

Haskell Free Press.

J. E. FOOLE, Publisher

HASKELL, TEXAS.

Henry Maul is the name of an Illinois wife beater.

It is probably called Lent because so much piety is borrowed.

Mrs. Lease declares that love is the keynote of the arch. Perhaps she's right.

If Spain could fight as well as she can apologize she would be a pretty hard little nation to tackle.

The poor lion must not be blamed for traveling with Fitzsimmons. His associates are not of his choosing.

The czar has given the sultan a pair of jasper vases. The czar and difficulties of Lord Salisbury multiply.

If Mrs. Maybrick is liberated she should be required to give a bond neither to lecture nor get in jail again.

Wisconsin has declared war against tramps and is armed with the most effective weapon for their exclusion. It is work.

The possibility of war with Spain because of recognizing Cuba does not produce any perceptible exodus of people to Canada.

This is the season of the year when an appropriate shroud for some people would be the winter underwear they discarded too soon.

How seldom do we pick up a newspaper without reading of some one who has so far forgot himself as to be caught robbing graves in Omaha.

The new woman is crowding her way into almost every business and profession, but up to date the policeman has felt no alarm at the possibility that he might lose his job.

Without entering into the niceties of the case the sympathies of the country generally have been on the side of Mrs. Stanford in her unequal fight against the government.

For the first time in the history of the "War Cry," edited by the numerous Booths, its name will be accepted as appropriate by all the world. It is in the thick of the Salvation Army fight.

Despite protests from whatever interested quarters, a large majority of the American people believe that our consciences should be properly defended and will insist upon the legislation necessary to that end.

Cubans are not fighting specially because of any recent and unusual oppression; it is the pulling chains that hung about their fathers and grandfathers and were welded to their own limbs by Spain that they desire to break and unloose. They have resolved to do it or die. Is it any wonder that Americans, conversant with their history, deeply sympathize with Cuba? They would not be the sons and daughters of 1776 if they did otherwise.

Prof. Salvioni of London, it is said, has about perfected the invention of an instrument which enables the human eye to see through opaque objects. The instrument consists of a cylinder coated with a material that becomes fluorescent under the influence of the Roentgen rays. The lens is at one end of the cylinder. The object to be examined is placed between a Crookes tube and the cylinder. On looking into the tube through the lens the observer sees the outline or shadow of the concealed object, which is thrown on the fluorescent interior. The device is still crude, but the inventor expects soon to perfect it. He calls it the cyroposcope.

One of the amusing items of news from Europe is that the Barrison sisters, five Swedish dancers, have been banished from Germany because they led so many members of the nobility astray. It is reported that a number of men of prominence have become the victims of the charms of the danseuses, to the detriment of their wives, children and fortunes. Count von Wedel, a dashing young officer, was arrested for having pawned jewelry which he had purchased on instalments from a Jeweler. At the arraignment it was learned that the young man had not only spent a large fortune on the Barrison sisters, but even the little money he obtained on the jewelry was spent on them. The police say that many members of the nobility have been ruined of late by their enchantments. A nobleman who can be ruled by a dancing girl is hardly worth making so much trouble about. It would be nearer doing poetic justice to banish the nobles and confer medals on the women for showing up the characters of the blue-blooded rogues.

While the British press is talking about the "sensitive pride and honor of the Spanish nation" it may be recalled with propriety that the "pride and honor" did not stand in the way of Spain's grinding tax money out of the Cubans and failing to return any substantial benefit.

A New York florist has paid \$100,000 for the exclusive ownership of a new carnation. The price is only exceeded in the annals of floriculture by that paid by the eminent New Yorker, Mr. Gebhard, for a Jersey Lily.

Emilie Groh of Chicago has been ordered to pay her husband \$20 a month alimony. Heinrich, her husband, is 65 years old, feeble and destitute. She applied for a divorce, but Heinrich on the street and got an injunction preventing him from returning home. The new woman seems to be rapidly learning the mean ways of men.

There is a report that J. Pierpont Morgan was about to conclude the purchase of a street railway system in Boston but pulled off on being reminded that it would not go into his safe.

A QUEEN OF THE PEN.

A ROUGH PICTURE OF MADELINE YALE WYNN.

A Chicago woman whose artistic and literary talents have won fame—Claimed by three cities—Her studio at Deerfield.

Chicago Letter.

SOME six months ago at a reception given to a distinguished foreigner, one lady said to another:

"You must really let me show him this."

And before she could be stopped she had taken an

enamel ornament from the hair of her friend and gone across the room with it to the lion of the evening. Now, the jeweled trifle was the handiwork of the wearer, and this special lion was of the artistic breed. He turned the pretty pin over and looked at it with serious pleasure. Then he said to the waiting messenger:

"Allow me to return this to your friend myself." Which he did with a ceremonious foreign bow and the remark: "Madame, one needs not a great canvas to make a picture. You have made a picture of this tiny enamel."

You see he belonged to a nation which takes art more seriously than religion, which looks partly like the Greek border and partly like a cuneiform inscription. Pandora herself appears on the front, back and sides. I know she is Pandora because Mrs. Wynn told me so. A child would draw nearly as well on his slate. Drawing is not what is aimed at, but a sort of grotesque ornament, and somehow the uncouth marks do combine to form an agreeable whole. The sunken lines around in black blurring to a rich brown along the edges. Charred logs from Gypsy fires, emblems cut in the bark of a tree or rudely carved on

rocks, come into your mind. There are pictures of forest glades, too. One I remember had the decorative effect of tapestry; old blues and greens married in it as in the Gobelins looms; pine branches stretched wedge-shaped, in lines of varying length, as if darned into olive wool, across the creamy, silky fabric of the sky; russet leaves spread over the foreground. Another landscape was pure nature; a fresh blue sky arching over a bare and breezy hillside, where a narrow track wound, inviting one to follow it far into the unseen. J. Wells Champey, who does dainty pastels of pretty women, suggested a girl with a parasol straying up this path. I hope she will never appear there. She would be an impertinence in this blissful loneliness.

There are canvases less advanced. One shows a woman in the Berkshire hills, or the Virginia mountains. Unfinished as they are they tell of large sweeps of country; of mountain ranges rolling crest on crest, some sun-touched, some in shadow, like the waves of the sea to the horizon.

In the picture called "One of Three" a figure is introduced. No pert summer girl, but an old, old woman, standing motionless beside two stunted trunks in forest depths. The light filters greenly through the leafage; a ray touches the hoary hair; her garments are colored like the surrounding vegetation; the withered arm she stretches out is own sister to a projecting dead branch. "Those trees," said George Fuller, "might have sheltered the Druids, and the woman is as old as they."

Mrs. Wynn is fortunate in having known that most original and mysterious of American painters. Her art training has been miscellaneous; a year at the Boston Museum, just enough for the Boston folk to claim her work for their exhibitions; close in matters

where the stage's powerful horizons had rung out in Beethoven's majestic "Hymn of Creation," and the musical harmonies from the golden organ pipes—where every one was freely giving of his or her talent for the pleasure of others—the hostess turned to the lady beside her, whispering: "Could you not tell us a story?" Whereupon, quite simply, the lady began a wondrous tale. It seemed as easy as narrating the adventures of "Silver Hats and the Three Bears" to a party of children. Probably not since untrivial nursery days when grandma or the favorite aunt unfolded marvels "made up out of her own head" had the audience heard of improvisatrice. Every one listened. Everyone believed in the man who fell in love with a woman's face reflected in his mirror, though no woman stood in his room. Of course he sought her in the world over; of course he found her at last; and then—why, then, the fantastic, intangible narrative came to a tantalizing close, with the heart of its mystery unveiled.

"Is that all?" "But how? But when?" "A couple of months ago the writer set in a Paris reading-room finishing a story in a not very recent Harper's. A story that dealt plainly with plain New England country-people. In New England there was no place for the supernatural, and yet how explain the circumstances set forth? How account for this baffling, impossible thing, which yet indubitably happened? Let me look back at the author's name. There were some other Americans present, newer arrivals and their conversation made itself heard at this juncture. Strange enough they chanced to be discussing that very story, so that exasperating became at once a pleasure and a duty. It seemed the tale had attracted considerable attention at home. Its air of veracity, which invited, and its calm improbability which repelled belief, had set readers to talking. To doubt it was like refusing to believe one's eyes, but how could such things be? But where? But when? But what?"

"The author of 'The Little Room' is a New Yorker," said one of my fair countrymen. "Not at all, my dear; Mrs. Wynn is a Bostonian. I saw it in the Boston Herald."

Mrs. Wynn? Why, of course. Here was the name in full, Madeline Yale Wynn; the lady of the enamel pin; the lady of the decorative metal panel; the lady of that other strange story. Whereupon I turned and rent these unassuming innocents, triumphant, if ungrammatical:

"Mrs. Wynn, it happens is a Chicago woman. I have often met her there."

As a matter of fact we were all three partly right. For Madeline Yale was born in New York state, and Mrs. Wynn has lived in Boston and California, in Minneapolis and in Paris, and goodness knows how many more cities. She spends six months in Deerfield, Mass., and six months in Chicago. Which one work is hers, in which one goes out to play, and the city like the house in which one returns to dwell, I think we may fairly call Chicago her home.

There is a little workshop in her Chicago home where come silver tankards of quaint design, metal screens with fantastic dragons on them, frames of various woods and stained to harmonize with the pictures they hang on the walls. These do not follow any special pattern; it could not be said this is Renaissance, this is Byzantine, this is Florentine, but the effect is there whether compounded according to any standard recipe or not. That, after all, is the main thing in decoration. In Deerfield half the house is workshop, although half the work is done out of doors. Only recently has Mrs. Wynn taken a studio in the Tree building.

Studios are apt to be full of queer things. You know the young Philistine who could always pick out a good picture because "high art is queer." Well, there are queer things here, but they do not look as if they had been collected; they look as if they had just grown like the old lichens and mosses and twigs of a wood. One gets this impression partly because there is a good deal of wood color about. The walls are dull green, thickly covered with brown. They make one think of the soft mats that covered Robert Louis Stevenson's pier when all the Sampson chiefs, who loved him, brought their choicest as a last gift to the dead romancer. A small chest catches the eye; it is a box with all kinds of ornamentation burned into the wood; things that smack of the great galleries of Europe, a great deal of lonely following of nature in paths she made for herself, and some work under the guidance of Fuller. Partly to this and partly to native instinct she owes that quality which made George Cable say that her painting suggested Hawthorne's writing. Here is an eerie scene of a little ghost come back to warm herself at a sage old-fashioned fireplace, one she might have known in life, a hundred years ago. It is not even the hour when ghosts do walk, but early twilight, so that on the black occupant of the room falling daylight and ruddy fire's glow meet. She stands pressing one hand to her forehead. Does she doubt to see a shadowy creature creeping out-cathe to the hearth, extending two transparent hands toward which the blaze shines red?

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NEW WORK FOR ARMY

SALVATIONISTS TO ATTACK CHINATOWN.

led by a Female Captain Who Has Learned the Language—Trying to Convert Ah Sin—Salvation Army Work.

ERHAPS the most enthusiastic Salvationist worker in San Francisco is Captain May Jackson, who some six years ago left the comfortable home of her well-to-do father and joined the forces of Gen. Booth. Mr. Jackson is a lumber dealer and resides at Sausalito. Miss May has since early childhood been of a deeply religious turn of mind and was for some time organist in the Episcopal church of Sausalito. Since joining the army she has given considerable attention to the residents of Chinatown.

These people so enlisted her sympathies that she determined to establish a mission in that curious section of San Francisco. With that end in view she set herself resolutely to learning the Chinese language. She has so far succeeded as to be able to carry on a conversation in the oriental tongue with comparative ease. She has even attained to a little proficiency in the use of the Canton dialect, which is used almost exclusively by a large number of people living in Chinatown. Her linguistic aim having been accomplished, she was authorized by the local commander of the Salvation Army to select and equip a small band of workers. This has been nearly done, and early next month Miss Jackson will begin active work in her new field of labor.

In speaking of Miss Jackson's plan another lady of the army said: "The Chinese like anything that is noisy. I think they will be attracted by our bell music and our bright uniforms and will certainly visit the mission. At first they may be attracted by curiosity, but we have faith in the ability of Captain Jackson to convert them to Christianity. She is one of our ablest workers and has been engaged in many of the most important missions in the division. Our hymns will be translated into Chinese and sung in the Chinese measure. The entire system of work will be similar to that now carried on throughout the city, the only difference being that all the addresses, songs, prayers and petitions, instead of being in English, will be in Chinese. Captain Jackson has the Chinese consul's approval upon this matter and has received assurances from him that he will do anything that may reasonably be expected to aid the work."

A law case which lasted 300 years has again come on for hearing in a Bavarian court. It is waged between the market community of Burgin, at Unterfranken, in Bavaria, and the lords of Thungen. The case was commenced on the 21st of June, 1595, when the legal advisers of this community appeared before the legal tribunal which then held its sittings at Speier against the lords of Thungen, for a sum of 2,000,000 marks, as owners of a forest of noble oaks and beech trees. Century by century death thinned the ranks on each side but others took up the cause and the market community of Burgin, on the other day, matters seemed as fresh as ever. It is hoped, however, that the 21st of June, 1895, will see the last of this venerable suit.—Exchange.

And There You Are. New York City has just paid \$17,000 in prizes for the best plans for a new municipal building to be erected in City Hall Park. Meanwhile the Legislature has passed a law forbidding the erection of a municipal building in the park.

Rest one day in every week is necessary for man, beast and machinery. Six days are enough to devote to secular pursuits, and one day is not too much to be given to mental and spiritual development.—Rev. G. P. Rutledge.

Among the Men. An editor in Graz, Germany, had his skull photographed by the Roentgen process but absolutely refused to have the picture reproduced or shown to any one but men of science. He said the effect startled him so that it was a long time afterward before he could sleep. Count Okuma, the Japanese minister of finance, who has held his post for twenty-five years, has advised the government to invest one-half the war indemnity received from China in the purchase of United States bonds and to set them aside as a nucleus of a war fund.

Mr. Stead has been asking some prominent people to tell him, for publication, what are their favorite hymns. Mr. Lang's reply is interesting in its way. He says: "If I had a favorite hymn out of Homer, I would not on any account make the fact public. I'd Van Dyck, the oldest American missionary to Syria, who died there a short time ago, spent his last days in finishing a translation of Law Wallace's 'Ten Hymns' into Arabic. Thanks to him, all the eastern nations that understand Arabic will soon have the opportunity which is already enjoyed by the Germans, French, Italians, Spanish, Czechs, Bohemians, Armenians and English of reading the book. It has also been published in raised letters for the blind."

Woman's Education in Greece. The latest university to open its doors to women is the University of Athens. Five women were enrolled for the winter term, yet not without violent objection from some of the students. The question divided the students into hostile parties, and two of them went from words to blows, until finally one shot the other with a revolver at the entrance to the chemical lecture room. Strange confusion of the barbarism of the east and of the west at the temple of science in Athens!

"Peggy" Stewart's House. The famous old "Peggy" Stewart house in Annapolis, Md., is being remodelled. It was the home of Anthony Stewart, owner of the brig Peggy Stewart, who excited the wrath of the Maryland colonists by paying the obnoxious tax of a cargo of tea in 1774.

At the Missouri Capital. According to the Mayor of Sedalia, there is not a public restaurant in Jefferson City.

SPOTTED CIGARS.

An Effect on Wrappers Which Is Brought About by Artificial Means.

For some years the taste—or, rather, the fancy—of cigar-smokers has run to light brands and spotted wrappers. This fancy has caused the price of light-colored Sumatra tobacco to go away about as high as it can go.

At first the fad was peculiarly American and then there was not so much difference in the prices of light and dark Sumatra, for the dark colors could be disposed of to advantage in other countries. But now manufacturers everywhere want the lightest colors that can be obtained. To meet this demand the growers of Sumatra have secured a lighter average color by cutting their tobacco earlier. Thus they obtain an advantage in color, but the quality of the tobacco suffers. But it has been anything to get light colors.

Until recently, however, all attempts to give tobacco the much-admired spot artificially have failed. The knowledge of smokers that the spots have occurred naturally at the tobacco leaf without the aid of man has added to the value in which they are held. Various acids and other chemicals have been tried, but these, if they had any effect upon the tobacco, simply burned holes in it instead of producing the desired spots. It seems now, however, that these spots can be made artificially. A composition fluid has been discovered which when sprinkled on the growing leaves will leave on the matured tobacco as beautiful spots as any which nature produces. At least one field of tobacco in Bloomfield was treated that way this year and the owner has a lot of Connecticut wrappers which he expects to obtain a high price for on account of its handsome spots.

FOR THE MUSICAL MAIDEN. To Enable Her to Hear Herself as Others Hear Her. Too much pedal in playing is worse than none at all. Do not place books or music on the piano if it can be avoided. It tends to deaden the tone of the instrument. If you love your piano do not allow bric-a-brac to rest upon it. It is in wretched taste; besides, it is often the cause of an unpleasant rattling while the instrument is being used. Never place your piano close against the wall. It will sound much better if drawn out into the room. If this is not possible, allow a space of eight to twelve inches between it and the wall. Cultivate the habit of listening to your own playing. Fine results may be obtained by playing single notes and chords very slowly, endeavoring to produce a pure, round and long tone without striking the keys heavily. Listen to the tone. Speed is not everything. Even in rapid passages musical effect should be most carefully studied. While playing Mozart's compositions it is well to remember that he (Mozart) demanded of the pianist a perfect legato, a singing touch, and an unaffected style. He practiced what he preached, and his beautiful fingering was the result of a close study of Sebastian Bach and his son Emanuel. He required "a quiet and steady hand, with its natural lightness, smoothness, and gliding rapidly so well developed that the passages should flow like oil," the delivery of every note, grace and accent with appropriate expression. He was opposed to over-rapidity of execution and to violations of time. "Three things," he said, "are necessary for a good performer," and he pointed to his head, his heart, and his fingers.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

An Old-Timer. A law case which lasted 300 years has again come on for hearing in a Bavarian court. It is waged between the market community of Burgin, at Unterfranken, in Bavaria, and the lords of Thungen. The case was commenced on the 21st of June, 1595, when the legal advisers of this community appeared before the legal tribunal which then held its sittings at Speier against the lords of Thungen, for a sum of 2,000,000 marks, as owners of a forest of noble oaks and beech trees. Century by century death thinned the ranks on each side but others took up the cause and the market community of Burgin, on the other day, matters seemed as fresh as ever. It is hoped, however, that the 21st of June, 1895, will see the last of this venerable suit.—Exchange.

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LEIGHTON'S FAIR MODEL.

Dorothy Dene, Who Posed for Many of His Best Pictures.

A tall woman, beautifully formed, with a skin firm and smooth and that golden-tinted white that Henner delights in, a head Grecian enough to have furnished inspiration for one of Praxiteles' Aphrodites, with golden hair, violet eyes—such a woman is Dorothy Dene, whom Frederic Leighton made famous in many of his best-known paintings.

She was his favorite model, says the New York Journal. With all her charms of person, Dorothy Dene is as simple as a child, modest and retiring. Her naturalness as much as anything endeared her to the great artist who was devoted to her for many years. Rumor has woven a romance in his life, in which his model figures. It says he loved her, but that circumstances over which he had no control prevented him from marrying her. She is one of five sisters. They all live in London, where they have a cozy little apartment in South Kensington, the art center of the British capital. It is one of the most artistic flats in London and one in which more beaux esprits, painters, musicians and literateurs gather when she is at home, two Sundays in each month, than in any other in the city.

Miss Dene visited this country in the winter of 1893 and was seen on the stage here. Her theatrical venture was not a brilliant success, but her beauty caused quite a sensation. She spoke of Sir Frederic Leighton—he had not then been dead a year—with great tenderness. In an interview with her at that time she said: "Although Sir Frederic is over 60 years old, he is the youngest man I know, and I might add, the kindest, most generous." She told of where the great artist painted his wonderful Grecian pictures. He lived in the beautiful and many of his best canvases adorned the walls of the room in which they were brought into existence. No "artistic dust" was visible there; everything was neat, she said, showing an even mind, given to beautiful thoughts and the portraying of them. He was the soul of good nature and occupied in English society a position somewhat like Chauncey M. Depew does here at luncheon after luncheon speaking. Whenever there was a big banquet Frederic Leighton was always there, and when he spoke he always had something to say and something to which everybody listened.

Baroness Rothschild's Farm. Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild may fairly claim to be a fine steel agriculturist. She has a farm at Boulogne-sur-Seine, just outside the Bois, and here during the summer it is her delight to initiate the weary votaries of fashion into the simple pleasures of rustic life. The guests are welcomed into a Louis XV. drawing-room, where the furniture is covered with satin brocade of the palest bluish pink hue, and all the knickknacks and engravings are suggestive of the eighteenth century. The walls, however, consist of a huge sheet of plate glass, giving view into the cowshed. If so mean a view is applied to the superb apartment within which a double row of "milky mothers" browse peacefully at their marble manger.

A Breton herdsman and his wife in natural costume tend the sleek cattle and make the picture complete. When aesthetic cravings have been satiated by this charming spectacle, an adjournment takes place to the dinner-room, and a dainty lunch is served amid a bowler of fragrant orchids. Then follows a stroll through the gardens, laid out in a Louis XV. style, with nymphs and fauns of stone gleaming through the foliage, and lastly there is a visit to be paid to the dairies. By this time it has become cool enough to venture on the homeward drive, and the carriages are brought around, but each has to carry, besides its passengers, a load of dairy produce and a colossal bouquet of roses as souvenirs of the visit. The visitor goes away with the feeling that farming, after all, is not such a bad trade if you have an income of a million or two to fall back upon.

Water Power in California. There is a project to generate power in Kern county, California, by the agency of waterfalls, for transmission to Los Angeles, 150 miles distant. The power is to be used to light the city and run the electric street cars. Many similar projects are under way for utilizing the water power, that hitherto has run to waste because so far removed from business centers or inconveniently situated for use by direct application on the spot. Several such schemes have been worked out, and they have proved highly successful.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER. Women and clocks: "The latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them."

Avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration.

Years ago, when Henry Ward Beecher's reputation was not world-wide, a Western Young Men's Christian Association tried to persuade the divine to go out and lecture to them without charge, saying it would increase his fame. He telegraphed in reply: "I will lecture for F. A. M. E.—fifty and my expenses."

EASTER



CHRIST HAS RISEN
HIS TEACHINGS REMAIN

THE EASTER CHIMES.

A Tale from the Russian of Kovalenko.

IT WAS the night before the Easter morning. The little village by the murmuring creek was half hidden in the mystic, vapory, starry bloom of a Russian night in springtime. The neighboring wood fung blackest shadows on the fields beside it. All was silent. The village slumbered. Hours passed, and long before the night was gone its still charm was broken. Lights began to glimmer in the windows of cottages whose wretchedness was disguised in the bewitching, springtime gloom of night. A gate creaked. The tread of a foot was heard. There, there. Moving figures, darkly outlined, emerged from the shades of the wood. A dog barked, and then another and another.

Then a horseman clattered along the village street. A passing cart groaned and creaked under its early morning burden. The darkly outlined figures increased in number. The villagers began to gather in their church to bid welcome to the spring holiday.

It was a quaint little church. It stood upon a hillock in the middle of the village. All at once its windows glowed dimly among the shadows. Then their brightness increased. The church was all alight.

High into the darkness overhead reached the old bell tower. Its top was lost in the azure gloom. Then the rickety bell stairs began to creak. Old Mischech, the bellringer, was clambering aloft. Soon his lantern hung in the bell window, shining like a new star in the sky.

It was hard for the old man to climb those steep and crooked stairs. His old eyes no longer served him, and he, like they, was worn out. As he climbed, he pondered. It was time indeed, he thought, that he should rest. But God would not send him death. He had seen his children buried. He had stood by the open graves of his grandchildren. He had followed the old to their last resting place. He had followed the young there, too. But still he lived and lived. It was hard. Many a time had he welcomed the Easter morning—so many times that he could not recall them all. He had even forgotten how often in later years he had hoped for death in this same old bell tower, as now he hoped for it. And yet this early morning God had brought him there once more.

It was not yet time for him to ring the merry peals and the old man tottered to the bell tower and leaned out over the railing. Below him in the darkness he could dimly see the neglected graves. The white wooden crosses at their heads seemed to be guarding them with their widestreached arms. Here and there a few birch trees had naked branches forlornly over the mounds and the aromatic odors of their young buds arose on the silent air to Mischech's nostrils. They bore to him a tale of tranquil, eternal sleep.

—but in the meantime God had brought him into the bell tower once more to welcome the Easter morning. "To the glory of God!" His old lips repeated the oft spoken formula, and his old eyes gazed into the deep sky above, burning with his millions upon millions of stars. "Mischech! Oh, Mischech!"

The voice came from below. It was the old sexton, who had come from the church into the graveyard beneath the tower and who was gazing upward, with his hands shading his blinking, tear moistened eyes in vain effort to make out the form of the bellringer in the darkness overhead. "What do you want?" answered old Mischech, bending over the railing. "I am here. Can't you see me?"

"I do not see," cried the sexton. "Is it not time to ring? What do you think?"

Both gazed upon the stars. Thousands of God's lanterns were blinking at them from the firmament. The night was waning, Mischech thought.

HE SEIZED THE BELL ROPES. "No, not yet," he said. "Wait awhile. I know when."

But it was time to salute the Easter morning. Old Mischech gazed at the stars once more, and then arose. He removed his hat, crossed himself and gathered up the bell ropes. A moment more and the night air shivered under the first resounding stroke. Then came the second, the third, the fourth. The lightly sleeping Easter air quivered with the joyous music of the shouting, singing bells.

Then the bells ceased. The solemn service began in the church below. In bygone years Mischech had always gone down to the service and stood in a corner near the door, praying and listening to the music. But it was hard for him to do this now. He felt tired. So he sat down on the bench beneath the copper bells and listened to their waning resonance.

He thought. About what? Mischech himself could hardly answer the question. His glimmering lantern scarcely lit up the bell tower. He could not make out the droning bells. They were lost in darkness. From the church below his old ears caught the singing now and then. The old man's gray head sank upon his chest. Disconnected scenes from the past swarmed in his mind like bees in the hive.

"Ah!" he said as the music of the Easter hymn drifted up the tower stairs, "they are singing the troparion." In his imagination he sang that hymn, again a youth, in the old church below. The little old priest, Father Naum, many years dead and buried, once more was intoning the end of a prayer, while children's voices united in the response. Hundreds of peasants bowed and arose like corn before the wind. Now they crossed themselves devoutly.

The old familiar faces were of those long since dead. There was the stern visage of his father. There stood his elder brother at the old man's side, sighing deeply and crossing himself again and again. There he himself stood, young, healthy, strong, joyful, full of expectation of a life's happiness. Where was that happiness now? The old man's thoughts flickered up like a dying flame. Recollection illumined all the nooks and corners of his life. And all he saw was endless, ceaseless, merciless labor—labor far beyond his strength. He saw sorrow, too—much sorrow—and suffering unutterable. Ah, where indeed was that happiness of which he had dreamed? The burdens of life had wrinkled his

young face, had bent his powerful back before the time had come. They had made the joyous boy sigh as his elder brother had sighed.

There on the left, among the women of the village, with her head humbly bent, he saw his sweetheart. She was a good woman. May the peace of God be with her soul!

Oh, the pain that she had suffered! Want and work and woman's woes had withered her glowing womanhood. Her eyes had grown dim with years and weeping. The shocks and blights of life had painted a dull fright upon her comely face.

Ah, where was her happiness? God had given them one son, their joy, their very soul, and he was ground to his death by men's injustice.

The picture broadened and grew vivid in the old man's mind. He saw standing in his new the rich enemy of the family, bowing his head to the very ground, glossing over in his prayers the wrongs of the widows and orphans whose lives he had blighted in his selfish greed. Mischech felt his heart grow hot within him now, as it had done then, while the dark faces of the holy images on the altar frowned sternly upon man's sorrows and man's injustice.

But all this was long, long passed. All this was far away in the old times. And now all the world wore for him was this dark tower, where the wind sighed gently among the swinging bell ropes.

"Let God judge you! God will judge you!" whispered the old man, thinking of his enemy. Silent tears ran down his cheeks.

"Mischech! Ah, Mischech! What is the matter with you? Are you asleep?" The voice came from the churchyard without.

"Good God!" cried the old man, remembering the further duty that awaited him. "Did I really fall asleep?"

He seized the bell ropes and pulled them with skillful hand.

Far below the people swarmed from the church, as ants swarm from the ant-hill. Golden standards reared themselves in the air of the unborn Easter morning. Forming as a cross, the procession began to move around the church, amid joyful cries of "Christ has risen from the dead!"

The words went to the old bellringer's heart, and glancing out he was exalted in spirit. It seemed to him that the waxen candles that the people bore blazed with suddenly increased brilliance in the gray darkness, that the throng moved more and more swiftly, that the standards waved the more joyously, and that the awakening wind lifted up the joyful chorus from below and turned it to the bell's brazen peals with a sweetness superhuman.

Never did Mischech ring the bells with such joy and spirit.

It seemed as if his old heart had been welded into the dead copper of those bells, which laughed and sang and wept at the entrancing melody that rose to the stars above. And the stars seemed to fairly blaze with joy of it as the music poured upward into heaven and fell backward to caress the earth.

What a hymn of joy it was those bells pealed forth. The great brass defended the sky with the grand brazen cry of "Christ has risen." And the tenors, "struck to their hearts, shouted sonorously, "Christ has risen!" while the clanging soprano, as though fearing their lesser voices should be lost to the grand chorus, hurriedly, like gleeful children trying to outstrip each other, screamed a thousand times, "Christ has risen!"

And that sad old heart forgot its cares, its sorrows, and its insults. The gray bellringer heard only the

broken music, now gliding, now weeping, now floating to the starry sky, now sinking to the wretched earth; and it seemed to him that he was surrounded by his children and his grandchildren and that these were their happy voices—the voices of old and young together pouring out in one grand chorus a hymn of joy and rapture.

So the old bellringer pulled the ropes with strong, nervous arms while tears poured down his cheeks and his heart was fairly overflowing with happiness he had never known before. And below the people listened, and they said to each other that Mischech had never rung so wonderfully before.

Then suddenly the great brass bell hesitated—and was silent. For a moment the others sang an unfinished, uncertain harmony. Then they, too, ceased, and there was silence save for the low, sad, trembling droning of their stilled but still resonant throats.

The gray bellringer had fallen helplessly on the bench beside the ropes and two tears silently rolled over his pale cheeks.

Send a substitute! The old bellringer has rung himself out.

THE BEAUTIFUL EASTER LILY.

Where the Favorite Flower is Raised for the New York Market.

HE flowers which are in bloom at the Easter season are used more or less for home and church decorations during that religious festival, but it is the Easter lily which alone is curiously identified with it. The close association of the Virgin Mother with the Easter time has connected the Easter lily with her as an emblem of purity, the religious significance of the Easter lily being spotless purity. Painters of religious pictures long ago conceived the idea of placing one of these spotless emblems of purity in the hand of the angel that "with a countenance like lightning and raiment white as snow," declared the resurrection of Christ, says the New York World.

How conspicuous a part the Easter lily plays in the Easter festival can best be appreciated and understood by figures. The annual exportation of Easter lily bulbs from Bermuda to this country for the past five years has been from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000. As the average production of every bulb is six flowers, we use from 15,000,000 to 18,000,000 Easter lilies in decoration yearly. Of course this entire crop is not used for the Easter festival, as the Easter lily has been popular for the past ten years for interior decorations, weddings, receptions or other similar ceremonies. But growers of the Easter lily insist that fully 90 per cent of the entire crop is used during Easter week.

The fashion of using Easter lilies to so great an extent is one peculiar to the United States. And while a certain quantity of these bulbs are sent to Europe from Bermuda, it is but a minimum by comparison with the American market. It is about ten years now since the American market for the Bermuda Easter lily has been the largest in the world. All of our Easter lilies, however, do not come from Bermuda. A very beautiful variety comes from Holland and Japan. About ten per cent of the lilies cultivated here comes from these two countries. The other ninety per cent comes from Bermuda, and the reason is obvious. The extra freight from Japan and Holland prevents the products of these countries from competing with those of Bermuda. Besides, the Bermuda lily is more beautiful, and is easier to bring into bloom at Easter than either of the other two species. Forcing the Easter lily to a bloom just at the desired season is the result of much calculation on the part of the growers. The Easter lily is a short-lived plant as far as its bloom is concerned, the blossoms or flowers lasting only about two weeks. It extends all its strength for the time being in that one blossoming, and for that season does not bud again.

After a Year. (By S. Corneil Watkins.) The slender lilies nod their heads On either side the garden-way And all along the flower beds Tall foxgloves stand in fair array; The thistle, in the pear-tree near, Still carols, as when first we came, The same old song he sang last year, And we, we are no more the same.

How strong the lilies smell! How new! The ordered roses, how row now! It's still the scene that seemed so sweet A year ago—a year ago. We noticed how that apple-bough Stood out so green against the sky; It's just as fair as ever now, But we are altered, you and I.

The days have come between us two And moved us evermore apart; We cannot, as we used to do, Tell to each other all our heart. Only a year since last we met, But in that year what things have been!

We walk, we talk together, yet We cannot bridge the gulf between. All looks unchanged, save we alone; We've drifted into other ways. Time turns the page, the past is gone And naught restores the vanished days. The flying hours new scenes reveal; We never fancied, you and I, They could come when we should feel No longer sad to say good-by.

An Imprudent but Gushing Woman. Young women who take books at the circulating library are imprudent to use their pages as blotters. They are doing wrong also, for it is against the rules. A copy of "Lord Ormond and His Aminta" which has been in use in a Philadelphia library, held in front of a mirror, revealed the inscription, "I send you my heart with a kiss. All women finish their letters with the phrase, which cannot therefore betray anybody, but, in this case, the signature was there.

Emmanuel church, Lambeth, England, has just set up an alabaster and green marble retables, carved by a workman in the congregation in memory of his wife.

TOMMY ATKINS' TORTURES.

Equal Military Punishment Once Inflicted to the English Army.

The military punishments of that day were terrific, says Chambers' Journal. The duke of Cumberland's general orders contain on three consecutive days sentences of 500, 500 and 500 lashes for "obnoxious expressions" and "insolent behavior." Three days afterward a sentence of "1,000 lashes" is recorded; it is fair to say the man deserved to die; but death would have been a merciful punishment. A martyr-blot of that day might be and was a terrible tyrant to his men. Strange-out-of-the-way punishments were inflicted for trifling offenses, without adding one iota to the efficiency of the Army. The soldier might either be "picketed" or made to ride the "wooden horse." In "picketing" the culprit's naked heel rested on a sharpened stake driven into the ground, his right wrist and right leg being drawn up as high as they could be to a hook fixed in an adjoining post. The whole weight of the body rested on the sharpened stake, which, though it did not break the skin, inflicted exquisite torture; the only means of alleviation was to rest the weight on the wrist, the pain of which soon became unendurable. Soldiers were frequently sentenced to stand on the "picket" for a quarter of an hour; and in the cavalry it was often inflicted by order of the colonel, without authority of court-martial.

The back of the "horse" was formed of planks so arranged as to form a sharp ridge eight or nine feet long. The legs (six or seven feet in length) rested on a stand moving upon wheels; to complete the resemblance a rough wooden head and tail were added. The offender was placed on the back with his hands tied behind him; and to increase the punishment a heavy musket was not infrequently tied to his legs. This punishment, which might be inflicted by sentence of court-martial or by order of a colonel of a regiment, wrought so much injury to those subjected to its discipline that it had to be discontinued. Francis Grose tells us that so late as 1760 the remains of a wooden horse were standing on the parade off Portsmouth.

A 'PHONE IN HIS HAT.

Constant Communication Between Trains and Dispatchers.

An electrical telephone signal system will soon be introduced on the Brooklyn bridge, says the Philadelphia Record, which will, it is said, reduce to a minimum the danger of collisions of cable cars on the bridge. It is probable that within a short time telephone connections will be made between all the trains running on the bridge and the train dispatcher in charge. This will give the dispatcher almost instantaneous command over all trains. Assistant Engineer Kingsley L. Martin has conducted experiments which have shown that the plan is feasible. The experiments heretofore have been with the electric-light trolley wire strung over the bridge with a ground circuit in the truck of the car. In the future this will be abandoned and a metallic circuit, which gives much more favorable results than the ground circuit, will be substituted. Under the proposed system the train dispatcher will sit in his office and wear a headset telephone and will have a long distance transmitter and signal bells before him, as well as apparatus he now uses. At both ends of every train there will be a headset telephone and a transmitter, so arranged that the gripman may speak into it without moving from his place at the wheel or his gaze from the tracks and signals. He will be ready to receive orders and execute them instantly. The trainmen ordinarily will have their telephones hung up and will only adjust them when bell rings, which the trainmen will put their receivers to their ears. In foggy weather the men would probably wear the headset telephones constantly.

During the experiments a car fitted with an ordinary telephone was connected with the terminal so well that a voice in the car could be distinguished and understood during the entire trip to the other end of the bridge.

Miss Pullman's Employment.

If report be true Miss Florence Pullman is one of the most richly-paid in the country for her labor. She is the daughter of George M. Pullman, and is said to draw a salary of \$10,000 a year from the Pullman company for naming cars. Miss Pullman evidences a preference for euphonic names. The selections do credit to her education and taste. Many of the names of the cars are of Spanish origin. They are the names of countries, rivers, historic towns, battlefields and flowers. Such names as Brazil, Peru, Chili, Mexico, Guatemala, and other Central American states, are frequently seen. There is a fine discrimination displayed in the naming of cars for special service. For example, dining cars are in most instances named after celebrated cooks, as Savarin, and the cooks of famous men and women. Smoking cars are given names which suggest of luxury, as Sultan, Khedive and Musselman. Observation cars are called Yellowstone, Yosemite, Appalachian, Watkins Glen and Niagara.—New York Home Journal.

Senator Peffer and the Children.

Senator Peffer doesn't play cards, drink, smoke or chew and he isn't given to society frivolities of any kind, though a more genial and courteous host never welcomed stacks of friends and one wonders what weakness he has. It is children! Yes, children and animals. He loves real girly girls of the natural kind and manly boys, old or young. He likes to watch the children in their plays on the street, and isn't a bit averse to taking a hand at marbles or suggesting that the tall of a kite is too light or too heavy. Cats instinctively rub up against him, recognizing a friend, and dogs are his devoted admirers.—Washington Evening Star.

James James, Jr., son of a Clerk. Jesse James, Jr., the son of the guerrilla James, was St. Joe from Kansas City recently and visited the home where his father was shot. The old James house is on a hill near the new high school. Young Jesse is a good-looking young man, and is now employed as a clerk in a store in Kansas City. He stated that he well remembered the circumstances of the taking off of his father.

IN OLD-TIME SOUTH.

POWERFUL TALK OF BATES OF THE WONDERFUL VOICE.

Kentucky Oratory That Charmed—Speaking Announced by the Ringing of the Court House Bell—Waiting for the Old Coder.

PEAKING of the recent political campaign, an observant gentleman on a Louisville Courier-Journal reporter: "Perhaps there has been more political stump eloquence heard in Kentucky than ever before and relatively as much as in 1860, when there were four electoral tickets before the people and representatives of three of them actually on the stump. At the risk of being classed a foggy I must say that there is no such popular eloquence now as there was in the long ago. W. C. P. Breckenridge falls short of Thomas P. Marshall, Senator Lindsay falls short of Elijah Hise and Senator Blackburn falls short of William T. Willis. There were giants in those days, because there were occasions for them.

"But, speaking of stump speakers, I wish to relate an anecdote which has the merit of truth if nothing else. It was in 1856, I believe—the exact date is not important, for it was about that era—James P. Bates, then of Glasgow and later of Bowling Green, made a tour of Kentucky, delivering speeches in advocacy of the democratic cause.

"On the tour I speak of he had an appointment to speak at Harrodsburg, Mercer county, and handbills announcing the event had been posted in the town weeks in advance of the date. There resided at Harrodsburg an intense whig, Thomas Martin, who had formerly lived in Barren county, and though he hated Bates' politics he knew the capabilities of the man. He knew that blue-grass people, as a rule, had a very poor opinion of Pennyrile, and did not think anything very excellent could come out of as pronounced a Pennyrile county as Barren. So Martin, when he found Bates was to speak in Mercer county, began to herald him as one of the leading orators of the state. He would say: 'Just wait until Col. James P. Bates gets here; he'll show you what eloquence is.' His words were received with incredulity and even with derision, but he persisted and finally he succeeded in arousing the curiosity of the whole community, and a splendid audience was assured Bates upon his appearance.

"At last the day arrived and with it Bates, Martin and about a dozen other friends were sitting in front of the tavern—there was no 'hotel' then—and about 11 o'clock in the forenoon they saw approaching a tall and uncouth figure, almost grotesque in garb—a soiled linen duster, a soiled stovepipe hat, soiled trousers that had 'climbed' nearly to the knees, exposing a pair of 'home-knit, yarn socks, loosely covering spindly shanks, and just above shoes, untied, that were rusty as last year's plowshare. All this hestride an old flea-bitten gray mare, lathered with sweat, for the day was scorching hot. It was James P. Bates.

"He rode up to the tavern and before he dismounted he halted out in that voice that no man who ever heard it ever forgot: 'Tom Martin, how are you? I am glad to see you, for I want a dram and you can tell me where I can get the best liquor.' Martin was horrified, for his companions were convulsed with laughter and enjoyed his evident embarrassment. He answered Bates by making him by the hand and leading him to the tavern bar, where both took 'hog-drivers.' He then went out and took Bates' saddlebags off the old gray mare, carried them inside and had the best room in the house put in commission. Bates' shirt was not immaculate and Martin fished out from the saddlebags a clean garment. He sent out for the town barber and had his friend decently shaved, his clothes brushed, shoes polished and hat smoothed.

"Bates complained of being very tired and anxious for an hour's rest and was fast asleep on the bed before Martin had finished arranging his wardrobe. Martin went downstairs, and there he was unmercifully gazed by his friends and acquaintances of both parties, but his only answer was: 'Go and look him up, go and hear him, gentlemen, and you'll change your tune.' They all said they would not miss it for any consideration. Upon the ringing of the first tavern bell Martin took another 'hog-driver' up to Bates, who was already up and performing his ablutions. After he was dressed and the liquor drunk they descended to the dining-room, where Bates ate a hearty meal, after which he sat down for awhile under the shade trees in front of the tavern, gossiping with Martin about old times and old friends 'down in Bar'n.'

"When the speaking was announced by the ringing of the court-house bell, Bates and Martin proceeded to that building, already overflowing with people, many of them drawn from the curiosity to hear what sort of talk such an odd-looking old coder would make. "Bates ascended the judge's stand and opened with the stereotyped 'Fellow-citizens.' His former aspect was changed. His eyes, his manner, his voice were those of the nature-molded orator. He knew two things—the law and politics—and on that occasion he discussed political issues like the master he was. Those who came to mock remained to applaud, and for two hours he held his audience entranced. Tom Martin was the happiest man in Mercer county that night. Bates proceeded on his way, and at Lebanon, in Marion county, he had an experience very like that at Harrodsburg.

"He was not a practical politician. He was too impolitic for that. He was no electioneer; he was too blunt for that. His ambition was to attain a seat in congress, but the only time he was nominated was when his election was hopeless. It was in 1855, and his speeches against know-nothingism that year are yet eulogized in the traditions of the old 35th district. He was elected to

the legislature, and when the spoiled old state office of president of the board of internal improvements was yet existent he was nominated for it because of his transcendent power on the stump. "After the war he was frequently a candidate for office; but a new generation had appeared that knew not Bates. His mind was unimpaired and he was in political accord with the great majority of the people of Kentucky and of the 3d district; but he was too blunt, too plain spoken, too little of a wire-puller to succeed in a convention."

A JOLLY HERMIT.

And All About the Strange Way He... His Dog Travels.

Uncle John Cusack, the hermit of Moose Island, has just sold part of his insular domain in Moosehead lake, and to this extent, has abdicated the long seclusion in which he has dwelt for about thirty years, says the Maine State Press. He retains 200 acres, upon which his house and stable stand. Four hundred acres he has sold to a wealthy woman, said to be a southerner, for about \$4,000, who will build there her summer residence. Not long ago there appeared in print an account of John Cusack's feat in crossing the Pisicataquis river at Foxcroft, standing on a thirty-five pound binding post. Such a performance is a commonplace one for him. Frequently on a wager or merely to exhibit his skill he has crossed the broad reach of West Cove, at the foot of Moosehead lake, on a pole as slender, and when even upheld by nothing more buoyant than a lumberman's pick-pole. As to the matter of a boat to take him from the island to the mainland he gives himself little trouble. To leap upon a log, with a slab or sappling for a paddle, and prepel himself across the dividing channel, is as much a matter of course with him as for an urban resident to step upon a horse car.

With such craft he sometimes has made strange and adventurous voyages. Once as the steamer from Kineo plowed down the lake through a heavy sea the ship's company were astounded by the sight of a man in mid-lake standing breast high in the heaving waters with which he was battling in seeming pursuit of a small dog that sat in full view above the surface a few feet ahead of him.

The steamer, changing her course, slowed down to pick up John Cusack, who was making the fourth mile of a voyage, with an old tree root as his crutch and his dog as his passenger. He stood upon the larger end of the root, thereby lifting the other end above the water, and upon this raised tip the dog found a safe if not quite dry footing. The sight of Uncle John and his dog making similar though less venturesome voyages about the lower part of the lake is not uncommon, and the dog has learned to take his place on the end of the stick or root at his master's first word of command.

HOW THE TRACER WORKS.

Persons Who Attempt to Steal Goods Purchased on Installment.

One of the most important men in the employ of a firm that makes a specialty of selling goods on the installment plan is the "tracer." His duty, as his name signifies, is to find out the whereabouts of delinquent customers who think to get out of the trouble of future payments by quietly moving away and neglecting to leave their new address. Nothing could be more foolish than such a course, for this is a feature of the business that the installment houses have reduced to a science, says the New York World. It is obvious that in this city the great majority of those who purchase goods on weekly payments live in flats. This makes it a comparatively easy matter for the dealers to keep them under surveillance, for one of the first things the collector does is to see the janitor and inform him which families in the house have bought goods on the installment plan. It pays to be in a position to know when any moving is about to take place, and the information he gives the collector has been the means of nipping in the bud many a well laid scheme to get out of paying a furniture bill. Sometimes, of course, it happens that a dishonest family will move away in such a hurry that the janitor is unable to inform the firm in time. In such an event the "tracer" is put on the case. He sets about his work with the method of the trained detective. He is familiar with the name and address of every furniture mover in the city, and his acquaintance among the helpers is so extensive that it is more than likely he has a personal friend among the men who moved the family he is seeking. With such advantages his task is not nearly so hard as the uninitiated would imagine, and there would be fewer defaulters if it were better known how very little chance a person has to succeed. A scheme very often adopted to throw the "tracer" off the scent is to have the furniture delivered at one place and immediately afterward taken elsewhere by another mover.

Here's Style for You.

"For social, beneficial and altruistic purposes" is the motto of the Coachman's club of Baltimore, which is being organized by the veterans and expert jehus of private turnouts. The name is to distinguish the organization from an existing coachman's club of colored drivers, which is said to be formed solely for social purposes and does not deal in altruism.—Ex.

Custom Makes Law.

According to an old custom in the Dutch village of Katlyk the two church bells are rung without intermission, day and night, from the 1st to the 25th of December every year. No reason is given for the custom, but so far all efforts to stop the maddening noise have proved futile. It has always been done for centuries, and that settles it.

Pingree's Plan a Success.

New York philanthropist report their trial of the Pingree potato patch system a complete success. They tried it in two ways—one the regular Pingree plan of allotment and personal ownership of the crop by the worker, and the other a system of co-operative farming. Both were successful.

HORRIBLE BUTCHERY

TWO MURDERED, TWO NEARLY DEAD, TWO INJURED.

The Injured Girls May Die—No Reason as Yet Known for the Horrible Deed. The Murderer so Far Has Not Been Captured—By His Own Hand.

Akron, O., March 30.—At a late hour Saturday night a masked man entered the farm house of Alvin M. Stone, near Talmage, a few miles from this city, and in the brief space of half an hour committed a horrible butchery. When he took his departure Stone and his wife, both aged people, were dead and horribly mutilated and R. A. Stilson, the hired man, and Emma Stone, the eldest of three daughters, were unconscious from blows dealt by the murderer.

The murderer entered the house by means of a ladder which he raised to an upstairs window. He first passed through the room in which Hattie and Flora were sleeping without awakening them. Going quietly down stairs to the room in which Mr. and Mrs. Stone slept, he attacked them with a blunt weapon of some sort, hitting both upon the head.

They were probably rendered unconscious and possibly killed by the blows, but the fiend, not satisfied with that, proceeded to mutilate their bodies with a knife. He cut off one of Stone's ears, slashed him across the face and stabbed him in the back. Then he laid Mrs. Stone's cheek open with a knife.

After satisfying his fiendish designs down stairs, he proceeded to Stilson's room up stairs. He heard the intruder apparently for the first time when he dealt a stunning blow on the head. Next he attacked Emma Stone, who slept in a room by herself. When he entered her room she screamed. That awakened the two other girls, who slept across the hall. Hattie Stone arose to go to her sister's assistance, but as she entered the latter's room she was felled to the floor by a blow on the head, but fortunately was not rendered unconscious. Regaining her feet, she ran to her room and locked the door.

Throwing a bed quilt about her she leaped from a window and ran through the rain and mud to the nearest neighbor's, a quarter of a mile away.

After he had struck Hattie down the murderer returned to Emma's room and struck her on the head, leaving her unconscious.

Then he tried the door to the room in which Hattie had left her younger sister, Flora, when she jumped from the window. Finding the door locked, he battered it down. Finding only Flora in the room he asked where the other girl was. When told that she had gone for help he hastily left the house and made his escape.

Hattie, with blood streaming from her head, managed to reach the neighbor's house, and told her story, then fainted.

After she had been put to bed the neighbor, calling for help, went to the Stone house. There the evidences of the butchery were discovered. The only person in the house who was able to speak was Flora Stone, aged 16, and she was so badly frightened that she could tell nothing about the murder except that the man who committed it wore a mask over his face.

The crime is a mystery. There is no possible motive for the murders, so far as can be learned. Certainly the murderer was not bent on robbery, for in a bureau drawer in Mr. Stone's room were two gold watches and some money and nothing was taken.

The sheriff of Summit county was called to the scene of the murder early in the morning and with a posse has been searching all day for clues to the murder. Nothing has been discovered. One man has been found who says he saw a buggy pass his house late Saturday night going in the direction of the Stone house.

Ira Stilson, the hired man, and Emma and Hattie Stone have not yet recovered consciousness and it is feared that Stilson at least will die, while the chances for the recovery of the two girls are very small.

Massachusetts.—Belway, Databale, March 30.—Capt. Gifford, leading a rescue force, left here on Thursday and succeeded in rescuing thirty-eight whites who had gone into Langer at Inezta. This was not effected until after repelling an attack by a force of well armed Matabels and inflicting upon them a heavy loss. The loss suffered by Gifford's force in the engagement was one killed and six wounded.

Capt. Spreckley, who repulsed a strong force of Matabels on Thursday, inflicting a heavy loss upon them and returned to Bulway, bringing with him a large number of prisoners. He brings the disastrous news that all the whites in the filibuster district have been massacred by the natives, including Messrs. Bentley, Edkins, Baranawath and Carpenter. The corpses of all those killed were horribly mutilated and their faces were burned almost beyond recognition.

Murder and Suicide.—Virginia, Ill., March 30.—Conrad Becker, a wealthy farmer of Arensville, this county, was shot dead Saturday by his stepson, William Becker, the latter committing suicide by firing a bullet through his brain.

The terrible tragedy is the result of an old family quarrel which recently terminating in a law suit and the ordering of the stepson off some land. The murdered man leaves an estate of \$50,000. The murderer and suicide carried a life insurance of \$20,000 in different fraternal orders.

To the Front.—Cairo, March 30.—Sir H. H. Kitchener, the acrid of the Nile expedition, has arrived at the front and the second column has arrived at Akasha. A small body of Dervishes approached the troops, but fled before the artillery fire.

Abu Hamid has been reinforced from Berber.

It is said that when the time comes, President Cleveland will give out the fact that he is not in the race for the presidency.

France Excited.

Paris, March 30.—The political world of France is again in a highly perturbed condition and there are indications going to show that the government seeks to retrace some of the steps by which it has been placed in the position of important acquiescence in the dispatch of an Egyptian expedition up the Nile and the defraying of the expenses of it out of the Egyptian debt surplus.

The government will be interposed in the chamber of deputies today and the ministers will be under the necessity of making some kind of a statement in reply. An important debate is expected to result and there is a feeling in some quarters that far-reaching changes of policy may be announced.

Code of Honor.—Berlin, March 30.—Three duels have been fought in Berlin within a few days past. One of these presented many features that made the case a very painful one. A barrister named Dr. Zenker challenged Lieut. Von Kretzelohd of the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, whom he accused of adultery with his (Zenker's) wife. At the exchange of the first shots Dr. Zenker was shot through the lungs and killed. Another case was that of an officer of the guards, who severely wounded a civilian. This prevalence of the dueling habit causes serious comment in Germany. Although dueling is illegal, the code of honor is recognized as binding, even, it is said, by the emperor himself, who compels military men to fight.

By His Own Hand.—Detroit, Mich., March 30.—William E. Striebing, a commission merchant, whose place of business at 29 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, committed suicide Saturday night. He was found dead in a room in the Randolph hotel Sunday afternoon. Mr. Striebing, who was a well-dressed, good-looking man, left a note addressed to his wife at 1045 Superior street, Cleveland, in which he bade his family good-bye, after stating that he had spent all his money in speculation. It was evident that deceased poisoned himself by swallowing some powder, the remains of which were found by his bedside. Three pawn tickets and 15 cents was all of value that was found in his pockets.

A Horrible Deed.—Memphis, Tenn., March 30.—A special from Bentonville, Ark., says: A terrible triple tragedy occurred three miles south of here yesterday. Pulaski Duckworth, a prominent and highly respected farmer, killed his wife by striking her in the head with an axe, the unfortunate woman dying instantly. Duckworth then attacked his 4-year-old child with the axe and inflicted injuries that will prove fatal. The man then threw himself out of the bed, drew his pocket knife and slashed his throat from ear to ear, dying almost instantly. A 7-year-old daughter escaped slaughter by being at Sabbath school. Duckworth was undoubtedly insane.

Had Presence of Mind.—Hinton, Va., March 30.—Jim and Frank Tillman and Lucy Law were nearly killed by a rock crashing through the house where they were stopping at Echo, a station forty miles west of here, yesterday morning. Two other members of the family were seriously injured. The house was situated at the foot of the mountain on the banks of the New river. An enormous ledge of rock broke loose on the mountain side passing over coals and tearing up the track of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway and breaking through the house with the above results.

Stopped a Lynching Bee.—Columbia, S. C., March 30.—Aaron Duffy, a convict on the chain gang in Newberry county, Saturday killed a white guard named Hargrove by striking him on the head with a pick. He escaped, but was captured and brought to Newberry jail yesterday. Friends of the dead man collected in the town and threatened to lynch the negro, but Gov. Evans wired instructions to the sheriff, who called upon the militia and prevented violence to the prisoner.

More Fighting Material.—Madrid, March 30.—Gen. Ascaraga, minister of war, and Admiral Beranger, minister of marine, have agreed to ask for the necessary credit for the purpose of additional ironclads and for the buying of three torpedo boats. A large quantity of war material will also be secured if the plans of the ministers carry. It is designed to make the proposed flotilla available largely for the purpose of the defense of the coasts.

Killed White in Bed.—Cleveland, O., March 30.—During a wind storm late Saturday night the wall of a building recently destroyed by fire fell on the house of H. A. Vaughan, at 45 Cedar avenue. Tons of brick crushed through the roof, carrying down a portion of the upper floor.

Mrs. F. O. Bradford of Olmstead Falls, O., sister of Mrs. Vaughan, was killed in her bed, and Miss Emma Dietrich, a domestic, was badly injured.

To Be Investigated.—Melbourne, March 30.—A special board has been appointed to investigate into the reported existence of serious corruption by numerous honorary magistrates who are alleged to be guilty of trafficking with ligants and prostitutes.

A severe gale has swept over the English channel doing much damage to shipping.

Francis R. Fava, son of the Italian ambassador at Washington is dead, aged 35 years.

Jealousy the Cause.—Columbus, O., March 30.—Fred Gorrell, a moulder of West Columbus, aged 21, yesterday afternoon shot his wife, who is about 17, and then shot before a mirror and out his throat with a razor. Gorrell died almost instantly, but his wife will recover. Jealousy was the cause of the affair.

The Grand Opera House, at Kansas City was burned a few days ago. The original cost of the building was \$75,000.

A "POLITICAL TRICK."

THAT'S WHAT SENATOR HILL SAID IT WAS.

The Proposed Change of the Date of Assembling the New Mexico Legislature from December to May, Caused Quite a Heated Controversy.

Washington, March 28.—The senate indulged in an acrimonious political debate which developed much personal and party feeling and brought on two sharp exchanges between Mr. Hill and Mr. Elkins and between Mr. Brice and Mr. Elkins.

The controversy arose over Mr. Hill's motion to strike from the pending appropriation bill the proposed change of the date of assembling the New Mexico legislature from December to May.

Mr. Hill bitterly denounced the change as a "political trick" which had been "sneaked into" this appropriation bill in order, as he claimed, to postpone the meeting of the Democratic legislature in the hope that a Republican president would be elected and the political control of the territory changed.

Mr. Elkins protested against the use of the words "sneaked in." The exchange between the senators was very animated, but Mr. Hill persisted in the use of his adjectives.

Later Mr. Brice sought to question Mr. Elkins when the latter brought up the offensive personal dispatch which had been sent to Mr. Brice from New Mexico. The debate took a wide range. Senators Gorman, Faulkner, Cockrell and other Democrats attacking the provision as political, while Senators Elkins, Carter, Cullom and other Republicans defended it.

Mr. Cullom sought to table Mr. Hill's motion, but a motion to this effect failed—yeas 21 to nays 29—whereupon Mr. Cullom yielded to the Hill motion and the New Mexico provision was struck out.

Appropriation Bills.—Washington, March 28.—The appropriations committee attempted to take up the sundry civil appropriation bill yesterday, but the members who wanted the bills placed on the private calendar defeated them by a vote of 141 yeas to 77 nays.

The members of the appropriations committee do not view their defeat as the result of opposition to the appropriation bill. Members from the north and who are interested in pension legislation and those from the south and who are interested in war claims have been chafing for some time over the inability to proceed with the work on the private calendar. Yesterday by a sort of combination the appropriations committee was defeated. The victory, however, was completely barren so far as the southern men were concerned, as after the house went into committee of the whole the Republicans forced a motion to pass over all claims on the calendar.

The southern men retaliated by filibustering against the pension bills, so that the net result yesterday was less than half a dozen bills passed. It developed during the day that a lively fight would be precipitated Monday when the sundry civil bill is called up on account of the fact that the bill carries appropriations for continuing contracts on river and harbor work and public buildings for only eight months of the next fiscal year. That would carry the appropriations up to March 1, 1897.

The appropriations committee suffered another reverse just before the house took a recess last night. It was Mr. Cannon's intention to force the house to sit today and proceed with the sundry civil bill, but the members were overwhelmingly in favor of taking a holiday and by a big majority voted to adjourn until Monday.

Looks Like War.—Cape Town, March 28.—Dispatches received from Bulawayo, Matabeleland, this morning indicate that the uprising in that part of the colony is very serious. Telegrams from the front Thursday merely outlined it as a revolt of a few natives in Inzza and the Filabud districts, the massacre of some white settlers, including Commissioner Bentley, and the dispatch of a small force of volunteers to the scene of the disturbance.

Dispatches yesterday show the disturbance is widespread and becoming hourly more alarming. An extensive party of natives has taken place and rolled everywhere and all steps necessary are being taken to meet developments.

Reinforcements of mounted police have already been sent to Bulwayo, Inzza and Gumbo. Supplies of ammunition are being hurried to Bulwayo and all horses in the disturbed territory have been confiscated by Col. Napier, who is in charge of the government forces.

Natives are raiding farms and killing white settlers in the Matapo hills district and rumor has it that over fifty persons have been slain.

Without the Head.—Greencastle, Ind., March 28.—The burial of Pearl Bay occurred yesterday afternoon in Forest hill cemetery. For weeks, in fact ever since the facts in the tragedy were brought out and the finding and identification of the body with the head missing, the family has hoped that the head might be found.

Three o'clock was the hour set for the funeral, and the announcement having been made, a large number of the friends of the family were present. The funeral was simple.

None Can Be Saved.—Wellington, N. Z., March 28.—All hope of saving the sixty miners who were entombed at Brunerton Thursday by an explosion of fire damp, which killed five men outright, has been abandoned. The bodies of fifteen of the miners have been recovered from the pit, around which there were the usual scenes of distress caused by the presence there of the wives and other relatives of the men entombed. Many of the men engaged in the work of rescue have been overcome and there have been several narrow escapes.

An Exciting Scene.

Tacoma, Wash., March 28.—An exciting scene, which approached a riot, occurred in the superior court, Charles Hartman and William Morrissey, who are wanted in Portland, Ore., for burglary, had been released on habeas corpus proceedings. A squad of police was present to rearrest them, but Judge Parker held that they could be re-arrested only after the procuring of a new warrant. The men rushed for the stairway. When Prosecutor Davis shouted to the police to seize him he was opposed by Frank Smith. The lawyers grappled and used their fists, but were finally separated.

Chief of Police Smith ordered his men to charge on the alleged burglars, which they did, although this was in conflict with the court's decision. An officer soon arrived with warrants from the municipal court, charging them with being fugitives from justice. The police used their revolvers and soon had their men at bay, though neither was hit. They were caught several blocks from the courthouse.

Gov. Lord, of Oregon, has signed requisition papers and it is expected the men will go to Portland to-day.

Corbett's Scheme.—Cincinnati, O., March 28.—Percy Latham of New York, son of the inventor of the ediscope, which is the kinoscope on a large scale, is in the city and had a conversation with Puggist James J. Corbett yesterday. The ediscope throws the movements of the fighters on a canvas.

Corbett during his talk with Latham said he would soon make a formal proposition in writing. He would fight Fitzsimmons before the London Athletic club or any other place, America preferred, for \$50,000 or \$100,000. If he does not win Fitzsimmons in ten rounds Fitzsimmons is to take all stake money and gate receipts, but the fight is to be a finish.

Corbett said he was ready to sign such articles of agreement.

Wins Her Suit.—London, March 28.—In the libel suit brought by Mrs. Arthur Kitson against Dr. William Playfair a verdict was rendered yesterday in favor of the plaintiff and awarding her \$60,000 damages. The verdict was greeted with loud cheering. The plaintiff fainted. Great interest has been felt in the case, as it involved the right of a physician to reveal any secret revealed in professional confidence to him. The doctor, it appears, made a statement to his wife about Mrs. Kitson and she communicated it to Sir James Kitson, brother of Arthur Kitson, with the result that Sir James, who is a millionaire, withdrew an allowance he was making to Mrs. Kitson after separation from his brother.

Wants to Settle.—New York, March 28.—A special from Valparaiso, Chile, says: It is generally rumored that the Chilean government has made a proposition to the Argentine public looking to a settlement of the boundary question. It is said that Chile agrees to cede Punta to Argentina, the boundary line of Atacama from the 26th to the 45th parallel to be traced according to standing treaties by an arbitrator and that between the 45th and 60th parallel the line along the 72d meridian.

The Argentine congress, it is believed, will probably be willing to accept this proposal, but many here think that the Chilean congress will reject it.

Rigid Quarantine.—Independence, Kan., March 28.—Traveling men and persons who have come up through the Indian Territory within the past few days report that the people are greatly aroused over the spread of smallpox, which is raging in different parts of the territory and that all the towns along the Missouri Pacific from Coffeyville to Fort Smith, Ark., are quarantined. The quarantine is rigidly enforced and it is hoped to stop the spread of the disease. No person is allowed to get on or off the trains and business is at a standstill.

Run Them In.—Chicago, Ill., March 28.—Five bucket-shops were raided last night by detectives from the central station. As a result thirty men appeared before Justice Glennon yesterday. The specific charge against them was a violation of chapter 38, section 37, of the Illinois statutes—keeping a common gambling house.

Francisco News.—New York, March 28.—A correspondent in Managua, Nicaragua, telegraphs that at the request of President Zelaya the German consul visited Francisco Baca, the rebel leader, and delivered to him an important document brought from the president of San Salvador by the peace commissioners.

Kneeb's Case Quashed.—Leipzig, March 28.—The imperial court has quashed the conviction of Robert F. Kneeb, the American horseman who was recently on trial on the charge of trotting his mare, Belied, under the name of Nellie Kneeb.

Greer County Case.—Washington, March 28.—Judge Brown, who is here looking after the affairs of Greer county, was invited to the house of Secretary Smith last night. Congressman Cullerson was also invited and the two gentlemen accepted the invitation. The whole Greer county matter is to be gone over with the secretary of the interior, and it is thought that some definite plan will be agreed on in a day or two as the best way to proceed to extricate that county from its present embarrassing position.

English Diplomacy.—New York, March 28.—A special from St. Petersburg says: Lord Salisbury's policy is beginning to be looked upon here as a direct attack upon the Franco-Russian alliance. Some anxiety is being caused by the conviction now gaining ground that English diplomacy has proved more than a match for France.

The French government has distributed a bill which proposes to make a law, placing Madagascar within the operation of the French tariff.

GAVE GROVER A CALL.

THAT'S WHAT JUDGE G. A. BROWN DID.

The President Said He Was Glad to See Him, Because He Wanted to Know Something About Greer County—Asked Questions About the Holdings.

Washington, March 27.—Judge G. A. Brown of Greer county, who arrived here Wednesday to look after the interest in the case of that county in the way of consulting with the Texas congressmen and ascertaining the best method of settling the chaotic condition of affairs that exist there, yesterday as a preliminary step in the work called at the white house accompanied by Congressman Cullerson and Cockrell. Mr. Cleveland received them with great interest, because he understood the conditions in Greer county and has been wrestling over this entirely new problem in government, and wanted light badly. Col. Cullerson introduced Judge Brown and after explaining the condition of the county said: "Judge Brown has lived in that county for many years. He has practiced law in that county since it had a court, has been judge for many years, and the people relying on him in every way want him here to confer with the executive and legislative branches in regard to the relief which they must have since the supreme court has made its decision. He knows the people and the country, and he is able to give you all the information you may want."

Mr. Cleveland said he was glad to see Judge Brown not only personally, but because he wanted to talk to some one who knew something about Greer county. After a little social skirmishing around in small talk Mr. Cleveland asked Judge Brown how many acres there were in the territory. Judge Brown said it was estimated that there were about 1,500,000, and he thought that the estimate was about correct. In the conversation Judge Brown said that there were a dozen or more towns in the territory. Col. Cullerson suggested that he had better tell the president the nature of the holdings and town property. Judge Brown went on to state that the holdings were only as to the improvements, just as they were in the Indian Territory. The president said that he intended to have the cabinet consider the whole matter at the first meeting, as he keenly appreciated the position of the Greer county people and the necessity for immediate action and as far as he could he intended to see justice done. Judge Brown was highly pleased with the president. Cullerson, as he went away, said that Judge Brown would be here for several days and advised the president of his address so that he might send for him in the event he wanted further facts.

Made Him Leave Town.—Fresno, Cal., March 27.—The people of Fresno were aroused to a state of warm indignation yesterday morning by the publication in the Morning Republican of an article denouncing Rev. J. T. Johnson, a traveling evangelist, who has been holding meetings in the Methodist church for some weeks, for having repeated from the pulpit a statement which he claimed had been made to him that two-thirds of the girls of this city were ruined before they reached the age of 14. The paper also contained an interview with the preacher in which he admitted and repeated the statement, but declined to give the source of his information.

A meeting of the business men was held to consider the matter and also to call a mass meeting in the evening to express the indignation of the community. A meeting of the directors of the church was also held. The latter had been in session but a short time when a request was made for their attendance at a conference of the business men, which was complied with and consequently no decision was reached by the church officials.

Johnson was called before the meeting and made to sign a retraction and apology. A large crowd had gathered in front of the meeting place and this started the report that the crowd was bent upon lynching him, but no actual violence was offered the preacher. At this juncture Mr. A. B. Briggs came out of the bank building and addressed the crowd, stating that the preacher had apologized and would probably leave town at once. While the crowd was listening to Mr. Briggs the evangelist hurried out another door and took his departure.

Two May Die.—Rushville, Ind., March 27.—As a result of a free-for-all fight across in Franklin county Wednesday night in which knives and pistols were used nearly a dozen men were wounded. Henry Wilson and Samuel Templeton were rivals for the same girl, and this led to the fight when the men met at a dance. Charles Bloster and Henry Wilson may die.

Big Family Fight.—Louisville, Ky., March 27.—A special from Macon, Ga., says: In Jones county, near here, a difficulty arose between the Maynard Brothers, George, App and Matt, and Wallace Jackson and Tom Herndon on the other, the result of an old feud. The men met in Coney Creek church grounds, where revival services are being held. The fight that ensued for fifteen minutes was waged with the bitterest antagonism. All were wounded and App Maynard and Jackson will die as the result. The men are prominent farmers.

Situation at Transvaal.—London, March 27.—A Pretoria dispatch says it is rumored there that the situation is serious. This dispatch also says: President Kruger will not go to Eligland.

Mr. Chamberlain has not requested an immediate reply to his former note of invitation and President Kruger has asked for an extension of time for an answer.

Boer feeling is running high against the reform leaders, whose position will be critical in the event of further friction.

A Short Stayman.

Chicago, Ill., March 27.—Engineer "Jack" Smith, known to the thousands who have traveled to Hot Springs, Ark., was robbed of \$500 in Chicago Wednesday night and he charges his wife with the theft. He was asleep in a State street hotel when his wife, it is alleged, stole the wallet from under his pillow.

He reported the case to the Hartsook street police station. Besides \$500 in cash the checks for his two trunks are missing; likewise the check for his bicycle. He and the officers went to the Folk street depot, where he had left his trunk, and was informed that a woman had taken them and had sent them to the Illinois Central depot. Then he went to the depot on Park Row, where he found his wife and had her arrested. She was on the train bound for Red City, Mich., where her parents live. She had the trunks and the bicycle in the baggage car, and they were also taken by the officer.

"It is pretty tough to be robbed by your own wife on your wedding tour," said Smith, "but that is just what has happened to me. We were married several weeks ago, but the wedding trip was postponed until I got a thirty-day lay-off. That is the end of my honeymoon."

Good for Him.—Boerstrand, Neb., March 27.—H. H. Wiley, ex-justice of the peace and a prominent citizen, was publicly whipped by a mob of enraged women on the streets of the city.

He was accused of making an indecent proposal to a young girl and ordered to leave town. He was arrested to do so in the custody of the constable, when a crowd of women, led by the girl's mother, surrounded the officer, and demanded his prisoner. Revolvers were exhibited and threats made to use them. The officer complied and the prisoner was taken to the main street and given a terrible beating. Citizens finally put a stop to the work and the victim left town at once.

Wiley's family witnessed his punishment which occurred in front of his residence. Philadelphia, Pa., March 27.—The Western Union operators in this city are agitating a general strike, which, it is said, is to extend over the whole country. The company is superseding its union employes with non-union people. The former claim that it is only a move in the direction of lower wages, hence they are in readiness to desert their instruments at a moment's notice. The introduction of non-union telegraphers, it is said, is going on in all the leading cities.

Operators Probably to Strike.—Philadelphia, Pa., March 27.—Another theory has arisen in regard to Annie McGrath's death. This is to the effect, that the girl being engaged to be married to a young man, whose real name has not yet appeared, attempted to sever her relations with Samuel P. Langdon, the latter threatening to reveal her intimacy if she did so, and that she, fearing such disclosure, attempted to kill him and then committed suicide.

Deserved More.—Nashville, Tenn., March 27.—A special from Bristol, Tenn., says: Samuel South, a magistrate in Sullivan county, Tenn., and a United States officer, has been convicted of seduction and sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary. The girl he seduced was an innocent country girl, and the evidence brought shows that he drugged her and kept her in his store for several days at a time.

Police's Deadly Work.—Port Jarvis, N. Y., March 27.—Mrs. Josephine Snyder died yesterday of poisoning, as alleged. Her husband, Jacob Snyder, died Tuesday night. At the autopsy evidence of poison was found in his stomach. Mrs. Snyder's ante-mortem statement has been taken, but the coroner declines to reveal its contents. The daughter of the Snyders, Mrs. Martha Whittaker, is under guard.

The American Flag.—Champaign, Ill., March 27.—Gov. John P. Altgeld and the entire board of trustees of the University of Illinois were indicted by the Champaign county grand jury yesterday, for alleged neglect or refusal to comply with the law requiring that the American flag be placed over the university building. The flag has been displaced from the flag pole in front of the military hall, but not from the separate buildings.

Arkansas Town Burning.—Little Rock, Ark., March 27.—A telephone message at 2 o'clock reports the town of Benton, Ark., on fire with prospects of being wiped out. The fire is under big headway and the town, a place of 1,000 inhabitants, is without a fire department.

Six large dwellings have been destroyed up to 2:30 and the fire is unchecked.

England's Reported Purchase.—London, March 27.—It is rumored that England has purchased Delagoa bay with the whole strip of territory from Amatomo on the south to the Chattered company's territory on the north, the Limpopo river constituting the eastern boundary, for \$5,000,000.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied. A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is still better. Heaven finds a new joy every time a sinner repents. A life of crime is often the result of running in debt. It is foolishness to try to reason about what we cannot know. Nothing makes us richer that does not make us more thankful. The day becomes longer every time a lazy man looks at the clock. To give heartfelt praise to nobles actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

TEXAS NEWS NOTES.

Denison is still growing.

Paris wants a beef packery. At Houston 9121 voters registered. At Dallas 7807 voters registered. Whitehall is improving some. The Dallas Semi-centennial scheme is progressing satisfactorily.

The blood hound idea is quite popular with Texas sheriffs. The business houses and residences of Greenville are being numbered. Greenville is to have an electric street railroad. Gainesville now has a board of trade.

The Black-and-Tan Republicans split at Austin. Waxahachie wants the Presbyterian sanctuary.

Young wheat looks promising in North Texas. Smallpox at Center and Temba, in Shelby county. Gainesville has a magnificent and bountiful water supply. Sherman is a growing city and will soon have a sewer system. The State Epworth League will meet at San Antonio on April 15.

The ladies of Victoria will give a floral carnival on April 21st. Measles are prevalent at Sabinal and the public schools has closed. Austin county authorities have contracted for a new jail to cost \$19,970.

The farmers are behind with their work in many counties—too much rain. The comptroller has registered a \$10,000 issue of DeWitt county courthouse bonds. Another vein of the lignite coal has been discovered near Rockdale, Milam county.

Duval county has paid \$1200 interest due April 10 on bonds held by the school fund. The school at Cuero has been dismissed in order that the building might be repaired. Grimes county has just paid \$716 interest due April 10, on bonds held by the school fund.

Martin McGrath, under nine years sentence at Fort Worth, escaped from jail the other night. During the months of January and February 41,810 dozen eggs were shipped from Lampasas. Edna, the county elite of Jackson county, is growing and the improvements are substantial. Whitehall and Greenville will soon be connected by telephone as well as by rail and telegraph.

Elsa Haywood, living near Detroit, Red River county, shot himself through the head recently. Mulkey and Hines are holding a meeting at Mineola. They enter and offer prayer in the saloons.

At Temple recently D. W. Moore sold a one-half interest in the Moore & Childers cattle for \$16,000 cash. At New Boston Lizzie Casteel, a young negro, received a life sentence in the penitentiary for infanticide.

At Galveston, Norman J. Doty and Annie L. Doty, of Houston, have filed suit in the civil district court against George W. and Martha Schaper and R. T. and Stuart Wheeler of this city, claiming damages in the sum of \$100,000. Defendants caused the indictment and arrest of plaintiffs last July on a charge of having collected a horse.

Capt. Charles Davis, collector of customs for the El Paso district, denies that there is any Texas fever among the cattle in that section of Texas and the state of Chihuahua. But says that "black leg" is killing a number of the fattest cows, as it does every spring when grass begins to sprout. Hereafter all cattle shipped out of Mexico will pass through El Paso.

Workmen while repairing a wall in a building at Brenham the other day, unearthed something of a mystery in the garret. The place had apparently been used as a sleeping apartment by some person. There was a pipe and tobacco, cigar stumps, a pad of paper, lead pencils and some other articles scattered about, but the astonishing thing found was an ingeniously made ladder constructed of iron and wood. There was a hook at the top, showing that the ladder was intended for climbing.

The anti's were in the recent local option elections in the Holland and Rogers precincts in Bell county. The railroad commission has approved and ordered registered by the secretary of state \$24,000 of Aransas Harbor Terminal railway bonds. This is part of the \$250,000 of bonds the commission recently authorized this road to issue.

About 800 car loads of stock cattle will be shipped from Altce, Nueces county to the Indian Territory in April. Three insurance companies recently paid \$12,160 occupation tax for 1896. The Mutual Life Insurance company of New York paid \$12,011 of the above amount.

The governor has offered a reward of \$150 for the arrest of the unknown murderers of J. W. Parker in Hood county, on May 24, 1894, and a reward of a hundred dollars for the arrest of the unknown murderers of J. W. Woods in Uvalde county. A horse died from hydrophobia recently at Hillsboro. It is thought that the horses was bit by a rabid wolf some years ago.

Walker county farmers will plant Sea Island cotton extensively as a contract has been made for the construction of a gin specially to gin it. The bill introduced in congress instructing the president to appoint a committee to examine the Brazos jetty with a view to the government taking the enterprise out of the hands of the owners has evoked much discussion at Velasco.

OUT OF THE SEA

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

"Let me do it, and save you the trouble!"

"No, no, no! I cannot. I must still live on, and keep the dreadful secret. O, would that I had died before I yielded to that horrible temptation!"

"You made your own bed," he said, "and you must lie in it. It is not my business to complain if it doesn't lie easy."

"No, I have no one to blame. I risked everything upon a single die, and lost all!"

"And that was rather a lucky day for me that curiosity to see the bride led me to climb the locust tree just under this window, and I saw—"

"Hush!" she cried, fearfully. "The walls have ears sometimes."

The backs of the couple were turned to Helen; she slipped noiselessly from her concealment, and locked the room door, and put the key in her pocket. Then she glided to the window, and placed her back against it, thus confronting the man and woman.

"You just remarked that wall have ears," she said, quietly. "I agree with you. These have a pair of them."

"Who are you?" cried the man, springing to his feet, and looking at her. "The devil!"

"No, thank you. My name is Helen Fulton. No relation to your friend."

He strode toward the window.

"Let me pass here right quickly, or take the consequences," he said, with brutal determination. "I will not be hindered by the door."

She drew herself up proudly, and her voice was cuttingly firm as his own.

"You do not pass here until you come to my terms."

"Well, I like your pluck! If I was in want of a wife, I'd honor you with my proposals. What are your terms?"

"You must tell me all you know about the murder of Marina Trenholme!"

"Which I will not do!"

"Very well. Then you can stay here until morning, and I will summon some of the family to make you come to terms. I would speak to them to-night, but I never like to disturb people after they are a-bed. It is apt to make them ill-tempered."

"Confound you! Will you stand aside!"

"Not if I know it."

With an oath he sprung upon her. Quick as thought she lifted her right hand, in which she held the loaded pistol.

"An inch nearer," she said, coolly, "and I will blow your brains out! I am sorry to be inquisitive to a gentleman, but you force me to it!"

The ruffian recoiled. He saw the steady determination in her eye, and knew that he might expect no mercy. Imogene had sunk to the floor on the first appearance of Helen, and crouched there, staring at vacancy, her rich dress sweeping over the bloody stain on the carpet. She seemed incapable of speech or motion.

"One or the other of you murdered Marina Trenholme," said Helen, speaking in a low, clear voice, "and I will know which. The innocent shall not suffer for the guilty, if it is in my power to prevent it. I want to save Lynde Graham. I am disposed to be gracious with you both. I want your written confession—both of you—in regard to this thing. That is all I ask. It is now the fifteenth of June—ten days to the execution. I will give you eight days in which to escape. Give me what I ask for, and I promise you faithfully I will not show the paper to any living being until just in time to save him from the gallows."

"I will be caught in no such trap," hissed the man. "Get out of my way, you little sea devil. I'll show you how to use a pistol!" And he seized the weapon by the muzzle, with the intention of wrenching it from her grasp. But he had not reckoned on the strength in that right arm, and in the struggle it was discharged, and the ball passed into his breast just above the heart.

"I'm done for!" he cried with an oath, and fell to the floor.

Imogene sprang up, and darted toward the window, but Helen was on the alert, and divined her intention instantly. She caught her firmly by the arm, and held her fast.

The noise of the pistol had alarmed the whole household, and they came rushing to the spot.

"Open the door!" thundered Ralph Trenholme, from without.

"You must burst it in," said Helen.

He put his shoulder against it, and broke the lock instantly. The whole party rushed into the room. St. Cyril's quick eye fell first on the wounded man.

"John Rudolph!" he exclaimed. "The abductor of my sister!"

Imogene turned toward the intruders, but she absolutely livid, her eyes wild as if of a maniac. Ralph put a strong arm around her shoulders and held her quiet. There was something infinitely terrible in the face of this man. Helen lifted up the face of Rudolph.

"Speak nothing," she said. "You will gain nothing now by concealment."

"I think so. Speak on. But first let me ask, Mr. Trenholme, is there a magistrate present?"

"I am one," said Ralph's friend, Mr. Brunell, who was stopping there for the night.

"Very well then. Give this gentleman the oath. I can testify that he has no conscientious scruples to prevent him from swearing."

It was done, and Rudolph proceeded to speak:

"It is hardly fair to force things out of a fellow in this way, but I suppose there's no help for it. There's too many

am out of the reach of the law! I defy you all!"

He lifted his hand in wild defiance, and fell back a corpse.

Helen rose from her kneeling posture and faced Imogene, her face pale as that of the dead man before her.

"You have heard the confession of that dead villain," she said, slowly. "Now we will listen to yours."

Imogene shrank from the steady gaze of those clear eyes, shrank back pitifully, crying out:

"O spare me! spare me! Do with me as you will, but do not force me to a confession!"

Ralph drew her sternly forward, and took in his own hands with which she strove to conceal her face.

"You shall not be spared!" he said, harshly. "You did not spare her! But we will not condemn you without a hearing. Clear yourself, if you can!"

"I cannot! O, you know I cannot! I did murder her! But it was because I loved you! I could not live to see you the husband of another! With her dangerous face under the sod, I thought my beauty might win you! God will bear me witness that it was pure love alone that influenced me. I never once thought of the power that would be mine as your wife. Wealth and station were nothing to me. It was your love I wanted! O, Ralph, only that!"

"O God!" cried Ralph, striking his forehead. "To think that I took to my bosom as my wife the murderer of my poor Marina! It is too much! It maddens me! And but for you, Miss Fulton, I might have lived on to the end in ignorance, and Lynde Graham would have died an innocent man!"

"I did not seek this," Helen said, in a subdued voice. "Heaven knows I did not! But I was obliged to come here. I could not keep away. It was your love I wanted. I suppose. After I came here some things were forced upon my knowledge that I did not care to know. But having once become convinced that Lynde Graham was wrongfully accused, I set to work with my whole soul to bring to the real culprit to light."

"I think Mrs. Trenholme has a habit of walking in her sleep. The ghost of this chamber is none other than herself. I have watched her for the past time, and satisfied myself. The last time I tore a piece of silk from her sleeve, and if you will take the trouble to make the examination, you will find that this fragment," drawing it from her pocket, "will fit exactly a rent in the sleeve of the black silk the lady is in the habit of wearing."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"DIVINE MISSION OF THE NEWS-PAPER." HIS SUBJECT.

A Fair Statement of the Conditions That Surround Newspaperdom—The Average Daily or Weekly Paper Is an Instrument for Great Good.

WASHINGTON, March 22, 1896.—"Newspaper Row," as it is called here in Washington, the long row of offices connected with prominent journals throughout the land, pays so much attention to Dr. Talmage's sermon that it has made a newspaper subject in which the whole country is interested. His text today was: "And the wheels were full of eyes." Ezekiel xi. 12. "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing." Acts xv. 21.

What is a preacher to do when he finds two texts equally good and suggestive? In that perplexity I take both. "Wheels full of eyes." What but the wheels of a newspaper printing press? Other wheels are blind. They roll on, pulling or crushing. The manufacturer's wheel, how it grinds the operator with fatigues, and rolls over nerve and muscle and bone and heart, not knowing what it does. The sewing machine wheel sees not the aches and pains fastened to it—tighter than the band that moves it, sharper than the needle which it piles. Every moment of every hour of every day of every month of every year there are hundreds of thousands of wheels of mechanism, wheels of enterprise, wheels of hard work, in motion, but they are eyesless. Not so with the wheels of the newspaper press. Their entire business is to look and report. They are full of optic nerves, from axle to periphery. They are like those spoken of by Ezekiel as full of eyes. Sharp eyes, near-sighted, far-sighted. They look up. They look down. They look far away. They take in the next street and the next hemisphere. Eyes of criticism, eyes of investigation; eyes that twinkle with mirth, eyes glowing with indignation, eyes tender with love; eyes of suspicion, eyes of hope; blue eyes, black eyes, green eyes; holy eyes, evil eyes, sore eyes, political eyes, literary eyes, historical eyes, religious eyes, eyes that see everything. "And the wheels were full of eyes." But in my second text is the world's cry for the newspaper. Paul describes a class of people in Athens who spent their time either in gathering news or telling it. Why especially in Athens? Because the more intelligent people become, the more inquisitive they are—not about small things, but great things.

The question now most frequently asked is: "What is the mission of the newspaper?" To answer that cry in the text for the newspaper the centuries have put their wisest work. China first succeeded, and has at Pekin a newspaper that has been printed every week for one thousand years, printed on silk. Rome succeeded by publishing the Acta Diurna, in the same column putting fires, murders, marriages and tempests. France succeeded by a physician writing out the news of the day for his patients. England succeeded under Queen Elizabeth in publishing the news of the Spanish Armada, and going on until she had enough enterprise when the battle of Waterloo was fought, deciding the destiny of Europe, to give it one-third of a column in the London Morning Chronicle, about as much as the newspaper of our day gives of a small fire. America succeeded by Benjamin Harris' first weekly paper, called Public Occurrences, published in Boston in 1689, and by the first daily, the American Advertiser, published in Philadelphia in 1784.

The newspaper did not suddenly spring upon the world, but came gradually. The genealogical line of the newspaper is this: The Adam of the race was a circular or news-letter, created by Divine impulse in human nature; and the circular begat the pamphlet, and the pamphlet begat the weekly, and the weekly begat the semi-weekly, and the semi-weekly begat the daily. But alas! by what a struggle it came to its present development! No sooner had it been demonstrated than tyranny and superstition shackled it. There is nothing that despots so fear and hate as a printing press. It has too many eyes in its wheel. A great writer declared that the king of Naples made it unsafe for him to visit of anything but natural history. Austria could not endure Kosuth's journalistic pen, pleading for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I, trying to keep his iron heel on the neck of nations, said: "Editors are the regents of sovereigns and the tutors of nations, and are only fit for prison." But the battle for the freedom of the press was fought in the court rooms of England and America and decided before this century began by Hamilton's eloquent plea for J. Peter Zenger's Gazette in America and Erskine's advocacy of the freedom of publication in England. These were the Marathon and Thermopylae in which the freedom of the press was established in the United States and Great Britain, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put on the hand-cuffs and hoppers of literary and political despotism. It is notable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of American Independence, wrote also: "If I had to choose between a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I would prefer the latter." Stung by some base fabrication to us in print, we come to write or speak of the unbridled printing press; or our new book ground up by an unjust critic, we come to write or speak of the unfairness of the printing press; or, perhaps, through our own indistinctness of utterance, we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say, and there is a small riot of semicolons, hypens and commas, and we come to speak of the blundering printing press; or, seeing a paper filled with divorce cases or social scandal, we speak and write of the filthy printing press; or, seeing a jour-

nal, through bribery, wheel round from one political side to the other in one night, we speak of the corrupt printing press, and many talk about the lampoonery and the empiricism and the sans-culottism of the printing press.

But I discourse now on a subject you have never heard—the immeasurable and everlasting blessing of a good newspaper. Thank God for the wheel full of eyes. Thank God that we do not have like the Athenians—to go about to gather up and relate the tidings of the day, since the omnivorous newspaper does both for us. The grandest temporal blessing that God has given to the nineteenth century is the newspaper. We would have better appreciation of this blessing if we knew the money, the brain, the losses, the exertions, the anxieties, the wear and tear of hearts involved in the production of a good newspaper. Under the impression that almost anybody can make a newspaper, scores of inexperienced capitalists every year enter the lists, and, consequently, during the last few years a newspaper has died almost every day. The disease is epidemic. The larger papers swallow the smaller ones, the whole taking down fifty millions at one wholesale. With more than seven thousand dailies and weeklies in the United States and Canada, there are but thirty-six a half century old. Newspapers do not average more than five years' existence. The most of them die of cholera infantum. It is high time that the people found out that the most successful way to sink money and keep it sunk is to start a newspaper. There comes a time when almost everyone is smitten with the newspaper mania and starts one, or have stock in one he must or die.

The course of procedure is about this: A literary man has an agricultural or scientific or political or religious idea which he wants to ventilate. He has no money of his own—literary men seldom have. But he talks of his ideas among confidential friends until they become inflamed with the idea, and forthwith they buy type and press and rent a composing room, and gather a corps of editors, and with a prospectus they propose to catch the attention of an admiring world. After a while one of the plain stockholders finds that no great revolution has been effected by this daily or weekly publication; that neither the sun nor moon stands still; that the world goes on lying and cheating and stealing just as it did before the first issue. The aforesaid matter-of-fact stockholder wants to sell out his stock, but nobody wants to buy, and other stockholders get infected and sick of newspaperdom, and an enormous bill at the paper factory rolls into an avalanche, and the printers refuse to work until back wages are paid up, and the compositor bows to the managing editor, and the managing editor bows to the editor-in-chief, and the editor-in-chief bows to the directors, and the directors bow to the world at large, and all the subscribers wonder why their paper doesn't come. The world will have to learn that a newspaper is as much of an institution as the Bank of England or Yale College, and is not an enterprise. If you have the aforesaid agricultural, or scientific, or religious, or political idea to ventilate, you had better charge upon the world through the columns already established. It is folly for anyone to try newspaperdom. If you cannot climb the hill back to your house it is folly to try the sides of the Matterhorn.

To publish a newspaper requires the skill, the precision, the boldness, the vigilance, the strategy of a commander-in-chief. To edit a newspaper requires that one be a statesman, an essayist, a geographer, a statistician, and in acquisition, encyclopedic. To man, to govern, to propel a newspaper until it shall be a fixed institution, a national fact, demand more qualities than any business newspaper, secular or religious, undertaken in our age. The great threat of the newspaper is the brain of lunacy and, throwing your pocketbook into your wife's lap, start for some insane asylum before you do something desperate. Meanwhile, as the dead newspapers, week by week, are carried out to the burial, all the living newspapers give respectful obituary, telling when they were born and when they died. The best printer's ink should give at least one stick of epithet. If it was a good paper, say, "Peace to its memory." If it was a bad paper, I suggest the epithet written for Francis Chautauque: "Here continued to prey for the body of Francis Chautauque, who, with an inflexible constancy and uniformity of life, persisted in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second." I say this because I want you to know that a good, healthy, long-lived, entertaining newspaper is not an easy blessing, but one that comes to us through the fire.

First of all, newspapers make knowledge democratic and for the multitude. The public library is a hay-mow so high up that few can reach it, while the newspaper throws down the forage to our feet. Public libraries are the reservoirs where the great foods are stored, high up and away off. The newspaper is the tunnel that brings them down to the pickers of all the people. The chief use of great libraries is to make newspapers out of. Great libraries have a few men and women very wise. Newspapers lift whole nations into the sunlight. Better have fifty million people moderately intelligent than one hundred thousand solons. A false impression is abroad that newspaper knowledge is ephemeral because periodicals are thrown aside, and not one out of ten thousand people files them for future reference. Such knowledge, so far from being ephemeral, goes into the very structure of the world's heart and brain and decides the destiny of churches and nations. Knowledge on the shelf is of little worth. It is knowledge about, knowledge harnesses, knowledge in revolution, knowledge winged, knowledge projected, knowledge thunder-bolted. So far from being ephemeral, nearly all the best minds and hearts have their hands on the printing press today, and have had since it got emancipated. Adams and Hancock and Otis used to go to the Boston Gazette and compose articles on its rights of the people. Benjamin Franklin, De Witt Clinton, Hamilton, Jefferson, Quincy were strong in news-

paperdom. Many of the immortal things that have been published in book form first appeared in what you may call the ephemeral periodical. All Macaulay's essays first appeared in a review. All Carlyle's, all Ruskin's, all Huxley's, all Sydney Smith's, all Hazlett's, all Thackeray's, all the elevated works of fiction in our day, are reprints from periodicals in which they appeared as serials. Tennyson's poems, Burns' poems, Longfellow's poems, Emerson's poems, Lowell's poems, Whittier's poems, were once fugitive pieces. You cannot find ten literary men in Christendom, with strong minds and great hearts, but are or have been somehow connected with the newspaper printing press. While the book will always have its place, the newspaper is more potent. Because the latter is multitudinous do not conclude it is necessarily superficial. If a man should from childhood to old age see only his Bible, Webster's Dictionary and his newspaper, he could be prepared for all the duties of this life and all the happiness of the next.

Again, a good newspaper is a useful mirror of life as it is. It is sometimes complained that newspapers report the evil when they ought only to report the good. They must report the evil as well as the good, or how shall we know what is to be reformed, what guarded against, what fought down? A newspaper that pictures only the honesty and virtue of society is a misrepresentation. That family is best prepared for the gutter of life which, knowing the evil, is taught to select the good. Keep the children under the impression that all is fair and right in the world, and when they go out into it they will be as poorly prepared to struggle with it as a child who is thrown into the middle of the Atlantic and told to learn how to swim. Our only complaint is when sin is made attractive and morality dull, when vice is painted with great headlines and good deeds are put in obscure corners, iniquity set up in great primer and righteousness in nonpareil. Sin is loathsome, make it beautiful.

It would work a vast improvement if all our papers—religious, political, literary—should for the most part drop their impersonality. This would do better justice to newspaper writers. Many of the strongest and best writers of the country live and die unknown, and are denied their just fame. The vast public never learns who they are. Most of them are on comparatively small income, and after awhile their hand forgets its cunning, and the are without resources, left to die. Why, not at least, have his initials attached to his most important work? It always gave additional force to an article when you occasionally saw added to some significant article in the old New York Courier and Enquirer J. W. W., or in the Tribune H. G., or in the Herald J. G. B., or in the Times H. J. R., or in the Evening Post W. C. B., or in the Evening Express E. B. While this arrangement would be a fair and just thing for newspaper writers, it would be a defense for the public.

Once more I remark, that a good newspaper is a blessing as an evangelistic influence. You know there is a great change in our day taking place. All the secular newspapers of the day—religious newspapers—all the secular newspapers of the day discuss all the questions of God, eternity and the dead, and all the questions of the past, present and future. There is not a single doctrine of theology but has been discussed in the last ten years by the secular newspapers of the country. They gather up all the news of all the earth bearing on religious subjects, and then they scatter the news abroad again. The Christian newspaper will be the right wing of the apocalyptic angel. The cylinder of the Christianized printing press will be the front wheel of the Lord's chariot. I take the music of this day, and I do not mark it diminishing—I mark it crescendo. A pastor on a Sabbath preaches to a few hundred, or during the week, the printing press will take the same sermon and preach it to millions of people. God speed the printing press! God save the printing press! God Christianize the printing press!

When I see the printing press standing with the electric telegraph on the one side gathering up material, and the lightning express train on the other side waiting for the tons of folded sheets of newspapers, I pronounce it the mightiest force in our civilization. So I command you to pray for all those who manage the newspapers of the land, for all type setters, for all reporters, for all editors, for all publishers, that, sitting or standing in positions of such great influence, they may give all that influence for God and the betterment of the human race. An aged woman making her living by knitting, unwound the yarn from the ball until she found in the center of the ball there was an old piece of newspaper. She opened it and read an advertisement which announced that she had become heiress to a large property, and that fragment of newspaper lifted her from pauperism to affluence. And I do not know but as the thread of time unravels and unwinds a little further, through the silent yet speaking newspaper may be found the vast inheritance of the world's redemption.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Against Saloon-keepers.

Archbishop Ireland says: "I am not looking for the millennium, but we can reduce the number of drinking men so that it will be the accepted saying that no drunkards are among the Catholics. The American saloon is the vileness of intemperance. It is laden with blasphemy and sensuality. Temptations are there created which bring men to drink. I make no reference to the personal characters of the saloon-keepers, but the business is bad. It is the enemy of God and the country. Let the day soon come when we shall not see the name of a Catholic above the portals of a saloon. Those in the saloon traffic should seek a more worthy calling."

Christian Endeavor has at last entered Italy, the first society having been formed recently in the Scotch Presbyterian Church at Florence. A Baptist church in the same city has followed the example of its neighbor.

SNAKE WORSHIP IN CUBA.

Negroes Venerate the Maja, a Huge Reptile About Sugar Mills.

The negroes of Cuba are a peculiar people, says the New York Journal. Kept in slavery until a few years ago, and living isolated lives, the majority of them on the great sugar plantations have retained much of the barbarity of their African ancestors. They are ignorant, unclean, superstitious to an amazing degree. Although most of them are nominally Christian—that is, so far as any one has bothered with missionary effort—they are many of them still practically African devil worshippers. The snake is the great object of their veneration.

In the island snakes are numerous. The principal snake is the maja, a variety of the boa-constrictor. It is several feet long and as large around as an arm. In color it is a silvery gray, and it has a well-shaped head. Its bite is not poisonous, and unmoletted it will not attack any one. The maja is a frequenter of the sugar mills and there it feeds on the rats that often infest those places. It often, too, makes excursions on the plantations poultry yards, and in Cuba it is never safe without substantial evidence, to decide whether the absence of any of the plump hens from the flock can be laid at the door of the maja or one of the plantation negroes. Feeding on the sugar, and the darkies believe the snake does, and on chickens and birds, the flesh of the maja has, by some of the negroes, come to be considered well worth eating. It is a practice frowned upon by the planters. Therefore, these serpent feasts form part of the worship of the powers of darkness carried on surreptitiously. The coast negroes participate little in this practice, but in the interior of the country it from time to time breaks out with the certainty of an epidemic. Little is known of this to the outside world, as the negroes, fearing the displeasure of their masters and overseers, keep their doings as quiet as possible.

FOR HIS SAKE.

An Amusing Story Told by Tom Mason in New York Truth.

"I feel discouraged," said the worn-out husband heaved a deep sigh as he sat down wearily by the table and leaned his head on his hand. "Yes," he continued, absently fingering a huge pile of bills that he had just been looking over, "try how I will, I cannot seem to make both ends meet. Just as I get to the point where I begin to see daylight ahead, new expenses threaten to engulf me, and thus goes on the usual struggle."

"Say no more."

While the heavy hearted man had thus been inveighing against fate, he had not noticed the look of deep joy that had gradually overwrept the face of his wife, who, now rising from her chair, came over to where he sat and sat and gently placed her hand on his head. "Say no more, dearest," she said, a half triumphant echo in her voice; "I have something to tell you which may lighten your burden a little. Some months ago I foresaw that the time was approaching when you might be short of ready cash. With this end in view I determined to save up on my own account. It was not so easy to do this, but when I thought of your pale, overworked face, it gave me renewed courage. And so, dearest, in this way I have managed to save up nearly five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed the husband, frantically jumping to his feet and throwing his arms almost fiercely round the neck of the one who had made such a supreme sacrifice, "and you have done this for my sake?"

"Yes, for your sake," she proudly replied, the tears of joy coming to her glad eyes; "just think, dear, now I won't have to ask you for a cent to buy that new sealskin cloak!"—Tom Mason in Truth.

Chinese Cook by Rule.

It is said by those who have employed them that the Chinese always cook by rule. If they have any rule to go by—following the receipt with the same scientific exactness with which the druggist puts up a prescription. Hence their results are equally satisfactory. They are economical cooks. They never burn or spoil anything, nor spill materials on the floor; consequently nothing that goes through their hands is wasted. They cook just enough, and no more.

The Cat Fights.

The other candidates will be sure to encourage the cat fight now in progress in New York and Ohio. They are hard on the Morton and McKinley booms but lend much interest to the situation.—Washington Post.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

The face is an expression of the soul; and each thought, each expression, makes an imperishable impression upon the soul. Every word spoken and every action done in the presence of a human being makes an impression for eternity upon an immortal soul.

Few people are dull while they are diligently employed—none who take an interest in their work and try to do it well. It is when they lay it aside, with all its sense of responsibility, that things sometimes take on a somber and colorless aspect.

Positive good is the best means of curing negative evil. When we are deliberately planning to increase the happiness of others and to further their welfare we are not likely to injure them by thoughtless actions.

Men sometimes upon the hour of departure do speak and reason about themselves, for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, reasons like herself and discourses in a strain above mortality.

Hope throws a generous contempt upon ill usage and looks like a handsome defiance of a misfortune, as who should say: "You are somewhat troublesome now, but I shall conquer you."

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, nor below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place.

Human nature is like a bad clock; it may go right now and then or be made to strike the hour but its inward frame is to go wrong.

General abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings; without it man is blind—it is the eye of reason.

A SLEEPING POWER.

It Is Telegraphy, Instant or What?—Ought to Be Cultivated.

Within us is a power sleeping. Once in awhile some sensitive soul has felt it stir, but there was no known law that governed it, no logic with which to convince others of its being; so it was buried deep in the inner consciousness, where hide ideas that dare not seek light because they are in advance of their age, says the New Science Review. Leap up, at the house of a friend, I saw a photograph of a man's head. As I picked it up there came over me a sense of having known the original; it was the face of a "friend." When my hostess entered I asked about the photograph and she told me who it was. The name meant nothing to me but the face meant all things that I knew. Several times in the next week I looked at the photograph, always with the same sense of "having known." Then eight years elapsed, during which no memory of that face came over me. One day at the theater there flashed over me that same curious sense of "having known." Instantly I turned and caught full the glance of the original of the photograph. What he was doing there I have never found out. Several miles away from me lived a friend. Days would elapse without our meeting but if I sat down and wrote her a note she would come, always crossing the note. I became so certain about it after awhile that I would write the note and tear it up. The thought would stir in her the desire to see me. There was no use in mailing it. The sight of a certain handwriting would always make my heart sink; it was something that I could not reason myself out of, yet the letters were pleasing and the words fair. One dark day I found out that my instinct was right—I trust it now.

The Hot-Weather Cure for Paralysis.

The liveliest passenger on board the steamship City of Pekin was Humphrey Kendrick of Los Angeles. He had just returned from Japan, a country that he loved because a few years ago it completely cured him of paralysis.

When Kendrick found that he had lost control of his limbs he determined to spend all the money he had to get relief. It was easy enough to tell what had brought the paralysis upon him, for the first stroke came soon after he had a bad tumble on horseback. The animal fell in such a way as to catch Kendrick squarely beneath it, severely wrenching and spraining his spine.

Kendrick found that he was much better in hot weather and this led him to go to the Hawaiian Islands. He was so much better there when it was hot that he concluded to go to a still warmer place. Somebody told him that the south coast of Japan in summer was the place.

For many months during the hottest of hot summers Kendrick engaged in a most unique attempt to regain his health. For days at a time he would lie positively stripped to the skin in the hot sand.—San Francisco Chronicle.

His Natural Bent.

Fond father—If that boy of mine has any particular bent I can't find it.

Philosopher—What experiments have you made to find out?

"Very thorough ones. I gave him a toy printing press, a steam engine, a box of paints, a chest of tools, and a lot of other things carefully selected to find out whether his tastes were literary, mechanical, artistic, commercial, or what, and I know no more than I did before."

"What did he do with them?"

"Smashed them all up."

"Ah, I see. He is to be a furniture mover."

—New York Weekly.

A Family Affliction.

Weasley Ayres, of Green Bay, Wis., during the last four years, has lost three sons by drowning. The third son, a lad of eight years, was drowned about a fortnight ago, while fishing.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED).

"I have once before informed you, sir, that I am Miss Fulton, and in no way a relative of the person you mention."

"O, have it your own way! But I'm sure I don't understand how you came to guess at what I was so many other heads. I've been a hard case, I don't deny it. It was all owing to the way I had to struggle up. Everybody was willing to give me a kick because I happened to be the child of poverty and of disgrace. I stole the child of Mrs. St. Cyril, partly from motives of revenge, and partly because I hoped to get money from his father by it. I'm not going to give a history of my doings, so don't get impatient. It seems a little necessary that I should speak of that child, seeing as it was she that was murdered. The ship that we came to this country in was wrecked, and people hereabouts thought that the little girl was the sole survivor. I know better, because I myself escaped. It did not suit my purpose, however, to let the fact be known. I had my own plans, which I shall not now divulge. The time for me to work is past, and I will not tell you what I meant to do if my life had been lengthened. I found that the child had a good home, and for the present, then, I was satisfied. After while I returned to Europe, and saw Mrs. St. Cyril. But she had no money with which to purchase my secret. I then sought the father of the child, but he refused to listen to me a moment. He had no children, he said, bitterly. I came back to America. Part of the time I was in New York, but I never lost sight of Marina—for so they called the girl I had stolen from her parents. At last I heard she was going to be married. I thought I should like to see how she looked in her bridal clothes. It was a little weakness of mine which you must pardon, seeing that I once loved her mother."

"I came here, and knowing no other way, I climbed the locust tree just outside this window, and from its thick-leaved shelter, I commanded a complete view of this apartment. Just after the bridegroom left the bride, the door of her chamber opened, and Imogene Ireton entered. I knew this woman by sight. She came up noiselessly behind Marina, and as she turned, I saw something glitter in her hand. She stood amazed as if to gather strength, and then she struck down quickly and silently? I heard a low cry, and then all was quiet."

Ralph's grasp had tightened around his wife, until her face had grown purple from the iron pressure. He was crushing her to death, but he would not have known it, if she had breathed her last sigh. St. Cyril touched his arm.

"Mr. Trenholme, look at your wife. You are suffocating her!"

He looked down upon her distorted features, removed his arm, and took her hand in his.

"Imogene Ireton came directly to the window," proceeded Rudolph, "and looked down. She had the dripping knife still in her hand. She cast about her a half fearful glance, but discovering no one, she stepped out upon the grape vine that half covered that side of the house. And just as she did so Lynde Graham came along on his way to the main entrance. He was dressed for the wedding and had his gloves in his hand. He looked up at her, and an amazed expression crossed his face."

"Miss Ireton, how came you there?" he asked, hastening toward her.

"Help me down, quick," she said, imperiously.

"He lifted her down in his arms. I knew then that he loved her by the way he performed the act. I could have sworn it."

"What freak is this?" he asked.

"Why do you choose that means of egress from the chamber of the bride?" he fairly roared before it. She lifted up her hand, there was upon it a single dash of crimson.

"Lynde Graham," she said, distinctly, "there will be no bride, and if you love me prove that love by keeping my secret!"

"She fled away, and he looked after her like one in a maze. It was five minutes before he seemed to recover his faculties. And then his face was pitiful to behold. Such agony I have never seen expressed by any human countenance! Hardened as I was, I pitied him."

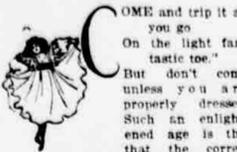
"Well, you know pretty well all the rest. Suspicion fell upon Lynde Graham, and he was arrested and convicted, and because he loved this woman, he would be willing to die in her stead. He refused to speak the words that would establish his innocence, because by so doing he would condemn her to the gallows."

"You may well believe that I was prepared to take advantage of what I knew. I guessed at first that she had murdered Marina because she wanted to be mistress of Trenholme House, and it was not long before I sought her out, and revealed to her my terrible secret. For a moment I thought she would have killed me. I think she would, if she had had the means at hand. After her passion had a little subsided, I made terms with her. Money was what I wanted, and she gladly consented to pay me for keeping dumb. This began before she married Mr. Trenholme. Afterward I continued just the same. You know I guessed at her frequent journeys from home; she only went to pay me my allowance at times when I was unable, through illness, to come for it. You, Mr. Trenholme, thought me your wife's paramour! bah! she would sooner have killed herself than submitted to the caresses of one like me. If she was a murderer, she was true to you. I remember once I made her kiss me, and she touched me with just the loathing that she would have touched a toad! But what did I care? I wanted money. I guessed at her frequent journeys from home; she only went to pay me my allowance at times when I was unable, through illness, to come for it. You, Mr. Trenholme, thought me your wife's paramour! bah! she would sooner have killed herself than submitted to the caresses of one like me. If she was a murderer, she was true to you. I remember once I made her kiss me, and she touched me with just the loathing that she would have touched a toad! But what did I care? I wanted money. It is hardly fair to force things out of a fellow in this way, but I suppose there's no help for it. There's too many

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

CURRENT TOPICS FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

Some Pen and Ink Sketches of Up-to-Date Fashions - Belts, Buckles and Purses - A Louis XV. - Timely Recipes.



as strictly laid down as are rules for the elders' gowning.

The wee little ones adhere to lawn. If such may be called that sheer, elusive, cloudy material, which frames the graceful limbs of the little ones.

Finest embroidery is used for a yoke and epaulettes over the sleeves, and large puff sleeves and with a fall of lace just below the elbow.

Plenty of petticoats beneath—long, wide, bewildering affairs—are the thing.

For girls a little older, plain china silk, or the daintiest silk crepon, is used. None but delicate tints are used, and no dress should have a waist longer than the empire. Length of limb is the effect required, and to secure it most dresses are made simply with fancy yokes—of lace and ribbon for the most part, but always matching the gown in color.

Skirts are very wide, and many times accordion-plated. They are perfectly plain at the bottom, made with a broad hem. Considering the flounciness of lace worn beneath, a plain skirt is positively necessary to preserve the rhythm in the entire effect.—THE LATEST.

Not Suited to Dumpy Figures. Women generally take to a distasteful



EARLY SPRING TAFFETA GOWN.

mode of dress, something which will make them especially striking, which accounts probably for the fondness some women exhibit for the Louis XIV. costumes; that is, the women who can wear them, for they are few. It's death to a short, dumpy figure, and not all of us are blessed with graceful, willowy bodies. The Louis XIV. costume consists chiefly of the coat, as it may be worn with any skirt, or, at least, the skirt is not distinctive from the skirt of any other gown. First of all, the material must be of the richest or the effect might be spoiled. Brocades and high favor, and they are eminently suitable, but they must be of the large, scrawly designs in chene effect of either velvet or rich satins.

At a private gallery last week one of these coats was worn by a swell young Washington woman, whose height made her look a very queen. Her skirt was extremely flaring and wonderfully smart, made up of gleaming smoking-satin, as soft in tone as the mist of a summer day. The coat reached half way to the knees, and was made of broad-velvet in huge scrolls, showing



hints of mauve, pink and creamy white. The coat skirt was all full of puffs and lined throughout with peach bloom satin. A cape of smoke-gray mousseline de soie, finished with full frills about the edges, is worn, caught up at the shoulder with a breast knot of crimson. Huge clusters of the mousseline de soie decorate the throat. A tiny

little French bit of millinery composed of a puff of rose pink velvet, some glittering diamond-studded pins and an aigrette atop of it.—Ez.

Belts, Buckles and Purses.

Dainty, attractive trifles in the matter of dress go far toward making the toilet. That is to say, all the small accessories, such as buttons, clasps, belts, chateaines, purses, etc., add or detract from the costume, according to their own beauty and finish. The craze for green purses is not abating; they now are shown in every under the sun, and with a variety of decorations. The stained alligator skin is popular, as also is the finely grained leather, brought to a high degree of polish. Filagree corners of beaten silver or gold decorate most of the purses.

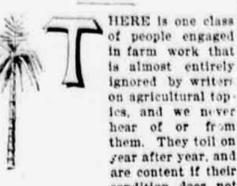


A pretty fad to have no decoration, save a huge initial in silver in one corner. Wonderfully fetching chateaine purses are worn on the belt. The smartest recently seen was in dull green lizard, with an outside flap, in the center of which was a good-sized miniature set in a narrow gold frame. A flat strap of leather attached by fine gold links held it to the narrow gilt belt. As for belts, the styles are legion.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



HERE is one class of people engaged in farm work that is almost entirely ignored by writers on agricultural topics, and we never hear of or from them. They toil on year after year, and are content if their condition does not grow worse.

I refer to the tenant farmers of the country. We will, with your permission, give a short description of the system of tenant farming as it is conducted in Madison county, Ohio.

Tenants may be divided into three distinct classes. In the first class are those that have considerable capital and carry bank accounts. They lease large farms, paying from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per acre per annum. They hire all their work done on the farm. They haul very little grain to market, feeding it instead to stock at home. Some make a specialty of sheep and others of cattle. The payment of the rent is by note, with personal security.

The second and more numerous class of tenants is composed of farmers of small means, having little stock, a team of horses and a couple of cows. They are too poor to hire help, and will not rent more than 100 nor less than 30 acres. They pay from \$4 to \$6 per acre per annum. This is secured by chattel mortgage on the growing crops, or the landowner gets one-half of the produce raised, which must be hauled to the market by the tenant. In addition to this, the tenant pays for the pasture he occupies, as well as for the pasture for all of his stock, except the team necessary to plow and cultivate the land. Tenant houses rent at from \$2 to \$4 per month.

The third class of tenants is not so large as the second class. It is made up of those that have been closed out by landlords for rent. They have no stock of any kind. Then rent a house and garden lot, and the owner hires them to work by the day, for which they receive \$1 per day. This is for common every day work on the farm. Cutting and shocking corn is done by the shock, the price being 4 cents per shock of twelve hills square. This was the price paid last fall.

Nearly every tenant has a horse and carriage. As all our main roads are graded and gravelled, we have many carriages and buggies running, and some people claim that our good roads are a bad thing for poor people, as they cause unnecessary extravagance in the way of carriages and harness.—John M. Roberts, in Farmers' Review.

Truck Farming Land Values.

It is quite interesting to note the values of land as affected by the truck gardens. At the time of the last general census there were in the United States something over half a million acres of land devoted to market gardening, or, in common parlance, truck farming. More than half of all the truck gardens in this branch of farming are found along the Atlantic seaboard. They have been divided, according to their great centers, into five chief districts. These are called the New York and Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania, Baltimore, Norfolk, South Atlantic. The value of land varies greatly.

In the New York and Philadelphia district the land averages \$225.11, and value of produce per acre is a little in excess of \$195.

In the Pennsylvania district, which includes the eastern shore counties of Maryland and Virginia, together with the state of Delaware, the value per acre was only \$98.76, and the value of the produce per acre was over \$95.

In the Baltimore district the land had an acre value of \$97.50, and the product brought \$102.

In the Norfolk district the land was worth \$135.50 per acre and the income per acre was \$104.

The South Atlantic district had a per acre valuation of only \$45.25, and the receipts for truck were \$119 per acre.

By these results we see that the profit does not lie entirely with the most expensive land in the suburbs of the great cities.

Corn Fodder.

A big crop of corn means also a big crop of corn fodder, and to the wise, intelligent farmer the fodder is almost as useful and important as the grain itself. What an idea to waste corn fodder! Why, it is worth about the same as timothy hay for feeding. Of course, to be worth as much as hay it must be cut early, dried as soon as possible and then stored away from rain and snow. It is a very poor plan leaving shocks out in the field until winter sets in, for the corn loses rapidly its nutritive effects of exposure to wet and storm. Strange farmers do not realize this fact more clearly! How often corn stalks are still in the field even after the advent of hard frosts and blinding snow storms! The farmer must follow in the wake of the successful manufacturer and curtail wastes. There must be no waste and certainly it is undesirable to waste any fodder so valuable as cornstalks. The cows polish the corn fodder as a supplement to their hay and ensilage. After fine fodder the coarser fodder is very welcome and consumed with great avidity. The farmer who uses his cornstalks more closely can either keep more stock than he otherwise would or he may sell a portion of his No. 1 market hay and be so much in pocket. The corn plant, ear and stalk together, forms the great foundation of dairying. What would farmers do without it? It is more essential than any other forage plant, and the stalks are not of the least value.—W. P. Perkins.

Wisconsin Horticultural Meeting.

(Reported for the Farmers' Review by B. S. Hoxie.)

The subject of the semi-centennial celebration of Wisconsin as a state was introduced, and after some discussion as to what part of the work the society would assume, on motion J. C. Flynn

of Milton was made the historian of the society to collect and prepare matter to be printed for distribution as the society may direct. Mr. Chas. Hirschinger of Baraboo gave a history of the Newell apple. The seed was brought from New York and planted in 1848 in township 12, range 63, on section 15, and was the only tree of the lot that did not winter kill. It was transplanted when quite small on section 14, where it now stands in healthy condition after a life of nearly half a century.

Michigan Horticultural Convention.

(Condensed from Farmers' Review Horticultural Report.)

Professor Bakley addressed the convention, speaking largely on the apple crop. He did not consider that a farmer that grew only one crop of apples every five years was really growing apples. Some of our apple orchards do not bear more than one apple crop in thirty years. Many of our apple orchards are already past their prime, and the only thing to be done in a good many cases is to cut them down. We can't break a horse when he is twelve years old, and we can't make an orchard productive that has grown old and never has been productive. When apple orchards are properly managed, they are probably the best investment a man can make with small capital. A man can afford to wait two or three years to get the ground in good condition before setting the first tree. Then the orchard may be set rightly.

There are many cases where irrigation might be used in watering an apple orchard, but there is no reason to believe that irrigation will ever be adopted to any great extent east of the Great Lakes. In New York, they do not experience the great drouths that are common in Michigan. As we go west the trees become more and more stunted, but no man has a right to talk of irrigation till he has used all the water that falls from the skies. He should learn to keep it on the farm by good tillage. The men that make the most out of fertilizers are, as a rule, those that till best. There is a great deal of fertility locked up in the unbroken clods. A man cannot afford to irrigate till he has learned to till.

If we have prepared our land by deep plowing, say to a depth of eight inches, we create a reservoir that will hold a good deal of water. Now, in the future there will be a good deal of irrigating done, but it will be by men that have learned to till. When, in New York State, during the course of a year, thirty-four inches of water falls, they have enough for all crops, provided they save it. But more than half of it runs away.

The question then comes: "Shall we subsoil our land?" There is little use of subsoiling if we have a light subsoil. The subsoil is of little value in orchards, because on account of the permanency of the crop you can subsoil but once. In the case of strawberries and some other fruits you can subsoil, because you can turn up the land every two or three years. Draining is one of the best ways of subsoiling.

Wheat Crops of India.

Beecham says: The Indian wheat crop is now certain to be a very short one, judging from the official forecasts which have been published. In the Punjab the area sown is only about 6 1/2 million acres, or 17.7 per cent less than last year. In the central provinces there is also a considerable decrease, estimated by private advices at 20 per cent; whilst in the Bombay Presidency, although the information is so far incomplete, the reduction in the area is at least 25 per cent, judging from the fact that in Guzerat, Deccan, Karnatak and Sindh districts enough is known to show that the area is respectively 27 per cent, 30 per cent, 21 per cent, and 24 per cent below the average. In the northwest provinces and Oudh the reduction is 25 per cent; and in Berar 14 per cent. As the states mentioned absorb 75 per cent of the total in India, we may estimate that the total area shown this year will not much exceed 20 1/2 million acres, against 26 million acres last year. With regard to the condition of the growing crop, it was described as very poor at the end of December, and although rain has since somewhat improved matters, especially in the Punjab, there is no doubt that the yield per acre will be below the average owing to an insufficiency of rain. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that India, whose exports during the past season will not exceed 2 1/2 million quarters, will practically cease to figure as a wheat exporter during the forthcoming season.

Spraying the Plum Tree.

Those that want to raise plums will be attending to the possible fungous diseases and the curcubio. If the trees have the plum scale on them they should have been sprayed with kerosene emulsion in the fall after the leaves had fallen. Otherwise six sprayings are recommended for the coming season. The first spraying should be to Je-stroy or prevent the black knot in the spring. The first warm days should be improved on for this purpose. The Bordeaux mixture should be used. The second spraying should be with the same mixture when the buds are swelling, to keep off the black-knot and other fungous diseases. The third spraying should be after the blossoms have fallen. The trees should also be jarred at this time for the curcubio.

Money Versus Votes.

A few years ago, when the farmers were just waking up to the fact that the old cow was being discriminated against on account of a counterfeit being sold for her product, a convention was held in Hatter's D. Chicago. The but-ter men were there, as were also the makers of the bogus product. Warm speeches were made by both sides. One of the oleo men lost sight of discretion and said: "We have got a great business started; we have got millions of money; we can control legislation, and we will not permit laws to be passed detrimental to our interests." A prominent dryman replied: "Yes, you have got the money, but, thank heaven, you haven't got the votes." Subsequent dairy legislation in Congress and in 22 states proved that votes were far more potent than money.

Swedish Bread.

A Swedish or coffee bread is usually made with raised dough, but it may be made as follows with excellent results: Put into one pint of flour one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of sugar, and a salt-spoonful of salt; rub through a sieve and mix with the dry ingredients a generous table-spoonful of butter, moisten with a half pint of sweet milk. Roll the dough out one-third of an inch thick. Spread this sheet of dough with a tablespoonful of soft butter and sift over it one table-spoonful of ground cinnamon mixed with two of powdered sugar. Roll up the dough and cut in slices one inch in thickness; place on a buttered biscuit pan and bake in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes.

Soon after New Year's day St. Peter's at Rome had to be reconsecrated, as a man had the bad taste to cut his throat before the high altar during noon mass. The services were stopped at once. The last suicide was in 1867, but it was not thought necessary to bless the building in that case, as the pope was in it at the time.

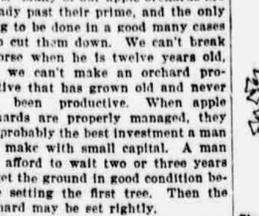
The credit that is obtained by a lie only lasts till the truth comes out.

A beggar's rags may cover as much pride as an alderman's gown.

THE YOUTHS' CORNER.

SOME CURRENT ETCHINGS FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Christ in the Home—An Angel Unawares The Gates of Hell, a Pen-Picture by Dr. Talmage—The Peasant and His Friends, a Story with a Moral.



She fluttered about and cried with pain, "Oh! Spare my darlings! They're all my care." But her cries of fear were all in vain. Her birdlings are gone, her nest is bare.

She sings no more in the orchard tree, But chirps to her disappointed mate Of their birdlings sweet, no more to be: Of cruel boys, and of cruel fate.

So grief-worn mothers, in sad despair, Mourn for their lost ones and find no rest; They were once their joy, their pride and care; But Hum has robbed the dear home nest.

But law protects the song bird's nest; Avenge their brood in field and glen; But laws, which answer our own best, Refuse to shelter the Homes of Men.—Ram's Horn.

The Tramp and the Housewife.

One day a tramp, who hadn't had any thing to eat or drink for several years and was consequently feeling about used up, came along to a farm-house just as the wife was pouring milk from a pan into a dish.

"I pray thee give me a quaff of that milk," said the tramp, as he looked as bad as possible in order to work on her sympathies.

"We don't feed tramps here!" was the brusque reply as she looked at the caller with stony eyes.

"But, my dear madam, I am perishing while you drink plenty. Have mercy, I pray you!"

"That milk is for the dog," she said, as she placed the dish on the earth. "If you are thirsty, go drink at the horse-pond."

"And you will not even give me a quart of skimmed milk to keep the lamp of life alight till I strike a job?"

"Get thee hence!" she commanded, in reply, as she looked around for the ax-handle.

"I go—mum—I go, but—"

"Here—what's the matter of the dog?" shouted the woman ere the tramp had reached the door.

"He's evidently swallowed sumthin' that astonishes him, mum. Say! Have you any paris green in the house?"

"I have."

"Don't you keep it on the shelf over the milk?"

"I do, and alas! I see how it is! The milk has been poisoned and the dog is a goner!"

"Mum—When you want a thing and want it bad," said the tramp, as he calmly pursued his way, "then is the time to let somebody else have it!"

Overboard in a Gale.

Capt. Manuel Caton of the Adams fishing schooner Sea Fox, just in from the Georges fishing banks, tells a thrilling story of his adventures in the last gale and snowstorm, says the Boston Herald. While the vessel was laboring in the worst part of the gale he ordered the crew to set up the mainmast, to work her away from dangerous shoals to leeward.

"When the crew had cast off the stops," said the captain, "I reached for the down haul, to clear it as they hoisted. The wind just at that moment caught the canvas, and with a slam it came to the leeward, striking me in the back, and in the instant I was twenty feet away and overboard. I struck the water face down, but, fortunately, I was to the leeward, and as I came up I saw the craft broadside on drifting toward me. One of my men, named Marion, saw me disappear, and, quick as a flash, sent a coil of rope spinning after me. His aim was true and as I came up the rope lay against my arms and I grabbed it. I was soon alongside, but in the worst part of my scrape. The Fox was rolling fearfully, while the cross seas threw me around like a ball—no moment I would hang against her side and the next be far away. The reef tackle soon swung toward me and I grabbed it, but I didn't find my new hold any improvement. I was thrown in all directions, but held on. I swallowed lots of water, and the wrenching I got was fast using me up. My men would have had hard work lifting me up with my wet clothes had the vessel been at the wharf, as I weigh more than 200 pounds, and, excited as they were, it was useless for them to try it there. I told them I couldn't hold on much longer, and to make fast a rope and launch a dory. After many unsuccessful attempts, they managed to get a boat over the rail, but no one came in. I knew I could not get in alone and shouted for some one to come in her. They hauled the boat back as near as possible, and, making a daring leap, two brothers, August and Manuel Louis, reached the dory, which the others rapidly left drift down to me. There was still danger of a capsizing and having three men in the water instead of one, but the boys, after a struggle, got me in, and we were soon on the deck of the Fox."

The Peasant and His Friends.

One day the owl remarked to the crow that the peasant who had lately moved into the cottage beyond the wood, was a good fellow, and the crow passed the word to the jackdaw, and the jackdaw to the parrot. Then the fox wanted to know what was up, and being duly informed, he took it upon himself to notify the other wild animals of the forest, and pretty soon it was: "Resolved, That the peasant being a good fellow, we will visit him and prove our good will."

At the time there was a great gathering of birds and beasts, and at a sig-

nat each one cried out and applauded in his own peculiar way. Things were mighty lively, and the assemblage was flattering itself that it was doing the proper thing in a proper way when the peasant appeared with his hair standing up and his eyes hanging out, and exclaimed:

"Ah! Lack-a-day, but what in Texas is all this row about?"

"We have come to show our friendship for a bully boy!" was the chorus. "Had you come as enemies, I would have brought out my shotgun and protected myself, but now, alas! I am helpless and undone!"

Moral.—The man in the hands of his friends may be pitted even by his enemies.

The Gates of Hell.

Rev. Mr. Talmage, in one of his sermons thus outlined the "Gates of Hell:" Gate the first, impure literature; gate the second, the dissolute dance; gate the third, indiscreet apparel; gate the fourth, alcoholic beverage. "The wine cup is the patron of impurity," he said speaking of the last "gate." "The officers of the law tell us that nearly all the men who go into the shambles of death go in intoxicated, the mental and the spiritual abolished that the brute may triumph. Tell me that a young man drinks, and I know the whole story. If he becomes the captive of the wine cup he will become a captive of all other vices; only give him time. The courts that license the sale of strong drink, license gambling houses, license libelism, license disease, license death, license all sufferings, all crimes, all despoliations, all disasters, all murders, all woe. It is the courts and the legislature that are swinging wide open this grinding, creaky, stupendous gate of the lost."

Mean Trick on the Rabbit.

An ingenious hunter living in Oil City, Pa., has accused the envy of the local hunters by his success in killing rabbits. At one end of a rubber hose he has fastened a tin whistle, which he covered with calico to prevent the dirt from clogging up the whistle. When a rabbit takes to the burrow the hunter inserts the hose, which from its pliable nature can be made to follow the windings of the hole, and when it is near the rabbit the hunter blows through the hose, sounding the whistle. The rabbit loses no time in making for outdoors, and is then caught or shot by the hunter.

An Angel Unawares.

A daily paper reports the following which is an illustration of the way each one who does likewise is treated beyond the river: "Four years ago Henry Lewis, a poor candy-seller of Brooklyn, found an old lady sitting on his doorstep and took her into his house, where she remained a member of his family until a few months ago, when finding herself a serious burden on him, she insisted on going to the poor-house. A few days ago she fell heir to \$300,000 and returning to Lewis' home, she turned it over to him for the kindness he had shown her."

Christ in the Home.

A recent writer truly says: Keep the lamp of love shining day after day amid the multitude of cares and home duties, the criticisms and thoughtless unkindnesses, the thousand little irritations of home-life, which so tend to break peace and mar sweet temper. Let home-peace be Christ-love—the kind that never faileth. Wherever else, far away or near, you pour the bright beams of your Christian life, be sure you brighten the space close about you in your own home. No goodness and gentleness outside will atone for unlovingness and uncharitableness at home.

He May Fly Yet.

Herr Otto Lilienthal has continued his flying machine experiments assiduously since his recovery from the accident he met with last year. He announces that he has discovered a new principle, which consists in using, instead of one large framework, two smaller ones, placed parallel, one above the other. Besides affording a similar means of adding to the sail area without increasing the breadth of the machine, this makes it much easier to handle while suspended in the air.

A Premature Message.

He leaned in a dejected attitude against one of the division railings on the main deck of the Bourse, every now and then gritting his teeth, and muttering words that the Record wouldn't think of printing. For he had troubles of his own, and to a solicitous friend he told this story: He made a business trip to Reading on Monday, and, drifting into the company of a few of the "boys," was persuaded to take a drive around the beautiful environs of the capital of "Auld Berks." Knowing how such drives usually terminate, he wrote a telegram to his wife before starting, and let it with the hotel clerk, requesting the latter to have it forwarded at 9 p. m. This was about 2 o'clock. Shortly after the Philadelphia and his friends had left the hotel an officious bell boy picked up the dispatch and rushed to the nearest telegraph office. As a result the telegram was delivered in this city at 3 p. m. It read: "Have missed the last train tonight. Will be home early tomorrow. Don't worry. John."—Philadelphia Record.

The Color of Eyes.

"The artificial eye is cheap enough," says a famous maker of these articles. "The best kind only costs a few dollars, and it lasts generally about a year. My customers include many prominent men. Those people are chiefly sportsmen, who have an accident while shooting. The most frequent losses of sight occur among children, through their carelessness with fireworks, stones throwing, and the like.

"Out of the 3,000 people I attended in the course of the year, I have noticed that the color of their eyes marks the different localities in which they reside. The commonest hue is the gray blue, and with scarcely a single exception all my patients in New England have eyes of that color. In the west, the prevailing color is hazel and dark brown. In New York, however, you get as varied a mixture of color in the eyes as you do in people. The rarest colored eyes are violet. Curiously enough, out of the thousands of patients who have passed through my hands I can only call to mind two of them who had eyes of a violet hue."

