

THE GREAT WEST

J. B. POOLE, JR. and Prop.

MARSHALL, TEXAS
It is melancholy that when a man learns by experience not to jump from a moving cable car on the side nearest to the other track the lesson comes too late to be of practical service to him.

The announcement that James Whitcomb Riley is going to write a play doesn't startle us. Lots of literary men have written a play before now. The thing is to get a manager to produce it.

At Napa, Cal., after a contest, the court has allowed an attorney a \$10,000 fee for settling an estate. In justice to a worthy lawyer let it be hoped that the estate is at least as large as the fee.

PEOPLE catch cold in winter in an inverse proportion as the weather grows warm. Let all who are inclined toward invalidism look out for the warm days and the cold days will look out for themselves.

Two confidence men in Sioux City tried to swindle a farmer. The precise character of their game is not known, but as the farmer killed them both and calmly went his agricultural way, unbiased observers of the situation do not believe that it worked.

Two doctors are explaining why they refused to attend a man stricken in the streets with hemorrhage. If they had treated him, and the treatment been as bad as the explanations, he would probably have died instantly, whereas he did have the felicity of surviving for a few moments.

A PRISONER in San Francisco who is wanted in Mississippi promises to go without any contest. Attorneys are justly indignant. The prisoner has \$5,500 in coin, and with one second the legal friends who have sprung up to advise him recognize the impregnable tenure of the ground upon which he might refuse to be removed.

THE news columns of the New York papers look like a criminal court calendar these days. The entire population seems to be embroiling, killing or getting divorced. But the clearing house certificates are all redeemed, thank heaven, and there is a shotgun quarantine against all persons likely to become a public charge.

THE prince of Wales is reported to be forming a secret society for the purpose of carrying on historical researches about old English families. The secrecy of the society is explained by the expected nature of much of the discoveries. The only practical public purpose such work can promote is to help hasten abolition of the house of lords.

THE good people of Pittsburg have grown positively desperate in their purpose of caring for the poor of their city. They are willing to have the representatives of a number of colleges take chances in the deadly game of football, the proceeds to go into the relief fund. The risk taken is a big one, but the occasion probably justifies it.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is preparing to hold army maneuvers on ice, "the whole to reach a climax in a mid-winter battle." One of Napoleon's most famous campaigns, which was to culminate in a midwinter battle, ended in the disastrous retreat from Moscow. Can it be that Germany's war lord dreams of attempting a campaign in the same direction?

BRAZILIANS are a simple, kindly hearted people. Peixoto refused to allow foreign newspaper correspondents to establish a Red Cross hospital service to relieve the sufferings of hundreds of sick insurgents because they would take arms against him upon recovery. Now De Mello has set sail to take 1,000 convicted felons into his service to fight against his fellows.

FIVE misers, four sisters and a brother, and all together worth \$100,000 lived near Warwick, N. Y. Two of the sisters have died of grip, and the rest of the family, there are hopeful expectations, will follow the example. The miser is believed to be the meanest form of vertebrate, and just where in the process of evolution it got separated from the pig science has yet to determine.

It may show a mean and revengeful spirit, but there are a great many who will feel a sense of disappointment at learning that a \$30 fine was all the penalty imposed upon three Ironwood policemen who were found guilty of stealing the relief stores which they had been set to guard. Sometimes people can't help regretting that the whipping post and pillory are things of the past.

A FRENCH journalist has devised a plan for making Gibraltar untenable for the British by means of a diplomatic alliance between France, Spain and the Moors. If Gibraltar is to be made untenable it must be by diplomacy, for several futile attempts to dislodge the British have been made since they took the rock in 1704. During the American revolution Franco and Spain joined in a two years' siege of the stronghold, but without avail, and the scarlet flag of England still waves from the summit of the rock.

At Managua, Nicaragua, news has been received from New York and Washington assuring positively the building of the canal. Here again we have a case of going away from home to learn the news. In this country we have no positive assurance that congress will vote a guarantee to Nicaragua canal bonds, much less that the money to build the canal can be raised in New York or elsewhere in this country unless the government guarantee is voted. Managua seems to have information on the subject in advance of the event.

MORE ABOUT TARIFF.

GENERAL DEBATE HAS CLOSED ON THE BILL.

Under the Fifteen Minute Rule Amendments Will Be Offered and Chairman Wilson Urges All Democrats to Be in Their Seats—Salary Question.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—The real work on the tariff bill will commence to-day when the bill will be read by sections and be open to amendment under the fifteen minute rule. It is of the utmost importance that every Democratic member be present in the house from this time until the passage of the bill. Thus far the discussion has been limited to general debate, but from this time forward the actual voting on amendments will proceed from day to day. It will be necessary to maintain a quorum, as the absence at any time of a sufficient number for a vote, might involve the loss of a day or two in the consideration of the bill. What is of more consequence is that the amending of the bill should be made while the majority of the measure and the majority of the house are present to express their preferences. It would be most unfortunate if amendments were made from day to day through the absence of a sufficient number of Democratic members to prevent them. For this reason it is essential that the Democratic majority should attend the sessions from to-day until the debate closes as it will be the only means of avoiding the distortion of the entire measure.

Seigniorage Coinage.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—The house committee on coinage, weights and measures will meet to-day, and if the present understanding among the members is carried out they will favorably report a bill to coin the silver seigniorage in the treasury. This seigniorage is an anticipated one, that is, if the present bill in the treasury were coined it would yield a seigniorage of \$50,000,000. This amount can be coined as well before the bill is coined as after it is coined. It is said that Mr. Carlisle, in view of the straitened condition of the treasury, is anxious that such seigniorage be coined, as it will be a clear profit and can be utilized in part by filling up the hole in the treasury. It should be observed that all suggestions as to a free coinage bill are hushed for the present.

Must Consent on It.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—The Democratic members of the ways and means committee considered the internal revenue bill yesterday. The meeting was a spirited one, many unexpected motions being made, so that at one time the friends of the income tax feared that they were defeated. At the outset of the meeting Mr. Tansney moved that the question as to whether the internal revenue features were to be reported in an independent bill should be referred to a Democratic caucus. This brought out an animated discussion. When the vote was taken the Tar-ney motion prevailed by a vote of 6 to 5. Mr. Bynum furnished the surprise of the meeting by moving to reconsider the entire revenue bill, as practically agreed upon at a meeting some time ago. This motion also prevailed by a vote of 6 to 5.

O'Neil's Loan Certificates.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—The bill of Representative O'Neil of Massachusetts authorizing the secretary of the treasury to borrow money up to \$100,000,000 in anticipation of the revenue, and issue therefor loan certificates bearing 3 per cent interest, is attracting much attention in senatorial circles, in congress and the administration. It is regarded as something more than Mr. O'Neil's personal views, as he had discussed the subject with Secretary Carlisle and Assistant Hamlin before introducing the bill.

Salaries in Lieu of Fees.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—The judiciary committee of the house has not yet acted on Representative Stone's bill relating to the payment of salaries in lieu of fees to the United States attorneys, marshals and clerks. The committee hopes to reach a vote on the measure at its next meeting on Tuesday.

General Debate Closed.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—Immediately after the reading of the President's Hawaiian message Saturday the tariff debate was resumed and Mr. Pickler, Republican, of South Dakota, made a vigorous speech on the discrimination of the bill made against the farmers. After a few other long speeches, pro and con, the general debate on the tariff closed.

Reimport Bill Passed.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—In the senate yesterday Mr. Coke called up the house joint resolution authorizing the secretary of the treasury to permit the owners of cattle and horses transported them into Mexico to reimport the same into the United States at any time within twelve months of this date. It was passed.

More Pensions.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—The house committee on invalid pensions yesterday ordered a favorable report of the senate bill to repeal the clause of the appropriation act which cuts off from the pension rolls non-residents who are not citizens of the United States except those suffering from actual disabilities received in the service.

Contested Election Case.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—The contested election case of O'Neil vs. Joy for a seat in the house of representatives from the eleventh Missouri district was yesterday decided in favor of O'Neil by a strict party vote in the election committee.

Road Question.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—The bond question has been referred to the ways and means committee, but no action whatever has been taken on the subject as yet.

Federal Elections Bill.

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Ed Nichols Hanged.

AUSTIN, Tex., Jan. 13.—At exactly 3:05 yesterday afternoon Sheriff

R. E. WHITE SPRUNG THE TRAP THAT SENT THE SOUL OF ED NICHOLS ACROSS THE WATERLESS RIVER THAT MARKS THE BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH. IT WAS 2 O'CLOCK WHEN THE REPORTERS AND THOSE WHO HAD PERMITS TO WITNESS THE EXECUTION WERE ADMITTED. THEY WERE ADMITTED TO THE CELL WHICH THE CONDEMNED MAN OCCUPIED, AND FOUND NICHOLS NEATLY ATTIRED IN A BLACK SUIT OF CLOTHES, A HAT UPON HIS HEAD, AND SMOKING A CIGARETTE. IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THE COLD STONE WALLS AND THE MASSIVE IRON BARS AND THE RACKET MADE BY THE WORKMEN WHO WERE ADJUSTING THE GIBBET, ONE MIGHT HAVE WELL THOUGHT HE WAS SIMPLY PREPARED TO TAKE AN OUTING ON SUNDAY AFTER A WEEK OF LABOR IN THE FIELD, RATHER THAN WAITING FOR A TRANSIT TO UNKNOWN DOMAINS BEYOND THE CONFINES OF LIFE. HE SMOKED AND CHATTERED WITH HIS VISITORS, AND SEEMED OBVIOUSLY OF THE DOOM WHICH THE FEELING MOMENTS WERE DRAWING AROUND HIM. NICHOLS WAS A TYPICAL NEGRO, EXCEPT THE CHOCOLATE HUE OF HIS SKIN. THE SHORT CURLY WIG, LARGE FAT NOSE, LARGE MOUTH AND THICK LIPS, SMALL EARS AND MASSIVE NECK, AND THE LOW FOREHEAD AND DARK, EXPRESSIONLESS EYES STAMPED HIM AS BEING OF THE LOWER ORDER OF HUMAN LIFE, A CREATURE WHOSE PASSION WAS GREATER THAN HIS JUDGMENT AND WHOSE ANIMAL PROPENSITIES WERE MORE POWERFUL THAN HIS DICTATES OF HEART OR WILL OR INTELLECT. THERE HE SAT IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE WAITING FOR HIS TRIP TO THE COUNTRY FROM WHICH THERE ARE NO RETURNING FOOTSTEPS. THE JAIL YARD WAS PACKED WITH PEOPLE, WHITE AND BLACK, TRYING TO GET A GLIMPSE OF THE CONDEMNED MAN. HE DIED PROTESTING HIS INNOCENCE, LEAVING A WRITTEN STATEMENT TO THAT EFFECT ALSO. THE SHERIFF AND NICHOLS ASCENDED TO THE PLATFORM, FOLLOWED BY SEVERAL COLORED MINISTERS, WHO SANG AND PRAYED. NICHOLS DID NOT EXHIBIT ANY NERVOUSNESS. AT 3:45 SHERIFF WHITE READ THE DEATH WARRANT, AFTER WHICH THE MOONS AND ROPE WAS ADJUSTED. BEFORE THE BLACK CAP WAS ADJUSTED NICHOLS CALMLY SHOOK HANDS WITH AND BADE FAREWELL TO ALL UPON THE PLATFORM AND SAID QUIETLY HE HOPED TO MEET THEM ALL IN HEAVEN. AT 3:58 SHERIFF WHITE SPRUNG THE TRAP AND NICHOLS SHOT DOWN TO HIS DEATH, AND AT FIFTEEN MINUTES PAST 4 THE BODY WAS CUT DOWN AND PREPARED FOR BURIAL. THUS DID THE LAW AVENGE THE OUTRAGE UPON ANNA STRAKA, THE LITTLE 11 YEAR OLD BOHEMIAN GIRL.

A Desperate Fight.
HOUSTON, Tex., Jan. 12.—News was received here yesterday of a desperate shooting affray at Fulshear on the Aransas Pass road, in Fort Bend county

ALL OVER THE STATE.

INTERESTING CULLINGS FROM THE DAILY PRESS.

A Crisp and Complete Summary of Every Second-Day Carefully Selected and Condensed Readable from Every Portion of the Empire State.

The total amount of receipts during December from interest and lease of lands deposited in the state treasury through the comptroller is as follows: School lands, interest, \$30,099.92; principal, \$7,674.53; lease, \$13,807.91; University lands, interest, \$48.80; principal, \$17.30; lease, \$672; blind asylum lands, interest, \$31.30; principal, \$6; lunatic asylum lands, interest, \$336.34; principal, \$204.70; deaf and dumb asylum lands, interest, \$130.60; orphan asylum lands, interest, \$61.40; public domain, act March 29, 1887, \$742.29. Total, \$43,226.49. This is \$70,000 less than the receipts of December last year.

A lad about 16 years old shot and mortally wounded Obadiah Hardin at Granger, Williamson county, a few days ago. Hardin was a tenant of the land's grandfathers and had obtained his landlord's permission to use his stable. The lad objected to this, and when Hardin and his brother came to feed he rushed out and drew a gun. Obadiah Hardin caught the gun, trying to save his brother, and received the load of buckshot in his own body. He lived only a few hours.

At the recent convention of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Texas at Houston, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: B. F. Frymoyer, of Houston, grand master; G. Harrison, of Sulphur Springs, deputy grand master; B. R. Abernathy, of Gonzales, senior grand warden; A. B. Watkins, of Henderson county, junior grand warden. S. P. Moore, of Houston, grand treasurer. W. F. Swain, of Houston, grand secretary.

Henry B. Potts, alias Henry Moore, who is wanted at San Antonio on a charge of forgery, has been arrested at New Orleans. Potts was until a few weeks ago deputy clerk in the county clerk's office at the above named place, but disappeared suddenly and it developed that a series of forgeries had been committed.

Recently a stock train was run into Manor, Travis county, with a car fire. The train was carrying a car full of horses, but after sidetracking and with the help of the local fire company the horses were unloaded. The stock belonged to W. O. Davis, of Marble falls and were being shipped to Georgia.

At the regular meeting of the Waco city council recently a resolution was adopted that the city election to take place next April be conducted under the Australian ballot system and arrangements were made for the registration of voters. The resolution was adopted in response to a petition of 505 voters.

A Mexican called at a residence near Kerrville recently and asked for something to eat. The ladies gave him a meal, but instead of leaving when he was through eating he drew a knife and tried to kill one of them. He was killed in his effort by neighbors and is now in jail.

At Brownsville on Christmas eve Leandro Solis became involved in a quarrel with his wife and used a hatchet with good effect upon his better half, splitting her nose open, knocking several of her teeth out and otherwise disfiguring her. He is in jail.

The Laredo Light and Machine company has sold its plant and fixtures situated in New Laredo, Mex., to the Laredo, Texas, Electric and Railway company, and the latter company will hereafter do the house and street lighting in that city.

At Gainesville one morning recently John Davis, aged 17, left his father's home and nothing can be learned of him. The boy went to his room as usual on the night of his departure. The father of the boy is very uneasy.

At Fort Worth recently M. T. Campbell got tired waiting for a freight train standing at Jennings avenue crossing on the Texas and Pacific to move. He tried to cross between two cars and had his right foot badly crushed.

At Bryan recently Charley Patterson and Will Rudisill became involved in a difficulty in which Patterson received a deep cut on the left cheek and Rudisill got his head hurt slightly. He was arrested and gave bond for \$400.

Deputy United States Marshal Walter and four guards left San Antonio a few days ago for San Francisco with sixty-one Chinamen, sentenced to deportation. All were arrested near that city within the last few months.

Joe Cain who lived twelve miles dead north of Dallas was found in the road near his home a few days ago. He was out hunting, and it is believed that he accidentally shot himself as one barrel of his gun was empty.

At Bronham recently a negro named Charles Damon was arrested by constable Boyd and jailed on a charge of criminal assault alleged to have been committed on the 11-year-old daughter of Sebe Crenshaw.

It is estimated that the printing of the reports of the five courts of civil appeal of this state will cost somewhere near \$30,000. This sum of money only a short time ago paid for all the public printing at the capital.

The little 4-year-old girl of Jesse Hancock at Comanche was badly burned a few days ago. While playing around the cooking stove her clothing caught and she was terribly burned before her father reached her.

Warrior has raised a large bonus on the extension of the International Great Northern from Columbia, Kansas to the mouth of the river. The river will have to be bridged and the extension is built.

At the strike of the stone cutters on Matthew cathedral at Dallas and the work will now go on.

A negro tried on a suit of clothes in a store at Fort Worth recently. There was no glass in the store, so he stepped into a barber shop to see how he fit. He did not return, but he is now in jail.

A committee of citizens of Smithville, Bastrop county, visited Denton recently, with the hope of inducing the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad officials to locate division shops at that place.

The amount of tax money paid into the county treasury of Hill county for December, 1893, is \$38,000, while the city tax receipts of Hillsboro from October 1 to January 1 amount to \$27,000.

The cases of the 325 liquor dealers indicted by the last grand jury at Galveston for selling without license will be tried in the criminal court January 17, 18, 19 and 20.

At Aberfoyle, Hunt county, a few days since Blanche Shuford, while running a race, his horse suddenly dodged and his head struck a tree, from the effects of which he died.

Congressman Gresham has secured from the treasury department and has forwarded to the contractors in Texas \$26,000 for their work on the harbor at Sabine Pass.

Senator Coke has introduced a bill in the senate agreed on by him and Mr. Crain extending the time to the Arkansas Pass harbor company to improve the harbor.

At Corsicana recently the 8-year-old daughter of Dr. Hines was out riding. Her horse threw her and her foot hung in the stirrup and she was dragged to death.

The cornerstone of the St. Louis Catholic college was laid in San Antonio a few days ago by Bishop Neas. The building when completed will cost about \$200,000.

Attorney-General Culberson is preparing a motion for a rehearing in the Queen Insurance company recently decided against the state by the supreme court.

A 7-year-old boy strayed off from his home at San Marcos recently. He was found at night eight miles in the country accompanied by his faithful dog.

A few days ago at Caldwell a rifle was accidentally discharged in the hands of Dud Hunt, killing A. B. Cothens instantly. They were good friends.

At a recent mass meeting of Fort Worth citizens, a resolution was adopted requesting the contractors on the court house to employ home labor.

Those persons found on the streets of Houston after 11 o'clock must give a satisfactory account of themselves to the officers or be locked up.

The Baptists lead all Protestant denominations in Texas in numbers, having 248,523. Methodists come next with 218,000.

John Farmer was recently elected treasurer of Harris county by the commissioners court to fill the unexpired term.

Recently at Lancaster, Dallas county, one Mr. Frank Stadden's little girl was kicked by a horse and badly hurt.

Rev. Edward J. Dunne, bishop elect of the diocese of Dallas will leave Chicago for his future home January 21.

Alva Moore, while out hunting near Dodd, Fannin county, recently accidentally shot himself in the shoulder.

The contract for a new city hospital for Dallas to cost \$12,900 has been let and work commenced on it.

Congressman Culberson intends to make an effort to get a tower clock on the public building at Paris.

Passenger trains now run through from Lancaster to Dallas on the Houston & Texas Central railroad.

Cash is being received at the state treasury at the rate of from \$20,000 to \$80,000 per day.

The skeleton of an unknown man was found recently near Mesquite, Dallas county.

Judge A. B. Norton was buried with the American flag wrapped about his coffin.

A carpenters union has been organized at Hillsboro with thirty-two members.

The Texas railways are all busy distributing attractive advertising matter.

Garrison, Nacogdoches county, folks talk of organizing a dramatic club.

The children of the public schools of Brownsville had a nice Christmas tree.

Several families of immigrants have recently settled near Rockport.

The Texas side of Texarkana is to have a complete sewer system.

Floresville has a brass band of which her citizens are proud.

Fort Worthites are now figuring on a mammoth hotel for that city.

Six members of the fire companies of Corsicana have resigned.

Work will begin soon in the granite quarries in Burnett county.

C. E. Dasher, of Ennis, Ellis county, has been adjudged insane.

The Salvation Army of Dallas is accomplishing much good.

San Antonio is soon to have a second athletic association.

The Buttery fete at Fort Worth was a decided success.

THE FARM AND HOME.

GRASS AND MEADOWS DEMAND ATTENTION.

Meadows That Will Be Permanent Are of Greatest Importance to Farmers. The Cow for Every Family—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

Grass and Meadows. Grass is the most important of all farm products. It is the principal food of all the farm animals. If we count up the gross value of all the products that are derived from the grass, we shall find it to amount to a larger sum than that of all the grains grown, and perhaps more than that of every other farm crop taken together.

This shows the importance of giving the grass the best possible cultivation and the enormous losses that result from the general carelessness with which farmers treat this great product. There are a great many kinds of grasses. Some are annuals; that is, they grow and mature their seed and then die. Others are perennials, that is, they go on growing year after year for a great many years, and if well cared for will last for ever. They will go on growing and supporting cattle and sheep for hundreds of years. In England, where the farmers give more attention and care to the meadows, there are fields that have never been plowed for hundreds of years. And such fields are so highly valued that no temptation in the form of money would induce the owner of the land to break up these meadows and destroy the grass.

The perennial grasses are the most valuable and are mostly grown. The farmer has little use for any kind of grass except one that will occupy the land for two or three years. But yet there is reason to believe that more attention might be given to the more permanent grasses, that would make meadows that, by the right treatment, would last for a great many years.

The common practice is to sow grass with clover, or grass alone, for two crops of hay, and one year of pasture, and then plow the land for wheat or corn, or some other crop. This is a very good practice, because the roots of the grass and clover, and the stems and leaves afford most valuable manure for the crops following. It has been found by accurate measure and weighing that one square foot of the sod of a grass field, shaken free of the adhering soil, weighed two pounds. If we take the number of square feet in an acre of land and multiply it by two we shall find the total weight of the sod of an acre of land at this rate is equal more than eighty tons. And all this matter is worth quite as much as the best manure is as plant food, so that by plowing under a sod of this kind the farmer may add to the land such a large quantity of food for crops as would be worth fully \$100 for every acre. It is only reasonable to believe that such a valuable crop as grass must need the very best preparation of the land. And this is a truth that unfortunately few farmers realize as they should do. The land must be well plowed, thoroughly well harrowed to make it fine for the very small seed, and it must be well manured to feed the grass, that it may grow strong and thick upon the ground. It is considered best by good farmers to plow the land in the fall, turning under plenty of manure and then sow wheat, seeding with the grass at the same time. This is done because the grass is very weak at first, and it is feared that a new dry season in the spring might kill the young weak plants. And this does happen at times, but if it does, the reason is that some mistake has been made.

We have learned that young plants first live upon the food that is stored in the seed, but that as soon as this is exhausted, the roots get the food from the soil. To do this it is necessary that the roots should be in the soil. But unless the seed has been sown in the soil the roots will not be in, but only on the soil, and then a few dry days come after the grass seeds have germinated, the tender roots will be dried and killed and the expected grass will not be seen. Doubtless this is the reason for much disappointment among farmers who do not sow the seed and at once cover it, as all seeds should be.

This goes to show that the newly sown grass seeds should be covered by the soil, by means of a light harrowing, as soon as the sowing is completed. Then there is no risk of damage by dry weather, for the roots will be able to gather food and support the young grass. But this covering should be very light, on account of the smallness of the grass seeds. And for this special work light grass seeding harrows are made, or should be for this use. Some farmers use a plank or two, or three, or more of them for this work, and a drag of this kind is made by fastening the planks together by short chains so that they may be dragged over the land and so cover the seed.

Grasses are what are called scedable plants, that is, several kinds grow together better than one alone. Thus, when several kinds are thus sown together, they grow quite closely and soon make a thick mat or sod, and this helps to prevent the escape of moisture from the soil, as might happen if the land were partly bare and exposed to the sun and wind. There is another reason for this mixing of kinds of grass; that is, that some grow faster than others, and some start to grow later in the season. This will increase the quantity of feed from the grass, because there is a continuous growth of fresh herbage all through the season. And while the earlier kinds are recovering from the pasturing of the cattle or sheep the later kinds are coming on and furnish feeding. Some kinds of grass have what are called fibrous roots, that is, the roots spread from the bottom of the stem in a bunch of long, slender fibers. But others have so-called creeping roots that run along just under the surface, and being furnished with eyes or nodes, new sprouts grow from these and make new plants. It is easily seen how soon the land may become quickly covered with plants of this character, and in a few years there will be a dense sod that will completely cover the ground and make the best of pasture. All that is wanted then to have permanent growth of grass year after year is to furnish abundance of food for grass and sow fresh seed in places where it may be wanted, and then keep the land in a meadow as long as may be wished. To do this the farmer must study the nature of the various grasses, so that he may choose the right kind for this use. Then he must take care to prepare the land in the best manner at the outset, and sow sufficient seed to cover the ground, allowing for any loss by imperfect seed, as is always to be guarded against, and when he has made a good beginning, to keep the grass growing by feeding it liberally with manure or fertilizers as may be required.

A Family Cow. In the articles for the press it is usually presumed that the writer is addressing those who have dairies, and the man with one cow is overlooked, and in this connection we here give the views of A. L. Crosby in the matter, a man in every way competent to give advice in the keeping of one cow. Every family in moderate circumstances living in the country, needs a family cow; and if the family include children, the need becomes almost a necessity. The great objection urged against keeping a family cow is the expense, which is supposed by many who are unacquainted with the facts to heavily overbalance the income. But the reverse can easily be shown to be the truth, taking into consideration the difficulty of buying good milk, even in the country, the cost of the same, and often the disappointment in not being able to get it just when most needed (all mothers who have a cow will testify to this), when the account is footed up, it will be found that the family cow will prove herself to be a money-maker. But right here comes the point which decides the question of profit or loss in keeping a family cow, and that is, the kind of cow kept. There can be no question as to whether or not it will pay to keep a poor cow, for it will not; but as to keeping a good cow, there is no doubt as to its being a profitable business from a dollar point of view, and the Jersey cow answers this purpose admirably. The family cow must not only supply the family with milk, but with butter, also, and this the Jersey will do. And Jersey cream being easily churned, it is an easy matter for those comparatively ignorant of butter-making to manage it in a satisfactory way. This point is too often overlooked, but it is a very important one and should be better known, as also should the fact that Jersey milk is easy to cream, the cream rising under the most adverse conditions. The Jersey is a hearty feeder, and as a family cow will learn to eat much kitchen waste.—Colman's Rural World.

Farm Notes. The brood sow should have range so she can exercise.

Feed more and more as long as you see more milk coming.

When ground is well prepared less cultivation will be needed.

Shorts, bran and corn meal is a good feed for the sows and pigs.

The pigs should be pushed from the start and sold at eight or ten months old.

If there is a wet place on the farm drain it. It is likely the richest land on the place.

Cottonseed hulls are highly recommended by the Mississippi experiment station for strawberry mulch.

It is impossible to plant some of all the varieties. It is best to choose only a few of the best, and such as will give a good succession of fruit.

Do not condemn the cow until she has failed after being well fed and cared for. Cows often do poorly because they have no opportunity to do well.

One who handles a great many colts should make a practice of haltering them when they are about one week old. Then at any time, if an accident happens, you can handle them without a struggle. Feed them sugar occasionally, and they will be gentle and follow you everywhere.

It is best to wear several coats at a time; they do not get so lonesome.

Home Hints. Never put salt on a steak until after it is cooked.

In purchasing canned goods it is a safe rule to observe whether the head of the can is concave, a bulging appearance being indicative of decomposition.

Lay a thick piece of Canton flannel under your tablecloth. Even coarse nappy will look a much better quality with a sub-cover than if spread directly over the bare table top.

Bath bags are filled with almond meal, bran, oris root, or crushed lavender flowers, with borax or shaved castile soap. The bag floats upon the water when not in actual service.

Experience has shown that once a month is often enough to wash the hair. Lining the bath tub with a sheet is a comfortable device when one must use a tub that is at the service of a number or succession of people.

A convenient pocket pin cushion is readily constructed of two small rounds of cardboard covered with silk and overlaid together after a piece of wadding has been laid between them. The edge can be set thickly with pins, but here the right sort should be used. The cheap articles of home manufacture are too large for the purpose. Small English pins should be employed.

Coffee stains should be wet with cold, soft water before being put into the wash, and will usually be found all right when the laundering is done. Where an especially fine darning is required for this cause it is recommended to apply a mixture made from the solution of yolk of egg in clean water, with a few drops of wine added. Allow this solution to penetrate the fabric thoroughly, then wash out with clear, soft water, and the stain will be gone.

THEY ALL WANT CLOCKS.

NEGROES HELPLESS BEFORE THE AGENTS.

Big, Gaudy-Looking Time Pieces Catch These Folks and They Pay High Prices for Them—Tomatoes Are Another Little Extravagance.

"Over \$60,000 has passed through my hands already this season for that man over there," said the cashier of one of the banks in an interior Southern town.

"I was about to ask who he was," responded his companion, regarding with interested eyes the prosperous-looking person across the street. "What is his business? I always see him strolling about in the most leisurely fashion."

The man referred to was well known as "the clock man," and his mode of conducting his profitable business is unique and interesting. He employs a large number of men (furnishes each with a horse and road cart and sends them out into the highways and byways, through remote country lanes and pine woods roads where the trace of wheels is so dim as to be almost undiscernible to sell clocks to the negroes and such of the white backwoodsmen as can be induced to buy them. These clocks are estimated at being worth only about \$4, but are sold at from \$12 to \$14 apiece. The agents, taking in April or May to sell them, taking a mortgage on a cow or an ox, a wagon, a hog, poultry of various kinds, anything which can be sold and converted into money—even bedsteads, bed clothes, cups and saucers and mattresses are accepted as security—and in the fall the collectors follow and receive the payments. One thing is noticeable—the man who presents the claim for payment is never the same who sold the clock the previous spring, says the Philadelphia Times. Thus any little irregularities in the papers drawn up at the time of the sale are unknown to him; he only demands what was agreed upon. Every negro house, no matter if the only other articles in it are a wooden bench or two, a hide-bottomed chair, cooking utensils and the water pail, with the most meagre provisions for sleeping, boasts one of these showy-looking timepieces on the rude shelf over the clumsy chimney-place. Of commonest wood, shined as long as new, and ornamented with a little cheap gilt, these clocks possess one delightful charm in the eyes, or rather ears, of their owners—they can strike. They afford but little knowledge as to the flight of time, because their owners do not know the meaning of the letters on the white face of their much-prized ornament or the significance of the little slender "hands" going ever round and round. The possessors of these clocks can tell the time much more accurately by the sun mark they have grown accustomed to notice on the floor of their cabin, but the tall timepiece over the fireplace can strike every hour with a loudness and an abandon unrivaled by any clock in a more pretentious case, and in doing this its mission is fulfilled.

"I kin yer old strike een de night," said one old aunt in defense of her extravagance when asking her landlord's assistance in paying the clock man, to whom she had given a mortgage the previous spring on the only feather bed and all the quilts she possessed. Had not her benefactor advanced her the money the old woman would have seen her precious and most necessary belongings "traded" for a little cotton or corn to her neighbors, and would have had nothing to comfort her during the long cold nights of the approaching winter, but the knowledge that she possessed just as fine and tall a clock as anybody of her acquaintance.

Tomatoes, too, are another necessity rendered indispensable to the negroes by the "march of civilization." Formerly their dead were buried beneath the trees in the little country graveyard—laid to rest in home made coffins, made by the friendly hands of neighbors and relatives, the grave marked by head and foot boards, simply carved, from wood; but now coffins and tombstones, cheap and showy, must be provided out of scant incomes. The stones are common little affairs, lettered in striking black letters, which seem a mockery set up beneath the majestic pines where the dead are at rest.

The negroes are peculiar in this respect. They will pay an exorbitant sum for the satisfaction of erecting one of these slabs, the thin white coating of which will peel off before the buyer gets through paying for it, and when, perhaps, the living members of the family are sadly in need of food and clothing. They do not always procure a tombstone when a recent affliction has bereaved them. If when the agent comes around they can think of anyone, no matter how long dead to whom they might put up a stone they do so, feeling a certain sense of importance when realizing that their names are printed there in the burying ground, for they always want their own names put on, no matter if the surname of the deceased relative was a different one.

Why He Remained. It was getting late, but Algernon Charles had not his watch with him. There was a clock on the mantel, but it was out of the range of his vision.

"What time is it by that clock, Miss Bellefield?" he asked. "I can't see it distinctly."

"Oh, that clock doesn't go," replied the maiden.

"Doesn't it? Then I won't bother," and he stayed on hour and fifteen minutes longer, estimated time—Pittsburg Telegram.

Texas Products. Texas raises 1,800,000 bales of cotton, which yield nearly \$50,000,000. The cotton seed produced exceeds 600,000 tons. The sugar plantations in the Brazos delta produce 12,000,000 pounds of sugar and 1,200,000 gallons of molasses. Texas has 5,000,000 sheep and clips \$5,000,000 worth of wool. The peach trees of Texas yield every year 5,000,000 pounds of nuts.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

A Lecture on the Sharpness of Train Newboys Was Made Valuable.

There is one man in New York who has learned not to display his knowledge of human nature to an unappreciative world. How he was cured was recently told by him to the Tribune. He was traveling with his wife, and the talk drifted into a discussion of the sharpness of train newboys. What followed is thus related: "As I told you before, I used to think that my knowledge of human nature was very deep. Well, I let myself loose on this occasion and gave my wife the benefit of quite a dissertation on the subject. I dwelt particularly on the fact that these newboys become exceedingly good judges of character, and that they depended upon this faculty to a large extent to make a living in their line of business. I went so far as to assert that they could even tell, by studying a man's face pretty nearly what his tastes were in the matter of the books which he liked to read. This is where I got too wise. Soon after making this assertion I was sitting in the seat next in front of that occupied by my wife, when the boy came along with an armful of books. He stopped when he reached my seat, looked at me critically for a few seconds, then pulled out a book from the bottom of the pile which he carried in his arms, and leaning over confidentially, said in a tone which unfortunately was loud enough for my wife to hear plainly: 'This book has been suppressed.' My wife was suddenly intensely interested in an exceedingly ordinary landscape when I looked around at her, but I could see from her amused expression about the corners of her mouth that she had taken in the situation. You may be sure she laughed when the boy was gone, and every time I try to grow sarcastic with her she only has to refer mysteriously to this incident, when I, of course, am compelled to close up as quietly as a clam."

LIFE'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

Several ladies of Rockland, Maine, developed bright ideas on trying to earn a dollar each for the church. One did it by digging worms for a neighbor's hens, another did it by spanking a neighbor's children at so much a week.

When a good wife had prepared an excellent dinner for her husband, and he had declared he was pleased with it, she said, "Well, kiss me, then." "Oh, never mind that, my dear," was his response; "the necessities of life we must have, but the luxuries you can dispense with."

A young minister had gone to the home of his boyhood to preach, and of course the villagers were full of curiosity to hear him. At the close of the service one of the deacons engaged the young preacher's wife in conversation. "It was a strange coincidence," said he, "that your husband's text was the one from which his father preached his last sermon in this pulpit." "Indeed!" said the lady. "Well, that was strange, I hope," she continued, "it wasn't the same sermon." "Oh, no," said the deacon in a deprecatory manner, "his father was a dreadful smart man."

A Syracuse youngster was recently sent to New York with his uncle for a visit, and when he returned he was suffering from a bad case of enlarged cranium. He was the only boy of his size in the neighborhood who had visited the metropolis, and he felt his importance. Upon his return home, however, he found a new baby brother, who had arrived in his absence. He stood speechless before the crib for some time, and his parents began to wonder what he was thinking about, when he broke out with: "Poor baby! poor baby! Never has been anywhere but heaven and Syracuse!"

FEMININITIES.

In Spain the infant's face is swept with a pine tree bough to bring good luck. Peacock feathers are being sold in the streets to mount on hand fireplace screens.

Mme. Bernhardt has taken back to Paris with her from her South American tour about 200 birds. Spiders are on sale in the West India islands. Every housewife has a collection for exterminating insects.

Toper—What shall I take, doctor, to remove the redness of my nose? Doctor—Take nothing—for three months. The correct thing for a lady to use is a white linen handkerchief, hemstitched and having a monogram in white embroidered in one corner.

Mrs. Sarah Kitchen, who recently departed this life at the age of 83, had been for seventy-four years the sexton of a Leicestershire, England, church. She, sadly—Take back your ring. You said when we became engaged that you were the luckiest man in the world. He, taking the ring—Now I know I am.

She—I never saw such a man! He never has any money but he fritters it away? He—Aren't you then afraid of marrying him? She—Oh, dear, no. After he has married me he'll never have any money.

"Ah! my beloved, may I hope to clasp you to-morrow to my bosom and delight to you again our future happiness in the glowing colors of phantasy?" "No, my dear, to-morrow—to-morrow is wash day."

If vaseline or butter be applied to the skin immediately after a blow of any kind there will be no discoloration; but to be effectual it must be used directly after the accident. The bruised feeling may be relieved by witch hazel.

There are 6,333 women postmasters under the United States government, the largest number in any state, 436, being in Pennsylvania and one in Alaska. The oldest is Miss Martha E. Stone, of North Oxford, Mass., who has held her office forty-six years.

Women have various European titles—some resembling well as phlegmaphers. In Copenhagen a woman photographer has for several years been favored with very flattering commissions from the court, and in Stockholm another counts regularly among her patrons.

AN AUBURN MIRACLE.

AN ACT OF HEROISM IS FOLLOWED BY DIRE RESULTS.

Edward Donnelly Saves a Life Almost at the Cost of His Own—After Years of Suffering He is Restored to Health—His Story as Told to a Reporter of the Auburn Bulletin.

(Auburn, N. Y., Bulletin.) It is on record that upon a chilly April day, a few years ago, an eight-year-old boy fell into the East river at the foot of East Eighth Street, New York, and when all efforts to rescue him had failed, Eugene Donnelly, at risk of his own life, plunged into the water and, when himself nearly exhausted, saved the boy from drowning.

It was a humane and self-sacrificing deed, and received deserved commendation in all the newspapers. Edward Donnelly was then and is now a resident of New York City, living at the East Side House, Seventy-sixth St. and E. R., but his wife was Amanda Grantz, of Auburn, and sister Mrs. Samuel D. Corry, of No. 71 Moravia St., which gave a local interest to the incident.

Mr. Donnelly said: "I was born in Albany, N. Y., and am 43 years old. The greatest portion of my life I have lived in New York City. I was general foreman there of the F. A. Mulgrave Saw Mills, foot of Eighth Street, on the East river. It was on the 29th of April, 1889, that the boy fell into the river and I rescued him from drowning, but in saving his life I contracted a disease which nearly cost me my own."

"You see when I saved the boy I was in the water so long that I was taken with a deadly chill, and soon became so stiffened up and weak that I could neither work nor walk. For some time I was under treatment of Dr. George McDonald, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia. He finally said he could do nothing for me."

"When the disease first came upon me the numbness began in my heels, and pretty soon the whole of both my feet became affected. There was a cold feeling across the small of my back and downwards, and a sense of soreness and a tight pressure on the chest. The numbness gradually extended up both my legs and into the lower part of my body. I felt that death was creeping up to my vitals. I was still taking the medicine ('It was ferric of Potassium,' said his wife), and was being rubbed and having liniments put all over my body, but with no benefit."

"I sent to the Chas. H. Sagar Company, the popular Auburn druggists and chemists at 109 and 111 Genesee St., and got three boxes of the Pink Pills and began taking them at once. In three weeks' time I was so improved that from being helpless I was able to help myself and to get up and go to work, and to walk every day from No. 74 Walnut St., where I then lived, to Osborne's New Twine Factory, Seymour and Cottage Streets—more than a mile—where I was then employed, but all the while I was taking Pink Pills."

"Then Dr. Patchen, of Wisconsin, uncle of my wife, and who was here on a visit, began to poo-hoo at me for taking Pink Pills, and finally persuaded me to stop taking them and to let him treat me. When he returned to the West he left a prescription with Dr. Hyatt, of Auburn, who also treated me. But their treatment did me no good, and after a while the old trouble returned and I was getting bad again. Then I began to take Pink Pills; have taken them ever since, am taking them now; have taken in all nearly 20 boxes at an entire cost of less than \$1



LOVABLE GIRLS.

Girls that are fair on the heart-strings, and pleasant when nobody sees, and as sweet to their own folk, ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls. That know what to do and say. That drive with a smile or a soft word the wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense. Whom fashion can never grieve. Who care for nothing but to please. And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls. Who count what a thing will cost. Who use with prudent, generous hand. But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with brains. They are wanted for mothers and wives. Wanted to cradle in a loving way. The strongest and truest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl. There are very few, understand. But O for the wise, loving, home girl. There's a constant and steady demand.

A Chapter on Correspondence. It is well known that the art of letter writing is an art by itself, that it is an index of the culture of the writer and carries his personality in more ways than one. A letter may be written by a very scholarly person, who has traveled and seen much of the world, and yet fall where the letter is concerned, and, on the other hand, a person may have but little education and spare observation and still excel in correspondence.

Men as a class are not so fond of pen and paper, and the ordinary letter does not lengthen in their case. Whole chapters can be said by the pen in a page or two, so far as they are concerned, except in the case of a love letter, when both men and women view the letter in another sense.

There is no doubt that women are more gifted as letter writers than men; they are vivacious naturally, and possess that social gaiety and lightness of touch which are part of an epistle's charm. All young women delight in a voluminous correspondence. It is regarded as an important social function, and keeps them in view by those whom distance separates.

For the mere manner of the letter, every season brings us new fashions in note and letter paper. A high-class stationer mentions the Worcester, gray wove, and antique parchment as among some of the best in vogue at the moment. The envelopes may be square or oblong, as preference dictates, with, however, a fashionable leaning toward the former.

Ruled paper betrays an ignorance of social customs and in "easily belongs to children and uneducated persons, who cannot write without lines."

For headings of stationery tastes differ, and a considerable choice, any of which is permissible, is offered at the shops of known authorities in such matters. A crest, a coat of arms, a monogram, or merely the initials or addresses are all used, but only stipulating that there shall be nothing gaudy or ostentatious. Elegance sanctions nothing like red paper with black lettering or green and gold, or any similar dazzling combinations. A few pale tints and some slightly roughened surfaces are not objectionable, but as a rule, smooth white or cream paper is the safest choice. It may be added that there are unwritten laws of suitability in this matter, as in most things, and an exaggerated elegance and flourish of stationery on the part of persons in modest circumstances adds want of taste to waste of money.

The etiquette of letter-writing is almost without end. First we are told that the letter sent on business should have a stamp and envelope inclosed if an answer is expected at an early date. Then every letter either of business or otherwise, should be answered promptly. It is not considered form to begin a letter with an apology for not writing, that is, expressed directly, and some particular letter-writers always slip the opening sentence about six that pronoun "I" shall not be the opening word. Another rule is the avoidance of flourishes and eccentricities of handwriting.

Postal cards are to be employed for a business message or an inferior. In polite society their usefulness extends no further.

There is a distinction, too, in the matter of address. "Dear Mrs. Hopkins" is more intimate than "My Dear Mrs. Hopkins." These forms are, however, quite as often used interchangeably, such use not being regarded in the light of a heinous offense. There is a certain intuitive courtesy in the knowing when to drop the formal "Dear Sir" and "Dear Madam," a sort of recognition of one's claim to acquaintance, that is possessed by some persons and indefinitely enjoyed by those to whom it is extended. It is like the habit of breeding which forbids an introduction, where the two persons about to be introduced are perfectly well known to each other, either by sight or because, under existing circumstances, neither could be anybody else.

In the matter of signatures there is again an opportunity for the nice discrimination of degrees of intimacy and formality. "Very truly yours" is a shade more cordial, perhaps, than the "Very truly," and "Sincerely," "Cordially," and "Faithfully" with and without the adverbs "most" and "very." Women of tact and courtesy know how to put a pleasant warmth in their letters by just the closing of them—perhaps that is why they are apt to be such acceptable correspondents—and they rarely err, either, in knowing when to put it.

Punctilious persons, either men or women, never avail themselves of hotel or clubhouse paper in notes of ceremony. To such their portfolio is almost as individual as their soap dish. And punctilious men do not

use office paper for social correspondence. At a friend's house or aboard a friend's yacht, however, the host's stationery is welcome. And it may be added as a final word that the punctilious guest always sends his letter to the house or yacht mail bag stamped.

Two Ways of Doing It. Just how they began talking of compliments not one of them could have told. Probably it was when the Chatterbox told the Distressed Damsel that "some one" had said such a pretty thing about her, but she wasn't going to tell what it was or who said it.

Now the chatterbox was just longing to tell both these items, so she was horribly disappointed when little Mrs. B. said:

"Talking of pretty speeches, the pleasantest compliment that ever drifted my way I received the other day from an absolute stranger."

"Which accounts for the compliment," muttered the Chatterbox to her work. But then the Chatterbox was cross. She had been cut short in her career of chatter.

"I was hurrying through Madison street," continued Mrs. B., "when I saw approaching me a woman whom I thought I knew. I took her for an out-of-town friend, and my pleasure at the meeting was the greater from its rarity. I hurried forward to meet her, not waiting to fairly reach her before beginning my delighted greeting. The words froze on my lips, however, as we actually met, for I saw that though the likeness was extraordinary, even at close quarters, she was not at all the person for whom I had taken her."

"Oh," said I, with a smile of apology, "I beg your pardon; I thought you were a friend of mine." She smiled, too, and then, after a second of survey and hesitation, which subtly pointed the remark, said, with a graceful bow and an air of breeding, "I wish I were, madam," and passed on.

"The whole thing took only a breath to do, though it has taken several to tell, and she was out of hearing almost before I could rally and call 'Thank you' after her. I shall never see her again, of course, but I shall always remember her quick, tactful courtesy."

"That reminds me," said the Chatterbox, in high, good humor again, "now that she could have her name, of a story Aunt Mary used to tell. The reminder is entirely by force of contrast. It seems that Aunt Mary saw some one she thought she knew in one of the big stores. She had not seen the particular friend she thought she saw for a long time, and started toward her with outstretched hand. For some reason the woman in question thought that she knew Aunt Mary too, and came to meet her equally delighted. Almost as their hands met, the two women discovered their mistake."

"Oh," said Aunt Mary, impressively, "I thought it was you!" So did I, replied the other, distinctly aggrieved. And then they separated, each probably thinking how stupid the other was.—Chicago Times.

The Eolian Harp. Among the other bright ideas of an English duchess, she caused an Eolian harp to be hung up close to the front door of her London home, and her visitors learned to like its plaintive rushes of music so well that many a one thought of following her example and to take a harp unto themselves.

If you wish to manufacture an Eolian harp at home here are some directions which I have culled: Take some wood a quarter of an inch thick and make a box the length of your window frame, five inches deep and seven inches wide. Now bore some holes in a circle near which will be the upper side of the back of the box. Put the box into your window and secure two bridges, just like fiddle bridges—one to each end, stretching across strings of fine catgut, with the help of strong screwing pins. Tune to one note. Then pull up your sash when the wind is making itself known, and the air passing over the strings and through the holes will produce very charming and unexpected sounds of music.

Here is another and even more simple method. Take pieces of button-hole twist and thoroughly wax them; each end firmly to a peg and thrust the pegs down the crevices between the two sashes of your southern or western windows, stretching the silk as tightly as possible. This second and uncomplicated device is the means of bringing you equally sweet sounds of music as the first.

The early Greeks were the inventors of the Eolian harp, and there were few Athenian gardens without a tree among whose branches there was not slung a harp fashioned in the way I have done my best to describe.

Flour Griddle Cakes. One quart of sweet milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter melted in the milk, one gill of yeast, or quarter of a yeast cake, and flour enough to make a smooth batter. Make in the morning and they will be ready for tea.

Women Everywhere. Princess Louise and the marquis of Lorne have purchased a villa at St. Catherine's on the shores of Loch Fyne, Scotland.

The engagement is announced in Boston of Miss Oles Bull, daughter of Ole Bull, to Mr. Henry J. Vaughn, a Harvard '90 man, engaged in the study of law.

Mrs. Rae, widow of Dr. John Rae, the Arctic explorer, has presented her husband's collection of Arctic and other curiosities to the university of Edinburgh.

Toronto, Canada, has an office called the department of neglected children, which is superintended by J. J. Kelso, whose duty it is to find suitable homes for unprotected children.

The executive committee of the Western Reserve university has appointed Mrs. Mary Noyes Colvin professor of romance languages in the college for women. Mrs. Colvin was graduated from Mount Holyoke, and after studying and teaching several years she entered for a degree at the university of Zurich. In February, 1888, that university bestowed upon her the degree of Ph. D. in romance languages, she having been the first woman to receive the doctor's degree from the institution.



GARDEN AND CRADLE.

When our babe he goeth walking in his garden, Around his tinkling feet the sunbeams play; The posies they are good to him, And give him bliss as they would to him.

As fast he upon his kindly way, And smiling as he goes to him, Make music, gentle music all the day, When our babe he goeth walking in his garden.

When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle, Then the night it looketh ever sweetly down; The little stars are kind to him, The moon she hath a kiss to him, And singeth then the golden crown, And singeth then the golden crown.

A song, the gentle song of Bethlehem town, When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle.—Eugene Field.

A Dog's Charity. Late in the afternoon of a raw day in November, as a doctor alighted from his carriage at the door of his stable, after a long drive over frost-bound country roads, he was somewhat startled by the sudden appearance of a hound, which trotted up to him without ceremony, and, seizing him by the skirt of his long driving coat, endeavored to pull him in the direction of a shed adjoining the stable.

The doctor, somewhat startled, but not alarmed, stood at full length upon his side, and, evidently in a condition of exhaustion, lay what is known as a "coach-dog"—a short-haired animal of medium size, whose coat is thickly covered with black and white spots.

By the light of the lantern the doctor looked the poor fellow over carefully, and soon found the cause of his break-down in torn and bleeding feet that made travel impossible. Here was a charity case indeed; and to such appeals of charity the physician is ever ready to respond.

A comfortable bed of straw and a good supper were quickly provided for the sufferer. His feet were then cleansed, anointed with a soothing ointment and wrapped in bandages. The hound looking on meanwhile with every manifestation of interest and pleasure. He was invited by the hospitable doctor to spend the night with his canine friend, but he declined the invitation. Having seen his companion properly cared for, he hurried away as if on important business, but when the doctor went to the stable next morning he found the faithful creature at the stable door waiting for admission.

When he was permitted to enter, he went straight to the patient, and I wish I could report word for word what passed between the two. I have no doubt the hound inquired into his friend's condition, congratulated him upon having found an asylum in his extremity, and, in reply to expressions of gratitude and obligation, protested that he had done no more than any self-respecting dog would do in the same circumstances. He remained about the stable for half an hour and then left.—Our Animal Friends.

Indispensable Authors. There are certain books which it is necessary to read; but they are very few. Looking at the matter from an aesthetic point of view merely, I should say that thus far only one man had been able to draw types so universal, and to draw figures so monumental, that they are equally true in all languages and equally acceptable to the whole Indo-European branch, at least, of the human family. That man is Homer, and there needs, it seems to me, no further proof of his individual existence than this very fact of the solitary unapproachableness of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The more wonderful they are, the more likely to be the work of one person. Nowhere is the purely natural man presented to us so nobly and sincerely as in these poems.

Not far below these I should place the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, in which the history of the spiritual man is sketched with equal command of material and grandeur of outline. "Don Quixote" stands upon the same level and receives the same universal appreciation. Here we have the spiritual and the natural man set before us in humorous contrast. In the knight and his squire Cervantes has typified the two opposing poles of our dual nature—the imagination and the understanding as they appear in contradiction. This is the only comprehensive satire ever written, for it is utterly independent of time, place and manners.

Faust gives us the natural history of the human intellect. Mephistopheles being merely the projected impersonation of that skepticism which is the invariable result of a purely intellectual culture. These four books are the only ones in which universal facts of human nature and experience are ideally represented. They can therefore never be displaced.

I have not mentioned Shakespeare, because his works come under a different category. Though they mark the very highest level of human genius, they yet represent no special epoch in the history of the individual mind of the man of Shakespeare is always the man of actual life as he is acted upon by the worlds of sense and of spirit under finite conditions. We all of us may be in the position of Macbeth or Othello or Hamlet, and we appreciate their sayings and deeds potentially, so to speak, rather than actually, through the sympathy of our common nature and not of our experience.—

James Russell Lowell's Posthumous Essay in the Century Magazine.

What Dreamers Hear. A lawyer who had been over-worked rose in his sleep, went into the hall of his house and discharged a pistol. The household hurried to the place and found him at the head of the stairway, awake, but much bewildered. He had dreamed of burglars and had gone to attack them. One member of the family slept through the noise. When he came into the dining room—before he heard the events of the night—he complained that his sleep had been much disturbed.

He had dreamed that he had been condemned to be shot, that he had been led to the place of execution and had fallen senseless when the guns were fired, says Kate Field's Washington. A lady dreamed that a man came into her room, poured some water into a basin, carried the splashing water to her bedside and began to sprinkle it over her. She awoke and heard a loud splashing. At first she was motionless with fear, but presently she lighted a candle and went to the basin, where she found a mouse making frantic efforts to get out of the water.

Another dreamed that she had a severe carache; that she rose, unlocked the door that separated her room from one in which two children slept and went to a shelf where there was a lotion which she applied to her ear. When she awoke she found her hair in her own bed and without pain. The door was still locked, but in a few minutes one of the children began to cry that his ear ached, and she rose and went to the shelf for the lotion.

Another man dreamed that he was in his office busy with a troublesome estimate when a woman came in with a screaming baby and began to walk rapidly up and down the room, so that it was impossible for the calculator to remember his figures. Presently the woman thrust the child into his arms, and he was so startled by this that he awoke. But the screams still troubled his ears, for a mother in a neighboring room was walking about vainly trying to quiet a crying child.

Several years after the death of her husband a widow, lying awake one night, recalled some scenes of her husband's last illness. Presently her daughter, who was beside her, awoke and said: "Oh, mamma, I have been going over in my dreams all the scenes of papa's last illness." She then told her dream, in which the scenes were almost the counterpart of those that had been recalled by her mother.

Born Without Money. Charles Tolley, who recently died in Delaware at the age of seventy-three years, was born without money, and for a year after his birth it was thought that he would never be able to move or speak. He could not cry like other children, and his expressions of pain or discomfort, which are made known by vigorous wails by other babies, only brought from him a kind of noise that sounded inhuman.

That he could hear was evident and when less than a year old there was an expression in and about his eyes that was more eloquent and effective to those who saw him than any outcry could be. The baby was a source of wonder to the country folk about and no one ever thought it possible that this weakest of weaklings would ever reach his seventy-fourth year. At one point of the boy had never lifted his hand from the pillow on which he lay, and when he was dressed or other little things done for him which babies must have done, he was literally as limber as a rag. At 12 years of age the only suggestion of locomotion the boy had ever made was a sort of dragging himself forward on the ground.

It was about this time that the boy first began to show indications of that marvelous will power which carried him through a long life and enabled him to see his boyhood's friends, who were steadily moving on top one and one and to the grave with him. He never spoke a word in his life. He had a way of expressing himself which his friends learned to understand, but to a stranger the noise which came from his mouth had a startling and frightful effect.

As he grew older, by great will power he was enabled to stand upright and remain standing by a great effort. Later he was able to make progress with his feet, but his going forward was a tottering, faltering motion which seemed as if he would fall at every step if his efforts could be called a step at all. As he grew to young manhood he had a good appetite and he made flesh and bone, but no more. He was as big as the average man of his age and would weigh as much. He lived with his parents.

A Dutch Concert. Arrange the players in a circle and appoint a leader. The leader must then tell each one to play (in fancy) on some special musical instrument, such as the harp, trombone, flute, violin, base viol, jewsharp, concertina, cornet, drum, etc., also selecting one for himself. He then announces that he wishes to drill them on a certain tune, say, for example, "Home, Sweet Home." At his signal they all commence to play, each imitating as well as possible his own instrument. Of course this creates a wonderful noise and lots of laughter. Suddenly the leader drops his own kind of music and starts up with the instrument of some other player, who must take up the one he left. If he does not observe the change, the leader calls out: "Forget!"

What's on the Paper. This must be played with a person who does not know the trick. Tell the guests that you will undertake to do a little "mind-reading." Ask someone to write anything he likes on a piece of paper. Take the paper, roll it up, and after a few passes of the head, say: "Now drop the paper on the middle of the floor, and to show you how far I am you may actually stand on the paper with both feet." After a few mysterious motions and a moment of silence turn to the person and say: "You are on the paper, are you not?"

A Short Cake. It was in the South school the other day that the scholars were asked to write a sentence which should contain the pronoun "I," and a small colored pupil perpetrated this: "My mother made a shortcake. It was so short it didn't get any of it."—Hartford Post.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ABOUT POVERTY.

After Delivering Three Thousand Pounds of Meat and Two Thousand Loaves of Bread to the Hungry Ones of Brooklyn the Divine Gives Some Good Advice.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1894.—It seemed appropriate that Dr. Talmage should preach this sermon after his personal contribution of 3,000 pounds of meat and 2,000 loaves of bread to the poor who gathered shivering in the cold around the bakery and meat-store of Brooklyn, where the food was distributed without tickets, and no recommendation required except hunger. The text was: Matthew 28: 11: "Ye have the poor always with you."

Who said that? The Christ who never owned anything during his earthly stay. His cradle and his grave were borrowed. Every fig he ate was from some one else's tree. Every drop of water he drank was from some one else's well. To pay his personal tax, which was very small, only thirty-one and a quarter cents, he had to perform a miracle and make a fish pay for it. All the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of poverty Christ measured in his earthly experience, and when he comes to speak of destitution, he always speaks sympathetically, and what he said then is as true now: "Ye have the poor always with you."

For 6,000 years the bread question has been the active and absorbing question. Witness the people crowding up to Joseph's storehouse in Egypt. Witness the famine in Samaria and Jerusalem. Witness the 7,000 hungry people for whom Christ multiplied the loaves. Witness the uncounted millions of people now living, who, I believe, have never yet had one full meal of healthful and nutritious food in all their lives. Think of the 25,000,000 people under the hoof of hunger year before last in Russia. The failure of the Nile to overflow for seven years in the eleventh century left those regions depopulated. Plague of insects in England. Plague of rats in Madras presidency. Plague of mice in Essex. Plague of locusts in China. Plague of grasshoppers in America. Devastation wrought by drought, by famine, by frost, by war, by hurricane, by earthquake, by comets flying to appear the earth, by change in the management of national finances, by baleful causes innumerable. I proceed to give you three or four reasons why my text is markedly and graphically true in this year 1894.

The first reason we have always the poor with us, because of the perpetual working of the tariff question, or, as I shall call it, the tariff control, or, as I shall call it, the tariff control, or, as I shall call it, the tariff control.

There is a need for such a word and so I take the responsibility of manufacturing it. There are millions of people who are expecting that the present congress of the United States will do something one way or the other to end this discussion. But it will never end. When I was five years of age I remember hearing my father and his neighbors in vehement discussion of this very question. It was his tariff or low tariff question, or, as I shall call it, the tariff control, or, as I shall call it, the tariff control.

When your great-grandchild dies at 90 years of age, it will probably be from over-exertion in discussing the tariff. On the day the world is destroyed, there will be three men standing on the postoffice steps—a high tariff man, another a free tariff man, and the other a free tariff man—each one red in the face from excited argument on this subject. Other questions may get quieted, the Mormon question, the silver question, the pension question, the civil service question. All questions of annexation may come to peaceful settlement by the annexation of islands two weeks voyage away and the heat of their volcanoes conveyed through pipes under the sea made useful in warming our continent, or annexation of the moon, dethroning the queen of night, who is said to be disquieted, and bringing the lunar population under the influence of our free institutions; yes all other questions, national and international, may be settled by the tariff question, never. It will not only never be settled, but it can never be moderately quiet for more than three years at a time, each party getting into power taking one of the four years to fix it up, and then the next party will fix it down. Our finances cannot get well because of too many doctors. It is with sick nations as with sick individuals. Here is a man terribly disordered as to his body. A doctor is called in, and the administrator is febrile, and a powerful effort is made. But recovery is postponed, and the anxious friends call in another doctor, and he says: "What this patient needs is blood letting; now roll up your arm sleeve!" and the lancet flashes. But still recovery is postponed, and a homeopathic doctor is called in, and he administers some small pellets, and he says: "All the patient wants is rest." Recovery still postponed, the family say that such small pellets can't amount to much anyhow, and an allopathic doctor is called in, and he says: "What this patient wants is heat and cold baths, and he must have them right away. Turn on the faucet and get ready the shower baths." Recovery still postponed, an eclectic doctor is called in, and he brings all the schools to bear upon the poor sufferer, and the patient, after a brave struggle for life, expires. What killed him? Too many doctors. And that is what is killing our national finances. My personal friends, Cleveland and Harrison and Carlisle and McKinley and Sherman, as talented and lovely and splendid men as walk the earth, all good doctors, but their treatment of our languishing finances is so different that neither treatment has a full opportunity, and under the constant changes it is simply wonderful because of the fact, which I have never heard any one recognize, but, nevertheless, the fact, that high tariff is best for some people and free trade is best for others. This tariff controversy keeps business stagnant through with uncer-

WHAT THEY READ.

A Little Talk on Literature for the Little People. "There is nothing too good for the children," is the rule of the kindergarten.

Without a thought we buy a motley array of books bad in color, lacking purpose, and empty of interest when the novelty is worn off. We cannot too young lead the child to the higher, and we should do it without prejudice; or, as some one has said, "with as few adjectives as possible." Here are a few rules for a gift-book giving to children: A gift-book should bear a "gift thought."

Courtesy and friendship demand that a gift be preserved and cherished; therefore give books worthy of it, especially to a child. Give a book that shall embody your peculiar interest or ideal; in thus giving you give yourself somewhat.

Give all the worth and quality you can afford to give, and no more, and let the receiver feel that you have chosen with care and love; it may be the single seed for the planting of a library.

A child's book should be simple, joyous, and full of living truth, and such a book when found can be described as good from the earliest years forward, and the mother will enjoy each word of it as much as her youngest listener.

There are few books but are the better for being lovingly read in communion with mother, and books prepared from the kindergarten point of view are deep enough, sweet enough, and true enough to engross the old as well as the young.

What is the difference between kindergarten literature and other literature? It is simply this: Stories and verses ordinarily "dished up" to a child are of a quality which covers over the young impressionable mind with a haze of sentimentalism and weak purposes. The usual story is about other children who are especially charming or witty, and the precious listener must sit and envy his bright story-boy and wonder if he too could ever be put into a story. The bulk of all so-called child literature serves as a blanket to cover and chill the faculties, and often worse than a story which is unsatisfying, and the usual author and publisher are only too glad to foster if parents are blind enough to help them. What we call a pure kindergarten story, draws out the child himself, uncovers his latent wonderment and imagination, shows him how every truth contained in a certain phase of life or science (to which he is listening), is unfolded over him, over again, in a mystic, different way, every thing he touches, and a story which he but put the right question, his mother or kindergarten instructor. Each story of to-day has a dozen tendrils, by which it clings to the story of yesterday and suggests an untold wealth of pleasure for tomorrow when story-hour comes.

We recommend special books or authors for many reasons, says the Kindergarten Magazine. In the first place, we seek out such authors as have had the actual contact with children and their needs. One who merely writes for pay because some publisher thinks she has a graceful pen and her stories take, is hardly a producer of such intellectual food as is to form the lasting taste of the coming generation. One might almost be forgiven in saying: "When you hear of anyone spoken of as an author for children, let suspicion overcome you; such are mostly a delusion of the brain and mere diluters of language."

Of bible stories the same may be said, look out for their interpreter. Children do not need their truths diluted. They can take them stronger than even one who has grown away from the simple and real. It is a much better plan to read the Christ-story directly with the children and have little talks together concerning those passages which seem obscure. And pray let us beg of you never to draw the moralistic coarseness from the babes, lest they learn the pratings of the lesson rather than the impressive deeds of their greatest example. Remember, even Christ gave them credit for a greater discernment than ours.

Again this same rule holds good with the classics also. Never fear to give children the direct contact with them. Great are the results, often to a older person who has the patience to carry with him a babe as he peruses perhaps for the twentieth time the rare simplicities of Homer.

After all we must confess that the home reading and atmosphere of thought is of the most importance. Do we always realize that our daily household conversations are largely the first literature of the child? that our every-day reverence is all it knows of religion? that the purity of our love, the righteousness of our common deeds is all it knows of God?

Two Played at That Game. James Pava, tells of a man who, traveling on business over the Berkshire Downs in his gig, dined at an inn when the conversation fell upon knights of the road, at one time often found in those parts. He had a sharp country boy traveling with him, and after dinner, he came to his master, saying: "Please, sir, I heard those gentlemen saying among themselves as how they meant to stop you and I upon the downs to-night and frighten we a bit." "Very good," he said, "we will fill the gig with the very worst eggs we can get." And when our four masked horsemen rode up to the gig side that night and demanded "Your money or your life?" of its occupants, they received, very literally, an ovation.—Argonaut.

Did Not Make Any Difference. Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, while holding the post of port admiral, was coming out of the dockyard one evening, in plain clothes, when he was roughly jostled by a sailor in liquor. Inmate at no apology being offered, Sir Henry stopped the man and asked him if he knew whom he was running against. "No; no; I don't care," replied the sailor. "In Sir Henry Keppel; I'm port admiral." "Ah," said the drunken one, "damned nice billet you've got," and staggered in.—Argonaut.

Not a Swindler. Daughter.—That man who advertised all the latest popular songs for \$1 is a swindler. Old Man.—Eh? Didn't he send anything for your money? I'll report him to the authorities at once. "Yes, he sent the latest popular songs, just as advertised, but they were only the words. No music at all. I can read them, of course, but I can't sing them."

My dear, that man is not a swindler. He is a philanthropist.

ONCE IN DARKNESS KNEELING.

When the heart in my bosom burns
While still I have faith to see
In the gloom of a darkness drear
The cup that was drained for me.

Why, once in the darkness kneeling
He taught me the lesson of love
The light of his smile revealing
The wounds in his hands and feet.

He taught me the love that conquers
That light in the garden door
And my heart at his bidding banners
And I know that the world leaves me.

And thinking now of his sorrow
The great of his darkened brow
I shrink from a darkness morrow
Or weep that the world leaves me.

Ours of the golden glitter
The far in your dark eyes
Ours of the draught so bitter
He sweet to my lips and lips.

—Washington Post.

PERCY AND THE PROPHET.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER I.

The Quack.

The disasters that followed the hateful offense against Christianity which men call war were severely felt in England during the peace that ensued on the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. At this melancholy period of our national history, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce suffered an unexampled depression. The deficiency in the revenue was publicly acknowledged in parliament to be alarming. With rare exceptions distress prevailed among all classes of the community. The starving nation was ripe and ready for a revolutionary rising against its rulers—the rulers who had shed the people's blood and wasted the people's substance in a war which had yielded to the popular interest absolutely nothing in return.

Among the unfortunate persons who were driven, during the disastrous early years of this century, to strange shifts and devices to obtain the means of living was a certain obscure medical man, of French extraction, named Lagarde. The doctor (duly qualified in England as well as his own country, and the original holder of the fourteen number) came back to bear his testimony to that fact. The street door had been opened for him by the landlady of the house. She was a pretty woman, and the gentleman had fortunately lingered to talk to her. He was induced, at the intercession of the landlady to ascend the stairs again.

On returning to the waiting-room he addressed a characteristic question to the assembled visitors. "Mors-humburg?" asked the gentleman who liked to talk to a pretty woman.

The servant—completely puzzled by his own stupidity—attempted to make his apologies.

"Pray forgive me, gentlemen," he said. "I am afraid I have confused the cards I distribute with the cards returned to me. In the case of mistakes of any kind I am ordered to set them right on the spot. In this case I think I had better consult my master."

He disappeared in the inner room. Left by themselves the visitors began to speak jestingly of the strange situation in which they were placed.

The original holder of number fourteen described his own experience of the doctor's characteristic way. "Mors-humburg?" applied to the fellow to tell my fortune. He first went to sleep over it, and then said he could tell me nothing. I asked why. "I don't know," says he. "I do," says I—"humburg!" I'll bet you the long odds, gentlemen, that you find it a humbug, too."

Before the wager could be accepted or declined the door of the inner room opened, and a new personage appeared on the threshold, relieved darkly against the light in the room behind him. A singularly quiet, sad voice addressed the visitors in these words.

"Gentlemen, I must beg your indulgence. The apparent accident which has given to the last corner number already held by a gentleman who has unsuccessfully consulted me, may have a meaning which we can none of us at present see. Observe, I don't speak positively, I only say it may be. If the three visitors who have been so good as to wait will allow the present holder of number fourteen to consult me out of his turn, and if the earlier visitor, who left me dissatisfied with his consultation will consent to stay here a little longer, I pledge myself, if nothing happens during the first ten minutes of the interview, to receive the gentlemen who have yet to consult me, and to detain no longer the gentleman who has seen me already. On the other hand, if anything does happen, there is a chance at least that one among you—most likely the original holder of number fourteen—may be concerned in it. Under these circumstances, is ten minutes patience too much to ask of you?"

The three visitors who had waited the longest consulted among themselves, and (having nothing better to do with their time) decided on accepting the doctor's proposal. The visitor who believed it all to be "humburg" coolly took a gold coin out of his pocket, tossed it into the air, caught it in his closed hand, and walked up to the shaded lamp on the bracket. "Heads, stay," he said. "Tails, go." He opened his hand and looked at the coin. "Heads! Very good. Go on with your locuspocus, sir. I'll wait."

"You believe in chance," said the doctor, quietly observing him. "That is not my experience of life." He paused to let the stranger who held number fourteen pass him into the inner room—then followed, closing the door behind him.

CHAPTER II.

The Numbers.

On a raw and snowy evening toward the latter part of January 1817, a gentleman, walking along the Strand, turned into the street in which Dr. Lagarde lived and knocked at the mesmerist's door. The gentleman was young and handsome, with a certain peculiarity in his gait which revealed him as belonging to the military profession. His dress studiously omitted the exaggerations and absurdities of the hideous fashion prevailing in those days. In a word the outward mark set on him was the mark which unmistakably proclaimed a well-bred man.

He was admitted by an elderly male servant to a waiting room on the first floor. The light of one little lamp placed on a bracket fixed to the wall, was so obscured by a dark green shade as to make it difficult, if not impossible, for visitors meeting by accident to recognize each other. The metal money-box fixed to the table was just visible. In the flickering light of a small fire the stranger perceived the figures of three men seated apart and silent who were the only occupants of the room besides himself. The weather, however, had, no doubt, kept the doctor's lady visitors at home. So far as objects were to be seen, there was nothing to attract attention in the waiting-room. The furniture was

plain and neat, and nothing more. The elderly servant handed a card, with a number inscribed on it, to the new visitor, said in a whisper, "Your number will be called, sir, in your turn," and disappeared. For some minutes nothing disturbed the deep silence but the faint ticking of the clock. After a while a bell rang from an inner room, a door opened and a gentleman appeared, whose interview with Dr. Lagarde had terminated. His opinion of the sitting was openly expressed in one emphatic word—"Humburg!" No contribution dropped from his hand as he passed the money-box on his way out.

The next number (being number fifteen) was called by the elderly servant, and the first incident occurred in the strange series of events destined to be spoken in the doctor's house that night.

One after another the three men who had been waiting rose, examined their cards under the light of the lamp, and sat down again, surprised and disappointed. The servant advanced to investigate the matter. The number possessed by the three visitors, instead of being fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen, proved to be sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen. Turning to the stranger who had arrived last, the doctor said:

"Have I made a mistake, sir? My sight is not so good as it was, and I am afraid I have awkwardly confused the cards in this dark place. Have I given you number fifteen instead of number eighteen?"

The gentleman produced his card. A mistake had certainly been made, but not the mistake the servant supposed. The card held by the latest visitor turned out to be the card previously held by the dissatisfied stranger who had just left the room—number fourteen! As to the card number fifteen, it was only discovered the next morning lying in a corner, dropped on the floor!

Acting on his first impulse, the servant hurried out of the room, calling to the gentleman who had been the original holder of the fourteen number, come back to bear his testimony to that fact. The street door had been opened for him by the landlady of the house. She was a pretty woman, and the gentleman had fortunately lingered to talk to her. He was induced, at the intercession of the landlady to ascend the stairs again.

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CHAPTER III.

The Consultation.

Soon under the clearer light, Doctor Lagarde appeared to be the last person living who would consent to degrade himself by an attempt at imposture of any kind. His eyes were the dreamy eyes of a visionary; his look was the prematurely aged look of a student accustomed to give the hours to his book which ought to have been given to his bed. To state briefly, the disciple of Mesmer was a man who might easily be deceived by others, but who was incapable of consciously practicing deception himself. Signaling to his visitor to take a chair, he seated himself on the opposite side of the small table that stood between them, waited a moment with

his face hidden in his hands, as if to collect himself, and then spoke: "Do you come to consult me on a case of illness?" he inquired, "or do you ask me to look into the darkness which hides your future life?"

The stranger answered gravely, "I have no need to consult you about my health. I come to hear what you can tell me of my future life."

"You know that," said the doctor, "but that I cannot promise to succeed?"

"I accept your conditions," the stranger rejoined. "I neither believe nor disbelieve. If you will excuse my speaking frankly, I mean to observe you closely, and to decide for myself."

Doctor Lagarde smiled sadly. "You have heard of me as a charlatan who contrives to amuse a few idle people," he said. "I don't complain of that; my present position leads necessarily to misinterpretation of myself and my motives. Still I may at least say that I am in the belief of a sincere avowal of my belief in a great science. Yes, I repeat it, a great science! To be of any use to you, I must first be thrown into a magnetic trance. The person who has the strongest influence over me is the person who will do it to-night." He paused, and looked round toward the corner of the room behind him. "Mother," he said, gently, "are you ready?"

An elderly lady, dressed in deep mourning, rose from her seat in the corner. She had been thus far hidden from notice by the high back of the easy-chair in which her son sat. Excepting some folds of fine black lace laid over her white hair so as to form a head-dress at once simple and picturesque, there was nothing remarkable in her attire. The visitor, well accustomed to the society of women of high rank and breeding, rose and bowed, as if (stranger though she was to him) he recognized a person of distinction. She gravely returned his salute, and moved toward the table so as to place herself opposite to her son.

"When you please, Henry," she said.

Bending over him, she took both the doctor's hands in hers and fixed her eyes steadily on his. No words passed between them; nothing more took place. In a minute or two his head was resting against the back of the chair and his eyelids had closed.

"Are you sleeping?" asked Mrs. Lagarde.

"I am sleeping," he answered.

She laid his hands gently on the arms of the chair and turned to address the visitor.

"Let the sleep gain on him for a minute or two more," she said. "Then take one of his hands and put to him what questions you please."

"Does he hear us now, madam?"

"[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WONDERFUL STRENGTH.

The Accomplishments of Polydamas and Herakles.

Polydamas of Thessalia was a man of extraordinary strength and stature. As Hercules had done, he alone without arms, killed an enormous lion that was devastating the valleys of Mount Olympus. With one hand Polydamas could hold back a chariot drawn by two horses. He could break the trunk of a tree as anyone would break a small stick.

The king of Persia, Darius I, wishing to witness the feats of this marvelous man, called him to his court; he opposed to him three of the stoutest men of his army. Polydamas killed the three by simply giving them a slap on the ears; he was about to slap the faces of a few more when the king, satisfied, stopped him. One day he seized a bull by one of its hind feet, and the animal did not escape until it had left its hoofs buried in the ground.

Likewise, he died through confidence in his strength. He attempted to support a mass of rock that had given way, but he got buried under it and died.

Also in the sixteenth century there lived another remarkably strong man, a major, named Barsabas. One day he took up an anvil weighing 500 pounds and hid it under his cloak. Often to amuse his comrades he went through the rifle drill with a cannon. He could crush between his fingers the limbs of big animals. One day, seeing a crowd looking at an enormous dancing bear, he offered to wrestle with the animal. The major threw the bear down several times, and judging it unworthy of further struggle, slew the animal with his fist, and carried it away on his shoulders, amid the cheers of the crowd. Another day, seeing several officers of his regiment surrounded by an angry crowd, he ran to them, knocking people down right and left, as a child does with a pack of cards. The crowd, exasperated, turned on him, but, seizing two of his assailants, one with each hand, he used them as clubs on the crowd, who, astonished at this extraordinary display of strength, quickly drew back. Once he squeezed to a pulp the hand of a man who wanted to fight him.

Barsabas' sister was also remarkable for her strength. Some burglars entered a convent where she was; she threw one out of the window and killed two others with a pillar which she tore down and used as a club.

It's a Little Way They Have.

A pair of nippers and half a dozen eighteen-inch gas-burner tubes," was the order given by a jaunty young woman who visited a hardware store the other day. "That lady," said the proprietor after her departure, "is an actress, and is just going over the road. All theatrical people while traveling carry nippers and tips with them. The managers of hotels in small towns try to save gas by putting bits of cotton in the bedroom burners, thus impeding the flow. The minute an actor strikes a light and tips off her hair, she is ready to burn and on goes one that lets the full head of gas come through. Before leaving he arranges things as he found them and goes merrily along to get the better of the next economical landlord on his route."

Nothing Left.

Wife—There are thieves in the house. Husband—Go down and show them your new bonnet, and they won't waste any time looking for money here.—New York Weekly.

ELEPHANTS OF BRAINS.

HANDLE LUMBER AS WELL AS HUMAN BEINGS.

In British Burma They Use the Intelligent Pachyderm in the Lumber Business—A Couple of Animals Beat Their Brethren in the Work.

The display of trained animals, broken for show purposes, cannot offer the slightest comparison in interest to the trained elephants exhibition one sees in the city of Moulmein, British Burma. The most absorbingly entertaining feature of the novel sight is the paradoxical industrial character which the work of these huge Indian pachyderms assumes. It hardly seems possible that the work of sawmills usually done by human hands, could be accomplished through the medium of the elephant's trunk and the elephant's sagacity; nevertheless it is a fact that the Irrawadi steamship company uses some forty or fifty elephants in the operation of its sawmills at Moulmein, and the teak-wood so largely entering into the construction of ships is here made ready for the hands of the artisan.

A gentleman lately returned from a tour of the East gives an interesting account of the manner in which the mills are operated. The logs are chopped in the interior and floated several hundred miles down the Salween river to the mill, which is situated on the banks of the stream at Moulmein. Here the logs are formed into a boom, and henceforth the work of transporting is done by the elephants.

The most wonderful, interesting, novel, and almost incredible feature of the entire combination is the sight of two monstrously large male elephants, spurring them on, pushing, driving and frequently chastising a lazy or recalcitrant member of the force.

Very few men are needed to direct the elephants in their work. From six to eight of the animals usually work in the water. These wade or swim, according to the depth of the water, to the long boom, and loosening several logs at a time tow them to the shore at a certain point. Each of the company of elephants that convey the logs from this point to the drying place has a chain attached to his neck and reaching to the ground. At the bottom of this chain is a loop, through which the log is run. A man directs the movements of the elephants in placing the log within the coil of the chain. The elephant picks up another log by his trunk, and in this manner drags two at a time to the seasoning stack. About eight elephants are employed in this capacity. The work of piling the logs to dry is done by two female elephants. Each winds her trunk about the log near the end, and together they raise it in a horizontal position and place it on the stack.

After the logs have dried sufficiently they are ready for the mill. Two female elephants take the dry logs from the piles and deliver them to the drying place, where they are stacked between the water and the seasoning stacks. These convey the logs to a track over which a small car runs to the mill. Only one log at a time is placed upon this car. As soon as a log is in position on the car an elephant, trained for this particular part of the work, pushes the car to the mill. Arrived at the mill the log is pushed from the car to a carrier that passes beneath the buzz saw. As soon as the log is thus transferred to the carrier the elephant operating the car returns for another log, while another huge beast trained to do the sawing operates the carrier and pushes the log against the saw. But the interesting part of the work does not end here, for, as the log is being sawed into the desired boards and timbers another elephant receives the completed material, piling the slabs on one side and the more valuable product on the other. But two men are required to oversee and direct the elephants used in sawing the logs.

Another detachment of the herd is used in carrying the lumber from the mill to the yards and sheds. For this purpose very long trucks with back wheels close to each other are used. There are elephants trained for loading the sawed material upon these trucks while others push the loaded trucks to the sheds. In the lumber yard are the "pillers," or elephants that take the lumber from the trucks and place it in piles for further seasoning.

As stated before, there is one detachment of this strange army of laborers, which does the "kitchen work" for the hotel elephant, or whatever the feeding place of these big fellows may be called, says the Chicago Times. Some may be seen carrying hay for the stables, but by far the most interesting sight is the preparation of the food. This is composed of grass, bran and molasses, and is mixed in a large vat. While some are carrying these different components of the highly delectable elephantine boarding-house hash others are engaged in mixing it with pestles, which they dexterously manipulate with their trunks. The narrator observed one of the elephants suddenly stop work with the pestle and refuse to wield his mixing stick any further. One of the two big boys elephants was called to the scene and picking up the recalcitrant's pestle, beat him with it over the back and hips until he whiningly returned to his work.

Only about ten men are employed in directing the work of the entire herd of elephants. Those who have seen this novel mill at Moulmein in operation all agree in giving it the credit of being the greatest exhibition of trained animals in the world and say that Hagenbeck's and, in fact, all other trained animal shows are simply nothing near "in line" with it. The mill hands, or more properly speaking, the mill trunks of this institution, have never yet gone out on a strike.

They Have the Right of It.

In Catalonia idleness is considered by everyone, high and low, a disgrace, and nonmercantile undertaking or industrial pursuit socially disqualifies any individual. This inhospitable mercantile propensity is ap-

parently an inheritance from their Phœnician ancestors, who in ages past established themselves in the Mediterranean border of Spain and whose characteristic trading inclinations have prevailed to this day, and neither Celts nor Romans nor Goths or Moors have ever annulled or even weakened them. The Semitic origin of the Catalan makes him a born merchant, and for this reason neither English, French, Germans nor even Jews of any nationality compete successfully in trade with this energetic, shrewd and enterprising race.

BIG MAILS FROM THE WEST.

Members of Congress from Beyond the Mississippi Get the Most Letters.

It is interesting to note the striking differences among the degrees of representatives from different sections of the country, says the Washington Star. The mail of representatives from the New England and South Atlantic states is comparatively light, that of representatives of the middle states is moderate, or "from fair to middling," and that from the Western, Northwestern and Southwestern states is exceedingly heavy.

In other words, it seems that the people of the older states, particularly of the thirteen original states, which had their existence before the union was established, lean but lightly upon the federal government and have but few wants to express in correspondence to their representatives at Washington, while residents of the newer states, whose state governments were erected simultaneously with their admission into the union, are apt to look to Washington for nearly everything they want. In the old states along the Atlantic seaboard the people by instinct and tradition rely upon themselves and upon their state governments, while in the later admitted states, especially those beyond Illinois to the north, south and west, as for example Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri, the people appear by custom to be more dependent upon the general government. Particularly is this the case in states where conditions of acute unrest and dissatisfaction prevail from industrial or financial causes. There the people have become habitually clamorous in their demands upon congressmen to procure them pensions, assistance and situations, to remedy and redress their wrongs, real or imagined, to lighten their burdens, to mitigate their woes and to do other things by legislation and influence at Washington. Again, on the other hand, the Southern people in the main bother their congressmen very little by writing letters.

WORDS OF CREATION.

Almost every man in the world says he can't help his peculiarities, but he will not admit that his neighbor can't help his.

Maud—Do you believe that marriages are made in heaven? Marjorie—I don't know. But I don't intend to wait and see.

After the piano solo. Mr. Budd, proudly—My daughter is self-taught. Distinguished Musician—So I divined at once, my dear madam.

Joseph H. Simms, who was born in slavery and came North at the end of the war, is foremost among the colored lawyers of New York city.

Diogenes said to one who said to him, "They deride you." "But I am not derided." He accounted those only to be ridiculed who feel the ridicule.

It is estimated by a statistician with a penchant for the odd that all the people that have died since Adam's day could be buried in a cemetery 100,000 miles square.

A light supper, a good night's sleep and a fine morning have often made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward.

Governor Turney, of Tennessee, although 70 years of age, keeps a pack of 700 dogs, and devotes all his spare time to fox hunting. He is a fine horseman, despite his advanced age.

Mr. Alfred de Rothschild possesses a lion cub which he has trained to follow him about his house and grounds. Its food consists of rice and boiled mutton, of which latter article it readily consumes upward of five pounds a day.

RARE AND READABLE.

A snafish weighing 1,800 pounds was recently caught by Los Angeles fishermen.

Willard A. Lucas of Popocatepetl, Mex., wears an artificial hand made of aluminum.

On Long Island duck farms are found to be more profitable than summer boarders.

The proposed Hoboken bridge will have a single span of 2,850 feet—the longest in the world.

The capital letter "Q" will be found but twice in the Old Testament and three times in the New.

From January 1, 1890, to January 1, 1891, there were 1,018,391 gallons of rum shipped from Boston to Africa. In 1891 the trade was almost doubled.

New York and Massachusetts have each been represented in the cabinet twenty-eight times. Pennsylvania follows, with twenty-five representations.

Executions ceased to be public in England in 1865. Before that time they were in the squares in front of the palls and attracted thousands of people from the country round.

This country has become, within three decades one of the most important olive-consuming countries of the world. When olives were first imported into the United States they were a luxury of the rich.

No woman is permitted to land on the island of Fernando de Noronha, one of a group in the South Atlantic ocean, belonging to Brazil. It is a station for men convicts from Brazil, and all women are strenuously prohibited from disembarking there.

M. Marey has found, from his continued studies of animal locomotion by means of instantaneous photography, that the modes of progression of the viper and the eel are much alike; that the postures of bats in flight are much like those of man swimming, and that hares trot like horses.

FIRST AFTER THE WAR.

THE FISH FRY ON BUCK CREEK AND ITS RESULTS.

It Produced Remarkable Effects in the Georgia Community, But the Tale Thereof Has Never Before Been Told—The Fish That Were Caught.

It was Saturday, and as hot as summer weather usually goes in Georgia. The farmers had laid by their crops and the men had little to do except help the women dry peaches. The war having just ended the Georgians were in extreme poverty; some living in shanties or log huts near the charred remains of stately mansions, barns and gin houses.

The young men had straggled back home, many lame and disabled, but those who were fortunate enough to live and strong enough to work began at once to repair their lost fortunes. This unusual and universal condition kept the young people from enjoying themselves in the summer festivities so common before the war.

In some way the word was passed around that on this particular Saturday there would be a fish fry at Willaford on Buck creek, says the Philadelphia Times. Such another Philadelphia would be hard to find to this day. The heat of the August sun was a stranger to the cool sands in the old once well-beaten roadway. The great water oaks interlaced their huge branches overhead and made the low grounds around the old ford black with dense shade.

The water sparkled and leaped over the mossy rocks and splashed about their foamy crests round and round until they slowed up and seemed to rest in the cool shade. The swamp was pregnant with the most beautiful ferns and flowers modestly hidden here and there.

It was agreed that the girls should have their baskets ready and the boys, with such stock as they could scrounge, intended in former days for their neighborhood and round until they slowed up and seemed to rest in the cool shade. The swamp was pregnant with the most beautiful ferns and flowers modestly hidden here and there.

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Catharine, in the city of London, for nearly three centuries, has just been abolished. It owes its origin to an adventure which befell a medieval lord mayor of

A smile costs no more than a frown—and looks much better.

Look out for counterfeiters! See that you get the genuine Balaivon Oil! Do not let the dealer sell you something "just as good," but insist upon getting the genuine with the Bull's Head Trade-mark on the wrapper.

Every man is a hypocrite who prays one way and lives another.

It is because persons who once try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, always buy it again, that its sales have become so enormous. The success of this great remedy in curing cold, cough, croup and sore-throat is simply marvellous.

There are two ways of telling a goose—by its gabble and its walk.



KNOWLEDGE

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

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

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

"August Flower"

I used August Flower for Loss of vitality and general debility. After taking two bottles I gained 65 lbs. I have sold more of your August Flower since I have been in business than any other medicine I ever kept. Mr. Peter Zinville says he was made a new man by the use of August Flower, recommended by me. I have hundreds tell me that August Flower has done them more good than any other medicine they ever took. GEORGE W. DYE, Sardis, Mason Co., Ky.

DUCKSKIN BREECHES

BEST MADE, BEST FITTING, BEST WEARING

JEAN PANTS

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR

Manufactured by THE GOODWIN CLOTHING CO., EVANSVILLE, IND.

USE FOR THESE EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

McELREES' WINE OF CARDUI.

It was an unusually dark night and the wind blew in violent gusts as I started on my errand.

I was standing in a street in front of the store opposite the apple tree. With a moment's hesitation I leaped the ditch and clambered over the wall into the orchard.

At the instant I raised my hand to grasp an apple a very peculiar voice cried: "You thief! There you are at last!"

As I peered into the darkness whence the voice came, I saw the shining barrel of a gun pointed at my breast.

Instinctively I threw myself at my assailant, who fired at the same moment, and I bore him to the ground.

I at once released my hold upon his throat and springing to my feet, I was about to fly, when to my horror he uttered a deep groan, followed by a sound which, when once heard, can never be forgotten—the death rattle.

I lit a match and, falling on my knees, held it close to the prostrate man's face. Great God, what a spectacle!

"The face of an old man, with open, staring eyes, his long white hair bathed in blood, which flowed from a gaping wound near his temple, was what I saw by the flickering light of my match.

I also saw close beside his head the sharp and ragged point of a large stone and the cause of his death was at once revealed to me.

The moving lights of several lanterns in the distance warned me that the report of the old man's gun had aroused his family and neighbors, and, at once losing all control over myself, I fled, like a madman, straight before me.

At the end of a few steps I brought up suddenly against the door of an out-house, and, pressing on the latch, I penetrated into a region much darker than the night outside. I hastily lit a match, and looking about I saw a lantern hanging upon a nail directly in front of me. I lit the lantern at once, and by means of its light discovered a ladder, which led to a loft above.

I scrambled up the ladder and found

Young Mothers!

We Offer You a Remedy which Insures Safety to Mother and Child.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

Babe Confinement of the Pain, Horror and Suffering.

After reading the history of Mother's Friend you will find it is a most reliable and safe remedy for all the ailments of pregnancy and childbirth. It is sold by all druggists.

GARDEN SEEDS.

Send 25 cents in stamps and receive

(10) TEN PAPERS of—

Reliable Garden Seeds and all the latest information on all the new and improved seeds of the season. Also a list of the names of the best seedsmen in the country.

WELL-MACHINERY Works.

For more information write to the nearest agent or to the following:

WELL-MACHINERY CO., 1001 North Main Street, Fort Worth, Texas.

APPLES OF DISCORD.

Myself in a large room filled with hay, containing a single window that overlooked the fields that skirted the lawn.

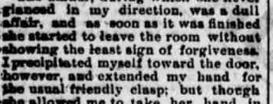
I had scarcely time to glance about me when I heard my pursuers with shouts and yells approach the barn, and in a moment they had gained the room below.

Cornered and desperate I threw my lantern aside and, rushing to the window, sprang to the ground below. I fled like a deer through the field and, completely exhausted, I gained at last a piece of wood about a mile from town.

As I lay panting upon the ground I heard the clanging of a bell, then several, until in a moment the air seemed filled with their brazen peals. Springing to my feet I looked toward the town and I was horrified to see great sheets of flames issuing from the barn, where, in my mad flight, I had overturned the lantern. In a few moments the fire spread to the adjoining building and soon the whole street was in a blaze. Above the pealing of the bells I seemed to hear the words: "Assassin!" "Robber!" "Incendiary!" shrieked in menacing tones. And well I knew that I merited those infamous epithets. Yes, I, who had dreamed of a life of honor, had committed three terrible crimes in a few moments, by an enchantment of circumstances all proceeding from my weakness before the caprice of a pretty woman.

As I held myself in horror and dejection, and I revolved the places of trying to save a life of so little value, to yield myself up to justice at once. With this object in view, I started for the town, and upon my arrival I went directly to my colonel, confessed my crimes. This accomplished, I fell into a state of unparalleled terror. I had no perception of time, neither of the hours nor the days, and lived as one crushed by the weight of an inexorable fatality. Two terrible shocks, however, drew me for a short time from this lethargy. The day when condemned by a council of war, I stood before the comrades of my regiment, and under the horrible ceremony of degradation, I asked myself how it was possible to suffer such shame and live. Then came my trial before the civil authorities, who had just condemned me to death. The decree of death was a deliverance; but I dreaded the mode of execution, and I recoiled in horror on the scaffold. "Not that! not that!" I cried and struggled madly against those who tried to place me under the guillotine.

Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my right hand; I heard the crack of a rifle, and I found myself in my chamber on the lounge, where I had fallen asleep while thinking of the scene.



The dinner, during which she never glanced in my direction, was a dull affair, and as soon as it was finished she started to leave the room without showing the least sign of forgiveness. I reproached myself toward the door, however, and extended my hand for the usual friendly clasp; but though she allowed me to take her hand in mine, her fingers did not respond to my warm pressure; her little hand lay limp and cold in mine, while her manner indicated that she would have refused me even this, but for the people present.

"Bertha!" I murmured in a supplicating voice.

"Sir," she replied coldly, "I love apples—stolen apples."

After pronouncing those words my cruel love left the room and I at once took my departure and returned home with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

THE FACE OF AN OLD MAN.

I believe in Bertha and in the delectable apples. In my struggles I had broken a goblet which stood on a stand near by and one of the fragments had cut my hand.

The next day I told Bertha all about my agonies, real and imaginary. "It seems to me," I said in an impressive manner, "that my dream conveys a solemn warning and—"

"Be tranquil, my dear," she said, "I shall never ask you to steal apples for me again."

"Oh, thanks!" I cried.

"No," she resumed, "if I want any apples I shall know enough not to ask you to get them for me; I shall steal them myself."

I do not really think I shall have trouble with that girl yet.

A CURIOUS COMPOSITION.

Written With a Needle by a Ballet Dancer Who Kept no Music.

Rameau, the celebrated French composer (1683-1764), is responsible for a very curious composition. The famous ballet dancer Salis, with whom he entertained very friendly relations, asked him one day to give her some instruction in the science of composing that she might immortalize herself by a composition of her own.

Half ironically, half gallantly, Rameau replied that it was unnecessary for him to give her any lessons, as all she would have to do was to wield the needle with which she produced such delicate embroideries. He took some note paper from his pocket and directed her to place it near upon a stitch with the staff or near the same. The beautiful girl did as she was asked, and when she had finished Rameau took the sheet and transformed the stitches into notes. Not one was omitted by him, while he changed their value, etc., and prefixed the clef when he was finished. He then played the composition, greatly to the delight of the charming dancer.

The outcome of this little pleasantry was an exceedingly peculiar and piquant melody which Rameau later on embodied in his opera "Les Indes Galantes." It was played and sung with great success and became very popular. Under the title of "Les Sauvages" it was for a long time one of the most popular melodies of the age.

A Dry Geyser.

There is a hole in Yellowstone park supposed to be a "dry geyser," which is believed to be "bottomless." Three thousand feet of line, with weight attached, has been let down into it without meeting with obstruction.

The New Hampshire experiment farm finds that milk from the best cows costs one and a half cents a quart; from their poorest, four and a half cents; as it costs just as much to feed the smaller producer.

No Depositing Her.

Lawyer—I'm sorry, but hoarse won't do here. We must have evidence which no one will dare dispute.

Client—Heaven, man! My mother-in-law saw it!—Puck.

First Boy—Which do you like best, your father or your mother?

Second Boy—Well, I like my father best, mostly, but I like my mother best at mealtime.

HIS ODD COAT.

The Jolly Old Gentleman Checked When He Thought of It.

He was a humorous old gentleman, and said many good things. But the reason why he lived so long was not generally known. He imparted the secret to me himself when he was 95.

It was a winter's day; many young fellows of that age would have been sitting by the fireside; not so this brisk and hearty young fellow, writes Walter Besant in the London Queen. He was walking in the January sun; he had on an old brown greatcoat, with a woolen muffler round his neck and Canadian mittens, which are quite the best things for winter wear, on his hands. Seeing him afar off I knew him by the old brown coat which, by dint of long wear, had assumed something of its owner's shape. A shabby old coat, stained with age, discolored in patches and ragged at the cuffs. I told him this. I said that he had worn that coat as long as I remembered him at all. It was a coat, I said, that would never wear out. He laughed. "It will last me out," he said, pleasantly. Then he laughed again and turned so as to face the sunshine. "I will tell you about this coat," he said. "It has kept me alive. Either for the coat must prove the survivor. I am practically old, as you know—one of the oldest men in the world—not so old as Sir Moses Montefiore when he died—which is encouraging—but old as men go. Well, sir, it seems only yesterday that I was 80. Only yesterday," he sighed, "Time passes. Life is horribly short. Sixteen years ago I was 80. On that birthday I overheard my daughters talking. They are dear affectionate children," he added, "but cheeping. They were talking about my old brown coat—it was old then—sixteen years ago. 'It's good enough for another year,' said one. 'Quite,' said the other. 'In the nature of things,' said one. 'Quite so,' said the other. 'It would be a needless expense,' said one. 'Quite needless,' said the other. That was sixteen years ago, and the coat and I have come to an understanding—we are trying to outlive each other. At present I'll back myself. 'A needless expense,' Ho! Ho! 'Quite in the nature of things,' Ha! Ha!" So he walked away chuckling. All that winter and the next he wore the old brown coat. In the following summer I heard that the coat had contracted moth—sentle moth—they called it. It was not replaced. When autumn came the moth came real and imaginary. "It had no great coat, and he did not ask for one. The last time I saw him he chuckled again. 'I've outlived even that old coat,' he said, "and now it would be a needless expense—quite needless. Because in the nature of things—" He turned his face to the fire and lapsed into silence. Before the end of the year he was silent forever.

It is not generally supposed that ally abesses are marriageable people, but there seems to be an exception to all rules. It is announced that the Archduchess Caroline of Austria, who is the Lady Abbess of the Convent of Noble Ladies of Poia, is betrothed to Prince August, of Sage-Coburg-Gotha. It is said that the ladies of the house of Hapsburg become abbesses and princesses much as the gentlemen of the imperial house used to become bishops and archbishops, for what there is in it, without any absolute purpose of renouncing the world. There is even a superstition among the Austrian archduchesses that they are sure to be married if they can only become lady abbesses. Besides the title lady with it a substantial emolument. The Convent of the Noble Ladies pays \$30,000 a year, and a few years' incumbency will put the lady in a very comfortable position to begin housekeeping.

An Unseen Enemy.

It is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtle and insidious which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself, when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, can be effectively eradicated by the fortifying system against its insidious attacks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of malaria in the system, and a safeguard against its return, as it is relied upon in the event of a relapse, attack, and instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

Scrubbing a Pig with Soap will not take the love of mud out of his heart.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it, you must take internal remedies. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces, will cure Catarrh in a few days. It is a regular prescription for all cases of Catarrh, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the system. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

"Coronation Spoon."

Among the crown jewels of England in the Tower of London is kept the "coronation spoon." It dates from the time of Edward the Confessor, 1066. It is of pure gold, richly set with gems and is used to receive the consecrated oil used at the coronation. It is sometimes called the "anointing spoon."

Find a man who has no hobby and you find one who is not happy.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

Are annually lost because poor seed is planted. Now, when you sow you want to reap. For instance, A. M. Lamb, Penn., made \$5,000 on ten acres of vegetables; R. Bey, Cal., cropped 1,313 bushels Salzer's onions per acre; Frank Close, Minn., 100 bushels of spring wheat from two acres; A. Hahn, Wis., 1,410 bushels potatoes per acre; Frank Winter, Montana, 215 bushels of potatoes from one bushel planted. This is what Salzer calls reaping.

Do you want to reap vegetables just twenty days ahead of your neighbors? If so, send \$1 for Salzer's 35 packages earliest vegetable novelties (sufficient for a family).

If you will cut this out and send it with the postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La. Croix, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and a trial package of "Get There, Eli," the sixteen-day radish.

IT FILLS THE BILL.

A son of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Sick Headache, Distention, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly and permanently cured.

Glen Weston, Marshall Co., W. Va. Dear Sir:—I have used your pills and am much benefited. I have a stomach complaint, and have tried many other remedies, but they have not helped me. I have now in good health, and I feel better in my life. I have a color, and more, and I can now do my work, and I am very much pleased. I have a good appetite, and I am very much benefited. I have a good appetite, and I am very much benefited. I have a good appetite, and I am very much benefited.

SEEDS THAT GROW MONEY.

I still have a few High Grade FARM WAGONS FOR SALE CHEAP. LLOYD EBERHART, Joliet, Ill.

At a Price Afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water.

Mr. J. S. Soule of New York.

Mr. J. S. Soule of New York owns a railroad in Kansas and is very much annoyed to find that he cannot do what he will with his own. It is not such a road, being only twenty-seven miles long, though it was at first intended to be a great deal longer. It has been leased to stock, and for awhile has been operated by the Rock Island road. Its business has fallen off with the hard times to practically nothing at all, and when the Rock Island's lease expired recently it was not renewed. Mr. Soule went out and took a look at it, and then went to Chicago and sold the rails and ties to a contractor, who wanted to use them in Texas. When he went to take up the road the people of the country through which the road passed opposed it, and the United States district judge enjoined him from pulling up the track. Soule says that the road is his, and that he can do what he pleases with it, but the court says that though he owns the road the people of the country through which it passes have their rights in it, too.

An Abbe's Will.

It is not generally supposed that ally abesses are marriageable people, but there seems to be an exception to all rules. It is announced that the Archduchess Caroline of Austria, who is the Lady Abbess of the Convent of Noble Ladies of Poia, is betrothed to Prince August, of Sage-Coburg-Gotha. It is said that the ladies of the house of Hapsburg become abbesses and princesses much as the gentlemen of the imperial house used to become bishops and archbishops, for what there is in it, without any absolute purpose of renouncing the world. There is even a superstition among the Austrian archduchesses that they are sure to be married if they can only become lady abbesses. Besides the title lady with it a substantial emolument. The Convent of the Noble Ladies pays \$30,000 a year, and a few years' incumbency will put the lady in a very comfortable position to begin housekeeping.

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At a Price Afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water.

Highest of all in Leavening Power—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Wash Out Your Mouth. A leading New York paper calls attention to an antiseptic treatment of the mouth as a preventive of disease. Inquisitive physicians have found secreted in the folds of the mucous membrane of the mouth the microbes of pneumonia, measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria, and say that more pathogenic germs can be found there than in any other part of the body, and to prevent their entering the system a germ-destroying dentifrice should be constantly employed, especially after eating. M. Unna of Hamburg recommends finely powdered chlorate of potash as a more effective germicide than the many tooth powders and mouth washes sold by the druggists, but still other medical correspondents think that chlorate of soda is much better, as it has all the therapeutic properties of chlorate of potash, is much more soluble and a great deal less poisonous. Few people know, what is nevertheless a fact, that the chlorate of potash, especially with children, is liable to cause serious gastric trouble.

Henry's Cruelty.

During the reign of Henry VIII 71,400 persons were legally executed in England, the larger portion of whom were guilty of no offense worse than misdemeanor. In one year 300 starving beggars were hanged for asking alms.

An Afghanistan City.

Herat in Afghanistan, is the city which has been most often destroyed. Fifty-six times has its walls been laid in ruins, and the same number of times have they been erected again.

Hansen's Magic Cure Salve.

There are two things in the world upon which there has never been any improvement—the wheelbarrow and kissing.

Dr. J. A. Hunter, Surgeon, in Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Heart, Catarrh and Deafness 315 Main Street, Dallas, Tex. Send for pamphlet.

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Are just what every gardener needs. The most reliable and profitable seeds in the world. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1896 contains the names and addresses of the latest farming countries. Free for the asking.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, BURNS.

\$20.00 CASH REWARD

It costs NOTHING to try your skill. See below.

Will be paid to any man or woman, young or old, who can find a single copy of the "Big 4" Brain-Burnishers. The reward will be paid for each winning answer to ANY ONE of the four.

Costs NOTHING TO TRY YOUR SKILL.

Simply write out what, after careful study, you believe are the answers to the "Big 4" Brain-Burnishers. Do not forget to give your name and address, and to enclose a recent photograph. You will receive the answers to the "Big 4" Brain-Burnishers. Do not forget to give your name and address, and to enclose a recent photograph. You will receive the answers to the "Big 4" Brain-Burnishers.

THE JUDGES OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

HAVE MADE THE HIGHEST AWARDS (Medals and Diplomas) to WALTER BAKER & CO.

On each of the following named articles:

BREAKFAST COCOA, Premium No. 1, Chocolate, Vanilla Chocolate, German Sweet Chocolate, Cocoa Butter,

HUNTER & BOSSO, MACHINERY

WORN NIGHT AND DAY. Suits with new under all circumstances. Perfectly fitting. Comfort and health. Guaranteed. Price \$1.00. Write for catalogue and prices for all machinery. HUNTER & BOSSO, 101 N. GULF STREET, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH HUNTER'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF SPICES

Consumptive and people who have weak lungs or asthma should use Hunter's Liquid Extract of Spices. It has put in thousands of lives. It is the best cough cure. Sold everywhere. Send for catalogue.

Wash Out Your Mouth.

A leading New York paper calls attention to an antiseptic treatment of the mouth as a preventive of disease. Inquisitive physicians have found secreted in the folds of the mucous membrane of the mouth the microbes of pneumonia, measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria, and say that more pathogenic germs can be found there than in any other part of the body, and to prevent their entering the system a germ-destroying dentifrice should be constantly employed, especially after eating. M. Unna of Hamburg recommends finely powdered chlorate of potash as a more effective germicide than the many tooth powders and mouth washes sold by the druggists, but still other medical correspondents think that chlorate of soda is much better, as it has all the therapeutic properties of chlorate of potash, is much more soluble and a great deal less poisonous. Few people know, what is nevertheless a fact, that the chlorate of potash, especially with children, is liable to cause serious gastric trouble.

Henry's Cruelty.

During the reign of Henry VIII 71,400 persons were legally executed in England, the larger portion of whom were guilty of no offense worse than misdemeanor. In one year 300 starving beggars were hanged for asking alms.

An Afghanistan City.

Herat in Afghanistan, is the city which has been most often destroyed. Fifty-six times has its walls been laid in ruins, and the same number of times have they been erected again.

Hansen's Magic Cure Salve.

There are two things in the world upon which there has never been any improvement—the wheelbarrow and kissing.

Dr. J. A. Hunter, Surgeon, in Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Heart, Catarrh and Deafness 315 Main Street, Dallas, Tex. Send for pamphlet.

FERRY'S SEEDS

Are just what every gardener needs. The most reliable and profitable seeds in the world. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1896 contains the names and addresses of the latest farming countries. Free for the asking.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, BURNS.

\$20.00 CASH REWARD

It costs NOTHING to try your skill. See below.

Will be paid to any man or woman, young or old, who can find a single copy of the "Big 4" Brain-Burnishers. The reward will be paid for each winning answer to ANY ONE of the four.

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

For \$1.00

You can buy a bottle of McLemore's Dog Poison that will poison 1/4 bushel of wheat or millet seed. Put it out the same as other poisoned wheat and you will get more dogs with it than any other known poison. Try it.

I am compelled to have money, therefore you must pay your account after January 1st, 1894.

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

The Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE,

Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates made known on application

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

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

Saturday Jan. 20, 1894.

LOCAL DOTS.

—Mr. Buff McGaughey of Rayner was here this week.

—McElree's WINE OF CARDUI for female diseases.

—Attorney Ed. J. Hamner is off on a trip to Dallas this week.

—The four first days of this week were warm and balmy enough to have sprouted garden seeds.

—Our enterprising saddler, Mr. J. W. Bell, is in Dallas this week buying a new stock of goods.

—Mr. W. G. Halsay was out looking after business in the country several days this week.

—BLACK-DRAUGHT tea cures Constipation.

—January is more than half gone and we have had but little cold weather, none that was very cold.

—Mr. S. H. Johnson was out seeing after matters on his farm, or rather, that of Johnson Bros., several days this week.

—Only a few ladies cloaks left at F. G. Alexander & Co's, and they are going to close them out. You can get one nearly at your own price.

—Mr. Goodwin of Quannah, who has some property interests in Haskell, was here this week.

—WINE OF CARDUI, a Tonic for Women.

—Mr. Ace Smith of Comanche county is visiting his brother Mr. N. C. Smith of this place.

—Cost will be added on all non resident taxes after February 28.

—Mr. R. C. Lomax, with his 225 acres of wheat on his mind, burst into the Free Press office yesterday morning just ahead of a shower with "Aint this glorious! By Ned, I feel better than I have before in six months!" There are a good many more like him.

—Compliments of THE HOUSTON POST.

—The above is printed from a line of type cast on a solid bar of metal just the right height and length to drop in place and print from. It came from the Post in a letter, and was made on one of the new type-setting and casting machines now in use in many of the large printing offices.

—For Rent. HOTEL AND LIVERY STABLE. I have for rent, the City Hotel, in Haskell, 14 rooms all well furnished, conveniently located, will also rent the Haskell livery stable, near hotel. Call on or address.

—J. G. SIMMONS, Haskell, Texas.

—Notice. The regular annual election of seven directors of the Haskell National Bank of Haskell, Texas, will be held on Tuesday, February 13th, 1894, at the office of said bank in Haskell. J. L. JONES, Cashier. Jan'y 13th, 1894.

—Land for Sale. On account of the scarcity of money I am authorized to offer some special bargains in real estate, good lands at \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$3.50 per acre cash. If you want to buy come to see me. F. P. MORGAN.

—The Meeting. The protracted meeting was begun on Wednesday night at the court house by a sermon from Rev. N. B. Bennett, who also preached on Thursday night. Rev. Ab Mulkey arrived on Wednesday evening, but being pretty well tired out by his ten days labors at Seymour and the trip to Haskell, he took a couple of days rest, preaching his first sermon last night. The meeting will now go forward in earnest. Much interest is felt by our people in the result.

—FOR DYSPEPSIA See Brown's Iron Bitters. Physicians recommend it. All dealers keep it. \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine. No trade mark and no other bottles on the market.

—There's another deputy sheriff at Mr. A. W. Springer's. He is quite young yet, being only three days old, but Wit thinks he will be able to summon the next grand jury.

—See our California evaporated fruits. They are out of sight. DODSON & HALSEY.

—We were favored with a shower of rain last Saturday, which exerted a refreshing influence on wheat. Farmers say that wheat that has been in the ground for some time is now coming up a good stand.

A Receipt Worth \$1,000.00.

Take one peck of wheat and boil with water until cooked. Take one bottle of BASS' DOG POISON, dissolve in a quart or so of hot water, pour some on the wheat stirring all the time so that each grain of wheat will get some of the poison; add 1 1/2 pint of molasses, stir well, then add flour enough to coat each grain, put about one teaspoonful to each hole and if possible put out on a still day after a bad spell of weather. If you will use Bass' Poison and follow these directions your dogs will go. Your Drug Man or Bass Bros., Abilene, Texas, will supply the poison.

—Mr. Scott is having a wind mill put up in the Abbott pasture, now leased by Mr. Middleton, ten miles northwest of town. They have a very fine well of water, only twelve feet deep and the water within seven feet of the top.

—Mr. John Gossett, who lives in the northeast part of the county, was so unfortunate as to lose his residence and most of its contents by fire on Wednesday morning. A defective flue caused the fire.

—We are informed that the Mulkey revival at Seymour resulted in over one hundred conversions, and seventy-eight accessions to the Methodist church. The citizens presented a purse of \$275 to Mr. Mulkey.

—The clouds came over us on Thursday evening and a slow rain fell most of that night and frequent showers continued to fall up to the time the paper went to press Friday afternoon. What has already fallen will do much good, but the clouds are low and heavy, promising much more before it is done.

—As Mr. J. W. Bell left for Dallas the other day, he requested the Free Press to tell his customers and friends that he would soon return with a first-class stock of everything in the harness and saddle line, and would be in shape to fit them up just right.

—Mr. R. C. Lomax, with his 225 acres of wheat on his mind, burst into the Free Press office yesterday morning just ahead of a shower with "Aint this glorious! By Ned, I feel better than I have before in six months!" There are a good many more like him.

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—A number of persons, we understand, were deterred from planting fruit trees during the fall by dry weather. A horticultural journal tells how to successfully overcome this difficulty, as follows: Mix dirt and water to the consistency of thick paste in a tub, and the holes for the trees being ready, dip the roots of the trees into the mud, then set the tree and cover the roots with fine soil, packing it well with the foot, leaving the hole only about two-thirds full of earth. When the trees are set thus pour in from one to two buckets of water and when this sinks fill up the hole with dry dirt. The tree planted thus will do all right until rain comes in the spring.

—A Dallas News reporter struck our townsman, Mr. Ed. J. Hamner, who is in Dallas this week, for an interview on the political situation, and somebody got things pretty well mixed. Mr. Hamner is spoken of as the district attorney in a western district bigger than the state of Rhode Island. And it is stated that he is a candidate for re-election. The Free Press is interested in knowing whether it was Mr. Hamner or the News reporter that had too much "tangle foot." If it was Mr. H. and he will bring us a box of fine Havanas and a case of Mm's extra dry, we will keep him and try to keep the facts from his wife.

'RAH for Gov. Mitchell! He has got his Irish up and says the Corbett Mitchell prize fight shall not take place in the state of Florida.

In a copy of the Farmersville, Times, shown us this week, we noticed an editorial detailing an interview with general manager Fratt of the Sherman, Shreveport and South-eastern railroad, in which he stated that while it had not been definitely settled he hoped that his company would be enabled to build to Shreveport and as far west as Jacksboro this year. The Times expresses its faith in Mr. Fratt and in the accomplishment of the extensions spoken of. Building to Jacksboro will be a good step toward Haskell, where we hope to see it within another year.

The gold reserve fund and other government funds are melting away under the drain made upon them by pensions and general expenses, and in consequence of reduced receipts, and it now seems that Secretary Carlisle will be compelled to issue bonds in order to reinstate the gold reserve and avert a deficiency.

We have been wholly opposed to creating additional public debt by a bond issue, but governments, like individuals, sometimes get in a tight and have to borrow.

In this instance it is the result of republican extravagance and mismanagement, and the democrats have to meet it.

The action of Chairman Matlock in calling a meeting of the state executive committee of the Clark wing of Texas democrats has raised quite a furor in political circles, and it seems to us much ado about nothing. The hot heads of the other side are shouting themselves hoarse crying, "the fight is on, no longer any chance for harmony," etc. The fact is that those who are in such haste to raise this cry don't want harmony and hail with delight anything that gives them an excuse to bray—or, at least, it looks so to a quiet observer. If it were otherwise, they would wait and see what action the meeting takes. So far as we have seen or heard we have no reason to believe that the purpose of the meeting may not be to discuss means of effecting a reconciliation. In fact we hope and are inclined to believe such is the case.

HILL COUNTY VS. HASKELL COUNTY.

Letter from a Former Haskell County Farmer.

Health in Haskell Beats Quinine in Hill.

HILLSBORO, Jan. 16, 1894.

Mr. Editor, I desire through the Free Press to send my friends in Haskell county greeting and a few words of advice.

I left Haskell Dec. 27th with my two children. We were well and had not been sick in two years, and now me and both of my children are sick, and I never heard the like of sickness in my life. I have heard people in that county complain of hard times and nothing to eat, but just bread and meat there beats calomel and quinine here, and, as for hard times, there are plenty of people in Hill county that are in worse shape than any family in Haskell. If they don't get help they will surely suffer, if not for food they will for raiment. Many are living in wagons and old tents, so, take old Haskell and balance her with the black land of Hill and you will see that Haskell is still in the ring. She has better health, better society, better country schools and less stealing. It would surprise any Haskell man to be here and hear of the amount of thieving that is going on all over this county.

Corn is worth 40 to 50 cts. and oats 40 to 45 cts. here and scarce at that, so you see a man can live as easy in Haskell as he can in the brag county of Hill. There are plenty of people in this county that want to go west, but they have heard so many bad tales that they think if they were to get out there they would starve. To such persons I say try it and see if plenty to eat and good health don't beat this with its quinine and calomel, and leave you a small surplus over. W. K. PERRY.

Paint Creek Penitents.

Paint creek, Jan. 15th.

There was just a sprinkle of rain Saturday. Mr. D. G. Hisey and J. L. Warren have been sowing oats and others will begin soon. Messrs McCarty and Pratt will cultivate some three hundred acres this year; one hundred and twelve acres in wheat, one hundred and fifty in oats and the balance in cotton. They run a gang plow and work six horses abreast. Stock generally are wintering well, considering the dry season, scarcity of water and so on. This beautiful spring-like weather makes our ladies talk of gardening. R. L. and D. Livingood made a trip to Anson last week and found the town dull compared with Haskell. In fact Paint creek is on a real boom; we had some railroad prospectors with us last week. They were delighted with the country and we learn that they bought some land from Messrs. J. F. Adams, C. F. Hide and G. T. Baggett, Sr. The prospectors were from Walnut Springs and traded some town and country property there for land here. There were also some drummers from McKinney stopping with us this week. Mr. A. R. Davis made a trip to Abilene last week. Messrs. M. Perry and W. M. Ward are gone to Abilene.

Died at his home on Willow Point, Mr. Wilson Culberson last Tuesday evening. Deceased was just in the bloom of youth and a member of the Methodist church, having been baptized by Rev. Bass last summer during the protracted meeting at this place. The bereaved family have

HILL'S Double Chloride of Gold Tablets. REMEMBER WE GUARANTEE A CURE and invite the most responsible and the merits of our Tablets. A FEW Testimonials from persons who have been cured by the use of Hill's Tablets. THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO. THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—CINCINNATI—Your Tablets have performed a miracle in my case, and they did the work in less than three days. Truly yours, MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. BOX 85, PERRYVILLE, PA. THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—CINCINNATI—It gives me pleasure to speak a word of praise for your Tablets. If my son was given to smoking liquor, and through a friend, I was led to try your Tablets. He was a heavy smoker, and after taking your Tablets but three days he quit smoking, and will not touch liquor of any kind. I have waited four months before writing you, in order to know the cure was permanent. Truly yours, H. ELLER MOHRISON, CINCINNATI, OHIO. I have used morphine, hypodermically, for seven years, and with the use of two packages of your Tablets, and without any effort on my part, I am cured. Address all orders to THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO., 81, 83 and 85 Opera Block, LIMA, OHIO. RESPONSIBLE AGENTS WANTED (No writing please outside the paper)

the sincere sympathy of the entire community.

Mr. D. Taylor is able to ride again after a tussle with the gripper; all who have had it are convalescing and no more cases to report. We have just learned that Mrs. J. S. Post has been quite sick but is better at this time. We see from reading the Iron Record, La Fayette, Texas, that some of your young men have the western fever. To such as to all who contemplate a change, we would say come to Haskell and see our beautiful country; we have plenty of room and invite you to the Banner county of the state, where you will find the best lands in Northwest Texas.

R. L. Livingood and J. W. Gardner have returned from a visit to relatives of R. L.'s near Fort McKavett. They spent a fine time with plenty of sport, such as music, dancing, hunting and beautiful young ladies to converse with, and express a strong desire to return next Xmas, if not sooner, and it looks somewhat suspicious, as we know always the hardest times bring about the most marriages: Mr. R. L. looks the worse by his trip, while Mr. Gardner gained some twenty pounds. Farewell to the old year; it has passed away and, now, Mr. Editor, we wish you, with your many readers, a happy new year. M. R.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF HASKELL, By virtue of an execution issued out of the Honorable District Court of Haskell County, on 28th day of October, 1893, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of R. A. Brown et al, versus R. M. Thomson et al, No. 60, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell within the hours prescribed by law for sheriff's sales, on the first Tuesday in February, A. D. 1894, it being the sixth day of said month, before the Court House door of said Haskell county, in the town of Haskell, the following described property, to wit:

The E. P. Elder 186 acre survey of land situated in Haskell county, Texas, known as abstract No. 655, Certificate No. 507, Survey No. 13, and patented to R. M. Thomson and John K. Donnan on 16 Nov. 1886 by patent No. 419 vol. 36; for further description reference is made to said patent for description.

Levied on as the property of R. M. Thomson to satisfy a judgment for costs amounting to \$186.05 in favor of R. A. Brown and J. C. Roberts, cost of suit.

Given under my hand, this 8th day of January 1894.

W. B. ANTHONY, Sheriff.

YES. If You Want YES. THE MOST FOR YOUR MONEY Take the JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE. It is a large, handsome 8-page paper in its 25th year. 2,000 columns a year of the choicest and most interesting reading matter, nearly all original. Its circulation far exceeds other papers of its class. 14 distinct departments, something for every member of the household, old or young. Editors are practical farmers, Entomologists, horticulturists. Contains the only correct and reliable Farmers' market report sent out from St. Louis. It is the BEEF, FRUIT, and the BERRY MARKET, and the GREATEST MONEY-MAKER of any Farm Paper in the World. Send for specimen copies, mammoth Premium List for 1894, and full particulars of the Great \$200 Cash Prize Offer, ALL FREE, by dropping Postal Card to JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, St. Louis, Mo.

Ripans Tabules. Ripans Tabules are compounded from a prescription widely used by the best medical authorities and are presented in a form that is becoming the fashion everywhere.

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

Ripans Tabules act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cure dyspepsia, habitual constipation, offensive breath and headache. One tabule taken at the first symptom of indigestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating, or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

Ripans Tabules may be obtained of nearest druggist.

Ripans Tabules are easy to take, quick to act, and save many a doctor's bill.

To Home Seekers. There are thousands of people in the old States wanting reliable information as to the best land in the West. This is no other way to get such information as good as a few months' reading of the local papers. Select the locality which you want to know about and then subscribe for the paper published there for four or six months, and through its weekly references to farming operations, crops, stock, fruits, vegetables, the schools, churches, society events and the doings of individuals and the business notices, advertisements, etc., you will acquire a correct knowledge of what its products are, the price of land and other property, the status of its society, schools and churches and the business manner and customs of its people. A knowledge that it would require weeks of residence to obtain. Haskell county is situated in the heart of the wheat region and is unsurpassed as a small grain country, for stock raising or anything else that can be raised or produced and they are many in northern Texas. Send 50 cents and get this paper four months, or 75 cents and get it six months. The First Page, Haskell, Texas.

CONGRESSMAN COCKRELL made a speech on the tariff question in the house last week. He argued against protective duties from the standpoint of their unconstitutionality.

SCRATCHED TEN NO. A troublesome skin caused me to scratch my face for several months, and has been cured by a few days use of M. H. Wolff's Upper Marble.

SWIFT'S SPEC I was cured several years ago of a sore in my leg by using Swift's Specific. Many prominent physicians and all failed, but S. R. did the work. PAUL W. HIRSHPATRICK, Johnson.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. Atlanta.