

The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 12.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, May 8, 1897.

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PROCLAMATION.

By the Governor of the State of Texas.

Whereas, The Twenty-fifth Legislature, at its regular biennial session, which convened on the 12th day of January, A. D. 1897, passed the following Joint Resolutions, in the manner prescribed by the Constitution of this State, proposing certain amendments to the Constitution of this State, to-wit:

Joint Resolution to amend Article 8 of the Constitution of the State of Texas by adding thereto section 20, as follows:

Section 20. In addition to the powers of taxation granted in the foregoing sections, it shall be lawful for the land owners of certain portions of Texas, as hereinafter provided, to organize within that section of Texas, which lies west, northwest and southwest of the following counties, viz: Montague, Wise, Parker, Hood, Somervell, Bosque, Coryell, Bell, Williamson, Travis, Blanco, Gillespie, Comal, Caldwell, Gonzales, DeWitt, Goliad, Victoria, and Calhoun, irrigation districts without regard to county lines. In making provision for the cost of construction of irrigation works within said territory it shall be lawful to create an indebtedness of not exceeding fifteen dollars per acre to rest as a charge on said lands, and to be secured by a lien on the irrigable land for the use and benefit of which said irrigation works have been or may be constructed. Within the term, cost of construction, shall be included the cost of riparian rights, dam sites and reservoirs, rights of way for canal, and laterals and other appurtenant expenses of the construction of irrigation plants. In case of destruction of the works, or any part thereof, the repair or rebuilding of the same shall be construed to be within the meaning of construction. To cover the cost of construction as above defined, bonds may be issued by such irrigation districts to run in time for forty years or less, and to bear interest at the rate of not more than six per cent per annum, interest payable annually, which bonds shall be sold at not less than par. The bonds shall be liquidated by the levy and collection of a tax upon the irrigable lands within such irrigation districts susceptible of irrigation from and by the system of irrigation works proposed. Such land shall be taxed in proportion to acreage and not in proportion to its value. An annual tax shall be levied and collected on such irrigable lands sufficient to pay the interest of said bonds and to create a sinking fund sufficient to liquidate the bonds above authorized. In addition to the tax above provided for, there shall be an annually levied and collected a sufficient tax from the lands actually receiving the water for irrigation of a sum equal to the cost of the machinery used in the maintenance of the irrigation works, the distribution of the water and appurtenant charges and the collection of said tax. This charge shall be upon a basis of the amount of water controlled for; provided, that this shall not interfere with the right of any land owner to demand his proportionate part of the water on

the basis of acreage. The taxes above provided for shall when assessed, be secured by lien on the land as now provided by general law for the security of State taxes, and when delinquent, shall be enforced as now provided by general law for the collection of delinquent State taxes, but the lien securing the same shall be subordinate to the lien securing the payment of State, county and municipal taxes.

None of the foregoing provisions of this amendment shall ever be construed to give authority to create a lien on or tax in any manner any lands so long as they shall belong to the State; nor after sale thereof shall any charge ever be created thereon which shall take precedence over the liens securing the balance of the purchase money due the state.

The indebtedness for the construction of irrigation works authorized under the provisions of this amendment shall be created only upon a vote of a majority of the land owners resident in the district proposed to be organized and whose lands are susceptible of irrigation from and by the system of irrigation works proposed; only qualified voters under the existing laws of Texas, being such owners of rural lands, within such districts, shall have the right to vote as aforesaid.

Any natural or artificial person having an interest in any of the irrigable lands in any such irrigation district shall have the right at any time within ninety days after the vote authorized has been declared, and not thereafter, to file a proceeding in any court having jurisdiction to test the validity of the formation of said district, the classification of the land as irrigable lands, or other details thereof. Such proceedings shall have precedence through all the courts as now provided by law in quo warranto suits.

Irrigation districts organized under the provisions of this amendment are hereby declared to be bodies corporate, and in the name of the districts they shall have the right to sue and be sued, and may acquire by purchase or condemnation proceedings as now authorized by law in the case of irrigation corporations all the property necessary for its organization, operation and existence, and may buy in under foreclosure of its taxes any property, but the property bought in at tax sales shall be held and disposed of as hereafter provided by law.

All bonds issued under the provisions of this amendment shall be passed upon and certified to by the Attorney General of the State of Texas, as now required by law in the case of county and city bonds. When approved by the Attorney General said bonds shall be registered by the Comptroller of the State, as now required by law in the case of county and city bonds, and when so registered shall be entitled to all the faith and credit of the State, and hereby created a bond and vested with complete power and authority to make such rules and regulations as may be necessary to put into immediate practical operation this amendment to the Constitution and that may be necessary to enable irrigation districts to organize and operate under the provisions of this amendment. And to that end, until otherwise provided by law, said board shall have the power and authority in making said rules as complete as the Legislature of the State of Texas now have to enact laws. The rules, when adopted by said board, shall be filed with the Secretary of State, and when all such rules remain in full force and effect until changed or modified by some other rule made by the said board on file in the office of the Secretary of State, or until the same are changed by general law. Said rules shall be printed under the direction of the Secretary of State, and a certified copy thereof shall be furnished to any one demanding the same upon the payment of such fees as said board may prescribe.

The Governor is hereby directed to issue the necessary proclamation for submitting this amendment to the qualified voters of Texas on the first Tuesday in August, 1897, at which election all voters favoring the amendment shall have written or printed on their tickets, "For amending Article 8, of the Constitution of Texas, so as to permit the formation of irrigation districts in West Texas." and those opposed to said amendment shall have written or printed on their tickets, "Against amending Article 8, of the Constitution of Texas, so as to permit the formation of irrigation districts in West Texas."

Approved March 3, 1897.

Joint Resolution to amend Section 3, of Article 11, of the Constitution of the State of Texas, so as to authorize certain counties to give aid in the construction of railroads.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas: That Section 3, of Article XI, of the Constitution of the State of Texas, be amended so that the same shall hereafter read:

Section 3. No county, city, or other municipal corporation shall hereafter become a subscriber to the capital of any corporation or association, or make any appropriation or donation to the same, or in anywise loan its credit, except as hereinafter provided.

It shall be lawful for any county in this State lying south of the counties of Jeff Davis, Reeves, Ward, Ector, Midland, Glasscock, Sterling, Coke and Rannels, and south and west of the Colorado River, also, all those counties west of Hardeman, Knox and Haskell, and north of Fisher, Scurry, Borden, Dawson and Gaines, also, the counties of Matagorda and Brazoria, to give aid in the construction of railroads, by the issuance of bonds or other evidence of indebtedness, when authorized thereto by a majority vote of any such county."

Passed April 2, 1897.

Joint Resolution to amend article XI of the Constitution of the State of Texas, by adding thereto section 11.

Whereas, the laws of the State of Texas authorize the several counties in this State, through their Commissioners court, to issue bonds for the erection of court houses and jails, and the construction and purchase of bridges, and

Whereas, the statutes of the State of Texas authorize the Board of Education of said State to invest the permanent school fund thereof in bonds issued for the purposes aforesaid by the said counties, and

Whereas, the Board of Education of this State, in pursuance of said statutory authority, has purchased as an investment for the permanent school fund of the State of Texas, bonds approximating three million dollars, and

Whereas, the Constitution of the State of Texas provides that no debt for any purpose shall ever be incurred in any manner for any city or county, unless provision is made at the time of its creation for the levying and collection of a sufficient tax to pay the interest thereon, and provide at least two per cent as a sinking fund, and

Whereas, it is believed that some of the bonds so purchased by the State Board of Education as an investment for the permanent school fund were not issued in conformity with that provision of the Constitution, and it is doubtful whether provision was made at the time of the attempted creation of said debt,

voters of any such county voting at an election held for that purpose such aid is authorized; provided, however, that no such aid is hereinafter authorized and provided for shall ever be given or paid to any railroad company, or in aid of any such railway construction, except in proportion to and for such railway or part thereof as shall have been completely constructed and equipped within any such county. And special authority and power is hereby given the commissioners court of any county within the territory herein prescribed, wherein such aid may be authorized, to levy and collect an annual tax in addition to any other tax authorized by this Constitution upon all property in such county subject to taxation, to pay interest on and to create a sinking fund to meet said bonds or other indebtedness created for such purpose; provided, that the aggregate of such tax, in any county, shall never in any one year exceed two per centum upon the assessed valuation of the property in such county.

Full power is hereby given to said commissioners court of any such county, and it is hereby made its duty, at once, upon the petition thereto of not less than one hundred (100) qualified voters of any such county, to at any time order and in all things provide for and regulate such election, and the holding, returns and determination of the same and prescribe the form of the ballot to be used.

All bonds or other evidences of indebtedness issued by any such county, under the provisions of this section, shall, before being delivered, negotiated or floated, be approved by the Attorney General of this State, and thereupon the Comptroller of this State shall register the same and endorse the fact of such registry upon said bonds or evidences of indebtedness.

Section 2. The Governor is hereby directed to issue the necessary proclamation for submitting this amendment to the qualified voters of Texas on the first Tuesday in August, 1897, at which election all voters favoring the amendment shall have written or printed on their tickets, "For the amendment to Section 3, of Article 11, of the Constitution of Texas, authorizing all counties in this State lying south of the counties of Jeff Davis, Reeves, Ward, Ector, Midland, Glasscock, Sterling, Coke and Rannels, and south and west of the Colorado River, also, all those counties west of Hardeman, Knox and Haskell, and north of Fisher, Scurry, Borden, Dawson and Gaines; also, the counties of Matagorda and Brazoria, to give aid in the construction of railroads by the issuance of bonds or other evidences of indebtedness, when authorized thereto by a majority vote of any such county;" and those opposed to said amendment shall have written or printed on their tickets, "Against the amendment to Section 3, of Article 11, of the Constitution of Texas, authorizing all counties in this State lying south of the counties of Jeff Davis, Reeves, Ward, Ector, Midland, Glasscock, Sterling, Coke and Rannels, and south and west of the Colorado river; also, all those counties west of Hardeman, Knox and Haskell, and north of Fisher, Scurry, Borden, Dawson and Gaines; also, the counties of Matagorda and Brazoria, to give aid in the construction of railroads, by the issuance of bonds or other evidence of indebtedness, when authorized thereto by a majority vote of any such county."

Approved April 22, 1897.

And whereas, the State Constitution require the publication of any proposed amendments once a week for four weeks, commencing at least three months before an election;

And whereas, each of said Joint Resolutions requires the Governor to issue his proclamation ordering an election for the submission of said Joint Resolutions to the qualified electors of the State for their adoption or rejection on the first Tuesday in August, A. D. 1897, which will be the 3rd day of said month.

Now, therefore, I, C. A. Culbertson, Governor of Texas, in accordance with the provisions of said Joint Resolutions, and by the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this State, do hereby issue this my proclamation, ordering that an election required by said Joint Resolu-

WARNING.

We wish to caution all users of Simmons Liver Regulator on a subject of the deepest interest and importance to their health—perhaps their lives. The sole proprietors and makers of Simmons Liver Regulator learn that customers are often deceived by buying and taking some medicine of a similar appearance or taste, believing it to be Simmons Liver Regulator. We warn you that unless the word Regulator is on the package or bottle, that it is not Simmons Liver Regulator. No one else makes, or ever has made Simmons Liver Regulator, or anything called Simmons Liver Regulator, but J. H. Zeilin & Co., and no medicine made by anyone else is the same. We alone can put it up, and we cannot be responsible, if other medicines represented as the same do not help you as you are led to expect they will. Bear this fact well in mind, if you have been in the habit of using a medicine which you supposed to be Simmons Liver Regulator, because the name was somewhat like it, and the package did not have the word Regulator on it, you have been imposed upon and have not been taking Simmons Liver Regulator at all. The Regulator has been favorably known for many years, and all who use it know how necessary it is for Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Constipation, Headache, Dyspepsia, and all disorders arising from a Diseased Liver.

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Take
Simmons Liver Regulator.

evidenced by said bonds, for the levy of a tax to secure the payment of interest and the creation of a sinking fund, and that some of said bonds may therefore be held invalid by the courts:

Therefore, be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas: That article XI of the Constitution of the State of Texas be amended by adding thereto the following, which shall be denominated "Section 11."

Section 11. That all bonds heretofore issued by the several counties of Texas for the purpose of the erection of court houses and jails, and for the purchase or construction of bridges, and that have been purchased by the proper authorities of the State of Texas as an investment for the permanent school fund of said State, and that at the time of the creation of said debt evidenced by said bonds, the provision for the levy of a tax for the payment of the interest and the creation of a sinking fund was not made, shall not be for that reason held to be invalid; but said bonds are hereby validated, and are hereby made valid debts against the several counties by which they were issued.

Be it further resolved, that this amendment shall be submitted to a vote of the qualified electors of the State of Texas on the first Tuesday in August, 1897, at which election all voters favoring said proposed amendment shall write or have printed on their ballots the words "For the amendment to Article XI of the Constitution, validating bonds held by the State as an investment for the permanent school fund," and all voters opposing said amendment shall write or have printed on their ballots the words, "Against the amendment to Article XI of the Constitution, validating bonds held by the State as an investment for the permanent school fund."

And that the Governor of the State is hereby directed to issue the necessary proclamation for said election, and have same published as required by the Constitution and existing laws of the State.

Approved April 22, 1897.

And whereas, the State Constitution require the publication of any proposed amendments once a week for four weeks, commencing at least three months before an election;

And whereas, each of said Joint Resolutions requires the Governor to issue his proclamation ordering an election for the submission of said Joint Resolutions to the qualified electors of the State for their adoption or rejection on the first Tuesday in August, A. D. 1897, which will be the 3rd day of said month.

Now, therefore, I, C. A. Culbertson, Governor of Texas, in accordance with the provisions of said Joint Resolutions, and by the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this State, do hereby issue this my proclamation, ordering that an election required by said Joint Resolu-

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tion be held on the day designated therein, to-wit: on Tuesday, the 3rd day of August, A. D. 1897, in the several counties of this State, for the adoption or rejection of said proposed amendments to the Constitution of the State of Texas. Said election shall be held at the several polling places of the election precincts of the several counties of this State, and will be conducted by the officers holding the same in conformity with the laws of this State and in accordance with the provisions of this proclamation.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto sign my name and cause the [L. S.] Seal of State to be affixed, at the city of Austin, this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1897.

C. A. CULBERTSON,
Governor of Texas.

By the Governor:
J. W. MADDEN,
Secretary of State.

ABOUT a year ago one Rodriguez, a Mexican who had resided in this country for several years, at San Antonio, filed his application to become a naturalized citizen of the United States. To make a test case attorneys appeared at the hearing of his application for the purpose of contesting same on the grounds that "the applicant is not a white person nor an African, nor of African descent and is not therefore capable of becoming an American citizen."

The case coming before the United States circuit court at San Antonio, Judge Maxey a few days ago rendered a decision admitting Rodriguez to citizenship. Reviewing the question at length Judge Maxey held that while Mexicans were not entitled under the strict letter of the constitution to become citizens of the U. S. they were so entitled under the spirit that instrument and the treaties of the United States.

THERE are some people who never wear dark glasses and yet they never see anything bright; it's the people who are dyspeptic and sour. Everything is out of joint with such people. "I suffered many years with Dyspepsia and liver troubles but have been relieved since taking Simmons Liver Regulator. I know others who have been greatly benefited by its use."—James Nowland, Carrollton, Mo.

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CORNER-STONE LAID
OF THE ST. PAUL SANITARIUM
AT DALLAS.

The Impressive Ceremonies Were Conducted by Rev. Bishop Dunne—Between 5000 and 6000 People in Attendance. Ladies' Home Industry Club.

Dallas, Tex., May 3.—At 4:30 yesterday afternoon 5000 or 6000 people assembled at the St. Paul sanitarium grounds, Bryan and Hall streets, to witness the ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone and the blessing of the foundation according to the beautiful ritual of the Roman Catholic church. A raised platform had been erected facing the main entrance to the hospital on Bryan street and to the left of the southwest corner of the building, where the corner was placed. The invited guests, the physicians of the city, municipal officers and the ladies and gentlemen who assisted directly or indirectly in raising funds to purchase the site, occupied chairs on the platform. The committee in charge was composed of the following gentlemen: James Moroney, Thomas F. McEnnis, Paul Girard, Robert A. Jackson, Thomas F. King, Michael Coerver, Henry S. Stimpson, John G. Fleming, John F. Tierney, Thomas P. Barry, Louis F. Riek and Edward J. Gannon.

At 4:30 Bishop Dunne, attended by Revs. Father Martinier, Blum, Hartnett, Donohue, Maguin and Crowley, preceded by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, in charge of the hospital, and the sisters and orphans from St. Joseph's orphanage, Oak Cliff, proceeded from the residence of the sisters to the raised platform. They were assisted by the altar boys of the cathedral and boys from St. Joseph's orphanage acted as a guard of honor. Bishop Dunne and his assistants at 4:49 laid the corner-stone with most impressive services, after first blessing the place where the altar will be placed in the new hospital chapel, which was marked by a stately white cross. Then came the blessing of the foundation stones according to the ritual of the church.

The corner-stone is a magnificent cube of white marble from Carrara, Mo., the gift of the owner of the quarry at that place. It weighs 2600 pounds.

Ladies' Home Industry Club. Corsicana, Tex., May 3.—At the regular session of the Ladies' Home Industry club Saturday afternoon, in the absence of the president, Mrs. William Pannill presided. Forty members were present.

The committee on securing signatures to the club's pledges reported 403 names.

A committee of five judges were appointed to pass on the merits of the school children's prize essays. The selections include Messrs. H. L. Seales and R. E. Prince, and Mesdames Read and Miss Mattie McLeod.

Mesdames Smith and Baker were chosen as a committee programme and tickets for the May entertainment.

The names of Mrs. M. S. Read, Mrs. Church and Mrs. Chessnut were added to the decorating committee.

Mrs. George T. Jester, Mrs. C. W. Jester and Mrs. Fannie Halbert were selected as an executive committee to arrange for the Home Industry supper on the 14th instant.

The club received the fifth school children's essay prize, a silver and cut glass inkstand.

A Sad Affair. Cleburne, Tex., May 3.—Yesterday morning about 10 o'clock as passenger train No. 1 from the north came down the grade just north of the section-house an old gentleman by the name of Evans and his little grandchild were walking along the track. As the train neared them the little child ran up on the track in front of the engine. The old gentleman, seeing the danger, ran after it, but just as he picked it up the engine struck him, crushed his body into an unrecognizable mass. The child was knocked out of his arms and escaped unhurt.

Bound Over. Kaufman, Tex., May 3.—In the habeas corpus trial here Saturday of Burris, Blaylock, Thompson and Garlington, charged with conspiracy, heard before Judge Dillard and lasting nearly all day, the court bound them over to await the action of the grand jury. Burris' bond was fixed at \$750 and the other three at \$500 respectively. Not making bond they were remanded to jail. Their attorneys will appeal to the higher courts.

Not a Mahogany Lady. Mandy Ann Ray, Rastus, de Way-down furniture store is advertising mahogany ladies' rockers for \$1.57. You got to get me one.

Rastus—Git you nuffin'. You ain't no mahogany lady; you's ebony.—Indianaapolis Journal.

Negro Shot. Grandbury, Tex., May 3.—Jurde Reese, colored, was shot about 8:30 o'clock Saturday night at the North Side market. The ball, a 44-caliber, entered his throat, glanced under his spinal column and came out at the back of his neck, passing through the windpipe. Deputies Henderson and Eminger and County Attorney Martin were standing in front of the market at the time the shot was fired, and on entering the house found Reese on the floor and three other negroes standing near him.

Sheriff Election. Ben Grauklin, Tex., May 3.—The election for sheriff in this county, ordered by the court in the contested election case, was held Saturday and has resulted in the election of Mr. S. B. Turberville. There are six boxes in the county and three of them gave Turberville 216 majority. The same boxes gave Turberville 164 last fall. The other three boxes will result in gains for Turberville over the November election. Turberville's estimated majority is 160.

Found Dead. Austin, Tex., April 30.—William R. Sheen of Lawrence, Kan., who has been in the city for some time a guest at the Capitol hotel, was found dead in his bed yesterday morning. He took his own life by swallowing a deadly drug. He left a couple of letters one addressed to his wife, in which he requested her to look after the children. He had been a despondent frame of mind for the past few days. His remains will be shipped to Kansas for burial.

Monument Unveiled. Dallas, Tex., April 30.—With impressive ceremonies and in the presence of a vast concourse of people, the monument erected in the city park by the Daughters of the Confederacy to perpetuate the valor and forever keep green the memory of the heroes of the south, was unveiled yesterday.

It was a perfect day and a magnificent audience. The daughter and grandchildren of Jefferson Davis, the widow of one of the most illustrious and dashing chieftains, Stonewall Jackson, and the niece of that splendid Louisiana soldier, Gen. Beauregard, were the honored guests of the occasion.

Hon. John H. Reagan, for fifty years a prominent figure in national life and the surviving member of the confederate cabinet, was the orator of the day, as to him was assigned the pleasant duty of paying a tribute to the valor, statesmanship and sublime courage of his dead friend and chief executive of that government which fell—Jefferson Davis.

The street parade by the Daughters of the Confederacy, ex-confederate veterans and military, civic and industrial organizations, was the most imposing ever witnessed in the history of Dallas. The decorated floats and private carriages of citizens formed a most attractive feature of the street display.

Capt. A. P. Wozencraft officiated as grand marshal with twenty assistants, all mounted on spirited chargers. After the parade had been reviewed by the governor and his staff, Judge Reagan and other prominent confederates the lines were broken and there was a rush for that section of the park where the monument stands. Within the wire inclosure a platform had been erected for the guests of honor, the Daughters of the Confederacy and the orators of the day.

The crush was appalling and many women, overcome by the excitement of the hour and the fatigue of the day, fainted and were carried out of the crowd and away from the bustling and jostling thousands who sought to get positions of vantage within easy reach of the speakers' voices.

It was 12:49 before the regular programme was taken up and the unveiling ceremonies inaugurated. Rev. W. L. Lowrance, chaplain of camp Sterling Price, was introduced and delivered a very impressive and eloquent prayer.

Capt. Platan stated that Gen. W. L. Cabell has been unexpectedly called away and that Major J. M. Pearson of McKinney had been substituted to deliver the address of welcome in the name of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Matters at Austin.

Austin, Tex., May 1.—There was a quorum present in the senate yesterday morning. After the morning call had been concluded Mr. Preiser stated that both sides of the text book matter had agreed to let the bill come up for final passage, and he therefore moved that pending business be suspended and the text book bill be taken up. The motion prevailed. Mr. Wayland offered an amendment exempting from the provisions of this act cities having a population of 2000 or more, according to the last United States census, who have control of their schools and have adopted a system of text books, providing, however, when they do change the text book board will select the books.

Mr. Tillet offered an amendment to the amendment striking out "2000" according to last United States census. The motion prevailed. Mr. Wayland offered an amendment to the amendment striking out "2000" according to last United States census. The motion prevailed. Mr. Wayland offered an amendment to the amendment striking out "2000" according to last United States census. The motion prevailed.

The appropriation bill was then laid before the senate. The bill was engrossed and the senate adjourned till morning.

Austin, Tex., May 1.—At 9:35 the speaker rapped for order. Mr. Sluder was recognized and made a motion that the absentees be excused. The yeas and nays were demanded by the opposition and the motion was defeated by a vote of 63 to 25, two-thirds being required.

The fellow servant bill was laid before the house with amendment by Mr. Ayers and the substitute by Blair as the pending question. They sought to make qualifications in the minority report which had been adopted. On motion of Mr. Tracy, the amendment and substitute were tabled and then the previous question was ordered on passage of the bill to third reading by 80 yeas to 21 nays.

The vote was taken on final passage of the Wayland fee bill and it passed by 71 yeas to 26 nays and it was nullified down by a motion to reconsider, and tabled.

The house adjourned to 9:30 to-day, the long fight on the fee bill being over.

Six Negroes Hanged. Hempstead, Tex., May 1.—Six negroes were hanged on a lone oak tree on the prairie sixteen miles below Hempstead, charged with most diabolical crime ever committed in Waller county. On Tuesday night the four Thomas boys, F. Rhoad and Will Gates went to the house of Henry Daniels, a negro farmer, living on the "Cuncy place, and killed Henry by knocking him in the head. They placed his body back in bed. Then they assaulted his step-daughter, killed her and placed her back in bed. Then they nupted up the little 6-year-old daughter of Henry, who was hiding in the grass a hundred yards from the house, assaulted the poor child, killed her and threw her body in a well. They burned the house to destroy all traces of the crime. Mr. M. Galevsky, a prominent merchant of Hempstead, on Wednesday napped to drive near the ruins of the house. He discovered the charred remains of a man and woman and notified the neighbors and officers of the find. The officers procured the bloodhounds of Mr. Steele, returned to the scene of the murder, and without any trouble the bloodhounds tracked down the perpetrators of the crime. A crowd of at least fifty black and white citizens of the neighborhood too kcharge of them. After confessing their guilt they were strung up to the first tree, and their bodies are still hanging for a warning to others. Another most horrible murder examining trial is going on in the justice court. A poor old negro was maltreated and poisoned. Three negroes are charged with the crime.

A Woman Diver. There is a professional woman diver in Gravesend, England, who often makes as much as \$35 a day in her strange calling.

Non-Compromise Cities. Itasca, Tex., May 1.—E. E. Griffin of Itasca, J. E. Walker of Grand View and W. L. McKee of Abbott, will start for Austin to-night. They go to represent those towns before the railroad commissioners in the matter of cotton tariff that comes up on May 3. They suggest that all the representatives of non-compromise towns meet at the Driskill hotel in Austin on May 2 and organize for the purpose of presenting the case of the non-compromise towns before the commissioners next day.

Odd Fellows Met. Kaufman, Tex., May 1.—The Odd Fellows' lodge at this place celebrated the seventy-eighth anniversary of the fraternity Thursday night. Hon. Stillwell H. Russell of Dallas was orator of the occasion. After the speaking was over they repaired to the St. James hotel, where they had a sumptuous feast. During the afternoon Grand Secretary G. C. Fahm of Dallas organized a Rebekah lodge, with twenty members.

A Novel Deed. An out of the ordinary dish at the wedding breakfast of Mr. and Mrs. Larding at Brockton, Mass., the other day was peaches canned twenty-two years ago in Mercer, Me., the day after the bride was born.

Old Roman Bridges. Many of the oldest of the Roman bridges, especially those erected for strategic purposes, were built partly of wood and partly of stone, such as that created by Caesar across the Rhine, and described by him in his commentaries.

A Heavy Horse. The heaviest horse in New England is said to be owned in Somerset, Vt., and used in lumbering on the mountains. It is a Clydesdale, is 5 years old, stands eighteen hands high, and weighs 2,100 pounds. A horse weighing 1,500 pounds is noticeably big.

Cure for Sleeplessness. Sleeplessness is often cured by the administration of from one-half pint to a pint of warm liquid food—say soup or milk—just before retiring. This draws the blood from the brain to the stomach.

GREECE LOSING HOPE.

CONTINUING THE WAR IS VIRTUALLY ABANDONED.

The Fleet Has Returned to Volo for the Protection of the Inhabitants—Details of the Fight at Pentepedidia—Government Receipts and Expenditures.

London, May 3.—Capt. Rabbek, of King George's personal staff, wired from Athens Saturday that the right wing of the Greek army had repulsed the Turks, but that the left had retreated behind the old frontier line to avoid being circumvented.

Capt. Rabbek adds: "The Greek army in Epirus after defeat at Pentepedidia has retired to Arta. All hope of continuing the war is virtually abandoned. The fleet has returned to Volo for the protection of the inhabitants."

London, May 3.—A correspondent at Patras, giving further details of the fighting at Pentepedidia notes the neglect of the officers to provide for the timely arrival of reinforcements, that matter so difficult in that wild section of the country and proceeds: "When the Turks opened the attack I realized that their fierce onslaught might expel the mere handful of Greeks, but I did not realize that this one blow would throw the entire Greek army in Epirus into a hopeless panic and cause the loss of all the positions gained since the opening of the campaign."

"Six thousand Turks sealed the mountain, covered as it is with bushes and rocks and in the face of firing which was rapid and continuous. They lost heavily, in spite of the fact that two Greek guns were inexplicably removed from action shortly after the fusillade began. The evzones fought bravely, but were compelled to retire. "The rest of the Greek positions have been abandoned. There has been apparently no stand anywhere and the whole army is crumbling without firing a shot. We entered Kumuzades which six Axis had deserted, accompanied by the terrified villagers carrying their property, and then we descended the rough pass, where for hours we met no one. The retreating and panic-stricken troops were far ahead. About midnight we and our mournful procession of villagers overtook the routed army on the road crowded and in utter confusion packed with a mass of humanity stumbling on through the darkness, without hurry and silently, for it was a strange panic that had seized the men, a sullen, unexcited, stubborn determination not to fight, but to press on toward Arta in a sluggish irresistible wave. The officers, like the regiments, walked with gloomy and shame, faced expression quite unable to get their men in hand."

"At Kanapoulo Col. Botzari and his staff vainly tried to check the rout and to make a stand, but the mass continually growing kept rolling along. Presently there mingled with the troops the scared inhabitants of the villages on the line of retreat who, fearing Turkish vengeance for assisting the Greeks were fleeing to Arta with their families and chattels, their cattle, sheep and goats, bleating, bleating trampling and killing each other while the glare of the burning homes behind reminded them of all they had lost."

Government Receipts and Expenditures. Washington, May 3.—The comparative statement of the government receipts and expenditures for the month of April shows that the total receipts were \$7,812,135, and the expenditures \$32,072,997, leaving the surplus for the month, \$5,740,938, as compared with a deficit for the month of April, 1896, of \$4,704,488. For the last ten months a deficit is shown of \$33,166,696. During April the receipts of customs amounted to \$24,454,351.

From internal revenue \$11,447,213, from miscellaneous sources \$1,910,570. These figures show a gain in the receipts from customs as compared with April, 1896, of \$12,628,620, or over 100 per cent.

The gain from internal revenue sources was about \$221,500.

Cutting and Shooting Scrape. Chattanooga, Tenn., May 3.—A special from Glasgow, Ala., says: "At a picnic held at Sulphur Springs, St. Clair county, Ala., Saturday, a man named Stewart interfered in a fight between two small boys, slapping one of them. Tom McKinley, a young man standing near by, became enraged at Stewart, and springing upon him with a knife, cut his neck and severed his head nearly from his body. Stewart fell to the ground, and then, rapidly bleeding to death, drew a pistol, and as McKinley ran, shot him in the back, and as McKinley fell he was again shot by Stewart, the second bullet piercing the heart. Both men were dead fifteen minutes after the fight started."

Mormons Whipped. Montgomery, Ala., May 3.—One night last week some religious partisans in Jackson county carried into the woods, stripped and severely whipped two Mormon elders. The elders subsequently appealed to Gov. Johnson for protection, representing they had been threatened with death if they remained in the state. The governor has promised to protect them and has instructed the sheriff of the county to make them his special charge. The governor of the state says the constitution guarantees religious liberty, and that the Mormons are entitled to it.

Miller M. Spangler, an old pioneer of Cleveland, O., died the other day.

The Wisconsin Beet Sugar company made an assignment recently.

About 250,000 canaries are raised every year in Germany and, besides the 100,000 birds that are sent to America, the English market takes about 50,000, the next best customers being Brazil, China, the Argentine Republic and Austria, to which countries salesmen are sent with large numbers of birds yearly.

Big Pittsburg Fire.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 3.—The immense wholesale grocery house of T. C. Jenkins, on Liberty avenue, was in flames last night and will probably be a total loss. Several buildings in the immediate vicinity were burning and among them the American Press association offices.

The fire had extended across Penn avenue, and was eating up Joseph Horn & Co.'s big dry goods store and W. P. Pierre & Co.'s china house.

With Horn & Co.'s building went those of the Mayer's glove house. Horn's office building, containing a large number of offices, W. P. Pierre & Co.'s china store, Snaman's carpet house and the Methodist Episcopal publishing concern, all on Penn avenue. On Liberty street, Huck's cigar factory and Hall Bros.

"The Jenkins building is a total loss, and the walls have fallen in. Estimates of the loss are only guesswork as yet, but it will reach at least \$2,000,000, supposed to be well insured.

The origin of the fire in the Jenkins building is not known, but it is supposed to have been smoldering for hours in a dust heap at the foot of the elevator shaft. The watchman tried to get the flames under control, but gave up the attempt and sent in a general alarm and soon all the engines in the city were on hand. It was seen at once that the city fire department was not sufficient and the Allegheny City department was called on and responded quickly, sending almost their entire force.

At 1:30 this morning some of the total losses may be stated as follows: T. C. Jenkins, wholesale grocery, occupying an entire block, running through from Liberty to Penn avenue, loss fully \$500,000; Jos. Horn & Co.'s dry goods house, corner Fifth and Penn, loss over \$1,000,000, building and stock; Horn's office building adjoining their store buildings, occupied by W. P. Grier & Co., china house, Penn avenue, Mayer's glove store and Snaman's carpet house.

Huck's cigar factory and Hall Bros.' building, in which the American Press association had its offices, and Lee Smith's dental establishment, is particularly destroyed. The Duquesne theater adjoins the Methodist Episcopal house and were burning and will be a total loss. The Surplus clothing house, on the opposite side of Pennsylvania avenue from the theater, was also in flames, and will probably be ruined.

A large number of buildings in the vicinity had windows broken and were being deluged with water.

This is the greatest fire that has visited this city since the memorable one of 1845, and at 2:30 o'clock this morning was still burning fiercely.

Tennessee Exposition. Nashville, Tenn., May 3.—At the exposition grounds the chief events today will be the closing public exercises of the Esoteric Knights and the formal opening of the woman's building, and all of its beautiful departments at 11 o'clock. Mrs. V. I. Kirkman, president of the woman's board, will deliver the address of welcome, and addresses will be delivered by Mrs. C. N. Grossenator, vice president for west Tennessee, and Miss Mary B. Temple, vice president for east Tennessee. The leading musician in to-day's exercises at the woman's building will be Corinne Moore Lawson of New York. Every room in the woman's building is charmingly and elaborately furnished and decorated, and this building will be one of the most attractive of all the exposition buildings.

The Johanna Towed In. Lewes, Del., May 3.—The German steamship Johanna of Flenburg, with 1200 tons of sugar from Rosario to the Delaware breakerwater, arrived last night in tow of the Austrian steamship Pandora, from Barbadoes for New York. On April 21 the Johanna broke her tail shaft and lost her propeller. She lay for six days without sighting a vessel. While trying to make port under sail she lost her sails in a north-east gale. Then she lay entirely helpless until the 27th, when the Pandora took her in tow. The steamer experienced very rough weather while towing, the hawser breaking three times, compelling the Pandora to lay by and wait favorable opportunity to make it fast again.

Work of a Waterspout. Montecello, Ky., May 3.—A wagon driver who arrived here, brings news of a terrible disaster on White Oak creek, in Tennessee, several miles from this town. A waterspout struck the house of a farmer named Brucker, demolishing the house and killing the farmer, his wife and one child. Two farm hands, sleeping upstairs, were so badly mangled that they died in a few hours. No further damage was done in the neighborhood, so far as the teamster learned.

Alleged Defaulters. Cincinnati, O., May 3.—A special from Huntington, Ind., says: "The alleged defaulters of Thomas L. Lucas and his son, Fred Lucas, have grown until they have already reached \$35,000, and new victims are being heard of every hour. Both were members of the real estate abstract and loan firm of T. L. Lucas & Son, and both have left the city. The firm, it is alleged, secured loans aggregating \$9700 on property worth \$6000; \$3000 more was secured on lots in fictitious additions."

Sunday Mass Hall Law. Cleveland, O., May 3.—President Robinson of the Cleveland baseball club, stated yesterday that he intended to let his team play Sunday games, notwithstanding the declaration of the mayor that the State law would be enforced. Mr. Robinson proposes to let his players be arrested and test the validity of the law and the city ordinance against Sunday ball. Mr. Robinson has apparently changed his mind about selling his club if Sunday games are not permitted.

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THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED)

The sound of his feet upon the causeway began the business of the day; for the village was still sound asleep. The church tower looked very airy in the sunlight; a few birds that turned about it seemed to swim in an atmosphere of more than usual rarity; and the Doctor, walking in long transparent shadows, filled his lungs amply, and proclaimed himself well contented with the morning.

On one of the posts before Tentailon's carriage entry he espied a little dark figure perched in a meditative attitude and immediately recognized Jean-Marie.

"Ah!" he said, stopping before him humbly, with a hand on either knee. "So we rise early in the morning do we? It appears to me that we have all the vices of a philosopher."

"The boy got to his feet and made a grave salutation. "And how is our patient?" asked Desprez.

"It appeared the patient was about the same." "And why do you rise early in the morning?" he pursued.

Jean-Marie, after a long silence, confessed that he hardly knew. "You hardly know?" repeated Desprez. "We hardly know anything, my man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your conscience. Come, push me this inquiry home. Do you like it?"

"Yes," said the boy, slowly; "yes, I like it."

"And why do you like it?" continued the Doctor. "(We are now pursuing the Socratic method.) Why do you like it?"

"It is quiet," answered Jean-Marie. "And I have nothing to do; and then I feel as if I were good."

Doctor Desprez took a seat on the post at the opposite side. He was beginning to take an interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer truly. "It appears you have a taste for feeling good," said the Doctor. "Now, there you puzzle me extremely; for I thought you said you were a thief; and the two are incompatible."

"Is it very bad to steal?" asked Jean-Marie.

"Such is the general opinion, little boy," replied the Doctor.

"No, but I mean as I stole," exclaimed the other. "For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread; it must be right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing," he added. "I was not ignorant of right and wrong; for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who was very kind to me." (The Doctor made a horrible grimace at the word "priest.") "But it seemed to me, when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tartlets, I believe; but any one would steal for baker's bread."

"And so I suppose," said the Doctor, with a rising sneer. "You prayed God to forgive you, and explained the case to Him at length."

"Why, sir?" asked Jean-Marie. "I do not see."

"Your priest would see, however," retorted Desprez.

"Would he?" asked the boy, troubled for the first time. "I should have thought God would have known."

"Eh?" snarled the Doctor.

"I should have thought God would have understood them," replied the other. "You do not, I see; but then it was God that made me think so, was it not?"

"Little boy, little boy," said Doctor Desprez. "I told you already you had the vices of philosophy; if you display the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health, an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common walks; and I cannot preserve my equanimity in presence of a monster. Do you understand?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

"I will make your meaning clear to you," replied the Doctor. "Look here as the sky—behind the bluff first, where it is so light, and then up and up; turning your chin back, right to the top of the dome, where it is already as blue as at noon. Is not that a beautiful color? Does it not please the heart? We have seen it all our lives, until it has grown in with our familiar thoughts. Now, changing his tone, "suppose that sky to become suddenly of a live and fiery amber, like the color of clear coals, and growing scarlet toward the top. I do not say it would be any the less beautiful; but would you like it as well?"

"I suppose not," answered Jean-Marie.

"Neither do I like you," returned the Doctor, roughly. "I hate all odd people, and you are the most curious little boy in all the world."

and observed the boy ardently. "He has spoiled the quiet of my morning," thought he. "I shall be nervous all day, and have a feverish when I digest. Let me compose myself." And so he dismissed his preoccupations by an effort of the will which he had long practiced, and let his soul roam abroad in the contemplation of the morning. He inhaled the air, tasting it critically as a connoisseur tastes a vintage, and prolonging the expiration with hygienic gusto. He counted the little flecks of cloud along the sky. He followed the movements of the birds round the church tower—making long sweeps, hanging poised, or turning airy somersaults in fancy, and beating the wind with imaginary plunions. And in this way he regained peace of mind and animal composure, conscious of his limbs, conscious of the sight of his eyes, conscious that the air had a cool taste, like a fruit, at the top of his throat, and at last, in complete abstraction, he began to sing. The Doctor had but one air—Malbronn's "Ten va-t-en-guerra," even with that he was on terms of mere politeness; and his musical exploits were always reserved for moments when he was alone and entirely happy.

He was recalled to earth rudely by a pained expression on the boy's face. "What do you think of my singing?" he inquired, stopping in the middle of a note; and then, after he had waited some little while and received no answer, "What do you think of my singing?" he repeated, imperiously.

"I do not like it," faltered Jean-Marie.

"Oh, come!" cried the Doctor. "Possibly you are a performer yourself?"

"I sing better than that," replied the boy.

The Doctor eyed him for some seconds in stupefaction. He was aware that he was angry, and blushed for himself in consequence, which made him angrier. "If this is how you address your master!" he said at last, with a shrug and a flourish of his arms.

"I do not speak to him at all," returned the boy. "I do not like him."

"Then you like me?" snapped Doctor Desprez, with unusual eagerness.

"Do not know," answered Jean-Marie.

"The Doctor rose. "I shall wish you a good-morning," he said. "I wish you too much for me. Perhaps you have blood in your veins, perhaps celestial liquor, or perhaps you circulate nothing more gross than respirable air; but of one thing I am inexorably assured—that you are no human being. No, boy—shaking his stick at him—"you are not a human being. Write, write it in your memory—I am not a human being—I have no pretension to be a human being—I am a dive, a dream, an angel, an acoustic, an illusion—what you please, but not a human being." And so he departed with a humbly salutatory and a farewell!

And with that the Doctor made off along the street in some emotion; and the boy stood, mentally gaping, where he left him.

CHAPTER III.

ADAME DESPREZ who answered to the Christian name of Anastasie, presented an agreeable type of her sex; exceedingly whole-some to look upon, a stout brute, with cool, smooth cheeks, steady, dark eyes, and hands that neither art nor nature could improve. She was the sort of person whom adversity passes like a summer cloud; she might, in the worst of conjunctures, knit her brows into one vertical furrow for a moment, but the next it would be gone. She had much of the placidity of a contented nun; with little of her piety, however; for Anastasie was of a very mundane nature, fond of oysters and old wine, and somewhat bold pleasantries, and devoted to her husband for her own sake rather than for his. She was imperceptibly good-natured, but had no idea of self-sacrifice. To live in that pleasant old house, with a green garden behind and bright flowers about the window, to eat and drink of the best, to gossip with a neighbor for a quarter of an hour, never to wear stays or a dress except when she went to Fontainebleau shopping, to be kept in a continual supply of racy novels, and to be married to Doctor Desprez and have no ground of jealousy, filled the cup of her nature to the brim. Those who had known the Doctor in bachelor days, when he had aired quite as many theories, but of a different order, attributed his present philosophy to the study of Anastasie. It was her brute enjoyment that he rationalized and perhaps vainly imitated.

Madame Desprez was an artist in the kitchen, and made coffee to a nicety. She had a knack of tidiness, with which she had infected the Doctor; everything capable of polish shone gloriously; and dust was a thing banished from her empire. Alas, their single servant, had no other business in the world but to scour and burnish. So Doctor Desprez lived in his house like a fatted calf, warmed and cosseted to his heart's content.

The midday meal was excellent. There was a ripe mackerel, a fish from the river in a memorable Bearnaise sauce, a fat fowl in a fricassee, and a dish of asparagus, followed by some fruit. The Doctor drank half a bottle plus one glass, the wife half a bottle minus the same quantity, which was a marital privilege, of an excellent Cote-Rotie, seven years old. Then the coffee was brought, and a flask of Chartreuse for madame, for the Doctor despised and distrusted such decoctions; and then Anne left the wedded pair to the pleasures of memory and digestion.

"It is a very fortunate circumstance, my dear," said the Doctor, "that you should be so well provided for."

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tor—"this coffee is adorable—a very fortunate circumstance upon the whole—Anastasie, I beseech you, go without that poison for to-day; only one day, and you will feel the benefit, I pledge my reputation."

"What is this fortunate circumstance, my friend?" inquired Anastasie, not heeding his protest, which was of daily recurrence.

"That we have no children, my beautiful," replied the Doctor. "I think of it more and more as the years go on, and with more and more gratitude toward the Power that dispenses such afflictions. Your health, my darling, my studious quiet, our little kitchen delicacies, how they would all have suffered, how they would all have been sacrificed! And for what? Children are the last word of human imperfection. Health flows before their face. They cry, my dear; they put vexatious questions; they demand to be fed, to be washed, to be combed, to have their noses blown; and then, when the time comes, they break our hearts, as I break this piece of sugar. A pair of professed egoists, like you and me, should avoid offspring, like an infidelity."

"Indeed!" said she; and she laughed. "Now, that is like you—to take credit for the thing you could not help."

"My dear," returned the Doctor, solemnly, "we might have adopted."

"Never!" cried madame. "Never, Doctor, with my consent. If the child were my own flesh and blood, I would not say no. But to take another person's indiscretion on my shoulders, my dear friend, I have too much sense."

"Precisely," replied the Doctor. "We both had. And I am all the better pleased with our wisdom, because—because—" He looked at her sharply.

"Because what?" she asked, with a faint premonition of danger.

"Because I have found the right person," said the Doctor firmly, "and shall adopt him this afternoon."

Anastasie looked at him out of a mist. "You have lost your reason," she said; and there was a clang in her voice that seemed to threaten trouble.

"Not so, my dear," he replied; "I retain his complete exercise. To the proof; instead of attempting to doak my inconsistency, I have by way of preparing you, thrown it into strong relief. You will there, I think, recognize the philosopher who has the ecstasy to call you wife. The fact is, I have been reckoning all this while without an acknowledgment. I never thought to find a son of my own. Now, last night, I found one. Do not unnecessarily alarm yourself, my dear; he is not a drop of blood to me that I know. It is his mind, darling, his mind that calls me father."

"His mind!" she repeated, with a twitter between scorn and hysterics. "His mind, indeed! Henri is this an idiotic pleasurer, or are you mad? His mind! And what of my mind?"

"To be continued."

TEST OF MANNERS.

Good Manners Come of Refined Home Life.

It would seem that the surest road to excellent manners is by way of generous enlightenment which softens character and uplifts the point of view from which we regard our fellow citizens of the world, says the Chautauquan. Politeness is regard for the other person's feelings. If you are solicitous about giving pleasure to those you meet there is little danger of any glaring breach of manners, albeit some conventional rules may be infringed. An unselfish purpose rarely offends. Almost always the truly vulgar person is offensively selfish. He wants his own way; she demands notice; the obvious thing in this person's conduct is assumption of personal importance, as if expecting admiration and exceptional treatment from everybody. Politeness is a mark of self-control and a proof of self-sufficiency for any occasion; but from it is quite absent any anxiety about oneself or the impression one is making upon others. If I were compelled to express with a single word what it is that the character must have in order to a person's reputation of politeness, I should say adjustability. A fixed habit, no matter how morally correct in outline, is death to that which gives a name of woman the presence of welcome and the expression of being at home with company. Politeness so illuminates conventionality that we see only the radiance and forget the machinery. Every close observer has been able to detect the difference between manners assumed for an occasion or exigency and the perfectly natural acts of a well-bred person. A man may lift his hat with a movement indicative of generations whose culture and grace form the innermost essence of his character; another may attempt the same and show by it that only yesterday he took his first credit lesson in conventional politeness. It is the same with women. Good manners come of refined home life; they must be worn every day and they will not be worn with ease and unconscious grace. And this unconscious grace is not mere gracefulness; it lies deeper. A generous soul must shine out.

Wart-Wort Sap for Cancer.

Some remarkable results have been obtained by M. Dentsenko, a Russian physician, in experiments with the sap of the wart-wort—Chelidonium Major, Linn—which in Russia and elsewhere is a popular remedy for warts. M. Dentsenko has used this sap in cases of cancer growth, where surgical treatment seem to have caused the growth to disappear or become greatly reduced. A cancer growth in the esophagus has so much diminished that the patient, who formerly took liquid food, can now swallow chopped meat, bread and hard boiled eggs. Other physicians are urged to test the remedy that has produced astonishing effects, in order to verify its apparent great value, and to determine whether the two deadly alkaloids contained in the chelidonium sap are dangerous in long continued small doses. On account of its poisonous nature the remedy must never be tried without the prescription of a medical man.

Lots of News.

Mrs. Gadabout. "What was the news at the sewing circle today, my dear?" Mrs. Outrage. "Mrs. Buddins has a new cook, and Mrs. Remnant has the same one she got two days ago." Philadelphia North American.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"FRINDSHIP UNFAILING," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "And She Went and Came and Gleaned in the Fields After the Reapers; and Her Map Was to Light."—Ruth 2:3.

THE time that Ruth and Naomi arrived at Bethlehem to harvest time, was the season when a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up; that was to be left for the poor who might happen to come along that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of taking it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor coming along that way might glean it, and get their bread. But you say, "What is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun; and you expect that Ruth, the young and beautiful, should toil in the sun and heat, and then she should be afflicted to one of the lords of the land, and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which often starts very darkly ends very brightly."

When you started out for heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sinai thundered, and devils trembled, and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins. After awhile you went into the harvest field of God's mercy: you began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry, as the voice of God addressed you, saying: "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered. A very dark start is a conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the Gospel!"

So, very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career, we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying, "You must go," and we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert and we are pounded and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through ten thousand obstacles that have been slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but, blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip-top of the captured battlements we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says so:

"Thy shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, neither any heat; neither shall the sun be in the midst of the throne, neither shall they be living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scoffing of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed about his practical use; but when the deluge came, and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his family, and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse mistreated than the thief on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining his last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from the sepulchres at his crucifixion. Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha, were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of reward comes for Christ; all the pomp and dominion of the world are to be heaped on his throne, crowning heads are to bow before him whose head are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up at his feet, like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

That song of love, now low and far. Ere long shall swell from star to star; That light, the breaking day which tips The golden-spired Apocalypse.

Madame de Staël did a world of work in her time, and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid manuscript books which she had written, some one said to her: "How do you find time to attend to all these things?" "Oh," she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in the fact that I have seventeen trades, by any one of which I could make a livelihood if necessary." And if in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! How many things to do around about us without one word of comfort! We want more Abigail, more Hannah, more Rebecca, more Marys, more Deborahs consecrated—body, mind and soul, to the Lord who bought them.

Once more I learn from my subject the value of gleaning.

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Elihu Burritt learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith's shop. Abner Doublois, the world-renowned philosopher, was a philosopher in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while, as a physician, he was waiting for the door of the sick room to open. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental or spiritual improvement; the great duties of life cross the field like strong reapers, and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left, that is not worth gleaning.

Ab, my friends, you could go into the busiest day and busiest week of your life, and find golden opportunities, which, gathered up, might at last make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which, taken up and bound together and beaten out, will at last fill you with much joy.

There are a few moments left worth the gleaning. Now, Ruth to the field! May each one have a measure full and running over! Oh, you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household an aged one or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toil in this field, then let Ruth take heed to Naomi. Naomi is the sheaf of gleaning. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi be your portion forever!

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THE SHEEP OF LEBANON.

They Are Fattened Like the Famous Geese of Strasburg.

Harry Fenn, the artist, has written for the St. Nicholas an account of his visit to the famous cedars of Lebanon, which place is also noted for its silk. Mr. Fenn says: "Wherever a handful of earth can be made to rest upon a ledge, there a mulberry plant grows. It is a picturesque and thrilling sight to see a boy lowered by a rope over the precipice, carrying a big basket of earth and cuttings of mulberry twigs to plant in his hanging garden. His crop of leaves, fodder for the worms, is gathered in the same way. By such patient and dangerous industry have these hardy mountaineers been able to make their wilderness of rock blossom into brightly colored silks. Not a single leaf is left on the trees by the time the voracious worms get ready to spin their cocoons, but a second crop comes on later, and a curious use is made of that. The tree-owner purchases one of those queer big-tailed Syrian sheep, the tail of which weighs twenty pounds when at the full maturity of its fatness; and then a strange stuffing process begins, not unlike the fattening of the Strasburg geese. When the sheep can eat no more the women of the house feed it; and it is no uncommon sight to see a woman going out to make an afternoon call, leading her sheep by a string, and carrying a basket of mulberry leaves on her arm. Having arrived at her friend's house, she squats on the ground, rolls a ball of mulberry leaves in her right hand, and slips it into the sheep's mouth, then works the sheep's jaw up and down with the other hand till she thinks the mouthful has been chewed enough, when she thrusts it down the throat of the unfortunate animal. The funny part of the business is that probably half-a-dozen gossips of the village are seated around the yard, all engaged in the same operation. Of course the sheep get immensely fat, and that is the object; for at the killing time the fat is tried out and put into jars, as meat for the winter."

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THE EVANS MYSTERY.

In a little cottage on the outskirts of the city of San Diego lives an old lady whose hair is white and whose eyes are dimmed. The story of her life is a sad one, and yet not an uncommon one in some respects; it is the story of a deserted mother who waits and hopes and prays for the return of an erring son.

About twelve years ago there lived in the town of Pella, Ia., a prosperous merchant. He was married and had six children, two daughters and four sons. They were all exceptionally handsome children, particularly the eldest son. At that time he was yet a young man, recently married to a bright and beautiful girl, and in the employ of a large Southern house as a commercial traveler. He drew a large salary and was so trusted and respected by the firm that in addition to making sales for them he often collected large sums of money from the houses with whom they did business.

Several years passed and Harry Evans rose higher each year in the estimation of the firm that employed him. At about this time his father met with business reverses, sold out his home, and after moving to Montezuma, Ia., went into the hotel business. He was afterwards moved to Afton, in the same state, and kept the leading hotel there. Soon afterward young Evans left Montezuma, where he was then residing, to visit the smaller towns as had been his custom. From day to day he wrote to his wife for whom he seemed to have the strongest affection. All at once his letters ceased. After a short time it became known throughout the state that Harry Evans had disappeared. Detectives were at once put on his track, a large reward was offered for any information as to his whereabouts, but to no avail. He had dropped out of sight as completely as if the sea had opened and closed over him forever.

The family were or had been very prominent. They had many influential friends, and everything possible was done to find a trace of the missing man. The governor of the state made a special attempt to find Evans. The whole country was excited over the strange disappearance. The family mourned him as dead. They were fully convinced that he had been murdered for his money and his body sunk in the Mississippi river. The idea that he had absconded with a paltry \$2,000—that being the amount he had with him at the time of his disappearance—was scouted as improbable. He had often had several times as much with him.

His relatives were almost prostrated with grief, for he had been the most promising member of the family. As time passed the young wife went bravely to work to pay off the debts left unpaid by her husband and to support herself.

Among the many friends of the family there was only one who believed that young Evans was alive, and that some day he would turn up. On his suggesting such a possibility, however, the family took exception, and even became highly indignant.

One day seven years after Evans' disappearance this friend stopped at the hotel kept by young Evans' parents, and was saddened to see the father prematurely aged by grief and slowly dying.

"Have you never heard from Harry?" asked this gentleman, who, by the way, told me the story, and who is one of San Francisco's most prominent business men.

"Heard from Harry?" exclaimed the father. "Why do you ask such a question? Harry is dead."

"Well, now, Mr. Evans, I don't believe he is," protested the friend.

"I shall give the story in that friend's own words:

Just then Mrs. Evans came into the room. "You're asking about Harry again, aren't you?" she asked. "Why do you constantly do that? How can we hear from Harry? He is dead. Why should he have left his wife, his father and me all these years without letting us know he was alive? There was no reason for it."

"Then Harry's father spoke up: 'Harry is dead. You don't suppose that he would run away with anyone's money, do you? Harry didn't have to steal a paltry \$2,000. I never raised a boy that would steal.'

"They seemed so pained and troubled by my asserting that I believed their son was still alive that I dropped the subject. I had incurred their displeasure to such an extent that the younger daughter would not even speak to me. I saw the wife soon afterward and asked her, too, if she had ever heard from her husband. She seemed much surprised by my question.

"Heard from Harry?" she exclaimed. "How can I hear from a man that has been dead for seven years?"

"Soon afterward I left Iowa for California. During all that time absolutely nothing had been heard of Harry Evans. People had almost forgotten him and everyone but myself firmly believed him dead.

I arrived in Los Angeles early one morning and after registering and disposing of my baggage took a stroll. As I was walking up Main street, near the St. Elmo Hotel, I came face to face with Harry Evans. I knew him in an instant. The same old handsome Harry, grown even handsomer than ever. He knew me, too, for he turned and abruptly entered a barber shop. I followed him, but he had escaped through a side door and was gone.

The next day at about the same time I went up Main street again, and again I saw him. He was standing on the sidewalk and I walked up to him and touched him on the arm.

"Hello, Harry," I said, "where have you been all these years?"

He turned, didn't seem at all surprised and said, "Pardon me, but you have the best of me. I don't know you."

"Aren't you Harry Evans? Doesn't your father keep a hotel in Iowa?" I asked.

"Never been in Iowa in my life," he answered. "Well, yes, I was, too. I passed through it several years ago on my way West. But my name isn't Harry Evans; never heard the name before in my life. Must be a case of mistaken identity."

"And you mean to say that you don't know me? That your name isn't Harry Evans and that you never lived in Iowa?"

"Never saw you before in my life, and I have never lived in Iowa as I have just stated."

He persisted in this way for over half an hour. I knew that he was Harry Evans. I could have sworn to it. At last I thought of a plan. "I'll fetch you, old fellow," I said to myself.

"You're not Harry Evans?" I said.

"Well, I'll tell you Evans' story for it might interest you."

I started in looking him square in the eye all the time. I told him how Harry Evans had left his home and his brave little wife, who had gone to work and had courageously faced the coming years so full of toll and sorrow for her, how his mother was sorrowing for him, how his poor old father had died, his last days saddened by the blow caused by the sudden disappearance of the son that was dearest to him. Still his face remained as calm as yours.

"I last, still looking him straight in the eye," he said. "Harry Evans had a beautiful sister. She was known as the most beautiful woman in Iowa. About two years ago she married a wealthy man of Omaha and a year ago she died."

"That brought him! His face had begun to twitch when I first mentioned his sister. As I said the last two words he broke down and wept like a child. I led him into the back room of a saloon near by and there I told him all about his folks."

He gave us his extraordinary story: He said that he thought for a time he must have been temporarily insane. Anyway he kept west, scarcely knowing what he did. He wandered to China, then back to Peru and lived for several years in Quito. Finally he found himself in California. After all those years he was ashamed, he said, to return home. He had located in Los Angeles and had gone to work. He had prospered, and was worth a good many thousands of dollars. He was moving in when he hinted at an engagement with one of Los Angeles' most beautiful and wealthy young ladies. He called himself "Captain Charles Henry."

"Of course I didn't believe his story about wandering away. I was confident that there was some deeper reason for his having left home and wife and all."

nically. It was the mother that I wanted to help, the woman who had been such a good friend to me and who was nearly heartbroken. I told him that he would either have to send for his mother or send her a certain sum of money each month. I did not care which he did. That was the only compromise that I would make with him. Finally he promised solemnly that he would write to his mother and send her some money.

One afternoon he called around to see me at my place of business and proposed a drive into the country to see a piece of property that he said he owned.

I consented to take the drive with him and we were to start about 2 o'clock, but Harry fooled around, so that it was almost 3 when we did finally get started. He drove a handsome pair of horses to a light buggy and we went slowly out of town to the piece of property that he wanted to show to me.

It was a long, lonesome drive. On the way out we talked over his leaving home and once or twice he made the remark that I was the only person that knew where he was. His mother, he said, had not heard from him. She only had my letter to show for it. He asked me about his wife, if she was pretty still and how she was getting along.

"She's prettier than ever, Harry," I told him. "And she has a fine position and a responsible one. She has saved up considerable money, too."

That seemed to interest him greatly. "Do you think she'd come out to me?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know, Harry," I said. "We drove on out to the property. It had grown late by the time we had started home. We arrived at an adobe cabin on the way back. Two Mexicans came out of it followed by an immense dog. Harry got out of the buggy and standing at a distance of fifty feet from me talked Spanish to them. Of course I couldn't understand them. But as it got later I grew impatient.

"Harry never wrote to his mother, as I found out afterward. She told his wife and the boys where he was, but it went no further. Finally Mrs. Evans raised money enough to send her second son to Los Angeles. When he arrived Harry would do nothing for him. I got him a place in an elevator and later on in a real estate office. He saved every penny he earned and after making a lucky sale or two sent for his mother. She came out and brought the other children with her."

They bought a little cottage in San Diego. At this time Harry had not helped his mother to his knowledge to the extent of one cent. He had written to his wife, but she had declined to come to him. She said that the trip was a long and tiresome one and easier for a man to take than a woman. If he wanted to see her she would meet him on his arrival, but she would not go to him.

A few months afterward he disappeared again as completely as he had seven years before, and he has never been heard from since. The mystery will probably never be solved. Yet if "murder will out" some day we will know why Harry Evans acted as he did.—From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Dinners at the White House.

Ex-President Harrison asserts that state dinners cannot be wholly divested of the repression and stiffness which are the accompaniments of all state affairs. "There is no opportunity for general conversation," he writes in the Ladies' Home Journal, "and the chef and our neighbor at table have our fate in their hands. But there are many other dinners and luncheons to which the elect and the congress come; and twenty such, seated about the round table in the private dining-room, make a goodly and a heartsome company. These are the dinners that endure the supreme test—you think well of your host and of the company when you wake up."

To Soften and Whiten the Skin.

Almond meal is said to soften and whiten the skin. It is usually put into a bag made of nun's veiling or of soft bunting, and used as a cake of soap would be when bathing. After its use the skin should be bathed with clear water.—Ladies' Home Journal.

JOSH BILLING'S PHILOSOPHY.

Honesty is no doubt the best policy, but I have seen policy that wasn't the best kind of honesty.

One of the best-balanced chaps that I meet in mi travels is the one who talks the most and lies the least.

Flattery is the meanest kind of abuse, and the man who will flatter you will cheat you the first good chance he gets.

I never knu but one man to die of a broken harte, and he did it by trying to lift a barrel of cider and drink out of the bung.

There is no particular amount of philosophy in not making any blunders, or committing any sin, but in trying not to do it again there is.

You can settle with the good God for 50 cents on the dollar, but man insists upon the pound or flesh, a hundred cents every time, costs charges added.

To doubt and disbelieve requires the smallest amount of brains, but to trust requires the innocence of a child, the faith of a martyr, and the genius of an angel.

It is a grand deal easier job to make a pedigree for one's self than to get one from a grandfather, and then have to watch the darn thing, nite and day, for fear it will slip.

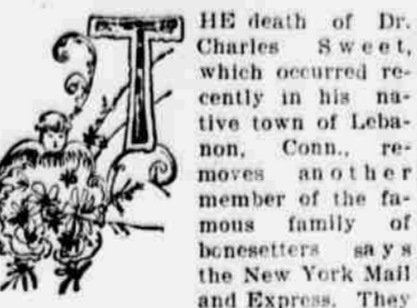
There may cum a time when the lion and the lam will lie down together; but as much as I should like to see such a thing I shall continue to bet mi money in this world on the lion.

One of the best arguments I kno of in favor of matrimony is, those who have been married once, I don't care what luk they had the last time, are the most krazy to try it agin.

A NATURAL HEALER.

MAN IN OHIO WHO POSSESSES MYSTERIOUS POWERS.

Says His Sense of Touch Explains It—So Highly Developed That He Locates Bullets in the Flesh When Science Fails.



HE death of Dr. Charles Sweet, which occurred recently in his native town of Lebanon, Conn., removes another member of the famous family of bone-setters, as the New York Mail and Express. They were spoken of as natural bone-setters, and it is said they never opened a book on the subject of anatomy. The death of Mr. Sweet probably leaves only two persons in the country who made a practice of setting bones by instinct. One is "Bone-setter" Reese of Youngstown, O. He is now a student in a Cleveland (O.) medical college. A recent law enacted in Ohio forbids the practice of medicine or surgery without a certificate of graduation and a state license, and Reese will have to take a regular collegiate course before he can resume his mysterious healing powers.

"Bone-setter" Reese has never studied anatomy in his life, his phenomenal cures, so to speak, being accomplished by the "laying on of hands." "Bone-setter" does not claim that his cures are performed with the assistance of divine power. His fame extends over nearly every state in the union and his departure for Cleveland recently caused a crush at his home in Youngstown, O. Some of his patients came in cabs, and others hobbled along on crutches, but all received the same greeting and all apparently went away cured. There were people present from Akron, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Washington, New Castle and other adjoining towns. All expressed sincere faith in the powers of their untutored physician.

One old man came from Austintown. He had been compelled to use crutches since last spring, owing to an injury to his ankle. He left the house without his crutches and seemed as happy as a boy out of school. An old woman from New Castle came to the house with her arm in a sling. It had been fractured and afterward set by a regular practicing surgeon. The pain afterward became almost unbearable. "Poor job," said Reese, after he examined the fractured arm. "It must be reset." Grasping the wrist firmly in his right hand, he gave the arm a peculiar twist. There was a sharp snap, a crunching of bones and the operation was over.

Another of "Bone-setter's" remarkable cures was that of a Sewickley boy who had been unable to walk for two years. Physicians had been treating him for necrosis of the bone. Reese's marvelous sense of touch enabled him to discover the cause of the boy's affliction and with a few twists and jerks the ligaments and joints were placed in their proper position and the boy has not been troubled since. Physicians can not account for "Bone-setter's" skill. They deride him unmercifully, but are compelled to admit that he has made some marvelous cures. He has practiced his peculiar profession for the last twenty years and has many thousands of cures to his credit. There has never been a fracture of any kind yet that was beyond his skill.

He became known for his wonderful gift of anatomy when a mere boy. He lived on farm on the outskirts of Youngstown, O., with his parents. He proved that it wasn't necessary to kill a cow, a dog or a pig because it had broken its leg. The broken limbs of the stock around the farm afforded ample opportunities for young Reese to exercise his skill. As a veterinary surgeon he soon commanded attention that extended beyond the limits of his own county. Reese was called upon to doctor the injured stock of the farms for miles around. When a boy he liked nothing better than to dissect some animal and in his own crude way learned anatomy. He dissected bones for the mere pleasure of putting them together again. There was not an injured animal or bird within reach that Reese didn't experiment on.

Of course, it was but natural that he turned his attention to the setting of human bones and it was soon discovered that his skill was not merely limited to the setting of animal bones. His reputation grew so amazingly that he abandoned the farm to take up his peculiar profession in more extensive fields.

Reese is now permanently located in Youngstown, O., but has traveled all over the country. In some districts the people looked on him with awe and superstition. "Bone-setter" is married, and has a large family; but, strange to say, not one of his children inherits his wonderful instinct. He does not require the assistance of the "X" rays in locating foreign objects in the flesh. His delicate sense of touch is all that is necessary. On one occasion a bullet had been imbedded in a boy's leg for several years. Attempts to locate it had been of no avail. Running his finger tips lightly over the boy's arm, Reese declared that he had located the ball. The attending physician, who accompanied the boy, doubted Reese's assertion and was at first reluctant to commence the operation.

"I know the ball is there," said Reese. "Cut into the flesh as I have described and you will find it." The doctor was finally persuaded to perform the operation, and to his amazement found the bullet in the exact place Reese said it would be found.

"I am not a Schliatter," he will reply when asked to explain how he acquired his mysterious gift. "I do not profess to be a divine healer. The only explanation I can give is that my sense of touch is more delicate than that of the average human being. Reese receives dozens of letters every day containing money from people who ask to be cured by the "laying on of hands." He also receives handkerchiefs to be blessed and returned, but

he is not in the divine healing business and returns them with his regrets but not his blessings. In spite of his miraculous cures he is a poor man. He never makes any charges for his services except to those who are able to pay.

Dr. Sweet lost one son, who inherited his father's powers to a great extent. He and Reese are possibly the only two people in the country who depend on this peculiar vocation for a living.

INSTEAD OF SHOULDER-BRACES.

A gymnasium director of long experience disapproves of shoulder-braces. They weaken, so he thinks, the muscles whose function it is to keep the shoulders in their normal position. This they do in two ways: By relieving the muscles of their work, and by putting a constant upward pull on the shoulders, so depriving them of a normal supply of blood. Instead of artificial shoulder braces, the director recommends the frequent and persistent use of exercise specially adapted to promote an erect carriage. It is not enough, he says, to work an hour or so daily in a gymnasium. The proper exercise should be taken many times a day, and therefore should be of a sort that can be practiced anywhere and without special apparatus. Some of the habits and exercises on which he lays stress are as follows:

1. Make it a rule to keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar.
2. Roll the shoulders backward and downward.
3. Try to squeeze the shoulder-blades together many times a day.
4. Stand erect at short intervals during the day—"head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back."
5. Walk or stand with the hands clasped behind the head and the elbows wide apart.
6. Walk about, or even run upstairs, with from ten to forty pounds on the top of the head.
7. Try to look at the top of your high-cut vest on your necktie.
8. Practice the arm movements of breast-stroke swimming while standing or walking.
9. Hold the arms behind the back.
10. Carry a cane or umbrella behind the small of the back or behind the neck.
11. Put the hands on the hip, with elbows back and fingers forward.
12. Walk with the thumbs in the armpits of the vest.
13. When walking, swing the arms and shoulders strongly backward.
14. Stand now and then during the day with all the posterior parts of the body, so far as possible, touching a vertical wall.
15. Look upward as you walk on the sunny side of the street.

The foregoing exercises, it will be seen, are happily varied, and are, many of them, such as can be practiced by anybody in almost any occupation. If he cannot use one, he can another. The director goes on to say that even in a gymnasium a man must be on his guard against forms of exercise that tend to induce a stooping posture. "A round-shouldered as a gymnast," he says, has almost passed into a proverb. He recommends also what he calls a "lie-abed exercise." Stand on the back of the head, the back, shoulders and the heels by arching the back," and repeat the operation a dozen times or so.

Deepest Cellar on Record.

The other night when the family of Jacob Matulis, of Mt. Carmel, Pa., retired for the night they locked the cellar door, after seeing that everything in that department was in its usual order. The house stands over the Reliance mine, and during the night a subterranean cave-in occurred, caused by a squeeze in the inside workings of the colliery. The bottom of Matulis' cellar dropped out of sight completely, being swallowed up in the depths below. Strange to say, however, the foundation walls remained intact and the house itself did not seem damaged in the least. Matulis was very much astonished, therefore, when he arose early in the morning, and just as he was about to descend to the depths below discovered that his house was over probably the deepest cellar on record.

Well Matched.

A Kansas editor and his wife attended the recent National editorial association at Galveston, Tex., leaving their daughter, 17 years old, to get out of her room during his absence. He made a side run to Mexico while on the trip. The first issue under this "new notice" regime contained the notice at the head of the editorial column:

"Pa is in Mexico. I received a letter from him this morning. He has got ma with him, and is having a darn good time. I guess, I wish he was home as it is lonesome to be editor-in-chief all alone. Pa and ma went to church and a bull fight last Sunday. Go well together, pa and ma, church and bull fight."

Trolley Cars as a Hearse.

One of the results of the floods in East St. Louis, Ill., brought about a novel funeral procession. William Loriman, a plasterer, died. The street was flooded and neither carriage nor hearse could get near the house. The street car company were appealed to and responded with two trolley cars. One was used for a hearse and the other was utilized by the mourners. The journey to the gates of the cemetery was made in this manner.

Her Place.

"I see that scientists have figured out there are 700,000,000 people in the world who are only partially dressed."

"Well, well! Then the society girl is not one of the 400, but one of the 700,000,000, isn't she?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Hanging in These States.

The only states in which capital punishment is forbidden by law are Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island and Maine.

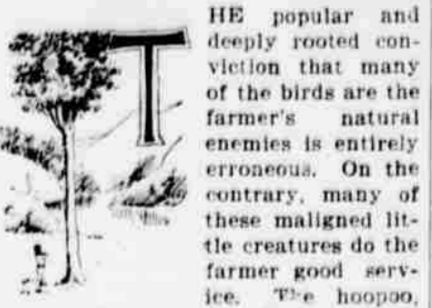
Look Out, Girls.

It is now definitely known to scientists that the gum-chewing habit produces wrinkles.

PLEA FOR THE OWL.

NIGHT-BIRD WHICH SHOULD NOT BE KILLED.

He's a Queer Fellow, and He Has Some Very Interesting Habits—Some Popular Conventions Uprooted—Birds of Very Much Undesirable Vermin.



HE popular and deeply rooted conviction that many of the birds are the farmer's natural enemies is entirely erroneous. On the contrary, many of these maligned little creatures do the farmer good service. The hoopoo, or pewee, for example, does much more good than harm. This extremely timid bird lives in bushes, looking for ants and beetles. He derives his name from his superb topknot of twenty-six red feathers, which are fringed with black. The fifth of the hoopoo's nest is proverbial, and yet the bird can hardly be blamed—so deep that it is impossible to remove the accumulated dirt. Another peculiarity of this bird is that he does his best to escape notice. He has no song and only barely utters a cry resembling that of a crossbeak. The tleohodrome that haunts our walls lives in summer on the high mountains and only comes down to us in winter. He is a very gentle bird and one can get very near to him. Still he has a wholesome dread of a gun and flies far off at the approach of a hunter. Now for the night birds, the birds of blood and carnage so dear to the story writers. Who does not remember the hooting of the owls and the picturesque part played by them in the story of the Lemmings? Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Balzac, Fenimore Cooper have a tender regard for this bird. Most of the screech owls come to us from the most northerly countries of Europe, their favorite food being Norwegian wood mice. When the screech owl has traversed this country, says Townsend, he quite naturally, since he has become eager for the quarry, goes a-hunting for wood mice, first in Denmark and then successively in Hungary, Prussia and France. Hunters see such screech owls often in heath and vineyards, especially in Artois, Beaucaire and Champagne. All honor to this owl, the great destroyer of wood mice and field mice! The sparrow owl makes a nest in old tree trunks, in ruins and in abandoned quarries, which are very common in the west. This is the favorite bird of Breton legends. His silent flight causes much fright in these countries, woe to him whose cheeks are touched by his ominous wings. The bird lives on raw flesh, field mice, rats and small birds. Thus, in one sense, the sparrow owl is a destroyer—nay, a cannibal—but on the whole he may fairly be classed among those birds who preserve more than they destroy and who therefore deserve our protection. The barn owl, the white owl of bellries and churchyards, is of all nocturnal birds the one which fears most the light of the sun. He squats at the bottom of a hole, and will let himself be killed rather than be tempted to leave his dark hiding place. Yet he is a migratory bird, and one of the boldest, being found in all latitudes. The owl known as the Little Duke is distinguished from the common owl by the smallness of his body, which is scarcely larger than that of a thrush, and by the short horns overtop his ears. A very handsome bird he is, his plumage being a harmonious blending of gray, red, brown and black. He leaves us when the swallows leave us, and comes back to us almost at the same time. Buffon advises farmers to protect this bird. "He does great good," says the eminent naturalist, "as a destroyer of field mice, which propagate so fast that in a few days they devour all the seed and all the young plants. At times when these mice have come especially numerous owls have come and quickly got rid of them."

The color of these birds varies according to their age, their sex and the climate. In youth they are gray and when fully grown are brown. Their eyes, too, are of the same color as their plumage. The owl, which, according to pagan Greece, is Minerva's bird, is, like most birds of this class, very careless about constructing a nest. Indeed, he is satisfied with an abandoned nest, and often takes one that belonged to a magpie—for every one knows that the magpie forsakes his nest every year in order to build a new one. As a rule the owl lays four or five eggs. Birds of this class are not affected by cold weather and do not suffer at all during the winter. Ordinary owls and screech owls are often used to attract birds into nets. Buffon noticed that large birds come more willingly at the call of the ordinary owl, which is a sort of plaintive cry or a deep and prolonged wail, whereas, on the contrary, little birds come in greater number at the call of the screech owl, which is a high voice. That all the birds herein referred to, and all others which are of manifest service to mankind, should be protected is evident. Some of them may be depredators and may seem at times to annoy visitors, but there is ample evidence that they rid us of much undesirable vermin, and the conviction of those who have studied their habits and who consequently have the best right to speak on the subject is that they are far more entitled to be considered benefactors than destroyers.—Petit Journal.

The Difference.

The veteran actor said: "Oh, yes, indeed, you certainly are quite mistaken in thinking there is no practical difference between the romantic drama and the realistic drama. Yes, now, to illustrate, I have been here in both, and in both I have gathered the heroine to my bosom. In the romantic drama a celluloid bosom went; in the realistic drama nothing but linen would go for a minute."—Detroit Journal.

No Kissing in Japan.

No kissing ever occurs in Japan, even between husband and wife—and even between a mother and child; no shaking of hands in salutation. If one were to offer a kiss to a Japanese maiden, she would probably think she was going to be bitten.

His Little Weakness.

Inquiring Tourist (in Oklahoma)—"What kind of a man is your pastor, the Rev. Jack Jones? Alkali the Finest kind of a fellow? Hain't got but one fault in the world—he's no damned quarrelsome when he is drunk."—New York World.

In Philadelphia.

Philadelphia has a new "made pie" and a "made pie" is a name for the same city bears this season's 1,024 car-loads have been sent out.

A PEEP INTO AFRICA.

Marco Polo's Account of the Natives and the Animals.

The eastern coast of Africa was an unknown region in Marco Polo's day, and when he had traveled so far to the southern end of Asia that he began to get glimpses of Africa, he could not believe that he heard reports from the eastern side of that continent—of which he already knew something, as it formed the southern border of the Mediterranean Sea. So he speaks of Madagascar (which he calls Madagascar and Zanzibar (which he calls Zangibar) as though they were parts of India. If we remember that Marco was the first writer, European or Asiatic, to mention Madagascar by that name, and almost of Asia that he began to get glimpses of Africa, he could not believe that he heard reports from the eastern side of that continent—of which he already knew something, as it formed the southern border of the Mediterranean Sea. So he speaks of Madagascar (which he calls Madagascar and Zanzibar (which he calls Zangibar) as though they were parts of India. 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IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

Some Remarkable Facts Concerning Curious Mysterious Phenomena in Persian Gulf—Speech Suddenly Restored—Pickings on Exchanges.



The Old Clock on the Stairs.

Half-way up the stairs it stands, And points and beckons with its hands...

In that mansion used to be Free-hearted Hospitality; His great fires up the chimney roared...

There groups of merry children played, There youths and maidens dreaming strayed...

From that chamber, clothed in white, The bride came forth on her wedding night...

All are scattered now and fled, Some are married, some are dead...

Never here, forever there, Where all parting, pain and care, And death and time shall disappear...

Speech Suddenly Restored. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Little Rock, Ark., special: The medical department of the Arkansas Deaf Mute Institute is puzzled over a case...

Items from Lumpkin County. (From the Dadeville Nugget.) A minister appeared at the postoffice last Monday...

Adjourned Court to Hear Fight News. (From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.) A rather peculiar incident occurred in Judge Zachritz's court yesterday...

Lightning Struck a Feathering Bed. (From the Utica Morning Herald.) The belief that lightning will not strike a feather bed was shown to be mistaken by an incident of the electric storm of Saturday...

Curious Facts Concerning Gems. Among infirmities to which precious stones are liable is one common to all colored stones...

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Big Cat the Little Cat and the Alligator: A Common Fault in Children: A Mother's Sympathy: A Patient Factor.

Over the Hills and Far Away. LITTLE bird flew down, Over the grassy mound, next spring...

The level rows of house-tall, The long low sun on the level wall, And all that the little bird did say...

A little bird sang behind my chair, Over the level line of cornfields far, The smooth green hedge-rows level bound...

A little bird sings above my bed, And I know if I could but lift my head I would see the sun set, round and round...

I think that little bird will sing Over the grassy mound, next spring, When something that once was me, you'll leave...

The big cat's name was Daisy, and the little cat, her daughter, was named Susan, but the alligator I don't think ever had a name...

Griffith's Close Call. (From the Philadelphia Record.) Coatesville, Pa., special: In stepping over a revolving roll in the Lukens iron mill today Frank Griffith, an employee...

The two cats, though alike in color, were unlike in disposition, Daisy was very good natured and motherly, while Susan was cranky...

Between him and Susan, however, there was always trouble, she never lost an opportunity to slip up behind the back, while he would like like a small steam engine if he saw her come into the room...

That was a long time ago, and pretty Daisy is now resting under the rose-bud in the garden, while the alligator is stuffed and occupies a place on the cabinet...

She would sit down and watch him while, then tap him gently and jump back, expecting the customary hiss; but as the turtle took no notice whatever of her, she soon lost all interest in him...

A Mother's Sympathy. A little girl once followed the workmen from her father's estate when they went home to their dinner, because she was very fond of a kind old man who was one of them...

A Patient Factor. "I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to the principal of a school to whom he had brought his son as a pupil...

"Oh, yes," said the father, "he is honest; he will tell the truth, even when it is against himself; you may depend upon that."

Hunting With a Mirror. A bird stuffer in the state of New York, it is said, catches his birds, unspotted by shot or snare, by means of a hand mirror...

The Most Novel Railway. Official approval has just been given to the most novel railway that has ever been built...

Gen. Meade in Action. My dusky kinsman, or Meade's front a large part of the day, says Gen. Porter. He showed himself the personification of earnest, vigorous action in rousing his subordinate commanders to superior exertions...

"Not for ages. It's certainly two weeks, anyhow, since I saw her. I'm crazy to see her."

"So am I. And it seems like an eternity since I saw Helen. I'd give the world to see her. How frightfully slow the car is going: I could go faster on my hands and knees."

"So could I. I hate to drag along so. I like to go like lightning."

And so the conversation ran on, each girl telling what was certainly untrue every time she spoke.

What a reckoning there will be for

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Moral: The fat dog's mistress redeemed him from the pound, and that fact destroys the moral.—Truth.

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OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

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