

The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 8.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, Aug. 5, 1893.

No. 31.

Directory.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.
(6th Judicial Dist.)
Judge, Hon. J. V. Cockrell
Dist. Attorney, W. W. Beall

COUNTY OFFICIALS
County Judge, P. D. Sanders
County Attorney, F. P. Morgan
County & Dist. Clerk, G. W. Jones
Sheriff and Tax Collector, W. B. Anthony
County Treasurer, Jasper Milhollon
Tax Assessor, H. S. Post
County Surveyor, J. A. Fisher

COMMISSIONERS.
Precinct No. 1, J. S. Eike
Precinct No. 2, B. H. Dwyer
Precinct No. 3, G. W. Jones
Precinct No. 4, J. B. Adams

PURVISOR OFFICERS.
J. P. Post, No. 1, J. S. Eike
Constable Prec. No. 1, T. D. Surriz

CHURCHES.
Baptist, (Missionary) Every 1st and 3rd Sunday, Rev. W. G. Cooper, Pastor.
Presbyterian, (Cumberland) Every 2nd Sunday and Saturday before, No Pastor.
Christian (Campbellite) Every 3rd Sunday and Saturday before, Pastor
Presbyterian, Every 2nd and 4th Sunday Rev. W. H. McCollough, Pastor.
Methodist (M. E. Church S.) Every Sunday and Sunday night, W. B. Bass, D. D. 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. Standford, Superintendent.
Baptist Sunday School every Sunday.
O. W. Courtwright, Superintendent.
Presbyterian Sunday School every Sunday.
R. E. Kierulff, Superintendent.
Haskell Lodge No. 662, A. F. & A. M. meets Saturday on or before each full moon.
G. R. Conch, 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.

HAS MADE A SUCCESS IN HASKELL COUNTY.

A Satisfied Farmer.

Mr. Jas. W. Smith who resides on what is known as Wild Horse prairie about six miles from town was a caller at the Free Press office one day this week and in course of conversation with him, we learned that this was only his second year in Texas, and that he was well satisfied with the country, in fact that he considers it the easiest country for a farmer to make a living in that he has ever tried, he having farmed in North Carolina and Virginia. He stated that he arrived in Haskell county in December 1892, rented a farm and commenced plowing on Dec. 13 and put in what wheat he could by the last of the month—as late as it would do to sow it, and went on preparing land for spring planting in other crops. With his late start and being new to the country and his surroundings, the rest of his first year's work was 750 bushels of corn, 254 bushels of wheat, 1300 bushels of oats, plenty of sorghum hay for his stock and a good yield of sweet potatoes from a small patch.

This year has been one of the worst for the farmers in the history of the country and, as some wrong impressions have gone out as to the condition of the farmers, our object is to call more particular attention to what Mr. Smith has accomplished this year. Considering his limited means and knowledge of the soil and the peculiarities of the country, together with a lack of some of the labor saving implements that can be used to so much advantage on our prairies we think, like him, that his experience has demonstrated the fact that a farmer can always make a fair living here and should lay aside some money from the better years' crops. His crops this year as stated by him are as follows: Of wheat he had 60 to 65 acres which threshed 778 bushels. Twenty-three acres of his wheat was sown with a new wheat known as the Mexican Amber wheat and yielded 15 bushels per acre, while the bulk of the crop was from the common seed of the country and gave a much lower yield per acre (here is a pointer to other farmers as to changing seed). In oats he had 75 acres and threshed 1400 bushels after reserving a lot in sheaf for his stock. He has 33 acres in corn which is made but not gathered and which he estimates at 10 to 12 bushels per acre. He has in cotton 20 acres which is making a fair growth, in spite of the protracted dry weather, and which he thinks will make a fair yield if it gets rain in time. Besides the above crops he has his patches of sweet potatoes and sorghum and speaks of planting for fall crops of Irish potatoes, millet and sorghum. The work of the farm this year was done by himself, his step-son and son, a young boy. It will be seen that his money crops—if he gets the very low yield of five bales of cotton—ought to net about \$1200 at moderate prices, leaving his potatoes sorghum sheaf oats, etc., out of the count, and as Mr. Smith says, it looks like a man can make a living here—even make a little money as hard a year as this, if he will be prudent and industrious. He believes in deep and thorough preparation of the soil, (better preparation in fact than he has yet had facilities for giving it,) in the fall so that all the rain that falls in the winter will soak into it, and then, in the spring frequent shallow cultivation of corn, cotton, etc., so as to keep a finely pulverized covering on the surface to check evaporation from the subsoil. He also advocates the cultivation of truck patches such as Irish and sweet potatoes, peanuts, turnips, etc., so as to produce more of the living on the farm than most farmers in this country do, and not depend entirely on making the small grain and cotton crop buy everything else that the family uses. The small grain crop leaves much of a farmer's time which could be profitably put in this way. He also believes that our farmers should make their own bacon and lard and, is proving his faith by having paid \$10 for a brood sow, whose produce will make the meat and lard for his family next year. If

they were provided with a peanut and artichoke patch to run on in the fall and early part of winter a very little grain would finish them off.

Such men as Mr. Jas. W. Smith are all right in Haskell county, and there is lots of room here for them—and we need them to develop the country.

It is stated that the total paid attendance at the World's fair for the three months to August 1st was 7,000,000 persons.

Wouldn't it be better to raise a few hogs than to haul a bushel of wheat fifty miles and swap it for three or four pounds of bacon or lard? Raise hogs.

There will be found on our second page an interesting summary of the most important work to come before the next congress, as also a picture gallery of the members.

No country in the world responds so quickly or more luxuriously to a copious rain than this, nor do we believe that there is any country where its effect lasts longer, under proper cultivation of the soil.

Several items in this paper pertinent to the dry weather were written and set in type before the rain came, but we think some suggestions are made that it would be well to make a mental note of for possible future use.

Hill's Chloride of Gold tablets are not a substitute but a positive cure for the Tobacco or Opium habit. Thousands testify to their efficiency. Ask your local druggist for them or write to the Ohio Chemical Co., Lima, Ohio.

Unless a decided change is wrought in the opinion of the masses, there is a strong prospect of the snapping of party lines, if congress fails to establish the free coinage of silver. At this time we believe the masses, without regard to parties, are very much in earnest in their demand for it.

Mr. J. C. Boswell, one of the best known and most respected citizens of Brownwood, Texas, suffered with diarrhoea for a long time and tried many different remedies without benefit, until Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used; that relieved him at once. For sale by A. P. McLemore.

The best way to fight hard times is for every man to "live at home and board at the same place," in other words to produce his and his family's living on the farm, at least all the staple articles of subsistence. Of course this can not be done in a day, but to-day is the best time to begin laying plans for that policy in the future. The man with a substantial living made and housed on the farm can snap his fingers at money panics and is in a position to hold his produce for better prices.

If you have not made plenty of millet and sorghum now is the time to put the seed in the ground—don't wait for it to rain first—plow the seed in and let the first rain bring it up. A rain any time between now and the first of September will make you a good crop. May be you think we are talking wild for an editor, a man who is not engaged in farming. Well, we have been in this country nearly fourteen years and know whereof we speak. We have seen fall crops of millet, sorghum, turnips and Irish potatoes made just that way.

The success of Mrs. Annie M. Bean, of McKeesport Pennsylvania in the treatment of diarrhoea in her children will undoubtedly be of interest to many mothers. She says: "I spent several weeks in Johnstown, Pa., after the great flood, on account of my husband being employed there. We had several children with us, two of whom took the diarrhoea very badly. I got some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy from Rev. Mr. Chapman. It cured both of them. I knew of several other cases where it was equally successful. I think it cannot be excelled and cheerfully recommend it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. P. McLemore.

BALD HEADS!



There are several grains of truth in the following item from an exchange.

A preacher recently said a newspaper that told the truth, could not be a success. The minister who will at all times and under all circumstances tell the whole truth about his members alive or dead, might not occupy the pulpit more than one Sunday, and in some cases might find it convenient to leave the town. The press and pulpit go hand in hand with the whitewash brush and pleasant words, magnifying the little virtues into big ones. The pulpit, the press and the gravestones are a great saint-making triumvirate.

Mr. Thomas Battle editor of the Graphic, Texarkana, Arkansas, has found what he believes to be the best remedy existing for the flux. His experience is well worth remembering. He says: "Last summer I had a very severe attack of flux. I tried almost every known remedy, none giving relief. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was recommended to me. I purchased a bottle and received almost immediate relief. I continued to use the medicine and was entirely cured. I take pleasure in recommending this remedy to any person suffering with such disease, as in my opinion the best medicine in existence." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. P. McLemore.

The three cotton machinery manufacturing companies at Dallas are receiving such splendid patronage that they are taxed to their utmost capacity to fill orders. The Texas Farm and Ranch has always contended that the way to secure factories was to show that a sufficient demand for their product could be secured. These three prosperous concerns never asked or received a pension, but went in and won on the merits of their product.—Farm and Ranch.

The way as well as the courage to establish manufacturing enterprises is a lesson we of the South stand in much need of learning. Year after year the cream and profit of our wonderful resources and labor goes to enrich northern manufacturers when, by proper management, it could be made to stay with us and go to build up the wealth of the country and add greatly to the prosperity of the people.

Now that it has rained, if you haven't an abundant supply of hay you can raise all the millet and sorghum you want. You can also plant an Irish potato and turnip patch with full assurance of success. One good rain does as much here as two or three does in some countries. Hitch up your belly band another notch and "fly at it."

We hear people saying, "it is too dry to plow, you couldn't drive a wedge in the ground." We would have believed it if we had not seen with our own eyes the statement disproved. Two weeks ago we were in Throckmorton county, thirty miles east of this place, where it is as dry as it is here—drier than it has been since 1886—and we there saw a man breaking mesquite sod with one pair of mules and a turning plow, in a stiffer soil than most of the land in Haskell county. "Where there is a will there is a way."

It is stated on seemingly good authority that Senator David B. Hill of New York will lead the fight in the senate for free coinage of silver and will win in the last ditch.

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, S. H. Johnson, J. F. Pierson, P. D. Sanders.

HASKELL and SEYMOUR PASSENGER, EXPRESS AND MAIL LINE.

DAILY BOTH WAYS.
Connects at Haskell with Abilene, Anson and Haskell line.
Leaves Seymour at 7 a. m., Arrives not later than 8 p. m.
Leaves Haskell at 7 a. m., Arrives not later than 8 p. m.
Fare one way \$3.50. Round Trip \$6.00.
JOHN McMYLLAN, Proprietor, Haskell, Texas.

ABILENE, ANSON and HASKELL PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS LINE.

DAILY BOTH WAYS.
Connects at Haskell with Seymour Line to Haskell.
Connects at Abilene with trains, east and west bound.
GOING NORTH: Leaves Abilene at 4:30 p. m., Arrives at Anson 9:30 p. m., Arrives at Haskell at 11:30 next day.
GOING SOUTH: Leaves Haskell at 1 p. m., Arrives at Anson 6:30 p. m., Arrives at Abilene at 10:30 p. m.
Fare one way \$3.50. Round trip \$6.00.
Abilene Office at Fairview Street, Livery Stable.

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. Foster, D. H. Dolson, R. E. Scorrill, J. V. W. Holmes.

THE CITY MEAT MARKET,

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

CALL ON W. W. FIELDS & BRO.

—AT THEIR—
New Building on West Side of Square.
—Where They Have a Full and Complete Stock of—

STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES.

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

COUNTRY PRODUCE

and pay best market prices for same.
GIVE THEM A CALL.

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO.

No. 1. Farm Harness \$24.50
No. 119 Road Wagon \$27
No. 41. Wagon \$45
W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, I. D.

Professional Cards.

J. E. LINDSEY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Haskell, Tex.
Specialist in a share of your Patience—
All his time, must be paid on the first of the month.

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

DR. F. M. OLDHAM.
DENTAL—
SURGEON.
Gold Crown and Bridge work a specialty.

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

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

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

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

C. J. GEORGE, M. D.
HASKELL, TEXAS.
—Office at McLemore's Drug Store—
Having located at Haskell. Offer my services to the people, and solicit a share of the Public Patronage.
Surgical Cases Especially Solicited.

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.

THE NEXT CONGRESS

One of the Most Momentous Sessions in the History of This Country.

WILL GROVER CLEVELAND'S POLICY?

Finance, Tariff, State Banks, Anti-Option, Pensions and Aliens, Are Among the Many Subjects Demanding Attention.

[Special Washington Correspondence.] The most momentous work that has confronted Congress since the war of the rebellion...

The importance of the session is due to the fact that for the first time in thirty years the Democratic party will control every branch of the national government...

At the outset, however, there are prospects of a wide diversity of opinion between the Executive and the legislative branches...

There is every evidence that one of two conditions will control the coming Congress...

The session is so near at hand that it is safe to look forward to a general election...

The first work of Congress on its assembling in August will be to select its officers...

There will be no speaker-ship fight, usual on the resumption of Congress...

The tariff question is the one which will receive first attention at the hands of Congress...

Another very important question to come before Congress is that of restoring State banks to their old privileges...

The State bank men are now anxious to get back to the old system...

There will be no "Force Bill" cry in the next Congress...

There are, however, several laws on the statute books which favor the "Force Bill"...

Another foreign affair of much consequence is the acquisition or protection of the Hawaiian Islands...

The foregoing gives the essential questions which are to come before the next Congress...

One of the cleverest inventions ever passed on by the patent office is the machine for sticking pins in the papers...

The Mosquito Would Fit Him. Bardolph—I'm very full blooded, doctor, and would like to have it reduced somewhat...

It Was a Man Who Said This. "It was a woman who took the prize in the missing word contest."

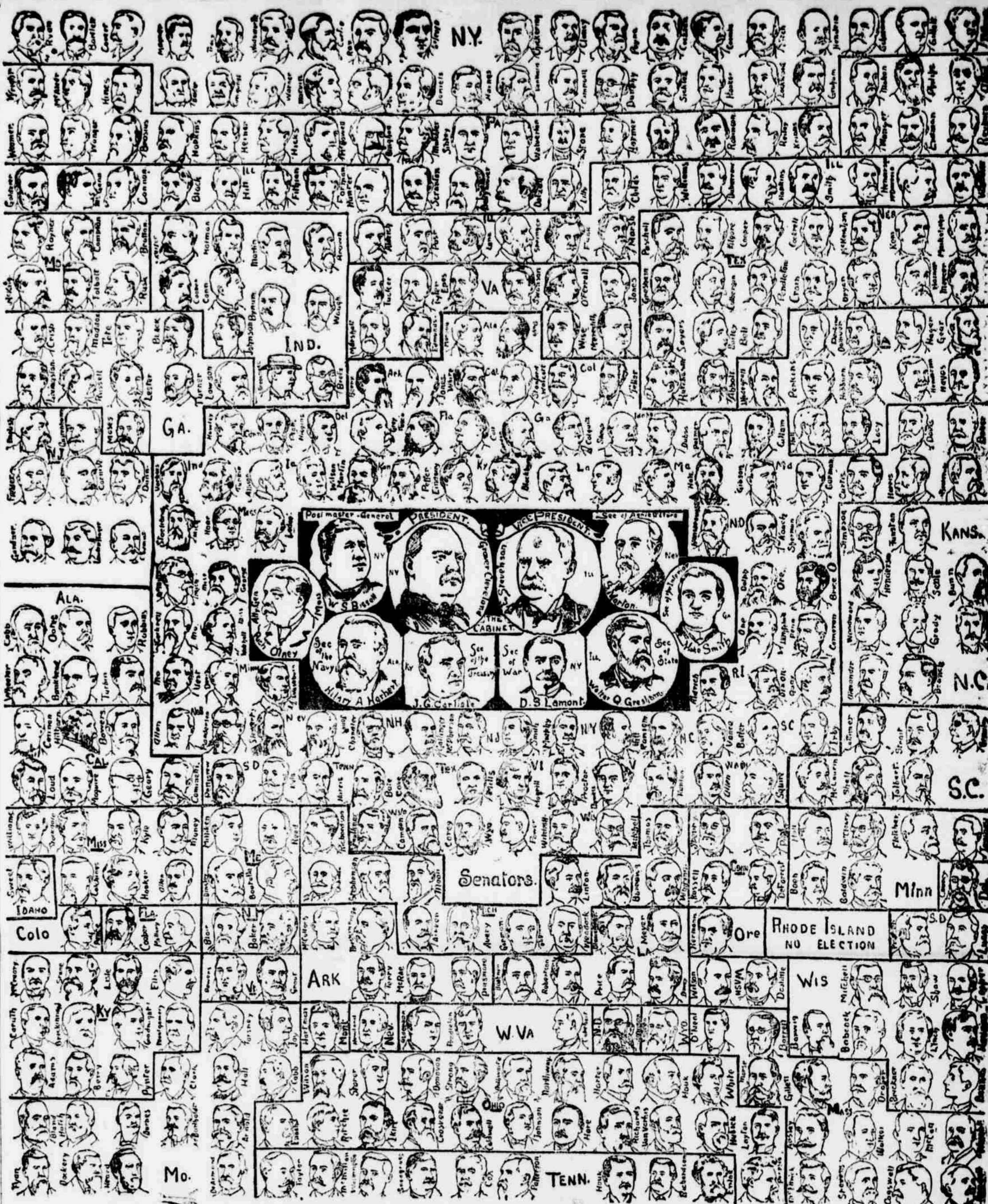
Photographing Hypnotized People. Photography has been introduced into the clinical laboratory of Dr. Charcot...

A Difference of Opinion. The nice young man who had applied to the city editor for a place on the reporter staff...

A Groundless Rumor. Lincoln—Why, I was told positively that she had gone on the stage.

The Chicago Boy. Teacher—What are you boys fighting about?

Tommy Lakeside—Why, that chap was a-tryin' to make believe that Adam was the first man, when everybody knows 'twas Columbus.



President, Vice President, Cabinet and Fifty-third Congress of the United States.

will be very bitter. Mr. Cleveland will be faced with the latter and it will be an interesting spectacle to see whether the administration will be able to enforce its policy...

The crusade against aliens and the alien ownership of lands is likely to be taken up with vigor. There is much dissatisfaction...

Several foreign questions of extreme moment will come before the next Congress. The annexation of Hawaii is probably the most important...

One of the cleverest inventions ever passed on by the patent office is the machine for sticking pins in the papers in which they are common...

The Mosquito Would Fit Him. Bardolph—I'm very full blooded, doctor, and would like to have it reduced somewhat...

It Was a Man Who Said This. "It was a woman who took the prize in the missing word contest."

Photographing Hypnotized People. Photography has been introduced into the clinical laboratory of Dr. Charcot...

A Difference of Opinion. The nice young man who had applied to the city editor for a place on the reporter staff...

A Groundless Rumor. Lincoln—Why, I was told positively that she had gone on the stage.

The Chicago Boy. Teacher—What are you boys fighting about?

Tommy Lakeside—Why, that chap was a-tryin' to make believe that Adam was the first man, when everybody knows 'twas Columbus.

the silver and the anti-silver men will be very bitter. Mr. Cleveland will be faced with the latter and it will be an interesting spectacle to see whether the administration will be able to enforce its policy...

The crusade against aliens and the alien ownership of lands is likely to be taken up with vigor. There is much dissatisfaction...

Several foreign questions of extreme moment will come before the next Congress. The annexation of Hawaii is probably the most important...

One of the cleverest inventions ever passed on by the patent office is the machine for sticking pins in the papers in which they are common...

The Mosquito Would Fit Him. Bardolph—I'm very full blooded, doctor, and would like to have it reduced somewhat...

It Was a Man Who Said This. "It was a woman who took the prize in the missing word contest."

Photographing Hypnotized People. Photography has been introduced into the clinical laboratory of Dr. Charcot...

A Difference of Opinion. The nice young man who had applied to the city editor for a place on the reporter staff...

A Groundless Rumor. Lincoln—Why, I was told positively that she had gone on the stage.

The Chicago Boy. Teacher—What are you boys fighting about?

Tommy Lakeside—Why, that chap was a-tryin' to make believe that Adam was the first man, when everybody knows 'twas Columbus.

arguments of money to indemnify those British vessels which have been seized in the North Sea, and their cargoes of sealskins confiscated.

The revision of the pension laws is sure to bring about a hot contest. The Southwestern element, which largely predominates in the majority of House and Senate...

Several foreign questions of extreme moment will come before the next Congress. The annexation of Hawaii is probably the most important...

One of the cleverest inventions ever passed on by the patent office is the machine for sticking pins in the papers in which they are common...

The Mosquito Would Fit Him. Bardolph—I'm very full blooded, doctor, and would like to have it reduced somewhat...

It Was a Man Who Said This. "It was a woman who took the prize in the missing word contest."

Photographing Hypnotized People. Photography has been introduced into the clinical laboratory of Dr. Charcot...

A Difference of Opinion. The nice young man who had applied to the city editor for a place on the reporter staff...

A Groundless Rumor. Lincoln—Why, I was told positively that she had gone on the stage.

The Chicago Boy. Teacher—What are you boys fighting about?

Tommy Lakeside—Why, that chap was a-tryin' to make believe that Adam was the first man, when everybody knows 'twas Columbus.

NO "OLD MAN" FOR HIM. A "captain" with strong objections to the familiar salutation.

One of the well-known men about New York is J. C. Mealus. He is conspicuous in several clubs and on "The Rialto," where he may be seen almost daily on promenade...

Several foreign questions of extreme moment will come before the next Congress. The annexation of Hawaii is probably the most important...

One of the cleverest inventions ever passed on by the patent office is the machine for sticking pins in the papers in which they are common...

The Mosquito Would Fit Him. Bardolph—I'm very full blooded, doctor, and would like to have it reduced somewhat...

It Was a Man Who Said This. "It was a woman who took the prize in the missing word contest."

Photographing Hypnotized People. Photography has been introduced into the clinical laboratory of Dr. Charcot...

A Difference of Opinion. The nice young man who had applied to the city editor for a place on the reporter staff...

A Groundless Rumor. Lincoln—Why, I was told positively that she had gone on the stage.

The Chicago Boy. Teacher—What are you boys fighting about?

Tommy Lakeside—Why, that chap was a-tryin' to make believe that Adam was the first man, when everybody knows 'twas Columbus.

Photographing Hypnotized People. Photography has been introduced into the clinical laboratory of Dr. Charcot...

A Difference of Opinion. The nice young man who had applied to the city editor for a place on the reporter staff...

A Groundless Rumor. Lincoln—Why, I was told positively that she had gone on the stage.

The Chicago Boy. Teacher—What are you boys fighting about?

Tommy Lakeside—Why, that chap was a-tryin' to make believe that Adam was the first man, when everybody knows 'twas Columbus.

It Was a Man Who Said This. "It was a woman who took the prize in the missing word contest."

Photographing Hypnotized People. Photography has been introduced into the clinical laboratory of Dr. Charcot...

A Difference of Opinion. The nice young man who had applied to the city editor for a place on the reporter staff...

A Groundless Rumor. Lincoln—Why, I was told positively that she had gone on the stage.

The Chicago Boy. Teacher—What are you boys fighting about?

Tommy Lakeside—Why, that chap was a-tryin' to make believe that Adam was the first man, when everybody knows 'twas Columbus.

THE BOYS WERE TOOK IN

They Went to Steal Some Cattle but the Marshal and posse intercepted them.

THE CHINESE SIX COMPANIES AGAIN.

Frederick Otten, a white man, commits suicide at Tsankans, Ark., by shooting himself, and dies instantly.

VINITA, I. T., July 31.—Word having been received here that a band of cattle thieves contemplated a raid on the ranches in this vicinity, a deputy United States marshal and posse were sent out to intercept the gang. The posse came upon the gang Saturday night and a battle ensued. Ralph Hallock was shot and killed. Bill Somers was fatally wounded. Both were members of the gang of thieves. The other six escaped.

France Wins.

HONGKONG, July 31.—The Siamese government has accepted the full terms of the French ultimatum, in substance as follows:

1. Recognition of the rights of Annam and Cambodia on the left or eastern bank of the Mekong river as far as the 23d parallel of latitude.
2. The evacuation within a month of the forts held by the Siamese on the east bank of the river.
3. Full satisfaction for various Siamese aggressions against French ships and French sailors on the Menam river.
4. The punishment of the culprits and provision for the pecuniary indemnity of the victims.
5. An indemnity of 2,000,000 francs for various damages sustained by French subjects.
6. The immediate deposit of 3,000,000 francs to guarantee the payment of the fourth and fifth claims, or the assignment of the taxes in certain districts in lieu of the deposit of 3,000,000 francs.

Managua Captured.

PANAMA, July 29.—Confirmation has been received of the capture of Managua, Nicaragua, by the revolutionists. There was hard fighting and great loss of life on both sides. Six hundred Honduran troops, under command of Policarpo Bonilla, fought with the troops from Leon. During the fight a detachment from one of the government's garrisons in Managua deserted and joined the Leon troops under Gen. Zelava. Gen. Seavala, with the government troops, has gone to Granada. A strong defense will probably be made in that city. Communication has been cut off from all points in Nicaragua except from Rivas and Granada.

Shot Himself.

TEXARKANA, Ark., July 31.—Frederick Otten, a white man aged 30 years, shot himself in the temple yesterday morning. He was formerly a clerk in Mullins' grocery store; a week ago he put up at the Argyle inn. Saturday night he gave evidence of delirium tremens, but was quieted and induced to go to bed. This was the last seen of him until a pistol shot in the hall of his hotel attracted the inmates and he was found lying on the floor with the smoking pistol clutched in his right hand.

Cholera in Italy.

ROME, July 26.—Notwithstanding the official denial of the Italian government of the reports that cholera had appeared in Italy, it is known that the disease is prevailing in Alexandria, the capital of Piedmont. Many cholera cases have been reported there and new cases are of daily occurrence. The disease is confined to Alexandria. Cases are reported in a number of other places in Piedmont.

A Contempt Case.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 26.—The World's fair authorities have been served with notice by the attorneys for Charles W. Clingman that they will ask Judge Stein for an order compelling the directors to show cause why they are not in contempt of court for violation of the injunction restraining them from closing the gates Sundays.

Fatal Street Duel.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Ok., July 27.—A street duel between A. L. Cook on one side and Smith and Stutsman on the other, took place at Rockwell Falls, this territory, recently. Cook was lightly wounded. Smith and Stutsman were both killed. Business rivalry was the cause.

Not Satisfied.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 31.—Thomas D. Riordan, attorney for the Chinese Six Companies, states that he is preparing to make a second test of the constitutionality of the Geary law at the October session of the United States supreme court.

Killed Himself and Wife.

BOWLING GREEN, Ky., July 29.—At Middlefork, Allen county, Hardy Caldwell, a respectable and well-to-do farmer, aged 60, killed himself and wife. A domestic quarrel was the cause.

Free Fight.

LONDON, July 28.—Yesterday while considering the Home Rule bill hot words were passed, finally resulting in a free for all fight in the house of commons. That over, apologies were offered, the bill passed and Gladstone was cheered.

Shot in His Accounts.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 29.—Rev. O. J. Taylor, manager of the Interstate investment company at Dallas, has been arrested on a charge of embezzlement. It is said that he is short \$50,000 in his accounts.

A Kentucky Duel.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 28.—Swift Hunter and R. Will Davis, society fellows, fought a duel at Frankfort over a young lady. Hunter was slightly wounded.

A General Fight.

CLEVELAND, O., July 29.—Last Monday a white man by the name of Davis was released from the Ohio

TEXAS HANGMEN'S DAY.

Two Colored Men, One at Texas, the Other at Eastport Hanged Till Dead.

GOTS PAY THE PENALTY FOR MURDER.

Henry Miller Killed C. O. Brewer, a Policeman, and Aliz Brown Assassinated a Colored Woman in a Brutal Manner.

DALLAS, Tex., July 29.—At 1:45 yesterday afternoon Henry Miller, colored, was hanged in the county jail for the murder of Officer C. O. Brewer, May 21, 1892. At noon he ate a hearty dinner and was brought down on the second floor over the office. Revs. Isaacs, Pardee, Pittman, Clairborne and Johnson held divine service. They sang, "I'll meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem." Miller joined in the music which was touchingly rendered. This was followed by a fervent prayer by Rev. Isaacs. Then "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung. Miller was happy as long as he was singing, but as soon as it ceased he went to talking in a rambling way to the effect that he had never done any intentional wrong, and that he was ready to go, evincing a nervousness compounded of terror and religious fervor. At about 1:30 Sheriff Cabell took him to the gallows on the same floor. He was attired in black with white gloves and a cigar in his mouth. He stepped firmly, and when on the trap Sheriff Cabell asked him if he had anything to say. He replied that he was glad he was so near the end of his life, but as his mind was wholly in heaven he had nothing to say. The neck was broken by a fall, but the pulse was beating 100 at 41 minutes, and had stopped at 5 minutes. At 8 minutes his heart had stopped. At the end of 15 minutes he was pronounced dead.

A Horrible Murder.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 27.—A fearful triple murder took place during the early hours yesterday morning. Two children and their mother meeting their fate at the hands of some fiend. It was about 2 p. m. when the south-side fire department was called out to extinguish a slight fire in the house of John F. Monse, who lived on Oak alley on the side of the hill. After extinguishing it some of the members of the department in looking about the house were horrified at the sight of three dead bodies lying close to one another. They were those of Monse's wife and two small children. There were three deep, ugly dents in the poor woman's head, which showed she had just been struck a deadly blow from behind, then the fearful work was finished with some blunt instrument, either a hatchet or hammer. The little children had the appearance of having been smothered to death, though their bodies also showed marks of violence. Their clothing was burned a little, though had they been living when the fire started they would have had no trouble in getting away from the small blaze. These children were Mary and Maggie and were 4 and 2 years old respectively. The husband was at once arrested, charged with committing the horrible crime. Monse is a laborer, 35 years of age, and apparently very ignorant. There was one more child in the family, but by some means the little one escaped the general massacre. The child who was saved is only 5 years old, but this morning he weeping told the police that his father killed his mother. "He hit her on the head three times with a hatchet," sobbed the little fellow. The neighbors think jealousy was the cause of the deed.

Cholera Increasing.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—Surgeon Gen. Wyman has received the following cable dispatch from Assistant Surgeon G. B. Young of the marine hospital service stationed at Naples: "Cholera prevails. The condition grows worse. A large number of immigrants are preparing for America. Isolation on shore is impossible. The authorities refuse to permit detention on board. Passengers are transferred from train to ship and isolation on the way is imperfect." To this dispatch Surgeon Gen. Wyman sent the following: "Refuse bill of health unless all regulations are complied with. Inform the companies that full fine will be imposed without bill of health."

Tired of Life.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 28.—Tired of life, W. H. Irving of 81. Winthrop beach, Mass., committed suicide some time Wednesday night or early yesterday morning on the lake shore. The method used was horrible and most revolting. A partly filled can of powder by his side and his torn and mangled face indicated that he had filled his mouth with powder and then probably with a lighted match had caused it to explode. Irving left a note stating that he was out of work and tired of life; to notify his wife, Mrs. S. Winthrop beach, Mass., but not to send her his body as she had no money with which to bury it.

Died of Her Injuries.

TEXARKANA, Ark., July 27.—Mrs. Allen E. Jones, who was found with her three children terribly hacked and out with an ax and in an unconscious condition last Saturday morning, the victims, it is supposed, of the husband and father, whose suicidal body was found hanging in an outhouse, died yesterday morning without having regained consciousness. Two of the children are still alive, but cannot speak.

Shot Officially.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 28.—Jose Andrade, during the administration of Gen. Gonzalez as governor of Guanajuato in charge of the Piedras Gordas district of the state, was arrested a few days ago on the charge that he shot a number of innocent persons without trial. Upon being arrested Col. Andrade was taken to the city of Leon, where he was tried, found guilty and ordered shot. He was shot at daylight in a public part of the city.

A Tennessee Lynching.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 28.—A special to a local paper announces a lynching at Dresden, Ed. Bell, colored, killed Sam White, his brother-in-law. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. Intense indignation was created by the killing. Yesterday morning a masked mob broke into the jail, took Bell and hung him.

Forest Fires.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 29.—Field, a town in the northwestern part of this state, which has a population of about 800, has been destroyed by fire. In all thirty-four buildings were consumed, causing a loss of about \$200,000, with but little insurance. Dispatches from Midford and Prentice Junction say those towns have been wiped out by forest fires.

Idle Men.

DENVER, Col., July 26.—There are 7500 idle men in the city, many of whom are without food. At a mass meeting it was decided to establish soup houses. Soliciting committees were appointed, and other means for their relief were discussed. The city will at once begin public improvement in order to give some of them work.

TEXAS HANGMEN'S DAY.

Two Colored Men, One at Texas, the Other at Eastport Hanged Till Dead.

GOTS PAY THE PENALTY FOR MURDER.

Henry Miller Killed C. O. Brewer, a Policeman, and Aliz Brown Assassinated a Colored Woman in a Brutal Manner.

DALLAS, Tex., July 29.—At 1:45 yesterday afternoon Henry Miller, colored, was hanged in the county jail for the murder of Officer C. O. Brewer, May 21, 1892. At noon he ate a hearty dinner and was brought down on the second floor over the office. Revs. Isaacs, Pardee, Pittman, Clairborne and Johnson held divine service. They sang, "I'll meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem." Miller joined in the music which was touchingly rendered. This was followed by a fervent prayer by Rev. Isaacs. Then "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung. Miller was happy as long as he was singing, but as soon as it ceased he went to talking in a rambling way to the effect that he had never done any intentional wrong, and that he was ready to go, evincing a nervousness compounded of terror and religious fervor. At about 1:30 Sheriff Cabell took him to the gallows on the same floor. He was attired in black with white gloves and a cigar in his mouth. He stepped firmly, and when on the trap Sheriff Cabell asked him if he had anything to say. He replied that he was glad he was so near the end of his life, but as his mind was wholly in heaven he had nothing to say. The neck was broken by a fall, but the pulse was beating 100 at 41 minutes, and had stopped at 5 minutes. At 8 minutes his heart had stopped. At the end of 15 minutes he was pronounced dead.

A Horrible Murder.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 27.—A fearful triple murder took place during the early hours yesterday morning. Two children and their mother meeting their fate at the hands of some fiend. It was about 2 p. m. when the south-side fire department was called out to extinguish a slight fire in the house of John F. Monse, who lived on Oak alley on the side of the hill. After extinguishing it some of the members of the department in looking about the house were horrified at the sight of three dead bodies lying close to one another. They were those of Monse's wife and two small children. There were three deep, ugly dents in the poor woman's head, which showed she had just been struck a deadly blow from behind, then the fearful work was finished with some blunt instrument, either a hatchet or hammer. The little children had the appearance of having been smothered to death, though their bodies also showed marks of violence. Their clothing was burned a little, though had they been living when the fire started they would have had no trouble in getting away from the small blaze. These children were Mary and Maggie and were 4 and 2 years old respectively. The husband was at once arrested, charged with committing the horrible crime. Monse is a laborer, 35 years of age, and apparently very ignorant. There was one more child in the family, but by some means the little one escaped the general massacre. The child who was saved is only 5 years old, but this morning he weeping told the police that his father killed his mother. "He hit her on the head three times with a hatchet," sobbed the little fellow. The neighbors think jealousy was the cause of the deed.

Cholera Increasing.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—Surgeon Gen. Wyman has received the following cable dispatch from Assistant Surgeon G. B. Young of the marine hospital service stationed at Naples: "Cholera prevails. The condition grows worse. A large number of immigrants are preparing for America. Isolation on shore is impossible. The authorities refuse to permit detention on board. Passengers are transferred from train to ship and isolation on the way is imperfect." To this dispatch Surgeon Gen. Wyman sent the following: "Refuse bill of health unless all regulations are complied with. Inform the companies that full fine will be imposed without bill of health."

Tired of Life.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 28.—Tired of life, W. H. Irving of 81. Winthrop beach, Mass., committed suicide some time Wednesday night or early yesterday morning on the lake shore. The method used was horrible and most revolting. A partly filled can of powder by his side and his torn and mangled face indicated that he had filled his mouth with powder and then probably with a lighted match had caused it to explode. Irving left a note stating that he was out of work and tired of life; to notify his wife, Mrs. S. Winthrop beach, Mass., but not to send her his body as she had no money with which to bury it.

Died of Her Injuries.

TEXARKANA, Ark., July 27.—Mrs. Allen E. Jones, who was found with her three children terribly hacked and out with an ax and in an unconscious condition last Saturday morning, the victims, it is supposed, of the husband and father, whose suicidal body was found hanging in an outhouse, died yesterday morning without having regained consciousness. Two of the children are still alive, but cannot speak.

Shot Officially.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 28.—Jose Andrade, during the administration of Gen. Gonzalez as governor of Guanajuato in charge of the Piedras Gordas district of the state, was arrested a few days ago on the charge that he shot a number of innocent persons without trial. Upon being arrested Col. Andrade was taken to the city of Leon, where he was tried, found guilty and ordered shot. He was shot at daylight in a public part of the city.

A Tennessee Lynching.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 28.—A special to a local paper announces a lynching at Dresden, Ed. Bell, colored, killed Sam White, his brother-in-law. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. Intense indignation was created by the killing. Yesterday morning a masked mob broke into the jail, took Bell and hung him.

Forest Fires.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 29.—Field, a town in the northwestern part of this state, which has a population of about 800, has been destroyed by fire. In all thirty-four buildings were consumed, causing a loss of about \$200,000, with but little insurance. Dispatches from Midford and Prentice Junction say those towns have been wiped out by forest fires.

Idle Men.

DENVER, Col., July 26.—There are 7500 idle men in the city, many of whom are without food. At a mass meeting it was decided to establish soup houses. Soliciting committees were appointed, and other means for their relief were discussed. The city will at once begin public improvement in order to give some of them work.

SMITH HUNG IN EFFIGY.

Citizens Near Portsmouth, O., Feel Outraged at Cutting J. L. Reed off the Rails.

A MOST DARING ROBBERY IN CHICAGO.

Cholera is Reported to Have Broken Out at Smyrna on the Mediterranean—Killed His Little Baby While Crying.

PORTSMOUTH, O., July 31.—Secretary Hoise Smith was hanged in effigy by the enraged citizens of Rome, twenty miles from this city, Saturday night at 10 o'clock. A number of persons have been suspended and a climax was reached when the pension of J. L. Reed, a veteran of the civil war, was dropped. Mr. Reed served four years and five months and his pension was his sole support. When he received news of the suspension he became a raving maniac. The aroused citizens, led by John Furler, a Democrat, proposed to hang Smith in effigy. Saturday night a thousand people, irrespective of party, assembled to participate in the ceremony. It was intended to burn the president in effigy also, but with more conservative counselling it was not done. The effigy was hanged and then burned.

All About a Dog.

McKINNEY, Tex., July 31.—Reports have arrived here of a probable killing near Celina, in the extreme northwestern portion of this county. A few days ago Lige Glen was on his way home from Pilot Point with a plow-point, which he had sharpened at that place. When in front of Mr. Reed's place a dog ran out and tried to bite Glen's horse. Glen threw the plow-point and killed the dog. Reed came out and some hot words were passed. Last Friday night Reed went to Glen's house. A pistol fight ensued. Reed was shot twice through the bowels. The latest report is to the effect that Reed cannot live. Glen was not hurt. Glen took Reed into the house and sent for a physician. Glen has not been jailed.

Colored Duel.

WACO, Tex., July 31.—A duel took place Saturday night seven miles northwest of Waco at Zion Hill meeting house, in which Perry Saunders and John Erath, colored, were the combatants, and the weapons used were six-shooters. The eye witnesses say Perry Saunders called his brother-in-law, John Erath, out of the church and they walked off together six yards, then halted each other and opened fire, emptying their revolvers into each other six paces apart. Perry Saunders is shot in the face and chest and John Erath in the bowels. Nancy Saunders, wife of Perry Saunders, ran out toward the duelists and received a bullet in the leg. The officers have all the parties in charge.

Detective Killed.

FLORONA, Tex., July 28.—A killing occurred one mile south of town Wednesday night about 9 o'clock. H. C. Horne, member of Caltrée's detective agency, has been located at Moulton, Lavaca county, for several months past and, in company with Dr. Weddington, was coming here to attend the night concert now being given by a medicine company. When near the corporation line some one came up behind the buggy and shot a load of buckshot into his back. He lived a few minutes, but died without speaking, only to say, "Oh, I am killed."

A Judge's Escape.

NOCONA, Tex., July 28.—Quite a sensation was created here by the arrest of Judge B. O. Snuffer, judge of Montague county, twenty indictments having been found against him by the grand jury for misappropriating county money. He pleaded guilty to one count, was fined \$25, and resigned as judge. The other nineteen cases were nolle prossed, he paying back in full the county's money. Judge Snuffer was, up to the present year, superintendent of public schools in this county.

Boy Held for Murder.

LEONARD, Tex., July 27.—John Falls, the 13-year-old boy who is charged with murdering his father in this Fannin county, with a brush ax the 1st instant, had an examining trial before Justice B. F. Douglas Tuesday, and he was placed under a \$4000 bond. He failed to make the required bond and was taken back to the county jail. When asked he refused to make a statement. He still maintains his innocence.

Mexican Row.

VALENTINE, Tex., July 31.—Sheriff Knight passed through here last night on his way to Marfa, with two Mexican prisoners, Lose and Francisco Martinez, who were parties to a drunken row in which Jesus Martinez was killed and Jose Adress was seriously wounded. The fight took at the new coal mines in the mountains southwest of this place, in this Presidio county. The four men were cousins.

Dying in Want.

VELASCO, Tex., July 26.—An old man without food, money or bed was found Sunday night in a shanty near here dying from some wasting disease and want of attention. He was rational enough to say that his name is Shannon and his daughter lives in Austin.

Runaway Accident.

BRENSHAM, Tex., July 26.—Yesterday morning at Chappell Hill Dr. J. M. Nelson was thrown from his gig and dragged some distance. He was unconscious when picked up. His injuries are thought to be fatal. He is 76 years old.

Identifies Them.

SHERMAN, Tex., July 27.—William Leffridge, the man who was slugged and robbed in West Sherman a few nights since, yesterday on the stand identified Henry Lake and Cam Patrick, two colored prisoners. Leffridge barely escaped death from the assault.

Daylight Robbery.

FORNEY, Tex., July 27.—Tuesday three thieves broke into the home of Chess Hill, colored, who lives about a mile from Forney, and carried off a shotgun, watch, pistol and numerous other articles. Officers are on their track.

Killed His Mother.

ANOKA, Texas, July 31.—Last Friday while Austin Moore was preparing his gun to go on a hunt, it was accidentally discharged and instantly killed his mother, Mrs. A. R. Moore.

Perjury and Robbery.

ALVARADO, Tex., July 25.—Frank Johnson, arrested for perjury in the Dr. Nix case, and James Darnell, charged with robbery in Kentucky, were taken to Cleburne jail.

A Merchant Robbed.

WACO, Tex., 27.—Section Foreman

SMITH HUNG IN EFFIGY.

Citizens Near Portsmouth, O., Feel Outraged at Cutting J. L. Reed off the Rails.

A MOST DARING ROBBERY IN CHICAGO.

Cholera is Reported to Have Broken Out at Smyrna on the Mediterranean—Killed His Little Baby While Crying.

PORTSMOUTH, O., July 31.—Secretary Hoise Smith was hanged in effigy by the enraged citizens of Rome, twenty miles from this city, Saturday night at 10 o'clock. A number of persons have been suspended and a climax was reached when the pension of J. L. Reed, a veteran of the civil war, was dropped. Mr. Reed served four years and five months and his pension was his sole support. When he received news of the suspension he became a raving maniac. The aroused citizens, led by John Furler, a Democrat, proposed to hang Smith in effigy. Saturday night a thousand people, irrespective of party, assembled to participate in the ceremony. It was intended to burn the president in effigy also, but with more conservative counselling it was not done. The effigy was hanged and then burned.

All About a Dog.

McKINNEY, Tex., July 31.—Reports have arrived here of a probable killing near Celina, in the extreme northwestern portion of this county. A few days ago Lige Glen was on his way home from Pilot Point with a plow-point, which he had sharpened at that place. When in front of Mr. Reed's place a dog ran out and tried to bite Glen's horse. Glen threw the plow-point and killed the dog. Reed came out and some hot words were passed. Last Friday night Reed went to Glen's house. A pistol fight ensued. Reed was shot twice through the bowels. The latest report is to the effect that Reed cannot live. Glen was not hurt. Glen took Reed into the house and sent for a physician. Glen has not been jailed.

Colored Duel.

WACO, Tex., July 31.—A duel took place Saturday night seven miles northwest of Waco at Zion Hill meeting house, in which Perry Saunders and John Erath, colored, were the combatants, and the weapons used were six-shooters. The eye witnesses say Perry Saunders called his brother-in-law, John Erath, out of the church and they walked off together six yards, then halted each other and opened fire, emptying their revolvers into each other six paces apart. Perry Saunders is shot in the face and chest and John Erath in the bowels. Nancy Saunders, wife of Perry Saunders, ran out toward the duelists and received a bullet in the leg. The officers have all the parties in charge.

Detective Killed.

FLORONA, Tex., July 28.—A killing occurred one mile south of town Wednesday night about 9 o'clock. H. C. Horne, member of Caltrée's detective agency, has been located at Moulton, Lavaca county, for several months past and, in company with Dr. Weddington, was coming here to attend the night concert now being given by a medicine company. When near the corporation line some one came up behind the buggy and shot a load of buckshot into his back. He lived a few minutes, but died without speaking, only to say, "Oh, I am killed."

A Judge's Escape.

NOCONA, Tex., July 28.—Quite a sensation was created here by the arrest of Judge B. O. Snuffer, judge of Montague county, twenty indictments having been found against him by the grand jury for misappropriating county money. He pleaded guilty to one count, was fined \$25, and resigned as judge. The other nineteen cases were nolle prossed, he paying back in full the county's money. Judge Snuffer was, up to the present year, superintendent of public schools in this county.

Boy Held for Murder.

LEONARD, Tex., July 27.—John Falls, the 13-year-old boy who is charged with murdering his father in this Fannin county, with a brush ax the 1st instant, had an examining trial before Justice B. F. Douglas Tuesday, and he was placed under a \$4000 bond. He failed to make the required bond and was taken back to the county jail. When asked he refused to make a statement. He still maintains his innocence.

Mexican Row.

VALENTINE, Tex., July 31.—Sheriff Knight passed through here last night on his way to Marfa, with two Mexican prisoners, Lose and Francisco Martinez, who were parties to a drunken row in which Jesus Martinez was killed and Jose Adress was seriously wounded. The fight took at the new coal mines in the mountains southwest of this place, in this Presidio county. The four men were cousins.

Dying in Want.

VELASCO, Tex., July 26.—An old man without food, money or bed was found Sunday night in a shanty near here dying from some wasting disease and want of attention. He was rational enough to say that his name is Shannon and his daughter lives in Austin.

Runaway Accident.

BRENSHAM, Tex., July 26.—Yesterday morning at Chappell Hill Dr. J. M. Nelson was thrown from his gig and dragged some distance. He was unconscious when picked up. His injuries are thought to be fatal. He is 76 years old.

Identifies Them.

SHERMAN, Tex., July 27.—William Leffridge, the man who was slugged and robbed in West Sherman a few nights since, yesterday on the stand identified Henry Lake and Cam Patrick, two colored prisoners. Leffridge barely escaped death from the assault.

Daylight Robbery.

FORNEY, Tex., July 27.—Tuesday three thieves broke into the home of Chess Hill, colored, who lives about a mile from Forney, and carried off a shotgun, watch, pistol and numerous other articles. Officers are on their track.

Killed His Mother.

ANOKA, Texas, July 31.—Last Friday while Austin Moore was preparing his gun to go on a hunt, it was accidentally discharged and instantly killed his mother, Mrs. A. R. Moore.

Perjury and Robbery.

ALVARADO, Tex., July 25.—Frank Johnson, arrested for perjury in the Dr. Nix case, and James Darnell, charged with robbery in Kentucky, were taken to Cleburne jail.

A Merchant Robbed.

WACO, Tex., 27.—Section Foreman

ST. LOUIS BANKS.

Cash on Hand Amounting to Over 40 Per Cent of Cash Liabilities.

Cent of Cash Liabilities.

ST. LOUIS, July 27.—The St. Louis clearing house has prepared a statement showing the exact condition of the twenty-four banks which have membership in it. The statement has been prepared with great care and shows that deposits payable on demand at all these banks amount to \$12,353,000. The cash on hand amounts to \$18,233,000, or considerably in excess of 40 per cent of the total. Under ordinary conditions 25 per cent is considered a safe margin and it is felt that with nearly 43 per cent on hand almost any kind of a run could be easily met. There has not, however, been a breath of suspicion against any bank, and although a very large number of small depositors are said to have withdrawn and to have placed their money in safe deposit vaults, there is no evidence to prove that this is so, and the fact is not generally credited. The banks have time deposits amounting to nearly \$14,000,000, while they have outstanding on demand, and time loans, exclusive of bonds deposited to secure circulation, \$62,000,000. The capital stock and surplus funds of these banks total \$25,194,000, and experts are of opinion that this figure as returned by them indicates an exceptionally healthy condition and go to prove that there is very little foundation for the doleful forebodings which have appeared in some eastern papers. If the banks of all the large cities are as well equipped as those of St. Louis, there will be very little financial stringency when the fact becomes generally known.

Building Continues with Great Activity.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 29.—Pumps of all descriptions are working to relieve the basements of business houses of water from the Arkansas river which overflowed Thursday morning and again in the evening. Trenches are being dug across the streets and through the levee to carry it off. The unemployed have enough work for a couple of days. The losses now figure over a quarter of a million. Many small storekeepers are ruined. Two hundred people are homeless. Much sickness is expected when the water recedes.

Terrific Explosion.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 27.—Advices from Hong Kong give the details of a terrific powder explosion at the government powder magazine in Canton June 24, which killed fifty, injured over 300 people and wrecked 4000 houses in the Sam Unli district, in which the magazine stands. Every village in the neighborhood was completely wrecked and in the village on the opposite side of the stream, which divided it from the factory several hundred houses were shattered. The total number of houses destroyed is approximated at 4000.

Two Lives Lost.

A MEMORIAL TO HALE

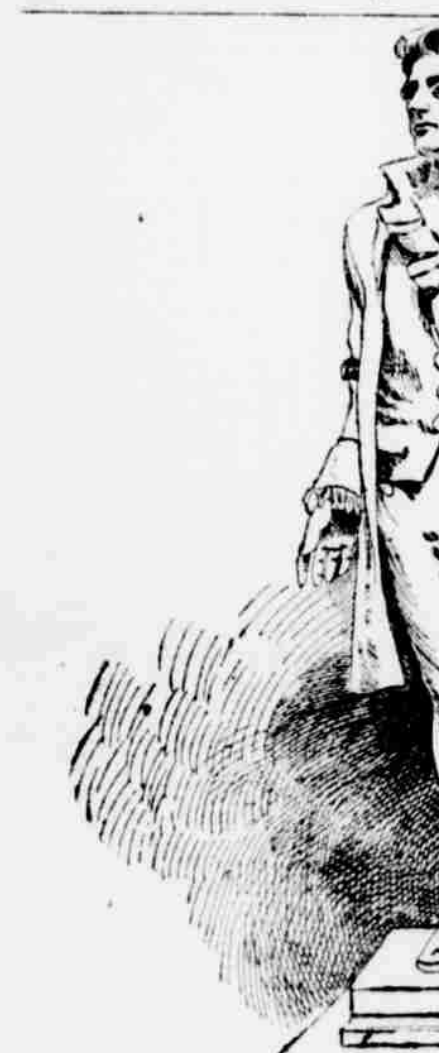
THE REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT WELL REMEMBERED.

The Simple Monument Which Will Mark the Spot Where He Gave Up His Life for His Injured and Bleeding Country.

ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1776, as is now planned, a bronze statue of the Revolutionary patriot, General Nathaniel Hale, whose heroic death embodied the condensed office of a spy, will be erected in New York city. The statue will be unveiled on Sept. 22, the date of Hale's execution. It was to have been in place and ready for unveiling on June 6, the day of Hale's birth, but a strike among the quartermen who were preparing the pedestal, caused a postponement. The site of the statue is supposed by some to be the spot where Hale was hanged, but this opinion is more than disputed, and with good reason. The statue is of heroic size, and the pedestal on which it will be placed is of equal height, eight feet, and large in proportion. The figure represents Hale with neck bared for the fatal blow and his hands and feet bound. The young hero's face is illuminated with a patriotic fire, for the sculptor has chosen to depict him at the moment when, in answer to the sneer of the British Provost Marshal, he uttered the memorable words, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Hale is represented as wearing the knee breeches and other accessories of the garments of the period, a costume which lends itself to artistic treatment much more readily than the clothing of the present.

The statue is generally regarded by those who have seen it as the finest work of the kind that has been done in this country.

The sculptor, Mr. MacMonnies, a pupil of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, completed his art education in Paris. Although but 28 years old, he has achieved a deserved success by this



THE NATHAN HALE MONUMENT.

statue which many older and better known sculptors have not attained. All who have seen the statue have but one opinion about it. The Art Committee of the Park Board unanimously approved it, and Henry Marquand says it is the best ever produced on this side of the Atlantic. The statue was cast in Paris. Its cost, with the pedestal, will be about \$15,000.

The pedestal will be inscribed in raised letters:

On the reverse side of the pedestal, which will face the city hall, will be the dying utterance of Hale, which has been quoted on the other two sides of the big block of granite will be the seal of the society of the Sons of the Revolution and a wreath of laurel.

The ceremony of unveiling will be simple. The drapery will be removed in the presence of the Park Commissioners and other officers of the city and of the Sons of the Revolution, who as short speeches can serve to do justice to the occasion.

Nathan Hale was born in Coventry, Conn., in 1755. He was but three months more than 21 years of age when he gave up that life for his country which he regretted he could not but once for her sake. His father wished him to be a clergyman, and with that end in view he entered Yale college at the age of 15. He was graduated in 1773 with the highest honors of his class. The news of the battle of Lexington reached him while he was teaching school in New London in combination with his theological studies, and at the town meeting which was held, Hale, who was one of the speakers said, "Let us march immediately and never lay down our arms until we have obtained our independence."

He at once took service in the Continental army, and was made a lieutenant-colonel in the 11th Massachusetts regiment, which was ordered to Cambridge in September, 1775. He showed such zeal at the siege of Boston that the following January he was made a captain. When Washington transferred his operations to New York young Hale distinguished himself early in September by capturing a British supply ship from under the guns of the man-of-war Asia. He boarded the vessel, which was anchored in the East River, at midnight with a squad of picked men, and achieved the adventure without loss. A more grateful prize he could scarcely have made, for the Continentals were nearly starving.

After the battle of Long Island it became essential for the waning American army to know the plans of the British, and Capt. Hale volunteered to procure the necessary information. When his friends tried to dissuade him by representing the dangerous nature of the undertaking,

IN AN INDIAN JUNGLE.

A MIDNIGHT WALK WITH A TIGER FOR COMPANY.

Deserted Half Way Between Stations—The Carriers Fled From the Deadly Cholera and Left a Sick Man and His Friend Helpless Among Wild Beasts.

The headquarters of the Blankshire regiment was at Ramponah, a delightful station in the Himalayas. We had a couple of detachments down in the plains, and pitched the poor fellows whose fatigue was to be in the midst of that awful heat. Another thing—cholera was pretty bad that year down in that sun-baked land, but showed no signs of creeping up to our encampment.

Harris and I were chums. "I am sorry, gentlemen," said the doctor, as we retired into the orderly room, "but you must both pack up your traps and get quickly as possible. The two subalterns at Ramponah—one of the stations—have been invaded up here, and you two will have to relieve them. I shall want you to start tonight."

It was a terrible blow to our hopes and plans, and as we went back to our bungalow there was language used that does not bear repeating. But there was nothing to be done but to obey, and our servants were soon busy packing our small belongings. Our "stags," or ponies were sent on in charge of the grooms during the afternoon, and after mess we bade good-by to our brother officers, and getting into our palanquins, soon left the merry scene behind us, and by morning reached Rhamal, a station at the foot of the hills, where we were made welcome by the few officers in the garrison. They were a shallow, washed-out looking lot of fellows, but seemed utterly indifferent to the cholera, which was working sad havoc all around them. We waited here until sundown before continuing our journey.

A mile or so out of town found us traveling along a road with a dense thicket on either side. The torches threw a wild, uncertain light on the high grass and bushes that bordered the road. The carriers spoke in undertones, and I soon fell asleep. It was near midnight when I awoke, owing to the stopping of the men. I was out of the palanquin in a moment, and then learned that something was the matter with Harris. I went to his palanquin and found that the poor fellow was evidently down with cholera. The rascally carriers had learned that, too, and in a body the whole lot had deserted us, as is the habit of these creatures. I had provided myself with some chlorodyne and gave Harris a corking dose of it to make the fever come and then I wondered what was best to be done, and determined to get to Rhamal and summon aid to get Harris back to the hospital.

I told him my resolve. We shook hands without saying a word and I closed the door of his palanquin. I stepped out briskly along the road, sometimes breaking into a dog trot and trying to break the night by whistling. As I trudged along I heard now and again a crash in the jungle close by, denoting some animal that had been disturbed, probably at his meal.

After a time a feeling came over me that there was something walking about on the forest floor. If I stopped the noise ceased at once. I tried to think it was only my imagination, but the conviction grew stronger and stronger. There was something keeping me company. The moon had risen and shone on the road, throwing dark shadows of the trees across the path and lighting up open patches in the jungle, only to make the remainder look darker by comparison. It was a passing one of these open spaces that I saw my companion. My heart stood still. Not fifteen paces from me stood a tiger, a very giant it looked, watching me cruelly and switching its tail from side to side. There in the middle of the road, crouching on his haunches, growling slightly, with tail switching from side to side, was the tiger. I looked at one another and I thought my last hour had come. I thought I would try and frighten him. I rushed forward, waving my arms like wind mills and yelling my loudest. It did frighten him and he dashed into the jungle, while I ran forward, hoping to find some refuge. There was not a tree around that would have given me shelter, and furthermore, had there been one I don't think I had the strength to climb it. I did not believe I had effectually scared the tiger and soon I was sure of it, for I caught the sound of it as it pushed aside the thick undergrowth, and then, when I came to a straight, level stretch of road, I saw the brute spring into the middle, just where the straight end, and crouch down again.

I tried the frightening trick again, but it only brought me nearer him, and made him growl more loudly and fiercely. I stood still, great beads of perspiration beaded over me. I felt as if my veins were about to burst. With an awful choking sensation of the throat I saw the brute look over his shoulder. Then all was lost in oblivion. I had fainted dead away.

When I regained consciousness white men were dashing water over my face and chest, and as I looked around some one poured strong brandy and water down my throat.

A LEGEND OF ARIZONA.

THE STORY OF SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN.

The Pima Indians Believe It to Be Haunted—How They Attempted to Drive Out the Witches and What Resulted—An Unexplored Region.

Forty miles southeast of Phoenix, rising out of the cañon-studded desert with bold abruptness, is Superstition Mountain, whose hundreds of eerie canyons and craggy heights are an enigma to the thousands who live and labor within constant view of forbidding external walls of this mysterious mountain.

The great barrier to explorations in this district is the scarcity of water. Water does exist in abundance somewhere in the interior, but its exact or even approximate location, is unknown to any one save the wandering tribes of hostile Apaches, who studiously avoid imparting any information as to the topography of this favorite stronghold and hunting ground.

The mountain received its rather eccentric cognomen because of the superstition with which it is regarded by the Pima Indians. Years ago, when the first white settlers had located their primitive cabins by the wind-swept banks of the Gila, this mountain was a favorite hunting ground of the Pimas, who once each year sent a party of thirty or forty of their most intrepid hunters to this region to secure the winter supply of venison and mountain sheep, which abounded in the canons and on the plateaus.

But the last party which went hunting in Superstition mountain never returned, and the hostile Apaches, which happened to be on a hunt in the mountain at the same time disputed the Pimas' privileges of hunting in the territory, and as a fitting finale to the quarrel every Pima was killed.

The inert egotism with which the Pimas regard their prowess precluded even a thought of the possibility of forty of their crafty warriors being killed by their enemies, the Apaches, according to the San Francisco Chronicle. Such a proposition was too absurd to entertain. It was witches that had annihilated them. There were legends of witches in that mountain, their medicine men were feared, and the party of brave hunters from the Pima Gila had fallen victims to the subtle powers of witchcraft.

Runners were dispatched to the neighboring villages to summon a corps of avengers. A grand witch hunt was to be inaugurated. The usual apathetic air of the villages was soon transformed into one of activity and purpose, until early one morning 400 of the strongest and bravest warriors of the Pima tribe girded up their "gee-strings," and with the look of determination on their faces, mounted their ponies and set out for Superstition mountain, headed by chiefs and witch doctors.

Large fires were built around the base of the mountain, and these fires the hunters and superstitious savages danced and sang and howled throughout the night, waving now a heron flying leisurely over the island, had just cleared the grassy slope above the edge of the low cliff when he caught sight of the little group of figures barely ten feet below him.

With a startled cry, almost a shriek of anger and alarm, with a sounding rush of his great wings that might have been heard a hundred yards, he dashed across the water, and a frightened wild duck. A moment since he was sailing along slowly, deliberately, lazily almost. Now with his whole soul thrown into the frantic effort to escape, he is flying like a swallow over the sea. It is soon over. A few seconds takes him out of range. Habit reasserts itself. Again the broad wings fall over their old, slow, rhythmic swing, continued until the dwindling shape of gray vanishes like the haze that broods over the sea.

HERONS IN ENGLAND.

Their Shyness Makes Them Rare Sights and Twilight.

In England alone there are 100 heronries, large or small, scattered up and down the country. There are few counties without one at least. But the habits of the gray-coated fishermen are such that few people, except those whose interests or occupations take them near its haunts, have much chance of making its acquaintance, writes the London Daily News. The heron is a lover of solitude and twilight. His haunts are along the falling tide, by the moorland stream whose low voice deepens the silence of the hills. He loves to wait.

He is a shy and cautious bird, distrustful always of man's presence, always on the watch for danger, as hard to stalk as the very chamois. Yet the angler moving slowly by the stream, has many a time disturbed him at his solitary watch. Many a time has the oarsman, drifting slowly with the current, come unawares on the tall, gray figure, erect and motionless, whose soul intent upon the business of the moment, every detail of his plumage, his crested head, the flowing feathers upon his breast, his spear-like bill, reflected in the smooth surface of the stream.

But he is aware of danger? With a muttered croak of anger and disgust he slowly opens his broad wings in a diffident manner, and with leisurely him his long legs, and with leisurely flight sweeps around the bend and vanishes. Slow and deliberate he is for the most part, more deliberate perhaps in his movements than any bird. But he covers a good deal of ground with one sweep of his great wings, and when driven to exert himself there are times when he appears in a different light altogether. A party of yachtsmen landed on one of the bird-haunted islands of Orkney, and, having hauled their boat up on the weed, made their way under cover of the rocks, and as silently as the sounding shingle would allow, toward a group of cormorants of which they had caught a glimpse as they dived in the narrow sea.

Accompanied by a group of cormorants, he crept by huge, snow-covered bowlders, was the very place for watching the feathered tenants of the island. The cormorants were clustered on a rocky point running out from shore, finding it hard apparently to make up their minds to begin the business of the day. They showed no sign of fear, no consciousness of danger. Birds came and went. Once a seal lifted his head above the surface, and slowly sank again below the surface. An oyster-catcher, quite unconscious of spectators, settled down within a dozen yards, and stalked calmly along the belt of golden sea wrack. There was no sound but the lap of lazy ripples on the stones, or the wash of the water lifting the long fringe of weed, and now a heron flying leisurely over the island, had just cleared the grassy slope above the edge of the low cliff when he caught sight of the little group of figures barely ten feet below him.

With a startled cry, almost a shriek of anger and alarm, with a sounding rush of his great wings that might have been heard a hundred yards, he dashed across the water, and a frightened wild duck. A moment since he was sailing along slowly, deliberately, lazily almost. Now with his whole soul thrown into the frantic effort to escape, he is flying like a swallow over the sea. It is soon over. A few seconds takes him out of range. Habit reasserts itself. Again the broad wings fall over their old, slow, rhythmic swing, continued until the dwindling shape of gray vanishes like the haze that broods over the sea.

Liberty cap was first used in the United States as one of the devices on a flag of the Philadelphia light horse guards, a company of militia organized some time prior to the revolution.

A Philadelphia young man spent his leisure time during the winter in building a fine sail-boat in his cellar, hearing that the boaters had returned to town and deserted us, know that we must be in some fix in the jungle. They had immediately made up a rescue party. When they came up to me they saw, standing over me, the tiger, which, seeing the strength of the new arrivals, skulked off into the jungle with a bullet or two whistling near to hurry him on his way. Harris recovered rapidly, but it was a long time before I got over the mental strain of that awful midnight walk with a tiger.

The variety of calcite discovered by M. Schafer of Guineville, Fla., on the Suwanee river, is said to vary in color from a red pink to a deep magenta. On further examination it may be found to display other colors much sought after for ornamental and useful articles of marble.

HERONS IN ENGLAND.

Their Shyness Makes Them Rare Sights and Twilight.

In England alone there are 100 heronries, large or small, scattered up and down the country. There are few counties without one at least. But the habits of the gray-coated fishermen are such that few people, except those whose interests or occupations take them near its haunts, have much chance of making its acquaintance, writes the London Daily News. The heron is a lover of solitude and twilight. His haunts are along the falling tide, by the moorland stream whose low voice deepens the silence of the hills. He loves to wait.

He is a shy and cautious bird, distrustful always of man's presence, always on the watch for danger, as hard to stalk as the very chamois. Yet the angler moving slowly by the stream, has many a time disturbed him at his solitary watch. Many a time has the oarsman, drifting slowly with the current, come unawares on the tall, gray figure, erect and motionless, whose soul intent upon the business of the moment, every detail of his plumage, his crested head, the flowing feathers upon his breast, his spear-like bill, reflected in the smooth surface of the stream.

But he is aware of danger? With a muttered croak of anger and disgust he slowly opens his broad wings in a diffident manner, and with leisurely him his long legs, and with leisurely flight sweeps around the bend and vanishes. Slow and deliberate he is for the most part, more deliberate perhaps in his movements than any bird. But he covers a good deal of ground with one sweep of his great wings, and when driven to exert himself there are times when he appears in a different light altogether. A party of yachtsmen landed on one of the bird-haunted islands of Orkney, and, having hauled their boat up on the weed, made their way under cover of the rocks, and as silently as the sounding shingle would allow, toward a group of cormorants of which they had caught a glimpse as they dived in the narrow sea.

Accompanied by a group of cormorants, he crept by huge, snow-covered bowlders, was the very place for watching the feathered tenants of the island. The cormorants were clustered on a rocky point running out from shore, finding it hard apparently to make up their minds to begin the business of the day. They showed no sign of fear, no consciousness of danger. Birds came and went. Once a seal lifted his head above the surface, and slowly sank again below the surface. An oyster-catcher, quite unconscious of spectators, settled down within a dozen yards, and stalked calmly along the belt of golden sea wrack. There was no sound but the lap of lazy ripples on the stones, or the wash of the water lifting the long fringe of weed, and now a heron flying leisurely over the island, had just cleared the grassy slope above the edge of the low cliff when he caught sight of the little group of figures barely ten feet below him.

With a startled cry, almost a shriek of anger and alarm, with a sounding rush of his great wings that might have been heard a hundred yards, he dashed across the water, and a frightened wild duck. A moment since he was sailing along slowly, deliberately, lazily almost. Now with his whole soul thrown into the frantic effort to escape, he is flying like a swallow over the sea. It is soon over. A few seconds takes him out of range. Habit reasserts itself. Again the broad wings fall over their old, slow, rhythmic swing, continued until the dwindling shape of gray vanishes like the haze that broods over the sea.

Liberty cap was first used in the United States as one of the devices on a flag of the Philadelphia light horse guards, a company of militia organized some time prior to the revolution.

A Philadelphia young man spent his leisure time during the winter in building a fine sail-boat in his cellar, hearing that the boaters had returned to town and deserted us, know that we must be in some fix in the jungle. They had immediately made up a rescue party. When they came up to me they saw, standing over me, the tiger, which, seeing the strength of the new arrivals, skulked off into the jungle with a bullet or two whistling near to hurry him on his way. Harris recovered rapidly, but it was a long time before I got over the mental strain of that awful midnight walk with a tiger.

The variety of calcite discovered by M. Schafer of Guineville, Fla., on the Suwanee river, is said to vary in color from a red pink to a deep magenta. On further examination it may be found to display other colors much sought after for ornamental and useful articles of marble.

BITTEN BY A MAD HOG.

An Interesting Patient at the Pasture Institute.

Dr Paul Gibber, the head of the Pasture Institute, in New York has an interesting patient. His name is John P. Smithson, and he is a farmer of the village of Washington, Md. He was bitten by a hog, which had been badly lacerated by a mad Newfoundland dog. All of the animals were owned by Mr. Smithson, and were kept in a barn adjoining the Smithson home. The case is interesting from a medical point of view, as showing the extent of the transfer of the disease from one animal to another and then to a human being. Dr. Gibber says the patient has undoubtedly symptoms of hydrophobia, and is carefully watching the developments of the disease. Mr. Smithson, and has given it as his opinion that the patient would recover. Dr. Gibber has not lost a patient by death in nearly two years.

Mr. Smithson was bitten by the hog about a week ago. Six weeks before that time the hog had been bitten by another hog, which ten days previously had been bitten by the Newfoundland dog. The dog had been in the habit of climbing into the hog pen. For some days he had shown symptoms of illness, but Mr. Smithson did not suspect that he was suffering from hydrophobia. His attention was attracted while at the barn by squeals from the hog pen and he went out in time to see the dog dash out of the door. He was fuming at the mouth, and Mr. Smithson killed him with a shot from a revolver. Then he turned his attention to the hog which had been bitten in the head and body. Under Mr. Smithson's treatment, assisted by a country veterinary surgeon, the animal apparently improved. He was removed from the other hogs, but one of his fellows found him out, and was bitten in the leg.

Mr. Smithson found the second animal wandering about the farm with a badly torn foot. He tried to corral the animal, and in trying to head off the hog he was bitten in the right ankle. Mr. Smithson limped to his house, and temporary remedies were applied. The two hogs were then killed. Mr. Smithson was never bitten by an animal before. He is of sturdy physique, which will materially aid him in recovering.

FROM QUEST TO HOST. Major Cluskey's Corp Which Completely Fleeced "Dick" Wintersmith.

Governor Porter tells a good story on Colonel "Dick" Wintersmith, one of the best-known characters around Washington, and a Kentuckian by birth. Colonel Wintersmith is a most genial companion, tells a good story as well as anyone and is brilliant in repartee. "I never knew him to be turned down but once," said Governor Porter to a writer for the New York Recorder. "Mike Cluskey was the man who did it. Cluskey was an editor at Memphis at the breaking out of the war, but thinking the sword mightier than the pen, laid down the latter for the former. He was elected to the Confederate congress at Richmond and served as a member until the war was over. After peace had been declared he was making his way back to Tennessee and stopped at Louisville, Ky. Colonel Wintersmith had returned from the army also, and having lost his fortune by the war was living in Louisville with a wealthy sister-in-law, who was a widow. Colonel Wintersmith was at home there, and had everything at his disposal as if it had been his own. He lived in elegance.

"When Major Cluskey reached Louisville, Colonel Wintersmith took him to his home," knew that his old comrade was "busted," and told him to make this place his home as long as he liked. Major Cluskey accepted. About two or three months after he had been a guest the major and his hostess got in a carriage, drove round to the home of a priest and were married. Colonel Wintersmith heard of it and rushed after them to find out what it all meant. Major Cluskey, in his most gallant manner, replied: "It means, colonel, that I am the host, you the guest, and so long as you make yourself agreeable to me I will be glad to have you remain with us."

"It was the only time I ever saw Dick floored, but he was completely knocked out that time. I have seen Dick since then, however, get even by talking Senator Joe Blackburn to a standstill."

Algeria's Population. The number of Europeans in Algeria is estimated at 550,000, but of these more than one-half are French. The natives number 4,000,000, and there is no immediate prospect of the European element being in any greater relative proportion. The natives consist of three very different races. The Arabs, who are met with most in and near the province of Oran, are essentially nomad. The Kabyles, who live among the mountains of Djurdjura, have stone houses and hold labor in great respect. To this must be added a mass of other indigenous people and scattered tribes of mixed origin.

Not to Be Improved. This pretty story is told of a distinguished lawyer. He and his wife were at a social gathering, where the question was discussed, "Who would you rather be if not yourself?" His wife asked him for his reply to the question. He answered promptly, "Your second husband, dear."

A Log-Bound Sea. On the far northwestern waters of Puget sound there are so many dead trees always floating that one but screw steamers or stern-wheelers can navigate. A side-wheeler would sooner or later strike a log, perhaps weighing many tons, which would knock her paddles to splinters.

THE STORY OF SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN.

The Pima Indians Believe It to Be Haunted—How They Attempted to Drive Out the Witches and What Resulted—An Unexplored Region.

Forty miles southeast of Phoenix, rising out of the cañon-studded desert with bold abruptness, is Superstition Mountain, whose hundreds of eerie canyons and craggy heights are an enigma to the thousands who live and labor within constant view of forbidding external walls of this mysterious mountain.

The great barrier to explorations in this district is the scarcity of water. Water does exist in abundance somewhere in the interior, but its exact or even approximate location, is unknown to any one save the wandering tribes of hostile Apaches, who studiously avoid imparting any information as to the topography of this favorite stronghold and hunting ground.

The mountain received its rather eccentric cognomen because of the superstition with which it is regarded by the Pima Indians. Years ago, when the first white settlers had located their primitive cabins by the wind-swept banks of the Gila, this mountain was a favorite hunting ground of the Pimas, who once each year sent a party of thirty or forty of their most intrepid hunters to this region to secure the winter supply of venison and mountain sheep, which abounded in the canons and on the plateaus.

But the last party which went hunting in Superstition mountain never returned, and the hostile Apaches, which happened to be on a hunt in the mountain at the same time disputed the Pimas' privileges of hunting in the territory, and as a fitting finale to the quarrel every Pima was killed.

The inert egotism with which the Pimas regard their prowess precluded even a thought of the possibility of forty of their crafty warriors being killed by their enemies, the Apaches, according to the San Francisco Chronicle. Such a proposition was too absurd to entertain. It was witches that had annihilated them. There were legends of witches in that mountain, their medicine men were feared, and the party of brave hunters from the Pima Gila had fallen victims to the subtle powers of witchcraft.

Runners were dispatched to the neighboring villages to summon a corps of avengers. A grand witch hunt was to be inaugurated. The usual apathetic air of the villages was soon transformed into one of activity and purpose, until early one morning 400 of the strongest and bravest warriors of the Pima tribe girded up their "gee-strings," and with the look of determination on their faces, mounted their ponies and set out for Superstition mountain, headed by chiefs and witch doctors.

Large fires were built around the base of the mountain, and these fires the hunters and superstitious savages danced and sang and howled throughout the night, waving now a heron flying leisurely over the island, had just cleared the grassy slope above the edge of the low cliff when he caught sight of the little group of figures barely ten feet below him.

With a startled cry, almost a shriek of anger and alarm, with a sounding rush of his great wings that might have been heard a hundred yards, he dashed across the water, and a frightened wild duck. A moment since he was sailing along slowly, deliberately, lazily almost. Now with his whole soul thrown into the frantic effort to escape, he is flying like a swallow over the sea. It is soon over. A few seconds takes him out of range. Habit reasserts itself. Again the broad wings fall over their old, slow, rhythmic swing, continued until the dwindling shape of gray vanishes like the haze that broods over the sea.

Liberty cap was first used in the United States as one of the devices on a flag of the Philadelphia light horse guards, a company of militia organized some time prior to the revolution.



GAMES

who accustomed her from her earliest childhood to dry her hands in a certain fashion. After the hand was washed with the pinch of the end of each finger with the towel and then rubbed back the skin which grows around the nail, "to find the moon," as the children call it. Then came a fine pinch to the fingers and the process was finished. This method of drying the hands soon becomes a habit, and if persevered in is sure to elongate the finger and make them taper. It is better than manieuring for preventing the ugly growth of the skin around the base of the nail.

Ladies' Fashions

In Life's broad maze, with its endless turnings, We choose not wander with the golden way; We pause and alight on the wistful yearnings, Which fate were fairest, and fall astray. We know best what is worth possessing, We catch the gleam of a wand'ring fire, And leave behind us some choicest blessing, Allured to follow a vain desire.

Cholera and Tobacco

It is not superstitious belief of physicians that induces them to smoke right after attending a patient suffering from cholera. There are prophylactic advantages of tobacco smoking that have been abundantly proved, and even as far back as the seventeenth century medical men advised their friends to smoke in times of epidemics. It has been a noticeable fact that in times of great epidemics those working at tobacco factories have been almost exempt from the disease. Experiments have now been made which prove that the smoke of tobacco on the micro germs of dental caries is very beneficial. Recently experiments were made with tobacco smoke upon cholera bacilli, and according to the strength of the nicotine in the cigars were the germs destroyed or made harmless. The results justified the assertion that tobacco smoke either entirely destroys the cholera germs, or so retards their growth as to make them innocuous. The true of anthrax and pneumonia. There are great antiseptic qualities in nicotine, and it is simply a question how well they will counteract infectious diseases. All of the germs experimented with were killed or rendered inactive substances, but in the human system there would be some difference. Nevertheless, there is sufficient merit in the antiseptic value of tobacco smoke to make it advisable for one to smoke regularly and continually in times of epidemics. In case of Asiatic cholera this summer one could do no harm in becoming an inveterate smoker for the summer months.

Didn't Want Husbands

Some time ago the Colorado hotel, a large establishment at Glenwood, Colo., brought out from Boston forty-five girls to serve as waitresses. Some smart Alecks, it seems, have been saying that the great inducement that persuaded these girls to go so far from home was the prospect of finding well-to-do husbands. In the male-invested town this is given as the reason for the girls' card to say that it is false and they did not go out to get husbands. All the same, if some good-looking and reasonably well-off fellow should offer his hand and heart to one of them, the chances are that she would not return to Boston, except perhaps, on a visit occasionally. And not many of them are likely to be unmarried by the end of the year.

Stop Cholera at Its Source

An European expert on the cholera question very reasonably suggests that the only way to deal effectively with the disease is to remove its cause at its source. In the past, cholera has been epidemic at the delta of the Ganges river in India, in a low area of about 7,500 square miles, caused by the putrefying remains of animals and vegetable life that float in the river by the inhabitants and constantly floating about. Formerly the fellahs of Egypt interred their dead on the borders of the river Nile, and the bodies were then washed out into the stream during the overflow of the river, and were carried down to spread disease throughout the delta. Since an end has been put to this custom the plague no longer harasses the country.

The First Corset

An inquiring Frenchman has set about studying the history of the corset from the earliest time it was used as a sheath for the female form divine. He has pictures, too, which are rather flattering as "halloos," which is defined as an interjection, a loud call or the noise of the hand.

The Derivation of "Halloo"

A linguist says that "halloo" is almost a new word, as it differs in form, sound and sense from the old word "halloo." It is merely mentioned by Webster, and the searcher for information is referred to "halloo," which is defined as an interjection, a loud call or the noise of the hand.

How to Cook Silk Worms

Many of the people of Madagascar are for the most part Christians and in a great measure civilized, but like their distant relatives, the civilized Hawaiians, they retain some queer articles on their bills of fare. An Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, a very good paper is published in French called the *Progres de l'Immer*. It has a domestic department, which in a recent issue began as follows: Household Receipts. Silk worms a la Bechamel—Select about thirty young and very tender chrysalides, wash them in several waters and cook them briskly in boiling water, into which a good pinch of salt has been stirred.

Young Lady's Hand

A young lady who has a beautifully kept hand, as well as an extremely pretty one, says that she believes that she owes her taper fingers and almond-shaped nails entirely to her mother.

HE IS A SNAKE FANCIER

GRUBBER CHARACTER NAMED PETER GRUBER.

Mr. Gruber, better known as "Rattlesnake Pete," of Oil City, Pa., has put on a new suit. Pete is known all over the country as an eccentric collector and hunter of reptiles. Some time ago he read of a man who was going to the world and he decided to go with him. He decided to go with him to the Philippines. After a great deal of trouble and time the rattlesnake king of Venango county has just completed the most unique suit any man ever wore. It consists of coat, trousers, vest, hat, shoes and a shirt. A snakeskin stuffed and varnished, answers for a cane, while a "rattle" serves the purpose of a pin for his tie.

Two Hundred Snakes were Required to Make the Outfit and to Preserve the Brilliance and Flexibility of the Skins in the Greatest Possible Degree the Snakes were Skinned Alive, First being Made Unconscious with Chloroform. They were then Tanned by a Method Peculiar to Gruber and are as Soft and Elastic as Woolen Goods.

Gruber, who is now 33 years old, first began to catch and handle rattlesnakes nine years ago, and since then has caught hundreds of them and made them the subjects of all kinds of experiments. He said to a Cincinnati Enquirer reporter in his place of business the other day "the rattlesnake is pure and unadulterated," and with that he yanked out of the cage a big rattler and tossed it on the table. It was right on its dignity, and rattled furiously around the table, showing its fangs and darting tongue. Watching his chance, he seized it by the back of the head and with his naked hand and inserted in its mouth an ivory knife and showed the poison sack and fangs on the upper jaw of the now thoroughly enraged reptile. To more fully illustrate the snake's way of doing business Pete removed the knife and then proceeded to tease him with a stick. He became furious and struck at the stick, emitting a poisonous yellow fluid.

The Snake Used on this Occasion was the Rocky Mountain Rattlesnake and was Five Feet in Length, Its String of Rattles Numbering Eighteen. He Said they were the Most Dangerous between July 1 and September 1, when they are moulting their skins. They go blind when the shedding is in progress, and will strike at any strange sound or touch. Even the eyes of the snake peel off in the shedding of the skin, which sometimes takes place in a couple of hours and sometimes requires several days. Of the varieties of rattlers, the black, the yellow, and the swamp rattlesnake, he has found the last mentioned the most dangerous, being the quickest to snap and making the lightest noise when it rattles.

Pete also volunteered the information that the rattlers used by snake fakirs in museums are perfectly harmless. Their mouths are invariably sewed up. If they are too lively drugs are used to deaden them. No person would be foolishly enough to place a genuine rattler about his neck unless his snakeship was fixed for the occasion.

There are snakes in Pete's place that have not eaten anything in three years. It is offered them, but they take nothing but water. They are fat and slick as when first caught. Some of them eat occasionally in captivity, their preference being chipmunks, swallows, English sparrows, mice, etc.

The female rattler gives birth to her young alive, and is the only snake that does, the others laying eggs, from which the young are hatched. Pete, in addition to being an adept in handling snakes, is equally at home with the boxing gloves, and is the best all-around athlete in Oil City. Of a powerful build, he is not quarrelsome, and seldom displays his abilities in that line.

A Brave and Wise Frenchman.

A person who was supposed to be the French General Mouton, Count de Loban, was once captured by an English vessel; but after a time the captain discovered that his prisoner was the Count de Montmond. "Why did you deceive me?" he demanded, angrily, of the count. "I did not deceive you," replied the count, "not at all. You thought I was General Mouton. You told me so. You have a fifty-gun frigate. Was it for me, who have only a pocket-pistol, to contradict you?" The captain did not forgive Montmond, and took every opportunity to treat him rudely. One evening at dinner, some one proposed the health of the French. As Montmond rose to acknowledge it, the captain cried: "They are all cowards!" I make no exceptions: "When Montmond's turn came, he gave this sentiment: "They are all gentlemen, but I make exceptions."—Argonaut.

When the World Falls to Pieces.

The leading English scientists, Jones, Hilton, et al., are figuring on the earth finally collapsing as a result of the modern craze for tapping nature's great gas retorts. They argue that the earth is a huge balloon held up, in part at least, by heat and internal gases, and that when nature's great gas main is eventually exhausted the earth's crust may break in and fall into millions of fragments! Ugh. The very thought of such a calamity is startling. They argue that the steady belching forth of millions of feet of gas every hour of the day and night is surely causing a great vacuum somewhere not far beneath the surface, and that sooner or later the thin archway of earth-crust will give way. Then will occur the grand climax of all earthly calamities.

In the Quarry.

Mike—Arrah, Pat, are ye killin' it? If ye're dead, shpake! Pat—No, Mike, O'm not dead—but O'm spakeless.—Judge.

FOUR AT A BIRTH.

The Heir-apparent Little Chinese Family Born at Woodbury, N. J.

Quite a sensation has been created in the little town of Woodbury, N. J., by the news, which has just got abroad, that the little Chinese lady who arrived there about three weeks ago from Amoy, China, had given birth, two weeks after her arrival, to four children, all of which are said to be doing well, and in the words of the kind people of Woodbury who have interested themselves in their welfare, are "as fat as butter."

The little mother, who is unable to speak a word of English, traveled in the little town of Amoy, China, to Philadelphia alone. On the voyage from Hong Kong to San Francisco she was in charge of the stewardess, but from San Francisco to Philadelphia she had to depend entirely upon the tender mercies of the car porters. Her object in coming to Philadelphia was to place herself in the care of Mr. E. T. Postlethwait, of the Pennsylvania railroad, to whom she had been directed when in Amoy, China, by Dr. E. Bedloe, the United States Consul to that city.

Notwithstanding the fact that she traveled entirely alone, the Philadelphia Times says that she did not attempt to associate with any of her fellow passengers, nor would she subject herself in any way to the vulgar gaze, but, according to the customs of her country, remained in complete seclusion. She traveled in a specially constructed compartment, built of heavy Chinese wood, somewhat resembling the polished oak of being nailed together, were detailed after the manner of all Chinese carpenter work. In this compartment she was placed upon the steamer and from the steamer transferred to the cars.

On the passage from San Francisco to Philadelphia her food had to be especially prepared, and the bills for it presented to Mr. Postlethwait quite a sum. Her daily menu consisted of boiled rice with a little stewed meat, varied with cooked fish, poultry, eggs, etc. Type-written instructions to this effect were delivered by Dr. Bedloe to the stewardess of the steamer, and by her transferred to the porters on the cars. A startling note appended to the instructions stated that she was "practically omnivorous," but this was probably one of the doctor's little whimsies.

When she arrived in Philadelphia Mr. Postlethwait handed her over to the care of Fred Kirby of the Woodbury Kennel, Eighth street, below Sanson, who conducted her to his residence at Woodbury, N. J. It was there that she gave birth to her children, four beautiful little things, valued in this country at anywhere from \$2,500 to \$3,000 each. They were three weeks old on Tuesday, and are the only Peking poodles ever born in this country. The mother is a splendid specimen of her breed. She weighs scarcely seven pounds, and does not stand higher than six inches at the shoulder.

Outside of this family there is not another Peking poodle in the United States and numbers of people interested in dogs are daily flocking to Kirby's place to see the little curiosity. In form she somewhat resembles a King Charles spaniel. She has the same short, puggy nose, but is born in this country. Her tail does not curl over in the same way as a pug's, nor does she carry it straight out as most other dogs, but it lays horizontally over her back. She is so tiny that she can scarcely walk, her mode of perambulation more nearly resembling the waddle of a duck.

All the ladies who have visited her are enchanted and many lavish offers have been made for one of her puppies, but all have been declined with thanks. Mr. Postlethwait intends keeping them all.

Their Knowledge Hasn't Increased.

General Knyphausen, who came manded the Hessian mercenaries in America, in 1776, knew little of the sea, and less of geography. On the voyage to America, he was on board Lord Howe's ship, where he passed several uncomfortable weeks, as the voyage was unusually long. Knyphausen had the strongest scruples against interfering, but the time came when he could keep silence no longer. He marched stiffly up to the admiral and said: "My lord, I know it is the duty of a soldier to be submissive at sea, but being intrusted with the troops of his serene highness, my master, I feel it my duty to inquire if it is not possible that, during the extremely dark nights we have lately had, we may have sailed past America?"—Argonaut.

Wholesale Prescribing.

Lean Customer—I want some medicine or something that will put more flesh on my bones. Medicine Dealer, filling large bottle from a large glass jar—This will fix you. Take a tablespoonful three times a day, eat plenty of soups, meat, leguminous vegetables, wheat bread and fruits, and abstain from energetic exercise. 2s. 9d. Thanks. Fat Customer, five minutes later—I want something that will relieve me of this superfluous fat. Medicine Dealer, filling bottle from the same large glass jar—This will fix you. Take a teaspoonful three times a day, abstain from soup, meat, leguminous vegetables, wheat bread and fruits, and take plenty of energetic exercise. 2s. 9d. Thanks.—London Tit-Bits.

No He Had.

Editor, reaching for his walking stick—So you are the person who sends the poems from Polcat Hollow? Poet, with pride—I am he, indeed; and I came down to subscribe for your paper. Editor, agitated—Oh—er—allow me, then, sir to present you with this cane, as a token of my esteem; I purchased it expressly for you.—Pack.

In Experiences Hands.

Society Man—My baby had a very narrow escape from cholera. Friend—Indeed! How so? S. M.—The nurse-girl thoughtlessly left it alone in the care of its mother.

NEWSPAPER CUTS.

They Have Come to Stay and are Rapidly Improving in Style.

Of course it is very easy to sneer at the modern newspaper cut as no wise a thing of beauty. Much too often the newspaper picture is a vague and shadowy blur, which oppresses the reader with a sense of melancholy and causes him to regret the disappearance of the staid old journalism of other days, which frowned upon illustrations as it would upon any unprofessional tendency in the ranks.

The sensational journal frequently lets the "artist" monopolize its most valuable columns with wide-spreading and ill-drawn pictures, but that is no reason why the whole practice of newspaper illustration should be abandoned. The simple truth of the matter is that the reading public of this year of grace 1893 would regret exceedingly a return to those days a dozen or fifteen years ago, when a cut in the daily paper—outside the patent medicine advertisements—was an extreme rarity. The average newspaper reader may not realize at first thought how much he has come to depend upon the newspaper artist for his daily enjoyment, but let the latter individual cease from his labors and a hole and cry would immediately go up. If the announcement of an important presidential appointment were not accompanied straightway by a portrait of the fortunate appointee, if the great conflagration were not pictured in something else than old type; if the fashionable society set, the railway accident or the inauguration of the municipal or state government were not presented in graphic outlines a few hours after its occurrence, we should have a general complaint. It is not enough that Jenkins shall describe these ordinary happenings in his usual "catchy" and agreeable manner. The artist must supplement his description with a few well-drawn pictures or the public will know the reason why.

Those final critics who rail at the newspaper pictures as a crude and unsatisfactory thing ought to remember that in the last ten or a dozen years it has made a great advance in all respects. A comparison of the average daily journal of today with its predecessor of 1883, for example, would show better than any words can do how substantial an improvement has taken place both in the artistic delineation of the scenes and events portrayed and in the processes by which the original drawings have been placed before the newspaper reader. Not a month passes without the introduction of a new fashion in shading or outline or some other technical feature of detail, and most, if not all of these, are in the direction of permanently better pictures.

Our best newspaper illustrations today are equal, if not superior, to the book engravings of a few years ago. The newspaper artist, in spite of his hurry, has mastered the knack of light and shade and distance and proportion so well that even on rough paper and in muddy ink his pictures stand out oftentimes in very satisfactory relief. In the reproduction of photographs some very realistic results have been obtained in outlines, and newspaper portraits have come to be in many instances quite as luminous as those which appear in the monthly magazines.

FACTS ABOUT SOUND.

It Would Require 8,333 Voices to Send a Message Around the World. If it were possible to control sound waves in such a manner as to prevent their ascending and losing themselves in the great sea of ether which surrounds the globe, and to compel them to "move off at a tangent," we might get some results of startling interest. Now that we have considered the possibility of guiding sound at will, let us consider what volume would be necessary in order to propagate waves of sufficient magnitude to make themselves heard and felt to the nethermost parts of the earth. With the atmosphere in good condition for transmitting sound, the "great guns" of modern navies can be heard for a distance of fifty miles, at least the authorities so state. These guns weigh from 100 to 125 tons and the charge of powder used each time is 300 pounds.

Now, in order that the concussion might break through the atmosphere with sufficient violence to make sound waves that would have the power to travel around the world, it would be necessary to make a gun 300 times larger than the 125-ton gun of to-day, and to charge it with 250,000 pounds of powder! The enormous amount of explosives would load ten freight cars to their utmost capacity.

Brewer relates an instance when the human voice was heard for a distance of three miles, the owner of the voice being an English farmer. Eight thousand three hundred and thirty-three men with lung power equal to Brewer's stentor could transmit a message around the world, and not overtax themselves, either.

An amusing incident, illustrating the cravings among a certain order of play-goers for strong dramatic fare, occurred the other night at a Northern theater. Three solemn-looking seamen presented themselves at the pay-box and inquired of the money taker the name of the piece. "Kindred Souls" by Milton Mass, was the reply.

"How many murders are there in it?" asked one of the men. "Not a single murder," responded the money-taker. "No murder?" exclaimed the man with surprise. Then is there a suicide?" "No."

The sailor turned to his companions, and after holding a brief conference with them, remarked to the money-taker: "All right, mister; we'll not go in to-night."—Million.

Proof Positive.

Mr. Beenthere Yale—Well, I guess John has settled down to study for his examinations at last. Mrs. Yale—Why do you think so? Mr. Beenthere Yale—He doesn't write home for money to buy books as often as he did earlier in the season.

Haskell County.

See Resources, Advantages, Prospects and Future Prospects.

Topography, Water, Soil, Products, Shipping Points, Railroads, Public Schools, and Mill Facilities.

Haskell county is situated in the southern part of the Panhandle on the line of the one hundredth meridian west from Greenwich. It is 1500 feet above the sea, and has mild winters and summers. It is thirty miles square and contains 874,000 acres of land. It was created in 1868 from a part of Fannin and Milam counties, and named in honor of Charles Haskell, a young Tennesseean, who fell at the massacre at Gettysburg in 1863.

It remained unsettled until 1874, when there was one or two ranches established. Other ranchmen followed, and in 1880 the county could boast of fifteen or twenty inhabitants. There was no further development until early in 1886, when the town of Haskell was laid off, and by donating lots a few settlers were induced to build residences, and in January 1888 the county organized with a polled vote of fifty-seven electors.

Up to 1884 the soil had never been turned by a plow, and the people depended upon raising cattle, sheep and horses, as the natural grasses furnish food both winter and summer for immense herds. The poorer people made money by gathering many thousand tons of buffalo bones and shipping them east to be made into fertilizers used in the old states.

Experiments were made in 1885 with garden products, corn, oats, wheat, rye, barley and cotton and the yield was bountiful. The acreage in farms have increased to at least 30,000.

The county is an undulated plain, with occasional creeks and branches. It is bounded on the north by that picturesque stream, the Salt Fork of the Brazos, and on the west by Double Mountain Fork.

There are a few washes and gulches along the breaks and rivers, but with rivers, breaks, rocks and poor land combined their area in Haskell county would not exceed 10,000 acres that would not be fine agricultural land.

It is traversed by numerous creeks and branches besides the rivers mentioned, some of which are fed by never failing springs of pure water.

Besides the numerous branches that afford water for stock all the time, the south half of the country is traversed by Paint and California creeks with their numerous tributaries draining the south half of the county.

The north half is traversed from northwest to northeast by Lake and Miller creeks whose tributaries furnish water and drainage for the same.

Besides the surface water there is an abundance to be obtained by digging from 15 to 40 feet, and all of good quality, some of which is unsurpassed by that of any section in the state for purity and temperature.

The soil is an alluvial loam of great depth and fertility, varying in color from a red to a dark chocolate, and by reason of its porosity and friable nature, when thoroughly plowed, readily drinks in the rainfall and for the like reason the soil readily drains itself of the surplus water, thereby preventing stagnation of the water and the baking of the soil, and the germination of miasma. It is those peculiar qualities of soil that enables vegetation to withstand all varieties of weather.

Except mesquite grubs and stumps which are easily extracted, there are no obstructions to plows and the land being level or generally rolling and easy worked, the use of labor-saving implements are profitable. One man with machinery and a little hired help has been known to cultivate over an 100 acres in grain and cotton.

Indian corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, durum corn, millet, sorghum, castor beans, field peas, peanuts, pumpkins, and all the squash family, turnips and cotton are grown successfully and profitably. Sweet potatoes do well, and Irish potatoes as well as anywhere in the south. Garden vegetables grow to perfection, and melons luxuriate in Haskell county soil, growing to fine size of superb quality. Besides the native grasses that grow on the prairies, such as tall grass, blue grass, and sorghum, there are large numbers of cattle, horses and sheep throughout the year. Colorado grass grows to great perfection and the hay made from this grass forms a valuable adjunct to the winter pasture, in keeping stock over winter.

The average yield of Indian corn per acre is about 20 bushels and the price varies from 50 cts to \$1.25 per bushel, wheat yields from 35 to 50 bushels—average 45 bushels per acre, and sold at the home market for 90 cents to \$1.20 per bushel, oats yield 20 to 25 bushels per acre.

There is one road being built from Seymour to this place and one to be built from Fort Worth. The Texas Central will extend in a short time from Albany and Haskell is on the line as originally surveyed. The land men of Austin have organized a company to build a road from that city to this section of the state, where they control nearly all the land, and one of the principal members owns 150,000 acres in this and Knox counties, besides he owns the large addition to the town of Haskell on the south.

Haskell is 52 miles north of the T. & P. R. R., and 90 miles south of the Ft. W. & D. R. R., and is situated on the direct line of the cattle trail over which the Rock Island and G. C. & S. F. propose to extend their lines.

Our school fund is perhaps the best of any country in the northwest. In addition to the amount received from the state, about \$5.50 per capita, our commissioners' court have wisely executed a lease for ten years of our four leading school land, situated in the Panhandle, the revenue from which, added to the amount received from the state, gives us a fund amply sufficient to run the several schools of the county ten months in the year.

There is a daily mail service from Haskell to Abilene via Anson, and a weekly mail north to Benjamin and a daily mail to Seymour, also a tri-weekly express line to Albany. These all carry express and passengers.

RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS.

The religious and moral status of the people of Haskell county will compare favorably with that of any people. The Methodist, Baptist, Christian, Old School and Cumberland Presbyterian churches have organized churches in the town of Haskell, and have preaching on Sundays, also preaching at other points in the county.

HASKELL.

The town of Haskell is the county site and is situated on a one-half mile south of the center and Haskell county, on a beautiful table land, and is eight years old, and has a population of 942. Has as good water as can be found anywhere, which is secured at a depth of 18 to 22 feet. Also has two never-failing springs of pure water in the edge of town. The town of Haskell with her natural advantages of location, climate, good water and fertility of soil is destined in the near future to be the queen city of northwest Texas, and railroad connection for Haskell is all that is needed to accomplish this.

ADVANTAGES AND RESOURCES.

In almost every neighborhood of the older states and the thickly settled portion of our own state there are many of the citizens who are contemplating a removal or a change of residence for many reasons. Some to restore lost health, some to make their beginning in the world, others to repair financial losses, others seeking safe and profitable investments of surplus capital. There are many others who have comfortable homes and are well contented, but who have children, whom they would like to provide with lands suitable for a home, and assist to commence business in life, but cannot do so with their present surroundings, and must seek cheaper lands and better opportunities in other and newer localities.

To such we would say you are just the people we want. Come and see us, and you will find a broad field of occupation and investment to choose from, with chances greatly in your favor. In coming to Haskell do not imagine we are a people wild and woolly indigenous to these "western wilds," that are loaded with dynamite and shooting irons, that our conversation are collections of cuss words and Mulhatta mixtures, but rather that we are a people reared among the same surroundings, that we have received the benefit of the same advantage, that we have availed ourselves of the same educational privileges, that we have had the same Christian instructions you yourselves have had. Be enlightened by past experience. Fortunes have been made by the development of new countries, and fortunes are yet to be made in our new and equally as good country.

We have a country endowed by nature with all the conditions of soil, prairie and valley, adapting it to the production of all the grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables of the temperate zone. We have a climate which is a happy medium between the extreme cold and extreme heat, a climate which will preserve the strong and robust and strengthen the sickly and weak. We have a country well adapted to stock raising of all kinds. We have a country where no malarial sickness ever comes. We have a county of the best lands in northwest Texas. We have an abundance of mesquite, elm and hickory timber for firewood and fencing. We have the most substantial inland business town in the northwest. We have the greatest abundance of the purest water. We have a class of citizens as honest and industrious, as law abiding, patriotic and religious as can be found anywhere in the United States. We have plenty of room, and invite you and all who contemplate a change to come—all who want good and cheap lands. We have them, and want you for neighbors and friends.

Reader, please hand this to your friend.

THE COMMON LOT.

Oh, yes! I know this life is not a death. I know the common end of all is death. I know that the common end of all is death. I know that the common end of all is death.

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

"I suppose," said the old man, wearily, as he swept a stray lock of the sparse gray hair back which had fallen over his wrinkled temples.

"What are those qualifications, Mr. Lester?" answered the young man, briefly.

"In the first place," replied the old man, speaking with a shiver manner and measuring his words out deliberately.

"You are a child—a mere child yet," pursued the old man. "A child—a mere child. What you say is honest and fair enough. You believe that you love Juliet. She, little goose, believes the same thing. But did you ever read the records of the divorce courts; did you ever see the end of those pretty love matches which they say are made in heaven, and worse still, did you ever see the notice of the family jars, not the preserve jars, and the old man chuckled at his small joke, 'the miserable, hypocritical, loveless, desolate lives of the thousands who have bound themselves together, each a milestone round the neck of the other, because, just because, they were in love, those same two individuals, madly in love with one another before they took the irreparable step? Ah! it is a very interesting marriage. One should have the power of looking into the future far before such a tremendous risk is taken in hand—the happiness or misery of two lives—life blessed or blasted—probably the latter—think of it! and the old man's tones again became excited and vehement.

"Then the money, the money—ah, that is the principal part of it," continued the old man, raising his eyebrows as if the question of finance could admit of no excitement. "What do you know of human nature? Where have you studied it? Why I would undertake, if I gave you half what I am worth, to have it all back again inside of a year. You protect a fortune. No. A good, honest heart may be a very good thing to possess, but what becomes of the good, honest, est-hearted people in this world? They starve, boy, literally starve. The money-grabbers are too much for them. It is the law of nature—attraction of gravity. 'No,' and the old man shook his head despondingly, as if something he had desired to be had proved impossible. "There is but one way. It is said that a great passion will inspire to otherwise impossible things. There would have to be a terrible exhibition of will, an iron-bound determination to conquer, and by that means your disposition might be changed. Do you understand, young man? Your whole nature must be changed before Juliet Lester can become your wife. You must become an outgrowth, a second self of Simon Lester. The thirst for possession and retention must be inoculated into you. You must gain in a year or less the experience which Simon Lester has only gained in a lifetime. I do not know what prompts me to make this compromise with you—partly on account of yourself and partly on that of Juliet, for her heart is set upon you and it has never been set upon a man before. I could find a hundred ways to make my hands to my hands, but I would require no teaching to fit them for the guardianship of a fortune, but then there comes in the waywardness of woman—they might not suit Juliet!

MARVELS OF THE AGE.

Wonderful Advancement in the Field of Science. The Sun's Rays Can Now Be Registered as the Orb Apparently Moves Around the Earth—Interesting Chemical Experiments, Etc.

Battle Ship Massachusetts. We present a picture of the new battleship Massachusetts, recently launched from the navy yards at Philadelphia. The launch was the quickest on record. The Massachusetts is a twin ship to the Indiana, which was launched last March, a day or two before Mr. Harrison went out of office.

Recording Sunshine. No country in the world has made greater advancement in meteorological science than the United States within the same period of time, and this is largely due to the various admirable mechanisms which American ingenuity has devised in this field of observation. Notable among these instruments is a recent contrivance for recording sunshine, which Prof. Marvin describes as consisting in principle of a Leslie differential air thermometer—mercury, however, being used to separate the air in the two bulbs and the whole thermometer is designed in the form of a straight tube having a bulb at each end. The lower bulb is uniformly coated with lamp black, and the arrangement is such that when the tube is placed approximately parallel to the earth's axis similar exposure is afforded for the two bulbs during the entire period of observation. Notable among these instruments is a recent contrivance for recording sunshine, which Prof. Marvin describes as consisting in principle of a Leslie differential air thermometer—mercury, however, being used to separate the air in the two bulbs and the whole thermometer is designed in the form of a straight tube having a bulb at each end.

Electric Railway Construction. The illustration represents a conduit system railway with continuous metallic conductors, but which may be operated by means of a trolley with return through the rails, the conduit being always well drained and easily reached to make repairs. In addition to the prospective view, with parts broken away to show the arrangements in use, Fig. 1 represents a cross section of the conduit, and Fig. 2 a section of the trolley support. The conductor is made of a material which is not subject to rust, and is supported by a series of brackets, the double trolley employed with this system of conduit is composed of two similarly connected frames, insulated from each other, secured to a central vertical stem extending up through the slot, and so arranged that the trolley conveniently raised and the circuit broken when necessary. The trolley conductors extend through insulating sleeves at the front and rear of the stem, provision being made for a continuous circuit with the motor and the return of the current to one of the conduit conductors. The construction is such as to permit the car to pass easily around a curve without straining the trolley, and in front and rear of the conductors are vertical guide bars sliding in the slot to keep it open and remove obstructions. When a single conductor is used the trolley is of one frame and the wires at the ends of the trolley conductors are connected together and also connected to one pole of the motor, from which the current is returned to the rails in the same way as the overhead system.

Ice Fields Conquered. Commerce of the North and Baltic seas is seriously inconvenienced in winter by the accumulation of banks of ice frozen in solid masses. Communication is often interrupted and commercial relations largely affected. Sweden, Norway and Denmark especially suffer from this state of things. Attempts have often been made to saw a passage connecting the ports with the open sea; but this method, which brings to mind the desperate efforts made by arctic explorers in the polar seas, is exceedingly laborious. The Baltic shipbuilders thought they could construct strong ice-crushing steamers with powerful machinery that could rapidly and uninterruptedly break down the ice barriers opposed to winter navigation, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

France is represented seated and wearing a cuirass, the right arm being raised with a sword and the left holding a shield. The inscription reads: 'Droits de l'Homme' (Rights of Man), while the left hand holds the national sword. The head, which is characterized by a calm and serene beauty, is ornamented with a diadem symbolical of liberty, equality and fraternity. The statue is seven feet ten inches high, and will be erected on a pedestal nine feet ten inches high.

Planing Machinery. A masterpiece in mechanical construction has been built in Glasgow, a vertical and horizontal planing machine, for the use of marine engineers and others, when ordinary machines are insufficient. This machine consists of a heavy bed-plate of box section forming the work table, and carrying, when desired, a set of compound slides, and circular table, the motions of which can be made self-acting. For horizontal planing, the vertical column, which carries the tool, is driven by two horizontal screws connected by a central gear, and in vertical planing, the tool is traversed up and down the column by a vertical screw, driven by bevel gearing below; the driving nuts which run on these screws are very long and completely envelope the screws, thus having ample wearing surfaces; the tool saddle is balanced by a weight inside the column, supported by vertical chains, and automatic hand feeds are provided both in the case of the vertical and horizontal columns. The driving is effected through two sets of pulleys, the smaller given the quick return motion after the cut, and the larger set arranged so that one belt leaves the drive pulley before the other begins to drive, thus reducing the wear of the belts. The change of driving from vertical to horizontal can be effected instantaneously.

An Angel in Disguise. Caller—Only one minute of your valuable time, sir, that is all. I am an agent of the Great American Spread-Eagle Company for the insurance of— Business Man—See here! You are about the fourth insurance man, of one sort and another, who has called this morning, and I'm about sick— "Dug so, just so; that's what I thought. That's why I came. It's the opportunity of your life, sir. This insurance— "I tell you I'm tired and sick of insurance— "That's not telling what moment it may strike in. That's what I called, sir. "Eh? "Yes, I am the agent of the Great American Spread-Eagle Company to insure persons against being talked to death."

Not Bribed. Citizen—People are saying that you were bribed to put through that thing in bill in behalf of the Gravel Company. Legislator (haughtily)—Huh? Who would there be to bribe me, I should like to know. No one, sir. Not a soul. Citizen—But that company— Legislator—Why, I'm the company.

LAKE SHIPBUILDING.

Some valuable suggestions in regard to desirable improvements in lake steamship construction have been made by Mr. Oldham, well known as an authority in such matters, among the most important desiderata enumerated being the following: Greater length and breadth, more simplicity of design and build, deeper water ballast tanks, and more careful arrangement of bottoms for withstanding vertical longitudinal stress, top sides and upper works to be designed more particularly for resisting increased stresses due to greater length in proportion to depth. Further, Mr. Oldham urges that hold bulkheads should be made stronger generally and stiffened as may be necessary to resist the hydrostatic pressure—the bulkhead to be more effectually connected to the shell of the vessel than is generally the case; also an improved system of bulkheading, with a view to averting sudden disaster after violent collision; a more efficient system of bilge and ballast pump suction pipes, and valves is called for, likewise uniformity in handling of steering wheels turning if collisions are not to increase; stockless anchors to stow in

the hawse pipes would be a means of saving labor, and shorter stroke in engines and fewer tubes in boilers would give increased efficiency.

France is represented seated and wearing a cuirass, the right arm being raised with a sword and the left holding a shield. The inscription reads: 'Droits de l'Homme' (Rights of Man), while the left hand holds the national sword. The head, which is characterized by a calm and serene beauty, is ornamented with a diadem symbolical of liberty, equality and fraternity. The statue is seven feet ten inches high, and will be erected on a pedestal nine feet ten inches high.

Planing Machinery. A masterpiece in mechanical construction has been built in Glasgow, a vertical and horizontal planing machine, for the use of marine engineers and others, when ordinary machines are insufficient. This machine consists of a heavy bed-plate of box section forming the work table, and carrying, when desired, a set of compound slides, and circular table, the motions of which can be made self-acting. For horizontal planing, the vertical column, which carries the tool, is driven by two horizontal screws connected by a central gear, and in vertical planing, the tool is traversed up and down the column by a vertical screw, driven by bevel gearing below; the driving nuts which run on these screws are very long and completely envelope the screws, thus having ample wearing surfaces; the tool saddle is balanced by a weight inside the column, supported by vertical chains, and automatic hand feeds are provided both in the case of the vertical and horizontal columns. The driving is effected through two sets of pulleys, the smaller given the quick return motion after the cut, and the larger set arranged so that one belt leaves the drive pulley before the other begins to drive, thus reducing the wear of the belts. The change of driving from vertical to horizontal can be effected instantaneously.

An Angel in Disguise. Caller—Only one minute of your valuable time, sir, that is all. I am an agent of the Great American Spread-Eagle Company for the insurance of— Business Man—See here! You are about the fourth insurance man, of one sort and another, who has called this morning, and I'm about sick— "Dug so, just so; that's what I thought. That's why I came. It's the opportunity of your life, sir. This insurance— "I tell you I'm tired and sick of insurance— "That's not telling what moment it may strike in. That's what I called, sir. "Eh? "Yes, I am the agent of the Great American Spread-Eagle Company to insure persons against being talked to death."

Not Bribed. Citizen—People are saying that you were bribed to put through that thing in bill in behalf of the Gravel Company. Legislator (haughtily)—Huh? Who would there be to bribe me, I should like to know. No one, sir. Not a soul. Citizen—But that company— Legislator—Why, I'm the company.

ICE FIELDS CONQUERED.

Commerce of the North and Baltic seas is seriously inconvenienced in winter by the accumulation of banks of ice frozen in solid masses. Communication is often interrupted and commercial relations largely affected. Sweden, Norway and Denmark especially suffer from this state of things. Attempts have often been made to saw a passage connecting the ports with the open sea; but this method, which brings to mind the desperate efforts made by arctic explorers in the polar seas, is exceedingly laborious. The Baltic shipbuilders thought they could construct strong ice-crushing steamers with powerful machinery that could rapidly and uninterruptedly break down the ice barriers opposed to winter navigation, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In the first place, the powerful momentum of the vessel is utilized, the boat being plated with iron or steel. Secondly, the steamers are shaped like an enormous spoon in front, enabling them to mount upon the ice by their acquired speed, and as they push along thousands of gallons of water, stored in air-tight compartments, are pumped from the rear to the forward part of the boat. The vessel crushes by its weight the ice that has been splintered by the first shock and scatters it without stopping.

The first steamer of this kind was built at Gottenburg, Sweden, in 1881. The vessel built upon this principle was tested during the very cold winter of 1882. It opened a channel between Gottenburg and Vinga to the open sea. The canal was about forty feet in width, made through the ice thirteen inches thick, while the boat kept up a speed of eight and a half knots per hour, its ordinary speed being twelve and one-half knots an hour. The steamer is 130 feet in length, thirty-five feet beam and draws twelve feet of water; its stern for attacking the ice is twelve inches wide by three inches thick, made of tough fibrous iron.

The first attempt was so successful that the cities of Christiania, Sweden and Gerson, Denmark, built steamers of the same description; one was built at Malmo and the other at Gottenburg. As soon as these powerful boats put to sea they ran over the roadways and entrances to the ports destroying the ice rendering great service to commerce. Last winter the ice-crushing steamer Martaja was at work in Norway; it was built at Stockholm for the Finland imperial senate, at the great shipyards of the Bergsund's ship building and engineering company. It was launched in March, 1893, but it was not until the rigorous winter of 1892 that it showed what it could accomplish.

The Martaja is longer and more powerful than any of its predecessors. Its length between perpendiculars is 155 feet; width, thirty-five feet; hold twenty-four feet, and draws twenty feet of water. It has 1,070 tons displacement. A compound 200-horse-power engine, with surface condenser, is the motor.

The boat is divided into air-tight compartments, the two at the extreme ends forming water reservoirs for the necessary mechanical rocking motion of the boat. The hull is armored with iron ten inches thick to the water line, being gradually diminished to six inches in the lower parts.

During last winter the Martaja boldly opened a roadway near the Finland shores, crushing banks of ice thirty inches thick at an average speed of eleven miles an hour. It has been shown that it can pass over depths of nineteen and one half feet, slightly less than its draught of water. This proves that the sea-saw movement is from rear to front, without there being, so to speak, an alternative pitching motion, which would cause a pure loss of power. This result is obtained by the workmen at the pumps regularly pumping the water from rear to front like a battery of artillery under an officer's orders.

The commander and his officers have comfortable quarters, and do not complain of the special exceptional circumstances under which they navigate, while the ice-crusher, pushing and grinding with steam, breaks and scatters the redoubtable obstacles opposed in its pathway.

Now that the navigability of these steamers has been established, it is probable that smaller-sized boats will be used to break the ice of inland rivers and canals in different parts of Europe. They will prevent the formation of ice dams that are so dangerous, as was seen upon the Loire at Saumur.

Pay Their Own Expenses. Until the time of Elizabeth members of the houses of commons were paid by their constituencies. About the middle of her reign the custom grew up of the members paying their own expenses and receiving no pay from either constituency or country. This custom was due to the increased wealth of the class who provided the members, and their great desire to go to parliament. So for nearly 300 years members have not been paid—officially, that is. The result has been that only wealthy men could run for parliament, or sit in parliament after they were elected.

Left in the Lurch. De Garry—You don't mean to say he left his wife in the lurch during the honeymoon? Giles—Yes, poor fellow! You see, they went South by boat on a wedding trip, and during a heavy sea he was 'lost overboard'—Truth.

IN MARBLE HALLS.

The Fin de Siecle New York Politician Lives in Style. "Hold on, officer; don't take me into that clubhouse. I thought I was under arrest. I don't look fit to go into that elegant mansion. That's no way to treat a man who has had hard luck."

"Come along; stop your noise," said the policeman. "You'll feel at home after you get once inside."

And he yanked the intoxicated individual up the steps and into one of the finest-looking apartment houses in Harlem.

The sergeant at the desk was annoyed, as he was reading a newspaper, but duty stirred him up and he passed to take the prisoner's pedigree.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Bill Jones; this sounds natural, but what are you doing here, sergeant? Running a club house?"

"Is it a Bellevue case?" asked the sergeant of the patrolman. "It looks like it," said the policeman.

"No, it isn't, either," spoke up the prisoner. "I ain't ratty. Only I didn't know where the officer was taking me. Is this a police station?"

"You'll find the cell just as hard as it would be in one of the old police stations," said the sergeant. "The place looks pretty, but it's pretty tough, just the same, on the board."

As the sergeant said, the cell was as close and as disagreeable as any cell could well be, but for the good policeman all was elegance.

The new police stations now being erected in New York city do indeed look more like club houses than police places for the preservers of the peace and their game. The front of the building is generally broken by a tower with recessed windows, large plate glass panes reflect bright buttons and uniforms, and no stranger would suppose it built for its object. The twin green lights before the door alone proclaim the building's use, says the New York Journal.

A RUSSIAN CAPTAIN.

One fine winter's morning sleigh-bells jingled in our Russian village. A police captain and his lieutenant made their appearance, wrapped up in furs. Behind them was a mysterious bundle covered with cloth. This all happened before I settled here, but the impression is fresh still. The peasants gathered quickly about the strangers, anticipating nothing good from the appearance of a police officer in their midst, says the Contemporary Review. The captain alighted slowly from the sleigh, eyed his audience sharply while he calculated the amount he could wring from them, then said sternly:

"Where is your village elder?" "Here, your Grace," answered a white-haired, venerable peasant, bowing abjectly.

"Your name?" continued the policeman. "Ivan Ivanovitch, your Grace," answered the old man, bowing again almost to the earth.

"Ivan Ivanovitch," said the captain impressively, addressing the congregation of trembling peasants, "a terrible crime has been committed close to this village on your land."

"God's name, what?" asked the old man, turning pale. "See, then, for yourself," said the police captain, and with that he threw off the cover and revealed to the panic-stricken gaze of the simple villagers the mutilated body of a dead man. "This is a frightful crime," continued the captain, "and there must be a dreadful retribution. You gentlemen are responsible for this murder and must bear the consequences. There must be a commission sent here; the matter must be investigated."

"Anything but a judicial inquiry," said the captain. "An inquiry must be held."

"But perhaps you can help us out of the trouble," said the elder persuasively. "Perhaps," mused the captain, "but it will cost me a lot of money."

"What do you want us to pay?" asked the elder. "One hundred roubles may do it," said the captain.

"One hundred roubles!" screamed the desperate peasants. "We haven't got so much in the whole place. You want to ruin us."

"Take fifty!" pleaded the venerable elder. "What, you rascals! Do you take me for a beggar that you seek to dicker with me? However, you seem to be poor; I shall insist only on seventy."

MAKE WAY FOR THE LADIES.

The daffodil is now society's beloved flower. The fin de siecle girl has an umbrella to match each gown.

Members of the "anti-wedding present league" pledge themselves to make no wedding gifts.

Lord Houghton once said that social happiness consisted in being asked everywhere and going nowhere.

They sent a young mulatto woman to jail in Tennessee the other day for marrying a white man. The white man got away.

Brown—You would have no chance in an argument with her, Gray—Why, is she really a skillful dialectician? Brown—No, but she's a woman.

Edwin—Do you think your father and mother will do anything for us when we marry? Angelina—Yes, indeed! They have promised to come and live with us.

She—What makes you think he loves me so desperately? Sixpence—Oh, a thousand little things! He always looks pleased, for instance, when you sing and play.

Oh, for some new-coined name by which to call him! Oh for some name no other lips could give! was the prayer of Violet until she married him. Now she is content to call him Old Heeswax.

A man will burn his fingers lighting a cigar with a piece of paper, and a girl will ask him to set the tea-kettle over, and he takes hold of the warm handle, he is mad enough to shipwreck the kit-ben.

A lady writer on the subject of dress commands, as an example worthy of being followed, the fact that three ladies, being of the same size, exchange dresses, and are thus enabled by the constant round of costumes to obtain credit for possessing a fashionable and extensive wardrobe.

