

The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 9.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, June 2, 1894.

No. 2.

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, F. P. Morgan.
County & Dist. Clerk, J. L. Jones.
Sheriff and Tax Collector, W. B. Anthony.
County Treasurer, Jasper Millhollon.
Tax Assessor, H. S. Post.
County Surveyor, J. A. Fisher.

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

PRECINCT OFFICERS.
J. P. Frost, No. 1, J. S. Rike.
Constable Prec. No. 1, T. D. Suggs.

CHURCHES.
Baptist (Missionary) Every 1st and 3rd Sunday, Rev. W. G. O'Keefe, Pastor.
Presbyterian (Cumberland) Every 2nd and 4th Sunday, Rev. J. L. Jones, Pastor.
Christian (Campbellite) Every 2nd Sunday and Saturday before, Pastor.
Methodist (M. H. Church S.) Every Sunday and Sunday night, N. B. Bennett, Pastor.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10:30 a. m.
F. D. Sanders, Superintendent.
Christian Sunday School every Sunday, W. B. Standefer, Superintendent.
Baptist Sunday School every Sunday, W. P. Whitman, Superintendent.
Presbyterian Sunday School every Sunday, M. E. Pherrill, Superintendent.
Haskell Lodge No. 88, A. F. & A. M., meet Saturday on or before each full moon, G. R. Couch, W. M., J. W. Evans, Sec'y.
Haskell Chapter No. 181, Royal Arch Masons meet on the first Tuesday in each month, A. C. Foster, High Priest, J. W. Evans, sec'y.

Professional Cards.

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

J. F. Bunkley, M. D.
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
HASKELL, TEXAS.
Office at McLemore's Drug Store.
Residence N. W. from 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,
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.
Furnish Abstracts of Land Titles. Special Attention to Land Litigation.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

Ed. J. HAMNER,
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW.
HASKELL, TEXAS.
Practices in the County and District Courts of Haskell and surrounding counties.
Specialties 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,
Att'y and Counselor at Law
AND LAND AGENT.
HASKELL, TEXAS.
Will practice in all the Districts 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.

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

FOR SYMPHIA
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Frequently recommended.
All dealers keep it \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

WHY ABANDON THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY?

And For What!

Some people who condemn President Cleveland and the democratic administration propose to vote with the third party in order to emphasize their condemnation.

Admit for argument's sake that there is justice in their complaint and that the principles and pledges of the democratic party have not been carried out as they had a right to expect that they would be; what do they expect to gain by their proposed action? Such a course would be more like the conduct of a petulant child than the logical, well considered act of a man capable of reasoning intelligently. It would be "cutting off the nose to spite the face." Let us take a few illustrations. Does the true christian who loves his church as the organization which promulgates the faith and creed which he believes to be essential to the happiness and salvation of himself and his fellow man, leave it because a few hypocrites and traitors get into it and seek to corrupt and alter its doctrines? No, if he is a true believer he goes to work with earnest zeal to purify it and right the wrong by casting out the wolves in sheep's clothing. Does the Mason, the Odd Fellow, etc., quit the order of which he is a member and denounce it because a few bad men get into it? No, he does not consider the order any less beneficial, but helps to bring the offender to account. The disciples did not abandon christianity because one of their number betrayed the Savior. Neither should the true lover of the time tried and time honored principles of democracy desert the democratic party because a few false men claiming to be of the true faith have succeeded through their professions in securing place and influence in its councils and have been able, for a time, in a measure to thwart and hinder the putting into execution of its principles and policies.

Especially is this true when we consider the character of the refuge to which they are fleeing, or have already gone, together with the fact that many of the charges against the democratic party are misleading or greatly exaggerated, and some of them absolutely false. Of the latter class is the charge that the democratic party is responsible for the financial panic and distressful condition under which the country is suffering, yet some people swallow the statement, unable or too careless to investigate as to its truthfulness or falsity, and take up the cudgel against the party. Every intelligent reader of honest newspapers knows, or a little investigation would show him, that when the democratic party assumed the reins of government, a little over a year ago, a financial panic was already impending. The treasury was practically bankrupt as the inevitable result of bad financial legislation by the republican party, which barely stepped aside before the crash came.

Much of the criticism of the tariff bill now pending and likely to pass within a few weeks is misleading as to the real character of the bill and unjust to the party. As a matter of fact, as it now stands before the senate, it makes a reduction from the tariff rate of the McKinley law of nearly 26 per cent., or one-fourth, which will amount to nearly \$70,000,000 saving in tariff taxes to the consumers per year, besides, the income tax levied by it on incomes of \$4,000 and over, it is estimated, will bring to the government about \$30,000,000 a year, relieving the consumer to that extent. Added to these savings the house has already passed bills reducing government expenses about \$43,000,000 a year.

If we are not satisfied with the tariff bill as not being what we expected, neither is one out of fifty democratic congressmen satisfied with it, but they tell us it is the best they could do. They were compelled to make compromises and concessions to various local interests—some of which, we regret to say, were represented by democratic members who must be classed as wolves in sheep's clothing—in order to pass a tariff bill at all. We all know that the

tariff is a great economic question and that many of our people have luxuriated on the fruits of protection for so long at the expense of the masses that they are very loath to give it up, and they are a class of people who, through their wealth and political influence, have a wide influence in elections, and a strong grip on many of our leading politicians. We know, however, as a matter of history, that all great reforms have been of slow growth, hence, we should not feel so much disappointed because the first step has not been as long a one as we had desired.

The repeal of the laws allowing federal supervision and interference in elections was an act for which every lover of a pure ballot and an honest count should give the party praise. The failure of the democrats to establish the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 is charged against the party as its greatest and well nigh unpardonable sin. Democrats are charged with being in league with the plutocrats of Wall and Lombard streets, helping them to plunder the people. Under existing conditions (almost worldwide) it was a debatable question whether or not unlimited coinage of silver could be established and the other, and equally important, pledge to keep it on a parity with the gold dollar, could at the same time be maintained. The president, we believe honestly, thought it could not be done; the greatest minds of the nation differed widely on the point. Much evidence and powerful arguments and influences were brought to bear on congress and silver lost the game. If congressmen who opposed silver were wrong we have our remedy in the ballot, by means of which we can fill their places with men solemnly pledged to right the wrong, and with the same weapon we can smite those who proved traitors on the tariff question. The great majority of the democrats are right on all leading questions and if the people will come forward within the party organization and with the only weapon which they can legally use without jeopardizing the government and our free institutions, the ballot, and in no uncertain terms rebuke the betrayers of the party and reward those who have stood true, we will ere long achieve the victory. But on the other hand if too many desert it in its hour of need and weaken it by hearkening to the siren songs of the third party leaders all will be lost for years to come. It is not probable nor even reasonable, that the third party with the load of impracticable and visionary schemes it has to carry can find enough men in a nation of people like ours to espouse them to build it up from so small a beginning to the most powerful party in the land, and unless it can do this it will accomplish practically nothing. Look at its pitiful 142,000 votes in all the New England states. Yet its leaders tell us that victory is almost ready to perch on its banners, and they proceed to recount the wonderful things they will do when they hold the fort at Washington; how the yoke will be lifted from the necks of the people and their father, the government, will provide peace and plenty for them. Oh yes, the third party, the peoples' party or the populist party, as you choose to call it, is "instinct with sympathy for the toiling masses." Rather, a few oily tongued, leaders are instinct with an itch for office and they have succeeded in getting quite a number of people who were in the pouts at the democratic party to believe it is the other thing—the sympathy, etc.

Now, what does the third party really offer us? We will skip over all those things which are identical with democratic doctrine and notice a few of those that are out of tune with it. Take the government ownership of the railroad, telegraph and telephone lines; the printing of untold millions of paper money, based on nothing but a promise to pay, but which is never to be done, and loaning it out to the people on land mortgage notes; that gigantic government pawn shop scheme, known as the sub-treasury, advocated by it, they are every one the rankest kind of paternalism notwithstanding these people claim to be Jeffersonian democrats in principle.

Suppose it were possible that the railroad, telegraph and telephone ownership and the sub-treasury scheme could be put into operation, see some of the objections. A strong central government would be created by the addition of two or three hundred thousand officials and employees to the government patronage, already too large, all of whom would support the party in power with their votes and influence with friends, in order that they might hold their positions and salaries. The party would not be slow to see its advantage, and if human nature remains what it is and always has been, would become oppressive and tyrannical, and no matter how corrupt it might become, with all its henchmen to back it, could not be dislodged without a revolution.

This idea is of course combatted by the populists, but when they show us an instance in history where such power has been placed in the hands of any government and has not been used for the aggrandizement in wealth, or to further the ambition of its rulers we will then grant them that we may be mistaken in what will happen. We can not now draw on our space to notice other objections to these and other doctrines of the populists. The democratic party is and always has been the champion of the people—the great body of the common people—and it is the strongest hand they have to draw to today. Let those who are thinking of abandoning it, and those who have already done so, pause before they commit political suicide, return to the fold and help to carry its banners on high and make its grand principles the governing forces of a free and prosperous people.

Resolutions Passed by the Throckmorton Convention.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted:
Resolved, That the democracy of Throckmorton county in convention, recognizing that the eminent legal attainments, the moral integrity, the elevated social standing and dignity of character of our esteemed fellow citizen, W. T. Andrews, places him prominently before the people of this district as being in every way worthy and qualified to be our next district judge:
Therefore, be it resolved, that the delegates to the judicial convention go instructed to cast the vote of this county for him, and that they put forth every laudible effort to have him nominated.—Throckmorton Times.

I have two little grand children who are teething this hot summer weather and are troubled with bowel complaint. I give them Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and it acts like a charm. I earnestly recommend it for children with bowel troubles. I was myself taken with a severe attack of bloody flux, with cramps and pains in my stomach, one-third of a bottle cured me. Within twenty-four hours I was out of bed and doing my house work, Mrs. W. L. DUNAGAN, Bon-aqua, Hickman Co., Tenn. For sale by A. P. McLemore, druggist.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at A. P. McLemore's Drugstore.

Resolutions by the Peoples' Party of Haskell County.

The Peoples' party of Haskell county, Texas, met at the court house in Haskell on May 26th 1894 at a o'clock p. m. and adopted the following resolutions:

- 1st, That we condemn and denounce the present national democratic administration.
- 2nd, That we endorse the platform made by the peoples' party at Omaha July 4th 1892.
- 3rd, That we reendorse our state platform made in Dallas in 1892 and that we heartily favor Hon. T. L. Nugent of Fort Worth for our standard bearer for governor and Hon. Marion Martin of Corsicana for Lieut. governor.
- 4th, That we favor the candidacy of Hon. D. B. Gilliland of Jacksboro for congress also Hon. D. B. Webb of Abilene for the state senate.
- 5th, That in this campaign we favor a straight fight on principles, no compromise no fusion.
- 6th, That we endorse the action of our county executive committee in deciding to put out a county ticket.
- 7th, That we send greeting to Hon. J. W. Baird of Jones county, for the bold and fearless manner in which he presents the principles of the peoples party and exposes old party frauds and that language fails to serve our purpose in condemning the Milan county affair (in which the democratic hoodlum played the part of skulking patrons in attacking the person of said J. W. Baird) as a blight upon the civilization of the 19th century also that we take this method of warning our democratic friends that we have come to a point in our party history where forbearance upon this line has ceased to be a virtue, the sooner you abandon this style of argument the better for us all.
- 8th, That we favor a reduction of the salaries of all county officers from 25 to 50 per cent. recomend strict economy in government affairs, and will not support any candidate for congress who is not strictly in favor of economising state and national governments.
- 9th, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the Advance, the West Texas Sentinel and the Haskell Free Press for publication.
J. H. CAUDLE,
S. W. VERNON,
G. W. TANNER, } Committee.

Resolution Passed by the Throckmorton Convention.

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Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF TEXAS, }
COUNTY OF HASKELL, } By virtue of an execution issued out of the Honorable County Court of Fannin county, on 16th day of April 1894, by the clerk thereof, in the case of C. M. Henderson & Co. versus Sharp & Banks, a firm composed of Chas. D. Sharp and C. B. Banks, No. 790, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I did on the 1st day of May 1894, levy upon and will proceed to sell, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's sales, on the first Tuesday in June, A. D. 1894, it being the 5th day of said month, before the court house door of said Haskell county, in the town of Haskell, the following descent land, to wit: A part of Block No. 76, subdivision of the Peter Allen two-thirds league and labor, survey No. 149, certificate No. 136, abstract No. 2, patent 365, Vol. 17, situated in Haskell county, Texas, as shown by plat and map of said subdivision recorded in deed records of Haskell county, Texas as book M. 7 page 400, more particularly described as follows: Beginning at S. W. cor. said Blk. No. 76. Thence east 337 1/2 feet; thence North 313 feet; thence West 337 1/2 feet; thence South 313 feet to place of beginning. Also a part of Block No. 88 subdivision of said Peter Allen survey situated and described as aforesaid, and more particularly described as follows:
Beginning 395 feet west 180 south of the N. E. cor. of said Blk. 88; thence south 140 feet; thence west 100 feet; thence north 140 feet; thence east 100 feet to place of beginning, for further description of above tracts of land reference is hereby made to map of subdivisions of said Peter Allen survey of record in Book M 7, page 400, deed record of Haskell county, Texas. Levied on as the community property of C. B. Banks and his wife S. E. Banks to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$313.47 with 8 per cent interest thereon from March 25th 1893 until paid, in favor of C. M. Henderson & Co., and costs of suit. Given under my hand, this 2nd day of May 1894.
W. B. ANTHONY,
Sheriff Haskell Co. Tex.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by...
M. BORN & CO.
The GREAT ... Chicago Merchant Tailors.
They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.
LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.
LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT
F. G. ALEXANDER & CO'S.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
HASKELL TEXAS.
All business pertaining to legitimate and conservative banking solicited.
Prompt attention given to collections. Interest paid on time deposits.
DIRECTORS:—A. H. Tandy, J. C. Baldwin, E. Hill, J. S. Keister, B. H. Dodson, R. E. Sherrill, J. V. W. Holmes.
M. S. PIERSON, President. A. C. FOSTER, Vice-President. J. L. JONES, Cashier. Lee PIERSON, Asst. Cashier.

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

THE CITY MEAT MARKET,
DICKENSON BROS., Prop.
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF Fresh Meat.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

NEW SEED HOUSE.
SEED ON TRIAL.
WE wish to introduce our Field and Garden Seed this season, and to do so we offer the following GREAT INDUCEMENT
Will send prepaid to any address in the United States 5 EXTRA LARGE packages of Field and Garden Seed. 1 package containing mixture of 800 annuals producing a beautiful mass of flowers.
All delivered at your door for \$1.00. These seeds are guaranteed fresh and true to name. Send for full information if this does not satisfy you. Address RICHMOND SEED CO., Richmond, Va.

THE CITY HOTEL.
—A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL KEPT.—
BOARD BY DAY, WEEK OR MONTH, NICE CLEAN ROOMS, BEDS, ETC. YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.
—COME ONE! COME ALL!
R. W. Meadors, Proprietor.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

FLKHAUT CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.
\$11.00 No. 21, Surrey Wagon.
\$75 No. 24, Surrey.
\$25 No. 27, Road Wagon.
\$35 No. 28, Road Wagon.
\$43.00 No. 29, Top Seater.
WHOLESALE PRICES.
Spring Wagons, \$21 to \$250. Guaranteed same as well for \$100.00. Surreys, \$65 to \$100.00 same as well for \$30 to \$45. Top Siggers, \$27.50. As fine as sold for \$40.00. \$27.50 to \$100.00. Farm Wagons, Wagonettes, and Delivery Wagons, and Road Carts. SPECIALS FOR 25, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 120, 150, 200, 250, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1200, 1500, 2000, 2500, 3000, 4000, 5000, 6000, 7000, 8000, 9000, 10000, 12000, 15000, 20000, 25000, 30000, 40000, 50000, 60000, 70000, 80000, 90000, 100000, 120000, 150000, 200000, 250000, 300000, 400000, 500000, 600000, 700000, 800000, 900000, 1000000, 1200000, 1500000, 2000000, 2500000, 3000000, 4000000, 5000000, 6000000, 7000000, 8000000, 9000000, 10000000, 12000000, 15000000, 20000000, 25000000, 30000000, 40000000, 50000000, 60000000, 70000000, 80000000, 90000000, 100000000, 120000000, 150000000, 200000000, 250000000, 300000000, 400000000, 500000000, 600000000, 700000000, 800000000, 900000000, 1000000000, 1200000000, 1500000000, 2000000000, 2500000000, 3000000000, 4000000000, 5000000000, 6000000000, 7000000000, 8000000000, 9000000000, 10000000000, 12000000000, 15000000000, 20000000000, 25000000000, 30000000000, 40000000000, 50000000000, 60000000000, 70000000000, 80000000000, 90000000000, 100000000000, 120000000000, 150000000000, 200000000000, 250000000000, 300000000000, 400000000000, 500000000000, 600000000000, 700000000000, 800000000000, 900000000000, 1000000000000, 1200000000000, 1500000000000, 2000000000000, 2500000000000, 3000000000000, 4000000000000, 5000000000000, 6000000000000, 7000000000000, 8000000000000, 9000000000000, 10000000000000, 12000000000000, 15000000000000, 20000000000000, 25000000000000, 30000000000000, 40000000000000, 50000000000000, 60000000000000, 70000000000000, 80000000000000, 90000000000000, 100000000000000, 120000000000000, 150000000000000, 200000000000000, 250000000000000, 300000000000000, 400000000000000, 500000000000000, 600000000000000, 700000000000000, 800000000000000, 900000000000000, 1000000000000000, 1200000000000000, 1500000000000000, 2000000000000000, 2500000000000000, 3000000000000000, 4000000000000000, 5000000000000000, 6000000000000000, 7000000000000000, 8000000000000000, 9000000000000000, 10000000000000000, 12000000000000000, 15000000000000000, 20000000000000000, 25000000000000000, 30000000000000000, 40000000000000000, 50000000000000000, 60000000000000000, 70000000000000000, 80000000000000000, 90000000000000000, 100000000000000000, 120000000000000000, 150000000000000000, 200000000000000000, 250000000000000000, 300000000000000000, 400000000000000000, 500000000000000000, 600000000000000000, 700000000000000000, 800000000000000000, 900000000000000000, 1000000000000000000, 1200000000000000000, 1500000000000000000, 2000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000, 3000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000, 7000000000000000000, 8000000000000000000, 9000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000, 12000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000, 70000000000000000000, 80000000000000000000, 90000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000, 120000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000, 700000000000000000000, 800000000000000000000, 900000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000, 1200000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000, 7000000000000000000000, 8000000000000000000000, 9000000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000000, 12000000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000000, 70000000000000000000000, 80000000000000000000000, 90000000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000000, 120000000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000000, 700000000000000000000000, 800000000000000000000000, 900000000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000000, 1200000000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000000, 7000000000000000000000000, 8000000000000000000000000, 90000000

THE PRIDE OF ISLAM.

GREAT MOSQUE AT DAMASCUS IS NO MORE.

Glorious in Tradition and History—It Was for Centuries the Rival of the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem—Destroyed by Fire.



THE LATEST news dispatches received from Asia mention the very curious fact that the Turkish authorities seem to have for a long time suppressed all extended notice of the destruction of one of the most famous buildings in Asia—the great mosque of Damascus.

No particular have been given, though the destruction of property in connection with the burning of the mosque must have been great. The fire removed one of the most noted buildings in the world, whose site is the center of associations extending back into the mists of antiquity, and which was one of the principal points of interest in a city full of historical attractions.

The Moslems' sacred day is Friday, when thousands would assemble in the great mosque, whose capacity was estimated at 30,000 people. It stood near the center of the city, and covered an enormous area. Tradition gives its history as follows: A heathen temple in the beginning, it was converted into the Christian church of St. John, and then, after being captured by the Moslems, it became one of the most famous mosques of the Mohammedans.

Mr. HARMON, with a rifle, and the two Messrs. Freeman with revolvers, met casually, and the Freemans hid the dust at the second volley. Rifles are not as stylish as revolvers, but society in West Virginia as elsewhere is learning that looks are not everything.

SULLIVAN appeared the other night before an audience of New York sports and was hooted at by his old worshippers. The mighty had fallen, but when he said, "laughing at me, eh? I'll get out," and got, he displayed an intelligence that even people never his admirers cannot justly overlook.

The highest of compliments should be paid to those responsible for making the monument to the mother of George Washington a simple, stately obelisk. Elsewhere the surface of this fair land will continue to be dotted by sculptures and statues that impersonate and impart that tired feeling.

A SIMPLE thing suffices to sink a ship. In making repairs on a Florida lighthouse the light was hung at an elevation of fifty-five feet instead of 165 feet as before. In computing his reckoning from this light the captain of a British steamer found himself ashore when he thought he was twenty miles at sea.

SOME English legislators are seriously considering the wisdom of enacting a law vouchsafing a pension of \$1.25 a week to every subject who attains the age of 65 years. It is apparently the thoughtful legislators' intention thus to give their countrymen a strong inducement for remaining alive as long as possible.

PROFESSOR HORSELEY has just discovered "that in cases of gunshot wounds in the brain, death ensues, not from heart failure, but from arrested respiration." The discovery of Professor Horseley will be hailed with genuine delight in every well-regulated newspaper office, for "heart failure" had been a bit overworked.

THE modern play and novel have arrived about half a century too late to justify the public criticisms of the stage and fiction of fifty years ago. If the old school persons had only kept their diatribes till the present day instead of wasting them upon the comparatively innocent productions of their own time they would have scored heavily.

WASHINGTON weather sharps may well turn up their noses at Professor Falb's earthquake probabilities. A man that can tell within an hour or two when and where an earthquake is going to break loose, as Professor Falb has certainly done in relation to the Greek shakes, is an object of very proper aversion among scientists who call it a ten strike when they hit the weather right once in ten shots.

THE Londoner who for so many centuries has been interred in fog and who, therefore, has stuck to the inverted pot for headgear in summer, will, it is said, break over the iron-bound and copper-riveted rules of his fathers and this summer put on straw. "Mr. Lawd" is actually going to be seen walking down Piccadilly and the Strand with a straw hat on. This is a greater revolution and has more significance than was that in which Charles I. lost his head.

WHY say "quietly wedded?" When was couple united in any other way? And when did ever a reporter omit to say "quietly wedded?" The marriage ceremony is never a thing of noise. The responses are not shouted; the minister does not utter his blessing; as a rule brass bands are absent. The tendency of the occasion is all towards the subdued. There should be nothing loud about it save the ring of the chestnut bell for the benefit of the scribe who writes "quietly wedded," and season after season refuses to repent.

SAVE in a few localities in New England and in remote corners of the West the ox as a draft animal is now but little used. The horse and mule, much more versatile in their talents, and of late years much cheaper than formerly, have taken the place of the stolid and slow-going ox, but now it begins to look as though even the mule and horse would have to join the ox in slowly disappearing from the list of motive powers. The horse and mule seem dying away before the more satisfactory electric motive power.

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A GIANT AMONG PARKS.

THE GRANDEUR OF THE VAST YELLOWSTONE.

The Paradise of the Rockies a Pleasure Ground of Over 3,500 Square Miles—Named After a Nasty River Which Rushes Through a Canon.

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It is almost entirely in the northwestern corner of Wyoming, and in the center of the Rocky mountain system, which passes through that state from north to south. Its surface has a mean elevation of about 8,000 feet above the sea level. In the eastern portion is the majestic Absaroka range, which sends up peaks to the height of 11,000 feet. This range separates the waters of the Yellowstone from those of the Big Horn, and in sublimity of scenery is not surpassed in the United States.

The park embraces the sources of the Yellowstone and Madison, branches of the Missouri, and the source of Snake river, a branch of the Columbia, while the source of Green river, a branch of the Colorado, is south of the park, so that near it originate three great river systems.

Of the lakes the largest is the Yellowstone, having an area of 133 square miles, a maximum depth of 135 feet, and resting at an elevation of 7,785 feet above the sea. Into the Yellowstone river, pour, through it, and out again for a distance of fifteen miles, it approaches the Grand canon and tumbles over the Upper falls, 114 feet, and a half-mile further down pitches over the lower falls, a sheer descent of 311 feet, at the ordinary stage carrying 1,200 cubic feet per second. Here it enters the Grand canon, which for some distance is unequalled in the world, although it is not so deep as some of the canons of the Colorado, ranging from 600 feet at its head to 1,200 near the middle, where it passes the Washburn mountains near the foot of the canon. Tower creek, draining the concavity of the horse-shoe formed by these mountains, flows into the Yellowstone after making a leap of 132 feet into the gorge where it meets the Yellowstone river. A few miles farther on this grand canyon of the park is joined on the east by the Lamar, which drains a large part of the Absaroka range, and then enters the next canon, and emerging is joined by the Gardner, which comes tumbling from the highlands drained by its three forks. Within the drainage of the Yellowstone river are the geysers, seventy-five of them active and some of them throwing a column of water 200 feet into the air, and the hot springs—5,000 of them—the waters of some with silica in solution, and of others charged with iron, sulphur, alum, these latter making bands of rich color in the white silica, which, deposited on the ground, covers it with a hard floor.

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GROWING USE OF PAPER.

ONE OF THE GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

Over Eight Thousand Tons Daily—This Is Now the Wonderful Capacity of American Mills—Wood Largely Used in Its Manufacture.

It is a curious and rather startling fact that in the articles entering into food and clothing, paper is the most universally used commodity in the world. It would be an almost impossible task to find in any civilized community a person or business concern that does not to a greater or less degree make use of paper in some of its various forms. Some philosopher has said that the civilization and prosperity of a country may be measured by its consumption of paper. If this is as fair an index as it seems upon reflection to be reasonable, statistics prove the United States to have distanced all the other nations of the world in the race of true development. Perhaps no line of business has had a more remarkable growth in the United States the past ten years than the paper-making industry. This is true in all branches, but especially so in the line of book and news print papers. The American people are a nation of readers, and the rapidly decreasing prices of books and newspapers have greatly increased the consumption of paper in these two lines. One or two cents will purchase a mass of reading matter, in the form of our great dailies, consisting of from eight to sixteen pages, while a book of paper, or probably as much as 1,000 tons, and of writing 450 tons each daily.

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ADVENTURE OF A CAT.

The Simple Facts of Its First and Only Ride on a Dumb Water.

Mr. David Ballie, formerly of Edinburgh, has two maitresse cats, Punch and Dynamite. Dynamite, as might be inferred from his name, is alert and acrobatic. Punch has a superior temperament, and spends most of his time finding soft and cozy places and lying in them. Mr. Ballie, who speaks maitresse almost as well as he does Gaelic, and is therefore somewhat familiar with the emotions of the cats, says that they are the most remarkable pair of felines in New York. Other folks with animal pets and babies have been known to express the same sentiment about them, says the New York Sun.

Since an adventure several weeks ago Punch has not been so dopy as he used to be. He has the way of the dumb water shaft upon, with the water itself looking particularly snug and inviting, standing at the door. He decided that the water was just the proper size for a luxurious cat's bedchamber, so he leaped in and went to sleep as quick as Dickens' fat boy. That was an hour before daylight. An early and vigorous butcher boy came into the basement and gave the dumb-water rope a yank that started Punch out of his slumber and set him quivering with fear as the dumb-water bumped and rattled down the shaft. Punch was never so wide awake in his life. He had gone down three floors, or from the fifth to the second, when he noticed a gleam of light. It came from the open shaft door of the kitchen on the second floor. Punch made a blind leap for the light, and he happened that an Irish servant girl was sitting on a chair with her back to the dumb water wiping the sleep out of her eyes. Punch did not see her when he made his frantic leap for liberty. He landed in her back hair, and she emitted a yell that frightened Punch more than his experience in the dumb water. He let go the girl's hair in a giff and dashed through the flat like a mad cat, waking everybody in his flight. When he reached the parlor he crouched in a corner and waited for developments. As the house did not tumble down he began to recover his composure and to meditate on the uncertainty of dumb waters and servant girls. He was discovered later in the morning by the mistress of the flat, who recognized him at once as one of Mr. Ballie's maitresse cats. He was sent to the stable.

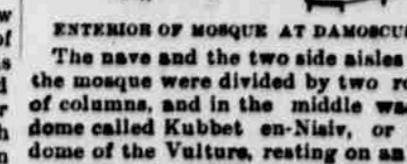
Punch cannot be persuaded now to go near the dumb water. When he hears the grocer boy or butcher boy rattle the rope he retires to the parlor. He is now very careful about the places he selects to take a nap in.

Fontainebleau Forest. This grand old forest of Fontainebleau is everywhere very beautiful, and far from being monotonous in character and simply a forest of trees, it has a great variety of other natural beauties. Certain parts contain rocky hills, enriched here and there by thick heath growing on a sandy soil. In places one sees heaps of rocks of sandstone formation piled one above the other on the slope of the hills, as if large masses of water formerly had rushed through all this country, loosening the immense rocks, and heaping them one upon the other. One peculiarity of these rocks is that many of them are formed like great living monsters. When we went into the forest toward nightfall Francois was always deeply moved. It seemed to him as though we were amid a crowd of antediluvian monsters, and he enjoyed pointing out to me the resemblance to living forms of these mysterious shapes—Pierre Millet, in the Century.

The Ladybird. The ladybird, which many generations of children have addressed the familiar rhyming admonition, is a most valuable insect destroyer and has the freedom of well conducted greenhouses. It is the special enemy of the little green aphid that destroys tender plants, and the ladybird is always seen upon rose bushes in summer time, because the aphid especially attacks the rose. Every such insectivorous insect as the ladybird is welcomed by those who struggle with the ever-increasing swarm of creatures that attack vegetation.

"The Sin of the Father." Dr. Paul Garnier, of Paris, has made a special study of those slum children that are the offspring of habitual drunkards. He says: "There is a law in the very nature of these young wretches that the psychologists see clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectionate emotions, and when they do not become lunatics they show insensibility and pitilessness."

SONS OF ADAM. Mr. Sattler's fad is to have singing birds all over his house. Tobacco was so called from the West Indian island of Tobago. The late Lord Lovelace, who had recently had ignored all animal food for many years. The man who thinks the boy who lives next door to him is a good boy has not yet been found. Judge J. T. Dalvin, of Illinois, Ga., who has married over 150 couples, says that he never received a single fee, save a bushel of potatoes. Two old slaves, John Thompson aged 85 years, and Kitty Owens, 70 years old, were married at Louisville, recently. They were lovers previous to the war, but from that time until a short time ago they had not seen each other. William Green bears the distinction of being the greatest steepie climber in England. He has repaired fifty or more steepies and spires, and is sent for from all parts of the kingdom. His greatest achievement has been in repairing the spire of Salisbury cathedral, which is over 400 feet high. The original of Barnaby Rudge, a man named Walter de Brime, who was a packman or peddler by trade, recently died in Chatham, England. Dickens used to talk to him when he met him in Chatham, and was struck by his cleverness and story. He always dressed in the costume of a man of the Georgian period.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE AT DAMASCUS.

If one went up a little staircase which rises from the Booksellers' Bazaar, and climbed to one of the surrounding eminences, one could get a good view of a ruined archway, one of the finest and most ancient of the Roman remains in Damascus. From here could be seen the well-known Greek inscription written on the mosque itself: "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an Everlasting Kingdom, and Thy Dominion Endureth Throughout all Generations."

Admission could be obtained by foreigners on application to the Consul, who always had to accompany the visiting party. The fee was 20 francs per party, besides sundry

NOTES OF THE MODES.

SPRING AND SUMMER COSTUMES FOR WOMEN.

The Tea Gown of 1894 a Subject for the Poets—Hints About Children's Dress—Miscellaneous Gossip About Styles and Fads.

WHY DOES NOT a latter-day poet of the minor description invoke his muse in praise of the tea gown? asks a writer in the Queen. Unquestionably it deserves the honor, evolving, as it does, grace from every fold and being impregnated with the essence of femininity. Take, for example, a white gown, made of the softest white-spotted satin, striped with lines of insertion, with lace falling about the shoulders and on the hips. The most aggressively masculine woman could not fail to be influenced by its daintiness. Bands of the insertion, alternating with gores of the silk, appear from the waist to the hem, while there is a soft drapery, suggestive of the pander, and the sleeves are loose and full, allowing a peep at a rounded arm, the rounded arm of course being taken for granted. This is eminently adapted for the slim figure, while those of more liberal proportions might adopt another style, which is made in a blue more of a novel kind, closely striped in lines, with a quaint bib-like collar round the shoulders, outlined with lace, the sleeves full to the elbow, and tucked tightly to the wrist. At the neck and below the waist appear bands of magenta-striped velvet ribbon—a striking note of color this. Crepon gowns, which would do graceful duty at breakfast time, are trimmed with insertion, and liberally trimmed, too. An ideal gown fit to grace a trousseau has a front and back made of horizontally placed tucks of white lace, alternating with bands of white



SOME SPRING AND SUMMER DRESSES.

pure, while over the shoulders fall full, loose, wrinkle draperies of fanciful silk crepe. More elaborate still, but no less beautiful, is a gown of green brocade with a basket-work design strewn with pink roses. Panels of accordion plating in pale green silk crepe appear from beneath the arms to the hem, the sleeves are formed of three deep frills of the crepe, and from the shoulders hang ribbon velvets, tying at the top, brace fashion. Tea jackets there are of a charming variety. One in pink watered silk boasts a vest of cream satin, draped with lace, turning back with broad revers and fastened on the bust with a rosette and long streamers of black ribbon. Black velvet appears, buckled with steel as the trimming on the chin silk jacket, also elaborately trimmed with lace. The plain cloth or tweed dress always counts its admirers by the hundreds, indeed, I might write thousands. A capital notion, which lends itself to a variety of waistcoats and shirts, is a

called the other day the fact that it was first introduced at the national capital by Mrs. Alexander Hamilton. She used to tell with amusement of the delight with which President Jackson first tasted it, and how he promptly decided to have lace at the executive mansion. Accordingly, guests at the next reception were treated to the frozen mystery, and afforded considerable fun to the initiated by the reluctance with which they tasted it. Those from the rural districts, especially, first eyed it suspiciously, then melted each spoonful with the breath before consuming it. Their distrust was soon removed, however, and plates were emptied with great rapidity.

She settled the Fate of That Hat. The unfortunate young man had moved his hat from place to place in the pew, but always had to move it again. His pew seemed particularly popular, and there was no abiding spot for that piece of headgear, which happened to be a shining silk hat of the most approved shape. Finally, when he was tightly wedged into one corner and there seemed to be nothing for him to do but to hold the hat tenderly on his lap for the rest of the service, he had an inspiration. The pew in front was still empty. He leaned over, gently deposited his cherished covering on the cushioned seat, and gave himself up to pious reflection.

By and by the owners of that pew made a late entrance. The youth gazed at them with interest. A pretty young blonde led the way, and in looking at her fair hair and blue eyes he forgot his hat. She, conscious of his gaze, blushed properly and cast down her eyes in a maidenly way. Then she sat down, and there was a crushing, grinding sound. She shot up again, and so did the young man. And together they surveyed the ruins of that shining silk hat, while the choir vociferously sang "Cover My Defenseless Head."—New York World.

Boarding House Item. Mrs. Flapjack (to fat boarder who has asked for a second cup)—How long will you be absent from Harlem? Boarder—Why, I'm not going to leave town. Mrs. Flapjack—Will you be here to breakfast to-morrow morning? Boarder—Yes, mum; certainly will. Mrs. Flapjack (sarcastically)—Then, why don't you wait till then for a second cup of coffee?

How Women May Cigar. Pete Amsterdam—May I offer you a cigar? Mount Morris Park—Thank you, but it is very seldom that I indulge. Pete Amsterdam—Then smoke one of these and it will cure you entirely of the habit. My wife bought me a whole box of them as a birthday present.

Not a Contractor. Smith—Is your friend Jones contracting any bad habits? Brown—No; he is still on the expand.

CHILD'S DRESS AND COAT. short bodice cut to simulate a man's dress coat, with a turndown collar, rounded over the chest. This buttons neatly into the waist and is completed by a plain skirt, and can be worn either with a stiff-fronted white shirt, when it is eminently manly in its suggestiveness, with a soft lace bow and cravat, or with an accordion-plated silk blouse.

A new ulster which deserves commendation shows double capes over the shoulders and a double-breasted front, and on this again appears this new shaped coat, which is also to be found on cheviot coats, long, short, and three-quarter length. One example which is especially attractive is in a light shade of drab, has a Chesterfield front, and, though single-breasted, boasts broad revers. The new waistcoats include some of the worsted material with a silk spot. These are to be seen in various colors and combinations of colors.

A CHANCE TO SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM FUNNY EXCHANGES.

Standard of Intelligence Among Chicago Ward Politicians Graphically Illustrated—A Tired Papa—The Free-riding Fashion—Sharp Points.

WOTOUGH WARD politicians stood in front of a north side saloon the other day engaged in animated conversation. "It ain't no use tellin' me," exclaimed the man with the ragged cap, "that Elligzandy is in Afriky. Durn it all, it's in Egypt! Anybody that knows anything at all knows it's in Egypt!" "That's all right," snarled the other, "if you knowed anything about joggin' you'd know it wasn't within a thousand miles of Egypt. It's in Afriky. I've seen it on the map 'n' a hundred times." "You can't tell where Afriky is to save your life!" "You ain't got no more idea where Egypt is than if you were on the other side of the moon."

"Egpt on the Nile, you—"

"Look out! Don't you call no names!" "Well, you tell me where Afriky is! Jest you tell me where Afriky is, if you know so all-fired much!" "Afriky's right on the equator. Runs along on both sides of it. It's where the Africans live. If you'd ever seen an Egyptian you'd knowed he wasn't an African fur as you could see 'im."

"Say, I'll tell you wot I'll do with you! We'll go right in here to Greif's saloon, and if he's got a map I'll leave it 'im."

"I'll do it."

"And if his map says it's in Egypt the drinks is on you?" "That's right."

They went inside the saloon, and when the policeman on that beat softly entered the place an hour afterward the two men were seated at a table in one corner of the room with a faded old map between them, thirsty beyond the power of man to describe, wild eyed with anger and still wrangling.—Chicago Tribune.

He Wanted a Rest. Mrs. Popleigh—Henry, are you crazy! Take that mask off. You are frightening baby so bad he'll not go near you. Mr. Popleigh (complacently)—That's why I put it on.—Puck.

Yum-Yum-Yum. "There, dear," remarked the young wife, who was trying "love in a cottage," just after the lapse of the honeymoon, while she sat with her husband at the breakfast table, "you forgot to get the sugar yesterday, so you have none for breakfast."

"Oh, yes, I have. I've got you." "But you can't sweeten your coffee with me," she said, with a love-light in her eye.

"Maybe not; but I can sweeten my life with you."

"How nice that sounds," she said; "just like books."—Toledo Blade.

Matrimonial Item. Mrs. Candid, a fashionable lady living on Madison Square, New York, called on a lady friend and found her petting one of those pug dogs.

"Where did you get that animal?" asked Mrs. Candid.

"My husband gave it to me to remember him by when he was away traveling."

"What a horrid nasty looking brute he is!"—Texas Siftings.

Against the Rules. "Here you," said a Galveston street car conductor to a man who was pulling away at a cigar, "didn't you read the sign? It is against the rule to smoke in these cars."

"Yes, I've read your blamed sign and I have not broken any of your rules yet. I am smoking in the singular number of this car just now. When you see me smoking in two or three cars it will be time for you to say something."—Texas Siftings.

His First Elephant. Arthur—I should think he'd look better if they would cross his legs down the front, like papa's!

Matrimonial Item. "Is marriage a failure?" asked the elderly Spilkins of a former dame who had been a party to a May and December marriage.

"No," she replied with a glance toward her husband, in the next room. "Not a failure. Only a temporary embarrassment."

The Water Supply in Dagen. Indignant Guest—Walter, I have drunk five glasses of water waiting for that breakfast. When am I going to get it? Waiter—In about four glasses more.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

The Wonder Why Her Cousin Treated Her So Coldly.

The throng at the Broad-street station was treated to a brief comedy of errors the other day, which caused considerable embarrassment to those concerned. Young Mrs. Blank, who had recently married and moved to the city, received a note from a cousin up the state to meet her at the station as she was passing through the city on her way south. Mrs. Blank, says the Philadelphia Press, had not seen her cousin, whose Christian name was Daisy, for three years, and was eager to renew her old friendship. Daisy had asked her brother, who also lives in Philadelphia, to meet her, so that she would be sure of company during her long wait for the train.

The brother appeared first, and took her gripbag to the package-room to be temporarily checked, leaving his sister at the other end of the waiting-room. While he was checking the grip a young lady came up beside him with a parcel which she wished to check. A moment or two afterward he heard several earnest kisses, but he did not even turn his head. Then a voice, which somewhat sounded familiar, said: "Da, you, don't you know me?" Another kiss and a warm embrace—almost a hug.

"Sincerely you remember me, Daisy?" continued the voice. Turning, the young man saw the young lady beside him, an utter stranger, in the clutches of his cousin, Mrs. Blank. The stranger looked appalled, but managed to gasp: "There must be some mistake. I don't remember your face."

"Isn't this Daisy?" asked Mrs. Blank of the young man; then without waiting for an answer she proceeded to introduce her husband. He had never met any of the party before, but in a sort of surprised way he seized the first hand he came across and shook it.

"Daisy, don't you look at me so queerly. Is it possible you don't remember me?"

Then the young man broke in wildly with the assurance that the stranger who was being embraced was not Daisy, and that it was all a mistake, and the stranger murmured that the resemblance must be very startling, and the husband was reintroduced and things became generally maudlin. Finally Mrs. Blank was gently led over to where the true Daisy sat, unconcerned, who was going on, and not until her eyes fell on the real Daisy's pretty face did she really realize that it was not one of her cousins' practical jokes, but a real mistake.

Then she and her husband both made a dash for the stranger to tender their apologies, but the latter had reconsidered her plan to have her baggage checked and flown.

HIS FIVE.

The Memory of Them the Sweetest Thing in the Farmer's Life. A gentleman who has five little boys took them to the country for a few weeks last summer. One day, while out for a walk, they stopped at an inn, and the farmer who was in the house asked a question.

"What's that?" asked the farmer, who was tilted back in his chair against an apple tree, if they might have a drink of water from the well in the dooryard.

"Certainly, certainly," he said, "drink all ye want, an' welcome."

He watched the sturdy little boys closely while they were drinking, says The Companion, and when they were about to depart he said to their father:

"Is all them little fellers yours?" "Yes, sir," said the father, proudly.

"A fine little band they air," replied the old man, his face beaming with pleasure as he looked at them. "A fine little company, sir. I hope you'll be able to keep 'em. I had five like them once."

"They must be a great comfort to you now."

"The mem'ry of 'em, I wa'n't privileged to see 'em grow up to be men, not one of 'em, sir. Do you see that little graveyard over there on the hillside? Yes? And ye kin see, too, them five little tombstones all in a row over there in the south-west corner?"

"My wife was all put there before any of 'em got to be 10 years old, but we had all of 'em spared to us long enough to make the mem'ry of them the sweetest thing there is in this life to an old wife."

"We've never had but them five, and we'll have them ag'in before very long instead of jest the mem'ry of 'em. I hope yours 'll all be spared to ye, sir, I truly hope so."

"Bound too Much. Pale with suppressed indignation Algernon McStab uncrossed his legs, rose stiffly, and turned up his coat collar.

"Glycerine McCurdy," he howled, "you have seen fit to sneer at me. You have accused me of having a wheel in my head. If I have, false beauty, it is at least a wheel that has run true to you!"

"Ah, yes," replied the young woman with a far-away look in her soulful eyes, "and yet I hardly want you for a hub, you know!"

A Choice of Two Evils. "Oh! oh! O mother! it's so cold—so cold and wet too." "But it will make you clean, my son. Doesn't my little boy wish to be clean?" "Not—not—not if I have to be wet and cold. I'd—I'd rather be warm and dirty than cold and clean."—Arkansas Traveler.

Concealing Smallpox. A Brooklyn judge has subjected a practicing physician to the heavy fine of \$150 for neglecting to report a case of smallpox upon which he was in attendance. The father of the afflicted child was also fined for his failure to send word of the case to the health board.

PIONEER HEROINES.

Brave Women of the Early Days of the Country.

The Story of Hannah Dustin and How She Escaped Running the Gauntlet—She Who Saw the Narragansett Hunter and Her Reward.

"We have been discussing the bravery of the women of the revolution," said Uncle Dave to the Boston Herald man, as the old-timers again met for the daily chat, "but I tell you, boys, some of the pioneer women of New England, who had to deal with the native savages, showed a bravery which in some instances could hardly be paralleled outside the annals of Indian warfare. Dustin's island, in the Merrimack river, at the mouth of Contoocook river, between Concord and Bosswan, N. H., is celebrated on account of an exhibit of a lady whose name it bears.

"On the 15th of March, 1698—just 196 years ago—the Indians made a descent upon Haverhill, Mass., where they took Mrs. Hannah Dustin, who was confined to her bed with an infant only six days old, and attended by her nurse, Mary Nof. The Indians took Mrs. Dustin from her bed and carried her away with the nurse and infant. They soon dispatched the latter by dashing its head against a tree. When they had proceeded as far as Dustin's island, on their way to an Indian town situated a considerable distance above, the Indians informed the women that they would be stripped and run the gauntlet through the village on their arrival.

"Mrs. Dustin and her nurse had been assigned to a family consisting of two stout men, three women and seven children, or young Indians, besides an English boy from Worcester. Mrs. Dustin, aware of the cruelties that awaited her, formed the design of exterminating the whole family, and prevailed upon the nurse and the boy to assist her in her destructive work. A little before day the whole company in a sound sleep, she woke her confederates, and with the Indian hatchets dispatched ten of the twelve. One of the women, whom they thought they had killed, made her escape.

And a favorite boy they designedly left untouched. Mrs. Dustin and her companions arrived safe home with the scalps, though their danger from the enemy and from famine in traveling so far must have been great. The general court of Massachusetts gave Mrs. Dustin a grant of \$50 for her bravery, and she received many other valuable presents beside.

"Amongst the first settlers of Dorchester, said Uncle Joshua, "was George Minot, a ruling elder of the first church in the settlement for 37 years. He erected a dwelling house in that part of Dorchester known as Neponset, which house was standing not many years ago, and if I mistake not, is standing to this day. If it is, it is no doubt one of the oldest in the country. It has always been in the possession of the Minot family, descendants of the builder.

"This house was even more celebrated for the female heroism displayed within its walls than for its antiquity. A party of Narragansett Indians, hunting on the borders of the Neponset river, stopped at Elder Minot's house and demanded food and drink. On being refused, they threatened vengeance, and the sachem, or chief, of the party left an Indian ambush to watch an opportunity to effect it. Soon after, in the absence of all the family except a young woman and two small children, the Indian attacked the house, and fired at the young woman, but missed his mark.

"The girl placed the children under two brass kettles and bade them be silent. She then loaded Mr. Minot's gun and shot the Indian in the shoulder. The savage, in attempting to enter the window, the girl threw a shovelful of live coals in his face and lodged them in his blanket. On this the Indian fled. The next day he was found dead in the woods. The Indian's name was Chickawab, but not the Narragansett chief of that name. The government of Massachusetts bay presented this brave young woman with a silver wristband, or bracelet, on which her name was engraved, with this motto: 'she slew the Narragansett hunter.'"

"The hardships and heroic deeds of the early women of New England," said Squaw Ben, "would fill a number of large volumes, if they could all be told, but the most of them have been lost forever by the death of those who know of them, or are hidden in the mists of tradition, where they will perhaps forever remain in oblivion. Here is a case, analogous to many others, which occurs to me. The town of G. rham, Me., in Cumberland county, was first settled in 1763, by John Whitney, and others from Barnstable county, Mass. Maine was at that time almost a wilderness, and the depredations of the Indians greatly retarded the development of the young settlements in it.

"The people of Gorham and other settlements have endured great privations, and for many years were in constant apprehension of attack by the savages. The wives and daughters of the first settlers of Gorham shared in all the toils and wants of their husbands and fathers. They labored in the fields, carried burdens, went to the mill, and aided in defense of their property. One time when most of the men were away, the Indians attacked the fort, and the wife of Hugh McDaniel rallied the women in the Garrison, shut the gates, mounted the walls, fired upon the Indians, and by her courage and activity baffled the enemy until succor arrived.

First of the Habitable Planet. In Buffon's speculations on the origin and age of the solar system he gives some curious opinions and figures concerning the gradual cooling down of the various planets. According to these, the fifth satellite of Saturn was the first of those which cooled down to a temperature which made its inhabitation by organized beings possible. This process began 2,919 years after the

PLAYING IRISH MUSIC.

An American Fiddler Who Prefers Celtic Melodies to Melton Tunes.

Extensive as in every San Francisco knowledge of the city's Chinatown, says the Call, nowhere can be found a citizen who had any recollection of hearing of a Chinese who played popular airs on a violin with any sort of a touch that is suggestive of early training and an ardent admiration for music. But Lee Fong is just such a heathen, with a history that is of exceeding interest. They call him "Tom Flanagan," for strange to relate, the boy has a great liking for Irish airs and melodies and plays them in preference to the compositions of German or American composers. Tom came to California about eight years ago. He first listened to the playing of a violin at a theater in Oakland. He liked "Meditation music," and often stood for hours at a park or open-air concert listening to a brass band discourse popular airs. Finally the idea struck him that it would be possible for him to learn to play the fiddle, so straightway he hid him to a second-hand store, where he purchased a violin for \$5.

"No one in China music," said he with a contemptible sneer. "Too much dum, dum, too much squeak."

With the help of a German, who jokingly undertook to give Tom preliminary instruction in the production of harmonious sounds, the Chinese learned to handle the bow with considerable dexterity. His advance was rapid, and in less than two years Tom could do musical justice at any country hoodlum, and in spite of even a more elevated social gathering with exhilaration when he drew music out of the violin strings.

"Irish music heep lively," said Tom, as he drew his finger along his violin's base string. "You like me play for you?"

"By all means."

"I play."

"The Wearing of the Green," "Kill-jarney," and an Irish jig followed. Tom's arm swung with an easy motion and his foot beat time. His eyes dilated a little and his mouth twitched, showing that he felt in his very soul the vibrations of the sweet Celtic melodies.

"The Danbury News Man." The late James Montgomery Bailey, the "Danbury News Man," used to relate that a poor man came to him, with tears in his eyes one day, asking for help for his destitute and starving children. "What do you need most?" asked Mr. Bailey. "Well, we need bread; but if I can't have that, I'll take tobacco." One day Mr. Bailey was asked if he had any men in Connecticut. "Lazymen," he exclaimed, "we have a man in Danbury so lazy that instead of shoveling a path to the front gate, he pinches the baby's ear with the nippers till the neighbors come rushing in to tread down the snow." Mr. McMasters was buying a home of Mr. Bailey, and asked him if the house was cold in the winter. "Cold?" said Bailey, cautiously; "I can't say as to that; it stands outdoors."—Argonaut.

One for Bridget. An Irish girl who was servant to a lady, was complimented by her benefactor on the elaborate ornamentation of a large pie for dinner.

"Why, Bridget, you are quite an artist. How did you manage to do this so beautifully?" she inquired, thinking to rally her for the company's amusement.

"Indeed it was meself that did it, mum," said Biddy, with a malicious grin. "Isn't it purty, mum? I did it with your false tayth, mum!"

Sad Memory of a Football Game. "And so, Mrs. De Gollyer, your boy was killed by savages?" "Ah, yes."

"South Africa?" "No—college."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PITH AND PALAVER. Binks—Did you ever see a cake-walk? Jinks—No; but I have seen a cheese that might have walked if given half a chance!

Police Magistrate—I fine you \$10. Culprit—But, your honor, I ain't got only \$4.75. Police Magistrate—Then I fine you \$4.75. Call then excuse.

Benedict—Won't she marry you? Singleton—I'm afraid there is. "That so? Do you know who it is?" "Yes, her father."

Mrs. Cornstossel had been to the Corcoran art gallery. "What did you think of the statuary?" asked her hostess. "Well," was the meditative reply, "of course it's mighty poor taste and sinfully wasteful fur people over-dress. But I must say the ancients carried economy ter an extreme."

A romantic marriage occurred lately at Fulton, Ky. Adolph Ekins and Miss Alice Mahoney were the contracting parties. It was agreed by them that they would try married life a year, and if found disagreeable to either, he or she was at liberty to withdraw, notwithstanding what the other party had to say.

Mr. Reader—The papers mention a number of instances in which labor unions have loaned money to employers in order to keep the works running during the dull times. Mrs. Reader—Yes, I noticed that but I don't believe it. "Why not?" "I told Bridget about it, and asked her to lend me some money to pay her wages, and she got as mad as a hornet."

At an evening party Dumley was introduced to a young lady, and after a remark about the weather he said gallantly: "And have I really the pleasure of meeting the beautiful Miss Blossom whose praises are being sounded by everybody?" "Oh, no, Mr. Dumley," the young lady replied: "the beautiful Miss Blossom to whom you refer is a cousin of mine." "Oh, that's it? Well, I thought there was a mistake somewhere," said the gallant Dumley.

Abolishing the Knout. The use of the knout by the Russian police as a punishment for various offenses is on the eve of abolition. This step, it is stated, is due to the direct intervention of the czar, who, having by some means ascertained the extent of the excessive and in many cases unnecessary use of this instrument of punishment, ordered the governors of the various provinces to specially report on the subject. Women, girls and even children have been exempt from this barbarous mode of punishment, which in many cases has resulted in the victim being maimed for life.

A Specific for Typhus. Jimena Rodriguez has been proved by General Aureo Jimeno Rivera of Mexico to be a specific for typhus, and he has been distributing it gratuitously to the poor. Now he announces that it will cure smallpox and that he believes it will be equally efficient in yellow fever. The appearance of the epidemic is due at Vera Cruz and he has sent a package there for trial.

Rebels' Expedition. Great interest is being aroused throughout Virginia and the South over the expedition which is to be held in Richmond next fall. The necessary arrangements have been secured, and arrangements are being made for cheap railway transportation.

AN AMERICAN DUE TO HIS BLUNDER.

The Result of the War of Independence.

A clerk in the state department narrowly escaped dismissal in consequence of his negligence in making a blurred and inaccurate copy of an important diplomatic paper. His superior, when it was laid upon the desk for signature, was very angry, says the Youth's Companion. "The government does not pay you," he exclaimed, "for doing slovenly work. You must make a clean copy, without erasure or interlineation. Even a blacksmith could do better work!" was the parting shot as the humiliated clerk disappeared at the door, red in the face and trembling for the retention of his position.

The official was undoubtedly right. There was no excuse for carelessness, inattentive copying and botchwork in a state paper. If he had been familiar with the diplomatic history of the war of independence he might have enforced the moral with fine effect.

The crisis of the military struggle between Great Britain and the revolting colonies was reached when General Burgoyne's campaign was planned in London.

The object was to strike a tremendous blow at the center of confederacy. The British forces were to take possession of the Mohawk and Hudson valleys by a concentric march from Lake Champlain, Oswego, and New York on converging lines toward Albany.

The ascent of the Hudson by Sir William Howe was very essential to the success of a scheme by which New England was to be cut off, as by a wedge, from the Southern colonies.

Orders were sent out from London for the advance of Burgoyne's and St. Leger's forces from Canada. At first Sir William Howe was merely informed of the plan and was armed with discretionary powers, but finally a dispatch was drafted positively ordering him to cooperate in the movement from New York.

A clerk made a hasty and very careless copy of the dispatch, which the minister, Lord George Germaine, found difficulty in reading. Like the state department official above referred to, he angrily reprimanded the culprit, and ordered a fresh copy to be made without flaw or erasure. Being pressed for time and anxious for a holiday, Lord George posted off for his country seat without waiting for the fresh copy.

The military order was laboriously copied in the clerk's best hand, but when it was finished the minister was not there to sign it. It was pigeonholed and overlooked when he returned and was not sent to America until long afterward.

Sir William Howe, being left with full discretion, allowed himself to be drawn into military operations against Washington's army, near Philadelphia. Burgoyne's army was entrapped, cut off from retreat, and forced to surrender at Saratoga. The fortunes of the revolutionary war turned upon the carelessness of an English copyist.

The minister was more culpable than the clerk. Evidently he thought so, for he suppressed the facts. The secret history of the dispatch, which only recently been revealed, and Sir William Howe's lack of co-operation was explained, but the first blunder was the copyist's, and very costly it proved.

A New Story of Lincoln.

Crossing a field one day, President Lincoln, it is said, was pursued by an angry bull. He made for the fence, says Life's Calendar, but soon discovered that the bull was overtaking him. He then began to run around a haystack in the field, and the bull pursued him; but, in making the short circles around the stack, Lincoln was the faster, and instead of the bull catching him, he caught the bull and grabbed him by the tail. It was a firm grip and a controlling one. He began to kick the bull, and the bull bellowed with agony and dashed about the field. Lincoln hanging to his tail and kicking him at every jump, and, as they flew along, Lincoln yelled at the bull: "Darn you, who began this fight?"

As to the Sex of Rabbits. Does the common hare or rabbit change its sex with the season? I know that this seems like asking a very foolish question, but if you will investigate the matter you will find that the sex is something in after all. Lily, the British dramatist, in his "Midas" says: "Hares we can not be, because they are male one year and female the next." Topse'll "History of Four-footed Beasts" bears out a similar idea, and most of the ancient writers on natural history give us to understand that hares are bisexual. I have often heard old hunters claim that no man ever saw a male hare in summer or a female in winter!

Abolishing the Knout. The use of the knout by the Russian police as a punishment for various offenses is on the eve of abolition. This step, it is stated, is due to the direct intervention of the czar, who, having by some means ascertained the extent of the excessive and in many cases unnecessary use of this instrument of punishment, ordered the governors of the various provinces to specially report on the subject. Women, girls and even children have been exempt from this barbarous mode of punishment, which in many cases has resulted in the victim being maimed for life.

A Specific for Typhus. Jimena Rodriguez has been proved by General Aureo Jimeno Rivera of Mexico to be a specific for typhus, and he has been distributing it gratuitously to the poor. Now he announces that it will cure smallpox and that he believes it will be equally efficient in yellow fever. The appearance of the epidemic is due at Vera Cruz and he has sent a package there for trial.

Rebels' Expedition. Great interest is being aroused throughout Virginia and the South over the expedition which is to be held in Richmond next fall. The necessary arrangements have been secured, and arrangements are being made for cheap railway transportation.

THE KAISER.

THE KAISER'S VISIT TO THE KAISER.

origin of the planetary system, and continued for upwards of 48,000 years. But as the system is now almost 75,000 years old, the first of the habitable planets long since became too cold for the existence of organized being of any sort, and is now a dead world.

PLAYING IRISH MUSIC.

An American Fiddler Who Prefers Celtic Melodies to Melton Tunes.

Extensive as in every San Francisco knowledge of the city's Chinatown, says the Call, nowhere can be found a citizen who had any recollection of hearing of a Chinese who played popular airs on a violin with any sort of a touch that is suggestive of early training and an ardent admiration for music. But Lee Fong is just such a heathen, with a history that is of exceeding interest. They call him "Tom Flanagan," for strange to relate, the boy has a great liking for Irish airs and melodies and plays them in preference to the compositions of German or American composers. Tom came to California about eight years ago. He first listened to the playing of a violin at a theater in Oakland. He liked "Meditation music," and often stood for hours at a park or open-air concert listening to a brass band discourse popular airs. Finally the idea struck him that it would be possible for him to learn to play the fiddle, so straightway he hid him to a second-hand store, where he purchased a violin for \$5.

"No one in China music," said he with a contemptible sneer. "Too much dum, dum, too much squeak."

With the help of a German, who jokingly undertook to give Tom preliminary instruction in the production of harmonious sounds, the Chinese learned to handle the bow with considerable dexterity. His advance was rapid, and in less than two years Tom could do musical justice at any country hoodlum, and in spite of even a more elevated social gathering with exhilaration when he drew music out of the violin strings.

"Irish music heep lively," said Tom, as he drew his finger along his violin's base string. "You like me play for you?"

"By all means."

"I play."

GOLD IS STILL GOING.

LESS THAN \$80,000,000 IN THE TREASURY.

And Gold Goes Ahead Like Shelled Peas Through a Hole in a Sack—Private Bill Passed by the House—The State Bank Tax.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The present depleted condition of the treasury and the discouraging outlook of the future are a source of considerable anxiety to officials of the treasury department. Already the gold reserve, which had been brought up by the last bond issue to \$105,559,842, has been reduced by exportations since March 10 to less than \$80,000,000, with no indications that the foreign demand will cease until it has reached a much lower point.

Gold in Committee.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—In the committee of the whole of the house yesterday an amendment to the legislative appropriation bill, whereby the salaries of the civil service commissioners were cut out, was passed by a vote of 109 to 91. The civil service commission, or rather, the civil service law, is not popular with congressmen, and every time an appropriation for the pay of the commissioners is offered there is a big fight.

They Talk and Talk.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—At the conclusion of the morning hour in the house yesterday the house went into committee of the whole for the consideration of private bills. Mr. Springer gave notice that the first thing to-day he would call up the Hrawley bill for repeal of the state bank tax.

State Bank Tax Bill.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—This week in the house will be much broken up by special orders and adjournments over decoration day. The state bank bill will have the right of way, but it can get but three days in the week at best. To-day is District of Columbia day and the state bank men have consented not to infringe. The bank bill will be taken up again to-morrow.

Hill's Amendment.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—Senator Hill has notified Senator Dubois that he intends to put lead ore on the free list and that he will attack the position of the senate finance committee in levying a duty of 1/4 of 1 cent per pound on that article.

Passing Private Bills.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—Among the private bills agreed to in the house yesterday was one introduced by Mr. Gentry of California granting certain rights over Lime Point military reservations in California for the purpose of constructing a highway.

Tracy on Silver.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—Representative Tracy (Dem. of New York, who has been most active in defeating Representative Brand's silver moves, says all abandonment of federal officers at a ratio of 16 to 1 is at an end in the present congress.

Sugar Schedule.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The main interest in the proceedings in the senate's work centers in the prospective contest over the sugar schedule.

Several New Bills.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—Representative Whiting of Michigan yesterday introduced a bill to secure an equitable apportionment of federal officers among the states and territories.

A. P. A. IN FLORIDA

A CATHOLIC SHOT BY ONE OF THE ORDER.

Another Old-fashioned Kentucky Killing, and More Trouble is Feared—A Row in a Catholic Church at Hazleton, Pa.—English Investing.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., May 25.—A special from Palatka, Florida, says: Yesterday morning John Kane was shot in the head and dangerously wounded by Ernest Wolfe. Wolfe is a German and a member of the A. P. A., while Kane is an Irish Catholic. Wolfe is under arrest and Kane may die. About a month ago Dunford and Nix, A. P. A. agents, who were trying to organize a lodge of the society at Palatka, were set upon and nearly beaten to death for saying that all Catholic women and all Catholic priests were immoral.

A Whitecap Killing.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 25.—News has just reached here of a bloody riot which occurred at Forest City yesterday afternoon. The trouble was brought about over the arrest of certain prominent citizens of St. Francis county charged with whitecapism. A detective by the name of Webber from Memphis was engaged to run the whitecaps down. He went to work on the case and as a consequence some thirty or forty arrests followed.

Another Kentucky Shooting.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 25.—A special from Hopkinsville, Ky., says: A fatal shooting affray took place Saturday night at a country store near Pilot Rock, nine miles east of here, resulting in one man being killed and another probably fatally wounded. Neal Edwards shot and instantly killed Samuel Martin, with whom he had some trouble. John Martin a brother of the man killed, and Jas. G. Edwards, father of Neal, drew their weapons and began firing at each other. They continued until both parties were fatally wounded and Neal's horse was killed under him.

All Clear Now.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 25.—Thirty years ago John Hazard, a merchant of Scottsburg, Ind., near Jeffersonville, collected a large sum of money and started for Louisville, ostensibly to buy a new stock of goods, but he never returned home. His wife and two children believed him dead. The daughter, Addie, married and died, leaving three children. Two days ago the son, George E. Hazard, who is a poor man living near Scottsburg, received a letter from Kansas stating that his father had died there leaving an estate valued at \$60,000, which he had willed to his wife and two children. Hazard will go to Kansas immediately to claim his fortune.

A Row in Church.

HAZLETON, Pa., March 28.—During a riot yesterday at St. Casimir's Polish church at Freedom Valley Lipkozy and Peter Yoski were fatally and James Travist and Joseph Dutch were less seriously injured by the weapons of the police, and Chief of Police James Gallagher and Officer Jones of the police force were cut and injured by stones thrown by the crowd. A factional fight has been waged for a year in the church and the enemies of the pastor, Father Mennig, attempted to prevent the men from going to church. His police escort was attacked by the mob and the officers fired on them.

Triple Tragedy.

PLAQUEMINES, La., May 25.—At Dorseyville, fourteen miles below this town, on the Texas and Pacific railroad, an Italian and a negro got into an altercation in front of the store of Adolph Block and Jules Leb, who are brothers-in-law. The negro took offense at something said to him by the young man and started off to get his gun, they doing the same. In ten minutes the trio met, armed, and the shooting began. When the smoke had cleared away it was found that all three had been killed almost instantly.

Officers and Trainmen Fight.

OKLAHOMA, O. T., May 25.—Great excitement prevails over the capture of a Rock Island train by officers of the city of End for violation of the city ordinance against running faster than six miles an hour within the city limits. In a fight between the crew of the train and the city officers one of the officers was beaten to death with a coupling pin in the hands of a trainman.

New Way to Make Whisky.

CINCINNATI, O., May 25.—The directors of the Distillers and Cattle Feeders company have decided after long experiment to adopt the Japanese process, known as the Takamine process, for making whisky. President Greenhut estimates the saving by the process to be about 15 cents on a bushel of grain, and says that a better product is the result.

English Investing.

ELGIN, Ill., May 25.—President Avery of the Elgin National Water company has notified the stockholders that a representative of an English syndicate has offered \$7,000,000 for the plant and that holders of three-fourths of the stock have agreed to sell.

Eleven Men Killed.

CHIFFLE CREEK, Col., May 25.—Eleven men killed, with a strong probability that the number of dead will be increased when all is known, is the record of the first day of trouble here, although the real fighting has not yet begun, as the fighters are awaiting reinforcements before beginning active operations.

A DESPERATE BATTLE

BETWEEN BANK ROBBERS AND CITIZENS AT LONGVIEW.

One Robber and One Citizen Killed, and Several Wounded, Over 200 Shots Being Fired—They Set Away With More Than \$2000—Reward.

LONGVIEW, Tex., May 24.—At 3 o'clock p. m. yesterday two rough looking men walked into the First national bank. One had a slinker on, with a Winchester concealed in its folds. He handed the following note to President Joe Clemmons: "HOME, May 25.—First national bank, Longview. This will introduce to you Charles Speckelmeier, who wants some money and is going to have it.—B. AND F." The bank cashier thought it was an unfortunate subscription to some charity, and started to denote, when the robber pointed his Winchester at him and told him to hold up. The other robber rushed into the side wire door and grabbed the cash. Tom Clemmons and the other bank officials were ordered to hold up their hands.

A Most Furious Mob.

ASHLAND, Ky., May 25.—At Olive Hill, Ky., Wednesday night, a desperate effort was made by a mob of 100 men to lynch Henry Hensley, the night operator of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad at that point. For several months preceding the recent killing of Calvin Scott by his son James Hensley had been clandestinely meeting Scott's pretty 15-year-old daughter and a quarrel over this led to his death. After confession by the son public indignation was strong against Hensley and lynching was openly talked of. The mob formed about 9 o'clock while Hensley was on duty. He telegraphed the state of affairs to the chief dispatcher and left the office, escaping by a rear door. Under cover of darkness he made his way to an engine in the yards and escaped. The mob became enraged at losing its game and ransacked the depot and did considerable damage. Young Scott, the murderer, was removed to Grayson for safe keeping.

A Brave Preacher.

GUTHRIE, Ok., May 25.—Rev. G. W. McKinney, known all over the south-west as the cowboy preacher, who founded the town of McKinney in the Cherokee strip last fall and became postmaster, justice of the peace, notary public, preacher, editor and township clerk, has just added new laurels to his achievements. A few days ago a party of outlaws, abducting Miss Viola King, aged 15, from her home near McKinney. A warrant was issued for the arrest of the parties and McKinney himself headed the posse that started out in pursuit. He has just returned, bringing the girl whom he recovered from their clutches in Beaver county after a chase of over 200 miles on horse back and a lively battle in which the outlaws were compelled to run, leaving the girl and their camp equipment behind.

Kentucky Tragedy.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 24.—A special from Pineville, Ky., says: James Middleton, Sinclair Middleton and a blacked who fight and killed a Harlan county Tuesday in a fight with Gilbert Slayter and Bert and Nobe Hensley. The news was brought here yesterday, but the particulars are meager. There was considerable excitement after the affair, as the men are all well known. The sheriff followed to Beaver county after a chase of over 200 miles on horse back and a lively battle in which the outlaws were compelled to run, leaving the girl and their camp equipment behind.

"Old Hutch" in a Fight.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 26.—B. P. Hutchinson, known as "Old Hutch," the famous board of trade operator, Millionaire Ed Crum, another operator, a hotel clerk named Blanchard, and bartender Hixon, engaged in a racketeering fight at a hotel on York street Thursday night, and Hixon was stabbed in the thigh by Crum. The quarrel grew out of a heated argument and all the combatants were freely pounded before outsiders could separate them. Hixon's wounds are not dangerous and Millionaire Crum was not arrested.

Twenty Convicted.

BUDA PESTH, May 26.—The trial at Klausenberg of twenty-three members of the executive committee of the Roumanian national party in Hungary on the charge of treason is causing the publication of a document denouncing the act of union of Austria and Hungary was concluded yesterday. Twenty of the prisoners were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment ranging from eight months to five years and to pay the cost of publishing their sentences in all court papers. Three of the prisoners were acquitted.

The Virginia Way.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., May 25.—A terrible riot occurred at Wayne county house yesterday, twenty miles south of this city, where several thousand people had gathered to witness an "innocent" circus. Just as the show was under good headway J. W. Watts and D. Cameron, who were enemies, began fighting and in a minute twenty men were taking an active part. The riot lasted for nearly half an hour, in which several men were seriously shot. The town is wild with excitement.

Parnellite Meeting.

DUBLIN, May 24.—A convention of the Parnellite party was held here yesterday under the presidency of Clancy. During the course of the evening Mr. Clancy said the Parnellites would continue to vote against the government for the rest of the session. Harrington said the Irish nothing to hope for from the continued existence of the government. They must bring about a dissolution and substitute another government for the present one.

Supposed Victim Alive.

JACKSON, Mich., May 24.—John Van Inman, serving a life sentence in the state prison for murdering his brother-in-law, John Crow, in 1885, was seen yesterday. He was overjoyed when told of his report from Muncie, and that Crow was alive and on his way to Jackson; but said that he had always felt sure that he would return some day. Thus far Crow has not called at the prison, nor is his name on any hotel register in the city.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

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In reporting the tax levy of Polk county for 1894 the state tax is included. The total county ad valorem tax levied is 35 cents per \$100 valuation, making total state and county taxes for the year 62 cents on the \$100, being less, it is said, than any adjoining county will pay.

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Hi S. Meyer was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment recently in the federal court at San Antonio for using the mails for fraudulent purposes. He was located at Laredo, and fled from people by writing them that there was an express parcel there for them awaiting certain charges, the amounts being forwarded to him.

At the public sale of registered acclimated Jersey cattle made by members of the Texas Jersey cattle club at Dallas, a few days ago, twenty-five cows, heifers and heifer calves sold for \$2393.50, an average of \$95.70 each, and eight bulls and bull calves sold for \$177.50, an average of \$95.60 each.

A Mrs. Miller, living three miles southeast of Gainesville, reports a freak of nature. It is a chick which has beside two well developed legs, a perfectly formed forearm and hand protruding from the breast. In every particular it has the appearance of a miniature human member.

In reporting the tax levy of Polk county for 1894 the state tax is included. The total county ad valorem tax levied is 35 cents per \$100 valuation, making total state and county taxes for the year 62 cents on the \$100, being less, it is said, than any adjoining county will pay.

J. E. Steel of Tioga, Grayson county, father of a young man who was murdered some time ago, has fully identified the photograph, clothing and jewelry taken from the dead man at Marshall. Bob Graham, colored, was arrested charged with the killing.

The Cotton Belt shop force at Tyler has been put down to a seven-hour per day schedule, and a twenty-four day month. There is, however, little or no complaint on the part of the men, as they seem to realize that the road is doing the best it can for them.

Henry Stone, a young man born and raised in Anderson, died the other morning from an overdose of morphine. He commenced taking the drug two days before. He requested that N. Goodyear preach his funeral and to sing "Home, Sweet Home."

Considerable excitement prevails at Gainesville on account of the arrest of M. Jackson, keeper of the county quarters, on complaint being made that he had had improper relations with one of the inmates, the grand jury indicted him for adultery.

A few years ago Troupe, Tyler county, was in a great pine forest. The timber has been all sawed up, shipped and sold, and now a Troupe man has put in a lumber yard to supply the local demands. Such is progress and commerce.

At San Antonio John Truit, charged with criminal assault upon Little Kullodge, his stepdaughter, had his examining trial before Justice Simon and was remanded to jail to await the action of the district court, which convenes September 3.

Ed. F. Murray, International and Great Northern painter, whose headquarters are at Palestine, was run over in the Santa Fe yards at Houston the other night. Some suspect he was murdered and placed on the track.

Two little sons of Messrs. Cannon and Mitchell, near a raft below the oil field at Velasco a few days ago, got adrift on a log and were carried three miles down stream before overtaken by the steam launch Addie.

At Alice, Nueces county, one night recently, a Mexican, Severino Garcia, an employe of Mr. H. W. King, who had been loading stock, fell from a car and was run over and horribly mangled, dying in half an hour.

Lula Williams, a mulatto girl, about 19 years of age, took strychnine at Sherman a few days since and died. Just before her death she had said she had a chance to talk about her much longer.

A gentleman recently visiting Velasco from New York, said: "A well known banking house in New York owning about 2,000 acres near Sabine Pass will inaugurate a great real estate boom there shortly."

During a family row recently at Deatour, Strand Harris, colored, shot his wife once and Bot Foreman, another colored woman, twice and then beat his wife over the head with a rock until forced to desist.

The examining trial of Dr. W. F. Wilson, charged with the killing of Mr. James Hatfield, near Ardlin, in Ellis county, recently, has been concluded. The bond was fixed at \$50 and was promptly given.

Lawyer W. T. Strange and Police Officer C. A. Daniels, both of Dallas, were up in the police court recently each charged with assaulting the other as the result of a difficulty that occurred

ALL OVER THE WORLD

HAPPENINGS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO ALL

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

Six peasants near Ostrogosk, Russia, recently engaged in thefts of wood from the forests of Peskov, selling it and bringing the keepers of the forest with part of the proceeds. One keeper, named Gonorog, informed upon the thieves. They seized and bound and subjected him to the most horrible torture, tearing out his tongue, piercing his eyes with pins until his eyeballs were mere pulp, tearing off his finger and toe nails and finally trampling upon his body until it was lifeless.

Prof. Larkin of Knox college observatory, at Galesburg, Ill., after watching all day, recently, the solar cyclone, said its dimensions exceeded those of any storm he has seen on the sun during his career as an astronomer. It was at its full height; its length was 86,000 miles and the width varied from 22,000 to 13,000 miles. The peculiar features were jets and bridges. The whole mass had a twisting rotary motion.

The Lima, Montana dam broke recently and its body of water went surging down Rod Rock river at a terrific rate, sweeping everything before it. As soon as this was discovered men on horseback hastened down the river to warn the ranchers, but almost every rancher along the bottoms has lost everything. Houses, barns, fences, haystacks and all kinds of stock were carried away.

A clever forgery was detected at Ardmore, I. T., a few days ago in a Wells-Fargo express money order sent to one of the banks for collection and remittance to a supposed firm of lawyers at St. Louis. The order was dated Chicago, Ill., drawn for \$50 and made payable to a fictitious person at Ardmore, with an endorsement to the supposed lawyers in St. Louis, whose fictitious indorsement it bore to the bank for collection.

Joseph Specht, a wealthy farmer of Fairfax county, Virginia, was swindled out of \$5000 recently by a young man giving the name of George S. Howard, who claimed to be a classmate of Specht's son, who is at a theological seminary. Young Howard brought a letter purporting to come from young Specht and succeeded in inducing the farmer's wife to give him \$5000 to carry to the son.

Bernard Hellenburg and his brother, Miss Sadie Wertz, of Rome, N. Y., recently went to Jersey City, N. J., to get married. Before starting from Rome he induced her to draw her savings from the bank, \$235. At Jersey City they took a walk, and when in a secluded spot he shot her in the breast and behind the ear, took her money and left her for dead. He is at large. She is still alive.

A bloody and desperate fight over the collection of a small sum of money occurred recently at the house of William Haddock, in Chicago, Ill., in which Haddock was killed by a knife thrust through his heart. His slayer, William Ellington, lies at the county hospital with his head split open and a section of his brain gone.

Thomas E. Quinn has been dismissed from a clerical position at Washington. He was president of the Democratic Hickey club of Parkersburg, W. Va., which lately passed resolutions denouncing the course of certain United States senators on the tariff, and understood to be aimed at Senator Camden.

A new counterfeit \$1 silver certificate has been discovered. It is of the new issue, series of 1891, check letter A. The color of the face of the counterfeit is excellent, excepting the seal, but the numbers are a little out of line. On the back the color is lighter than on genuine notes and the lathework is blurred.

After being chairman of the Democratic central committee at Massillon, O., for five years, Peter Smith has come out in favor of J. S. Coxey for congress. The financial claims of Mrs. Coxey No. 1 have been settled and her former husband is expected back in Massillon at an early day.

James Morris, colored, the fourth and last of those indicted in Nashville, Tenn., for complicity in the \$35,000 robbery from the Adams Express company, has been arrested and taken to Nashville by Detective Porter. Morris was arrested at Elrod's photograph gallery.

Sam Young was taken from the Ocala, Fla., prison recently by a body of leading citizens and hanged to a tree opposite the graveyard. A few moments since he outraged Lizzie Weems, a year-old girl of excellent family living with a widowed and invalid mother.

Mayor Hopkins has ordered the removal, within ten days, of the Sixteenth street tracks of the Illinois Central in the city of Chicago, the assistant corporation counsel finding they were laid without authority.

Emile Henry, the anarchist, was executed at Paris, France, a few days ago. As he approached the guillotine he said: "Courage, comrades. Vive l'anarchie!" As the knife dropped he cried out: "Vive l'anarchie!"

The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill has been reported to the house. It contains provision for reorganization of the treasury department as recommended by the Dockery commission.

Treasurer Simerott of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid association failed to show up at the general meeting of the association at Evansville, Ind. He handles about \$100,000 every month.

Resolutions opposing Breckinridge's return to congress and calling on Senator Blackburn to aid in bringing about his defeat were adopted by a mass meeting at Lexington, Ky., recently.

The state convention of bankers of Mississippi adopted resolutions requesting their senators and representatives to vote for the repeal of the 10 per cent tax on state banks.

A Minnesota man has recently patented a wheel, which for novelty if for nothing else, will attract any amount of attention. He has evolved and perfected a veritable unicycle, which he claims is in all essentials as serviceable as a bicycle.

Victor Berghund, who had deserted his newly wedded wife in New York, was arrested while cashing a check at Chicago recently for \$10,000, which represented all her property.

Fire nearly destroyed Las Joyas hacienda, near Tehuacana, Mexico, recently. Thirteen persons were cremated and nineteen badly burned. Many horses also perished.

Rev. Madison C. Peters, pastor of the Bloomingdale, N. Y., Reform church, in the course of a recent sermon, declared himself in favor of taxing church property.

Representative Boon (Populist) has introduced in the house a resolution for an inquiry into charges made against United States District Judge Nelson of Minnesota.

Miss Hattie Angell, a totally blind young lady of Swaledale, Mo., can and does set as much type in a day as the average printer. She is an expert on the piano also.

The excise board of New York city refused to reduce the license fees of saloon men after the Liquor Dealers' association threatened to bolt from Tammany Hall.

A shocking tragedy occurred at Albany, N. Y., recently. Eugene Brady, a young roofer, lost his reason and stabbed his mother to death with two butcher knives.

In his annual address to the Illinois Homeopathic association at Quincy, Ill., the other day President Crawford urged higher medical education for the masses.

At Lidgerwood, N. D., recently a mob completely wrecked two saloons. The rioters destroyed all the furniture and emptied the liquors into the street.

Warfare between two highlander societies at San Francisco recently led to the murder of innocent women, the chattels of leaders of the societies.

A Lehigh Valley train was wrecked near Oswego, N. Y., recently by an insecure rail. A boy was killed and thirteen other passengers injured.

One miner was killed and three others seriously injured by an explosion a few days ago, in West Bear Ridge colliery, near Ashland, Pa.

Forest Park restaurant at St. Louis, Mo., was struck by lightning a few mornings ago and was torn to pieces and set on fire. No one killed.

William K. Vanderbilt has rented Lord Lovat's deer forest at Brauden, Inverness, and will shortly visit that place with a hunting party.

The testimony given in a Canadian divorce suit recently connects prominent people of the dominion with several mysterious crimes.

There are nearly thirty acres of field crops planted in Scott county, Ky., for every man, woman and child in the county.

William H. Edwards, United States consul general, died at Berlin, Germany, a few days ago. He was buried at Potsdam.

A recent frost over New York state and Massachusetts damaged fruit beds and strawberries. Ice formed at Monticello, N. J.

At Chico, Cal., the other night a man meeting attended by 1200 people was held, and the Chinese must go from that town.

All employees of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad have been requested by the company to submit to vaccination.

A bunch of 15,000 cattle recently purchased in southern Utah are being shipped to South Dakota over the Union Pacific.

An agent for the Missouri Pacific recently bought the Kansas City and Beatrice railroad at auction for \$100,000.

Five persons have been arrested at Chicago for causing the death of an unknown man by putting morphine in his beer.

Returns from enough legislative nominees in Alabama make Senator Morgan's re-election an absolute certainty.

To increase the government's supply of gold the issuing of gold treasury notes payable on demand is suggested.

Some 50,000 tons of coal were consumed by fire at Pawtucket, R. I., recently. The loss is fully \$500,000.

Ponciano Diaz, the greatest Mexican bull fighter, proposes to rebuild his bull ring in the City of Mexico.

Over 8000 pilgrims have visited the sanctuary of Chalma, in the City of Mexico, in the last two months.

Denver, Col., wants a branch of the mint. Mr. Pence has introduced a bill in congress to establish it.

The governor of New York has signed the bill providing for compulsory education in that state.

The Oklahoma City, O. T., chamber of commerce are moving in the interest of an increased trade.

It is estimated that 13,000 sheep perished during the late freeze in the vicinity of Sonora, Cal.

During a recent snow storm near Fresno, Cal., 4000 sheep froze to death in one heap.

The northern Presbyterian general assembly held its recent session at Saratoga, N. Y.

The southern Presbyterian general assembly held their session at Memphis, Tenn.

The excess of births over deaths in New York city in one week recently was 368.

In Philadelphia thieves loot the contribution boxes in the churches.

The California Prohibition convention met at Oakland, Cal., recently.

The Denver, Col., authorities are looking war on all lottery schemes.

TABERNALE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE WILL CONTINUE HIS SERMONS.

The burning of the Tabernacle Will Not Interfere With His Long Established Relations With the Newspapers—Last Sunday's Discourse.

Dr. Talmage will continue his sermons through the press until such time as a new tabernacle will have replaced the one destroyed by fire Sunday, May 13.

The text chosen for this week was 1 Samuel 30: 4, 19. "Then David and the people that were with him lifted up their voice and wept, until they had no more power to weep. David recovered all."

There is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding good-bye to their families and are off for the war. In that little village of Ziklag the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors, flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenseless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronzed warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved and kisses thrown until the armed men pallid soon get through with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their way home, no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout of the child. Oh, what long stories they will have to tell their families of how they dodged the battles; and then will roll up their sleeves and show the half-healed wound.

With quiet step they march on, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling-places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheeks turn pale, and their lips quiver, and their hands involuntarily come down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry. Alas, the curling smoke above the ruins tells the tragedy. The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village, and carried the mothers and the wives and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncontrollable weeping; for when a strong warrior weeps, the grief is appalling. It seems as though the bright light tear him to pieces. They "wept until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in air, cries, "Pursue, for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." Now the march becomes a "double-quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They can not get a step farther, and the men burst upon the scene. David and his men look up, and one glance at their loved ones in captivity and under Amalekites guard throws them into a very fury of determination; for you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Ah! there are lightnings in their eye, and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind!

Amidst the wailing and the wailing, the costly viands, crushed under foot, the wounded Amalekites lie in their blood mingling with their wine) shrieking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men win the victory than they throw their swords down into the dust—what do they want with swords now?—and the broken families come together amidst a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene of the evening very insignificant in the comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now after so long an absence; but, soon the little fingers trace the familiar wrinkle across the scarred face. And then the empty tankards are set up, and they are filled with the best wine from the hills, and David and his men, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the children, the orphans of the Amalekites and the rebuilding of Ziklag. So, O Lord, let these enemies perish!

Now they are coming home, David and his men and their families—a long procession. Men, women, and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—everything now in the hands of David and his men. When they come by the brook Besor, the place where they stayed the men sick and incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all kinds of treasure are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely, the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for a maimed warrior. Here is a pillow for the dying man. Here is a handful of gold for the wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who faint by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into the battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said, "These men did not fight." David, with a magnanimous heart, replies, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that cometh up by the side."

This subject is practically aggressive to me. Thank God, in these times, a man can go off on a journey, and be gone weeks and months, and come

back and see his house untouched of incendiary, and have his family on the step to greet him if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekites dangers, there are Amalekites diseases, that sometimes come down upon one's home, making as devastating work as the day when Ziklag took fire. There are families you represent broken up, no fatherly-ram smote in the door, no flames leaping amidst the curtains; but so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged to that house are concerned, the home has departed. Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scarlet fever, or pleurisy, or consumption, or undefined disorders came and seized upon some members of the family and carried them away. Ziklag is ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes! Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh! how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamboat or rail car and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the door bell, and behold! it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalekites Death, which has devastated a thousand other households, had blasted your home. You go about weeping amidst the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble hearts stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you weep until you have no power to weep. Ziklag in ashes!

I remark, again, if we want to win the society of our friends in heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and trust, but we will also have to positively battle for their companionship. David and his men never wanted sharp swords and invulnerable shields and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance of their loved ones in captivity hurried them into battle with tenfold courage and energy. They said, "We must win it! Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword. We must win it!" And I have to tell you that between us and coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed, there is an Austerlitz, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. We must win the day with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us. David will either slay the Amalekites, or the Amalekites will slay David. And yet is not the fort to be taken worth all the pain, all the peril, all the besiegement? Look! Who are they on the bright hills of heaven yonder? There they are, those who sat at your own table, the chair now vacant. There they are, those whom you rocked in infancy in the cradle, and who hushed to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. There they are, their brow more radiant than ever before you saw it, their lips waiting for the kiss of heavenly greeting, their cheek rosy with the health of eternal summer, their hands beckoning you up the steep, the feet bounding with the mirth of heaven. The pallor of their last sickness gone out of their face, never more to sick, never more to cough, never more to limp, never more to be old, never more to weep. They are watching from those heights to see if through Christ you can take that fort, and whether you shall rush in upon them—victors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will ever join their society. Up! strike harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much farther on toward that heavenly realm.

England makes curious provisions on its dangerous coast for shipwrecked mariners. This is the dry official description given of the supplies on St. Paul island: "They are in a cave at the foot of the west cliff of a rocky chasm running north and south, and its position is indicated by a stone cairn 1 1/2 feet in height and about 14 feet broad at the base erected on the summit of the west cliff of the chasm. This cairn, visible from Gazelle Basin, is painted black, and shows clearly against the sky."

Merchant—I maintain, your honor, that, looking at it from a mercantile standpoint, I have acted squarely. Judge Erlich—You do, eh? Well, let me tell you that this entire transaction is fraudulent, and is not a legitimate transaction in any sense of the word. Merchant—Yes, your honor, it is very difficult nowadays to distinguish between a legitimate transaction and a downright swindle.—Texas Sittings.

Jim Webster meets on the street Matilda Snowball, with whom he is acquainted. Jim—How does yer like de white family you am working for now? Matilda—I has only been wid 'em a week, and I can't tell yet! De first week de white folks allers tries ter make a good impression on de colored lady what hires hers' to 'em.

In Another Class. Mr. Delawanna—I want to sell my farm in Jersey. Real Estate Agent—What is the price? Mr. Delawanna—I'd like to get fifteen thousand.

Real Estate Agent—That's pretty high for a farm. You'd better call it a "country seat" and ask twenty.

Senatorial Courtesy. "What is senatorial courtesy?" asked the young man who is not ashamed of his ignorance. "Senatorial courtesy," replied the citizen who always believes the worst, "is what prevents a statesman from his colleague in one of the ground floor."—Washington Star.

MEXICAN GIRL'S DRESS.

IT SAVED HIM FROM THE GUERRILLA BAND.

A Young Army Physician's Experience During the Mexican War—He Had Saved the Girl's Father and Avenged Her Brother's Death.

Among the unpublished reminiscences of the Mexican war in connection with the career of Colonel James H. Lane, who raised a company of soldiers at Lawrenceburg, Ind., and which have been preserved by his friends, is the brief account of a daring regimental doctor of the American army named Grubbs.

The doctor was as kind-hearted as he was brave, and never hesitated to confront any danger, if he could assist a suffering soldier or relieve the distress of a fellow mortal.

One fine morning, while the United States troops were in possession of the city of Monterey, and soon after the doctor had finished his sick call, his hostess, a Mexican youth, to whom he had become favorably attached through their long and friendly association, came to him in a great hurry, accompanied by a strange Mexican who, he said, was his cousin, and who had ridden from a village twenty miles distant to inform him of the serious illness of his father.

The devoted son begged the American doctor to mount his horse and go with him to see his sick parent. Feeling under obligations to the lad who, for many months, had never wearied in doing him service, he consented to grant the favor asked.

Calling for his horse, he was soon galloping away with the boy and his cousin, to the distant village, although he knew that in doing so he was running the risk of death or capture by the wandering bands of guerrillas that roamed the enemy's country when he got beyond the protection of his own army.

While the improved patient slept, the doctor and his companion began the enjoyment of dinner, preparatory to returning to the city of Monterey, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. But before they had finished their meal a bright-eyed sister of the doctor's hostler rushed into the room, shouting that the guerrillas were coming. The man sprang from the table just as a company of villainous-looking Mexican horsemen galloped up to the front of the building. The young girl, grateful to the doctor for the relief he had afforded her afflicted father, determined to save him from the power of the hostile and blood-thirsting band, and, directing her brother to lead the doctor through the rear of the house and conceal him amid the shrubbery and trees that covered the back of the lot, she delayed the advance of the guerrillas by parleying with them and asking them not to disturb her sick parent. The leader of the Mexicans was a brutal bandit, who revealed in scenes of blood and possessed no spark of sympathy for even his fellow-countrymen.

"Let the renegades die, for their friendship for the Americans," he shouted with an oath, and brandishing his sword, strode into the house, followed by a noisy horde of his command. Searching the rooms without success, they visited the garden and discovered the retreat of the fugitives. The Mexican boy and his cousin came from their concealment, and offered to surrender, asking their countrymen to spare their lives. "Shoot them down," yelled the cruel captain; "they are no better than the cursed American dogs," and a volley from the carbines of his soldiers filled the bodies of the unresisting man and boy with death-dealing lead.

The doctor resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, and springing behind a tree, he drew a crowd of men, and with an unerring aim sent a bullet into the breast of the brutal officer and dropped two more of the cowardly band by his rapid firing. The cautious guerrillas surrounded the grade and poured into the corpse a volley of leaden bullets that cut a load of leaves and small twigs from the trees, but as the hunted physician had contrived to use to the ground he sustained no injury, and in fact had the satisfaction of sending a bullet into the body of one of the more venturesome Mexicans, which convinced his companions that the American was not dead, but still exceedingly dangerous. They had resolved and were preparing to fire again in obedience to the one assuming command to "shoot lower to the ground next time." A crowd of women came from the house, headed by the dark-eyed daughter of the owner. She cried in lamentation over the tragic fate of her brother. "Let us carry my poor dead brother into the house," screamed the beautiful girl, addressing the Mexican soldiers, as they stood with raised guns to fire. "Oh, why did you kill my poor brother?" she cried, and her pathetic cries touched the leader, who told her to pick him up and hurry into the house with him. The sobbing woman surrounded the body and the doctor quickly put it on and help carry the corpse of her brother into the house. As he obeyed she bound a scarf over his head, completely concealing his features, from view and giving him the same appearance of the other females.

The doctor took hold of the warm and still bleeding body of his late friend, and with the crowd of sympathizing women slowly proceeded to the house. The Mexicans, although bloodthirsty, were not entirely void of gallantry, and offered no objection to the boy of weeping women, but as soon as the last female had entered the doorway they raised their carbines and discharged another volley in the little grove, and repeated this act a number of times, until from the silence that followed, they felt assured that their secreted foe had succumbed to their continuous storm of bullets. Once in the house the girl pulled a chest from under the bed, where her unconscious father lay, and, raising a loosened board from beneath, bade the stranger quickly descend to a secret vault below. Then replacing the board and chest all awaited results.

Surprised beyond measure at the unaccountable disappearance of their

SAW THE KAISER'S FUNERAL.

How an American Girl Successfully Played Her Cards to Testify.

When the body of old Kaiser Wilhelm was lying in state at Berlin an American girl, Miss West, arrived at the German capital in company with an older woman friend. She at once set about getting admission to witness the funeral ceremonies at the church. Admission, says the New York Sun, was by ticket, and Miss West went to the American legation, only to find that all the tickets furnished Minister Phelps were gone. The minister was not there, but at Miss West's suggestion an attaché gave her one of Mr. Phelps's visiting cards, having previously affixed thereto the seal of the legation. Armed with the precious pasteboard Miss West departed. Now there were three entrances to the church where the ceremonies were to take place. One was reserved for the royal family itself, and even American enterprisers did not care to attempt to enter there. The front doors were for the general public who held tickets. To go in there meant to be crushed in a mass of struggling humanity and to be unable either to see or hear. The third entrance was reserved for foreign royalty and diplomats, and was approached by a bridge.

"We will go in by this visiting royalty," said Miss West to her companion. On the morning set for the obsequies Miss West and her friend had an impressively luxurious carriage come for them and directed the driver to go to the church by way of the bridge. He sent the horses along at a rattling gait and all went well until they had approached within a block of the bridge, when a gorgeous soldier commanded them to halt, while a second one opened the carriage door and asked to see their tickets. Miss West drew out Mr. Phelps's visiting card, with the seal of the legation. The soldier was puzzled. He consulted his brother officer. He tried to consult Miss West, but she professed an absolute ignorance of German, and the Germans had a real ignorance of English. She talked, gesticulated and pointed to the visiting card with such an air of respect that the officers finally told them to drive on. Miss West sank back with a sigh of relief, but had scarcely got her breath when at the bridge a second officer halted them, and they were again asked for their tickets. The proceeding was the same. The result was the same. Again they drove on. But at the church door a third and still more gorgeous officer stopped them, and, on being confronted with Mr. Phelps's card, asked in excellent English what that had to do with it. Then Miss West played her last card (not Mr. Phelps's).

"We are two American women," she said to the officer, "and we are in your power. You can turn us back after we have got this far or you can let us go in. We have made this effort to witness a spectacle which we will never forget, and now it depends on you whether we shall succeed or fail. We throw ourselves on your mercy!"

The officer hesitated a moment, then straightened himself up. "Pass on," he said. And that is how Miss West went to Kaiser Wilhelm's funeral.

A Fumulent Message. When the petals of the great aurea magnolia are touched, however lightly, the result is a brown spot, which develops in a few hours. This fact is taken advantage of by a lover, who pulls a magnolia flower, and on one of its pure white petals writes a motto or message with a hard, sharp-pointed pencil. Then he sends the flower, the young lady puts it in a vase of water and in three or four hours the message written on the leaf becomes visible and remains so.

Not so Very Stupid. "Did you hear what little Churchly said to Miss Highheels the other day?"

"No; what was it?"

"Well, he'd been loving her to death, as usual, you know, and she was finally goaded into telling him to go home. What do you suppose he said?"

"Give it up."

"He said it was more blessed to give than to receive."—Truth.

Good Advice. One day recently a Scotch publican was endeavoring to remove from his spacious bar one of his customers who had partaken not wisely but too well, when, noticing the shoemaker passing the door he called to him to give him assistance. But the man of leather replied:

"Na, na, my man; when I feelish a job, I age put it in my window to show my work; so ye can just dae the same."—Pearson's Weekly.

Too Much Wagner. The holders of season tickets at the Milan opera house raised a tremendous row because there was so much Wagner. At the twentieth performance of "Walkyrie" the orchestra from playing, drove the musical director from the hall, threatened to break up the stage and organized a resistance amid the most terrible hubbub. They drove the police from the theater. At last the place was closed.

One on Her. Stout Wife—Did you read that awful story about the Verlogods? I wouldn't have believed anything of the kind possible in that family.

Thin Husband—I'm not surprised at all. You know there is a skeleton somewhere in every family.—Texas Sittings.

Either Will Do. "So you are determined on a journey to the north pole?"

"I am."

"Going out with the next expedition?"

"No; I shall go out with the party that is to rescue the next expedition."

Great Forethought. Mrs. Easy—So you want to enter my service? Have you any steady caller?

Servant—Yes—yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Easy—Is he handsome?

Servant—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Easy—Then I'll take you.

THE COLLEGE OF WIT.

Lady—Have you any celery? Green Hackett—Not much, ma'am; only \$3 a week.

"I was twold to make ye stand 'round," said the Irish foreman to his gang, "an' neextt wan I see doin' a shirkwork he'll be bounded!"

Scotch Customer, to dentist—Hoots, mon, five shillin' for wee bit tooth. Na, na; ta lika mon over to road pulled out two, an' broke me jaw for wan and spence.

"Do you feel perfectly safe about having your wife drive this horse?" "Great Scott, yes; that horse has too good sense to allow any woman to drive him into a dangerous place."

Kamera, the photographer—I'm completely exhausted. Quers—Why, what have you been doing? Kamera—Trying to get three prima donnas to pose in a friendly group for a photograph.

Freddy—Why won't you fight me if you ain't afraid? Willy, moving on—I ain't afraid, only I ain't going to have all the boys in the block sayin' I fought a feller just because I knew I could lick him.

"Mister," said the small boy to the grocer, "mother told me to ask you if they's any such a thing as a sugar trust." "Why of course there is."

"W-well, mother wants to get trusted for two pounds."

Customer, to grocer's clerk—You say that the eggs in this basket are fresher than those in the box, and yet you charge twenty-five cents a dozen more for the latter. Grocer's Clerk—Yes'm; but them eggs in the box took the prize at the world's fair.

Timid Wife, to husband going to Africa on business—Now, dear, do be careful and not fall overboard, won't you? Husband—To be sure I won't. Don't worry, I shall be all right. Wife—And if you should get wrecked out in the ocean, John, I want you to telegraph to me at once.



ALONE.
 Alone when the day is dawning,
 Alone when the night is falling,
 Under the eaves of the hall,
 Behind the door of the room,
 To work out its life of gloom,
 From the first faint cry till the hour to die
 In the dawn of each mortal soul.

First tender thought of the mother
 Who brings us forth in pain,
 As she looks in the eyes of her offspring,
 Some new to the world,
 "Of what is my babe thinking,
 With that gaze into and wide?
 But ever remains the mystery,
 And never a voice replies.

Alone is the child in his sorrow
 Over the broken toy,
 Alone is the student in his
 Mourning a vanished joy,
 Alone is the bride at her altar,
 Alone the bridegroom stands,
 With his hidden life between them,
 That—no other hand.

Alone lives the wife, with the center
 Of blighted hope in her heart,
 Alone is the husband dreaming,
 Of his broken dream,
 And so from the birth to the burial,
 From the first to the last,
 In crowded streets, on lonely steps,
 The soul goes alone till death.

All About Weddings.
 The one thing in which the whole world is interested is wedding ceremonies. The man or woman who isn't going to be married or who hasn't a sister, daughter or intimate friend who is about to enter the holy state of matrimony is decidedly out of the fashion. Home weddings and church weddings, quiet weddings and gay ones are all on a par, and the only question of interest to the uninitiated is how these ceremonies should be conducted.

At a church wedding, boasting all the pomp of ushers, bridesmaids, maid of honor, and the like, the custom is for the bridegroom and his best man to appear from a room off the chancel, and at the altar to await the coming of the bride. The bridal procession moves decorously up the aisle, the ushers leading the way two by two, the bridesmaid following, maid of honor preceding the bride and her father in solitary state, and the bride leaning on her father's arm bringing up the rear. At the altar the pairs divide, one of each couple going to the right and one to the left. The bride and bridegroom stand together before the clergyman, the best man and maid of honor slightly to the rear and on the sides, and the father, who is to give the bride away, slightly behind her. The maid of honor holds the bride's bouquet and the best man produces the ring at the critical moment. The order in the march out is reversed, and of course the bridegroom takes out the bride.

Frequently both maid of honor and bridesmaids are omitted, and the bride elects to share her honors with no one. The bridal party proceeds in the manner of a procession. At home weddings, there is usually no procession. The bridegroom and his best man wait with the clergyman the coming of the bride and her father. Unless a house is absolutely palatial a procession is entirely out of place.

The customary wedding gown this season is of heavy white satin, moire, or corded silk. Only a woman with a clear and beautiful complexion should attempt to wear satin for anything brings out all the facial blemishes so relentlessly as the highly lustrous, colorless fabric. Wedding dresses, according to the New York World, should always be made with high neck and long sleeves. Venetian point and duchesse lace are both used as trimmings. White suede moccasins, white suede or satin slippers, a tulle veil four yards long, with edges left raw and a bunch of white flowers, orange flowers, white orchids, white lilies, lilies of the valley or roses, are the accessories of the bride's costume.

The bridegroom at an evening wedding wears evening clothes. At an afternoon one he wears trousers of an inconspicuous pattern, but not black, a black frock coat and waistcoat, a white four-in-hand, pearl gray gloves, and a boutonniere.

The bride's family pays all the expenses connected with the wedding except the clergyman's fee, the bride's bouquet and the flowers and souvenirs for the bridesmaids and ushers.

At church weddings, where the bride wears a traveling gown, there are no bridesmaids. Ushers are necessary, however, to seat the guests.

Present gifts should be sent to the bride. All silver which is marked must bear the initials of her maiden name. All linen which is embroidered for her bears the same initials. Presents should be sent as soon after the receipt of the invitation as possible. It is customary for all who are invited to the ceremony and the reception following it, or to the reception alone, if the ceremony is private, or to the ceremony and the young couple's "at home," when there is no reception immediately after the ceremony, to send tokens of good will.

Something for Baby.
 The daintiest gift that has yet come to the newest baby on the block is that of a pillow-case and coverlet. The latter is in the form of an enlarged pillow-case of fine, white linen, with a pad or comforter of cheesecloth, filled with perfumed cotton batting to slip inside. This pad is tacked after the manner of the cheesecloth baby wrappers, but with fine white silk instead of colored wool or silk. After it is slipped in place it is closed with small pearl buttons; all around the cover is a ruffle of white lace. Baby's monogram, which in this case, is a particularly pretty one, is worked in the center, around this is a wreath of small forget-me-nots, while clusters of the flowers are scattered over the rest of the surface. The wreath, as well as the smaller ones that adorn the little pillow-slip, is tied with a low-knot of ribbon, with floating

ends embroidered in pale pink and blue. A small down pillow completes the charming gift.

The Piazza.
 There are numberless simple ways of adding to the comfort of the piazza, chief among which are suitable screens to modify the light, and the most durable as well as artistic of these are the lambo shades, which sell from \$1 up, and which are easily adjusted, they work upon pulleys. Home-made ones of awning cloth fastened to spring rollers such as are used in shop windows, if put up with suitable fixtures, will also be found convenient, as they may be raised or lowered at will, and are less heavy than those of bamboo. For the furnishings one or more Japanese cotton rugs will be found useful, and of course, a hammock or two, with air pillows and a pretty knotted blanket are indispensable. A rattan sofa and a good-sized center table, if space will permit, will be a great convenience, and plenty of easy chairs and cushions all serve to tempt to outdoor living. Wooden boxes filled with growing plants and vines set upon the railings are a pleasing addition, and it is said that they help to keep away insects; and palms and cut flowers all help to give the effect of a summer drawing-room. It is becoming quite the custom to have these pleasant outdoor rooms glazed in winter, and to contain the life in the sunshine begun in warm weather. Afternoon tea is served here as in summer.

Many city residents condemned to a summer in town fit up a space on the house-top, where the hot evenings are spent in great comfort. The chief expense of such an arrangement is the awning, which is necessary on account of the dampness. It must be securely fastened, and made adjustable, so that it can be quickly rolled up in case of storm, and the few rugs and folding-chairs necessary can be kept in a large box or chest, which has been made waterproof.—Harper's Bazar.

Ways of Shaking Hands.
 Almost every one has an individual and original method of shaking hands, unless they are followers of fashion and have adopted the pump-handle shake, which was originated by the prince of Wales when that royal personage was suffering from a boil under the arm, which necessitated the awkward movement.

There is the rough but kindly-disposed individual who takes your pompous hand with the grip of iron, and in the desire to show good will and friendship almost wrenches the fingers off and leaves the marks of sundry ring indentations on the crushed digits. This painful mode, though trying to the last degree, is preferable to that mean, supercilious and patronizing method employed by individuals who are of the "holier-than-thou" order.

This shake, or rather contact, only consists in offering the very tips of the fingers, accompanied by an air of condescension that makes you long to forget your breeding and pull your hand away. There is no heart in such a greeting; it means selfishness; it proclaims personal vanity and it is quite as repellant as the frosty nod that some people consider a bow.

The cold and clammy hand-shake is one that one met with leaves the impression that a snake has reposed for a moment in your palm. The fingers, lifeless as those of a marble image, writhe into your clasp, and a chilly sensation in the region of your spine warns you that the human monster has laid his claws upon you. It is never well to trust that hand shaker.

An honest, pleasant grasp—a holding of the hands for a brief space of time—a sense of warmth, sympathy and good fellowship, is what the genuine hand-clasp ought to induce, but how many of this sort do you meet in the great world so full of artificiality and caprice?

Orange Charlotte.
 Line the sides of a border mould carefully with greased paper. Weigh five eggs, take their weight in sugar, and half their weight in flour. Beat the yolks of the eggs thoroughly, add the sugar and beat again. Add the grated rind of half a Mediterranean orange, and a tablespoonful of the juice. Add the whites beaten to a stiff froth and then stir in the flour gradually and thoroughly. Pour the cake mixture into a mould and bake in a moderate oven. When cold turn out upon the dish in which it is to be served. Fill the center of the cake with whipped cream flavored with orange and a tablespoonful of maraschino, or two tablespoonfuls of sherry. Serve with a border of whipped cream.

Maria Washington.
 Mrs. George Washington, although an heiress and beauty, and for many years the first lady of the land, never disdained the homely, honorable duties of housekeeping. She considered it a great privilege to look after the details of her household, and regarded the "state days" as lost, when she was at home at Mount Vernon, as in all Southern mansions, a work room was set apart, and here every morning Mrs. Washington could be found, surrounded by many of her servants, superintending and assisting in their work.

To Boil Onions Whole.
 Skin them and boil them twenty minutes, and pour off the water entirely. Then put in equal parts of hot water and milk, or skimmed milk alone, and boil them till tender. When they are done through take them up with a skimmer, let them drain a little and lay them in a hot dish. Make a good drawn butter of milk thickened with cornstarch, add butter and salt; let it boil till sufficiently thick. Pour over the onions and serve.

The Lady Moves First.
 It is the lady's place to bow at the first meeting after an introduction, if she desires to continue the acquaintance. When making a call a gentleman takes care of his own hat or coat, and puts them on without assistance—unless in some way incapacitated—when taking his departure.

Fried Celery.
 Cut large stalks of celery in three pieces. Boil till tender; then dip each piece into a batter made with two eggs and a few spoonfuls of milk. Roll them in fine bread crumbs and fry brown in butter.



THE GOOD WIND THAT BLEW NOBODY ILL.
 It blew a kiss from Elsie
 Straight from her finger tips,
 Over the way to aramida,
 And left it on her lips.

It blew slow Tommy schoolward,
 So he wasn't late a jot,
 It blew away the cobwebs,
 From puzzling Polly's brain.

It blew the dry leaves, dancing,
 Hither and thither and yon,
 And left with the sorry toothache
 For all it was worth.

It blew the flapping clothes dry
 On Irish-Norah's line,
 It blew away a cloud or two
 From the sun's shining.

It blew a laugh from the children
 Into tired mamma's eyes,
 It blew past Debbey's envious blue eyes,
 And left her very dry.

It blew the good ship By-Low,
 Beamed with baby in it,
 Due westward to the Meville's Island,
 Lightly and happily.

Oh, it played the mischief,
 All the windy, blustering day,
 And then, with a whistle merry,
 It blew itself away.

—Youth's Companion

Grace Darling, Jr.
 Roxy Humphrey, the fisherman's little daughter, was 12 years old, and as brave a lassie as any father's heart could desire. She loved to watch the clouds as they floated low over the cottage, and when a storm was brewing, Roxy was always the first one to see it approaching.

One night after the sun had set in a clear sky, she noticed dark banks of dark clouds creeping up above the horizon.

"There will be a storm to-night," she said to herself, as she watched the black masses looming up higher and higher.

Her father was not expected home that night, and her mother was ill—not able even to look after baby Paul, while Susie, Dick, Ruth and even Davie were all tucked snuggly away in their snowy beds before the clouds began to show their ragged edges. For a while all was painfully silent, then the wind began to rise; gust after gust came rushing by; it whistled round the little cottage for a few minutes and then went roaring and shrieking along like a herald of distress.

Roxy thought of her father far out on the sea, and hoped that he had seen the storm coming in time to run into shelter higher up the coast, as he sometimes did in times of danger. She tried to think of him as safe and happy, but in spite of her faith in his knowledge of the deep, her heart quivered every time the wind rocked the house. She finally lay down on the cot by her mother's bed, but though she closed her eyes to shut out the lightning, she could not sleep.

"Ten, eleven, twelve, the clock in the kitchen chimed out merrily, and then, clear and distinct, above the roar of the thunder, came the boom of the signal gun. Roxy sprang to her feet, for the firing was in the direction of Witches' Kettle, as the swirling waters around these murderous rocks were called. The little girl, trembling from head to foot, crawled quickly to the window in order to see if she could discover the cause of the distress signal. Yes; a huge black something stood out in the darkness and storm—stood where the white foam leaped and curled, as if boiling and seething around the rocks. She knew the direction of those treacherous rocks too well to be mistaken. It was surely a ship! There she lay, and again that treacherous noise came across the dark, turbulent water.

Roxy could now see people moving about the rocks, and hopped the men in the village could hear, and go out in a strong boat to their rescue. But no; boom! shrieked the signal gun at shorter and shorter intervals; their need was more pressing, their peril more certain; still no human forms were to be seen hurrying along the lonely coast ready to rush off to their rescue. No help, and that cry of distress became more urgent, more agonizing. The strong men sleeping so soundly in the village below ought to be aroused, but who could do it? Was it her duty to go down and alarm them?

It was not so much the half-mile journey along the cliff as leaving her sick mother alone with the slumbering children that this brave daughter dreaded. She might wake Dick, but he was too timid to go, and too weak to leave in charge of the restless mother. Still, if her father were out in the storm, she would be glad to know that some little girl was strong enough to wake others to go to his help.

"It must be done, and I am the only one able to do it," she said to herself. The next minute she was out in the blinding rain, groping her way in the darkness alone. As soon as she reached the first cottage, she knocked loudly at the door, and called:

"A ship in distress out at Witches' Kettle! Do be quick, Mr. Jack, for they have been firing a gun this long, long time. Oh, do hurry!"

"A ship gone down and Jack Jones sound asleep in his bed? A pretty man I am to be sure, to have a wee maiden walk half a mile along a dangerous cliff to wake me! How is mother and the kids?"

"Poorly enough," answered Roxy. "I left them all asleep. Father hasn't come home."

"I hope he'll not be caught out in this storm," said Jack, as he hurried away to ring the church bell to rouse the villagers.

"Climbing back over the cliff, Roxy gained the cottage and found all fast asleep as she had left them. Once more she went up to the attic window, and there she saw dark forms moving along the shore, then by the glare of the lightning she beheld the boat pushed out in the angry sea. With a sigh of

relief she slipped back to her bed, not to sleep, but to gather a little needed warmth, for her teeth were chattering with cold. Soon she was up again, and from her perch by the window watched the boat emptying its freight of human beings upon the shore. Back and forth among the billows went the life-saving boat, until every soul in the doomed ship, four score in all, had been landed in sight of the treacherous rocks that came so nearly proving a grave.

After all was over, and Roxy had crept back shivering to bed, a firm, quick step came up the path to the house, and a light knock at the back door told the little girl that her father was seeking admittance.

"What a brave little treasure you are, my Roxy!" he said, pressing her child to his heart. "Your name ought to be Grace Darling."

"No, no, father, I am not brave at all. I only awakened brave men to go to the rescue of those who were perishing," Roxy insisted.

"But for you, my Roxy, eighty dead bodies, and mine one of them, would now be lying in the bottom of the sea," her father urged.

"You, father! I thought you were out in your fishing vessel!"

"I was; but the storm was dreadful. My boat was washed out to sea and the good ship Mary Ann picked me up."

"Then it was the Mary Ann that was driven upon the rocks," cried Roxy.

"That was the name of the proud vessel that now lies deep under the waves. In trying to befriend strangers, you saved your father."

"I thought of you, father," said Roxy, clinging to him. "Yes, I thought of you, but I was not brave, for I trembled in the storm, though I tried to do what I could."

"Like Mary of old, and like her, you'll not be forgotten by-and-by, when you go up yonder among the stars," said her father.

Before another night came on there was happiness in the little home on the cliff for mother, son and daughter, and father was safe at home, and eighty souls had been sent on their way rejoicing because one little maiden had done her duty.

Kites.
 There are of course many different shapes and kinds of kites, but there are not many which can be relied upon, and these few are the only ones that it will be worth our while discussing. The very best working kite, and the easiest to make, is the cross kite. To make this take two pine sticks, one measuring 3 1/2 feet, and the other 1 1/2 feet, and cross them at their centers. The sticks of the top of the kite. The two sticks should be 5/8 inches in diameter, tapering to 1/4 inch at the extremities. Lash them together with strong cord (waxed). Half an inch from the top of each stick bore a small hole. Pass a strong cord through one of the holes and tie it around the end of the sticks, pass to the end of the next stick and fasten, and so on entirely around the outer edge of the frame. Regarding the covering of a kite, do not use paper, but substantial paper-muslin, which can be bought of any color you desire. Turn your cloth over the edges of the string and sew twice around (this takes away all danger of ripping). The fine point in making a kite fly well is in the hanging of the chest-band. In the cross kite the chest-band has four leaders so that they will meet about three feet from the kite, and all the strain will be divided equally among them. By tightening the leaders more on one side than on the other a kite can be made to veer to either side as desired. By this means one person can handle three small kites, and have the three strings lead to one point. The top or bow of the kite, made like the cross kite, but in addition a new band of split four-barrel hoop; this is lashed to the top and ends of the crosspiece.

Trees Five Thousand Years Old.
 The oldest as well as the most interesting botanical monuments now growing upon the earth are the yew, the babur or sour ground trees of Africa. This remarkable tree has a short, branching trunk which seldom attains a height of over seventy feet, while its diameter is often as great as eighty or 100 feet. Adanson, the naturalist, who gave the genus its botanical name, calculating from scientific data, says that the age of some of the oldest of these trees is little if any less than five thousand years. The hollow trunks of these forest giants, which are often of a capacity sufficient to furnish room for forty or fifty bodies, are used as tombs by the native Africans, who suspend the remains of their departed friends and relatives on hooks fastened upon the interior of such trees for that purpose.

The Baby's Charity.
 She was only a wee mite of a tot, toddling on beside her mother, in the thick of the shoppers. A poor old blind man grinding a squeaking organ attracted her attention. Mother was appalled for a penny, but mother was thinking of a new bonnet for the child couldn't pass the beggar by without giving him something. She looked at the bag of candy in her hand; the resolve was taken—she had only hesitated a moment before laying her dear treasure on the organ. Then she swallowed a little lump of her throat and was at her mother's side before the latter realized she had ever left it.

Plants.
 The large majority of plants are scentless, and probably not one-tenth of the hundred thousand flowering plants known to botanists are odorous. Of the fifty known species of the Mignonette family only the one so highly prized in our gardens is fragrant, and only about a dozen of the one hundred species of violets are scented. In many large genera the scentless varieties are as one hundred to one.

Learned Long Ago.
 "Paul, you wouldn't ever deceive mother and learn how to smoke cigarettes, would you?"

"No, ma'am, I've quit."

Experimenting.
 Mother walking two-year-old tot.
 "Walk me backwards, mamma, and see if dat will quiet me."

Self-respect governs morality; respect for others governs our behavior.

THE SNAKES OF INDIA.
 THEY ARE THE CAUSE OF VERY MANY DEATHS.

The Enormous Hamadryas and Its Peculiarities—Curious Superstition of the Natives—Struggle of the Government With the Serpents.

Altogether about 2,000 persons die each year in India from the bites of the various snakes. I have mentioned, and it is no exaggeration to say that some sixty who were alive and well yesterday, are to-day being burnt or buried out here as a sequel to these accidents. The same will happen to-morrow and the next day; and at least one death from similar causes may be expected to occur every half hour between now and the time the readers perceive what I have written. Mortality of this magnitude is a terrible thing, though the fact must be remembered that it is distributed among a population four times as large as that of the United States, and thus passes to a great extent unnoticed.

The casualties are confined almost entirely to the poorer and more ignorant natives, who habitually go about with bare feet, says McClure's Magazine. For, although creatures that are occasionally spotted for a fight, as a general rule a snake is no more anxious to be trodden upon than a man is to tread upon it. The consequence is that people who wear boots are hardly ever bitten. This is not so much because of the protection of the leather as on account of the noise made by a boot upon the ground, which warns the snake to get out of the way. The ordinary native in bare feet makohardly any sound whatever as he walks along, and is consequently very liable to surprise a snake in the path. The white man, on the other hand, in a good pair of creaky boots, is so safe that it is most exceptional to hear of an accident where he is concerned.

The British government does what it can to get rid of the snakes. Large rewards are annually paid for their heads, and in this way great numbers are destroyed. Attempts are constantly being made to clear away the rubbish which accumulates around village sites, and thus to reduce the shelter in which these creatures breed. As yet, however, hardly any appreciable effect has been produced. Year after year the tale of death remains undiminished, and fresh snakes appear as fast as their predecessors are killed off. For a long time the supposition was widely entertained that the professional native snake killers regularly bred the creatures for the sake of the reward; but, as scientific men have quite failed in their efforts to persuade poisonous snakes to multiply in confinement, the belief seems scarcely reasonable.

A curious superstition is said to prevail in some localities to the effect that an innocent maiden is not liable to be bitten, and when a death occurs from the bite of some snake which has been encouraged in the house, it is said to be the little daughter of the family who is most often selected for the dangerous task of driving it tenderly away. Even when this is not the case, the greatest care is usually taken that no harm shall happen to the snake.

Dried and pulverized, the poison is almost as deadly as when injected by the live cobra. Native doctors use it medicinally in microscopic doses, and have a barbarous method of extracting it. They put a cobra into an earthen pot, and drop a banana in after it. They then tie down the lid and heat the pot over the fire. The writhing snake is soon tortured into a rage in its baking prison, and bites the banana in its paroxysms. The fruit is afterward carefully dried and is then ready for use. It is pronounced under some circumstances to be a wonderfully powerful stimulant, but it is only used in extreme cases, and even then probably does infinitely more harm than good.

The same preparation is also said to be employed by leather workers for poisoning other people's cattle, with a view to afterward buying up the hides cheap. This is a form of crime very prevalent in India and one that authorities find most difficult to check. For how is the ignorant native cultivator to prove that his plow bullocks have not died of cattle disease? He may complain to the nearest magistrate, and the magistrate may order the beasts to be examined, but snake poison leaves no external marks, and is almost impossible to detect chemically. It is not surprising, under these circumstances, that he often decides to accept the loss, and not incur the enmity of the cattle poisoners by seeking redress.

A monarch among poisonous snakes is the enormous hamadryas, which grows to be as much as fourteen feet in length, and is so fierce that it will sometimes attack and even chase anyone who ventures near to its nest. Native snake charmers, who will handle the fiercest of these creatures, are usually loath to touch a hamadryas, though I have occasionally seen a large specimen of this venomous reptile in their bags. It lays its eggs in a heap of decayed leaves, which it collects for its purpose, and sits upon the top to keep off intruders. A road through the jungle will sometimes be closed against all comers by a pair of these snakes, and woe betide the unfortunate traveler who stumbles unaware upon the nest.

The hamadryas feeds largely upon other snakes, but it is fortunately somewhat rare. Curiously enough, it is not always aggressive. Indeed, it sometimes happens that it is quite willing to strike, superlatively it is not unlike a harmless rock snake, and not very long ago, in Burmah, a man brought one from the jungle and kept it loose in his house for some days under the impression that it was one of those creatures. During the whole of its captivity it never attempted to bite any one, and its captor, who had been familiarly pulling it about by the tail, was only apprised of his mistake by a fore-officer who happened to turn up and who knew a good deal about snakes. It is easy to imagine the haste with which the amateur snake charmer proceeded to dispose of his captive.

HE LOVED ANOTHER.
 But the Dear Girl Broke it to Him in Her Gentlest Manner.

"Oh, George, you love another," such were the words of a fair, pale girl as she clung to the arm of a tall, handsome man in the dimly-lighted parlor of her father's home. He was such a man as women love, and this fair girl loved him, according to the Detroit Free Press.

They had been sweethearts for months and the day was approaching when their plighted troth was to be redemmed.

Into her heart a doubt had come, and it had found expression in the opening words of this chapter.

"Darling," he said chidingly, "how foolish you talk. You know I do not."

"But you do, dear," she insisted. "I have been watching you and I have seen it."

"How could you?" he contended tenderly. "There is no one in all the world I love as I do you."

She gazed fondly into his handsome eyes, laid her soft, white hand caressingly on his rich brown hair, and whispered her words of admiration into his willing ear, until he was so inflated with pride that he buttoned on his beautifully fitting coat began to stretch their necks.

"How silly of my little girl to say her George loves another," he smiled as he looked down into her sweet face.

She shook her head no less doubtfully than before. "Come, now," he coaxed, "tell me who this person is I love more than I do you."

She was silent.

"Tell me," he murmured, taking her in his arms.

"Yourself, George," she sighed hopelessly, for she was on to her George, and she knew that such a love was unchangeable from the cradle to the grave.

It is a difficult matter, dear reader, for a handsome man to be in love with anything else, and don't you forget it, especially if you are a woman.

SPIDER SHOWERS.
 Those Seen by White, Dr. Lister and Darwin—Parasites in the Air.

Spider showers are worthy of mention. The spiders are gossamers, and all those who have read White's "Natural History of Selborne" will call to mind his description of the showers he observed. One of these, he tells us, continued for nearly a whole day, and the gossamers descended from a surprising height, for when a gentleman ascended a hill near at hand, some 300 feet high, he found that the spiders were dropping from a region in the atmosphere that was still beyond reach of his gaze.

Dr. Martin Lister named the aerial spider "the bird," from the facility with which it can traverse the air, and upon one occasion, when he observed a shower of them at York, he ascended to the top of the minster and found that even at that altitude he was still below their level—that they descended from some region above that standpoint, says Chamber's Journal.

Darwin, another observer of spider showers, describes one which he saw in 1832, when on board the Beagle, at the mouth of the Plata river, when the vessel was some sixty miles from land, and he seems to have been the first one to notice that each parachute of gossamer carried a spider, and that he not only observed them arrive on board the ship, but he also saw them reproduce a new parachute and on this frail bark launch forth again "on the bosom of the patting air."

These gossamer showers are great mysteries, and, once seen, cannot very readily be forgotten. For the air on these occasions becomes literally crowded with the tiny parachutes mentioned, which are composed of a few threads of almost invisible gossamer, with a small but lively spider attached. This may be regarded as the most beautiful thing in strange showers.

Definitely settled.

Mrs. Rusher—Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel?

Mabel—Yes, aunt.

"I am so glad! And what did he say?"

"He declared that he would never marry."—Vogue.

THE ORIGINS OF INVENTIONS.
 The hop gramin wild in Europe from Norway to Italy.

The earliest reaping hook was the lower jaw of an antelope lashed to a stick.

The first plow was a forked limb, drawn through the ground by animal power.

The spinning wheel was invented in India before the most ancient historical records.

The Egyptians, 2,000 years before Christ, had hoes made of bone, with wooden handles.

The spade used by the Roman peasant during the empire was a wooden instrument tipped with iron.

The telescope was discovered by the children of a lens-maker who were playing with a couple of lenses.

Jonathan Hulls in 1736 made a small steamboat. It failed to work, but had all the germs of Fulton's later invention.

The mortar and pestle still in use in most parts of Asia and all over Africa is the prototype of the modern flour mill.

Daniel Schwenton in 1636 described the diving bell, made a dress for divers and invented a model centrifugal pump.

The germ of the trumpet and all instruments of the trumpet family was the cow's horn, used by savages as a signal or to furnish noise at their feasts.

The idea of the balloon first occurred to the Montgolfier brothers from seeing a large piece of paper falling over the fire, become inflated with smoke and hot air, rise and sail away.

The earliest fanning mill or winnowing machine was invented in China, and in use there for centuries, while Europeans were cleansing their grain by casting it into the air on a windy day.

About Perfumes.
 Chemistry seems to furnish substitutes for the expensive perfumes now made from flowers. It has long been known that the exact odor of the banana is produced in the laboratory. There seems a possibility, however, that even when some fragrant plants cease to be cultivated for the perfumes many may become of importance in surgery. It has been discovered that some such plants are free from the attacks of insects and from fungus growths, and this may be due to the fact that their essential oils have antiseptic properties. The eucalyptus yields an antiseptic, and so do other familiar plants.

It Pays Some.
 The patents applied for in Washington last year numbered 40,000. The total number of patents outstanding on Jan. 1 was 545,000. The receipts of the patent office are \$1,200,000 a year and the expenses \$150,000 less.

An office is the glue that makes a politician stick to his party.

The Yellow Glow of the Horizon, Painted on the sky by the setting sun, is a beautiful sight. Not so the yellow glow of a face tinged with bile. And oh! the unspeakable discomfort that bile in the wrong place produces. Twinges in the right side and under the right shoulder blade, nausea, vertigo, sick headache, constipation, faulty digestion, not to mention the symptoms of biliousness and indigestion, but persistence in the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will eradicate them, restore digestion and regularity of the bowels, and counteract tendencies to more aggravated complaints, which an interruption of these functions begets. Biliousness, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, neuritis, and inability to sleep, are also remedied by this gentle purgative. As an antidote to the poison of malaria, it is unailing and prompt. A wine glass full three times a day.

The real character of a man is found out only by his amusements.

Whitch's Consumption Cure, Sold on a guarantee. It cures Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all the Lung Diseases. Price, 50 Cents, 1.00, 2.00, 5.00, 10.00.

Happy days we may experience, but not a happy life.

The Magic Touch
 Hood's Sarsaparilla
 You smile at the idea. But if you are a sufferer from Dyspepsia And indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will think, and no doubt exclaim "That just hits it!" "That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

McELREES' WINE OF CARDUI.



For Female Diseases.

Your Strength Renewed
 AND YOUR RUNDOWN SYSTEM BUILT UP AND REORGANIZED.

A few bottles of S. S. B. will do it. If you are troubled with indigestion, nervousness, languid feeling, and lack of energy, you need it. It is the right tonic for you. It will thoroughly cleanse your system, all impurities and impart new vigor and strength to the whole system.

"I have used your medicine often for the past eight years, and feel safe in saying that it is the best general health restorer in the world." F. H. GIBSON, Mazonville, Ark.

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. S. S. B. MEDICINE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

COOK BOOK
 FREE! 250 PAGES—ILLUSTRATED. One of the best and most complete cook books ever published. Mailed in exchange for 50 large size leads cut from Life Magazine, or 100 small size leads cut from any other magazine. Write for list of our other fine Free Gifts. S. S. B. MEDICINE COMPANY, 50 N. Third St., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE! Madame FACE BLEACH
 250 PAGES—ILLUSTRATED. One of the best and most complete skin care books ever published. Mailed in exchange for 50 large size leads cut from Life Magazine, or 100 small size leads cut from any other magazine. Write for list of our other fine Free Gifts. S. S. B. MEDICINE COMPANY, 50 N. Third St., St. Louis, Mo.

WALL PAPER
 By sending a 10 cent stamp for our name, we will send you a complete list of our wall paper, and a list of our other fine Free Gifts. S. S. B. MEDICINE COMPANY, 50 N. Third St., St. Louis, Mo.

NEWCOMB BROS. WALL PAPER CO.
 HUNTER & BOSSO, Machinery Supplies

MEDICINE SENT FREE BY MAIL TO
 MEN: ENLARGED URETHRA, VENEREAL, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL THE LUNG DISEASES. We can send you a complete list of our other fine Free Gifts. S. S. B. MEDICINE COMPANY, 50 N. Third St., St. Louis, Mo.

IN MEMORIAM.

The rhythmic beat of a thousand feet... Come from the crowd and street...

BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED.

Surely no man had ever a nicer calculation to make, or one requiring more judgment or medical knowledge...

He laughed as our eyes met, and a glow of intense triumph overspread his features.

But my blunder in bringing the two men together was on a par with my other mistakes, and like them, irremediable.

And truly I could not but feel admiration for this wretch (who put me forcibly in mind of the fabled boy who suffered the fox to know at his heart rather than cry out whose heroic absence of sound or word...

Suddenly it struck me as like a child blow that had been my guest, that I had no one to bring forward as witness that he administered the arsenic to himself...

A man's guilt—and very often his success—is decided by the way he rises to an emergency or quails before it.

Like him, I would have flown from the sight that would never leave him more by night nor by day...

CHAPTER XV.

What happened after was such a confused medley of fact and imagination, that I find it difficult to describe what really happened.

But even as I lay there, stunned and stupid, the lightning consciousness of what I had done flashed through my mind...

Immediately I felt a touch on my shoulder, and Steve's voice sounded in my ear.

"Be 'ee much hurt?" he inquired anxiously; "yon devil was close 'pon finishin' ee off when I comed in."

"I dragged myself up and saw—O God! a sight that made me the happiest man alive."

"You are beaten," he said, "confess it and let me go in peace. You will hardly care to go through the experience of last night again, and I see you have scruples about taking a man's life."

"I should have cut my cords with your pocket knife," he continued coolly, "and walked off."

"I left him, and went to the open door, for my head was still giddy, and my throat sore from the Styrian's grasp."

"I set myself resolutely to walk, and so transfer my trouble of mind to fatigue of muscles, and soon felt the desired effect."

"I touched his hands, they were ice—his heart, and could find no beat; then an awful sense of his presence, of being alone with this murdered spirit, we two apart and forever face to face, while heaven and earth fell away...

CHAPTER XVI.

I could not face the house and my triumphant prisoner, and remained abroad till I saw Dr. Cripps' retentive person climbing the path...

grew to myself, "who have been doing your duty nobly all night, and since slept like a top for some hours, and eaten a good breakfast, but I've done none of these things, and been made a fool of into the bargain."

"I wondered what he found to hurrah at, as I advanced to meet him, but my ill-humor gave way to rapture as he shouted out, 'Judith is saved, man, saved! Read this, and this,' and he thrust several telegraphic sheets into my hand."

"There's a good fellow for you," he said, "only got my letter at 8, answer here by 9, and a boy has walked two miles with it from the telegraphic office."

"In 1875, at the forty-eighth annual meeting of the German society of naturalists and physicians, which was held at Gratz, Dr. Knapp, practicing in Styria, introduced two male arsenic eaters to the assembly."

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CHAPTER XVII.

I could not face the house and my triumphant prisoner, and remained abroad till I saw Dr. Cripps' retentive person climbing the path...

The Household.

See-Keeping in Cuba.

The honey-bee was introduced into Cuba from Spain at a very early period of its history; and being a land of perpetual flowers, with no winter to impede their labor, they soon spread to all parts of the island...

"In 1875, at the forty-eighth annual meeting of the German society of naturalists and physicians, which was held at Gratz, Dr. Knapp, practicing in Styria, introduced two male arsenic eaters to the assembly."

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country the statue of Liberty always wears a cap.

CHOLERA IN PERSIA. It is easy enough to understand why Persia is a hotbed for cholera. The only wonder is that it should ever be free from that plague.

POULTRY UTILIZE WASTE.—There is always better profit from anything that is well and regularly cared for, than from what receives only occasional attention...

KISSING GAMES.—I had supposed until lately that kissing or 'Jussin' flees,' as some call them, had been relegated to the 'Dark Ages,' but I hear that some still cling to that old, sickening custom...

ALBERT BURCH, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, etc.

It is a wise thing to heed your father's friend in advice.

LADIES needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

WHEAT FOR SMUT.—A Dakota farmer has been trying dry lime as a remedy for smut. His plan is to spread the wheat on the barn floor five or six inches deep and sprinkle over it fresh slaked lime.

POTATO SOUFFLE.—Select for baking potatoes as near of a size as possible; cut off each end; when baked, scoop out the inside with a spoon, being careful not to break the skins.

LOCATING BARN.—One of the most important farm economies consists in having buildings for stock and other purposes within a reasonable distance from the house...

OSTER PLATE.—After scraping out across in this alloy; put in water sufficient to cover them, using a piece of salt codfish for seasoning, and stew until quite tender, removing the bones before serving; add flour and butter mixed together for thickening; put slices of toasted bread on a dish and pour over.

ASIDE from the fact that the cheap baking powders contain alum, which causes indigestion and other serious ailments, their use is extravagant. It takes three pounds of the best of them to go as far as one pound of the Royal Baking Powder, because they are deficient in leavening gas.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A Mischanceful God. A curious instance of superstition is related as lately happening in China. The Grand canal at Hungio has recently overflowed its banks twice, causing a great deal of destruction and suffering.

Western American Scenery. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry has now ready for distribution a sixteen page portfolio of scenes along its line, half tones, of the size of the World's Fair portfolio lately issued.

It is only the women who can lawfully hold up a train.

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES PROMPTLY LAMENESS, * * * SWELLINGS, BACK-ACHE, SORENESS. SOOTHES, SUBDUES, CURES.

"SHE KNOWS WHAT'S WHAT" AND NEVER USES ANY BUT GLAIRETTE SOAP

THE OLD RELIABLE PRATT COTTON GINN. The Best is Always the Cheapest.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St. LOUIS. PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, VARICOCELE.

AGENTS WANTED. Address P. O. Box 127, New York, N. Y. W. N. DALLAS.



Pierce's Guar-antee Cure. CATARRH. PRICE SOLETS, ALL DRUGGISTS.

Don't ask me to credit you for longer than 60 or 90 days, for I will be compelled to refuse you, I must have the money.

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

ALL KIND OF MACHINE OILS, CHEAPER THAN EVER.

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

The Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates made known on application

Terms \$1.50 per annum, invariably cash in advance.

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

Saturday June 2, 1894.

Announcement Rates.

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

Announcements.

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

- FOR JUDGE, 39th JUDICIAL DISTRICT,
ED. J. HAMNER.
W. T. ANDREWS.
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
W. W. BEALL.
FOR COUNTY JUDGE,
J. M. BALDWIN.
FOR TAX ASSESSOR,
H. S. POST.
FOR CO. COMMISSIONER AND J. P. PRO.
NO. 1.
J. W. EVANS.

LOCAL DOTS.

—After to-day no more credit at Rike & Ellis'.
—With the fine rains of the past few weeks, fine grass, fat stock and booming corn and cotton prospects, Haskell farmers are in the swim.
—Six spoons best thread for 25 cts. at S. L. Robertson's.
—Haskell prairies are as pretty as a wheat field now.
—Hamilton-Brown shoes for men, women and children received to-day at S. L. Robertson's.
—Want a good dinner? Step down to the City hotel.
—Get dinner at the City hotel.
—Misses Elma and Annie Wolford of Shackelford county are visiting the family of Mr. John McMullan at this place.
—Meals cheap and good at the City hotel.
—FOUND—J. N. Ellis found a small package of dry goods on the street a few days ago. The owner can get it by calling at the store of Messrs. Rike & Ellis.
—Mr. Lee Alexander and sister, Miss Allie Alexander, of Breckenridge, are visiting their uncle, Mr. F. G. Alexander at this place.
—For quality, variety and prices W. W. Fields & Bro. can't be excelled on groceries.
—Judge Sanders' announcement for county judge will appear next week. It was handed in too late for insertion in this issue.
—Please don't ask us to credit you any longer, if you do you will compel us to refuse you.
Rike & Ellis.
—Let every man make an honest effort to decide who is the best man for the office to which he aspires and vote accordingly in the convention to-day.
—Everything sold low for cash at S. L. Robertson's.
—That was a glorious ground soaking rain last Saturday night, and the prairie flowers, the grass, the corn and the cotton; they do grow.
LATER: But there was a bigger one on Thursday.
—Your money will buy more goods at Rike & Ellis' than any house in town, but your credit won't buy anything.
—Our convention is too early by a month. The people have not had time to investigate the views of legislative candidates nor to fully determine as to their choice of men for several of the state officers.
—W. W. Fields & Bro. Keep their stock of Groceries constantly replenished with new, fresh and choice goods.

—W. W. Fields & Bro. handle peacemaker, Albany and Kansas City flour and their prices are as low as the lowest.

—The Christian church is receiving a fresh coat of paint.

—Messrs. W. F. Rupe and family and R. C. Lomax and family and Bud and Bunk Rike spent a few days this week fishing and hunting on the Clear Fork.

—At the primary elections in Jones county on last Saturday Judge C. P. Woodruff was chosen as the candidate of Jones county for the district judgeship.

—Mr. L. N. Riter and wife have returned from their visit to Crowell. They were accompanied on their return by Miss Daughtrey, who will spend some time with them.

—Judge Woodruff was here Wednesday and canceled his appointment to speak here on Thursday night in the interest of his candidacy.

—Mr. W. T. Jones, who attempted to go to Abilene this week, had to turn back on account of high water. He says the overflow went over the bridges on Paint creek and that the water over the big flat this side was up to his wagon bed.

—The ladies of the Methodist Aid Society postponed their ice cream supper on account of the weather until to-day. They will have ice cream and cake to day at Mr. Dickenson's soda water stand, where they invite all to call and patronize them.

—Mr. W. T. Andrews, one of our prominent candidates for district judge, arrived in town Wednesday and had to lay over here on account of the rain. He says he has very encouraging news from some other counties in the district and thinks his chances are brightening.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Gossett have the sympathy of their many friends on the death of their little child, a boy sixteen months old, which occurred on last Wednesday. The remains were brought to town and buried in the Haskell cemetery.

—Messrs Dickenson, Hudson and Middleton are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the outcome of their cases in the court at Seymour. It was generally thought that the whole thing grew out of a mistake and that there was nothing in the cases, hence no surprise was felt when it was learned that the state's attorney had entered a nolle prosequere and the court dismissed them.

—Judge H. G. McConnell and others who visited Seymour from this place this week say that it is reported at Seymour and a good deal of credence place in the report by Seymour business men, that the M. K. & T. Ry. Co. is negotiating with the Wichita Falls people for a bonus to the company to extend their road from Decatur to the Falls when they will purchase the W. V. Ry. from the Falls to Seymour, and extend the line in this direction. It is said that the Katy Co has an option on the W. V. road and that the movement is only waiting on the success of the negotiations with the Wichita Falls people.

—Many of the citizens of Rainsville, Indiana are never without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house," says Jacob Brown, the leading merchant of the place. This Remedy has proven of so much value for colds, croup and whooping cough in children that few mothers who know its worth are willing to be without it. For sale by A. P. McLemore, Druggist.

Band Concert.
The Knox county Cornett Band will give a concert at the opera house in Haskell on the 7th day of June. Don't miss it, it will be one of the best entertainments this band has ever given. Come out and witness one of the grandest band concerts ever given in West Texas. Admission 35 and 25 cts.—Don't miss it.

Lost: One mare 16 hands high, 10 years old, branded 7 on left jaw, A left shoulder, DA left hip, small bell on when she left. Also two 2-yr-old colts, one brown and one roan, each branded DV on left thigh. Will pay a liberal reward for delivery of any of the above at Haskell, Texas.
Mrs. Mattie Davenport.

Benjamin-Haskell Picnic.

Ed. Free Press.

Your reporter had the pleasure of joining the Benjamin-Haskell picnickers (Haskell procession) on last Wednesday, and after a pleasant drive of about 16 miles we reached the old camp ground on Lake creek, where we were greeted by a large crowd of young people who had gathered in from the neighboring farms. Presently the Benjamin procession arrived and were conducted to the elm grove where seats and swings had been provided. Some time was spent in getting acquainted, after which all joined in to make the day a pleasant one. At noon dinner was spread under a large elm tree which afforded ample shade for the entire crowd. The table followed the shade, so as to make a correct map of the Italian boot, and your reporter imagined himself at the foot of the Alps, and as the shepherd's voice often calls down an avalanche of snow from the mountain caps, he lifted his voice and called down an avalanche of cakes, pies, and salads which almost crushed him to the ground. The dinner consisted of everything necessary to make up a delicious meal. After dinner Mr. Ed. J. Hamner delivered an appropriate address, which was cut short by a shower of rain, and again the stately elm hovered its sheltering foliage about us and protected us from the rain. About 4 o'clock the crowd dispersed, having spent a very pleasant day and one long to be remembered. A PICNICER.

Sometime ago I was troubled with an attack of rheumatism. I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and was completely cured. I have since advised many of my friends and customers to try the remedy and all speak highly of it. SIMON GOLDBAUM, San Luis Rey, Cal. For sale by A. P. McLemore, Druggist.

TWO LIVES SAVED.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill. was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at A. P. McLemore's Drug Store. Regular size 50 cts. and \$1.00.

They Want Names.
The Russel Art Publishing Co., of 928 Arch street, Philadelphia, desire the names and address of a few people in every town who are interested in works of art, and to secure them they offer to send FREE, "Cupid Guides the Boat," a superbly executed water color picture size 10x13 inches, suitable for framing, and sixteen other pictures about same size, in colors, to any one sending them at ONCE the names and address of ten persons (admirers of fine pictures) together with six two-cent stamps to cover expense of mailing, etc. The regular price of these pictures is \$1. but they can all be secured free by any person forwarding the names and stamps PROMPTLY.

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.

If you need a pair of Jeans Pants ask for "THE BUCKSKIN BREECHES."
They are the best made, and if they prove defective you get a new pair.



Persons who appreciate the handsome style and charming fit of the apparel of the above groupe may clothe themselves in equally well fitting and stylish apparel by making their selections from the elegant stock of clothing and dress goods to be found at Messrs. Dodson & Halsey's. This firm pride themselves on the superior quality of their goods in all departments; they handle no shoddy or second-class goods in either their dry goods or grocery departments, but always give you a hundred cents worth for a dollar.
They will be pleased to have you call and look at their goods, learn their prices and become a customer if you are pleased with what you see and learn.
P. S.
Watch this space for other important announcements.

THE TEXAS EXPERIMENT STATION REPORTS.

Several Items of Interest to our Farmers.

THE FREE PRESS has selected the following items from the latest bulletin of press notes sent out by the Texas Experiment Station for general publication in the papers of the state, as being of especial interest to its readers at this time. We will publish matter from the "notes" from time to time.

TO KILL RED ANTS.
The Bulletin after reciting the experiments at the station to find a cheap and effective method of destroying this annoying pest, so destructive in gardens and among shrubbery, gives the following as the most effective way:
"None did much good except the Carbon-Bisulphide. The best way we have found to apply it is to pour two or three large spoonfuls into the colony early in the morning while the ants are nearly all in and wait a few minutes for the fumes to get down into the ground thoroughly, then stick a lighted match to the colony and the fumes will burn with a very hot invisible flame, killing all the ants and their eggs. If the wind is blowing the deadly fumes will kill the grass and wheat for several yards. Fire should be kept a safe distance away from a vessel containing the material as it readily takes fire and explodes. When treated as above indicated it is seldom necessary to repeat the application."

TO PROTECT COTTON FROM GRASS-HOPPERS.
The following letter written by Prof. Connell, director of the station, is published in the latest press bulletin sent out by the station:
"Replying to your favor of the 19th inst., I am pleased to say that we protected cotton absolutely from damage by the use of poison made of wheat bran, sugar and arsenic—Taking 6 lbs. bran and mixing with 1 lb. of sugar and then adding enough water to make a stiff dough; then 1 lb. of white arsenic was well mixed with the dough and the mixture was complete. Sugar is added for two reasons—to make the dough palatable to the hopper and to cause the arsenic, which is insoluble in water, to adhere to the dough. We put a tablespoonful of this dough down (just in front of the armies of hoppers) and every 7 feet in two rows, laying the dough in the shade of the cotton stalks. This is best done at 5 o'clock p. m. The hoppers eat it freely and in a few minutes feel sick and eat nothing more—die in about 24 hours by the millions.
A heavy solution of sulphur and lime sprayed on the cotton protected the crop but did not kill the hoppers. A solution of 1 lb. of Barbadoes (a- loes) to 5 gallons of water sprayed evenly on cotton protected the crop entirely but did not kill. For orchard trees we used Kerosene oil Emulsion of 1 part of oil to 14 parts of water—sprayed on peach and plum trees and this entirely protected these trees without injuring them



Here We Are Again!
With the Biggest Stock of Goods,
The Best Stock of Goods,
The Cheapest Stock of Goods
it has ever been our good fortune to be able to offer to our customers.

Having combined with two other large firms in making our purchases, thus buying in large quantities, on a naturally low market, from large wholesale establishments, we secured our goods at

THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

This fact enables us to make similar prices to our customers, and we feel assured that an inspection of our goods and prices

WILL MAKE YOU OUR CUSTOMER.

We especially invite the attention of the ladies to our very choice selection and large variety of the latest things in

LADIES SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS.

We know that they can not fail to find much to please and interest them in this department, for it has been selected with the greatest care and with a knowledge of their wants.

Gloves, Fans, Ribbons, Trimmings and Notions
—in great variety.—

Our stock of gentlemen's Clothing is the—

LARGEST, - NEATEST - AND - BEST.

ever offered for sale in Haskell. Just call around, gentlemen, and see how neatly and cheaply we can dress you up.

BOOTS AND SHOES
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At the least. We did not try this on cotton. A strong solution of Paris Green in water (not a true solution) gave good results. Spraying with London purple was no so successful. These two applied by dusting did not give good results because there was no dew at any time on the crop. Strychnine gave good results when mixed with bran but was too expensive. This is a fairly full statement of our results and if any other light is wanted on this subject I shall be pleased to answer you to the best of my ability. Mr. Stone says that the danger to crops, in McLennan County, has about passed because of recent rains. I hope that these same conditions will bring about the destruction of the pest with you also. Have any of your neighbors suffered severely?
Truly yours,
J. H. CANNELL.
THE HORN FLY.

The Station Bulletin after going over the history and spread of this fly, about which there has been so much complaint for the past year or two, since its introduction from France in 1889, says it very much resembles the common house fly but, smaller and has sharper pointed wings. The flies suck blood from the cattle, producing irritation and worry to such an extent as to cause a decrease of one-third to one-half in the flow of milk. The following methods are given as the result of experiments for combating

this new pest.
During two seasons we have experimented with many substances which have been applied to keep the flies from the animals, most of which have proved of little value, as they evaporate so readily. The following however have been fairly satisfactory as they keep the flies from the cattle from a week to ten days.
Crude cotton seed oil or fish oil and pine tar mixed, about two parts of the former to one part of the latter. The two mix readily and are very easily applied to the animals at milking time by means of a paint brush. Applied in this manner it takes but a half minute to a cow, making the cost of the application but a small item. We have treated 350 head at a time with the crude cotton seed oil and tar in this way, using but four gallons of the oil and less than two of the pine tar.
Kerosene emulsion has been used successfully to kill them. Dissolve 1/2 lb. soap in 1/2 gal. hot water, then pour in 1 gal. Kerosene and stir or churn rapidly for several minutes until it becomes thick like butter milk. For use it must be diluted with ten or twelve parts of water. Kill the flies by spraying it on them of an evening when they are resting on the cattle.

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