

The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 11.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, Nov. 7, 1896.

No. 45.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. P. McLemore.

Directory.

OFFICERS 39th JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
District Judge, Hon. Ed. J. Hamner.
District Attorney, W. W. Beall.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.
County Judge, F. D. Sanders.
County Attorney, J. E. Wilfong.
County & Dist. Clerk, G. H. Couch.
Sheriff and Tax Collector, W. B. Anthony.
County Treasurer, Jasper Millhollon.
Tax Assessor, H. S. Post.
County Surveyor, H. M. Rike.

COMMISSIONERS.
Precinct No. 1, J. W. Evans.
Precinct No. 2, B. H. Owsley.
Precinct No. 3, J. L. Warren.
Precinct No. 4, J. M. Perry.

PRECINCT OFFICERS.
J. P. Precinct No. 1, J. W. Evans.
Constable Precinct No. 1, J. W. Evans.

CHURCHES.

Baptist (Missionary), Every 4th Saturday night and 1st Sunday, Rev. R. C. Farmer, Pastor.
Presbyterian, (Cumberland) Every 2nd Sunday and Saturday before, No Pastor.
Christian (Campbellite) Every 1st Sunday and Saturday before, Pastor.
Methodist (W. B. Church), Every 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Sunday and Sunday night, Pastor.
Ev. N. B. Bennett, Pastor.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10:30 a. m.
P. D. Sanders, Superintendent.
Christian Sunday School every Sunday.
W. E. Standefer, Superintendent.
Baptist Sunday School every Sunday.
J. E. Lindsey, Superintendent.
Presbyterian Sunday School every Sunday.
W. E. Standefer, Superintendent.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

Haskell Lodge No. 882, A. F. & A. M., meets Saturday on or before each full moon.
P. D. Sanders, W. M.
H. G. McConnell, Sec'y.
Haskell Chapter No. 181
Royal Arch Masons meet on the 1st Tuesday to each month.
H. G. McConnell, High Priest.
W. E. Evans, Sec'y.
Prairie City Lodge No. 308 K. of P.
Meets 1st, 3rd and 5th Friday nights of each month.
W. E. Standefer, C. C.
W. L. Hills, K. of R. S.
Blauwood Camp of the Woodmen of the World meets 1st and 4th Tuesday of each month.
P. D. Sanders, Con. G.
G. H. Couch, Clerk.
Haskell Council Grand Order of the Orient, meets the second and fourth Friday night of each month.
C. D. Long, Pastmaster.
W. B. Anthony, P. M.

Professional Cards.

A. C. FOSTER, S. W. SCOTT.
FOSTER & SCOTT.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

Civil practice exclusively, with special attention to land litigation.
Practice in all the courts and transact a general land agency business. Have complete abstract of Haskell county land titles.
Notary in Office.

H. G. McCONNELL,

Attorney-at-Law,
HASKELL, TEXAS.

Ed. J. HAMNER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HASKELL, TEXAS.

Precincts in the County and District Courts of Haskell and surrounding counties.
1200 over First National Bank.

P. D. SANDERS,
LAWYER & LAND AGENT,
HASKELL, TEXAS.

Notarial work, abstracting and attention to property of non-residents given special attention.

E. E. GILBERT,
Physician & Surgeon.

Offers his services to the people of Haskell and surrounding country.
Diseases of Women a Specialty.
Office at McLemore's Drug store.

A. R. BENGE,
DEALER IN
SADDLES & HARNESS.

To my friends in Haskell Co.—
While in Seymour, call and examine my Prices on Saddlery and Harness Goods.
A. R. BENGE,
Seymour, Texas.

TUESDAY'S ELECTION.

Full Returns for Haskell County by Precincts,
of the Election on Tuesday, Nov. 3rd, 1896.

Name and office voted for	Prec. 1. Haskell.	Prec. 2. Mesquite.	Prec. 3. Brushy.	Prec. 4. Lake.	Prec. 5. Post.	Prec. 6. Vernon.	Totals.	Plurality
For Dem. Electors	141	59	18	12	15	30	275	234
For Pop. Electors	5	17	4	2	1	12	41	
For Rep. Electors	5	3	2	2	2	2	16	
For Governor,								
C. A. Culberson	133	50	10	8	11	26	238	150
J. C. Kearby	16	25	14	8	6	19	88	
For Lieut. Gov.								
Geo. T. Jester	140	51	14	11	11	27	254	179
H. S. P. Ashby	12	24	10	5	6	18	75	
For Atty. Genl.								
M. M. Crane	141	53	17	11	11	27	260	190
W. O. Hutchison	22	24	6	5	6	17	70	
For Land Comr.								
A. J. Baker	141	53	18	11	11	27	261	190
S. C. Granberry	12	24	6	5	6	18	71	
For Comptroller,								
R. W. Finley	141	53	18	11	11	27	261	190
E. O. Meitzen	12	24	6	5	6	18	71	
For Treasurer,								
W. B. Wortham	141	51	18	11	11	27	259	187
S. O. Daws	13	24	6	5	6	18	72	
For Sup. Pub. Inst.								
J. M. Carlisle	143	53	18	11	11	27	263	194
A. B. Francisco	13	24	6	5	6	18	72	
For R. R. Comrs.								
J. H. Reagan	139	52	17	11	11	27	257	187
A. Mayfield	135	52	17	11	11	27	253	182
L. J. Storey	137	51	17	11	11	27	254	185
W. W. Nelms	13	24	6	5	6	18	70	
Evan Jones	13	24	6	5	6	18	71	
E. P. Alsbury	13	24	6	5	6	18	70	
For Ass. J. Sup. Ct.								
L. G. Denman	141	51	17	11	11	27	248	176
T. J. McMinn	13	24	6	5	6	18	72	
For J. Ct. Cr. Appeals,								
W. L. Davidson	141	53	17	11	11	27	252	177
R. V. Bell	14	24	6	5	6	18	73	
For J. Ct. Civ. Ap., 2nd Dis.								
S. J. Hunter	142	21	17	10	11	27	248	176
J. L. L. McCall	12	34	6	6	6	18	72	
For Congress, 13th Dist.								
J. H. Stephens	140	52	15	8	9	27	251	170
H. L. Bentley	15	25	8	8	7	18	81	
For Senator, 28th Dist.								
A. H. Tillet	142	51	17	10	11	27	258	186
S. A. Bryant	12	24	6	6	6	18	72	
For Rep., 106th Dist.								
H. E. Crowley	142	51	17	10	11	27	258	188
S. Patton	10	24	6	6	6	18	70	
For Dist. Atty., 39th Dist.								
A. M. Steele	114	49	13	2	11	29	218	113
A. M. Craig	35	25	10	14	5	16	105	
For County Judge,								
H. R. Jones	34	23	5	1	5	14	82	
J. S. Rike	24	5	4	1	1	10	45	
Oscar Martin	37	1	1	1	0	7	47	
J. M. Baldwin	52	25	6	5	6	1	95	13
W. T. Montgomery, P.	5	24	7	8	4	1	49	
For County Attorney,								
J. E. Wilfong	92	54	9	6	12	8	181	67
F. P. Morgan, P.	45	21	12	8	4	24	114	
For Co. and Dist. Clerk,								
G. R. Couch	103	52	13	9	10	27	214	133
D. M. Winn	45	13	7	6	4	6	81	
T. A. Witten, P.	7	12	2	1	1	11	34	
For Sheriff and Tax Col.								
W. B. Anthony	100	52	11	9	10	23	205	87
J. W. Collins	47	25	14	7	7	21	118	
For Tax Assessor,								
R. H. Sprowls	4	7	1	0	0	10	22	
J. N. Ellis	65	22	9	5	5	9	115	
D. W. Fields	8	17	3	3	0	2	33	
H. S. Post	68	18	6	5	7	18	122	7
Jno. Sauer	3	1	0	0	0	3	7	
D. A. Whately, P.	4	13	4	3	3	10	37	
For Treasurer,								
J. Millhollon	116	25	10	3	6	18	172	77
M. A. Clifton	22	34	9	9	6	15	95	
J. L. Standefer, P.	14	17	2	2	5	12	52	
For Co. Surveyor,								
J. A. Fisher, P.	100	51	15	9	16	31	222	135
W. R. Standefer, P.	49	15	8	7	1	7	87	

For amendment to Sec. 4, Art. 7 of the constitution, 67, majority for 2 Against amendment to the above, 65.
For joint resolution to amend Art. 6, Sec. 2 of Con., 185, majority for 128 Against amendment to above, 57.

PRECINCT OFFICERS.

For Comr. and J. P. Precinct No. 1.
J. W. Evans, Haskell, 89 and Mesquite 6, total 95.
W. P. Whitman, Haskell 45 and Mesquite 27, total 72.
T. A. Mays, Haskell 15 and Mesquite 37, total 52.
For Commissioner Precinct No. 2.
B. H. Owsley, Brushy 11 and Lake 9, total 20.
L. S. Jones, Brushy 11 and Lake 6, total 17.
For Commissioner Precinct No. 3.
T. E. Ballard, Post 13. A. R. Davis, Post 4.
For Commissioner Precinct No. 4.
J. M. Perry, Vernon 27. G. B. Tanner, Vernon 16.

Following is the total vote in the several boxes and in the county: Haskell box, voting Pre. No. 1, in Comr's Pre. No. 1, total vote, 158. Mesquite box, voting Pre. No. 5, in Comr's Pre. No. 1, total vote, 79. Brushy box, voting Pre. No. 2, in Comr's Pre. No. 2, total vote, 24. Lake Creek box, voting Pre. No. 6, in Comr's Pre. No. 2, total vote, 16. Post box, voting Pre. No. 3, same as Comr's Pre. No. 3, total vote, 18. Vernon box, voting Pre. No. 4, same as Comr's Pre. No. 4, total vote, 45. Total vote of the county, 340.

In the above table the names of the democratic candidates for state and district offices are given first and followed by the names of the populist candidates. In the list of county candidates the populist candidates are indicated by P following their names. The others ran as democrats. The democrats made no nominations of county officers, but the populist by agreement had out only one candidate for any office, except for sheriff for which they had no candidate. J. A. Fisher, populist, was out up and elected by the democrats.

THE DEMOCRATS HOLD THE FORT IN TEXAS.

Returns of Tuesday's Election Show a Safe Majority for the State Ticket.

Eleven Democratic Congressmen Assured.

Dallas, Tex. Nov. 4.—Owing to the length of the ticket in Texas the returns came in slowly. Only the smaller precincts return a complete vote. The indications are that Bryan and Sewall have carried the state by 50,000 and Culberson by much less. No definite returns have been received from the cities having the Australian system, but partial returns indicate that Bryan and Culberson have carried Fort Worth, Sherman and Denison, while McKinley and Kearby have carried Dallas. Partial reports from 27 towns give Bryan 49,314, McKinley 29,308, Bryan and Watson 3119, Palmer and Buckner 633 Culberson 39,009, Kearby 26,760. These returns as a rule come from the heavy democratic precincts in the black land section.

From Thursday's Dallas News. Owing to the primitive system of counting the vote in Texas, returns from the heavy precincts continue to lag and it will doubtless be several days before definite results will be obtained. It is certain, however, that Bryan and Sewall have carried the state by a plurality ranging from 75,000 to 100,000, while Culberson's will possibly reach 60,000. Indications are that the state has polled something like 550,000 votes, as every precinct shows an increase of from 35 to 70 per cent over the vote of 1892. Culberson has run sharply behind his ticket in many localities, particularly in Dallas county, which he has probably lost by a small margin. The returns also indicate a heavy decrease in the populist vote in many north Texas counties. Unless the republicans of southern and eastern Texas have supported Kearby strongly it would seem that the populist party in Texas has been badly swamped. All estimates of majorities in the present disordered condition of politics are necessarily largely guess work. The alignments are quite unlike those of 1892 and 1894, and comparisons are impossible. The totals given below include only complete returns. It has been deemed best to omit from the totals all partial counts and estimates as to prevent confusion when full returns are received.

Complete returns from 220 towns and 2 counties give:
Bryan and Sewall . . . 44,883
McKinley and Hobart . . . 17,986
Bryan and Watson . . . 10,294
Palmer and Buckner . . . 648
Culberson . . . 43,173
Kearby . . . 30,225

Of the Texas congressmen, Cooper in the second district, Bailey in the fifth district, Sayers in the ninth district, and Kleberg in the eleventh district, are re-elected.

The election of the following new members is assured: Ball, first district; DeGraffried, third district; Cranford, fourth district; Burke, sixth district; Henry, seventh district; Lanham, eighth district; Slayden, twelfth district; Stephens, thirteenth district.

ELEVEN CONGRESSMEN SURE.

A summing up of the returns as far as received indicate pretty conclusively that eleven free silver democratic congressmen have been elected.

In the first district Ball, democrat, leads Eagle, republican, by a clear majority.

In the second district Cooper, democrat, is carrying a clear majority over the combined vote of Calhoun, populist, and Clairborne, republican.

In the third district the vote as far as reported gives DeGraffried, democrat, 4467 to Farmer, populist, 1672.

In the fourth district Cranford, democrat, is showing up three votes to Davis, populist, two. Johnson, republican, appears not to be in it.

In the fifth district Bailey, dem-

SILVER OR GOLD.

Better than either is a healthy liver. If the liver is O. K. the man is O. K. His blood is kept pure, his digestion perfect, and he can enjoy life and act intelligently and patiently upon the questions of the day. You all know what to take. You have known it for years. It is Simmons Liver Regulator—



For years you and your fathers have found it of sterling worth. It is and always has been put up only by J. H. Zedlin & Co. Take none but the genuine. It has the Red Z on the front of the wrapper, and nothing else is the same, and nothing so good.

er, is more than doubling Gordon, populist, and Foster, gold democrat, put together.

In the sixth district the returns from about thirty boxes heard from give Burke, democrat, 4975 and Gibbs, populist, 3179 votes.

In the seventh district the returns show a majority for Henry, democrat, over the combined vote of Doughtit, populist, and Pope, republican. Pope is leading Doughtit nearly two to one in the eighth district Lannam, democrat, has clear light ahead of Jenkins, populist.

In the ninth district Sayers, democrat, is more than doubling the vote of Andrews, populist and Makemson, republican, combined. Makemson's vote is more than double that of Andrews.

In the tenth district Shelburne, democrat, is a safe distance ahead of Hawley, republican, in the small towns and country precincts heard from. No counting had been done in Galveston, Hawley's home, and the News claims that Hawley will get a majority in that city that will overcome the outside vote. Allen, populist, is showing a light vote.

In the eleventh district Grass, republican, has so far three votes to one for Kleberg, democrat. The vote for Smith, populist, is very light, indicating that the populists in that district voted for the republican.

Later returns in Thursday's News concede Kleberg's election in this district.

In the twelfth district Slayden, democrat, shows a vote of 3207 to 1928 for Noonan, republican. McRea, populist, has only 672. This is from Thursday's News.

In the thirteenth district Stephens, democrat, is leading safely with 1871 votes to 1167 for Bentley, populist, being a majority of 694 for Stephens.

Thursday's News concedes the election of the entire thirteenth democrats.

IT MAY DO AS MUCH FOR YOU.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill. writes that he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called Kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c, for large bottle. At A. P. McLemore.

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PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE BUGGY FACTORY ON EARTH
WRITE FOR PRICES AND CATALOGUE
OUR GOODS ARE THE BEST
OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST
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PURELY a vegetable compound, made entirely of roots and herbs gathered from the forests of Georgia, and has been used by millions of people with the best results. It CURES
All manner of Blood diseases, from the pestiferous little boil on your nose to the worst cases of inherited blood taint, such as Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh and
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Treatment of Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. DR. J. C. WELLS, 111 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

—We have on the track at Seymour two more cars of corn, making four cars we have ordered for the general public at actual cost at Seymour in order to help our people over our crop failure. Persons wanting any of this corn should call and make arrangements to get same without delay.

The following is a list of letters remaining at the Post office Haskell, Texas, for 30 days.
Cook Mr. William, 1 Kaufman, Miss Eva, 1, Kille, Mrs. Maggie, 1, Show, Mr. W. A. 1, Smith, Mr. Geo. L. W. 1, Taylor, Mr. K. A. 1.
If not called for within 30 days will be sent to the dead letter office.
When calling for the above please say advertised.
Respectfully,
C. D. Long, P. M.
Haskell, Texas, Nov. 2, 1896.

Thousands of Women SUFFER UNTOLD MISERIES.
BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR,
ACTS AS A SPECIFIC
By Arousing to Healthy Action all her Organs.
It causes health to bloom, and joy to reign throughout the frame. It never fails to regulate...
It is a Pleasure to Answer Questions.
Write any local agent, or
D. H. BRADFIELD,
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When you want a saddle or a set of harness, call at
C. C. RIDDEL'S Shop.
Repairing neatly and promptly done. Give me a share of your trade and work.

GOOD NEWSPAPERS At a Very Low Price.
THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS (Galveston or Dallas) is published Tuesdays and Fridays. Each issue consists of eight pages. There are special departments for the farmers, the gardener and the housewife. It contains a world of general news, and is a most reliable source of information. Write for the price of the NEWS and the FIVE CENTS for the first week, including postage.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO.
HOW TO CURE YOURSELF WHILE USING IT.
The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is too severe a shock

A laugh is the only crop that fools can raise successfully.

The Standard Oil trust will not make ice or anything else but money.

Out in Missouri there is a 24-year-old woman who is the mother of twelve children.

Enthusiasm is well enough for a picnic, but it takes endurance to saw wood successfully.

It is extremely easy for a woman to discover that she is abused by an incompatible husband.

One of the chief delights of feminine nature is to do something that will startle some particular man.

Many a man has an easy job simply because his employers are aware that he is not reliable in emergencies.

If Bourke Cockran marries the daughter of an English lord our foreign account will be partially evened up.

A bloomer girl in Groton, N. Y., last week saved her escort from drowning and the poor fellow is still in his misery.

China has sent an imperial commercial ambassador to this country. This sounds like a high-tone name for a drummer.

The amount a man can perform ought often to be judged by cutting in two what he can plan.

A St. Paul girl has inherited \$3,000,000, and Minneapolis is looking to one of its young men to see that it doesn't get any the worst of the deal.

William K. Vanderbilt refused to obey a summons to serve as a juror. It is thought, however, that Mr. Vanderbilt would consent to act as a jury.

A Chicago girl at present conjourning near Philadelphia can say nothing but "hit." That, however, is the most a Chicago girl needs to say in that region.

A young man was arrested in Chicago the other day for throwing away money. If every man guilty of this offense were treated likewise the vote would be very slim this year.

The fact that a girl who is blind, deaf and without sense of taste or smell has passed the Harvard examination with credit may be taken as an indication that higher education is senseless.

The war department has put in duvetons and it may not be a great while before there will be a demand for the government to maintain a stock of rabbits with well-developed left hind feet.

The wind was blowing seventy-five miles an hour at New York one day last week. Gotham is evidently better at raising the wind than it used to be in the days when monument funds were on the tapis.

"Fresh eggs from China," is a sign which is being displayed in some of the Chinese stores of Chicago. The celestials have evidently got a thoroughly Americanized conception of the term "fresh eggs."

It is now reported that Actor Aubrey Boucicault will quit the stage, having successfully married his million-dollar bride. This is more satirical statement that he would remain on the stage and she would join him in artistic avocations. She will also be likely to hold on to her million somewhat longer this way.

A double golden wedding is certainly an unusual event. William R. Higbee of Bridgeport, Conn., and George R. Cornwall of Port Chester, N. Y., were old school friends and married on the same day, Sept. 22, 1846. Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall celebrated their golden wedding anniversary over in Bridgeport and celebrated a joint golden wedding with Mr. and Mrs. Higbee. All four are in excellent health and the two "young couples" enjoyed the festivities greatly.

An amusing coincidence has occurred in Passaic, N. J. Two brothers, Alfred and Radcliffe Wells, have been secretly wooing two maidens of that locality, and fearing opposition in each case, neither said a word to the other about their intentions, but both determined upon a runaway match and a secret wedding. Each carried out their intention on the same night, and meeting the same day each was moved to an avowal of what they had done, and their mutual astonishment can be best imagined than described.

Are we to actually have a duel between Logan Cabell and Senator Blackburn? This is the burning question of the hour, and Washington social circles are wildly excited over the prospect. The calm critic, however, may well point out that while a duel comes from Washington every few weeks, none of the duels arranged in the national capital ever come off. The few gentlemen who actually fight duels nowadays arrange them in an absolutely inconspicuous fashion and without any preceding "Corbett-Fitzsimmons" newspaper notoriety.

An Alabama man has been horse-whipped for stuffing a ballotbox. It is quite evident that the people of Alabama do not hold the practical politician in the esteem he is shown in Chicago, where he never gets anything worse than an office.

Advices from New York say that when Chauncey M. Depew is questioned about his rumored engagement to Miss Edith Collins he has not a word to say. The public is at least thankful that there is something about which Mr. Depew will not talk.

TALMAGE'S SERMON

"PAGEANTRY OF THE WOODS" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "We Are All Faded as a Leaf; and Our Iniquities, Like the Wind, Have Taken Us Away."—Isaiah 41:6.



It is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes a blackboard, and puts upon it figures and diagrams, so that the scholar may not only get his lesson through the ear, but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of his Bible, and draws them out in diagram on the natural world. Champollion, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labor he deciphered them, and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations. The wisdom, goodness, and power of God are written in hieroglyphics all over the earth, and all over the heavens. God grants that we may have understanding enough to decipher them! There are scriptural passages, like my text, which need to be studied in the very presence of the natural world. Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet;" a passage which means nothing save to the man that knows that the feet of the red deer, or hind, are peculiarly constructed, so that they can walk among slippery rocks without slipping. Knowing that fact, we understand that, when Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet," he sets forth that the Christian can walk amid the most dangerous and slippery places without falling. In Lamentations we read that "The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness;" a passage that has no meaning save to the man who knows that the ostrich leaves its eggs in the sand to be hatched by the sun, and that the young ostrich goes forth unattended by any maternal kindness. Knowing this, the passage is significant—"The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness."

Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world, who have looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas taken their impression. There are some faces so mobile that photographers cannot take them; and the face of nature has such a flush, and sparkle, and life, that no human description can gather them. No one knows the pathos of a bird's voice unless he has sat at summer evening-tide at the edge of a wood, and listened to the cry of the whip-poor-will.

There is today more glory in one branch of sunbuck than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

For several autumns I have made a tour to the far west, and one autumn, about this time, that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Crosey and other skillful pencil; but that week I saw a pageant two thousand miles long. Art artists stand back when God stretches his canvas! A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the banks of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes, there was an indescribable mingling of gold, and orange, and crimson, and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming into scarlet and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfused, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly spire; they they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring catafrets of fire, tossed up and down, and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw cascades of a flaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's air of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Manatee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf to the tip top of the Alleghenies, and then it had come dripping down to the lower leaf and deeper cavern.

Most persons preaching from this text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find that I have two strings to this gospel harp—a string of sadness, and a string of joy infinite. "We all do fade as a leaf." First, Like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which, week before last, felt the frost, have, day by day, been changing in tint, and will for many days yet cling to the bough, waiting for the fiat of the wind to strike them. Suppose you that the pictured leaf that you hold in your hand took on its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No. Deeper and deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After a while, leaf after leaf, they fall. Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming force shall have been quenched.

So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of over-fatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuritic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady

of limb. Sight not clear. Ear not so alert. After a while we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding in the vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life; but a fading away—slowly—gradually. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Again: Like the leaf we fade, to make room for others; Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish. Next May the cradle of the wind will rock the young buds. The woods will be all a-chum with the choroid of leafy voices. If the trees in front of your house, like Elijah, take a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. In the blast of these autumnal batteries, so many ranks fall, there are reserve forces to take their place to defend the fortresses of the hills. The beaters of gold leaf will have more gold leaf to beat. The crown that drops today from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come. They only make room for other life.

So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have had our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among these leaves today, because other leaves are to follow them. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing, or digging, let us cheerfully give way for those who come in to do the preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing and digging. God grants that their life may be brighter than ours has been! As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the wind. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy the spring. Old men must be patient with boys. Dr. Guthrie stood up in Scotland and said, "You need not think I am old because my hair is white; I never was so young as I am now." I look back to my childhood days, and remember when, in winter nights, in the sitting-room, the children played, the highest and the lowest, of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore years of age, they never got old.

Again: As with the leaves, we fade and fall amid myriads of others. One cannot count the number of plumes which these frosts are plucking from the hills. They will strewn all the streams; they will drift into the canyon; they will scatter the wild beast's hair, and fill the eagle's cry. All the aisles of the forest will be covered with their carpet, and the steps of the hills glow with a wealth of color and shape that will defy the looms of Alexander. What urn could hold the ashes of all these dead leaves? Who could count the hosts that burn on this funeral pyre of the mountains? So we die in concert. The clock that strikes an hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand. Between fifty and seventy people every day lie down in Greenwood. That place has over two hundred thousand of the dead. I said to the man at the gate, "Then if there are so many here, you must have the largest cemetery." He said there were two Roman Catholic cemeteries in the city, each of which had more than this. We are all dying. London and Pekin are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darknesses, Caesar is there, and all his subjects. Nero is there, and all his victims. City of kings and emperors. It has swallowed up in its immolation, Tybes, and Tyre and Babylon, and will swallow all our cities. Yet, City of Silence, No voice. No hoof. No wheel. No clack. No smiting of hammer. No clack of flying loom. No jar. No whisper. Great City of Silence. Of all its million million hands, not one of them is lifted. Of all its million million eyes, not one of them sparkles. Of all its million million hearts, not one pulsates. The living are in small minority.

Again: As with variety of appearance the leaves depart, so do we. You have noticed that some trees, at the first touch of the frost, lose all their beauty; they stand withered, and uncomely, and ragged, waiting for the northeast storm to drive them into the mire. The sun shining at noonday sends the leaves to their beds, and leaves! Dead leaves! No more and no more to study them. They are gathered in no vase. They are hung on no wall. No death smiles many. There is no beauty in their departure. One sharp frost of sickness, or one blast of the cold waters, and they are gone. No trace of hope. No prophecy of heaven. Their spring was all abloom with bright prospects; their summer thick foliage with opportunities; but October came, and their glory went. Frost! In early autumn the frosts come, but do not seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you look out of the window and say, "There was a black frost last night," and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men seem to get along without religion, until the annoyances and vexations of life that nibble at their heels here and nip them there. But after awhile death comes. It is a black frost, and all is ended.

Why go to the death-bed of distinguished men, when there is hardly a house on this street but from it a Christian has departed? When your boy died there were enough angels in the room to have chanted a coronation. When your father died you sat watching, and after awhile felt of his wrist, and then put your hand under his arm to see if there were any warmth left, and placed the mirror to the mouth to see if there were any sign of breathing; and when all was over, you thought how grandly he slept—a great resting after a hard day. Oh! there are many Christian deaths here. The children of God, come to take his children home, are speeding every-whither. This one halts at the gate of the almshouse; that one at the gate of the prison. The shout of captives breaking their chains comes on the morning air. The heaven ring again and again with the coronation. The twelve gates of heaven are crowded with the ascending righteous. I see the accumulated glories of a thousand Christian death-beds—an autumnal forest illumined by an autumnal sunset! They died not in shame, but in triumph! As the leaf! As the leaf!

Lastly: As the leaves fade and fall only to rise, so do we. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice, and sap, and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again. "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth." It would be a horrible consideration to think that our bodies were always to lie in the ground. However beautiful the flowers you plant there, we do not want to make our everlasting residence in such a place.

Crossing the Atlantic the ship may founder, and our bodies be eaten by the sharks; but God tameth leviathan, and we shall come again. In awful explosion of factory boiler our bodies may be scattered into a hundred fragments in the air; but God watches the disaster, and we shall come again. He will drag the deep, and ransack the tomb, and overturn the wilderness, and torture the mountain, but he will find us, and fetch us out and up to judgment and to victory. We shall come up with perfect feet, and with perfect body. All our weaknesses left behind.

We fall, but we rise; we die, but we live again! We moulder away, but we come to higher unfolding! As the leaf! As the leaf!

Finance in the Sunday School. The Sunday school needed money and Mr. Smart, the superintendent, had a new way of getting it.

He proposed giving each boy half a crown. At the end of the month the principal, together with what it earned, was to be returned to the school. The scheme was good, but it didn't work quite as Mr. Smart had anticipated. The fourth Sunday found the superintendent ready to audit the profit and loss accounts and he commenced with Johnnie's class.

"How have you done, Johnnie?" "My half crown has earned another one," said Johnnie, with an air of one having an option on a halo.

"Good," said the superintendent, "not only is Johnnie a good boy in helping the school, but he shows business talent. Doubling one's money in a single month requires no common ability. Who can tell but what we have another budding Croesus among us? Johnnie, you have done well. And now, Thomas, how much has your half crown earned?"

"Last B," said Thomas. "What! Not only failed to earn anything, but actually lost!" said Mr. Smart, "how was that?" "I got mixed with Johnnie," was the reply, "and he won."—London Tid-Bits.

A Marvelous Change. "Behold I make all things new." There is no human power so available as that whereby a man is able out of worn-out materials to construct a new machine, or contrivance or work of art; the more enviable according to the contrast between the inadequacy of the means and the beauty and perfection of the result. We call this power genius, and admit it as the supreme manifestation of human faculty. But the world can show nowhere else another Christ, who has made all things new to the soul because the soul itself is created anew. Suddenly a man who has been sleeping in indifference, or blinded by passion, and who has been feeling the sadness and emptiness and dreariness of everything wakes up to a new conception of everything, because Jesus has touched his heart. There is nothing more wonderful than this in the universe. Were it less frequent it would be more marvelous in our eyes. It is the miracle of miracles.

The Law and the Prophets. Jesus himself summed up the law and the prophets in this one phrase, Love God and man. For him, this was the root of all duty, the crown and completion of all character. If he lived out this maxim he succeeded in reaching what was to him the summit of human excellence. He did not live out this maxim, as passing by all minor duties, but he made it the true key to what he was and what he has accomplished.—Rev. Howard N. Brown.

Where's the Farmer's Profit? A farmer of North Dakota a few days ago drove across the boundary line into Manitoba with a load of oats, which he sold to a dealer in Chrystal City for nine cents per bushel. The custom house officer learned of it and arrested him for not paying any duty. The farmer said that he thought since Laurier's election there was free trade between this country and Canada. But he had to put up ten cents a bushel for his oats all the same.

Lord Rosebery's First Speech. Lord Rosebery's first speech was delivered when a young professor was fourteen years of age, at a dinner to the volunteers given by his grandfather. He had even then his cool self-possession, and the speech—in acknowledgment of a vote of thanks to his grandfather—was considered a very good effort for one so young.

The Presence of God. Our human life with its inevitable burden of temptation, its manifold contradictions, is only comprehensible and capable of being understood as it is seen in the great enfolding presence of God.—Churchman.

AMERICAN OCEAN RECORDS.

Our Ships Are Few, but They Are Feet and Unsurpassed.

It is so novel and gratifying for this country to have won a place in the international maritime competition that we are apt to underestimate what the fact implies. The truth is that with a number of classes are entitled to rank with the best in the world we have just two modern seagoing merchant steamers of the first class afloat. Each of these steamers has in turn wrested from their British-built predecessors and from the other record between New York and Southampton. In point of time they have already established a rivalry on equal terms with the far larger Liverpool ships for passengers for more than a generation has been out of the international competition and which has re-entered it with but two ships of its own production. It shows what can be done if only the commercial conditions allow us to keep up the rivalry thus begun. The record completed lately by the St. Paul takes the respectable slice of two hours from that made by her sister ship a while ago, and assures Americans anew that they can sail under their own flag practically as fast as under a foreign flag. As a matter of fact, the most interesting and encouraging thing about these records is the fact that the ships which make them are extremely practical vessels, and that they meet the commercial conditions of the North Atlantic trade more accurately than the crack British ships, which alone are their superiors in speed. Every line finds it necessary to have a "greyhound" or two, but it is not the greyhounds that make the money. It is commonly believed that they are run regardless of expense, in order to advertise the line to which they belong. The St. Paul and the St. Louis, on the other hand, attain a speed not indeed equal, but for the purposes of passengers equivalent to that of the great Liverpool liners, and they do it with the expenditure of, it seems likely, not much more than three-fifths of the coal burned by the larger ships. The difference is enormous and in a close competition must be decisive, for it can hardly be possible the greatest British liners can earn as much more money than the Americans as they spend. It is already recognized in England that we threaten a formidable rivalry to the British carrying trade, at least on the North Atlantic. To have attained this result with but two ships of our own is, we repeat, a remarkable triumph. With a continuance of the same policy we may have the St. Paul and the St. Louis we may look confidently forward to a fleet of first-class American passenger steamers.—New York Times.

COINCIDENCE OF NAMES. It led to the Arrest of a Woman for Forging a Pension Check. United States Deputy Marshal Brennan arrested Mrs. Daniel Williamson of Crescent, St. Louis County, yesterday, and last evening she was arraigned before United States Commissioner Gray on a charge of forging the indorsement to a pension check. She was accompanied by her husband, and was admitted to bail on their recognizance in \$1,000 to appear for hearing next Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have a defense, which, if substantiated, stamps the case as one of the ordinary. Mrs. Lurenda Crowder, of this city, a colored lady, has been receiving pensions here. When she signed her certificate last July she directed that the check be sent to her at Glencoe, St. Louis County, as she intended to move there. In due season the check reached Glencoe, but she had not arrived there, and the postmaster knew of no person of that name. The check was payable to "Lurenda Crowder, now Williamson," and the letter was so addressed. Finally the postmaster sent the letter to Mrs. Williamson, supposing, in the absence of any other claimant, that it must be hers. Her name before marrying Williamson was Lurenda Trower, and that a slip of the pen had made "Crowder" instead of "Trower." Now, it chanced that Mrs. Williamson had been expecting a remittance from her father in Glencoe, and it was his certificate and her a pension check occasionally. When she got Lurenda Crowder's check she had reason to suppose that it was intended for her. Still, the mistaken address, "Crowder," troubled her and her husband, and it was only after getting the advice of neighbors that they ventured to get the thing cashed. A citizen of Glencoe cashed it, and it went through a St. Louis bank, and finally reached the department at Washington.

Mrs. Crowder, Lurenda Crowder, appeared at the postoffice at Glencoe and called for her check, and then the story came out.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Give the Children a Chance. There is a word of good advice, for those localities where it is applicable, in the following declaration by a contemporary: "Few mothers realize the risk of over-caution and over-attention to their children, after they are old enough to play and romp about. A child is happier with a few and simpler playthings than with a multitude of complicated toys. There is no such good fun or good training as one's own self useful in doing little things like work, and it is cruelty to deprive the child of this pleasure and stimulus. Let the brain and body be trained through hand, foot and eye. Give the boys a carpenter bench; encourage the girls to do household work. Where possible, let both boy and girl have a little garden patch, if only a few feet square, and the care of a few plants. A woman in her home, a man in his garden, this seems to be a fundamental type from which we cannot mentally depart without risk to body and mind. Cheerfulness, sincerity, industry, perseverance and unselfishness may be acquired by practice and constant repetition, as much as the art of correct speaking or of playing the piano, and are far more necessary to health."

Chronic Malaria.

There is no use in taking quinine for chronic malaria. This is the decision of the medical profession. Some other remedy is needed. In acute malaria quinine is all right, but in chronic malaria it fails. The remedy which exactly meets all the symptoms of chronic malaria is Peruna. It is a sure cure. Send for free book on malaria by Dr. Hartman. Address: The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

GAVE HIS ESTATE TO UNCLE SAM.

Litigation Over a Strange Will Case Decided. William W. Merriam, a wealthy resident of Manerville, L. I., died on January 30, 1889. He had lived alone in the village, and it was not known that he had any relatives. After his death his will was found. It was a short and remarkable document. The testator had written in July, 1883: "After the payment of my just debts I give, devise and bequeath all my real and personal property, wherever situated, to the government of the United States of America."

The estate thus given to the government was valued at \$125,000. It consisted of valuable real estate and railroad stocks and bonds. When the will was filed by the executor, Clifford B. Ackerly, with Surrogate Peity, of Suffolk County, Merriam's relatives turned up to contest it. They were sisters and half-sisters, and live in Springfield, Mass.

The struggle was a long one. It was contended by the relatives of the deceased that he was of unsound mind, and that in any event the United States could not receive a bequest of real property. The surrogate finally decided in favor of the government and admitted the will to probate.

Then there began a controversy between the county treasurer of Suffolk and the government's representatives as to whether or not the United States was subject to the collateral inheritance law of the state. The amount of the tax in this case was only \$3,267, but the United States authorities determined to fight for the principle. The surrogate decided against them and the supreme court upheld his decision. The case was next taken to the court of appeals, which sustained the lower court.

United States District Attorney Bennett finally brought the matter before the United States supreme court. The federal court has just handed down a decision sustaining the state court. Assistant District Attorney Roy has asked for an accounting. He has already received on account a check for \$4,000, which he sent to the secretary of the treasury at Washington this week.—New York Journal.

Can This Be True?

Gus DeSmith lives next door to Mr. Manygins. Gus is very much annoyed by the excessive piano playing of one of them, so he said to old Manygins: "Say, neighbor, can't you make your daughter quit playing so much on the piano?" "Look here, young man, if you want that music stopped, just marry her. She will quit right off then. That's what she is doing it for."

Just try a box box of Casarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Some people live on the installment plan.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, soothes and allays inflammation, cures whooping cough, croup, sore throat, and all the ailments of infancy.

Nobody who is in love knows anything.

DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL. Every one is either growing better or worse.

How is it with you? You are suffering from KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES.

Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted.

DON'T GIVE UP! Safe Cure

WILL CURE YOU. Thousands now well, but once like you, say so. Give an honest medicine an honest chance.

Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's. Write for free treatise and book today. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Give the Children a Chance. There is a word of good advice, for those localities where it is applicable, in the following declaration by a contemporary: "Few mothers realize the risk of over-caution and over-attention to their children, after they are old enough to play and romp about. A child is happier with a few and simpler playthings than with a multitude of complicated toys. There is no such good fun or good training as one's own self useful in doing little things like work, and it is cruelty to deprive the child of this pleasure and stimulus. Let the brain and body be trained through hand, foot and eye. Give the boys a carpenter bench; encourage the girls to do household work. Where possible, let both boy and girl have a little garden patch, if only a few feet square, and the care of a few plants. A woman in her home, a man in his garden, this seems to be a fundamental type from which we cannot mentally depart without risk to body and mind. Cheerfulness, sincerity, industry, perseverance and unselfishness may be acquired by practice and constant repetition, as much as the art of correct speaking or of playing the piano, and are far more necessary to health."

MISLEADING TELEGRAMS.

Efforts at Brevity Often Result in Ridiculous Misunderstandings.

A very ludicrous incident occurred at Vienna the other day, when Max Halbe, the successful playwright, who had come to close a contract with the managers of a Vienna playhouse for the performance of one of his dramas, found that his shoes had been stolen during the night just preceding his return home.

In Vienna hotels it is the custom to place one's shoes in front of the bedroom door before retiring; the hotel porter calls for them, cleans them and replaces them. On that particular day some sneak thief had entered the hotel and walked away with half a dozen pairs of shoes, among them Halbe's.

In Munich Halbe's wife was anxiously awaiting his return, and, to quiet her fears, since he could not arrive on time, Halbe sent her the following dispatch: "Could not leave hotel; stole shoes, Max." An hour and a half later telegrams began pouring into Vienna to Halbe's friends, to the manager of the theater, where he had just concluded arrangements to have his play produced, and to the chief of police, with the request to help Mr. Halbe at once and to get him a good lawyer.

The wife of Mr. Halbe had misunderstood her husband's telegram, and believed that he could not leave Vienna for having stolen shoes. Although she could not possibly understand why he should steal shoes, the poor woman believed that he had had a fit of kleptomania and had been caught in the act. After another exchange of telegrams the misunderstanding was explained away.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Time Solves All Problems. Pippin—"I like my meal a little gamey, waiter." Potts—"Bring it fresh, waiter." (To friend)—"It will be gamey enough by the time you get it."—Larks.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Lavative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure you.

The right kind of a person is always glad to get home, after being away on a visit.

Casarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or grip.

Make the little sense you have, common sense.

Enrich Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Advertisement for Fish Brand Slickers. DONT TOWERS GET WET. FISH BRAND SLICKERS WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Advertisement for Patent Agents. PATENTS, TRADE MARKS

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Advertisement for Pilsener Beer. PILSENER BEER

Advertisement for Blackwell's Durham. BLACKWELL'S DURHAM

Advertisement for Blackwell's Durham. I WANT BLACKWELL'S DURHAM AND NO OTHER. SEE?

Advertisement for Blackwell's Durham. You will find one coupon inside each two ounce Blackwell's Durham...

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.

THE Oregon experiment station sends out the following advice to orchardists as to work for this and following months:

September—Give last spraying for codling moth to Baldwin and other late varieties this month. To insure good results every spraying must be thorough and an even distribution of the poison over the fruit must be received. Some orchardists go so far as to spray every ten or twelve days during the summer for the codling moth. Such energy is very commendable, and probably brings better returns than fewer sprayings, albeit the labor and expense is much greater. Before rains begin, burn all rubbish about orchards and about the farm generally, in order to prevent the spread of insects. Do not pile green cord wood along side of orchard; you are likely to thereby bring into the vicinity of your fruit trees pests which, if left in the forest, would not injure you.

October—Put away spray pump after last spraying and all spraying machinery, tanks, etc., in good order, thoroughly clean and free from any corroding substance.

November—Buy good books on fruit pests and diseases of fruit trees and lay out a course of reading which will help you the coming season. You will want to look over your file of Experiment Station Bulletins. You have no doubt carefully put them away, as they have been received from time to time. If any member of your family, or if you have taken time to collect specimens of pests and insects generally, it is a good time with the literature you have to become familiar with their appearance and habits.

December—Before the last of December you have probably having first received price lists from reliable firms, made arrangements for purchasing a spray pump if you need one, and have obtained lyse, sulphur, quick lime, salt, blue vitriol, paris green, or London purple, and any and all insecticides which you will need for winter and spring use. Be careful to get good paris green. A good quality of this poison should mix readily with water and form a mass of the consistency of cream. In fact, this is the way we have always mixed it in spraying. First mix it with a small quantity of water, and then pour it into the larger quantity of liquid.

A Horticultural Discussion.
J. W. Clark, professor of horticulture in the Missouri Agricultural college, was called on at an institute to discuss fruit-growing. Being asked to name a list of the best apples to plant, he said: "Select such varieties as bear well, look well, and sell well. As a rule, kinds that do well in the east are not good in the west. Ben Davis, Wine Sap, Jonathan, Smith's Cider, and Rome Beauty are all good, but may not all do well in a particular locality. We must plant such as are adapted to our soil and location."

Q—Tell us how to grow an orchard.
A—Take any good corn land, prepare it as for a crop of corn; get good two-year-old trees from the nearest home nursery; plant 25 or 30 feet apart; cultivate the land in corn or some hard crop in the land is rich, until the trees come into bearing; then let the orchard occupy the ground alone, but continue the cultivation of the land as long as apples are wanted. Set either in the spring or fall. If in the fall, must see to it in the spring that the hole in the soil by the trunk, caused by the wind swaying the tree, is not allowed to remain.

Q—How can the insects troublesome to the apple be overcome?
A—The round-headed borer can be kept from the trees by placing a cylinder of wire netting around the base of each tree. The damage done by the larvae of the codling moth can be lessened by spraying the trees just after the blossoms fall, with a solution of paris green, one pound of the green to two hundred gallons of water. A second, and if heavy rains come, a third, spraying should be given before the weight of the apple bends the blossom end downward. No spraying should be done before the blossoms fall, for fear of poisoning bees and honey. If too strong a solution of paris green is used, it will kill the foliage.

Q—When is the time to prune trees?
A—If to make a tree grow, prune while it is dormant. Pruning when the tree is growing retards growth. When setting out trees, cut back the top to balance the roots.

Injury to Seed Wheat in Ohio.
Comparatively little of this year's wheat crop in Ohio was threshed or housed before the rains set in, and in consequence the grain, which was poor in quality to begin with, has been further injured by sprouting in the shock, says a bulletin of the Ohio experiment station. The station is making germination tests, both with wheat grown on the station farm and with samples sent in from other parts of the state. In one of these tests a comparison was made between wheat of this year's crop, which has stood in the shock throughout the wet spell, and similar lots of grain grown in 1895, 1894 and 1893. The wheat was planted in carefully prepared garden soil on Aug. 17, and warm, showery weather followed. Within five days 80 per cent of the seed of this year had germinated and was growing nicely, and three days later 3 per cent more had appeared above ground. The old wheat all started a little more quickly than the new, and just 80 per cent of that planted was above ground on the fifth day; only one more plant had appeared on the eighth day, the percentage of germination on that day being 81 for the wheat of 1893, 79 for 1894, 81 for 1895 and 83 for 1896. Apparently, therefore, it is safe to use wheat of this year's growth for seed, except where the condition is exceptionally bad; but

In view of the less vigorous growth shown at first in this test the station would advise the use of a larger quantity of seed than ordinary. It should be observed that this test was made under exceptionally favorable conditions, and in unfavorable weather it would be reasonable to expect that a larger proportion of the seed would fall to grow.

Barnyard Manure.

In a farmers' bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture, Prof. W. H. Beal says that barnyard manure is probably the most efficient means at the disposal of the farmer to permanently improve his soil. No other fertilizer possesses to so great a degree the power of restoring worn soils to productiveness and giving them lasting fertility. It accomplishes this result, however, not so much by the actual fertilizing constituents which it supplies as by improving the physical properties of the soil, increasing the amount of humus, which is generally deficient in worn soils, improving its texture and increasing its water absorbing and water holding power. Experiments have shown that the influence of manure may be perceptible twenty years after application. Observations at Rothamsted, England, during forty years on barley unmanured, manured continuously, and manured during the first twenty years, only showed that there was gradual exhaustion and reduction of produce without manure, and a gradual accumulation and increase of produce with the annual application of barnyard manure. But when the application was stopped, although the effect of the residue from the previous applications was very marked, it somewhat rapidly diminished, notwithstanding that calculation shows an enormous accumulation of nitrogen as well as other constituents.

Treatment of Fowls.

I believe in thoroughbred poultry; believe that thoroughbred fowls will generally give better returns for food and care bestowed than common fowls, writes Fanny Field in American Farmer; but for all that whenever I read an article wherein farmers are told emphatically that it does not pay to keep common fowls and are advised to kill them right off and stock up with thoroughbreds, it makes me mad all over. Common fowls do pay; even when left to shift for themselves they will average a clear profit of fifty cents a year per head. Now what would you do if you were so hard up for ready money you could not afford to buy even one pair of thoroughbred fowls? I would do exactly as another woman did. She took such excellent care of such common hens as she could get that they laid all winter when the price of eggs was way up, and from that egg money she saved enough by spring to buy a pair of thoroughbred fowls. Then she killed all her common roosters and watched out and set all the eggs from her thoroughbred hens and in the fall she had thirty-seven chickens from the eggs of that hen. "Go thou and do likewise."

Treatment of Seed Wheat for Smut.

Bulletin 64 of the Ohio Experiment Station reports the results of a series of experiments made on the station farm at Wooster in 1895 in the treatment of oats for the prevention of smut, in which it was shown that from duplicate samples of seed, taken from the same sack, the untreated seed produced as high as 40 per cent of smutted heads, while the treated seed produced a considerably larger crop entirely free from smut. These experiments have been repeated with the same result in 1896, a year when the smut of oats has been exceptionally prevalent. It has also been demonstrated that, with a very slight modification, the same treatment will absolutely prevent the stinking smut of wheat, and the bulletin named gives full directions for this treatment, both for oats and wheat. From the reports which have come to the station it seems probable that the farmers of Ohio had this year lost not less than half a million dollars from oats smut alone.

Eating Apples at Night.—Dr. Searls says in the Bulletin of Pharmacy: "Everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before going to bed. The apple has remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. It is an excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in it than any other fruit. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculous growths, while it relieves indigestion and is one of the best preventives known for diseases of the throat. No harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples before retiring for the night." This is strong language from an acknowledged authority, and our life experience fully favors the use of ripe fruits late in the evening, especially in winter.

Breeding True Qualities.—A writer on dairy subjects says: "We want milkers, with milking qualities, and a breeding out, or into latency, of everything that antagonizes milking, or tending it called for, something found now in most of the milking breeds of all countries; the exceptions to this combination of milking and feeding being found only in the smaller dairy breeds, like the Channel-Island cattle and Jerseys, that have so many generations been actually fed that the laying on of fat was so much the possibility, and we find that the quality of exclusive milk giving is well impressed on these breeds even under heavy feeding."

A French economist has been figuring up the number of dairy cows in the leading countries of the world. He says that there are 6,700,000 cows in France, producing 80,000,000 gallons of milk; in the United Kingdom, about 4,000,000; in Germany, 3,087,000; Denmark, 1,000,000, and in Austria, 4,254,000. In the United States the number of cows has almost doubled since 1870, being now set down at 16,500,000, and in Australia over 12,000,000.

Go round your fence and tighten it up before the cattle break in and compel you to U. Good fences make good neighbors.

Benefits of a Foul Brood Law.

In a paper read before the Wisconsin convention, Mr. N. E. France said: "Perhaps this subject can as well be answered by answering some of the questions I so often hear. I am sorry to say there are too many keeping bees who seem to talk and act as if too wise to learn from our valuable bee papers or books. They ask, 'What is this disease? Is it contagious? Is it near us? Has any state a foul brood law? Foul brood is a very fatal and contagious disease, doing its work by killing the bees in the grub or worm stage of life. As it takes only a few days from the egg to the hatched bee, you can see how short a time it would take to destroy the colony after once exposed. This dreaded disease became serious in Canada so that the industry seemed doomed; those wide-awake neighbors and members of the Ontario Bee-keepers' Association could not be content to give up so valuable an industry, and on April 7, 1890, had a law passed providing for an inspector, and heavy fines to any one to sell or expose any diseased bees or appliances. Wm. McEvoy, as inspector, has so carefully and thoroughly done his duty that the disease can scarcely be found. I am often asked, 'How near is the disease to my beehive?' As long as the disease is in this country, and no law to control it with our mail service carrying a foul brood law, and their inspector has done great good there, so that now that state is paid for the train loads of honey shipped to various places. Colorado also has a foul brood law. Last winter Illinois and Minnesota, and at the same time I, as Wisconsin delegate, tried to get a foul brood law. Why did we fail to get it? Simply because the bee-keepers of the state did not do their duty. How careful we require by law a case of small-pox, or other contagious disease, to be quarantined and doctored. Likewise diseases among farm stocks. Why not have a similar law to protect our bees? If you want such a law, you can have it, if you will only ask for it. As delegate to appear before our legislature last winter, I soon learned that very few members of either house had been called on by bee-keepers of their districts, and did not know one thing about the disease, or whether they wanted a law or not. I did all I could, but failed simply because I did not have backing. At least a dozen members of the legislature told me they would vote for the bill if bee-men from their districts would request it. A stitch in time, brother bee-keepers, will accomplish it."

The Family Horse.

A horse that is difficult to find, and one that is in constant demand, is one that can be guaranteed to be safe for family use, says a writer in "Horse World." At any place where horse sales are held, one cannot but be impressed by the large number of searchers after horses suitable for family use. For this purpose, horses must not only be sound and good looking, but he must be absolutely safe in the strictest sense of the word. He must be afraid of nothing, and must be possessed of sense enough to behave under circumstances which to the average horse would mean a runaway. He must be safe for a woman to drive, and in many cases the woman will know little about driving and absolutely nothing about what should be done in case of an accident. In view of the dependency that must necessarily be placed on the family horse, it is not to be wondered at that horses suitable for that purpose are scarce, and also that they command a high price whenever they are offered. The only wonder is that some enterprising man does not make a specialty of high-class, reliable family horses.

Scours in Pigs.

How many times we make a mistake in not feeding the mother properly, and the pigs get to scouring, and they are put back for a while weak or more. We must feed her very lightly and, if the pigs do commence to scour, give her a teaspoonful of copperas; dissolve it in her slop; that will regulate the whole business. After the pigs are two or three weeks old, provide a place for them by themselves, and begin to feed them. Here again, don't make the mistake of having one of those V-shaped troughs, unless you want your pigs to have long noses and to wrangle over their food and spill swill all over themselves. They want to be clean—that is their nature—but you have prevented them from being so. Let them have a little trough by themselves, and have the feed as near like milk as we can make it. We use oilmeal and corn. I had rather use middlings than anything else, with a little oilmeal. I think that is the best pig food that we can get. Make the food thin; use water if you haven't milk.—S. H. Todd.

Balanced Fertility.

Prof. H. W. Wiley: A field is as poor as its most deficient fertilizing principle. A plant, like an animal, demands a balanced ration. In order to secure the most economic method of fertilizing the peculiarities of each field must be carefully studied and its particular deficiency in plant food determined. In the case under consideration it may happen that a field may have an abundant supply of potash and phosphorus and be deficient only in nitrogen. In such a case its pristine fertility will be restored by the application of nitrogen alone, provided the other conditions in the composition of the soil are favorable to the development and activity of the ferments which oxidize nitrogen.

Within certain limits, high feeding, and especially high nitrogenous feeding, does increase both the yield and the richness of the milk. But when high feeding is pushed beyond a comparatively limited range, the tendency is to increase the weight of the animal. It is the boast of the dairymen of Holland that in their country there is a cow to every inhabitant.

Don't leave your extracted or comb honey open; cover it.

MARRIAGE BROKERS.

The Schatchen is an Important Person in a New York Colony.

In wandering through the east, I recently learned that the "schatchen" is an important and busy functionary in that quarter. The sage who a long time ago observed that marriages were made in heaven evidently knew nothing about this match-making individual who exercises his wiles by day and by night in the teeming Hebrew colonies here. The schatchen is a man of middle age, suave and well dressed, who promotes marriages. He works on strictly business principles and don't bother his head about Cupid or that peculiar sentiment called love. He is a diplomat with a visiting list longer than the most popular woman of the Four Hundred. He belongs to no end of lodges and orders, and speedily makes it his business to know all about the families of his married friends. He also acquaints himself with the monetary worth of paternal families, and if the latter has any marriageable sons or daughters he goes in his work, first by delicate intimation and soon more openly. The schatchen has a neatly engraved card which announces his business, and this he distributes liberally. He also believes in advertising, and his card is conspicuously displayed in all the Yiddish newspapers. He brings young couples together, and if a marriage ensues he pockets commissions from both sides. If the bride's father gives her a dot of \$500, the schatchen pockets \$50. He also strikes the bridegroom for 10 per cent, but is frequently compelled to compromise on 2-1/2. He often has a dozen in the fire at one time, and in the vernacular of sport, plays off one against the other. Sometimes he burns his fingers, as he is not infrequently plays a leading role in the civil courts; but he fills a unique place in polyglot Gotham, and has been the means of making any number of bashful young people happy for spot cash. Here's another queer phase of the marriage business. A strange society has just been organized in this city, composed of young men and women who have decided to subordinate sentiment to science. In other words, they believe it to be a crime against society and future generations for certain persons to marry. So they have pledged themselves not to enter into any matrimonial alliance with any person whose family is subject to hereditary diseases that can be transmitted. This new order is called the Society for the Prevention of Hereditary Diseases, and its officers are in the Stewart studio building in Fifty-ninth street. The president is a young woman, and the vice-president is a young man. The former says that the organization has started off with twenty members, but she hopes to lengthen the list rapidly, as the S. P. H. D. doesn't propose to hide its light under a bushel. As anything which tends to improve the condition of humanity in general will benefit the world at large, this new fad should live long and prosper.—New York Correspondent Pittsburgh Dispatch.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

An effort is to be made this year to raise the minimum salary received by the ministers of the United Methodist churches of England.

Bluff City, Tenn., boasts of a pumpkin sixty-five inches in diameter which is still growing on a vine belonging to Mrs. William Berry.

The French Academy of Sciences has appointed a special committee to investigate the new treatment for consumption advocated by Dr. Crotte of Paris.

Blood poisoning, the result of the prick of a hat pin several months ago, has so enfeebled a young woman of New Albany, Ind., that it is feared she will not recover.

Princess Dhuleep Singh was fined 12 shillings in the Burton-upon-Trent, England, police court for taking her lapdog to drive in her carriage without having it muzzled.

In Hicksville, Ohio, recently, a wedding party was stormed by tramps, who locked the groom in the smokehouse, ate the wedding supper and stole the marriage license.

The prizes won by the Prince of Wales' yacht Britannia during the past season amount to \$8,000. Some of the crew of the Britannia have returned to their homes at Wivenhoe.

Typhoid fever and other diseases are so prevalent in Daviess County, Kentucky, that the deputy sheriff who serves the notices for the last petit jury panel found only one man able to go to court.

During the past two years Douglas County, Oregon, has paid as bounty on wild animals killed the sum of \$8,557, as follows: Bear 262, bounty \$517; coyote 912, \$6,300; panther 670, \$2,010; total scalps 1,844, bounty \$8,827.

Smelts are running in such numbers in Bellingham Bay, Wash., that quantities of them are taken daily by means of garden rakes and scoop nets just as the tide turns to the ebb. They run to the very borders of the high water.

MISSIONS.

The excellent practical Christian work of the Salvation Army is to include an institution to be known as a prison-gate home—a temporary shelter for discharged convicts.

It is said that there are now ninety entire versions of the Scriptures and 230 partial versions, while the circulation during the century reached 350,000,000 copies, thus putting it in reach of 500,000,000 who were unconscious of such a book at the opening of the year.

The Pacific Garden Mission has just completed its nineteenth year of consecrated, pre-eminently successful work among the habitues of darkest Chicago. A wonderful praise service was held on the anniversary conducted by Harry Monroe, assistant superintendent. Short addresses were delivered by the president, Mrs. Sarah D. Clarke, widow of Colonel George R. Clarke, the founder of the mission, and also by the members of the board of trustees and others. The absolute need of larger accommodations was commended on by all the speakers.

He—How are you? Keeping strong?
She—No; only just managing to keep out of my grave.
He—Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.—July.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Some Current Modes—Costumes for Women for All Occasions—Some Timely Hints for the Cookery—Training School for Domestic Notes.

SKETCH is given of a costume of rose and yellow glaze poplin. The skirt is open at each side of the foot of the tablier, the opening being filled by quilts of white lace mixed with old rose changeable ribbon and fastened by antique gold buttons. The bodice of poplin is cut out in front and edged with ribbons held in place by gold buttons. From the open spaces escapes a full view of the bouffant portion of the skirt. The sleeve is draped and trimmed with ribbons, lace and gold buttons, and a fringe of lace falls from the wrists, held by a bow and button. There are an old rose collar and a cravat of white gauze.

Elaborate Sleeve Drapery.
A number of tailor-made costumes are seen for the demimode; also skirts of gray, violet, green, beige or sable cloth, worn with a corsage of silk or batiste, with inserting of heading or lace and a decoration of narrow velvet ribbon, mauve, rose, black or green. Braided costumes of moiré are also seen. For more elaborate wear are costumes of toulard adorned with lace, guipure or ruffles of batiste, fleecy felus, clouds of embroidered tulle and all varieties of belts, corsets and boleros that can be imagined.

Although sleeves have diminished in size perceptibly, they require no less material unless the goods are so heavy as to admit of no fanciful treatment. The drapery at the top is usually very elaborate and takes up a large amount of goods, while for this material the close part of the sleeve is plaited, gathered, puffed and shirred for its full length.

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THE VERY LATEST PARISIAN WRAP.

as the prettiest worn by a party of shoppers. The gown was a pistache green ladies' cloth, with tiny circle of black, trimmed with "invisible" green cloth. Pointed panels of the dark green trimmed the skirt, and a broad plait extended down the waist. On each side were straps of the same, each strap held by a steel button. The sleeves to the elbow were of the dark green cloth. Green has not threatened to leave us yet. The novelty of having a new color to dress with, and such a becoming color, too, has made green the most popular shade for women's gowns. The body of this very tasteful green gown was of the plain ladies' cloth, while the rest of the dress had the tiny black figure. This actually made the dress a three-tone one, but so beautifully did it all blend that it might have been cut from one piece of dress goods.



Plain Ladies' the Best.

Two rooms lately seen have impressed upon me more forcibly the necessity of having some plain surface in every room as a rest for the eye, and consequently the mind. One of these rooms was lauded as a thing of beauty because it existed in the house of a millionaire, and much money had been expended upon it. The other room was in the house of a seamstress who had furnished her hard-earned dollars in expanding a little parlor with which she was much delighted. Both rooms were ugly and tiresome because of the figured surfaces that covered floor, windows and furniture, and the hangings. The patterns were large and showy in the eastern rug, the rich walls were covered with figured silk, and the chairs had velvet-rose grow in a satin background. In a more

satisfactory room done by a woman decorator I find the floor, which has a large rug with a plain center and a figured border. A table cover that is also plain with the exception of a scroll border is of a lustrous short naped velvet. The walls are covered with painted tapestries, but the windows and doors that divide them here and there have plain hangings. The ceiling of the room is crossed by panels of wood in a dull and a bright finish.

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MYSTERIOUS MURDER

THE BODY OF AN UNKNOWN NEGRO FOUND.

The Body Had Nearly Dried Up and was Found in the Tall Grass in a Pasture...

Ennis, Tex., Nov. 2.—A report came in here Saturday night that the dead body of a negro man had been found in the tall grass at the back of Mr. Clendon's field, near Leland, ten miles southeast of Ennis.

About two months ago a negro named Henry Dunn was killed in a fight near that place, and Rube Washington is said to have been near at the time, and afterward seen going in that direction, and has never been seen or heard of since.

Constable Jim Darden and an undertaker went out yesterday and brought the remains to Ennis to be inquested.

There is a hole in the skull like a pistol ball wound, and the supposition is that Washington shot and died in the grass from a shot received during the melee.

Memorial Services.

Austin, Tex., Nov. 1.—Memorial services, commemorative of the life and services of the late Dr. Leslie Waggoner, were most appropriately, solemnly and eloquently conducted in the chapel of the University of Texas at 11 o'clock Friday.

An earnest and eloquent prayer was then made by Dr. French, pastor of the Baptist church, of which Dr. Waggoner was a member. The memorial oration was delivered by Judge Simkins.

The platform was dressed with many flowers, roses and chrysanthemums predominating. The memorial tablet inscribed with Dr. Waggoner's name ordered by the regents to be placed in the walls of the chapel, was placed upon the platform and was wreathed with flowers.

Freight Wrecked and Burned.

Houston, Tex., Nov. 2.—There was a bad wreck on the International and Great Northern a few miles south of Conroe Saturday night. A freight train was booming along when a car back of the middle of the train left the track.

Postmaster Appointment. Bulley, Tex., Nov. 2.—In the contest for the postmastership of this place, upon the resignation of the former postmaster, Mr. Alton S. Browning won the prize.

Drowned in a River. Thomaston, Tex., Nov. 2.—A man by the name of John Hagan was found dead in the river near here Saturday.

Hurt in a Runaway. Fort Worth, Tex., Nov. 2.—Albert A. Hunt, treasurer of the Carter-Battle Grocery company, happened to a serious accident yesterday afternoon while out riding.

Movement of Cattle. Terrell, Tex., Nov. 2.—Ten carloads of cattle have been shipped by J. B. Wilson from Duncan, I. T., to Terrell via the Texas and Pacific railway, to be fed here for market.

A Chattel Mortgage. Gatesville, Tex., Nov. 2.—A. L. Adams, dry goods merchant, filed a chattel mortgage at 6:05 o'clock Saturday night, naming W. B. Woodward trustee.

Dangerful Killing. Terrell, Tex., Nov. 2.—French Charlton, colored, was shot and killed here Friday night. It is claimed that the killing was accidental.

The greater part of Manila, Ind., was destroyed by fire a few days ago.

Albert D. Powers has been found in Tennessee demoted.

Not at His Level. Mr. Richard Harding Davis says he doesn't "look down" on newspaper writers.

Rapid Writing. A rapid writer can write thirty words in one minute.

A Safe Room Open.

Haltwell, Tex., Oct. 30.—The Texas and Pacific depot was entered Thursday night and the safe blown open and the contents, amounting to \$100,000 was stolen.

Waco, Tex., Oct. 31.—A wonderful migration of gray bugs about the size of weevil began passing Waco Thursday at noon and continued until nearly noon yesterday.

Constable Jim Darden and an undertaker went out yesterday and brought the remains to Ennis to be inquested.

There is a hole in the skull like a pistol ball wound, and the supposition is that Washington shot and died in the grass from a shot received during the melee.

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NEWS FROM CUBA.

LIGHT THROWN ON THE RECENT ENGAGEMENTS.

Antonio Maceo Has Not Tried to Reach Havana Province—Maceo's Forces Have Been Increased 2,800 Since the Last Two Expeditions.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 2.—Private letters received in this city by Saturday's mail from Havana throw light on recent events in Cuba. One in particular deals with late occurrences in Pinar del Rio, and gives a very hopeful view of the present Cuban situation.

This letter says that Antonio Maceo has not attempted to reach Havana province and that, although he made an attack upon the city of Artemisa, which was partially destroyed, he did not endeavor to force a passage of the famous trocha. On the other hand, it is stated in the communication, which is from Capt. De Gardo, who recently was in this city, and who is an officer of Gen. Maceo's staff, that the rebel army in Pinar del Rio province is not desirous of making war in Havana and Matanzas at this time.

Among the projects are Galveston, necessary to complete \$300,000. Gen. Craighill desires to complete this work during the next fiscal year, and to this end recommended that \$500,000 be set aside for that purpose.

New Orleans, La., Nov. 2.—A special report from Washington says: Gen. Craighill, chief of engineers of the United States army, yesterday submitted his annual report on the work of improvement of rivers and harbors to Secretary Lamont.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 2.—The New Orleans and Florida limited, announced by the Queen and Crescent route for Nov. 8, marks an era in southern railroading.

Among the accounts that furnished us with the most amusement was that published in the Diario de la Marina, referring to an attack on Artemisa a few days ago.

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Floods in France.

Paris, Nov. 2.—Telegrams received from the departments bring news of further floods and of alarming rises in the rivers. Enormous damage to property has been done, but no fatality has yet been reported.

The River Rhine has burst its banks at Lausson, which is now isolated. The only communication through considerable districts is by boat.

The Seine had fallen slightly last night, but a further rise in the river is feared.

The news received from Lyons yesterday evening is more disquieting. Many houses are flooded at Neuville-Sur-Saone, and the river is covered with furniture.

Money for Rivers and Harbors. New Orleans, La., Nov. 2.—A special report from Washington says: Gen. Craighill, chief of engineers of the United States army, yesterday submitted his annual report on the work of improvement of rivers and harbors to Secretary Lamont.

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Forgive!" Yes—shame on my weakness for saying so—I could forgive. I could do more; I could persuade myself that this strong-willed man had forced her to fly with him, perhaps half against her wish.

CHAPTER VII.

HE journey to St. Seurin occupied more time than I anticipated. I reached Paris the next morning, and, without halting for rest, took the first train to Rennes.

There I inquired as to the best way of getting to St. Seurin. I found the place was nearly twenty miles away. A diligence which passed it left L'Orient every other morning at ten o'clock.

I chafed at the time which must elapse before I met my enemy, and was on the point of ordering a carriage and horses to take me to St. Seurin at once.

This year a book, which at once took the public's fancy immensely, made its appearance. It was but a novel, yet a work the depth and research of which, combined with its pathos and humor, arrested all readers' attention.

For one chapter of that book contained an account of the hero's journey into the heart of a mountain, and the account was the same as Grant had given his auditors on the night I first met him, and hated and mistrusted him.

I entered the inn, where I was received with joyful faces. Guests were, no doubt, few, and their visits far between. I asked if I could have accommodation, and was assured I could count upon the best out of Paris.

St. Seurin was, as I had been informed, a small decayed village. Some of the houses were picturesque in their way, but many were half in ruins.

I struck my heel on the dusty, sandy path. Was it for a life in such a place as this that Viola had left me? Had she given up all the comforts and luxuries with which I would have surrounded her, to hide with the partner of her flight in a wretched hole where she could see none save rough fishermen, peasants and such like?

They could not, they believed he wrote under a pseudonym; but they knew him by no other; I asked if they could show me a letter of his. Certainly! A letter was handed me. I placed it side by side with the letter which Grant had written me just before my marriage, and which I had so carefully preserved.

"Thank you," I said. "I find I am mistaken. My friend is not such a fortunate man as I hoped to find him. I was not mistaken, but I feared lest, in writing to Grant, his publishers might mention the fact of my having made these inquiries. No; every doubt was now set at rest. The two letters were written by the same man—written by Eustace Grant."

Were there no visitors—no English, for instance—staying in the neighborhood? No—yes. There was one non-English, he was English. He lived at Pierre Boulay's farm—the farm just over the sea cliff yonder the house nearest the sea.

over the sea cliff yonder the house nearest the sea.

His name? Ah! she forgot those strange names. He was tall and handsome. He had been here, off and on, many months. He was a heretic, but kind to the poor people.

It was he! My journey had not been in vain. I longed to ask the girl if a lady lived with him, but I forced the question back. When I had finished with Eustace Grant, I could then think of Viola.

Where was he to be found? Was he at the farm now? She thought not. She had not seen him for some days. Most days he came down the hill, and walked along the coast—far, far along the coast. If monsieur wished to meet with him, he would surely find him there.

She glanced at me. No doubt my coming had created curiosity. The question suggested an excuse for my staying at such a place as St. Seurin. Yes; she had guessed right. I was an artist. I had come to draw pictures of the coast. She seemed pleased at having guessed the nature of my occupation, and quickly left me, no doubt to make her discovery known to all who were interested in the matter.

Fate seemed shaping everything to my hand. I had learned that Grant was almost within stone's throw; that nearly every day he took a solitary walk along the coast. It was on the first train to Rennes. From Rennes I had to go to L'Orient, which I found was as far as the railway could carry me toward my destination.

Rennes I reached in the evening. Here I was compelled to spend the night, there being no train to L'Orient until the next morning. The morning train was a painfully slow one; it was not until late in the afternoon of the second day that I had reached the fortified port on the Bay of Biscay.

There I inquired as to the best way of getting to St. Seurin. I found the place was nearly twenty miles away. A diligence which passed it left L'Orient every other morning at ten o'clock. I must wait and go by that.

I chafed at the time which must elapse before I met my enemy, and was on the point of ordering a carriage and horses to take me to St. Seurin at once. But reflection told me that the arrival of a traveler in such a way, at a village so small as I ascertained St. Seurin to be, must excite curiosity.

Nothing to do. Sensible men who have been hard workers are always talking about the time when they can retire from business. They have kept regular hours and had busy lives, full of interests and cares and they imagine they want to lay these aside and rest.

Why is it that, when one is burning to reach a certain place, the sole available mode of progression seems not only the slowest, but in many cases actually is the slowest that can well be hit upon. Those twenty miles, or their equivalent in kilometers, seemed longer than all the rest of the journey.

But the most wearisome journey ends at last. A snail, if allowed time, will arrive at his goal. The diligence reached St. Seurin, and as I dismounted in front of a miserable-looking inn I could scarcely repress a cry of exultation. Eustace Grant was all but within my grasp.

I entered the inn, where I was received with joyful faces. Guests were, no doubt, few, and their visits far between. I asked if I could have accommodation, and was assured I could count upon the best out of Paris.

St. Seurin was, as I had been informed, a small decayed village. Some of the houses were picturesque in their way, but many were half in ruins. There was a church, whose size was, of course, utterly disproportioned to the village.

I struck my heel on the dusty, sandy path. Was it for a life in such a place as this that Viola had left me? Had she given up all the comforts and luxuries with which I would have surrounded her, to hide with the partner of her flight in a wretched hole where she could see none save rough fishermen, peasants and such like?

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NEWS FROM MEXICO.

PREPARATIONS BEING MADE FOR PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

It Will be Attended by About 600 Delegates from Various Countries of the World—Mexico is Without a Floating Debt at Present.

City of Mexico, Oct. 31.—The pan-American congress, which will assemble here on Nov. 16, will be attended by 600 delegates from various countries of the world, among them 300 from the United States, with many delegates from South and Central America, Cuba and Haiti.

For the first time in the financial history of Mexico the country is without a floating debt, all outstanding obligations having been refunded in silver 5 per cent bonds, none being left here. The cash surplus of the government now amounts to over \$5,000,000, and its revenues are increasing.

Venezuelan Boundary Question.

London, Oct. 31.—A high official of the foreign office, referring to the statement made that there is good reason to believe that a tribunal similar to the Bering sea commission will be appointed to adjust the Venezuelan boundary affair, said yesterday afternoon he had no knowledge of the appointment of such a tribunal.

Washington, Oct. 30.—Close inquiry here into the information from London that Sir Richard Webster has been selected as a member of a commission to arbitrate the Venezuelan boundary question fails to develop a confirmation of any sort for the statement. While negotiations are progressing, they have not reached the stage where they relate to the personnel of the arbitration commission, but are still devoted to a discussion of the limitations to be imposed upon any commission created.

London, Oct. 31.—The case of Walter M. Castle, the San Francisco merchant, and his wife, on a charge of shoplifting, is on the docket for Monday next, but only the solicitors for the case will appear at that time, and there will, without doubt, be a postponement. It is expected that the case will be definitely fixed for Thursday, when the trial is likely to proceed without interruption.

Among the distinguished counsel for the defense are Sir Frank Lockwood, formerly solicitor general in Lord Rosebery's cabinet; C. F. Gill, who conducted the prosecution against Oscar Wilde, and Sir Edward Clarke, who was solicitor general in Lord Salisbury's former administration.

McKinley Speaks to Students.

Canton, O., Oct. 31.—The demonstrations have been continuing in Canton all week, with an increase of vim and parade effects scarcely expected for the closing days of the campaign.

The demonstration of the students, according to Mr. Henning yesterday, one of the men in charge, was participated in by representatives of forty-five institutions of learning. They hurrahed and yelled and made the town resound. Besides a response by Major McKinley, the students enjoyed a talk from Chas. M. Depew and shook hands with both speakers.

A Suit for \$50,000.

New York, Oct. 31.—Miss Mathilde Nelson has begun suit for the recovery of \$50,000 from the estate of the late John Corbin. Miss Nelson, who is a handsome Swede of about 30 years, alleges Corbin was a frequent visitor at her apartment, and not long before his death he told her he had invested \$50,000 for her, which would make provision for her in old age, in event of his death.

The American Wire Works, at Cleveland, O., Have Resumed Work.

New York, Oct. 31.—Justice Boskman reserved decision yesterday on an application for an injunction to restrain the Christian Press Association Publishing company from selling the authorized edition of the Catholic prayer book below the official price of \$1.25. The company acquired the copyright on the failure of the Catholic Publishing company a year ago. The reduction of the price, it is claimed, is in violation of the original agreement.

At Chicago, recently, Julius Mannow was hanged for murder.

A Terrible Cyclone.

Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 31.—Mr. Fred Woodcock of Malvern, brings the report of a terrific cyclone which passed through the eastern part of Jefferson county yesterday forenoon, doing great destruction.

The extent of the storm cannot be ascertained, but it is known to have been quite extensive. A short time previous a heavy wind passed over Ashley county, delaying the train near Portland several hours by the debris blown over the track. It is thought to have been only an earlier manifestation of the storm, which struck with intensified fury near Sherill, a small station on the Altheimer branch, passing south to north. Its path was 200 yards wide in some places and not more than 100 in others.

The maddening rush of the winds struck terror to the hearts of the unprepared populace, and the colored people thought that the last day was upon them. It is impossible to ascertain the number of residences blown down or the extent of the damage to property.

It is known that fifteen or twenty persons were injured, but no deaths have been positively reported.

Shooting Affrays.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 31.—There were two shooting affrays here Thursday. In the first one Ban Mann, a drunken Swede, was ejected from the Salvation Army barracks at Front and Broadway, whereupon he shot James Murphy, an outsider, not dangerously, and a little girl in the wrist; also fired at his pursuers before his arrest. The other shooting was at Fleischmann's distillery, in the western part of the city. The participants were two government storekeepers, on duty at the distillery, A. E. McKenzie and Bernard Langemier. McKenzie shot Langemier in the bowels and in the groin. Langemier is dying at Betts street hospital. McKenzie came to the police station and surrendered. It is stated Langemier assaulted McKenzie brutally twice, and upon the second assault McKenzie shot him.

Dunlap Arrested.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 31. James Dunlap who was convicted of the famous North Hampden bank robbery, committed more than twenty years ago, when more than \$1,000,000 was stolen, is a prisoner at the central police headquarters. Years ago, it is said, he was considered the most expert safe-blower in the country. He was pardoned about four years ago by the president of the United States from the state penitentiary of Massachusetts, where he was serving a twenty-year sentence for the enormous robbery. After his release he came to Chicago and engaged in the saloon business. The Englewood safe robbery, the police say, was committed by experts, and Capt. Elliott wanted Dunlap brought to the station in order that he might question him concerning it, although he does not expect to connect him with the crime.

Bryan's Tour.

Madison, Wis., Oct. 31.—Mr. Bryan's speeches yesterday were made at Green Bay, Dapere, Appleton, Neenah and Menasha, Oshkosh, Fond du Lac, Chester, Juneau, Watertown, Jefferson, Port Atkinson, Janesville, Evansville and Madison. None of them were of more than thirty minutes duration, except the addresses which were made at night at Madison.

All except the Madison speech were made from the rear platform of his car. This arrangement proved an immense benefit to Mr. Bryan physically, saving him the wear and tear of making his way back and forth through immense crowds of people, eager to press close to him, and also in saving time. From almost the beginning of the day's tour the train ran ahead of time, bringing Mr. Bryan into Madison to begin his speech in advance of the hour scheduled for his appearance.

Attempts at Suicide.

London, Oct. 31.—The daily Mail publishes an interview with a recently released prisoner, who has been in daily contact with Mrs. Florence Maybrick, undergoing imprisonment for the poisoning of her husband. This prisoner said that a decree had twice been prepared for the liberation of Mrs. Maybrick, but that the liberation had been deferred, owing to her attempts at suicide. The officials of the prison are said to believe that Mrs. Maybrick is to be liberated in 1899.

Palmer and Buckner.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 31.—Two big audiences turned out last night to greet the Democratic party's candidates. At the Gillis theater, in which 3,000 people crowded, Gen. Palmer was the speaker. At Turner hall Gen. Buckner and Judge Chester H. Krum, of St. Louis, addressed a big audience. At both places the audiences were respectful and attentive.

Watson Speaking.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 29.—Thomas E. Watson spoke at Sandersville Thursday in behalf of West, the Populist candidate for congress in the tenth district. In the course of his remarks he expressed a sincere desire that Bryan be elected at all hazards.

Respecting himself, he said, among other things: "I am out of the race in Georgia. There are two tickets you can vote next Tuesday—Bryan and Sewall or McKinley and Hobart, and if you can't stand either, stay at home."

A Roman Catholic Procession.

The Roman Catholics of England hold an annual religious procession in London when a statue of the Madonna is borne through the streets in a sedan chair carried by girls veiled and dressed in white, with a band of white-robed children leading and a guard of men with staves following. The different religious orders, with banners and bands of music make up the imposing procession. Hymns are sung by the priests and altar boys, the subject of them being the prayer that England may be reclaimed to the Roman church.

REBELS WIN A BATTLE

GEN. MACEO NOW IN THE HAVANA DISTRICT.

He Will Assist Gen. Gomez in His March to Havana—The Town of Artemisa Was Wrecked and Many Persons are Killed.

Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 29.—A special from Key West says: Passengers by the Mascotte from Havana reports that Gen. Antonio Maceo with 2,500 troops broke through the trocha and is now in the Havana district. He went over to Havana. Maceo left Gomez in charge of his troops in the province of Pinar del Rio with 10,000 men in the insurgent stronghold. The report that the Spanish troops had captured his camp was true, but it was the place where the insurgents were awaiting a favorable opportunity to cross the trocha and after Maceo had broken camp.

Gen. Munoz of the Spanish army, with 1,000 men, made an attack on Antonio Maceo on the hill known as Cacarajearas. Maceo in the meantime retreated to the rear of his camp with his forces and attacked the town of Artemisa, headquarters of the trocha.

Maceo sent orders into the town for the women and children to leave before the bombardment, but the Spanish general, Azola, refused to allow them to leave, saying that they should all perish together. Maceo then bombarded the town and passed through the trocha to the province of Havana, where he is now, to meet Gomez. Munoz attacked the hill, where he thought Maceo was, and only found a small detachment of insurgents on the hill to detract the Spanish general's attention. The town of Artemisa was terribly wrecked and many persons are reported killed.

Lynchers on Trial.

Alken, S. C., Oct. 28.—On Dec. 2, 1895, a party of six white men—Messrs. Kearse, Tony Brant, Stanley and Horsey—took Tom Kearse, his wife, Rosa Kearse, and his mother Hanna Walker, three negroes, from their home in Colleton county at night and dragged them several miles behind a buggy to Broxton bridge, in a lonely swamp. It was a bitterly cold night, and the negroes were made to strip, and were severely beaten with buggy traces for the alleged crime of stealing a Bible from a church. Kearse and his mother were killed by the flogging and the exposure, while his wife managed to drag herself home more dead than alive.

The lynchers were tried in Waterloo, the county seat of Colleton county, last February for the murder of Hanna Walker, and to the surprise of the entire state were acquitted. Solicitor Bellinger was shrewd enough to try the defendants on only one indictment at Waterloo. After the miscarriage of justice there he secured a change of venue to Alken for the trial on the charge of murdering Isom Kearse and the trial began here Tuesday. Senator-elect Judge Earle is presiding. Solicitor Bellinger conducts the state's case alone, while several of the leading lawyers of the country represent the defendants. The case will hardly go to the jury before Saturday. There are over eighty witnesses to be heard. The testimony Tuesday showed that the victims came to their death from floggings inflicted by defendants. The medical testimony showed the floggings to have been simply unmerciful, so severe as to pulpify the muscles of the back and arms of the victims. The entire state is watching the trial with the greatest interest.

Armenian Refugees.

New York, Oct. 29.—Immigration Commissioner Senner has received from the treasury department a reply to a communication he had written regarding the disposal of a number of Armenian refugees now on Ellis island. It was as follows: "The department approves your action in the matter as reported in your letter of the 23d instant and a future course indicated therein. Your recommendations as to acceptance of bonds will be considered in connection with the papers received."

The telegram was signed by W. E. Curtis, acting secretary. Dr. Senner has recommended the following: "Insist upon proper distribution of Armenians, so as not to congest the labor market in any particular branch or location."

"As they are unquestionably assisted immigrants they must provide proper bonds, so as to secure the country before landing against their being supported by the federal authorities."

There are 274 Armenians left on Ellis island, six having been released Tuesday. Susan B. Feasenden, president of the Massachusetts Temperance union, has promised bonds for 100, and Commissioner Senner expects that the Salvation Army will secure bonds for 100 more. It is not thought that any will have to be deported.

Seized With a Fit.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 29.—While engaged in a political argument in the rotunda of the Palmer house, James Lafferty was seized with an epileptic fit. The dispute came to an end, and it was supposed for some time that the man was dead. Mr. Lafferty represents a Philadelphia shoe house, and was the center of a group of political disputants where the war of words waged most fiercely. Suddenly he threw up his arms and fell to the floor in an epileptic fit. An hour elapsed before he regained consciousness.

To Use Thistle for Fuel.

Chamberlain, S. D., Oct. 29.—As the result of experiments last winter the mill at Castalia will again this winter use the Russian thistle for fuel in place of coal. The proprietor of the mill offers farmers \$1.50 per ton for all the thistles they can bring in. Thus the farmers in that section will receive an income from what has heretofore been one of their greatest enemies, the thistle growing in such profusion in some localities that small grain has been completely crowded out.

WYAN SPEAKING IN CHICAGO.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 29.—Twice yesterday afternoon the largest hall in the business district of Chicago was packed almost to suffocation with people to hear William J. Bryan. Outside on the lake front and streets adjoining, unable to gain admittance, were crowds that would have filled the hall twice again. Eight other large meetings were addressed by Mr. Bryan before midnight in various parts of the city. The most important gathering of the series was the big noonday meeting of business men at Battery D armory on the lake front, and probably next in point of interest was the great meeting for women in the same place a couple of hours later. Long before the hour for the business men's meeting Battery D was packed.

The seats had been removed from the body of the hall, and the audience stood shoulder to shoulder. The great grid-iron that supported the roof furnished seats for a number of venturesome admirers and the galleries were packed. The hall was crowded to its utmost limit. Gen. C. H. Howard called the meeting to order.

Mr. Bryan received an ovation that lasted more than five minutes.

McKinley Addresses Business Men.

Canton, O., Oct. 29.—There was a tremor in Major McKinley's voice yesterday evening when, after repeated attempts, he responded to the home greetings of thousands of his neighbors and fellow citizens. His door yard and those of his neighbors were not large enough for the crowd. For blocks in every direction street cars, trucks, delivery wagons and carriages blocked the streets. An improvised platform on the pavement's edge was used. Above this was an arch of electric lights, resplendent with the national colors. Business had been almost universally suspended at 4:30 o'clock to allow mercantile people and employees of the bands and drum corps in the city volunteered their services and were distributed in the parade, which marched to the McKinley home. This demonstration was the conclusion of an eventful day.

A carload of West Virginians came from Wheeling, with them Lieut. Gov. Richards, of Steubenville, O. There was a social visit, without formal speech-making. They called at the McKinley home and shook hands with the major and conversed with him in a social way.

Famine Outlook in India.

Simla, Oct. 29.—The famine outlook in India is increasing in gloominess. It is not probable now that rain will fall, and the prospects are serious in the northwest and central provinces and in Punjab.

The scarcity is extending to Behara. At Bombay prices have risen heavily. Large imports of foreign grain are expected. About thirty lakhs of rupees have already been given from the imperial revenues for advances of seed, etc., and relief works in the northwest, central provinces, the Punjab, Central India and Rajputana are being started in addition to the irrigation works which are projected in the Punjab.

Palmer and Buckner.

Creston, Iowa, Oct. 29.—Amid artillery salutes and the cheering of thousands, the special Palmer and Buckner train drew into this city shortly after noon yesterday. An escort of several hundred Grand Army of the Republic men and citizens accompanied the party to the opera house, where an audience of 1,500 people greeted the general. Gen. Buckner spoke for thirty minutes discussing the money question with keenness and force. General Palmer made a short address directing his remarks to the old soldiers.

Collision Inquest Verdict.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 29.—The inquest over the remains of the eight victims of Sunday's railroad collision resulted in a verdict being found which held the collision due to the carelessness of George Atwood, conductor, and J. A. Dryden, engineer in charge of the westbound train, and the failure of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad company in this case to exercise proper supervision over the movements of its trains.

John H. Dressing, a painter who was injured in the wreck, cannot live.

Masked Highwaymen.

New York, Oct. 29.—J. H. Berlin, a business man of this city, and his daughter, while driving from the railroad station to their home at Pelham manor, Tuesday night were suddenly sprang upon by three masked highwaymen and asked to give up their valuables. Mr. Berlin made a move to grapple with one of the robbers, when several shots were fired in rapid succession. One of the bullets cut a gash in Mr. Berlin's neck and the other entered the horse's head, killing it. The shooting attracted neighbors near by, who came to Mr. Berlin's assistance.

A Woman Killed.

Norristown, Pa., Oct. 29.—Charles Kaiser and his wife Emma, of Norristown, were held up by two highwaymen in a lonely road near Bridgeport last night. Mrs. Kaiser was shot through the head and instantly killed, and her husband was wounded in the arm. The robbers secured two gold watches, all the jewelry worn by the couple, and \$60. Then they made their escape. Searching parties are out after the highwaymen.

All the workmen at the arsenal in Constantinople are on a strike.

A law just enacted by the legislature of New Zealand excludes the Chinese from that country.

In the palace of Emperor William, in Berlin, 500 housemaids and 1,800 hired footmen find employment.

A Boston barber advertises "a separate room upstairs for dying," ignorantly omitting the letter "e" from the last word.

When a sentinel in China is pulling a tooth for a patron, an assistant pounds on a gong, to drown the cries of the victim.

CRIMES OF THE DUMB.

ANIMALS THAT HAVE COMMITTED SUICIDE AND MURDER.

Revenge Has Often Been Manifested—Emotions Which Are Analogous to Reason, Love and Hate—Instances of Affecting—Natural Science.

HE word "instinct" was formerly used to cover all emotions that were evinced by animals. It was instinct that taught the young to nurse; that led to the building of nests and the selection of homes in inaccessible spots; that made wild animals flee at the approach of man and caused one species to make war upon another, says the New York World.

Instinct was a busy word then, but nowadays many people have substituted the word "reason." Many animals perform acts and evince the possession of emotions that are analogous to reason, to love and to hate. Wild as well as domestic animals show anger as well as pleasure, and their anger is often directed against a specific person or object.

Animals have been known to die of a broken heart and many have committed suicide. They did not use the bare bolting nor did they resort to carbolic acid, but they killed themselves by other means. We heard a short time ago of a monkey in the Glen Island menagerie that hung himself because he was separated from his love. The act was premeditated and was carefully planned and the hanging was a success in every way.

Dogs have been known to commit suicide by jumping in front of moving trains, as well as by drowning themselves. Snakes, which are not credited with a high order of intelligence, know that their own poison is fatal, and when angered, injured or bitten by another snake bite themselves repeatedly and cause immediate death. During the middle ages and even as late as the time of Shakespeare animals were considered largely responsible for their acts. They were tried for various offenses and if found guilty were convicted and punished. Mules were deprived of their ears for wrongdoing, and this altered the appearance of the animal, whether it improved their morals or not. There was another punishment inflicted on mules which suggests that there was method in the madness of the authorities. A mule, which was particularly wicked, was made to trot to the crown and leading had a coral of asses which could not be equalled for depravity in the world.

Occasionally the animals were tried before an ecclesiastical tribunal. Swarms of flies, leeches and other insect pests were often condemned to vacate within a certain time under penalty of "malediction." As a rule certain sections of the country were set aside to which the condemned animals might retire and live in peace and quiet.

A horde of flies that bothered the residents of Mayence was tried once and they escaped punishment because of their small size and extreme youth. Rats once began eating the barley of France and were tried in court. They were defended by an eminent lawyer named Casseneuve, and he actually won the suit and the rats escaped punishment. In Naples an ass was sentenced to die at the stake. The sentence was carried out and that ass never committed murder again. About the year 1700 the practice died out, and some time after the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was organized and since then domestic animals have been better treated.

Instances of affection between animals that are ordinarily disposed to combat each other are quite common. Cats occasionally adopt young mice or rats and raise them with tenderness and care. Dogs and cats do not always fight "like cats and dogs," but live in peace and harmony. Henry C. Dinslow of Yates, N. Y., tells of a foxhound he once owned which took a great fancy to a robust pig. The dog would spend hours in the pen playing with the porker, and he was overjoyed when the pig would engage in a game of tag. The hound would perform amazing antics with a view of entertaining the shot.

Mr. Dinslow also had a duck which apparently fell in love with a handsome Leghorn rooster and paid attention to him to the disgust of the haughty fowl. Finally the rooster convinced the duck by means of his bill and spurs that her attentions were distasteful, and the duck was forced to cease following the handsome rooster.

Wild animals in menageries seldom meet after a separation without a fight and the introduction of a new bear, lion or tiger into a cage is the signal for a riot. The young born in captivity are frequently eaten by the mother. Such an occurrence happened in New York's Central park zoo in 1892, when Jennie, a hyena, gave birth to three cubs, and a week later made a meal of the smallest. She had shown a hatred for the little one almost from the time of its birth, and one night she killed and ate it, though she cared for the other two with the usual solicitude. In the zoo at Fairmount park, Philadelphia, a few years ago a mother leopard ate her young, much to the annoyance of the keepers.

Karl Vogt, the celebrated German naturalist, tells of a murder in which two storks participated. During the absence of the male stork from the nest a younger male visited the female. After several days of secret courting the two flew away one day to a stream where the husband was hunting for frogs. The faithless wife and lover pounced on the wronged husband, killed him quickly and then returned to begin housekeeping, plainly content and pleased with their revenge.

His Last Ascension.

Joseph Elle, of Adrian, Mich., went up in a balloon from Blennerhassett Island, near Parkersburg, W. Va. He lost his grip and was buried as soon thereafter as was consistent with decency.

A RUSE THAT FAILED.

The London Diamond Dealer Knew His Business All the Time.

To the private office of a prominent jeweler recently entered a middle-aged woman, richly caparisoned in furbelrow and froufrou. She held in one hand a diamond earring. With entire coolness of demeanor she said:

"I lost the fellow to this. Will you be kind enough to tell me what it will cost to obtain another exactly like it?" The jeweler eyed her rather keenly, and then said:

"Madam, where did you lose your earring?" The effect of this simple question upon the woman was surprising. She was evidently unprepared for the query, and there was something in it that disturbed her.

"It makes no difference where I lost it," she answered, in a sharp tone. "What will it cost me to obtain another exactly like this?"

"Did you advertise for the one you lost, madam?" persisted the jeweler blandly.

"What has that to do with the matter?" she retorted in an angry tone.

"Well, madam," was the smiling reply, "if you advertise for the earring you lost you might recover it, and then you would not be pleased under the necessity of ascertaining what it would cost to replace it. Advertise first, madam, and if you do not recover the jewel come again to me, and I will answer your question."

As he said this the diamond dealer politely bowed the woman to the door.

"Why will women like in such small affairs," said the jeweler wearily, "and why will nearly every purchaser of diamonds look upon the merchant with whom he or she deals as a rascal?"

"That woman hasn't lost an earring. She has purchased a pair, perhaps on trial, and she will go to nearly every jeweler in London with that pretty lie and endeavor to get a price upon the stone. It is a magnificent diamond, and evidently came from one of our leading dealers, whom she insists upon believing is engaged in a scheme to rob her."

"The chances are that she will eventually get into the hands of some unscrupulous merchant, whom she can find even in big shops. He will tell her that the stone is off color and contains a flaw. He will show her a poor diamond of the same size as the other, and fix upon it a price which he knows is less than a fine diamond could be sold for. The result will be that madam will send her fine brilliant back in a rage, and take the inferior stone for twice its worth."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

New Adulterant of Milk.

M. G. Deniges, of Bordeaux, having obtained possession of three samples of yellow powder used by certain milkmen at Bordeaux to preserve their milk, made a chemical analysis of it. This analysis showed that two of the powders were composed wholly of neutral chromate of potash, and the third was a mixture of one part of bichromate of potash and two parts of neutral chromate, and that the suspected milk had been adulterated with the last substance in the proportion of 0.30 gm. to the liter (5 grains to the quart). The alkaline chromates are, in fact, powerful antiseptics, capable, even in small quantities of retarding lactical fermentation very noticeably if not stopping it completely. But because of the pernicious action of these salts on the organism they ought to be completely excluded from food substances, particularly from milk, of which many young children drink relatively large quantities.—Revue Scientifique.

A Sightless Woman.

Many people who watched the bicyclist in Washington Park yesterday noticed a young woman on a wheel, accompanied by an escort who seemed more than usually attentive. Going down the drive he kept hold of her handle bar, and people said to themselves, "She must be a blind girl."

When they came round that way again he still had hold of her handle bar, though she pedaled away so vigorously that none could think her escort was doing more than steadying her. Some of the onlookers began to think she certainly had need of a great deal of assistance, but when they looked more closely next time she passed they saw that she was blind. There was no mistaking the fixed stare of those sightless eyes.

Then everybody admired her escort for the care he took of her, and evidently with her in the pleasure she evidently took in her rather peculiar pastime.—Chicago Tribune.

Look Out for a Show!

"The steel umbrella frame," says an umbrella dealer, "has almost superseded the old wooden one, but it has one drawback. If the owner of such an umbrella should carry his steel frame in the vicinity of an electric light or trolley wire and should happen to touch the wire with the steel point of the umbrella, he would receive the full force of whatever charge the wire carried in his arm. I have heard of several deaths occurring from carelessness in this respect lately. One need not abandon his closely rolled umbrella on this account, however. All that is necessary is to be careful where the point is placed, so that it does not come in contact with any electrically charged body."

Fasted Nearly Two Years.

Dr. Tanner's famous fast of forty days is thrown into the background as a starvation feat by the performance of the big anaconda at the Philadelphia zoological gardens, which was only recently tempted to eat a nice fat rabbit after going hungry for twenty-months. It may have been even longer, but the keepers have no record of the creature's doings previous to its captivity, and so can't tell. It is not very unusual for a snake to abstain from food for several months at the end of which time death generally results; but the anaconda's case is distinctly different from any other. His last fasted more than twice as long as any in the history of the Zoo, and during the whole of its continuance there was no evidence of ill health. The spell now seems to be entirely broken, and the anaconda calls regularly for his meals.

When You See It in Print.

A sensitive man is never so humiliated as when he is obliged to read his own proofs. Type mocks the writer. The sentence that in manuscript moved with the stride of an armed man or danced as a swooning strain of Strauss is now limp and lame. The phrase that glowed with color is now pallid. Sparkling wit is flat; sage reflection is jejune. The thought "shall I ever get the money for this?" is jostled by "Who would be fool enough to pay for it?"—Boston Journal.

So He Thinks.

She—All men are conceited. He—Not all. I see a man every day who is not conceited. She—Where? He—In the mirror.

Doing Her a Kindness.

"I did not send for you to tune my piano," said Mrs. Seely to the man who called for that purpose.

"No, madame, but your next door neighbor sent me."

NICKNAMES FOR MONEY.

Small Coins Bear Odd Names; Many of Them Erroneous.

Few people realize that every piece of money has a nickname. It has, however, and some of the names are very odd. The \$100 note has but one nickname, but it is exceedingly appropriate, as well as dignified. It needs no more, for there are thousands in this country who have never seen a note of this denomination. Everybody has seen small change, though, and the commonness of this species of money has suggested scores of sobriquets, appropriate and the reverse, grave and gay, effusively funny and humorously pathetic. The "nickel," as a name, was suggested by the common idea that this metal entered largely into the composition of the coin. It is a misnomer, as the piece consists of 75 per cent of copper and only 25 per cent of the metal which gave it a name. "Car-fares," a slang name for the same piece, illustrates the universality of this method of transportation, while "five-cented," as a name not only for five-cent pieces, but also for other small change undoubtedly came from the rural districts. "Flipper-up" suggests a frequent use to which the nickel is placed in certain circles.

"Pennies" and "penny-pieces" indicate the contempt more pretended than real, into which our smallest coins have fallen. The latter name, like "bit," preserves a morsel of history not familiar to general readers. "Penny-fyne," now used as a synonym for the smallest value expressed in money terms, was once the name of a special coin. It was worth about one-half cent and at one time, during our colonial days, when all sorts of coins passed current at all sorts of valuations, circulated along the Atlantic coast. The "bit," now only a money of account and more familiar in the well-known form, "two bits," a synonym for the twenty-five-cent piece, was also known at one time as a coin, equal in value to one-half the Spanish piastreen, and when supplied by our familiar "quarter," the name remained long after the coins had disappeared.

"Shilling" has now finally disappeared from use, save along the Canadian border, where prices are frequently made in both kinds of money, but the "bit" we have still with us.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

He Sat on the Baby.

Mr. D. is an extensive real estate owner in one of the suburbs of New York. He is also an insurance agent and a general adviser on matters of law and equity, and in addition to all this he is the proud father of a three-week-old baby. The other day Mrs. D. took the little treasure into the parlor, and after a half hour's cooing, lulled it to sleep. Then she laid the child on a sofa with a pillow at its feet, darkened the room and went about her household duties, just as any good housewife would. All this time Mr. D. was busy in the garden. Presently a neighbor happened along and stopped for Mr. D.'s opinion on a law matter and was invited into the darkened parlor. The visitor went straight for the sofa. He could see the pillow, but did not observe the child. He was adjusting the pillow to make a nice comfortable seat, but Mr. D. insisted that he should sit in the big arm chair, a sort of seat of honor for all guests. He acquiesced and Mr. D. took his seat on the pillow. About this time Mrs. D., whose maternal instinct had asserted itself, peeped in to see how baby slept. She saw her husband sitting where she had left the child. As she asked in an alarmed tone where the baby was a muffled cry came from beneath the pillow, and Mr. D. jumped up. He had been sitting on the precious little thing, and the timely arrival of his wife probably saved the child's life. A few moments more and it would have been suffocated. "Lucky for the child that I did not sit on it," remarked the visitor, who is a man of generous proportions. The child is all right now, but Mr. D. does not take his clients into the parlor any more.—New York Times.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE NORTHFIELD RAID

BY A. E. EUNKER.

The recent bank robbery by two masked robbers at Sherburn, Minn., recalls the raid in the First National bank of Northfield, in the same state by Frank James, Cole, Jim and Bob Younger, Bill Stiles or Chadwell, Ciel Miller and Charles Pitts, twenty years ago, Sept. 7, 1875. The writer has a vivid recollection of the last named event.

The First National was the only bank in the city, and the raiders considered the bank would carry considerable cash in its safe, as a great deal of wheat was then being marketed at Northfield, and funds came through the bank to pay for it.

Northfield, being a college town, has many inhabitants who are there for the purpose of educating their children. They are well to do, intelligent people, who spend more time in beautifying their homes and decorating their grounds than they do in decorating their noses, as is common in communities where the "bum" element prevails. The robbers reasoned that such a quiet, inoffensive class of citizens would offer little or no resistance to their attack. The result shows how poorly they reasoned. For a day or two previous to the attack, the robbers reconnoitered the town, inspected the bank, and planned their route of escape. They represented themselves as customers, and would pass as such anywhere. The only thing that attracted special attention was their horses and the saddles. I. S. Allen, a hardware merchant, for some reason for which he cannot account suspected the horsemen were there for no good purpose and communicated his suspicions to Mr. Trussell, asking him if he did not think it would be well to tell "the boys at the bank" to be on the lookout. Trussell laughed at the idea. At the time of the attack the cashier of the bank Mr. G. M. Phillips, was absent, having just reached Philadelphia that day, whether he had gone to attend the Centennial exhibition. His place was filled during his absence by Mr. J. L. Heywood, the regular bookkeeper. I was teller of the bank at the time, and had temporary charge of a portion of Mr. Heywood's work. The other employee was Mr. F. J. Wilcox, who was engaged temporarily, and had charge of collections, and assisted on the books.

At the time of the attack, 2:30 p. m., Mr. Heywood was seated at the cashier's desk, attending to some correspondence. Mr. Wilcox and I were engaged in "writing up" the books.

At the time mentioned, four horsemen rode across the bridge from the west, along "Mill Square"—which is north of Scriber's block—turned south on Division street, halted and dismounted along the east side of the building, throwing the bridge reins over some hitching posts, and entered the bank. These were Frank James, Bob Younger, Charley Pitts and Ciel Miller. They were followed across the bridge in a few moments by two more of the gang, who commenced shooting as they entered Mill Square, but did not leave their horses. Two others rode down Division street from the south, meeting their pals nearly in front of the bank.

As the four entered the bank, Miller turned and closed the door, stepping outside, with the intention, it is claimed, of guarding the door, and warning his partners inside in case their plans were likely to be interfered with by citizens. The first warning we had of approaching danger was

blow your head off." Pitts ran to the vault and stepped inside, but immediately returned. Just at this time Heywood has arisen from his seat, and stepping to the vault, caught hold of the outer door, and attempted to close the same, with the intention, no doubt, of keeping the robbers out. James and Pitts both grabbed Heywood, and pointing their revolvers in his face, said: "Open that safe, now; or you haven't a minute to live." Of course, accompanying their threats with oaths, Heywood replied: "There is a time lock on, and the safe can't be opened now." "That's a lie," retorted James and Pitts, and repeatedly demanded that he open the safe, coupling each demand with a threat, and commencing shouting about the room. Seemingly to realize the desperate men he was dealing with, Heywood called "Murder! Murder!" whereupon James struck him a terrible blow on the head with his revolver, felling him to the floor. Some think this would have killed Heywood had no other injury been inflicted. He fell perfectly limp, and could not have been fully conscious after receiving the shock, as no word escaped his lips. Pitts then drew a knife from his pocket, and opening it, said: "Let us cut his throat," and drew the edge of the knife across Heywood's neck, inflicting a slight wound while he was lying helpless on the floor. The two dragged Heywood from where he lay, just at the rear of his desk, to the vault, and partially inside, repeatedly commanding him to open the safe. While working with Heywood they occasionally turned to James and me, pointing their revolvers at us, and demanded that we "unlock that safe." At each demand we simply replied that we could not unlock it. The safe not being locked at the time, our answer was true. The door of the safe was closed, and the bolts thrown in place, but the dial not turned off the combination. While Heywood was in the reclining position, probably to further intimidate him, Pitts placed his revolver close to his head, and fired. The bullet went into the vault and through a tin box containing some jewelry and valuable papers, left by some customer for safe keeping. This was the first shot fired in the bank.

During the time James and Pitts were occupied with Heywood, and torturing him, Bob Younger was paying particular attention to Wilcox and me. When I first threw up my hands, being in somewhat of a hurry on account of the impertinence of my guests, I did not wait to lay down the pen I had been writing with, but held it with the point projecting toward the intruder. It occurred to me, however, that it was not as "mighty" as the revolver just at that time, and I attempted to lay it down. The act nearly cost me my life. Bob Younger, witnessing the motion, and perhaps thinking I was reaching for a weapon, sprang at me, and poking his revolver into my face, said: "Here, put up your hands, and keep 'em up, or I'll kill you." He then commanded Wilcox and me to "get down on your knees, below the counter." I suppose this was so no one outside could see what was going on within, or possibly so we could not signal to anyone passing by. At any rate, we obeyed. All the robbers were very much excited, and after swinging his revolver from Wilcox to me, Bob would turn and fumble among some papers on the table, or open some

drawer in the desks on the counters, and in a moment he released me, and renewed his search for the money he knew must be outside the safe. I again arose to my feet with the determination to get away if possible, as resistance was more than useless. I had witnessed the knocking down of Heywood, the cutting of his throat, and immediately after the shot had been fired close to his head, saw the blood trickling down his face and neck, and from my point of view, supposed the bullet had entered his head and killed him, as he was prostrate.

While Bob Younger was examining the contents of a drawer, with his face turned to me, through his revolver, in his outstretched hand, was pointing directly at me. I thought my opportunity for escape had come. West of the bank building, across an alley, and fronting on Mill Square, was Manning's hardware store, the rear door of which was at right angles to the rear door of the bank. I reasoned quickly that I could get into Manning's store from the rear door, and give the alarm, not knowing of course what was transpiring in the streets. Wilcox was on his knees

was, pushed it back in place again. He may have thought I had some weapon there. Then pressing his revolver against my temple, and crowding my head to the floor, he said: "Show me where that money is, or I'll kill you." At that moment I fully expected my time had come, I cannot tell the sensation I experienced, but I know many thoughts flashed through my mind. I thought of my wife, my mother and my Maker, and felt reconciled to die. I made no further answer to his threats or de-

mands, and in a moment he released me, and renewed his search for the money he knew must be outside the safe. I again arose to my feet with the determination to get away if possible, as resistance was more than useless. I had witnessed the knocking down of Heywood, the cutting of his throat, and immediately after the shot had been fired close to his head, saw the blood trickling down his face and neck, and from my point of view, supposed the bullet had entered his head and killed him, as he was prostrate.

While the robbers crossed the bridge to make the attack, Mr. Allen, referred to, happened to be standing in the front door of his store, next west of Manning's, and facing Mill Square. Again he was impressed with the thought that the men had evil designs on the bank; going up the walk, he turned the corner on Division street and entered the vestibule of the bank and Miller closed the door and stepped outside, where they were waiting to face. Miller drew his revolver and aiming at Allen, said: "You git! Don't a-hole!" Allen stood not on the order of his going, but "got," and as he neared the corner of the building returning "hollered" loud enough to be heard up and down the street in block either way: "Get your guns, boys, they're robbing the bank." As he called, Miller shot, which was almost simultaneous with the appearance of the other four robbers, who put their horses to a run and commenced shooting and yelling like savages. Dr. Wheeler, in a drug store across the street, heard Allen's call and responded nobly. He remembered having seen a rifle the day before in the Democrat hotel, on the corner below and across the street from the bank building, and

immediately went by the alley at the rear of the buildings on that side of the street to "get the gun." As Allen passed Manning's store on his way to his own, he told the latter what was up, and Manning lost no time in getting a few cartridges and a Remington rifle, with which he did good service. Re-entering his own store, Allen gave the alarm to his clerks, and one of them, Mr. Joseph Hyde, picked up a loaded shotgun and rushed up to the corner about the time Ciel Miller had remounted his horse. He was directly in front of the bank, and as he turned toward Hyde the latter let him have the full charge of bird shot in the face, knocking him off his horse but not injuring him seriously. Hyde then retired; Miller again got on his horse; but by this time Dr. Wheeler had secured the rifle, and from an open window in the second story of the hotel "drew a bead" on Miller and shot him dead, severing the subclavian artery, the ball entering precisely the same part of his body that Pitts' bullet came out of mine.

The robbers were riding up and down Division street shooting and telling everybody to keep off the street. An innocent Swede came onto Division street from the next street south of the bank and, not understanding the command to "get off the street," was shot through the head by Cole Younger. It is said, from the effects of which he died a few days afterwards.

As Manning came to the corner, which was the battle's center, he saw a horseman (Bill Stiles) dashing down the street from the north nearly a block away. He took quick but accurate aim, and pulled the trigger. The messenger from Manning's store entered Stiles' door and he fell from his horse a corpse.

At this time the warning was given the robbers in the bank by those outside. On leaving the bank James and Pitts regained their horses and took part in the battle up and down the street. There was no horse at hand for Bob Younger, hence he ran along the side of the building and under the stairs leading to the second story. Manning held a position directly in front of the stairs, where he stood without any protection, calmly loading and firing from the time he took part in the engagement till the finish. He and Bob played a desperate game of "hide and seek" from their respective positions. Bob would reach his arm around from beneath the stairs to get a shot at Manning, not daring to expose his body, when M. would fall back a step or two. Then Manning would poke his gun around the edge of the stairs and Bob would dodge back to his shelter. The latter would occasionally shoot through the stairs, hoping to hit Manning, but no damage was done in this manner except to the stairs. While they were engaged in this pastime Dr. Wheeler was not idle. Looking from the hotel window Younger was nearly concealed beneath the stairs, but, watching his opportunity, as Bob extended his arm, Wheeler shot, the bullet taking effect in Younger's elbow and smashing his arm all to pieces. One of the gang came down the street hanging to the side of his horse—Indian fashion—that he might get a shot at Manning without exposing himself. Manning was on his guard and coolly awaited the approach of his foe. As the man did not exhibit himself Manning shot and killed the horse, when the rider hastily secured and mounted the horse of one of his fellow companions. At least one other robber was wounded by Manning, and a second horse, unassuming citizen, and the last man a stranger would select to get the part he did that day. He certainly displayed true courage and was "the man for the emergency." Standing on the open corner he repeatedly loaded and fired, with telling effect, while the bullets from the attacking party fell round him thick and fast. It is said there must have been as many as thirty shots fired at Manning, none of which took effect. Many bullet scars were found in the stairs and about the corner where Manning so fearlessly stood. While it is claimed by admirers of highwaymen that they are "dead shots" and brave, this incident shows that ordinary people are just as good as the men, and as brave, when the advantages are equal. Unless the highwayman can take his victim at a disadvantage he does not make an attack. During the fracas a merchant or clerk would occasionally appear at a door and shoot at some of the gang, which attentions were promptly reciprocated, as the broken windows bore evidence. Ex-Policeman Hobbs, being on the street, but not on duty, and consequently not armed, grasped the situation and shouted: "Give 'em stones, boys!" and displayed his well-known courage by actually throwing stones at the desperadoes, injuring one of them quite seriously on the knee.

Shortly after Bob Younger was wounded, his brother Cole rode to the sidewalk near the stairs and told Bob to mount behind him. Springing to the edge of the walk Bob was assisted to mount by Cole and the two went out of town on the same horse. The robbers departed by the south road to Dundas. They had intended to retire via the bridge and enter the woods west of the city, but afterwards stated "it was too hot at that end of town." Citizens immediately pursued the fleeing robbers.

Dr. Goodhue was the first physician present after I reached Dr. Coon's residence, and I commenced to dress my wound. I think he started for his office—a block away—for some instruments or bandages, when, meeting some of his acquaintances starting after the robbers, the excitement was too much for him, and he joined in the chase, leaving me to others. Soon Dr. Hutchinson, my regular physician, assisted by Dr. Armstrong, cared for me, and Dr. H. took me to my home in his carriage. I insisted on his driving along the street and by the dead bank ditches, that I might see them. I witnessed women calmly surveying the carcasses of the robbers, expressing contempt rather than pity; while one said: "See those poor horses," pointing to the dead animals.

The pursuit and capture of all but two of the gang is another interesting chapter in the history of the crime.

Two minutes is the longest time that Queen Victoria can stand on her feet.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TIMELY TOPICS FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Happy Child at Night—The Right Way to Deal with Injuries Is to Forgive Them—"Don't Tell Your Father." Responsible for Evil in Bad Boys.



GOOD things had befallen me all through the day. A blessing of mercies, small helps by the way. Work running on even and coming out right. Bright thoughts with the morning, good words at the night.

So evening was sweet; and, as shadows fell deep, My spirit was turned to the Lord of the sheep. "Thou feedest! Thou feedest!" in silence I said. "And the crumbs from thy hands are the best of the bread."

—A. D. T. Whitney.

Stand Firm. An illustration of the activity of mind and the happy results is given by Charles K. Tucker in his "Personal Recollections of Notable People."

I was once, when a small boy, packed in a dense crowd at a political meeting in Faneuil hall when Webster held forth and I came near being crushed to death—a pigmy among giants—as the standing multitude within the hall, pressed by those who were endeavoring from without, began to sway and to fall, a solid mass of human bodies, as helpless to counteract the movement as if Faneuil hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," was being rocked by an earthquake.

The orator was in the midst of a stirring appeal, urging the necessity for individual exertion and unflinching patriotism to avert the dangers that threatened the political party whose principles he espoused, when he perceived the terrible sway of the packed assembly and the imminent danger that might ensue.

Webster stopped short in the middle of a sentence, advanced to the edge of the platform, and in a stentorian voice of command cried out, "Let each man stand firm!"

The effect was instantaneous. Each man stood firm; the great, heaving mass of humanity regained its equilibrium, and save the long breath of relief that filled the air, perfect stillness ensued.

"That," exclaimed the great orator, "is what we call self government!"—so apt an illustration of the principle he was expounding that the vast assembly responded with deafening cheers.

The Right Way. A gentleman went to Sir Eardley Wilmot, lord chief justice of the court of common pleas, in great indignation at an injury he had received. After relating the particulars, he asked Sir Eardley if he did not think it would be equally to resent it.

"Yes," said the knight, "it will be equally to resent it; but it will be god-like to forgive it."

A worthy old colored woman was walking quietly along a street in New York, carrying a basket of apples, when a mischievous sailor, seeing her, stumbled against her and upset her basket, and then stood to watch her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense.

She meekly picked up the apples without resentment, and giving him a dignified look of sorrow and kindness, said, "God forgive you, son, as I do."

That touched a tender chord in the heart of the jack tar. He felt self-condemned. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, and pulling out a lot of loose change, he forced it upon the old black woman, exclaiming: "God bless you, mother, I'll never do so again."

"Don't Tell Your Father." The man, woman or child who receives such advice is usually in great danger; and the person who gives such advice is generally in the employ of Satan. No one is more likely to receive such advice than the farmer's son, and the man most likely to give it is the farmer's "hired man."

The man employed on the farm to work by the day or the month, where he is almost certain to associate freely with the boys in the family, should be most closely inspected, and his purity of mind and language should be assured. Nothing short of the records in heaven can determine the extent of evil done by hired men in the vile song, the impure story, the corrupt language in the presence of the farmer's boys, all covered by the injunction, "Don't tell your father." If the injunction is once given that it should be violated. Fathers should so invite the confidence of their boys, says the Wesleyan Methodist, that such an injunction cannot be made to stand.

on the deck, groan and squeal, sometimes rising on its haunches and lifting its head, and howling long and miserably, as some dogs do at the sound of music.

The Use They Were Put To. "When I was running a circus," said a retired showman, "I never lost an opportunity of advertising. I always had my eye on the main chance, and I made everything pay. I always made it a point to get my name everywhere, and whenever anyone asked for my autograph you may be sure he got it."

"Once when I went to a little town a great string of boys and girls stood in a line waiting for a chance to get my autograph on the small cards they carried. I wrote them as fast as I could, thinking to myself, 'Jim, old boy, your name is getting to be a household word.'"

"When I looked around the tent that afternoon I thought all the school children of the town were there. That meant money, and I was feeling pretty happy till I commenced looking over the receipts, and then I found four hundred of my autographs with the words, 'Admit bearer,' written above them. That is the only time in my life I was ever 'done' by school children."

Chinese Cannot Be Telegraphed. Chinese is the only language that cannot be telegraphed. So clever a system has been invented, by which messages can be sent.

The sender of the message need not bother himself about the meaning. He may telegraph all day without the slightest idea of the information he is sending, for he transmits only numerals.

It is very different with the receiver, however. He has a code dictionary at his elbow, and after each message is received he must translate it, writing each literary character in the place of the numeral that stands for it. Only about an eighth of the words in the written language appear in the code, but there are enough of them for all practical purposes.

Fishing for Sponges. A certain proportion of our sponges are obtained off the coast of Tripoli, and at present there are about 1,700 men engaged in the sponge fishery there. Harpoon boats no longer go there, as they can only work in shallow water where few and inferior sponges are to be found, and divers will not now venture into the water for fear of being attacked by sharks. Helmed divers, or those provided with a dress, have not been known to have been attacked by sharks. These, it is said, are able to gather sponges at a depth of 13 to 25 fathoms, while the other divers can descend as far as 30 fathoms, but they rarely have time to pluck away more than one sponge at a dive.

The Only Way to Satisfy Everybody. There is a good story told of the Rev. Dr. Mott of the Central church. A lady was complaining to him of the hot weather and thought it was a shame it should be inflicted on people. The weather was pretty warm, but the doctor was taking things philosophically and making the best of it. After talking over the matter with the lady for some time he delivered himself in this explanation: "To have the good Lord satisfy all of the people in this world he should have it rain on one side of the street all of the time and the sun brightly shine on the other, so that if they didn't like the sunshine they could cross the street and be in the rain."—Buffalo Courier.

Appearance Are Deceitful. A certain Sunday school teacher was much worried by the noise of the scholars in the room next to his. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he mounted a chair and looked over the partition dividing the two rooms to see who the offenders were. Seeing one boy a little taller than the others, talking a great deal, he leaned over, seized the boy by the collar, lifted him over the partition and banged him into a chair in his room, saying, "Now be quiet."

He then resumed his lesson, until about a quarter of an hour later, when he saw a small head appear round his door, and a meek little voice said: "Please, sir, you've got our teacher."

Advice Worth Following. "I remember," said a boy to his Sunday school teacher, "you told me to always stop and count fifty when angry."

"Yes, I am glad to hear it. It cooled your anger, didn't it?"

"Well, son, see, a boy came into our room and made faces at me, and dared me to fight. I was going to try and thrash him. He was bigger'n me, and I'd have got punished. I remembered what you said, and began to count."

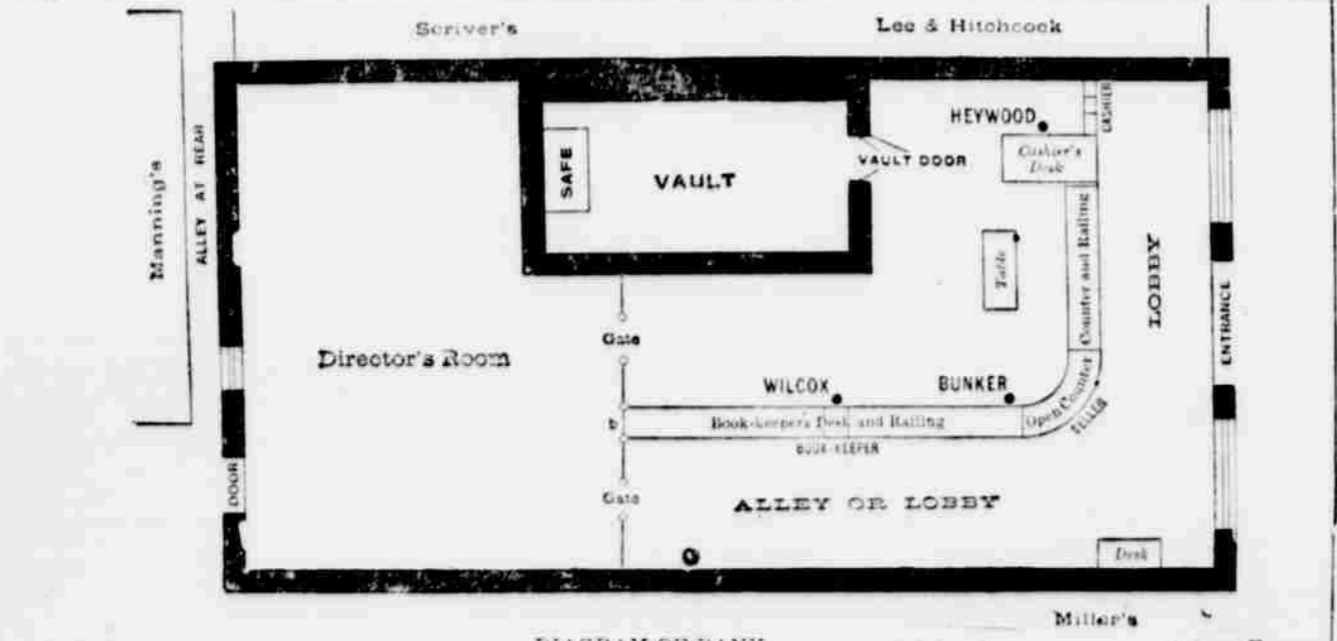
"And you didn't fight?"

"No, ma'am. Just as I got to forty-two my big brother came along, and the way he licked that boy would have made your mouth water."

A Good Cosmetic. With many French and German ladies the cucumber is a sovereign cosmetic. They buy cold cream, beat it in a plate until soft, and drop in the juice of a boiled cucumber.

Milk is a very valuable cosmetic, and may be used freely to bathe the face.

Lanoline cream, which is considered excellent as an emollient for the skin, may be made as follows: Obtain half a pint of lanoline and a half a pint of pure oil of sweet almonds. Then, putting in a tablespoonful of almond oil, add an equal quantity of almond oil; mix thoroughly, and add half a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin, and the paste drips from the knife—a steel case-knife is best for the mixing process—in about the consistency of very thick cream. All three of these ingredients are absolutely harmless. It should be rubbed in at night.



when the robbers entered and I, hearing the noise outside the counter, and supposing some customer had entered, turned from my work to wait on him, facing the open space over the counter before referred to, which was called the teller's window. Instead of meeting the expected customer, three revolvers were pointed at my face, and three "tough customers" were climbing over the counter. As I remember looking those revolvers in the face the hole in each seemed about as large as a hat. I was commanded, "Throw up your hands." Under the circumstances this seemed the most appropriate thing to do, and I "threw them up." In relating this some years ago, when a darkey was present, he said: "I tell you, boss, I'd a frowed up all do han's I had, and wished I had 'em."

As Mr. Heywood occupied the cashier's desk, and as he was older than Mr. Wilcox or myself, the robbers naturally supposed him to be the cashier. James and Pitts turned toward him, and James said: "You're the cashier; open that safe d— quick, or I'll

blow your head off." Pitts ran to the vault and stepped inside, but immediately returned. Just at this time Heywood has arisen from his seat, and stepping to the vault, caught hold of the outer door, and attempted to close the same, with the intention, no doubt, of keeping the robbers out. James and Pitts both grabbed Heywood, and pointing their revolvers in his face, said: "Open that safe, now; or you haven't a minute to live." Of course, accompanying their threats with oaths, Heywood replied: "There is a time lock on, and the safe can't be opened now." "That's a lie," retorted James and Pitts, and repeatedly demanded that he open the safe, coupling each demand with a threat, and commencing shouting about the room. Seemingly to realize the desperate men he was dealing with, Heywood called "Murder! Murder!" whereupon James struck him a terrible blow on the head with his revolver, felling him to the floor. Some think this would have killed Heywood had no other injury been inflicted. He fell perfectly limp, and could not have been fully conscious after receiving the shock, as no word escaped his lips. Pitts then drew a knife from his pocket, and opening it, said: "Let us cut his throat," and drew the edge of the knife across Heywood's neck, inflicting a slight wound while he was lying helpless on the floor. The two dragged Heywood from where he lay, just at the rear of his desk, to the vault, and partially inside, repeatedly commanding him to open the safe. While working with Heywood they occasionally turned to James and me, pointing their revolvers at us, and demanded that we "unlock that safe." At each demand we simply replied that we could not unlock it. The safe not being locked at the time, our answer was true. The door of the safe was closed, and the bolts thrown in place, but the dial not turned off the combination. While Heywood was in the reclining position, probably to further intimidate him, Pitts placed his revolver close to his head, and fired. The bullet went into the vault and through a tin box containing some jewelry and valuable papers, left by some customer for safe keeping. This was the first shot fired in the bank.

ECZEMA.

One Physician Pronounced It Ring-Room and Prescribed for That Aimless, But the Patient Used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and Was Cured.

From the Free Press, Corning, Iowa. "I was afflicted with what physicians pronounced me was eczema and began doctoring for that disease about two years ago, until Mrs. Eva L. Evans, of Harlan, Iowa, in a letter a few days ago, said: 'The first doctor I consulted did me no good at all. He pronounced the disease ring-worm and gave me remedies for that, but soon found out his error. I then tried another physician, with some better success but did not succeed in obtaining permanent relief. On the contrary, I got worse and my face and body broke out badly and a severe itching sensation constantly accompanied it. This physician pronounced the malady eczema and I believe now that his diagnosis was correct. My husband saw an article on Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the country paper and at his solicitation I tried them. To make a long story short, I took twelve boxes of this wonderful remedy and am now entirely cured. I have not been troubled with the least sign of this disease since August, 1895. I had been taking the vilest medicine of that year. I am glad to testify to the worth of this excellent remedy. It not only cured me, but my father tried it for his grippe and was materially benefited—in fact he insists it relieved him at once.'"

Signed: MRS. EVA L. EVANS. To confirm this statement by all doubt, Mrs. Evans signed the foregoing.

STATE OF IOWA, COUNTY OF ADAMS—ss. Signed this 17th day of March, 1896, before me. W. E. HILLEN, Notary Public. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood purifier and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent by post on receipt of price, in one box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

IN DEEP SHADE

And in Cool Streams Cattle Find Their Comfort.

It is easy to see that cattle are at home in a moist and wooded country. The fertile cattle of Texas and Australia never from choice stray far from the woods. Out on the Western ranches there are, of course, few trees, and the beasts thrive fairly well; but, for all that, the conditions of their life are artificial, and are not such as they would select if free to choose their dwelling place. All cattle love to stand knee-deep in water and under the shadow of trees. Their heads are carried low, even when they are startled, so that they can see the spreading branches of the forest. Compare the habitual position of the head of a cow with that of the heads of the horse, pronghorn, or guanaco, which live in the open and have to watch the horizon for the approach of enemies.

Then the split hoofs of the cattle are wonderfully adapted for progress over soft ground. In galloping through bogs or deep mud an ox or a buffalo will easily distance a swift horse. Their toes spread wide and so they do not sink in so far as the solid-hoofed animal. What is even more important, the open cleft between the toes allows the air to enter the hole in the mud as the foot is withdrawn; whereas, a horse's hoof sticks like a "sucker" owing to the partial vacuum below it, and can only be dragged out by a great muscular effort. Mounted hunters have been overtaken and killed by buffaloes, African and Indian—owing to this fact.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running ear, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

Occasionally you find people as frigid as a dog that barks all night. Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Middleburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

Half of your worry today is due to your neglect yesterday.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Everything young is handsome; everything old is ugly.

Small advertisement for 'S... T...' featuring a woman's portrait and decorative elements.

Advertisement for 'Gladness Comes' featuring a woman's portrait and text describing a remedy for various ailments.

DEAR LITTLE AMBER.

At the sound of a football in the corridor he laid down his pen and leaned wearily back in his big arm-chair.

Presently a hand thrust back the curtain from the doorway and his wife entered. She was gowned for the evening in her favorite color—dull yellow. There were diamonds at her throat and in her gold-brown hair. She looked radiant with pleasure.

"Shall I do?" she asked, coming forward and leaning upon the desk with her hands, palms downward.

"I inspected her deliberately—critically, she thought. "You're very well," he said at last. "What is it to-night, Amber?"

"Faust, I am going with the Kennells. Lawrence—"

He took up his pen with a slight gesture of impatience that effectually silenced her. Half the job died out of her face. She stood a moment watching him as he wrote; then she went round and laid her hand timidly on his shoulder.

"John—" wistfully. "Well?"

She hesitated, hoping he would look up or say something more; but he did neither. "I—I am going now. Good-by."

"Good-by."

It was the tone, not the words, that brought a sudden dimness into her eyes. She lingered still with her hand on his shoulder. Then she slowly removed it and stole out of the room.

The curtain ceased swaying behind her the pen dropped and John Sarles covered his face with his hands. He heard a carriage stop at the curbing and the front door close with a bang. He heard a man's voice and a man's gay laugh—both Lawrence Kendall's; then there was a rattle of wheels and he lifted his head with a jerk. Something like a sob escaped him.

"Lawrence," she had said. It had come to that, then! Lawrence? John Sarles knew him well—knew how his handsome face and winning smile endeared him to the hearts of women—how he was sought after, petted, admired.

Ah, well, it was something, after all, to be born with a handsome face and straight, strong limbs. John Sarles looked bitterly at the crutch leaning against the chair and thought that because of it life had withheld much of its sweetness for him. Wealth and even a powerful intellect which put him in touch with the brightest thinkers of the day failed to make up to him for that.

He had been on the point of sinking into the self-imposed isolation of a proud, morose nature when Amber came—Amber, the little daughter of his only intimate friend, who, dying, had entrusted her to his care.

Soon the music of her laughter had chased away the ghostly echoes from the lonely old house and the light of her happy eyes brightened every room. Her books strewn on the tables, her flowers filled the long-unused vases, her gowns made bits of color against the dark walls as she flitted up stairs and down.

Gradually all became changed because of her. New furniture replaced the old, new carpets covered the floors.



PROPPED UP BY PILLOWS.

The conservatory blossomed with rare plants and a grand piano lit up a dark recess of the library with its polished ivory and rosewood. By and by the little girl became a maiden to whom every door was open and whose smile was a favor which men considered as well-nigh precious, and all the time that Amber was growing winsome and sweet and graceful John Sarles was growing old and wrinkled and gray. But his heart was young as ever and he loved Amber with all the pent-up force of his nature and he suffered agonies because of that love, feeling that she could never, never be his.

One day a handsome boy of good family came to ask him for Amber's hand. Poor John! He gave his consent and his blessing as well. What else could he do, not knowing but that Amber loved him? And while the boy was pleading his cause John sat in his study with as bitter a heartache as ever man had.

Presently the door opened, but he didn't look up. And then came a sweet, sobbing voice and the pressure of two soft arms from his neck from behind.

"Oh, guardy, guardy, are you tired of me that you try to get rid of me so?"

He was suffocating with surprise and joy and terror, but he managed to draw her around where he could see her face, which was rosy with blushes and persistently averted.

"Amber!" he cried. "Tired of you? Want to get rid of you, Amber?"

And then, reassured by his tone, she burst out passionately: "Yes, you must be, else you'd never have sent him to me, when you know I hate him—hate them all but you!"

He drew her down on his knee at that and held her close in his trembling arms. His face was near hers, but he did not kiss her. He could only look at the sweet, wet eyes, and child-like mouth, the round, soft cheek, and gold-brown hair, wondering, doubting, hoping all at once—he could not have told which the most of the three.

That was two years ago—two blessed years of such happiness that they seemed to him like a long delightful dream. Amber loved him and Amber was his wife.

But of late a shadow had fallen between them—the shadow of Lawrence Kendall. The fear that had numbed John's heart when he first beheld the young man's admiring gaze upon his

IS A NEW BOCCACCIO.

GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO HAS STARTLED LITERALISTS.

Hailed in France as One of the Greatest Word Picture Makers of the Times—His "Triumph of Death" and Other "Realisms."

ABRIEL D'Annunzio is the name of the new Boccaccio that has amazed Italy with his fiery poems and novels of late and who is pronounced by certain French critics to have established the Italian renaissance of letters.

D'Annunzio was born near Pescara, a pretty village on the Adriatic. At fifteen, while he was studying at Prato, he published a volume of poems of such a nature as to draw to the author the attention of the authorities. He found himself suddenly famous, and, flattered by his success, plunged into a bath of dissipation out of which he came with a new and wider philosophy of life and language.

The three novels which sustain D'Annunzio's reputation as a writer are "Piacere," published in 1899, "L'Innocente" (1892), and "Trionfo della Morte" (The Triumph of Death), which M. de Vogue, in a critical essay in the Revue des Deux Mondes, says has the right to be considered one of the masterpieces of the times.

The Italian author is unknown generally except to a few French readers. An English translation of "Trionfo della Morte" is now in the press and may go far toward acquainting English readers with the style, sentiment, impressions and gifts of D'Annunzio.

The Italian seems to have little to commend except the superb, and to some rather offensive, egotism of the school that delights in laying bare the personal weaknesses of its individual writers. D'Annunzio has a clear title to a niche in this gallery, for he evidently believes that his passions are more interesting than those of his neighbors.

Of course the French analysts regard him with favor. One phase of his work that commends him to the inscrutable French moderns is his love of describing commonplace filth and dubbing the doing of it "realism."

Nansen's Ancestry. It is not generally known that Fridtjof Nansen comes of an old Danish family, which left its mark on the history of Denmark before his branch of it migrated to Norway 100 years ago. He is directly descended from Hans Nansen, who was burgomaster of Copenhagen in 1660, and headed the civic forces during the siege of that city by the Swedes. In E. C. Otte's "Scandinavian History" we read:

"When the nobles refused to give anything to defray the expenses of the siege, the town council of Copenhagen, headed by their burgomaster, Hans Nansen, made an appeal to the king for the curtailment of the privileges of the nobles. The clergy, under the guidance of the learned and ambitious court preacher, Bishop Svane, seconded their proposals. . . . While these motions were being made within the hall of assembly the gates of the city were closed by the order of Hans Nansen, and a strong civic guard drawn around the doors of the building. The nobles, taken by surprise, gave up their resistance to the payment of the taxes demanded of them, but when Nansen and Svane next proposed to make the crown hereditary in the descendants of the king, whether male or female, they opposed the motion with strong and bitter expressions of dissent. The important measure was, however, passed . . . and on Oct. 18, 1660, Frederick III. received the homage of the several orders of the state as hereditary king of Denmark." All through this crisis Hans Nansen distinguished himself, not only as a politician, but as a citizen-soldier. It is interesting to note, too, that as a young man he made what were then some highly adventurous Arctic voyages, and explored the shores of the White Sea. On his mother's side Nansen is descended from the Counts of Wedel-Jarlsberg, a family of Pomeranian origin, which settled in Denmark about the time of the Thirty Years' War.

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And the old man climbed back to the plow, where a lot of horse flies were laughing at the way the mule was trying to kick them and couldn't.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

GRAY IN THE RANKS. Emily Morrell Wood, California's Oldest Woman Suffragist.

Mrs. Emily Morrell Wood is the oldest woman suffragist in California. She hopes to live long enough to be able to cast her first vote. It is probable that universal suffrage will win in the golden state. Mrs. Wood is a native of New York and is upward of 86 years old. She went to California in 1850 with her husband in the bark Palmetto, of which he was part owner. The climate suited him so nicely that he decided to make California his home. Mrs. Wood has lived in San Francisco ever since. She was a schoolmate of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Her father and the father of Mrs. Stanton were judges on the same bench. Some years ago Mrs. Wood became afflicted with cataract and was totally blind for four years. A surgical operation was performed and her sight was restored completely. She is a great reader and very fond of needlework. Her late husband was a partner of John Lorimer Graham, the famous New York barrister. She is one of the



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NEW BATHING SUITS.

A novel and striking effect much in vogue with the ultra fashionable at the beach resorts this season is the substitution of bright-hued silk ribbons for the ordinary fastenings of the bathing shoe. The ribbons are usually from one inch and a half to two inches in width and are some vividly contrasting color with the costume. After crossing over the instep they are wound several times around the ankle and leg "a la brigand" and fasten just below the knee in a rather smart bow. The effect is rather pretty in combination with one of the many "picture" costumes which appear on the beach during the bathing hours. Of course those fair ones never go into the surf. Your real feminine athlete who really goes in for bathing wears any such useless finery and wears nothing that tends to stay her progress through the waves save the plainest and simplest bathing suit. But your "artist's model" who parades herself up and down the beach for the sole purpose of attracting the admiring gaze of the throng is corrected, powdered and "got up" regardless before she sallies forth. And the gay ribbons around her shapely ankles are only a necessary part of the make-up.

If you insist upon having your rights, you will never be popular.

It requires more sense to remain silent than to talk.

Mind Reading. You can read a happy or a happy countenance without much penetration. This is the sort of countenance that the quondam millionaires of the '90s wore. You will meet many such faces in the streets and in the shops. The greatest mistake and the most common is to suppose that the man who is smiling is happy for the material, the "realistic" and the "practical" reasons of the world's sake.

Being a gentleman is hiding your weaknesses.

When billions of dollars are counted candy canes are guaranteed to be broken after a man passes fifty he never hopes to be out of debt.

Hard Times. "Madam, I—I must apologize. My only seven children, and—it's hard times, you know—"

"Pooe follow! Here's a trifle for you. And now tell me how old are the poor little dears?"

"Thank ye, mum! Well, Bill he's 32, 'n Mary's 27 and married. The other five's dead, mum. 'N Bill 'n Mary says I'm too lazy to live, mum; they're very ungrateful. Thank ye, again, mum!"

A Vanished Land. According to views recently explained before the British Geological Society the island of Jamaica was once connected with both North and South America by a stretch of mountains and land covering the region of the West Indian archipelago. There are indications that this ancient land was elevated no less than two miles and a half above sea-level.

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Advertisement for Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, featuring an illustration of a child and text describing its benefits for colds and coughs.

Large advertisement for Duke Cigarettes, featuring a pack of cigarettes and the text 'FREE BUTTONS' and 'An Elegant Button Given Away With Each Package of Duke Cigarettes'.

Advertisement for Columbia Bicycles, featuring an illustration of a bicycle and text describing the 'STANDARD OF THE WORLD' and listing prices from \$60 to \$40.

The Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Editor and Proprietor

Advertising rates made known on application

Terms: 50 per annum, invariably cash in advance.

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

Saturday, Nov. 7, 1896.

The Presidential Election Still in Doubt.

How a Western Town Has Alternated Between Hope and Doubt.

WELL

Why don't you buy for cash? Hard times are made easier always by adopting the inevitable rule of paying cash for all you buy.

MACKECHNEY, ABILENE.

LOCAL DOTS.

To S. L. Robertson's is the place to go for something fresh to eat

All of the good men can not be elected.

In future we will sell no goods on credit, except by special arrangements.

I am selling very low all dry goods, boots, shoes, hats and gents furnishing goods.

It is now time for us to close our accounts. And all parties owing us, will please come forward and make settlement with cash or by note.

Our tabulated returns of the county election are complete in every detail, and are, we think, the best ever gotten up in the county.

Will receive this week a nice line of dry goods, flannels, etc., for winter wear.

I am receiving and will continue to receive every week fresh stock of dried fruits, green apples, potatoes, onions, rolled oats, flour, bacon, lard, sugar, coffee, canned goods, candies and all other groceries that go to make up a first-class stock.

It will pay every one that wants to pay cash for groceries to see W. W. Fields & Bro. before buying.

The reason who has been going around at night of late looking in at windows at ladies is in a fair way to get the top of his head shot off.

Leave your watch work at the McLemore Drug Store. Promptness and satisfaction guaranteed.

Best new crop Louisiana molasses, 50 cts per gal

Five pounds green coffee for \$1.00

Twenty pounds good sugar for \$1.00

Everything else in proportion

Our chronic grumbler still lives, but there are less cases of chronic indigestion and dyspepsia than formerly.

Our readers who have the benefit of telegraphic communication can, after reading this, have some idea of the suspense and anxiety our people have under, one from the lack of that convenience.

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Situated over fifty miles from a telegraph station our people awaited returns from the national election in great suspense and anxiety.

Bulletin after bulletin was read aloud only to announce ever growing majorities for McKinley.

So matters stood until Wednesday morning's News came at noon Thursday, when it was learned that Texas was still safely within the democratic fold, though apparently by a close shave for the state ticket.

There was a rift in the lowering clouds when Mr. John Miller arrived at 6 p. m. with the Seymour mail.

This sounded almost too good to be true, but several of the more enthusiastic gave vent to their pent up feelings in lusty yells and cheers for Bryan.

Thus the matter had to stand again until the Abilene mail hack arrived at 1 p. m. next day, Friday, when the Dallas News, printed at 7 a. m. Thursday morning, again threw a damper on the situation by claiming 264 electoral votes for McKinley.

The matter seemed somewhat mixed and still in doubt, so it was decided to await the arrival of the Seymour mail at 6 p. m. before bursting any anarchy or splitting any throats, though it was hard for the more sanguine to keep their valves closed.

The fact that the first telegrams were so outrageously exaggerated and the McKinley figures had shrunk nearly half, as admitted by Thursday's News, in one day's time, still leaves a reasonable hope that the rural returns will give the victory to Bryan and silver.

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MR BRYAN'S LAST DAY OF CAMPAIGNING.

Calm and Unruffled

Ovated at Home.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 2.—It was about midnight to-night when Mr. Bryan spoke the last public word incident to his campaign.

He had traveled during the day 200 miles. It had been Mr. Bryan's original intention to speak in every congressional district in the state during the day, but this was found to be impossible and he entered only four of the six.

His two most telling speeches of the day were made at Hastings and Lincoln, though he made short addresses which were announced by his friends as worthy to be classed as philippic in character.

The demonstrations in the way of greeting and of applause were exceedingly cordial. Those who wore the yellow insignia treated him with entire respect and in some instances applauded his utterances.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 2.—Mr. Bryan was given one of the greatest receptions of his entire tour by Lincoln, his home city.

This address was made largely to Mr. Bryan's neighbors, and contained more personal allusions to himself than any speech of the long series he has made.

James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an Ideal Panacea for Coughs, Colds and Lung Complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physician's prescriptions or other preparations."

Our stock of goods will present a variety and quality which we think will meet the requirements of the country, and we cordially invite all to call and examine them and give us a chance to quote prices.

Very truly F. G. ALEXANDER & Co.

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citizen is greater than to be a king.

My friends, I want you to believe me, when I say that I have enjoyed the opportunity of defending bimetallicism because I believe it is a right-cause and I want you to believe that I would rather stay among you as a private citizen and be permitted still to raise my voice against what I conceive to be a crime against the human race than to enjoy all the honors in christendom, if I had to join in the conspiracy.

The work which lies before a president who goes into office with the desire to reform a financial policy and to drive the trusts and syndicates from this land will be hard enough if he is supported by the people; his work would be impossible if he were not supported by them.

They are jumping on Governor Culberson for repeating the just criticisms of old Confederates upon Buckner's incapacity as a Confederate general.

Well, the old fraud has now sold out to the McKinley gang, politically, and is equally a political traitor with every man claiming to be, or to ever have been, a Democrat who is now supporting Palmer and Buckner.

If anybody doubts that Buckner was during the war guilty of either military cowardice, or "bargain and sale," let him read "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy by President Jefferson Davis, pages 29 to 35, giving an account of the Donelson surrender, and page 426 et seq., giving account of Buckner's desertion of General Frazier so that he was compelled to yield Cumberland Gap to the enemy.

The two generals spoke at Warrensburg, Mo., the other day, when Genl. Palmer said:

"I promise you, my fellow democrats, I will not consider it any very great fault if you decide next Tuesday to cast your ballots for William McKinley, although you may, if you desire it, vote for Palmer and Buckner."

Chairman Bynum of the national gold standard democratic committee boasted the day before the election that credit would be largely due to the gold democrats who had given the cause efficient aid in the close states.

This is the language of the leaders of the crowd who at Indianapolis proclaimed themselves as all that was left of democracy; that they would uphold the banner of true, pure democracy and from the nucleus around which in the future democrats could cluster and again build up a party of pure democracy.

If the Chicago convention had done no other good thing its course in shaking off the band of traitors who have, ever since the war, been the means of wrecking almost its every hope and effort as the party of the people, was sufficient to make it revered by the great common people of this country and to hold them true as steel to the leaders who there proclaimed a new declaration of independence.

THE IDEAL PANACEA.

James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an Ideal Panacea for Coughs, Colds and Lung Complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physician's prescriptions or other preparations."

Rev. John Burgus, Keokuk, Iowa, writes: "I have been a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 50 years or more, and have never found anything so beneficial, or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery."

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Closing Out!!

I am now closing out my entire stock of Dry Goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes.

Many goods will be sold at less than cost.

This is a genuine, honest sale; no trick about it! Of course this means strictly cash. Everybody invited to come and share in the BARGAINS Respectfully, S. L. ROBERTSON.

AGENTS MAKE from \$6 to \$18 a day introducing the "Kodak" the "Vista" and "Smile" Cameras made the greatest seller of the Century. General and local agents wanted all over the world. Previous experience not necessary. It sells on sight. Exclusive territory given. Write today for terms and sample photographs. Sample Camera loaned for four exposures on prepaid for \$1.00. THE AIKEN-CLEASOR CO. La Crosse, Wis.

SELLING OUT TOO!

Yes, ladies and gentlemen fellow sufferers, we are selling out just as fast as we can, but not at cost, if we can help it. Our plan is to keep new goods coming all the time, and to keep on selling them out.

We don't propose to miss a sale or lose a customer, and if it becomes necessary to sell at cost to keep a customer with us, why, cost goes. We can afford to do this as well as anybody in Haskell because we have no house rent to pay and our insurance rate is lighter than others get, and our other expenses are light. It is these facts which have enabled us to sell you goods cheaper than any other merchant in town and that will enable us to hold our own in the cost racket. Try 'em all around and then see what about our prices. Respectfully, T. G. CARNEY & CO

New Goods

Gold, Silver or Paper Money takes them at prices cut to suit the times.

We are receiving our fall stock, which has been purchased in the best markets at the lowest possible price and will be sold at corresponding prices.

We have heretofore done an unlimited credit business, but owing to the financial conditions, coupled with the crop failure, we find ourselves forced to adopt the cash system for the present.

We beg to assure the people that we appreciate the liberal patronage they have heretofore extended to us and that it is not as a matter of choice or caprice, nor for want of confidence in our people or country that we make this change, but the exigencies of the times forces it upon us.

We assure you further that in making this change we shall put our prices to the lowest notch, calculating to make only enough profit to carry us over the present depression without absolute loss.

Our stock of goods will present a variety and quality which we think will meet the requirements of the country, and we cordially invite all to call and examine them and give us a chance to quote prices. Very truly F. G. ALEXANDER & Co.

KAUFFMAN BROS.,

The Oldest and Largest Saddlery House in West Texas.



We keep constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Etc. Etc.

Rigging Stockmen's Saddles to order, a specialty. Give us a trial KAUFFMAN BROS., Abilene, Tex.

M. S. PIERSON, President. A. C. FOSTER, Vice-President. J. L. JONES, Cash. LEE PIERSON, Asst. Cash.

THE HASKELL NATIONAL BANK,

HASKELL, TEXAS. A General Banking Business Transacted. Collections made and Promptly Remitted. Exchange Drawn on all principal Cities of the United States.

DIRECTORS:—M. S. Pierson, A. C. Foster, J. L. Jones, Lee, Pierson, P. D. Sanders.

Advertisement for B.T. Babbitt's Potash, featuring a large illustration of a potash container and text describing its quality and availability in New York City.

Advertisement for Wine of Cardui Treatment of Female Diseases, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the benefits of the wine for various ailments.

IRRIGATING THE PLAINS FROM THE UNDERGROUND SUPPLY OF WATER.

Can Be Done So Cheaply that it Will Pay. Harper's Weekly.

The two questions in the irrigation of the plains uplands are now practically answered in the affirmative. Can water be lifted 200 feet at so low a cost that it will pay to irrigate with it at that depth? And is there water enough below the surface to irrigate any proper proportion of the large area of semi-arid uplands?

The writer has no doubt of there being enough water in the tertiary formations previously mentioned to irrigate five per cent of the large parts of the western plains. The mechanical devices for raising water are becoming better and cheaper every year. There was never before such activity among the manufacturers of water lifting appliances as is the case at the present time.

TO THE LADIES: By the middle of next week we will have our show cases filled with neatly and stylishly trimmed Ladies', Misses' and Children's hats. They will be sold like all of our goods are sold—very, very low. We at first decided not to handle ladies' hats this season, but as our trade has held up far beyond our expectations, and many ladies have expressed disappointment because we could not furnish them with suitable hats, we changed our decision and determined not to disappoint our customers and cause them to have to send abroad for hats or anything else.