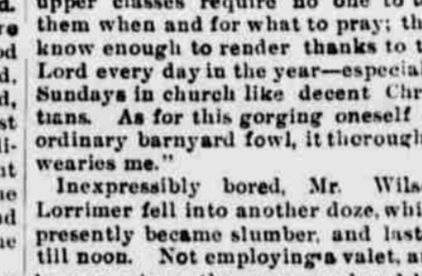
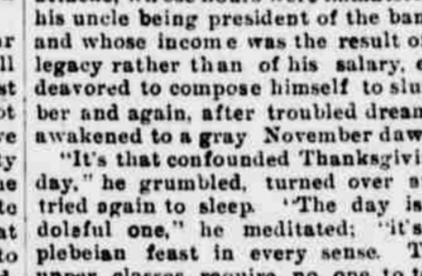
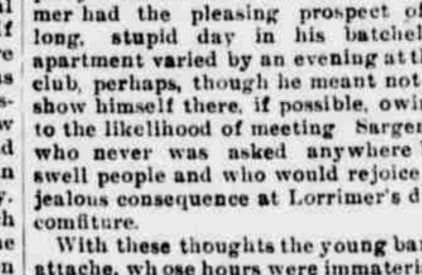
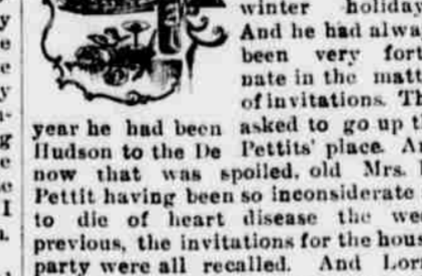
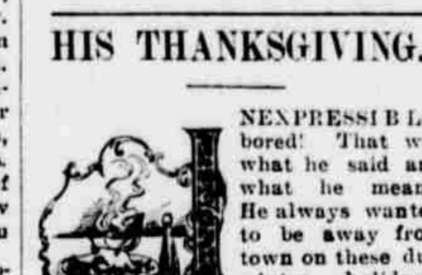
"Then why didn't you put your head out and let her see you weren't the man?" "I'll do it now."

"I'll tell her then." Hazard ran to the entry. There was a scuffle and the door flew open.

"Keep her out!" cried Lorrimor. "I don't want her to come in. Keep her out." He sprang behind a screen. "Keep her out!"

"I can't, old man," said Hazard, chokingly.

"Call Chris. Put her out!" Lorrimor bobbed up and down, frantically. The woman made a wild dash at him and seized his hair. There was a struggle; the screen overturned; the two rolled over and over.



STATES

BATTLE SHIP MAINE.

TRULY A FORMIDABLE ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.

Ten Years Almost Consumed During Her Construction—Her Torpedo Tubes Protect Every Side—Cost Two and One Half Million Dollars.

HER VESSEL IS greatly more formidable for war purposes than the cruisers which have been added to our navy, on account of her strong defensive armor and the heavy guns she will carry. She was designed by the navy department and built at the Brooklyn yard, under an act of congress approved Aug. 3, 1886. Her armor was made by the Bethlehem steel works and the long thin plates in the construction are distributed to delay in receiving the armor plates. The vessel was launched Nov. 18, 1890.

The Maine is built of steel throughout. Length over all, 324 feet 4 1/2 inches; load water line, 318 feet 3 inches; extreme beam, 37 feet; mean draught, 21 feet 6 inches; displacement, 6,682 tons. She has a protective belt of nickel-steel armor, 12 inches thick, for a distance of 180 feet of her length on each side, covering her machinery and vital parts. The bottom is double, with numerous subdivisions, and she has a protective deck of steel, 2 inches thick amidships and 4 inches thick on the sloping parts. She is designed to have a speed of 17 knots, and her coal-carrying capacity is rated as sufficient for 7,000 knots steaming. The engines were built by Mr. N. F. Palmer, Jr. & Co., New York city, and are of the vertical, inverted cylinder, triple-expansion type, the cylinder being 36 1/2, 57 and 88 inches in diameter, and the stroke, common, 36 inches. There are two engines actuating twin three-blade screws, of a diameter of 15 feet each. At 132 revolutions the engines are designed to give about 9,000 indicated horse power. There are eight steel boilers, 14 feet in diameter by 10 feet in length, working at a pressure of 135 pounds. The pumps are of the Blake type, and they supply hydraulic power for a variety of uses. The battery of the Maine is to consist of four 10 inch rifled guns mounted in two turrets, one forward on the starboard side and one aft on the port side. These guns will be protected by the 12 inch armor of the turrets and by 8 inch shields. They each throw a projectile weighing 500 pounds. An auxiliary battery consists of ten 6 inch rifles on the battery deck, protected by 3 inch shields, and there is a secondary battery including four 6-pounder, eight 3-pounder, and two 1-pounder rapid firing guns, with four revolving cannon and four Gatling



THE MAINE.

guns. There will also be seven torpedo tubes, with range round the entire horizon. She will have a crew of about 350 officers and men, and her cost is placed at \$7,500,000.

Remarkable Cycling.

The recent twenty-four hours cycling for the Ocea cup, England, resulted in a decisive victory for F. W. Shorland of the North Road club, Shorland having been successful in 1892 and 1893, thus securing the cup, which is valued at 100 guineas, outright. So great was the excitement aroused by the contest, that when the race started at 8 o'clock on Friday evening about 10,000 spectators were present and of these about 6,000 remained on the scene till ground throughout the night. From the very commencement of the race Shorland rode at a great pace, breaking records from eleven to fifteen miles, an extraordinary thing to do in a long distance ride, and following this up by beating all previous English records from 101 miles, and all world's records from the thirteenth hour to the finish of the race. His total was 460 miles 1,296 yards. At the conclusion of the race the crowd assembled all over the track, and so great was the desire to get near and congratulate the winner that it required the services of a number of police constables to escort him safely to his dressing tent. Shorland's only rest was one of nine minutes, when he had been riding about twelve hours.

Trials of a Dynamite Gun.

One of the 15-inch dynamite guns was tested at Sandy Hook, Aug. 15. The gun is 50 feet long. After firing three dummies, two shells loaded with 200 pounds of high explosives were fired so as to drop in the main channel. A slight noise like a whistle was the only sound made in firing. When the projectiles struck the water, a dash of spray was visible, a moment afterward the shell exploded, throwing up water and sand to the height of 400 feet. The concussion of the explosion could be plainly felt on shore and on vessels in the vicinity. Sandy Hook is being provided with gun lifts and breech loading mortars, which in addition to the dynamite guns would make it well nigh impossible for a hostile vessel to enter the harbor. All ships provided that they are of any considerable draft must necessarily pass within three miles of Sandy Hook and therefore directly under the guns located at this point.

Nothing is Wasted in Paris.

Even the smallest scrap of paper, that which every one throws away, here becomes a source of profit. Old provision lines, for instance, are full of money; the lead soldering is removed and melted down into coins, while the tin goes to make children's toys. Old boots, however bad, always contain in the arch of the foot at least one sound piece that will serve again, and generally there are two or three others in the sole, the heel and at the back.

CANTANKEROUS BEAR.

ERASTUS HAD ALL SORTS OF FUN IN HIS OWN WAY.

For a Year He Kept the Good People of His Part of the Country in a Turmoil—But He Met His Match at Last—Some of His Many Tricks.

"Erastus from Wayback is gone at last," said Colonel Noah Parker, of Gardau, McKean county, down on the Sinnemahoning portage waters, to the New York Sun man. "Erastus just appeared in our district about a year ago, and we found that he hailed from 'way back on the head of Indian Run. He had a white patch of fur just under his chin and a peculiar limp. The white patch of fur looked exactly like old Erastus Gregg's chin whiskers, and the limp was also just like one old Erastus had, and so we took to calling him Erastus on that account. He was the biggest and most mischievous and destructive bear that ever showed up in that county, and everybody who had a gun sported a good deal of time trying to lay Erastus low.

"In the first place, he came right into the back yard of my hotel one day, shook the life plumb out of my dog Pete, chased the hired man into the cellar, scared three boarders so bad that they left the house the same day, and then took two of my very best hives of bees, a hive under each arm, and walked away with them into the woods before anybody had time to think of a gun. Half a dozen fellows started after him, loaded for bear if ever any party was. He led them a dance all over that district for more than a week, and cowered them every time. Every little while they'd find a piece of one or the other of my beehives on the bear's trail, showing that he had time to regale himself on my honey as he passed, but that was as near as any of them came to getting at him.

"They hadn't been back a week when Cyrus Crane, from back here on Misery Outpost, came into my place all in a sweat and said: "Colonel," said he, "there's a bear as big as a steer, and with whiskers and a limp so much like Erastus Gregg's that I thought it was him first, just more than playing hob with things up to my place. If some one doesn't come up there and kill him he'll have my whole dig farm."

"So some of the boys got their guns again and started for Cy Crane's to see what they could do toward ridding the farm of the big posky bear. It was good they got there just as they did, for Erastus from Wayback as they had taken to calling the bear, was playing hob around the place for a fact. He had killed three sheep, upset all of Cy's beehives and broken into the milkhouse. He had got away with twelve quarts of cream, spilled a dozen pans of milk on the milkhouse floor and kicked nine rolls of butter around in the dirt. Cy's wife and daughter had locked themselves up in the house while Cy got out of a back window and came bearing to my place for a rescuing party, and when the party got near there Erastus was in the act of breaking into the cellar. He heard the men and dogs coming, though, and by the time they got to Cy's house the bear had climbed the high hill on the edge of Cy's back meadow, and was gazing back, out of reach, with the sassiest kind of looks at the hunters.

"Consider his impudence!" exclaimed Sid Bailey. "Give half my farm if I had a rattlin' nun for eight ten seconds! I'd learn that bear to sass!"

"Well, sir, after they had saved from the bear what things Cy's folks had, the party started on Erastus' trail again madder than any one can tell. And maybe he didn't give 'em another chase! Three days he led up hill and down and through swamps and launds, stopping now and then to wait for a dog to come up and be locked, until they couldn't get another of their dogs to come within gunshot of him. He went out of his way, too, whenever he felt like it to have some fun at a farm or a settlement here and there. Ben Comfort came along, leading with a rope a new cow he had bought.

"He didn't see the bear until he was even with it in the road, when Erastus rose on his hind feet and gave a snort. The boys were scared as bad as Ben was, and jumped for the wood. Ben hung on the rope, but the cow got to going so fast that it yanked Ben off his feet, and he had to let go the rope or take a little the liveliest trip through those woods that any one ever followed him, and he was on his feet and up a tree so quick that he didn't know how he did it. Then he looked back and saw that the bear was after him at all, but was standing in the road, a basket on each arm, and dancing about as if he was having heaps and heaps of fun. When the hunters got along that way Erastus was gone, but Ben was up the tree yet hollering for help. He came down when the party got there.

"By the horned spores!" said Ben. "The tremenjus bear, that ever stood, an' the only one I ever see with white chin whiskers! And he's skeert my new cow into convulsions, and I hain't sure but he's eat up my three young uns!"

"Ben had a chase of three miles through the woods before he caught up with his cow, and the hunters got disgusted and quit following the bear. After that we didn't hear any visits from Erastus for a good while, but we heard of him in other localities doing the most outlandish things and keeping folks in a turmoil.

"Well, finally the bear thought he would give the people in that district a little rest, and come over and have some more fun with us. He took down about five rods of rail fence for Sam Shepard one night, and piled the rails in the public road by the hill school-house. Sam Shepard happened to be on his way home that night from an shooting match at the Springs. It was moonlight, and he discovered Erastus in the midst of his rail-piling. Sam whanged away at the aggravating old cuss, and down went Erastus all in a heap among the rails. Sam thought he had settled the bear's hash at last, and being a little excited, he rushed up to take a look at him. But Erastus wasn't canted yet, not by a long

shot. Sam hadn't any more than reached the rail pile where the bear was than he jumped Erastus, and with swoop of a paw, sent Sam's gun flying. "There was no use for Sam to try to get it, for the bear was right on him and had him down among the rails only two quick. I guess Erastus would have made an end of Sam if young Bill Shafter hadn't been out to see his girl that evening, and was on his way home by a short cut. He heard Sam yelling and the bear snorting and snarling and the rails rattling, and ran to the spot. It didn't take him long to get the rail and pitch into the bear. At the first whack the bear turned from Sam to Bill, and gave Sam a chance to find his gun, and he put the muzzle of it against Erastus' head and blew the top of it nearly off. That was the end of the most cantankerous bear that ever made things lively on the Sinnemahoning waters, and you can bet a farm that there's a rejoicing lot of folks in all that spread."

HE JERKED HIS HEAD. How a Florida Groom Responded to the Interrogatories of the Notary.

It was a bashful young couple that appeared at the office of the county judge and applied for a marriage license, says the Florida Times-Union. The usual questions as to age, etc., were asked by Mr. Summers, the obliging clerk, and upon being answered in a satisfactory manner they were furnished with the document required to perfect their happiness. The groom then asked Mr. Summers, who is a notary public, if he would marry them, to which he replied that he would. Mr. Summers, seeing the bashfulness of the young couple, with great thoughtfulness shut the door and locked it, but he was not quick enough to keep out the reporter, who had "caught on to" the affair. The couple ranged themselves up in front of the railing and Mr. Summers commenced the ceremony. While he was going through the form the groom looked at the bride, who would drop her eyes, and then both would smile and give each other a slight pressure of the hand. When Mr. Summers arrived at that part of the ceremony where the groom is asked if he will take the bride for better, for worse, etc., he looked at the bride, gave a little grin and then looking at Mr. Summers gave a couple of quick jerks of the head. "You must say, 'I will,'" said Mr. Summers, and after looking at the bride again the groom ejaculated the necessary sentence. The bride was more prompt with her answer and the ceremony proceeded without further incident. Mr. Summers then gave them a certificate of marriage and the pair went out of the office swinging hands and "looking words of love."

Mistaken Diagnosis. Doting Parent—Mildred, I don't like to see you moping about the house as if you had lost all ambition. Rouse yourself. Now, I know that all you want is will power.

Indignant Daughter—Will Power? Mamma, I don't care two straws for him!

Speed of a Shot. According to an observer it took ten seconds for an 180-pound shot to reach a target two miles off, and from the gun, charge not stated. This is an average velocity of 1,820 feet per second.

RARE AND READABLE. Scotland has fifteen divorces to every 1,000,000 in population.

The man who has a high opinion of himself doesn't know himself. The emperor of Germany stands godfather to all seventh sons in Prussia.

People who can be spoiled by honest praise, are no account to begin with. There is sufficient latent energy in a cubic foot of air to kill a regiment.

The total production of whisky in the state of Kentucky for the past year was 20,133,103 gallons. A cow overturned a lamp in a New York house the other night and a large amount of damage was done.

WARRIOR OF THE SEA.

SWORDFISH WILL STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH.

Perilous Force in Their Blows—The Strange Fish Has an Unrelenting and Fiercely Nature—Interesting Battle in California Waters.

A short time ago the attention of the passengers on a steamer off the Southern California coast was attracted by what was evidently a fight between two sea monsters. What appeared to be a mountain of foam first caught their attention; then an enormous fall was seen tossed into the air. The monster breached and rolled over and over, beating the water into foam with resounding blows that could be brought a mile or more with the wind. Nothing but the great black mass could be seen, and for twenty minutes the strange sight continued to the wonderment of the voyagers.

If the steamer could have approached they would have witnessed a most unequal struggle between a large whale and a foe of insignificant size. Such a swordfish, or possibly one, were literally producing the large animal to its death, running their sharp swords into its unwieldy form until the creature was in a perfect fury and could only fling its huge tail about in impotent rage.

Such incidents are by no means rare at sea, and the presence of the swordfish as the cause of the trouble is often disputed, but in nine cases out of ten it is the offender. Enraged for some time at the presence of the whale, it dashes repeatedly at it, sending its sharp sword into it, and in some instances producing its death. The unrelenting and ferocious nature of the swordfish is not generally known, but the latter may be set down as the most dreadful of all fishes, considering the damage it does and the havoc it plays among other fishes. It may be said that the fish is utterly without fear and will, like the Cape buffalo or a rhinoceros, charge at anything that offends the eye, in this way often doing an amount of execution hardly to be believed did not the evidence exist.

The combats with his own kind are most interesting and may be compared to two expert swordsmen who have rushed to the contest, not with foils, but with rapiers, and fence for blood. Such a contest was observed in California waters not long ago. Some fishermen noticed two big fish leaping out of the water and dashing along at the surface. Soon they saw that they were swordfish. The season was when the fish are supposed to be pairing and the males are unusually ferocious. They had made several rushes, and when observed were at close quarters, striking each other several side blows like cavalrymen. This was unsatisfactory, and finally they separated and darted at each other like arrows, the water hissing as the sharp dorsal fins cut through it.

They evidently struck head on, one missing, while the sword of the other struck just below the eye and plowed a deep furrow in the fish, partly disabling it, so that it turned and attempted to escape. But its adversary, with his sword raised, also turned, and with a rush drove his sword completely through its body, and despite its struggles, held it fast, only wrenching its weapon loose when its enemy stopped swimming. This one lunge had finished the battle and the victor left the field. The vanquished, floating on the surface, was picked up by the fishermen. The writer later observed the wounds, which gave ample evidence of the ferocity of the attack. The force with which a swordfish strikes has been variously estimated, but that it is equal to that which drives a twenty-four-pound shot from a howitzer can be believed from viewing the results.

In the waters of California at least three kinds of swordfish can be seen: Xiphias gladius, tripturus albidus and histophorus gladius. The two former have been observed by the writer. The most common of the kind first described were of the kind first named. It is the ordinary swordfish found on both sides of the Atlantic, in appearance trim and shipshape—a veritable privateer. It is a piratical cousin of the mackerel. The striking feature is the sword—which is a continuation of the upper jaw into a sharp, bony sword. The jaws are toothless, the lower one being hard or horny. The eyes are large and prominent, the tail sickle-shaped and powerful and the whole appearance of the fish denotes speed and activity.

It attains a length of from five to nine feet, and when working at full speed, can pierce any ship of wooden hull sheathed with copper. Many remarkable instances of this are known, and there is hardly a week in the year but some of the kind is reported by shipping agents.

One of the most remarkable cases on record is that of the ship Dreadnaught. One day, at sea, the crew felt a sudden shock, and soon after that the ship sprang a leak and was obliged to put into port. It was found when she was dry-docked, that a large swordfish had struck her. The sword had penetrated the copper, then the thick oak hull, passing through the thick pine sheathing, and finally entering the head of a barrel standing in a convenient place. The sword was broken off short, partly plugging the wound.

The use of the sword is for killing food for the fish, and the method of attack has been repeatedly observed from the top masts of vessels. Nearing the school, the swordfish dashes into them, making vigorous blows right and left and up and down. He soon fills the water with gleaming particles of fish, which he picks up a cat at leisure. So savage is its nature that it kills often for the mere pleasure of it, dashing at the demoralized fish, slashing at them viciously, now spearing one and throwing it off by a vigorous movement, its wake being followed by numerous gulls and other birds that, attracted by the carnage, gorge themselves on the marine battle field.

A Robber. Office Seeker—Mr. President, don't you remember me? President—Yes, but I cannot place you.—Truth.

WARRIOR OF THE SEA.

SWORDFISH WILL STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH.

Perilous Force in Their Blows—The Strange Fish Has an Unrelenting and Fiercely Nature—Interesting Battle in California Waters.

A short time ago the attention of the passengers on a steamer off the Southern California coast was attracted by what was evidently a fight between two sea monsters. What appeared to be a mountain of foam first caught their attention; then an enormous fall was seen tossed into the air. The monster breached and rolled over and over, beating the water into foam with resounding blows that could be brought a mile or more with the wind. Nothing but the great black mass could be seen, and for twenty minutes the strange sight continued to the wonderment of the voyagers.

If the steamer could have approached they would have witnessed a most unequal struggle between a large whale and a foe of insignificant size. Such a swordfish, or possibly one, were literally producing the large animal to its death, running their sharp swords into its unwieldy form until the creature was in a perfect fury and could only fling its huge tail about in impotent rage.

Such incidents are by no means rare at sea, and the presence of the swordfish as the cause of the trouble is often disputed, but in nine cases out of ten it is the offender. Enraged for some time at the presence of the whale, it dashes repeatedly at it, sending its sharp sword into it, and in some instances producing its death. The unrelenting and ferocious nature of the swordfish is not generally known, but the latter may be set down as the most dreadful of all fishes, considering the damage it does and the havoc it plays among other fishes. It may be said that the fish is utterly without fear and will, like the Cape buffalo or a rhinoceros, charge at anything that offends the eye, in this way often doing an amount of execution hardly to be believed did not the evidence exist.

The combats with his own kind are most interesting and may be compared to two expert swordsmen who have rushed to the contest, not with foils, but with rapiers, and fence for blood. Such a contest was observed in California waters not long ago. Some fishermen noticed two big fish leaping out of the water and dashing along at the surface. Soon they saw that they were swordfish. The season was when the fish are supposed to be pairing and the males are unusually ferocious. They had made several rushes, and when observed were at close quarters, striking each other several side blows like cavalrymen. This was unsatisfactory, and finally they separated and darted at each other like arrows, the water hissing as the sharp dorsal fins cut through it.

They evidently struck head on, one missing, while the sword of the other struck just below the eye and plowed a deep furrow in the fish, partly disabling it, so that it turned and attempted to escape. But its adversary, with his sword raised, also turned, and with a rush drove his sword completely through its body, and despite its struggles, held it fast, only wrenching its weapon loose when its enemy stopped swimming. This one lunge had finished the battle and the victor left the field. The vanquished, floating on the surface, was picked up by the fishermen. The writer later observed the wounds, which gave ample evidence of the ferocity of the attack. The force with which a swordfish strikes has been variously estimated, but that it is equal to that which drives a twenty-four-pound shot from a howitzer can be believed from viewing the results.

In the waters of California at least three kinds of swordfish can be seen: Xiphias gladius, tripturus albidus and histophorus gladius. The two former have been observed by the writer. The most common of the kind first described were of the kind first named. It is the ordinary swordfish found on both sides of the Atlantic, in appearance trim and shipshape—a veritable privateer. It is a piratical cousin of the mackerel. The striking feature is the sword—which is a continuation of the upper jaw into a sharp, bony sword. The jaws are toothless, the lower one being hard or horny. The eyes are large and prominent, the tail sickle-shaped and powerful and the whole appearance of the fish denotes speed and activity.

It attains a length of from five to nine feet, and when working at full speed, can pierce any ship of wooden hull sheathed with copper. Many remarkable instances of this are known, and there is hardly a week in the year but some of the kind is reported by shipping agents.

One of the most remarkable cases on record is that of the ship Dreadnaught. One day, at sea, the crew felt a sudden shock, and soon after that the ship sprang a leak and was obliged to put into port. It was found when she was dry-docked, that a large swordfish had struck her. The sword had penetrated the copper, then the thick oak hull, passing through the thick pine sheathing, and finally entering the head of a barrel standing in a convenient place. The sword was broken off short, partly plugging the wound.

The use of the sword is for killing food for the fish, and the method of attack has been repeatedly observed from the top masts of vessels. Nearing the school, the swordfish dashes into them, making vigorous blows right and left and up and down. He soon fills the water with gleaming particles of fish, which he picks up a cat at leisure. So savage is its nature that it kills often for the mere pleasure of it, dashing at the demoralized fish, slashing at them viciously, now spearing one and throwing it off by a vigorous movement, its wake being followed by numerous gulls and other birds that, attracted by the carnage, gorge themselves on the marine battle field.

A Robber. Office Seeker—Mr. President, don't you remember me? President—Yes, but I cannot place you.—Truth.

A CASE IN COURT.

She Was Looking for Traps When She Stepped in One.

In a certain case of damages for false imprisonment the plaintiff had been a saleswoman in a dry goods establishment. Suspecting her of theft, her employers procured a search-warrant and went with a policeman to her apartments, found there the goods they believed she had stolen, and arrested her. However, they were unable to identify these goods and the woman was accordingly released.

"Yes, sir." Suddenly the lawyer's manner grew intensely earnest and dramatic. "Then, madam, of course, on the instant of that accusation, at the very second when they said that you, an honest woman, were a thief, you indignantly denied the charge and boldly asserted your innocence; you did that, surely, didn't you?" The woman hesitated. The way the question had been asked implied that the lawyer desired, for his own purposes, an affirmative reply. She glanced from him to the jury, then at her lawyer, and, in an uncertain tone, said: "No, I don't think I did." "What? You didn't? Why not?" "I scorned to answer them." He had caught her. "That's all," he said. The plaintiff's attorney called another witness, but Mr. Barrett interrupted and said to the court: "It is necessary, sir, for this case to proceed." The woman says that although she was innocent she made no denial of this terrible charge when, with the goods exposed before her, she was accused of having stolen them. Did not that furnish a reasonable ground of suspicion? I move that your honor dismiss the case." A shrill cry arose from the chair in which the plaintiff sat. "He's tricked me! He's tricked me! I did deny it!" she almost screamed. "Let her go back on the stand," said her lawyer. "Let's have the whole story." But the court said no. The woman admitted a perjury and her testimony must stand. The case was dismissed.

THIS IS IN ENGLAND. Where a Man Isn't Allowed to Put Flowers on His Mother's Grave.

The other day an Anglican clergyman prosecuted a young woman for trespassing on "his" churchyard and damaging "his" jaw growing there in by visiting her sister's grave and placing flowers thereon. Commenting on this incident London papers say: "By two sentimental notions the churchyard is God's acre and the church the national or the people's church. But in dry law God's acre is the incumbent's freehold, and the only right of the people in the 'national' churchyards is the right to be buried there. Next to the right of a vicar to the grass growing on a grave I think the most obnoxious privilege to the benefited clergy is their right to levy toll on monuments in churchyards. The other day a gentleman desired to place a stone wall around the grave of his mother in Hampstead cemetery. He found that he could not do so without paying a fee of £4 10s to the vicar of Hampstead. Were I to propose to abolish such fees I should be charged with 'sacrilege' or possibly even robbing God."

Absent Minded. The midwife—Herr Professor, a little son has just arrived to you. "Tell him to wait in the ante room."

NATIONAL SENATES. In Italy the senate consists of princes of royal blood, and an unlimited number of members appointed by the king for life.

France elects a senate of 300 members for nine years from citizens at least forty years of age. One-third of them retire every three years. The highest legislative body in Portugal is the house of peers, with 100 members appointed by the king for life, and fifty elective members.

A German deputy, in taunting the ministry, said, the other day: "Upon the ministerial benches we hear nothing—nothing but profound silence."

The salary list of the English house of lords amounts to \$200,000, of which the lord chancellor, as speaker, takes \$20,000 and the sergeant-at-arms \$7,300.

In Germany the Bundesrath, the upper chamber, consists of fifty-eight members, appointed by the governments of the individual states for each session of parliament.

POINTS OF VIEW. Frances, three and a half years, received her first ocean bath at the beach, and, having the family bath tub as her gauge of measurement, she sat in her papa when he had brought her into the surf up to her neck: "O-o-h, papa, papa, take me out, quick! It's too full!"

A distinguished golfer, famous for his erudition, was one day playing a wretched game, and in his humiliation he turned to his "caddy" and exclaimed: "How is it that I, a man acquainted with all the arts and sciences and the dead and living languages, can not play this confounded game of golf?" "No, sir," said the "caddy," "it's just this—you may know 't about they sma' affairs an' w' things connect w' them, but ye manna understand that it tak's a held to play golf."

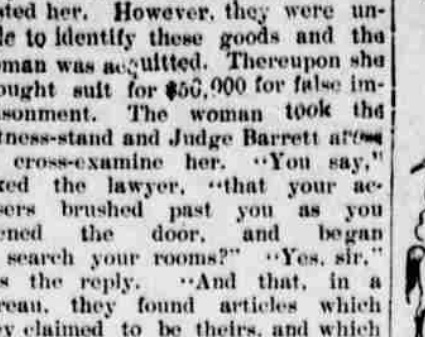
Husband—I am going to bring the young barrister home with me this evening. Wife, with a very of marriageable daughters—Very good! (Rings the bell; cook appears.) Marie, we are having a visitor this evening; I shall be glad if you will prepare a nice cold cup. Husband—In a most agreeable young fellow; a general favorite, in fact. Wife, rings—Marie, please make a few tartlets as well. Husband—I am told his young wife is just as nice and amiable as he is. Wife, rings—Marie, never mind the tartlets and claret cups we shall only require some beer this evening.

Free in France. A gentleman in Piscataquis county who likes a joke, although he has no purpose of making light of serious things, tells a story of an odd character in his neighborhood who mixed up, eccentricity, religious fervor and profanity after a most singular fashion. One fall, when the "charakter" got very uneasy, as was anxious to go a hunting. He passed about for several days and at last felt to praying fervently. "Snow, Lord send snow! Send snow!" was the burden of his supplication. That very night the storm struck a regular blizzard, and before it was over the snow lay three feet deep everywhere. "Is it was to the great close. At Andersonville she was able to identify all but four hundred of the thirteen thousand graves of buried soldiers. Brigade Surgeon James L. Dunn, after the battle of Antietam, said the great joy with which the sick and wounded hailed her and her mule team as she arrived with a wagon load of bandages, just as everything had given out, was indescribable. He ends his eulogy by saying: "In my feeble estimation, Gen. McClellan, with all his laurels, sinks into insignificance beside the true heroine of the age—the 'angel of the battlefield.'"

CONFEDERATE HORSE.

"OLD JIM," NOW ALIVE AT AIKEN, S. C.

Is a Rival of Belle Mosby, the Oldest Union Horse—Has a Yankee Bullet in His Neck and Is Still Good for Several Years More of Life.



Many of the annual visitors to Aiken have seen or heard of old Jim, an old gray horse, better known to some as Wheeler. This old horse is owned by Mr. W. T. Williams of Aiken. Old Jim is 14 1/2 hands high and weighs 900 pounds when in good health.

For thirty years he has done service on the plantation of Mr. Williams, his work being gradually lightened as infirmities have crept upon him. At the present time he has the run of the pasture and enjoys a well earned rest. For ten years after the war he followed the fox hounds each winter. Old Jim came from the mountains of East Tennessee, and took part in the battle of Atlanta. Falling back before Sherman's advance, or hanging on the flank of his army, old Jim's coat was daily stained by the red mud from the hills of Georgia. Crossing into South Carolina, he bagged through the swamps of the low country and bore his rider gallantly in the fight at Great Saltwater in Barnwell county in South Carolina. From that point, accompanying Pique's command, under Gen. Wheeler, he brought his master, Lieut. McMahon of East Tennessee, on the left flank of the invading army to Aiken.

When Sherman's army, passing through Barnwell county, reached the line of the South Carolina railway Gen. Kilpatrick, with his cavalry, made a bold dash westward for the purpose of destroying the cotton mills at Graniteville, five miles west of Aiken, and



THE OLDEST WAR HORSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

possibly the Confederate powder mills in Augusta, Ga., thirteen miles further west of Graniteville. At Aiken they met with the forces of Gen. Wheeler, and were repulsed after a sharp skirmish and retired to the main body of the army. This fight determined the future fate of old Jim.

His rider, Lieut. McMahon, charged with him down a road, now South Boundary avenue, right in front of the house of Mr. Williams. They had hardly passed the front door when both horse and rider fell, the rider with a mortal wound in the breast and old Jim with a ball in his neck.

Lieut. McMahon was taken into the house of Mr. Williams, where he died in the dining room a few hours later. The stain of his life blood is still on the pine floor. Jim was condemned as worthless and ordered to be shot, but Mr. Williams begged for his life and nursed him back again to health and usefulness. From that day to this the old horse has never known a sick day, and the indications are that he will yet be able to show for several years the scars of battle and the brand "C. S."

Judges of horseflesh pronounced Jim 7 years old when he fell into the hands of his present master, which makes him now 35 years old.

Said of Clara Barton. Clara Barton, the "angel of the battlefield," was among the spectators at the railroad station at Washington when the regiment arrived there from Baltimore. From the first blood had been shed, she nursed the forty men, the wounded victims of the Baltimore mob, and from that day she shared the sufferings and risks of the soldiers in the Union army to the great close. At Andersonville she was able to identify all but four hundred of the thirteen thousand graves of buried soldiers. Brigade Surgeon James L. Dunn, after the battle of Antietam, said the great joy with which the sick and wounded hailed her and her mule team as she arrived with a wagon load of bandages, just as everything had given out, was indescribable. He ends his eulogy by saying: "In my feeble estimation, Gen. McClellan, with all his laurels, sinks into insignificance beside the true heroine of the age—the 'angel of the battlefield.'"

Free in France. A gentleman in Piscataquis county who likes a joke, although he has no purpose of making light of serious things, tells a story of an odd character in his neighborhood who mixed up, eccentricity, religious fervor and profanity after a most singular fashion. One fall, when the "charakter" got very uneasy, as was anxious to go a hunting. He passed about for several days and at last felt to praying fervently. "Snow, Lord send snow! Send snow!" was the burden of his supplication. That very night the storm struck a regular blizzard, and before it was over the snow lay three feet deep everywhere. "Is it was to the great close. At Andersonville she was able to identify all but four hundred of the thirteen thousand graves of buried soldiers. Brigade Surgeon James L. Dunn, after the battle of Antietam, said the great joy with which the sick and wounded hailed her and her mule team as she arrived with a wagon load of bandages, just as everything had given out, was indescribable. He ends his eulogy by saying: "In my feeble estimation, Gen. McClellan, with all his laurels, sinks into insignificance beside the true heroine of the age—the 'angel of the battlefield.'"

Free in France. A gentleman in Piscataquis county who likes a joke, although he has no purpose of making light of serious things, tells a story of an odd character in his neighborhood who mixed up, eccentricity, religious fervor and profanity after a most singular fashion. One fall, when the "charakter" got very uneasy, as was anxious to go a hunting. He passed about for several days and at last felt to praying fervently. "Snow, Lord send snow! Send snow!" was the burden of his supplication. That very night the storm struck a regular blizzard, and before it was over the snow lay three feet deep everywhere. "Is it was to the great close. At Andersonville she was able to identify all but four hundred of the thirteen thousand graves of buried soldiers. Brigade Surgeon James L. Dunn, after the battle of Antietam, said the great joy with which the sick and wounded hailed her and her mule team as she arrived with a wagon load of bandages, just as everything had given out, was indescribable. He ends his eulogy by saying: "In my feeble estimation, Gen. McClellan, with all his laurels, sinks into insignificance beside the true heroine of the age—the 'angel of the battlefield.'"

Free in France. A gentleman in Piscataquis county who likes a joke, although he has no purpose of making light of serious things, tells a story of an odd character in his neighborhood who mixed up, eccentricity, religious fervor and profanity after a most singular fashion. One fall, when the "charakter" got very uneasy, as was anxious to go a hunting. He passed about for several days and at last felt to praying fervently. "Snow, Lord send snow! Send snow!" was the burden of his supplication. That very night the storm struck a regular blizzard, and before it was over the snow lay three feet deep everywhere. "Is it was to the great close. At Andersonville she was able to identify all but four hundred of the thirteen thousand graves of buried soldiers. Brigade Surgeon James L. Dunn, after the battle of Antietam, said the great joy with which the sick and wounded hailed her and her mule team as she arrived with a wagon load of bandages, just as everything had given out, was indescribable. He ends his eulogy by saying: "In my feeble

He Was Not at Home.
A good story is told of how Senator Coke, of Texas, not long ago disposed of a troublesome gang of his constituents. He returned home in the evening, after a tiresome day in the senate, and to his amazement and disgust found his room filled with a lot of Texas rangers, who were making themselves very much at home. He shook hands with them all and remarked: "Well, gentlemen, I am always glad to see my constituents, but allow me to ask how you got up here without going through the regular procedure?" They replied that they did not know anything about the regular procedure, but had inquired out of his room, and finding the door unlocked, had entered. The senator then told them that there was such a prospect to see him that he was obliged to observe certain forms, and that he must ask them to go down to the office and send up their cards, as if he dispensed with the formalities in their cases he could not enforce it in others. The Texans thought that it was a good joke, and filing out of the room, went down to the office to go through the little formality. In a moments time the hall-boy came up with eight cards on a tray. "Toll the gentlemen I am not at home," said the senator, and he pushed the boy out of the room and slammed the door. The Texans looked at one another in amazement, and with various wild western ejaculations made a rush for the barroom to think it over.

Mormon Wealth.
The great wealth, either of the Mormon church or of the individuals at its head, has been again demonstrated by the recent investment of \$10,000,000 by the "first presidency" in a new corporation called the Utah company. This new company is to operate coal mines, a railroad, a bathing beach and pleasure resort at the Great Salt Lake, and build, equip and operate telegraph and telephone lines. This is purely a church scheme in which gentiles have no part, and is, like the Zion Co-operative company, to be managed to add to the wealth of the church.

You Deserve a Good Shaking.
And chills and fever will give it if you don't take defensive measures to escape the periodic scourge in a region where it is prevalent. The best safeguard and remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is free from any objectionable ingredients, and is infinitely more effective. Wherever on this continent and in the tropics malaria is most common, and violent and general, the Bitters is the most reliable and preventive. It does not mitigate, but eradicates chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague, and rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, for constipation, biliousness and nerve quietude. It is of the greatest efficacy, and the unsolicited testimony in its behalf of eminent medical men leave no reasonable doubt that it is one of the most reliable family medicines in existence. Use it continually, and not by fits and starts.

Two men who are mortal enemies meet in society, they ignore each other; if two female enemies meet, they kiss each other.

A Good Investment for 1895.
Every one appreciates good value. The Young's Companion for 1895 offers a most interesting and instructive reading for \$1.50, a year's subscription. The prospectus for the next volume presents an irresistible array of facts, and a most complete and accurate record of the progress of the world, science, medicine, and the progress of a great variety of wholesome reading for all the family. To new subscribers The Companion will be sent free until January 1, 1895, and a free copy of the date following the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Holidays. It comes every week at a cost of \$1.50 a year. THE YOUNG'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

It is a good thing for you to have riches, but a bad thing for it to have you.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

Educate the whole man—the head, the heart, the body; the head to think, the heart to feel and the body to act.

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

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 5c and 25c bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

WALL STREET
The most complete and up-to-date directory of the city of New York, containing the names and addresses of all the leading firms, banks, and individuals, and a full and complete list of the names and addresses of all the members of the various associations and societies of the city. It is a most valuable and indispensable work for every one who does business in New York. Price, \$1.00 per copy. Sent by mail on receipt of the price. Address: WALL STREET, New York.

FASHION CONTRASTS.

INCONGRUITIES PERPETRATED IN THE NAME OF STYLE.

They Are Often Bewitching with Exquisite Blending—Filmy Chiffon and Spidery Lace—Some Notes of the Modes.

THE GREATER number of materials and variety of colors one can harmoniously introduce into costume this winter the greater the success she is considered to have achieved. Exquisite blending, delightful contrasts, bewitching incongruities, are the order of the day. Filmy chiffon and spidery lace in conjunction with heavy furs and velvets, gleaming passementeries against somber cloths and all sorts of odd combinations are popular.

A gown which unites about as many of the fashionable elements as possible was shown in an uptown establishment the other day. It was an imported frock, and in spite of the new tariff it bore a price mark which put it beyond the ordinary woman's hope of possession. It was of cheviot. The material was of two shades of brown—tobacco leaf and a somewhat lighter shade, sprinkled with pin dots in turquoise blue. The bodice was of brown velvet, made with a very full, overhanging vest. The under sleeves were of cheviot and the upper ones of velvet. Bands and lines of jet gleamed about the bodice. Epaulettes of heavy cream lace gave a finishing touch of contrast to the frock.

Her Velvet Cloak.
The woman who can not afford a velvet frock or a velvet wrap this winter should decide to go into a retreat. That is the only way in which she can escape heart burning and jealousy. If she mingles with the velvet robed throng which will crowd the streets this autumn, and is herself clad in mere broadcloth, she will be full of hatred, envy and malice.

The velvet capes are particularly gorgeous affairs. They sparkle with iridescent beads; they flutter with lace



HER VELVET CLOAK.

and are made soft with fur. They are most daring in their color. Rich claret color, emerald and olive green and brown dashed with yellow will make the thoroughfares gay. The velvet coats go a step further and combine two colors. One particularly effective coat was of dark green with a stiff collar of lighter shade. The sleeves were dark blue. Down the front heavy cream lace was applied, and two rows of sable gave a boa effect. The same design of lace and fur trimmed the bottom of the jacket and the sleeves. The remarkable wrap was saved from seeming like a scrap bag combination by the extreme beauty and richness of its component parts. Such lace and such velvet never go into scrapbags.—New York World.

Out of Romantico.
It was, according to the wearer's admiring friends, a most beautiful bodice. It was of pale blue crepe. The sleeves

and are made soft with fur. They are most daring in their color. Rich claret color, emerald and olive green and brown dashed with yellow will make the thoroughfares gay. The velvet coats go a step further and combine two colors. One particularly effective coat was of dark green with a stiff collar of lighter shade. The sleeves were dark blue. Down the front heavy cream lace was applied, and two rows of sable gave a boa effect. The same design of lace and fur trimmed the bottom of the jacket and the sleeves. The remarkable wrap was saved from seeming like a scrap bag combination by the extreme beauty and richness of its component parts. Such lace and such velvet never go into scrapbags.—New York World.

AS TOLD IN LETTERS.

THE REAL NATURE OF EDWIN BOOTH REVEALED.

A Brief Memoir of the Great Actor by His Daughter and a Loving Sketch of His Wife—His Feelings on the Death of Lawrence Barrett.

To Marry or Not to Marry.
C. is in great distress of mind. A man whom she has known for a long time wishes her to be his wife. She is in years an old maid, and wonders if it best to consent. She sometimes fears him; is sometimes almost disgusted with him. Sometimes, when he is pleasant, she thinks she might tolerate him. He loves her madly, and is determined to marry her whether or not; says if she refuses to be his wife, he will spend the remainder of his life trying to get even with her; threatens her and says disagreeable things. She once loved a man and felt proud to be with him, but for this man she has no such feeling. She asks if it is right to marry when one does not feel an enthusiastic love for the object. What shall she do? Answer: Men and women have in the course of time made many fatal mistakes, but none more fatal than marrying when they were destitute of love for the one to whom they were united. If it is disastrous to marry without love, it is certainly suicidal to marry if one feels anything like disgust for one who is to be for life a constant and close companion. One may endure almost any other relation with some sort of equanimity; but when it comes to the intimate association of husband and wife, disgust felt at one time must in time increase to a pitch past bearing. Whatever you do, do not marry a man for whom you entertain such sentiments. You would only wreck your life and his, unless he enjoyed torturing you, and this leads to murder, suicide, or public scandal and the divorce courts. No matter what source your antagonistic feeling springs, do not imagine that it will grow less with closer relations. Besides, a man who threatens a woman is a coward; and to judge from your letter, you are too sensible to love or respect a bully or a man who would stoop to such measures. Stay single until you can find a man who is above threatening a woman to gain his purpose, or live and die an old maid, and glory in the name and state.

—Last night I sat by the window thinking of you, and disturbed only by the sighing of the wind. I wondered in 'this stillness of the world without, and of the soul within,' what one lives in the future would be; and I looked to see if upon the clouds I could trace any semblance of it. This led me into an odd train of thought, in which I recalled a susceptibility of yours you once told me of. You remember, it was for a passing wind sometimes suggested to you the past, and, carrying you years back, set you dreaming. It is not wonderful that you should have such emotions—sensitive natures are born to them; then why, I ask myself, should my eyes have filled with tears, and trembled lest you should experience them again? Ah, dear Edwin, 'twas a fear that they would lead you from my side and leave me once more alone. I am very wrong, doubtless, to have allowed so simple a fact to impress me, and am still more to blame to repeat it here; for have you not died into life, as Keats says?—and I should wean you from all remembrance of the tomb; and so I promise to do."

The following is a letter written by Booth to Captain Richard F. Cary, a brother-in-law of Louis Agassiz:—
"130 Franklin St., June 30, 1890.
"Friend Richard: I pray your goodness to forgive my long delay in replying to your last kind letter; but the fact is, my head is turned. I am like the chap of old who wrote to his father, ending with these lines: 'I am, my dearest father, ever thine.' In short, my head is full of 'Marry Mary—marry—marriage. Those are the three important degrees at present. The second which implies fear, hope, regret, bliss, love, etc., being a sufficient excuse for anything except suicide; so because with me, Richard, and don't compute my absence to light love of your delightful company, but rather to the delirious heavings of that sea through which you have already passed to a joyful haven. Phew! It takes me so long to reach a period that I almost lose the thread of my 'yarn' on the journey. This day week—July 7, '90—Edwin is no more! A sober, steady, pater-familias will then—excuse me a moment, there's a handkerchief playing 'Love me under my window, and I must defer this till a more appropriate air strikes up. Half an hour has elapsed, and 'A to O-Cara' swells on the air—a more inspiring melody than the former, but still not sufficiently so to stimulate me to the performance of a task (to me almost impossible), that of writing a sensible letter. Yours distractedly,
Booth."

"The Players, March 22, 1891.
Dear Daughter: I'm in no mood for letter-writing to-day. The shock (Lawrence Barrett's death), so sudden and so distressing, and the gloomy, depressing weather, entirely unfit me for the least exertion—even to think. Hosts of friends, all eager to assist poor Mrs. Barrett, seem helpless in confusion, and all the details of the sad business seem to be huddled on her."
General Sherman's son, 'Father Tom,' as he is affectionately called by all the family and the friends of the dear old general, will attend. He was summoned from Europe recently by his father's death, and he happens to be in time to perform services for his father's friend, poor Lawrence. After the services to-morrow at 10 a. m., he remains and a few friends will go direct to Cohasset, for burial Tuesday, where Barrett had only two days ago moved from New York, having moved to a family lot, which he had recently purchased at Cohasset. He had also enlarged his house there. . . . I have not seen Lawrence since death; when I saw him 'Tis day he was in a burning fever, and asked me to keep away for fear his breath might affect me and it pained him to talk. He pulled through three acts of 'De Mearns' the night before, and sent for his wife that night. His death was very peaceful, with no sign of pain. A couple of weeks ago he and I were to meet General Sherman at dinner; death came instead. To-night Barrett had invited about twenty distinguished men to meet me at Delmonico's, and again the grim guest-attende. PAPA.

PROPERTIES OF THE RUBY.

Recent Interesting Discoveries Regarding the Crystals of Corundum.

The chief scientific interest of the ruby is the fact that it is nearly always found in a tendency to the peculiar habit of growth known to crystallographers as 'twining.' By testing crystals of corundum with polarized light, its structure is found to be wonderfully complex, and under the microscope its exterior surface is covered with a strange network of sculpture, indicative of molecular changes. But probably the most interesting thing about the corundum crystal is the fact that it is nearly always found to have inlaid and surrounded some foreign body or other which has impregnated in its midst. Stranger still is the fact that these 'inlaid' foreign bodies are generally disposed in planes meeting each other at an angle of sixty degrees, the result being to produce the phenomenon of 'asterism,' which is the term given to the white star of light which is observable on certain jewels cut with a rounded surface. Very frequently the inlaid body is a minute bubble of gas or drop of liquid, containing sometimes little crystals of its own. The microscopic cavities containing these things are often very numerous. For a long time the nature of the gas and fluid contained in the cavities remained a mystery. The English philosopher, Brewster, was induced to investigate the subject by hearing that a ruby which an Edinburgh jeweler had placed in his mouth had exploded while in that position, with unpleasant results. Other investigators followed, and it has now been made certain that the fluid is no other than liquid carbonic acid, reduced to that condition by being under great pressure.

The Building of the Nautilus.
Oxygen is likely to play an important part in the submarine boat to be built for the navy. It has been found that a comparatively small quantity of oxygen from time to time admitted to a submarine chamber will keep the air of such a chamber for hours in the condition to sustain human life. Instead, then, of carrying large volumes of compressed air in many heavy metallic receivers, a single receiver filled with oxygen may be carried. This makes possible an immense economy of weight and space.

Japanese Politeness.
Lady.—The feet of the ladies of your country are compressed, I believe. Japanese Attache.—Oh, no, madam; that is a Chinese custom. We in Japan allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size (politely)—not that they can ever hope to rival yours, madam.—Truth.

MONEY IN THESE THINGS.
Children now play with electric tops. Ohio has nearly 12,000 drinking saloons. Umbrellas made of oiled paper are used in Corea. France imports one-third of the coal she consumes. The woolen factories of this country employ 230,000 persons. London manufactures \$2,500,000 worth of umbrellas a year. One pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing a yard of cloth. Ten thousand Americans are employed by the telephone companies. Many steamboats made in Pittsburgh are plying on South American rivers. More than 10,000 tons of matches were made in this country last year. The United States uses nearly one-half of the quinine produced in the world. Over ninety per cent of the business of the United States is done by checks. Housemaids in England receive an average of seventy-five cents a week and "found." Belgium imports more wheat from the United States than from any other country. Western New York farmers state that Poles "beat the world" as workers in the field. The greater part of the grain imported by Germany comes from Austria-Hungary.

FOLLIES AND FOIBLES.
"What is Siggins doing now?" "He has opened a school of vocal culture." "Not singing?" "Now; pugilism." Jiggs.—Weren't you surprised at the way things turned out? Jiggs.—No, I expected the unexpected would happen.

"Do you consider Twinks a perfectly straightforward man?" "Great Scott, yes; and so would you if you saw him on his wheel once."
Hayes—I wonder why Brown sold the watchdog he used to blow about so much. Jackson—A tramp stole the chain dog he was tied to.
Mike, beating the carpet—What's that spot there that's so worn? Mary—Oh, that must have been just in front of the missis' mirror.
Editor—Who wrote these verses? Poet, proudly—I did, sir. Editor—Well, it's fortunate for you that you are so much my physical superior.
Judge—Colonel, I understand you are acquainted with warfare in all its forms? Colonel—No, judge, no; not in all its forms. I'm a bachelor.
Scene—foreign music shop. Fashionable Lady, to German clerk—Has Schubert written any new songs lately? Clerk—No, madam, not since he died.
Young Tatter—Do you mind, Miss Clara, if I don't wear a dress suit after this when I call? Miss Pinkerly—Certainly not, Mr. Tatter, if you are coming on business.
Mrs. Nowatt—That new girl in the kitchen breaks an awful lot of china. Mr. Nowatt—I don't mind it so much. When she's breaking china she isn't singing 'Wood Nymphs."

"I'm afraid this log will have to come off," said the doctor. "But that's the case," said the patient, "you might just as well kill me off and be done with it. The girl's no use for a man to go on livin', merely for the fun of dyin' some time with only one foot on."

HIGHTEST OF ALL IN LEAVENING POWER.—LATEST U.S. GOV'T REPORT

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

She Found a Fortune.
Good luck does not often fall as appositely as it did the other day to a poor old Polish woman, who has long been working as a rag sorter at the paper mills at Plover, Wis. Among the rags she found a tattered vest. She put her hands into the pocket and to her great surprise drew out a roll of bills, amounting to \$500. The proprietor of the mills told her he had no claim on the money, and she will buy a small farm with it, from which she can make a much better living for herself and children than she now gets.

English School Children.
Of over 5,000,000 children in elementary schools in England only 800,000 pay for their schooling, and of these 500,000 pay no more than a penny a week, according to a recent official statement. Of the 'voluntary schools,' in which the whole or part of the tuition is paid by the parents, 5,000 receive from 10 to 20 shillings a head for the children in attendance; 1,000 between 5 and 10 shillings, and 5,000 under 5 shillings.

A Queer Census.
In order to ascertain the resources of the Seine department as far as victuals are concerned, the police authorities ordered a census to be taken of the live stock in the fowl yards in the immediate vicinity of Paris, which gave the following result: Guinea fowls, 453; turkeys, 1315; geese, 3340; ducks, 7020; pigeons, 32,643; rabbits, 59,640; and poultry, 101,519.

The Largest Baby.
The largest baby at the time of birth of which the medical records of the world have any record first saw the light of day at Macon, Ga., during the summer of 1890. The child was the offspring of the Lennons, its father, Will Lennons, being a well-known painter of that burg. When the child was 24 hours old it weighed but one and one-half ounces less than forty pounds.

About Typewriters.
There are enormous profits on typewriting machines. It costs about \$10 to manufacture most machines that sell for \$100. Now that all the essential patents have expired on the standard machines and anyone can manufacture a writing machine there is a fortune awaiting the man who will put on the market a good typewriter to be sold at \$50.

St. Louis.
St. Louis was named from Louis IX. of France. The name was originally given to that depot and trading station by Pierre Laclède Liguest.

The more health a man drinks the less he will have himself.

SPRAINS and NEURALGIAS (CURE) ST. JACOBS OIL

We need TWENTY or MORE original and striking designs for Newspaper Advertisements of CLARETTE'S. The advertiser who furnishes the N. K. Fairbank Company, publishers of CLARETTE'S, with the most approved drawings will appropriate reading matter, or \$100 each for designs or reading matter. If that is good we will pay for accepted designs and return the others. Remittance for complete, acceptable advertisements we pay.

Directions.—Make drawings with black ink on heavy white paper, or card board. Do the work in outline. Elaborate shading will not print well. Spaces in papers will be four inches square. Draw to larger scale if you prefer, but have design square. The idea is most important. CLARETTE'S is a pure blue-green, and still give you credit. Avoid poetry. Get up an ad that would make you buy the article. Soap—made for laundry and general household use—a favorite wherever known. Merit generous praise, sold by all grocers, wholesale and retail.

Your best, and send results promptly. Address only.
N. W. AYER & SON, Newspaper Advertising Agents, PHILADELPHIA.

TEXAS KING! THE TEXAS KING!
Cotton and Corn Planter

Enclosed gear.
YATES MOLINE PLOW, Dallas, Tex.

Patent Office.
Patent Office.

Patent Office.

Patent Office.

Patent Office.

Patent Office.

Patent Office.

Patent Office.

Patent Office.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

AND I WILL HAVE

THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF HOLIDAY GOODS EVER BROUGHT TO THE TOWN OF HASKELL. I don't want you to go to the railroad to buy, for I will have everything you need and, as cheap or cheaper than you can buy anywhere. My stock will be complete by Dec. 10, so come early and select what you want. I have the goods and must sell them, cheap for cash.

ALL KINDS OF LAMPS AND LANTERNS, CHEAP.

A. P. McLEMORE, Haskell, Texas.

The Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Terms \$1.00 per annum, invariably cash in advance.

Entered at the Post Office, Haskell, Texas, as second class Mail Matter.

Saturday Nov. 24, 1894.

LOCAL DOTS.

—School Crayons at McLemore's.
—Dr. J. G. Simmons is off on a trip to his old home in Arkansas.

—Six spoons best thread for 25 cts at S. L. Robertson's.

—Mr. M. Leflet was in town this week and delivered a load of wood.

—Children's shoes at 25 and 35 cts. at Ladies' Emporium.

—Mr. J. L. Jones of the Haskell national bank, made a business trip to Rayner this week.

—You must pay your account, I am needing the money.

A. P. McLemore.
—The K. of P. lodge will hold a called meeting on next Friday night, 30th inst., for the transaction of some special business.

—Lard Stands at McCollum and Wilbourn Co's. Also, a full line of Tinware, very low.

—Capt. R. F. Hunter delivered at town this week the last load of a 600 bushel lot of oats he had contracted the sale of.

—The Domestic Sewing Machine at E. G. Shorsh's, jeweler, Abilene, Texas.

—S. L. Robertson carries the best stock of groceries in town.

—Mrs. Thurmond of Colorado, passed through here on Wednesday on her way to Rayner to visit her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Cook.

—A few of those handsome cloaks left at Ladies' Emporium. It will be to your interest to see them at once.

—Messrs. A. C. Foster and County Judge P. D. Sanders left to-day (Saturday) to attend the meeting of the grand lodge of the A. F. and A. M., at Houston.

—School Crayons at McLemore's.
—For eight-day clocks at lowest prices go to E. G. Shorsh, Abilene, Texas.

—Mr. F. G. Alexander and Rev. N. B. Bennett left on Tuesday for Hillsboro, where they were to attend the general conference of the Methodist church.

—See our nice line of cutlery at rock bottom prices.

McCOLLUM & WILBOURN Co.
—Men's shoes, ladies' shoes, misses and children's shoes at lowest prices at S. L. Robertson's.

—Mr. S. H. Johnson returned this week. He left Mrs. Johnson at Marlin with relatives. She will also visit at Austin from there when her health improves.

—You must pay your account, I am needing the money.

A. P. McLemore.
—Quite a lot of pecans, a native growth on our larger streams, have been marketed in Haskell recently at prices averaging about \$2.50 per bushel.

—We are putting in more than two carloads of goods; we have them to sell and will not be undersold! McCOLLUM & WILBOURN Co.

—Mr. and Mrs. Garrett, Mr. A. H. Bryant and daughter Miss Mollie, and Miss Lillie Wilfong are off on a peccan hunting and fishing expedition on the Clear Fork.

—Ladies' Emporium makes a specialty of fine dress goods and ladies will do well to have their suits ordered at once, only a few left.

—Your presence is requested at the Holiday Goods Emporium of Bass Bros., Abilene, Texas, where the display of Holiday and Wedding gifts surpasses in elegance and variety any previous display. There are presents suitable for every age, taste and purse.

—The American Bible Society has its depository for this section located at E. G. Shorsh's jewelry store at Abilene, where Bibles and Testaments are sold at N. Y. publisher's prices.

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

The display of HOLIDAY GOODS, suitable for CHRISTMAS and WEDDING GIFTS, is this season very large and complete at the Drug Store of BASS BROS., Abilene, Tex.

The Chanaware, Teasets, Vases, Albums, Gift Books, and Bibles surpass in elegance and variety all previous efforts, while the toys, Iron wagon, Doll, Fire crackers &c, are equal to former seasons, and much cheaper.

We can meet Dallas prices and make it to the interest of the merchants to trade with us.

BASS BROS.,

West Side Pine Street, Abilene, Texas.

OUR GREAT THANKSGIVING GIFT, "WHICH IS THE SWEETER?"

We have arranged with the publishers to send free to every reader of this paper a copy of a charming, prize water color picture "Which is the Sweeter?" The pictures are each 12 1/2 x 17 1/2 inches in size. It is an opportunity that should not be lost.

To obtain this valuable present you have only to cut out the appended coupon and fill it up, enclosing four cents in stamps for packing, mailing etc., to the publisher, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th Street, New York, who will send the picture direct to you, thus avoiding the additional expense which would be incurred if sent to us in the first instance and then remailed to your address. It is a bright, beautiful picture and we are sure that it will please all who send for it.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St. New York.

Please send me by return mail the water-color picture "Which is the Sweeter?" which is entitled to by being a reader of "The Haskell, (Texas) Free Press. Inclosed 4c cents for postage, packing, etc.

Name _____ Post Office _____
County _____ State _____

Sheriff's Sale.

—Miss Cora Murchison of Farmersville, who has been visiting her relatives, the family of Mr. W. P. Whitman, at this place for some weeks, left for her home on Wednesday. She was accompanied to Abilene by Mr. Whitman and daughter, Miss Mollie.

—Mr. L. S. Jones, a prosperous and industrious farmer of the north-east corner, called and squared accounts with the Free Press this week. He says it is too dry in his section to sprout wheat and farmers are waiting for a rain before sowing.

—Messrs. J. C. & J. M. Baldwin, Pete Hazlewood, W. T. McDaniel and Tom Marr returned on Saturday evening from a camp hunt of several days on the Clear Fork. They brought in several wild turkeys and a fine lot of fish, one weighing 35 pounds, as evidence of their skill and success as Nimrods.

—Oliver Welch, a young man about eighteen years old, who was working at Mr. Jones' gin, got his hand caught in the gin saws the other day and an ugly gash cut on the back of his wrist. Had it not been that he was wearing a heavy glove and the gin was slowing up to stop at the time, he would probably have lost his hand.

I will thresh sorghum seed at my place Saturday, Dec. 1st. All that want seed threshed be sure and bring them over, will thresh for the twelfth.

W. D. GARREN.

—We wish to say to the people of Haskell and adjoining counties, that we have remodelled our business, and greatly enlarged our stock, and can now furnish almost anything you need in Hardware, Queensware, Furniture, Wagons, Plows, Sulkeys, Gangs, Drills, Barb Wire, Undertakers goods, &c. We want your trade, and if fair, square dealing and low prices will get it, we hope to have it. Come and see us; no trouble to show goods, and quote prices.

McCOLLUM & WILBOURN Co.

—Mr. F. E. Turner was appointed to the office of inspector of sheep by the commissioners' court last week.

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

Notice.
All persons are hereby notified that any one who shall in Haskell county, cut and carry away timber from land in Haskell county not his own, without the consent of the owner or his agent, after the 25th of November, 1894, will be prosecuted.
J. E. WILSON,
Co. Att'y, H. Co.
See Penal Code, p. 243, Art. 697.

County of Haskell, } By virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable Dist. court of Kaufman county, on 5 day of Sept. 1894, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of W. L. Moody & Co. versus R. R. Daugherty, No 3141, and to me, as sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's sales, on the First Tuesday in Dec., A. D. 1894, it being the 4th day of said month, before the court house door of said Haskell county, in the town of Haskell, the following described property, to wit:
The South west 1/4 of section No. 10, block No. 1, surveyed by H. & T. C. R. R. Co. by virtue of certificate No. 835, containing 162 acres of land, beginning at the southwest corner of said section No. 10, block No. 1, for southwest corner of this survey; thence north along the east line of section No. 9, of said block 1, 950 vrs., a stake for the northwest corner; thence east 950 vrs. a stake for N. E. corner; thence south 950 vrs. to the N. B. line of section No. 4 of said block No. 1, a stake for the S. E. corner; thence west 950 vrs. along the N. B. line of said section No. 4 to the place of beginning, and being the same land conveyed by A. L. Rhombert to R. R. Daugherty, which deed is recorded in Vol. 13, page 10647 of Records of deeds for Haskell county.

Levied on as the property of R. R. Daugherty to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$3637.33 in favor of W. L. Moody & Co., and cost of suit.

Given under my hand, this 17 day of Oct. 1894.

W. B. ANTHONY,
Sheriff, H. Co., Tex.

—Around the world for 5 cents That is the feat accomplished by a letter that Mr. W. E. Sherrill has in his possession. To test the perfection of the international mail system he, on July 17th, 1894, addressed a letter to a fictitious person at Tokio, Japan, and mailed it at the Haskell post office. The letter returned to him a few days ago, having been four months and three days in circling the globe. It has on it seventeen postal marks and innumerable Japanese and Chinese hieroglyphics, undecipherable to us. Traced as nearly as possible by the stamps, it made the following trip: Arrived at San Francisco July 21; thence by steamer to Yokohama, Aug. 14. Then comes the unreadable Japanese Chinese stamps and we next locate it at Leicester, England, Oct. 16th, leaving there Oct. 21st, passed through Nottingham, Oct. 27, London on Oct. 23; thence to the dead letter office, Washington, D. C., Nov. 14, and thence back to Haskell on Nov. 20th, having made the entire journey for 5 cts.

—I am now receiving a new stock and choice line of shoes for men, women and children. They were bought cheap and will be sold the same way.

S. L. Robertson.

F. G. Alexander & Co.

Lead the race with cheap goods, good goods and lots of them. We buy closer and sell cheaper than any house in Haskell.

We are after the money and our prices will open your eyes. Read a few of them below—then come and see the rest.

BOOTS Only \$1.35
Men's saddle seam, all solid Leather Boots, \$1.35 per pair.

SHOES!
LITTLE SHOES
BIG SHOES.
Shoes for everybody in our \$3000 Stock of shoes. 25 cents up. Come and see what we will do for CASH.

Look out for that blizzard that's coming and to avoid its severity buy one of our Overcats, Arctics and Blizzard Caps and you can stem the storm.
Our Stock is too large to mention everything but we have what you want and we don't propose to miss a sale if you want goods.
See our Dress Goods.

OUR HATS and CLOTHING ARE OUT OF SIGHT
—but just up stairs you will find them in easy reach of your purse.
Hats 25c and up.
Suits \$10 and up.
A full grown man's suit \$4.!!

The Ladies
First, Last and ALL THE TIME:
We have not forgotten you, But have a large stock of Caps, Cloaks, Fascinators, Hoods and the most complete line of DRESS GOODS on this market.
We are always pleased to show them and quote prices.
SEE OUR LINE OF MISSES' HATS AND CHILDREN'S CAPS.

30 YARDS Good Cotton Checks for \$1.00
10 YARDS any Calico in our house 50 Cts.
A Dress for wife & daughter.
cant be beat. complete. At department is planned.

DON'T FAIL TO COME AND SEE US.

DO YOU WEAR PANTS?
—Well, then, call at the—
One Price Racket Store,
of Seymour and get your trousers at ACTUAL WHOLESALE COST.

—We are also going to sell our—
HOLIDAY GOODS
—at—
Racket Prices.
Call on us and be convinced as to prices and quality.
Bargains in Notions, Tinware, Stationery, Ladies and gents Furnishings, Hamilton-Brown Boots and shoes.
Respectfully submitted to the cash trade,
BRANHAM & PETRIE,
In Hanson building next door to Lock & Taylor

A. R. BENGÉ,
DEALER IN
SADDLES & HARNES;
To my friends in Haskell Co.:—
While in Seymour, call and examine my Prices on Saddlery and Harness Goods.
A. R. BENGÉ,
Seymour, Texas.

Price List—Cisco Nursery—

	Per bush.	Per doz.	Per 100.
Peach and apple variety	15c	\$1.50	\$10.00
Pear	30	3.00	25.00
Plum, native variety 20	1.80	12.50	
Japan plum, several best varieties	25	2.40	18.00
Apricot, Nectarine and soft shell Almonds	25	2.40	16.00
Cherries	20		
Grapes	15	1.50	10.00
Grapes, new and scarce varieties	50		
Blackberries	5	.50	2.00
Strawberries, 50 at 100 rates			1.00
Flowering shrubs	25		
Ever-bearing or non-bearing mulberries 3 to 8 feet	10 to 25		
Ornamental grasses, etc. 10 to 25cts.			
Roses, good 125 year plants 25 to 40c.			
Big discount on cash orders of \$25.00 and upward, but will not sell 50 cent and \$1.00 bills at 100 rates as heretofore. WILLIAM ROBINSON, Cisco, Texas.			

"Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."
The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit-cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-to-bac." Braces up nicotineated nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Post-five cure or money refunded.
Book at drugists, or mailed free. Address: The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, 45 Randolph St.; New York, 10 Spruce St.



Since our new clothing has arrived we are prepared to fit all sizes and styles of men, as will be seen from a glance at the two gentlemen who head these remarks and who have just been togged out at our store.
Joking aside, however, we desire to say to the public that our new stock of men's and boys' clothing is very complete and is a choice selection both in prices and styles. In purchasing we got the benefit of democratic free wool prices and we propose to divide the sugar with our customers.

To the ladies we desire to say that nowhere can they find a more varied, choice and complete line of dress goods, trimmings, notions, etc. than at our store.

Besides the above lines, to which we have called your special attention, our stock is complete in all the staple dry goods, hats, boots, shoes, etc., for both ladies and gentlemen's wear.
Neither has our grocery department been neglected—we have all the staple eatables, with the sauces and seasonings to go with them.
We keep no shoddy goods in any line. Rep'y for business,
DODSON & HALSEY.

—Mr. F. G. Alexander returned several days ago from his trip to St. Louis and Chicago. He informs us that he found the market very favorable to buyers and that, taking advantage of it, he purchased the largest stock of goods his firm has ever handled in this place. He thinks that their general stock of dry goods, ladies dress goods, boots shoes hats, etc., etc. will be found by the purchasing public the most satisfactory in variety, quality, styles and prices that has ever been exhibited in Haskell. Their goods have been shipped and will begin to arrive in a few days and everybody is cordially invited to call and see them.
Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair-Highest Award.

In Poor Health
means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters
If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally unwell, and especially if you have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles will cure—be sure to get the very first dose—don't take any other, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.
Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 5c stamps we will send out of free a Small's World's Fair Vase and book—free.



Ladies make your fall bill at Ladies' Emporium, you can get choice styles in dress goods and trimmings; a nice hat, a fine pair of shoes, a dress made in the latest Paris style, gloves, hosiery etc., in fact every thing a lady needs to complete her toilet at the very lowest prices. We solicit a liberal share of your patronage.
LADIES' EMPORIUM.