

The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 12.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, March 6, 1897.

No. 10.

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JUDGING from the utterances of some of the Eastern gold standard papers and the action of Chairman Fairchild of the Sound Currency Reform club in recommending an active reorganization of the sound money clubs throughout the country, to be followed by a thorough distribution of sound money literature—which proposition was submitted to President McKinley and Mr. Hanna and was approved by them—it would seem that the gold republicans do not feel secure in the victory won by them at the last election. If they can give the country a sound financial system and an adequate and ideal circulating medium, as they professed to be able to do and promised they would do, what is the use of further organization and an expensive distribution of literature on the subject at this time? The people are now waiting anxiously for the fulfillment of their promises. If the good times come and we get a financial policy that works to the advantage of the whole country the silver "craze" will die out of itself and will not be here to plague them when the election of 1900 comes. If they do not fulfill their promises, or they do not bring the promised relief to the people, no amount of sound money literature, speeches or Hannah campaign funds can win another election for them. No, gentlemen, the real thing is what will convince us now, give us the actual demonstration and not talk. When you have done that, you may then say "we told you so."

THE REPUBLICANS POWERLESS.

Will not Be Able to Control the Next Senate.

Following is an extract from the report of the U. S. senate proceedings on last Saturday, the general appropriation bill being under consideration:
"Mr. Bubo (rep.) of Idaho came forward at this point with something of a sensational statement. He said the scoldings of members of the appropriations committee because the bill does not go through with smooth sailing, the midnight sessions of the senate and the necessity of work on Sunday led him to say that if he was a member of the next senate he would renew the fight to strip the appropriations committee of its autocratic power and to distribute the various appropriation bills. Then he added: "I think the next senate should divide the appropriation bills. It would be a good time. No party will have a majority in this chamber. There is a distinct party here now called the silver republican party. They will not cooperate with you (turning and pointing to the republican section); you have not the power to organize the senate."
"While saying to us for years, 'We will help you make this fight for silver,' you came out at St. Louis as the advocate of the single gold standard and now you see what you were warned of there—you lose the coast senators. Just so fast as the people of that section have an election for senator, just so fast will a republican senator go down. There have been seven senators elected there to take the places of seven republicans. One republican comes back of the seven and just so fast, I say to you, as the people there have a chance to express themselves, just so fast will you lose a republican senator if you cling to the single gold standard."
"You can not organize the next senate, nor can you organize any other senate. As we said at St. Louis the republican party is a party which as a party has written its last law on the statute books of this country. If you get your tariff bill through it will not be by republican votes. You can not get them; they do not belong to you and you will be further from getting them in the senate after two years. Therefore, I say, this is a good time at the beginning of the next senate to reorganize the committee on appropriations."

DURING the discussion on the postal appropriation bill in the senate a few days ago Senator Pettigrew spoke of the enormous cost of carrying the mails. He said: "This service is paid for at the rate of 8 cents a pound greater than the charges of express companies, which paid their employees and made heavy profits. There had been no reduction, he said, in twenty years, although the cost had fallen one-half. Besides this, the senator asserted, every year the government was paying \$500,000 more for the use of mail cars than these cars could be built for."
There are doubtless other branches of the public service paid for at equally extravagant rates. And the fact brings into view a condition of public administration not at all creditable to the intelligence or honesty of the servants whom the people have set to administer their affairs. That there is a system of spoils politics prevalent in this country by which successful politicians reward with fat jobs their heebers and those who furnish the sinews of war when the battle is on there is no sort of doubt. On this rock we must yet go to pieces if there is not a thorough cleansing and purification. The demand is always for more revenue to meet increasing expenses, but it is a false demand. Our revenues are ample for the administration of the government on a proper basis of expenditures. Cut down our iniquitous pension list until it is a list based on service and merit and cut down useless extravagance in other lines and we may reduce instead of having to increase taxation.

L. Q. V. Entertainment.

According to announcement, the young ladies of the L. Q. V. club gave their entertainment last Monday night at the residence of S. W. Scott, for the benefit of the cemetery fund. There were three distinctive features to the program. First a selection of choice vocal and instrumental pieces was rendered, agreeably interspersed with recitations and essays. The president of the club opened the proceedings of the evening with a few graceful introductory remarks. "L. Q. V. hash" was unique and "astonished the natives." It consisted of a medley of recitations, and songs, each member of the club having a different thing and all rendered to the accompaniment of Yanke Doodle on the piano.

Next was the Art Gallery which exhibited much ingenuity and thought. It was pronounced by all to be "out of sight" and well worth the price of admission. Last was the Mystery Tea. This caused much merriment. The menu had nothing on it but numbers ranging from one to twenty, and each number representing some article to be served. Among these were a dozen different kinds of cake, hot, cold and sour lemonade, hot and cold water, well water, cistern water, Adam's ale, toothpicks and pickles. Each guest was allowed to order only five numbers, not knowing what they would get. Some of the boys were unfortunate enough to get only water, lemonade, pickles and toothpicks upon which to feast.

They were perhaps consoled by the smiles of sympathy of the fair attendants.
Every one was well pleased with the enjoyments of the evening and the occasion was pronounced a complete success. The sum of ten dollars and fifty six cents was derived from the entertainment after paying all expenses, and has been paid into the fund for which it was raised. The members of the club are grateful to several married ladies for assistance kindly rendered.

IT SEEMS that the populists are bound to go to pieces. Their editorial association split wide open last week. One portion of it, consisting of about 200 editors met at Memphis, Tenn., and the other of 100 editors, met at Kansas City, Mo. The Memphis crowd insisted on middle-of-the-road populism with no affiliation with other political parties, while the Kansas City crowd favored cooperation with other parties in the interest of reform measures. Overtures for union and reconciliation between the two factions of the editorial association were made over the wires, but resulted in an agreement to disagree.

DID YOU EVER
Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy, or troubled with dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Large bottles only fifty cents at A. P. McLemore's.

Mrs. Anna Gage, wife of Ex-Deputy U. S. Marshal, Columbus, Kan., says:
"I was delivered of TWINS in less than 20 minutes and with scarcely any pain after using only two bottles of 'MOTHERS' FRIEND'.
DID NOT SUFFER AFTERWARD.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



WARNING.

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

Simmons Liver Regulator.

IF YOU'RE in doubt whether your trouble is Indigestion or Dyspepsia, just take a few doses of Simmons Liver Regulator it will settle the whole question. "I have tried Simmons Liver Regulator for Dyspepsia and find it just the thing to relieve me. A small dose after meals is sure to prevent Indigestion."—S. S. Perkins, Sharon, Ga. "It is the best medicine to aid digestion."—J. J. Black, Duncan, Arizona.

A WRITER in the Beaumont Review in the course of an article criticizing some professedly christian people of that place for their treatment of and objection to the burial of a woman who had overstepped the bounds of morality in a certain cemetery, suggests thoughts that it were well to remember. He says: "When I looked upon the cold and silent form of Irene Reyford, I forgot that she had plucked the apple of lust; I forgot that to modesty she had been a stranger; I forgot that her living had been the fruit of sin. I saw only the woman. In death she was the equal of any. At the tomb, a pope leaves his power behind, a president vacates his office, and prince and pauper are peers in death—the same mother earth alike receives the remains of virtue and wantonness, honor and disgrace, fame and stupidity. The same trumpet blast will quicken all the dead, and none will sit in a costly pew while the Great Judge is reviewing the testimony of their lives. When grim death infolds us in its remorseless grasp, wealth and power are but as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

The attitude of the great powers of Europe in the Cretan matter is anything but consistent with their pretentious claims to leadership in christianity, civilization and enlightenment. It seems to us little less reprehensible than their dallying policy toward the Turkish government in regard to the Turkish atrocities in Armenia after having assumed the sponsorship for Turkish conduct. Trouble, which culminated in open hostilities, arose in the island of Crete between the Mussulmans and Christians, and Greece, having something of an equitable claim to the island, which lies contiguous to her shores, intervened for the protection of the christians, who are of the Greek church, and announced her intention to establish a protectorate over the island or to annex it, and to this end dispatched warships and soldiers to the island. At this juncture the five great European powers stepped in to stay the hand of Greece and preserve the island to Turkey. They have threatened Crete that she must withdraw from Crete at once and that if she did not they would at once send their allied fleets and armies to drive her out. Plucky little Greece has so far ignored their threats and gone steadily on strengthening her armies any navy as if she would defy all Europe and Turkey besides. The situation is critical and will doubtless culminate in some way in a few days. Left to herself we believe Greece would whip Turkey unless by swift action the latter could bear her down by sheer force of numbers. Let Europe hands off, for no people on earth need a drubbing more than the abominable Turks.

JOHN - DEERE - ROTARY DISC PLOW

This is the best Breaking plow that ever struck West Texas. The dryer it is the better it plows. It pulverizes and leaves the ground in good shape. It is all steel and the most durable plow on the market. You should by all means try this plow above ALL others.

Very respectfully,
GEO. L. PAXTON,
ABILENE, TEXAS.

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CARRIES THE Largest Stock of Groceries ON THE South Side,

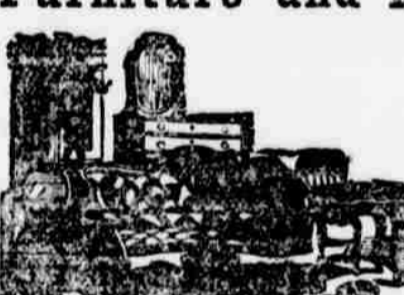
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New stock just arrived.

Come over on the South Side and get my prices before purchasing. I will make it to your interest to do so if you want goods in my line.



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—AND—
Canton Planters

We know absolutely and without question to be the best made, the most perfectly operating, and most durable machine manufactured today for planting cotton, corn, sorghum, milo, maize, etc. They have revolutionized planters and now you will find that nearly all of the old planter makers are using tumbling rods in place of the sprocket chain.

There were 6000 Empress planters sold in Texas last year. They are strictly home goods, having been invented and perfected in Texas. For further particulars, call on us, or write us your wants and for catalogue of whatever line you feel interested in. Yours truly,

ED. S. HUGHES & CO.


Abilene, Texas.

The irrigation amendment to the state constitution has been adopted by the legislature. It has a clause providing for its submission to a vote of the people on the first Tuesday in August next. It is so drawn as to become operative at once if adopted by a vote of the people, thus avoiding the usual delay of waiting for another session of the legislature to put it in operation by legislative enactment. The amendment will be duly published and discussed before the election on it takes place. The populists will recognize in this plan a near approach to their referendum scheme.

The editor of the Review of Reviews comments in the March number on the Spanish program of reforms in Cuba, the United States Senate's attitude toward the arbitration treaty with England, the immigration bill, the proposed international monetary conference, President elect McKinley's cabinet selections, the recent senatorial elections, the New York Trust investigation, the famine situation in India, the affair of the Greeks in Crete, the foreign policy of Russia, the position of England, France, and the other great powers, and many other matters of current interest.

This number of the magazine also give a very complete sketch of the life of Lyman J. Gage, President McKinley's secretary of the treasury. The sketch treats of his life from his early days as a laborer and night watchman until he became one of the foremost citizens and financiers of Chicago. There is also an interesting review of the reign of Queen Victoria—the longest reign in British history, with many portraits. It also has a number of other instructive articles of on subjects of interest to the general reader.

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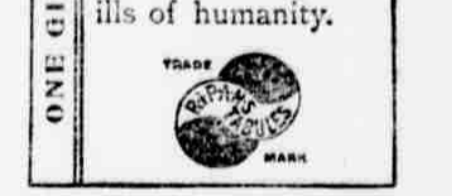
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The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.



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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 (publication of Dallas) is published Tuesday and Friday. Each issue consists of eight pages. There are special departments for the farmer, the trader and the lawyer and give a wealth of general news as well as illustrated articles, etc.
We offer the SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS and the FREE PRESS for 12 months for the sum of \$2.00 cash.
This gives you three issues a week, or 36 papers a year, for a ridiculously low price.
Hurry in your subscription at once. This low price is available for only a short time.

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 to sever a shock to the system, as tobacco to an inveterate user becomes an attendant that his system continually craves. "Bacco-Cure" is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms. Carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure. It is purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking "Bacco-Cure." It will not hurt you when you stop. We give a written guarantee to cure permanently any one with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent interest. "Bacco-Cure" is a scientific substitute for a scientific cure that cures without aid of will power and without inconvenience, it leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first draw of smoke.

Cured St. David-Cure and Gained Thirty Pounds.
From hundreds of testimonials, the original of which are on file and open to inspection, the following is presented:
Clayton, Nevada Co. Ark., Jan. 28, 1905.
Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La. Cross, Wis.—
"I have used 'Bacco-Cure' for twenty-five years of that time I was a great sufferer from general debility and heart disease. For five or six years I tried to quit, but couldn't. I took various remedies, among them 'No-To-Bacco.' 'The Indian Tobacco Antidote,' 'Double Chlorine,' 'Double Chlorine,' etc., etc. but none of them did me the least bit of good. Finally, however, I purchased a box of your 'Bacco-Cure' and it has entirely cured me of the habit in all its forms, and I have increased thirty pounds in weight and am relieved from all the numerous aches and pains of body and mind. I could write a quire of paper upon my cured condition and condition."
Pastor C. P. Church, Clayton, Ark.
Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per box; three boxes, thirty days' treatment, \$2.50 with 10 per cent guarantee, or sent direct upon receipt of price. Write for booklet and proofs. Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La. Cross, Wis., and Boston, Mass.

16 to 1

This is about the ratio of summer tourists who go to
COLORADO
VIA
Ft. Worth & Denver R'y
(Texas Panhandle Route.)
As Against all Competitors.

THE REASONS ARE

Shortest Line, Quickest Time, Superb Service, Through Trains, Courteous Treatment.

And the constant descent of the temperature six hours after leaving Fort Worth summer heat is forgotten and balmy, spring-like breezes greet you. Try it and be convinced.

It is a Pleasure to Answer Questions.

Write any local agent, or
D. H. REEHER,
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THE BEDOUIN AT HOME

ARABS OF THE DESERT AND THEIR HOSPITALITY.

His Life Bears the Closest Resemblance to That of the Patriarchs in Old Testament Times—Their Domesticity.

An English artist, R. Talbot Kelly, writes for the Century a paper entitled "In the Desert with the Bedouin," for which the author furnishes a number of striking illustrations.

On reaching camp my reception was most gratifying—a perfect blending of respectful solicitude and hospitable welcome. After kissing my hand, the sheik assisted me to dismount, bidding me welcome, and saying that my visit brought a blessing on his house. Conducting me to my tent, he added: "This house is yours, and all it contains; do what you will with it and with us your servants"—a truly biblical greeting, and one which immediately suggested the days of Abraham; an illusion heightened when water was brought, and hands, face, and feet were washed before I was left to rest on the cushions in the tent, and the sheik retired to prepare the evening meal. Under the Mohammedan code three days' hospitality is a right; yet far more than that, though in the case of accepted friends the royal bounty of the host heaps favor after favor upon the guest, without stint or limitation. Probably the first distinct impression I received from the Bedouin was the close resemblance of his life to that of Old Testament times. Their loose, flowing robes added to their naturally tall and imposing appearance, and their strong, majestic faces, slightly Jewish in type, together with their gracious old-world courtesy, irresistibly suggested the patriarchs of old. Their lives, thoughts, sayings and occupations remain unchanged through all these centuries, and the incidents and conversations of my daily intercourse with them were Abraham in character. Though nomads, the Arabs are rovers from necessity rather than from choice, and where fodder and water are found in sufficient abundance they form permanent camps, surrounding their tents with a compound of durra stalks, and frequently building stone or mud lodges for their guests. When on the march they are content with very small tents, easily packed and carried, but in their permanent camps their homes are of regal proportions. The one I occupied covered some two thousand square feet, and was about eleven feet high in the center, sloping five feet or so at the sides. The tent cloth was, as usual, made of goat-hair, and partly-colored in broad stripes of black, green, maroon, blue and white, while from the seams depended tassels from which other cloths are hung to divide the tent into separate apartments when occupied by a family. The furniture is simple. Rugs are spread over the sand, and reclining cushions scattered about in the corner in a zeal, or large water-pot, and by it a cubby, or drinking-cup, of brass or copper. Round the side of the tent is a row of painted boxes, in which are packed the household goods and chattels when moving, while a few quaintly wrought lamps, and half buried in the sand, a large earthen bowl used as a fireplace, complete the list. Very domestic in their habits, everything about them has personal associations. The tent-cloth is spun, dyed, and woven by their women and children, as also are their saddle-cloths and trappings; and these are so highly prized by them that money cannot buy the simplest product of their wives' industry, though they may give them freely in token of friendship. Generally married to one wife, the Bedouin regards her and her children with a devotion not general among Orientals, and I believe that the Arab word "home" is the only real equivalent in any language for the English word "home."

CHILDREN OF EXECUTIONERS.

Two Rosy-Cheeked Cherubs Who Have Gallows for Toys.

The popular belief to the effect that an executioner must be a particularly hard-hearted individual—a sentiment shared by his relations—will have to be modified in the case of M. de Paris, as the executioner of France is euphemistically called, says Pearson's Weekly. M. Deblier, when he had the misfortune to lose his wife a short time ago, gave evidence of the fact that constant intercourse with death and the sight of the dead had not robbed him of the sensitiveness pertaining to it when brought within his own intimate surroundings. He was manifestly overcome at the graveside and the impression he gave of the genuineness of his grief was such that nobody suggested that he was acting—expert as all French people are in that art.

Tobacco Kills Cholera.

Defenders of tobacco smoking fail to make use of the most powerful arguments in its favor. Hitherto the most that has been claimed in favor of smoking was certain subtle, beneficial effect on the digestion and a soothing effect on the nerves. It has been learned recently from the report of investigations of the effects of tobacco during the epidemic of cholera at Hamburg that cholera microbes could not exist in the mouths of smokers. There were no living bacteria after twenty-four hours in cigars made up with water containing 1,500,000 cholera germs to the cubic inch. There were no traces of microbes to be found in any cigars manufactured in Hamburg at the time of the epidemic. The microbes die in a half or two hours' exposure to smoke in Brazil, Sumatra or Havana tobacco. The smoke of any cigar kills the microbes. Experiments show that in five minutes after beginning to smoke the microbes in the mouth are killed. Another fact established is that none of the persons engaged in the tobacco factories at Hamburg contracted cholera.—Exchange.

Good Judges of Character.

Passenger (alighting from cab)—"What's the charge?" Cabman—"31." Passenger—"Well, that's quite reasonable. I knew by your face that you wouldn't try to be extortionate." Cabman—"Thank you. I knew by your face that you'd be too mean to pay more than the legal fare without a lawsuit."—New York Weekly.

A Cold-Weather Deal.

May—How do you get George to leave so early every night? Agatha—At 10:30 sharp papa comes into the room, lights four blazing gas jets and then raises all the window curtains. You don't suppose to a moment a fellow has any pluck after that, do you?—New York Journal.

Too True.

"Funnish—I tell you, I find it pretty hard work turning out a column of jokes every day. McCabe—Yes; there's no fun in it.—Philadelphia North American.

BEAUTY OF FORM.

Much Depends on Chest Development and Proper Drapery.

Beauty of form has a higher rank than that of coloring, possibly because it is comparatively rare, writes Florence Hill Winterburn in the Ladies' Home Companion. We meet in daily life a hundred women who are attractive from their bright eyes, their delicate complexion and vivacity of expression for one who commands admiration for her exquisitely molded features and perfect figure. Corpulency or scrawnyness is the rule, and the art of the modiste too often emphasizes rather than hides the defects of her clients, as she aims merely to inflate or contract, according to her own notions of fitness, instead of bearing in mind the ideal of the human figure and endeavoring to bring all into harmony with that perfect outline. Opinions differ as to what constitutes perfection of form; still, no one dreads depart very far from the strict canons of art, which accept the Greek model as the standard. It is not always true that small waists are unnatural and artificially produced. In a pliant, well-rounded female form the belt measure is from eight to ten inches smaller than the bust measure, and the more active and supple the woman, the slimmer will be her waist in proportion to her bust, as judicious exercise tends to develop the muscles of the chest, forearm and lower limbs while it strengthens but does not greatly enlarge the muscles between the thorax and thighs. This is the one valid objection to corsets—their stiffness. Deprived of their steels, they are as harmless as a cotton waist. The ideal corset, to be worn over the union garment of silk or wool, would be something of an elastic nature—some substance that, while clinging closely to the form, yields to every outward motion of the ribs and permits a variation of three inches in the waist measure, as a deep breath is inhaled or expelled. Herein lies the reason of the great warfare over the corset. Its advocates insist that grace and comfort alike demand that clothing should fit closely to the figure, and they are right; while its opponents contend that buckram and steel are heinous offenses against health and beauty, and they, too, are right. The true compromise can be brought about only through the discovery of some substance for corset waists that will be as pliant as the human skin and expand or contract with each respiration of the wearer. Due heed must be given to the fact that the human figure varies in size every instant, and it is essential that clothing be elastic. Given elasticity and it does not matter if one choose to wear tight clothing.

HE SUCCEEDS PEPPER.

W. A. HARRIS THE NEW SENATOR FROM KANSAS.

A Virginian by Birth and a Confederate Officer Under Longstreet He Comes West in Pursuit of His Vocation as Civil Engineer.

The people of the whole state of Kansas and of all parties are at present felicitating themselves upon the excellent judgment displayed by the Populists in the selection of a United States senator to succeed Mr. Pepper. It is the universal sentiment that the choice could not have fallen upon a more satisfactory man than W. A. Harris, who received the nomination in the caucus of the controlling party. Mr. Harris is in truth a classed as a moderate Populist. He was formerly a Democrat and is known to be conservative and reliable from every point of view. He is an educated man, a practical farmer and stock grower, and in thorough sympathy with western needs and conditions.

He is a Virginian by birth and was a soldier in the southern army during the civil war. His education was in the line of work as a civil engineer, and it was this occupation that brought him to Kansas soon after the war, where he was employed in the construction of the Union Pacific railroad. He was quick to appreciate and take advantage of the agricultural possibilities of the new and thriving state, and his interests have since that time been closely identified with those of his fellow farmers and stock raisers.

He acquired a valuable tract of land in Leavenworth County, where he has resided since 1884, and is one of the most prominent and extensive stockmen in the state. The Harris family consists of a wife and five children. Of the latter there are two sons and three daughters; Craig Page Harris of Dallas, Texas; Craig

Harris, now in school; Miss Frances Harris, Mrs. Isabella Byrnes of New York City, and Mrs. Elizabeth Finley of Dallas. All are children of his first wife, who died three years ago. Another daughter, Miss Lavinia Harris, committed suicide at Luray, Va., in 1894, shortly after a romantic marriage to a livingman named Bohannon. The sad ending of the young woman's life was never satisfactorily explained further than that no blame was attached

to the husband or to her father, who had long before become reconciled to the strange marriage.

Col. Harris' present wife, whom he married in 1885, is a descendant of Murray of Lawrence, Kas. She was divorced from her husband a short time before her marriage to Col. Harris, and the husband instituted proceedings against Harris for damages on a charge of alienation, but the suit was subsequently compromised without serious reflection upon either of the parties.

The Harris home is at Linwood farm, in Leavenworth County, twenty-seven miles west of Kansas City, on the line of the Union Pacific railway, and is one of the most beautiful and desirable locations in the state. The farm proper comprises 300 acres of land, much of it in blue grass, which the Colonel

WHAT'S A PATTERN?

The Gypsy Method of Leaving a Trail Visible Only to Their Fellow.

"You don't know what a pattern is?" Inquired surprisingly of the group about him a man at the Authors' club the other evening, says the New York Journal. "Why, that was one of the first things I learned when I began to study the gypsies. The pattern, or patrin, is what the Romanies use to indicate the route taken by a party of their people journeying from place to place. It has a great many forms which would pass unnoticed by those not initiated. In some instances a clod of turf, lying at the intersecting point of four cross roads, is sufficient to tell a straggler from the gypsy camp the direction to which his friends have gone. Only last summer, out in Pennsylvania, I came across it many times. Once I remember just because some school children had kicked the clod into a ditch an old gypsy woman who had lingered behind to tell a fortune wasn't able to find her people for two days. Seeing the clod at the cross roads, you know, the straggler will glance down each of the different ways until he sees a similar sign which shows him the right one. In every country where there are gypsies, there you will find the pattern—among the Zigeuner of Germany, the Zineali of Spain, the Czajnyok of Hungary, all those roving tribes which are descended from the original wanderers from the East—and there is very little doubt that the pattern dates very far back in the history of their race. Sometimes it takes the shape of a cross, scratched on the ground with a sharpened stick, the longer line of the figure being drawn in the direction in which the trail leads. A cleft branch or two sticks so placed as to point in a certain direction is also used. Stones, leaves and handfuls of grass are occasionally employed, and many of the gypsy families formerly had their own particular signs, understood by none but themselves. By following these patterns or trails the first gypsies on their way to Europe never lost each other. It is strange that this curious practice of the Romanies has so long escaped the attention of the romancier; but it is only comparatively recently

prizes highly and in which he has great faith in connection with the breeding of fine cattle. The family residence is on a gently rising eminence situated nearly a quarter of a mile from the main road. It is distinctively a southern house, with broad and inviting porches, large halls, library, open fire-places, and everything suggesting convenience, comfort and refinement. There are delightful shade trees about the place, the buildings are all kept in excellent condition, and the broad lawn with its rustic seats and carpet of green give a hearty welcome to the visitor. Not far away are the houses of the herders of the famous imported short-horns—the Cruikshanks—of which Col. Harris has a herd well known to stockmen all over the United States. The cattle were imported direct from Scotland and are of the very best strains.

Mrs. Harris has already spent one winter in Washington, while her husband was filling the post of congressman-at-large, to which he was elected in 1892, defeating the Republican nominee, George T. Anthony, who had been a Union soldier. This was accepted in Kansas as a timely and complete burial of the "bloody shirt" issue in politics, on which so many former battles had been fought and won. Two years later, to show that the issue had not been entirely wiped out, Col. Harris was defeated for reelection to the same office by Col. H. W. Blair, a Republican and a distinguished Union soldier. This year the war again cuts no figure in the campaign between the two leading parties, and Kansas, the great soldier state, sends to the senate a Confederate officer who was a pupil of Stonewall Jackson in the Virginia Military Institute and a member of Gen. Wilcox's staff in Longstreet's division. Col. Harris is counted upon by his friends to make a meritorious record during his term in the senate and to greatly strengthen the People's party in the state and nation.

YELLOWSTONE PARK WOLVES.

They Are Numerous and Fierce and Are Driving Game Out.

There is only one class of hunters privileged to prey on the game of the Yellowstone National park, says a

SOME TORPEDO BOATS OF THE NEW NAVY



The new American torpedo-boat, Number Six, is a fine type of the up-to-date war vessel. She was launched last September from the famous Herreshoff works at Bristol, Rhode Island, and is now being fitted up for speed trial in Narragansett Bay. With a capacity of only 186 tons, she will carry a crew of about twenty-five. She is fitted with one bow tube and two deep tubes for dynamite shells. She will also carry two small quick-firing rifle-guns. Her sister boat, Number Seven, is now building at the same works and will soon be ready for launching. The Cushing, which appears in the background of the illustration, is one of

the three torpedo-boats now in commission. She has been in use for about four years, and is at the torpedo station at Newport. She has a tonnage of 105 tons—little more than one-half that of Number Six. Her equipment of tubes and guns is very similar. Three torpedo-boats, Number Three, Number Four and Number Five, are to be all of the same size—132 tons. They are now building at the Columbia Iron Works, Baltimore, and will be ready this spring. Eleven other torpedo-boats are in process of construction. Service on a torpedo-boat when in action will be extremely hazardous. With the exception of a very thin "turtle-back"

steel covering over the bow, the boat has no armor. A single well-directed shot from an enemy's gun would send her to the bottom. Even the magazine is unprotected, save by being placed below the water-line. How dangerous the service will be can be determined only when a naval battle shall have been fought by fleets of modern construction. An essential requisite for these boats is high speed. They must have the power to make sudden attack or rapid retreat. If they are able to plant a dynamite projectile against the hull of an enemy, no weight or strength of steel can withstand the deadly explosion.

Livingston, Mont., correspondent of the New York Sun, and these hunters are not prosecuted simply because they are as closely under the protection of the government as the rarest of the wild creatures of the park. The big park is infested with wolves and coyotes in larger numbers than ever before, and they are said to be slaughtering the game animals of the park. Elk and deer have left the great game preserves and sought refuge in the vicinity of Cinnabar, Gardiner and Horr, their natural fear of man being overcome by their greater fear of the hungry beasts. The wolves will not venture very near human habitations, but deer, antelope, elk and other game are taking their chances with men rather than with wolves, and the country for from twelve to fifteen miles north from the park toward this city is stocked with elk and deer, and the least experienced hunters can easily secure fresh venison at any time. Wolves come under the same regulations against the killing of animals in the park that other animals do, and while there has been a little killing going on along the borders for some time, and several hundred have been killed and paid for by the state at the rate of \$3 apiece, they breed so fast that no impression is made on their numbers. Some families live well on the bounties who would otherwise have to depend on actual labor, but as for the wolves, they stay. Capt. Anderson, the military autocrat of the park, will soon be appealed to to permit a grand wolf drive in its borders. If some way can be devised to guard the game animals this may be done, and general invitations may be issued to all who can come to take part in what ought to be the greatest wolf hunt that has ever been had in the west.

In places where soda water is made the atmosphere runs sometimes higher than 2 per cent of carbon dioxide, yet without harmful effect.

Brittany is inhabited by the descendants of the original Britons or Bretons.

NEBRASKA INDUSTRY.

STATE YIELDS A MAMMOTH CROPOF "CORKSCREWS."

Each One Weighs Many Tons—They Were Made Before Man Was Thought of in the Scheme of American Development.

(Omaha Letter.)

SOME gigantic fossils brought from Nebraska recently by Prof. E. H. Barbour of Washington, D. C., have excited much interest in the east. There are lots of them in Nebraska, where they are popularly known as "corkscrews." In fact, they are thickly scattered through deposits which extend over at least 500 square miles, chiefly in Sioux county, and over all that region they may be seen projecting from the sides of cliffs and in other places where the rocky formations have been worn away by water and wind.

These freaks are commonly known as "fossil twisters." They are of enormous size, sometimes as much as forty feet long; but the most remarkable thing about them is the symmetry of their structure, which is absolutely mathematical. As weathered out from the cliffs, they are always perpendicular to the ground, and often to be supporting roofs of suspended strata, as if relics of a bygone style of architecture. The spirals are wonders of perfection and elegance; sometimes they are wound about an axis, while in other cases the axis is imaginary, as it were, the spirals being free. It is difficult to realize that these objects are in reality works of nature and not of art, especially because no animal or plant capable of producing anything like them exists in the present day.

The corkscrews occur in astonishing numbers in the region referred to. One frequently sees hillsides more than 100 feet high studded from bottom to top with the great spirals, but more particularly with the so-called roots which project out from them. Some of the roots are as big round as horseheads, and they were formerly imagined to be fossil logs, until their relation to the screws was established by digging the things out bodily and entire. The corkscrews look strikingly like the instruments employed for opening bottles, turned with quite as mathematical precision, though on a scale so enormously magnified. Corkscrews, however, always turn in one direction, while the fossil twister is right-handed or left-handed indiscriminately.

Professor Barbour has established the fact pretty satisfactorily that they are fossil plants, and that they grew in water. There was a time, a couple of millions of years ago, when Nebraska and all the great basins east of the Rocky mountains were covered by an immense lake—an inland sea of fresh water. In this lake strange plants, wholly different from any now surviving, grew and flourished. There were sub-aqueous forests of them—thickly crowded forests of vast extent. Each screw, with its accompanying root, did not represent a single plant, but probably a colony composed of many plants. The plants were related very likely to modern seaweeds. It may be imagined that they grew at a depth of several hundred feet while among their weird looking stems swam fishes of types now long extinct.

The waters of the mighty lake received great quantities of sediment, brought to it by streams, and this was deposited on the bottom at a very rapid rate. Indeed, that it is difficult to see how plants of any sort could have subsisted under such conditions. The steady deposit of sediment gradually raised the level of the bottom, burying the giant lake weeds. In the course of time the waters dried up, and the accumulated sediment containing the corkscrew-shaped plants became hardened into sandstone of a very

WATCH MADE OUT OF SCRAPS

Curious and Ancient Timepiece in the Possession of the Czar.

A very curious old watch is in the possession of the Russian imperial family. It was made by one Jules Curzon, a Polish mechanic, many years ago, at the request of the then czar, who, having heard great things of Curzon's ingenuity, thought proper to put it to the test. So he forwarded to the mechanic's address a box containing a few copper nails, some wire, an old cracked china cup, some chips of wood, a piece of broken glass and a few crumpled board pegs, desiring that if possible they should be converted into a watch. Undismayed at the strange request, Curzon, seizing the opportunity offered him of gaining favor at court, set to in right good earnest and, after working steadily for eight hours, produced a wonderful watch. The czar was surprised and delighted, and ordered the maker to appear before him and granted him not only a pension, but a place at court. The case of the watch was made of china, while the works were composed of the odds and ends which had accompanied the old cup. It not only kept good time, but only needed winding every three or four days.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PETS.

She Has Named Every Animal on Her Estate.

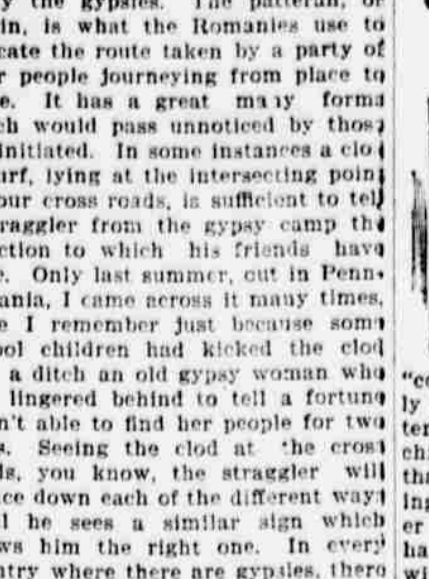
Much has been written and told from time to time of the queen's pet dogs, but little do we learn of her other pets, says the Lady's Pictorial. The queen is a regular animal lover and takes almost as much interest in horses, in dogs, and I may tell that, unlike most householders, she has so kindly a feeling for cats that when the court flies from place to place the cats and kittens are not left behind in the bleak world alone while the family enjoys itself, but are conveyed with the pet dogs to the home for which her majesty is bound. Of her horses the queen's favorites are two venerable gray carriage horses, Alma and Flora, given by the late Victor Emmanuel of Italy. These are relegated to the quietude of farm life and enjoy an honored old age together. In a shed near the old grays resides the superb chestnut charger once be-

longing to the Emperor Frederick of Germany and given in his lifetime to Prince Christian (a very excellent judge, by the way, of horseflesh). For some time the charger was happy in the youthful companionship of a little white donkey, the property of one of the princesses of Connaught, and brought by her majesty as a surprise gift for her granddaughter from Grassano. Nothing could be more amusing than to see the dignified charger and impudent donkey at play together, and when at length Ninette had to be removed great was the grief in that shed. Space fails me to tell of all the queen's pets; of Jack, an enormous bison, which was bought in exchange for another by the queen at the Zoological gardens; of a darling little pony called Sanger, the gift of the circus proprietor; a Zulu cow, such a fine-looking animal, presented to the queen by Lord Wolsley, and which had once been the property, I learn, of Cetewayo's brother; and of the little Jersey cow and superb Spanish red cattle. The queen has herself named each animal upon her estate, and when she drives through the private road leading from Windsor to her farm she will stop and call her favorites to the railings and have a word with each. The queen no more forgets her animals than she does her friends.

A BATRACHIAN FREAK.

It Has Five Legs and Gives Interesting Performances.

The famous Calaveras frog has found a legitimate successor. This one also lives in California, making his home near Colma. His claim to fame lies in the fact that he has five legs, and is credited with the ability to understand the English language. This is



FROG WITH FIVE LEGS.

more correctly speaking, his principal claim to fame; he is also remarkable for his toes. He has nineteen of these, three on each hind foot, four on each of two other feet, and five on the foot belonging to the extra leg. This leg joins his body somewhere forward of the normal front leg, and is supplied with regular bones and joints. The connection with the body is apparently perfect. In other respects the frog is like any other frog.

His style of traveling, however, is peculiar. With three legs on the left side and but two on the other, his course continually veers to the right, so that after making a certain number of jumps, he arrives again at his starting point. It is this curious method of locomotion that led to his discovery. James O'Connor, his owner, had occasion to pass the Holy Cross cemetery at Colma, when his attention was attracted by the little reptile's effort to move about, which resulted merely in his describing a series of circles. After dragging himself about in this fashion for a few minutes, at an extraordinary rate of speed for a frog, he began to move in an odd way toward a pond close by, walking solely on his two front feet. Mr. O'Connor, following him up under the impression that he had been injured in some way, then perceived the extra leg, and realizing that a genuine curiosity was within his reach, promptly captured the creature. A series of experiments soon demonstrated his ability to perform the strangest antics of which any frog was ever guilty. In fact, so intelligent did he seem, it was very promptly decided that he must be the very batrachian immortalized in the familiar college song.

McClintock, as he has been named, has been taught many things which it is not supposed that the frog had sufficient intelligence to learn. For instance, his owner states positively that when asked which is the biggest town in California, or ought to be, the frog will jump about when Colma is mentioned, but preserves absolute quiet when any other town is designated. Again, suppose several men to be seated about the table on which he gives his exhibitions. Mr. O'Connor asks, "Whom do you like best here?" and the frog promptly moves toward the questioner.

CONSUMPTION THAT DOES NOT CURE.

Many physicians insist that consumptives seldom are killed by the disease alone; usually they are frightened to death. Two notable and historic cases that formed exceptions to the rule were President Andrew Jackson and the Duke of Wellington, each of whom was a consumptive youth yet afterward became a great soldier, the most prominent statesman of his time and country, and lived to a ripe old age. A still more wonderful case is that of a New York lawyer, millionaire and man of affairs, who sixty years ago was given up to die of consumption, but who as we write is ninety-six years of age and apparently recovering from a combined attack of pneumonia and heart failure. From the character of the man alluded to, the prolonging of life may be attributed to "mind cure" of the kind that has no nonsense in it; or the other hand, resistance, as a faculty, is but another name for obstinacy, of which any human being can find plenty in himself if he chooses to look for it.

AN EXPENSIVE PRODUCT.

The most expensive product in the world is the charcoal filament which is used for incandescent lamps. It is mostly made in Paris by an artist whose name is kept secret in order better to guard the process of manufacture. The filament for lamps of twenty candle power are sold for \$3,000 a pound. Those for lamps of thirty candles are worth \$12,000.

AS LATE AS THE YEAR 1845

the people of France entered complaints against caterpillars, and had lawsuits to stop their devastations.

THE BEDOUIN AT HOME

ARABS OF THE DESERT AND THEIR HOSPITALITY.

His Life Bears the Closest Resemblance to That of the Patriarchs in Old Testament Times—Their Domesticity.

An English artist, R. Talbot Kelly, writes for the Century a paper entitled "In the Desert with the Bedouin," for which the author furnishes a number of striking illustrations.

On reaching camp my reception was most gratifying—a perfect blending of respectful solicitude and hospitable welcome. After kissing my hand, the sheik assisted me to dismount, bidding me welcome, and saying that my visit brought a blessing on his house. Conducting me to my tent, he added: "This house is yours, and all it contains; do what you will with it and with us your servants"—a truly biblical greeting, and one which immediately suggested the days of Abraham; an illusion heightened when water was brought, and hands, face, and feet were washed before I was left to rest on the cushions in the tent, and the sheik retired to prepare the evening meal. Under the Mohammedan code three days' hospitality is a right; yet far more than that, though in the case of accepted friends the royal bounty of the host heaps favor after favor upon the guest, without stint or limitation. Probably the first distinct impression I received from the Bedouin was the close resemblance of his life to that of Old Testament times. Their loose, flowing robes added to their naturally tall and imposing appearance, and their strong, majestic faces, slightly Jewish in type, together with their gracious old-world courtesy, irresistibly suggested the patriarchs of old. Their lives, thoughts, sayings and occupations remain unchanged through all these centuries, and the incidents and conversations of my daily intercourse with them were Abraham in character. Though nomads, the Arabs are rovers from necessity rather than from choice, and where fodder and water are found in sufficient abundance they form permanent camps, surrounding their tents with a compound of durra stalks, and frequently building stone or mud lodges for their guests. When on the march they are content with very small tents, easily packed and carried, but in their permanent camps their homes are of regal proportions. The one I occupied covered some two thousand square feet, and was about eleven feet high in the center, sloping five feet or so at the sides. The tent cloth was, as usual, made of goat-hair, and partly-colored in broad stripes of black, green, maroon, blue and white, while from the seams depended tassels from which other cloths are hung to divide the tent into separate apartments when occupied by a family. The furniture is simple. Rugs are spread over the sand, and reclining cushions scattered about in the corner in a zeal, or large water-pot, and by it a cubby, or drinking-cup, of brass or copper. Round the side of the tent is a row of painted boxes, in which are packed the household goods and chattels when moving, while a few quaintly wrought lamps, and half buried in the sand, a large earthen bowl used as a fireplace, complete the list. Very domestic in their habits, everything about them has personal associations. The tent-cloth is spun, dyed, and woven by their women and children, as also are their saddle-cloths and trappings; and these are so highly prized by them that money cannot buy the simplest product of their wives' industry, though they may give them freely in token of friendship. Generally married to one wife, the Bedouin regards her and her children with a devotion not general among Orientals, and I believe that the Arab word "home" is the only real equivalent in any language for the English word "home."

CHILDREN OF EXECUTIONERS.

Two Rosy-Cheeked Cherubs Who Have Gallows for Toys.

The popular belief to the effect that an executioner must be a particularly hard-hearted individual—a sentiment shared by his relations—will have to be modified in the case of M. de Paris, as the executioner of France is euphemistically called, says Pearson's Weekly. M. Deblier, when he had the misfortune to lose his wife a short time ago, gave evidence of the fact that constant intercourse with death and the sight of the dead had not robbed him of the sensitiveness pertaining to it when brought within his own intimate surroundings. He was manifestly overcome at the graveside and the impression he gave of the genuineness of his grief was such that nobody suggested that he was acting—expert as all French people are in that art.

Tobacco Kills Cholera.

Defenders of tobacco smoking fail to make use of the most powerful arguments in its favor. Hitherto the most that has been claimed in favor of smoking was certain subtle, beneficial effect on the digestion and a soothing effect on the nerves. It has been learned recently from the report of investigations of the effects of tobacco during the epidemic of cholera at Hamburg that cholera microbes could not exist in the mouths of smokers. There were no living bacteria after twenty-four hours in cigars made up with water containing 1,500,000 cholera germs to the cubic inch. There were no traces of microbes to be found in any cigars manufactured in Hamburg at the time of the epidemic. The microbes die in a half or two hours' exposure to smoke in Brazil, Sumatra or Havana tobacco. The smoke of any cigar kills the microbes. Experiments show that in five minutes after beginning to smoke the microbes in the mouth are killed. Another fact established is that none of the persons engaged in the tobacco factories at Hamburg contracted cholera.—Exchange.

Good Judges of Character.

Passenger (alighting from cab)—"What's the charge?" Cabman—"31." Passenger—"Well, that's quite reasonable. I knew by your face that you wouldn't try to be extortionate." Cabman—"Thank you. I knew by your face that you'd be too mean to pay more than the legal fare without a lawsuit."—New York Weekly.

A Cold-Weather Deal.

May—How do you get George to leave so early every night? Agatha—At 10:30 sharp papa comes into the room, lights four blazing gas jets and then raises all the window curtains. You don't suppose to a moment a fellow has any pluck after that, do you?—New York Journal.

Too True.

"Funnish—I tell you, I find it pretty hard work turning out a column of jokes every day. McCabe—Yes; there's no fun in it.—Philadelphia North American.

HE SUCCEEDS PEPPER.

W. A. HARRIS THE NEW SENATOR FROM KANSAS.

A Virginian by Birth and a Confederate Officer Under Longstreet He Comes West in Pursuit of His Vocation as Civil Engineer.

The people of the whole state of Kansas and of all parties are at present felicitating themselves upon the excellent judgment displayed by the Populists in the selection of a United States senator to succeed Mr. Pepper. It is the universal sentiment that the choice could not have fallen upon a more satisfactory man than W. A. Harris, who received the nomination in the caucus of the controlling party. Mr. Harris is in truth a classed as a moderate Populist. He was formerly a Democrat and is known to be conservative and reliable from every point of view. He is an educated man, a practical farmer and stock grower, and in thorough sympathy with western needs and conditions.

He is a Virginian by birth and was a soldier in the southern army during the civil war. His education was in the line of work as a civil engineer, and it was this occupation that brought him to Kansas soon after the war, where he was employed in the construction of the Union Pacific railroad. He was quick to appreciate and take advantage of the agricultural possibilities of the new and thriving state, and his interests have since that time been closely identified with those of his fellow farmers and stock raisers.

He acquired a valuable tract of land in Leavenworth County, where he has resided since 1884, and is one of the most prominent and extensive stockmen in the state. The Harris family consists of a wife and five children. Of the latter there are two sons and three daughters; Craig Page Harris of Dallas, Texas; Craig

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Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Publisher.

HASKELL, TEXAS.

Natures that can brook defeat better than delay generally suffer defeat.

Men and sheep are generally unsatisfied unless they follow the prevailing fashion.

People who become popular through extravagance lose it as soon as they get sense.

The nigger in the executive council wood pile at Boston positively refuses to be cut down.

The world is full of people who are of importance only when they are keeping somebody waiting.

People who have to kill time find that it has more lives than a cat is supposed to possess.

The ignorant pauper labor of Europe seems to be in a fair way to devote itself to home industries.

There is nothing novel about the scheme for "bicycling in the air," except the ability to stay there.

It is a wise plan to wait until somebody else recalls the fact that you made a prediction that came out right.

One reason why the world gains knowledge so slowly, is that every child must find out for itself that fire is hot.

Being out of debt sometimes indicates that a man is prudent, but occasionally it merely shows that his acquaintances are wise.

In New York the courts have decided that monuments and tombstones in place are not subject to liens. How then are the marble workers to get their pay? But insurance money is exempt from attachment since it is a fund set apart for the widow and orphan. In a like spirit, the graves of the family are protected from desecration.

William H. Beaumont of Brooklyn sued Nicholas H. Snyder for \$30,000 for alienating the affections of his wife. After hearing a mass of testimony rather discreditable to all parties but Snyder, a verdict was given for the plaintiff to pay the costs of the suit, but also imposed a fine of \$100 for his impudence in bringing it.

Musgrove Allen, a farmer of Bass River, N. J. said a "cuss" word one day in Trenton, and was arrested and fined \$5. Mr. Allen has engaged the best lawyer in the state to take the case to the Supreme court, and says he will spend a whole lot of cash to show Squire Gak that the word is not profanity. The people of Bass River are said to be with Mr. Allen to a man.

One of the observed of all observers at a recent tea given by Mrs. Cleveland to a number of ladies, gentlemen being barred, was Mrs. Pak Ye, wife of the minister from Corea. She was clad in a quaint gown of dark blue brocade and wore a curious head dress which sparkled with jewels. Mrs. Pak did not know a word of English and could only look on, but seemed to enjoy the occasion as much as her more loquacious sisters.

Gov. Lee of South Dakota doesn't believe in taking the word of banks. 'Gosh!' They told him they had several hundred thousand dollars of the state's money, but he wanted to see it, and so a militia company guarded the train which brought the actual cash to the capital, where the governor counted it, bit the pieces to see if they were genuine, rang them upon the tables, and then sent it all back again. Gov. Lee isn't taking any chances—not if he knows.

Dr. Richard S. Storrs, the president of the American Historical society, chose for the subject of a recent address, "The Contributions Made by Plain, Uncolored Men to the Development of the United States." The names he mentioned were Eliezer Wheelock, Manasseh Cutler and Marcus Whitman. The first was a poor New England country minister, but his efforts founded Dartmouth college, where Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Salmon P. Chase and George Ticknor were educated. Manasseh Cutler was also a country minister, but to him was due the fact that slavery never set foot upon the soil of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. And Marcus Whitman was an humble missionary who gave his life for the Indians, and to them—for they killed him; but because of Marcus Whitman, Oregon belongs to the United States and not to Great Britain. These were all "plain, uncolored men," but they saw things worth doing, and did them manfully.

A man suspected of murder was recently put under hypnotic influence in Galveston, Tex., and while in that condition was closely examined in the presence of a number of witnesses. He made a good many statements he would never have made had he been conscious, but his answers convinced the police of his innocence, and he will probably be set free. In this case the prisoner expressed perfect willingness to undergo the experiment, but the incident suggests startling possibilities for the mysterious force we call hypnosis.

Statistics show that there are now in Greater New York over 15,000 men who have been arrested for abandoning their wives and are now under bonds to support them. There are about 100 new cases of this kind in New York every week.

The closest contest in any of the states at the recent election is believed to have been that for the state treasuryship in South Dakota, where the Republican candidate won by a majority of two votes in a total of more than 90,000.

UNKNOWN ASSASSIN.

ALBERT REINHARDT KNOCKED IN THE HEAD.

The Murder is Shrouded in Mystery—The Sheriff and Deputies at Work on the Case—No Clue Yet—New Oil Mill Talked of in Taylor.

Dallas, Tex., March 1.—A very mysterious killing occurred shortly before 12 o'clock Saturday night near the home of John Buhner, who lives just north of the Episcopal college, on College Hill, in North Dallas. Albert Reinhardt, who had spent the evening with John Buhner, was found a few steps from that gentleman's house shortly after his departure to return to the city with his forehead and nose crushed in. He was in a semi-conscious condition. Mr. Buhner, who heard his cries, came out of his house and found the unfortunate man lying near his front gate, in the shadow of the fence. As soon as Reinhardt saw him he said: "I'm hurt; I'm badly hurt! Please carry me into the house!"

Mr. Buhner hastily complied, but before he had passed the threshold the unfortunate man had fainted away. Every effort was made to revive him, but without avail, for he passed away at 2:10 o'clock Sunday morning without having regained consciousness.

The news of the tragedy did not reach the city until 3 o'clock Sunday morning. Reporters carefully investigated the details of the affair yesterday, however, and found that Reinhardt had been killed with a heavy club, which was found near where he had fallen. Up to a late hour last night no arrests had been made, but Sheriff Cabell and his deputies were working on the case very energetically.

Albert Reinhardt, the man killed, was in the employ of the Hughes Bros. Manufacturing company, on South Ervay street. He is a young man of Swiss descent. He boarded at the Missouri house, in East Dallas, which is run by Tom McChristy.

Justice Skelton held an inquest over the remains yesterday morning. The jury returned the following verdict: "The deceased came to his death at the hands of a party or parties unknown to the jury."

Reinhardt was 38 or 40 years old, a single man, and came to America four years ago, locating in Dallas. He has no relatives in this country, but has a brother in Switzerland. His friends said that he was industrious, frugal and inoffensive and they are very greatly incensed over the affair.

New Oil Mill.

Taylor, Tex., March 1.—Col. J. E. Allison, of Houston; P. A. Fitzhugh, of Hearne, and other representatives of the National Oil Mill company, of New York, were in Taylor Saturday making preliminary arrangements toward establishing a 100-ton cotton seed oil plant at this place. By previous arrangement these gentlemen were met here by General Manager A. A. Allen, Superintendent Maxwell, of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railway, and Division Superintendent Home, of the International and Great Northern, and they, together with a force of Katy civil engineers, surveyed, staked and laid off a plot of ground for the reception of the plant. The location of the mill will be south of the campus, on land owned jointly by the Katy and International roads, within easy access by spurs or sidetracks of both railroads. It is understood that the work of constructing the plant will begin at once and be hastened to completion.

Buffalo Bayou Surveyors Arrive.

Houston, Tex., March 1.—Yesterday morning the schooner Louis Dolson arrived at the wharf of the Direct Navigation company. On board were Mr. Oppenheffer, assistant United States engineer, and party. They came from Galveston for the purpose of beginning the survey of Buffalo bayou under the recent act of congress making an appropriation to pay the cost of a survey of Buffalo bayou and the ship channel from here to deep water at Galveston.

Drug Store Robbed.

Nevada, Tex., Feb. 28.—Friday night burglars entered at the rear of H. J. Keller & Co.'s drug store and took out jewelry, cutlery, etc., valued at \$150 or more, solid gold rings of all sizes, also small diamond rings, several razors of different brands: Wyeth, Wade & Butcher heavy, IXL, also a case of pocket-knives, Wyeth, IXL and Southampton brand. One hundred dollars reward is offered by Keller & Co. for the capture and conviction of the guilty parties.

As Was Natural.

He had dared to make a gold speech in a Colorado town around which were many silver mines and when the audience finished with him the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "suicide."—Judge.

Arbor Day Celebrated.

Roseland, Tex., Feb. 28.—The Alla public free school near Roseland observed arbor day with appropriate exercises, and planted 170 trees in the school lawn. This school was established by Dr. Moses Hubbard, a philanthropist, in honor of his deceased daughter, free for all pupils in the district between the ages of 7 and 21 years. This is its first operation, and the pupils number 125, with three teachers.

Could Not Stand the Strain.

"You are a dead beat." At the harsh words the cyclist roused himself and opened one eye. The policeman, bending over him, went on: "You have been trying to travel on your face."

The cyclist opened the other eye. "I have," he admitted. "On my face and one elbow. But they could not stand the strain."

And, rising weakly to his feet, he staggered toward the nearest drug store, hearing the fragments of his wheel with him.

THE TEXAS LEGISLATURE.

Summary of Matters Acted Upon by the Law-Makers at Austin.

Senate bill allowing R. F. Gibson of Lampasas county \$100 for services as a state ranger, passed.

Senate joint resolution to encourage manufactures was ordered engrossed. The bill amending Waco's city charter by abolishing the office of city treasurer and placing the funds of the city in the hands of the city council, passed.

Senate bill authorizing the governor to use the Texas state exhibit at the Tennessee centennial and providing for an appropriation for its overhauling, passed to engrossment.

A resolution on the death of James Addison Baker, a distinguished lawyer of the Houston bar, whose death occurred in that city recently, was adopted by a rising vote.

Bill preventing the payment of deficiencies in state departments unless estimates of same are first made, sworn to and approved by the governor, was passed.

Senate bill No. 164, making it a penal offense for any school superintendent, teacher, school official, etc., to act as agent for any school book trust, etc., was laid before the senate and passed.

Bill regulating the sale of cocaine and prohibiting its sale to minors and habitual users, passed to engrossment. Senate bill amending the law relating to dock and channel companies was taken up and passed under suspension of the rules.

The question recurred on house bill 394, called up by Mr. Beard, and passed under a suspension of the rules. This bill, in substance, is as follows:

"The commissioners shall actually inspect and count all the cash and assets in the hands of the treasurer belonging to the county at the time of the examination of his said report, and prior to adjournment of each regular term of the court the county judge and each of the county commissioners shall make affidavit in writing that the requirements of this article have been in all things fully complied with by them at the said term of said court, and that the cash and other assets mentioned in the said county treasurer's quarterly report made by said treasurer to said court, and held by him for the county, have been fully inspected and counted by them, giving the amount of said money and other assets in his hands."

The bill permitting settlers on St. Joe and Mustang islands to purchase the lands on which they are living, no purchase to be of more than fifty acres, and fixing the price of such lands at \$2 per acre, passed.

Senate bill exempting the railroad commission from the obligation of giving bond in appeal cases, with an amendment adding the words "nor the heads of any departments," passed under suspension of the rules.

A bill amending the criminal code and fixing the punishment for perjury at not more than ten nor less than two years in the penitentiary, was engrossed.

A bill prohibiting the admission of instruments in any court of record in any language except the English, was passed.

House bill No. 54, amending the law relating to the carrying of concealed weapons, by making such offense punishable only by fine of not less than \$25 nor more than \$200, passed.

House bill No. 65, relating to the throwing of missiles and shooting into moving trains, depots, churches, school houses, etc., was laid before the senate on its third reading and passed.

House bill No. 87, requiring county surveyors to be sworn to, was read the third time and passed.

House bill No. 109, relating to time of making returns of election of presidential electors, was laid before the senate and passed.

House bill No. 110, amending the law of forcible entry and detainer, was passed.

On motion of Mr. Turney, joint resolution No. 7, to amend article 8 of the constitution relating to irrigation in West Texas, was laid before the senate on its third reading and passed.

House bill No. 61 was laid before the house on third reading. It is to define the offense of burglary so as to include forcible entry by day. The bill passed.

The bill providing that no conveyance of a wife's property shall take place until joined in by the husband and wife and acknowledged separately by the wife, was amended to include the emergency clause and passed.

A bill exempting the proceeds of the sale of a homestead from garnishment within twelve months was taken up on its final passage and was passed.

The bill making the sale or distribution of immoral publications a felony, punishable by imprisonment from two to five years in the penitentiary was passed.

In the senate, bill No. 105, known as Linn's drainage bill, was read the third time and passed under suspension of the rules.

The bill making it a penal offense for any public school superintendent, principal, teacher, etc., to accept any agency, etc., of any school book trust or school book firm, was passed to engrossment.

Senate bill No. 106, amending the law relating to the competency of witnesses in actions by or against administrators, was laid before the senate on its third reading and passed.

ACCIDENT IN A MINE.

MANY MINERS ENTOMBED IN A BURNING MINE.

Ten Bodies Have Already Been Recovered. The Cornish Miners Who Went to the Rescue, Were Nearly Suffocated by Smoke.

City of Mexico, March 1.—The latest news from the mine disaster at Zacatecas shows the calamity fully as bad as first reported.

Fire broke out in San Amaro mine, one of the properties of the Sombere company, and communicated to the San Francisco mine.

The principal shaft in the former is 3500 feet deep and a rescuing party went down to the bottom, but were nearly suffocated by smoke.

The Cornish miners displayed unusual heroism in attempting the relief of the imprisoned men. Ten bodies have been taken out and all show signs of asphyxiation. There is no longer doubt that but 500 miners have perished. The city of Zacatecas is in a state of mourning and consternation, this being the greatest calamity in its mines during modern times.

Sanguilly at Key West.

Key West, Fla., March 1.—The announcement that Julio Sanguilly, who was arrested at the outbreak of the present uprising in Cuba and who has been in Cabanas fortress for the last two years, was to arrive on the steamer from Havana, drew an immense crowd of his countrymen to the wharf Saturday night to greet him.

As the steamer neared the wharf the well-known figure of the general was recognized and a shout of welcome was wafted across the water, which he acknowledged by a wave of the hand, the raising of hats and hurrahs from the coterie of friends surrounding him.

Some delay in landing was caused by the sanitary inspection, but before he had fairly descended the gang plank Gen. Sanguilly, who is a cripple from a wound received in the former revolution, was lifted bodily on the shoulders of his friends and conveyed to a carriage.

In reply to a request from the press he said he was too fatigued to talk, but thanked his countrymen for the hearty welcome accorded him, which he did not think was for himself, but was an evidence of the loyalty to the cause dear to the heart of every Cuban.

Gen. Sanguilly expressed his lasting gratitude to Consul Gen. Lee, whom he described as a truly noble man who should long ago have been in Cuba.

"Had he been here three years ago," Gen. Sanguilly exclaimed, "there would have been less shedding of American blood."

He was very much agitated as he expressed his feelings toward Consul Gen. Lee.

Asked how he was treated during his confinement, he begged earnestly not to be compelled to recall his terrible experience during the last two years.

"Why," said he, "I have not been allowed to read one solitary newspaper, except those published on the island. When I heard of the death of brave Gen. Maceo it almost made me collapse, not because I thought the death of one man would check the Cuban cause, but because I knew then that the butcher, Weyler, would not be recalled, as Spain would try to pacify the people by pointing to Maceo's death as a general victory for the government."

Speaking of his plans for the future Gen. Sanguilly said: "I do not know them myself, but I am now going to Washington to attend the inaugural parade, having been invited by the old veteran boys to parade with them. I have been given a place of honor in the parade. After that I shall go to New York to see my brother, who has worked so faithfully for my release, and then I shall keep my promise to the people of Key West, to return and pay them a visit as I am always happy to see my fellow countrymen."

Gen. Sanguilly's wife was equally loud in her praise of Consul Gen. Lee.

John Drexel and Family Missing.

New Orleans, La., March 1.—A statement that the millionaire John Drexel, with his family and a party of friends in his private yacht, who started from his home in Philadelphia to New Orleans to attend the Mardi Gras festivities, is now seven days overdue, and nothing has been heard from the party since it first left Philadelphia is made. Inquiries have been sent out from New York, Philadelphia and New Orleans, but so far have elicited no information as to the whereabouts of Mr. Drexel's yacht.

On Sundays.

Mrs. Oldtimer—"Does your husband still think that you are too good for him?" Mrs. Newlywed—"Yes—he complains a good deal on Sundays!"—Puck.

The Danish Arrives.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 1.—The Danish steamship Dana, Capt. Troenegaard, from Shields, Jan. 29, which had been given up for lost with her crew of thirty men, arrived in the lower Delaware harbor yesterday and signaled that all were well. The Allan liner Asyrian, Capt. Hughes, also came into port much overdue, from Glasgow, towing the Wilson Hner Cambrian, which was adrift helplessly at sea with her main shaft broken.

Pinger Won His Suit.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 28.—The suit brought by D. W. H. Moreland, a member of the board of public works, to oust Mayor Pinger from office was decided in favor of the governor-mayor yesterday by the circuit court on a technicality. Moreland's contention was that when Pinger became governor he vacated the office of mayor. The court did not touch upon this point, but held that Moreland, as a private citizen, had no right in court, and should have brought his suit in the name of the attorney general.

No News From Russia.

London, March 1.—A correspondent declares that no communication has been received from Russia. It is quite certain that the Greek army will be withdrawn. Macedonian forces will be raised within a few weeks with a view to possible contingencies, and if the Turks attempt to invade Thessaly the Bulgarian government is determined to advance its troops instantly to the Aegean sea. It is rumored that the secret national committee has decided to commence operations in Macedonia to-day. Special dispatches report that the Turks who succeeded in retreating the block house at Malata, were attacked by insurgents on their return. The consuls at Candia have signed a telegram imploring the powers not to delay decision. The town is so crowded with Moslems that famine threatens great loss of life. Hundreds of sheep and cattle are already dying from want of fodder. The insurgents have completely cordoned Candia. The greatest anxiety exists also as to the situation at Blinoh, where the armistice agreed upon by the powers has expired. The insurgents are in a worse mood than ever and thoroughly determined.

News from Crete.

London, March 1.—An Athens correspondent says that a war tax is about to be proclaimed in the provinces of Thessaly and Artera. A Bucharest correspondent states that the Roumanian government has decided to call out all reserves from the year 1853.

Advices from Canea report serious news from Candia. Col. Caracas, with 15,000 insurgents and three guns, threatens to attack Hierapetra, where the garrison is ill-supplied with arms and ammunition and the forts are weak. It is feared that he may seriously complicate the situation.

A famine is imminent in Candia, and it is apprehended that the troops there may pillage the district.

Fighting was in progress at Malata yesterday. The Bashi-Bazouks lost three killed and five wounded. The regulars lost eight killed and five wounded.

A correspondent at Canea reports that the insurgents bitterly denounce British Consul Billotti as the chief instrument in thwarting for many years the attempt to liberate Crete.

The Mahomedans looted the British vice consul's house at Halepa Friday night, yet only the previous day he had vehemently denied any act of incendiarism or looting on the part of the Moslems.

Schiner Won.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 28.—The closing hours of the international six days' bicycle race were wild with enthusiasm. Fully 20,000 people crowded Tattersall's building. The paddock enclosed by the track was packed and the press stand was overflowing. The cheering of the spectators aroused the remaining contestants to renewed efforts.

At 10:05 p. m. Fred Schiner of Germany, was declared champion long distance rider of the world, having covered 1788 miles and 4 laps, but lacking 122 miles of coming up with Hale's Madison Square garden record. Schiner, speaking of his long endurance, says that he feels strong and in a healthy condition and with a little sleep and rest he will be able to defend the title he has just won. He will leave in ten days for an extended trip through the South, visiting New Orleans, Birmingham and points in Texas and old Mexico.

The final score follows: Schiner 1788 miles and 4 laps, Miller 1764 miles and 1 lap, Ashinger 1727 miles, Lawson 1707 miles and 1 lap, Hansen 1607 miles and 3 laps.

Mrs. Beecher Very Ill.

Stamford, Conn., March 1.—Notwithstanding that the attending physicians and nurses believe that Mrs. Beecher's vitality would have been exhausted days ago she still retains a tenacious hold to life, and the attendants are now loath to say anything definite about her condition. It was stated last night, however, that she was weaker than at any time since she was confined to her room, and is conscious only at rare intervals.

Railroad Bonds Extended.

New York, Feb. 28.—It is reported that arrangements have been perfected for extending the St. Louis and Iron Mountain bonds maturing May 1. The issue includes \$4,000,000 5 per cent and \$6,000,000 7 per cent bonds, which are extended fifty years at 4 1/2 and 5 per cent respectively. One million four hundred and fifty thousand dollars Cairo, Arkansas and Texas division 7s, maturing June 1, will be paid.

Not Permitted.

"That was tough on Davis." "What?" "He stepped on a banana peel, fell, and was arrested for giving a free performance without a license."—Truth.

No Sense in It.

Farmer Oatcake—"Mandy, every fellow's bound to be worked up over the political situation this year." Mrs. Oatcake—"Mebbe, Silas; but as it only takes you a few minutes to vote, I don't just see the sense o' talkin' about it for three months ahead!"—Truth.

Mental Strength.

Mrs. Brown—"Mrs. Smith is a woman of remarkable strength of mind." Mrs. Jones—"Is she?" "Yes. She never buys anything she doesn't want."—Life.

Shocked.

Bill I. Due—Jones was hit by a live electric wire the other day. Will E. Tumble—Was he hurt? Bill I. Due—Yes, very badly; but the electric company sent him a bill for the electricity he used up and he was shocked at the idea of his being charged with electricity.—Up-to-Date.

Further But Better.

The Donor—Now don't go and spend that in the nearest saloon. The Recipient—No, sir; dere's a better one round de corner.—Puck.

AMERICANS IN CUBA.

A LIVELY TIME IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

Over the Incarceration of Julio Sanguilly and the Long Continued Abuse and Mistreatment of American Subjects by Spanish Officials.

Washington, Feb. 26.—The senate was in an uproar all day yesterday over the resolution brought in from the committee on foreign relations, which demanded the release of Julio Sanguilly. There were many sensational incidents. Allen and Hale wanted American war vessels sent to Cuba.

The first resolution coming over from Tuesday was that of Mr. Allen, asking the president to use effective measures to protect American citizens in Cuba and to that end to send United States warships to Cuban ports.

Mr. Allen said that American citizens were daily being arrested in Cuba and thrown into prison without any trial, many of them being denied access to the United States consul general. It seemed to be the disposition of Spain to punish every American citizen in Cuba. It was, he said, a story full of barbarity and atrocity. Recently a lady had been taken by Spanish officials and her person searched under circumstances of extreme cruelty. Little girls had been gathered up in Cuba and sold into the worst conceivable slavery; sold to a life of shame. Spanish soldiers had taken infants, held them by their heels, hacked them to pieces with the deadly machete and killed the parents. Such action was a blot on the civilization of the age. Why should congress remain supine? The time would come when this inaction would make our people bang their heads for being American citizens.

The following communication from Sanguilly's counsel is self explanatory, and shows the condition of things in Spain:

"I, John Sherman, chairman of the committee on foreign relations, etc. Sir—Shall I be permitted in my capacity of counsel and representative of Mr. Julio Sanguilly, imprisoned in Havana, to request you in the name of my client, and for his benefit, to present a demand for his release upon the Spanish government for the release of my client. Said release having been already granted by the Spanish government upon no other condition than the fulfillment of a certain technical requirement of the Spanish law, a condition to which I, Sanguilly's lawyer in Havana, do readily assent, would it not be injurious to the prisoner to afford the Spanish government a plausible opportunity to withdraw from its engagement in this respect?"

"Of course I can not but be grateful to the generous spirit shown by the resolution to which I refer, as I am with all my heart, and my client is grateful to the honorable secretary of state for his manly, untrifling and benevolent efforts in favor of Mr. Sanguilly."

"I can not but see and recognize that the movement in the senate is inspired in the same generous feeling which from the beginning has inspired the honorable secretary of state. But I am afraid that the effect which the resolution, if passed, will necessarily produce in the government circles of Spain and perhaps among the masses, will result in the defeat of the efforts of the state and senate."

"I make to you, therefore, an earnest appeal in the name of Mr. Sanguilly to submit this letter if proper to the consideration of the senate, which, in its wisdom, will no doubt pay attention to the statements therein contained. I am, sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient servant."

J. I. RODRIGUEZ,
"Counsel for Julio Sanguilly."

He Wants War.

Washington, Feb. 26.—Representative Sulzer of New York Tuesday introduced a bill declaring war between Spain and her colonies and the United States. The bill provides "that war be declared to exist between the kingdom of Spain and her colonies and the United States of America and their territories and that the president is authorized to call on the whole land and navy force of the United States to put the same in effect and issue to private vessels of the United States commissions or letters of marque and general reprisal in such form as he shall think proper and under the seal of the United States against the vessels, goods and effects of the said government of Spain and the subjects thereof."

Arkansas Railroad Commission. Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 26.—The house yesterday passed a railroad commission bill somewhat similar to the Texas law. It provides for the election by the legislature of three commissioners, whose salaries of \$2500 per annum are to be paid by the railroad companies.

Telegram to Lee.

New York, Feb. 26.—The following dispatch was cabled to Havana yesterday:

"New York, Feb. 25, 1897.—To Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Havana: The Cuban league of the United States, representing the unanimous sentiment of the American people, heartily congratulates you for your patriotic stand. It redoubles our country to some degree from a load of infamy imposed by some of its leading officials. ETHAN ALLEN, "President Cuban League of the United States."

Two Hangings.

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 26.—A murderer and an assassin expiated their crimes upon the gallows side by side at Pine Bluff yesterday. The men who paid the death penalty were Robert Cox and another negro known as Crazy Jim. An attempt was made to secure executive clemency in the latter's behalf, but the governor refused to interfere.

One of the Penalties.

"I am sorry you punctured your tire, dear, but if you wear those togs you must stop crying and act like a man."

Negro Conference.

Tuskegee, Ala., Feb. 26.—Many distinguished northern people interested in missionary, sociological and reformatory movements were present at the negro conference. The following declarations were unanimously adopted as the sense of the conference:



PART II.
Told by Richard Penton, of Frenchay,
Gloucestershire, Esquire.

AS my old friend Phil Brand has asked me to do this, I suppose I must—Brand is a right good fellow and a clever fellow, but has plenty of crochets of his own. The worst I know of him is that he insists upon having his own way with people. With those who differ from him he is as obstinate as a mule. Anyhow, he has always had his own way with me. This custom, so far as I am concerned, commenced years ago, when we were boys at school together, and I have never been able to shake off the bad habit of giving it to him. He has promised to see that my Queen's English is presentable; for, to tell the truth, I am more at home across country than across footeap, and my fingers know the feel of the reins or the trigger better than that of the pen.

All the same, I hope he won't take too many liberties with my style, bad though it may be; for old Brand at times is apt to get—well, a bit prosy. To hear him on the subject of hard work, and the sanctity thereof, approaches the sublime!

What freak took me to the little God-forsaken village of Midcombe in the depth of winter, is entirely between myself and my conscience. The cause, saying no bearing upon the matter, am asked to tell you about is no one's business but mine. I will only say that now I would not stay in such a place, at such a time of the year, for the sake of the prettiest girl in the world, let alone the bare chance of meeting her once or twice. But one's ideas change. I am now a good bit older, ride some two stone heavier, and have been married ever so many years. Perhaps, after all, as I look back, I can find some excuse for being such an ass as to endure, for more than a fortnight, all the discomforts heaped upon me in that little village inn.

A man who sojourns in such a hole as Midcombe must give some reason for doing so. My ostensible reason was hunting. I had a horse with me, and a second-rate subscription pack of slow-going mongrels did meet somewhere in the neighborhood, so no one could gainsay my explanation. But, if hunting was my object, I got precious little of it. A few days after my arrival, a bitter, biting frost set in—a frost as black as your hat and as hard as nails. Yet still I stayed on.

From private information received—no matter how, when, or where—I knew that some people in the neighborhood had organized a party to go skating on a certain day at Lilymere, a fine sheet of water some distance from Midcombe. I guessed that someone whom I particularly desired to meet would be there, and as the skating was free to anyone who chose to take the trouble of getting to such an out-of-the-way place, I hired a horse and reached the pond at twelve miles a day, a film of white covered the whole country. I stabled my horse as well as I could, then, taking my skates with me, walked down to the pond.

Now, whether I had mistaken the day, or whether the threatening fall of snow had made certain people change their minds, I don't know; but, to my annoyance and vexation, no skaters were to be seen, and, moreover, the uncut, white surface told me that morning had been on the pond that morning. Still I hoped they might come in spite of the weather, I put on my skates and went outside—edging and scrape-vining all over the place. But as there was no person in particular—in fact, no one at all—to note my powers, I soon got tired. It was, indeed, dreary, dreary work. But I waited and hoped until the snow came down so fast and furiously, that I felt sure that waiting was in vain, and that I had driven to Lilymere for nothing.

Back I went to the little inn, utterly disgusted with the result in general, and feeling that to break someone's head would be a relief to me in my present state of mind. Of course, a sensible man would at once have got his horse between the shafts and driven home. But, whatever I may be now, in those days I was not a sensible man—Brand will, I know, cordially endorse this remark—the accommodation of the inn was not such as to induce one to linger within its precincts; but the fire was a right good one, and a drink, which I skillfully manufactured out of some hot beer, not to be despised, and proved warming to the body and soothing to the ruffled temper. So I lingered over the big fire until I began to feel hungry, and upon the landlady assuring me that she could cook a rasher, decided it would be wiser to stay where I was until the violence of the snow-storm was over; for coming down it was now, and no mistake!

And it kept on coming down. About half-past three, when I sorrowfully decided I was bound to make a move, it was snowing faster than ever. I harnessed my horse, and laughing at the old woman's dismal prophecy that I should never get to Midcombe in such weather, gathered up the reins, and away I went along the white road.

I thought I knew the way well enough. In fact, I had always prided myself upon remembering any road driven over by me, but does any one who has not tried it really know

how a heavy fall of snow changes the aspect of the country, and makes landmarks snares and delusions? I learnt all about it then, once and for all. I found, alas! I thought could possibly be in so short a time, and it still fell in a manner almost unduly. Yet I went on bravely and merrily for some miles. Then came a bit of uncertainty—

WHICH of those two roads was the right one? This one, of course—no, the other. There was no house near; no one was likely to be passing in such weather, so I was left to exercise my free, unbiased choice, a privilege I would willingly have dispensed with.

However, I made the best selection I could, and followed it for two or three miles. Then I began to grow doubtful, and soon persuading myself that I was on the wrong track, retraced my steps. I was by this time something like a huge white plaster-of-paris figure, and the snow which had accumulated on the old dog-cart made it run heavier by half-a-ton, more or less. By the time I came to that unlovely junction of roads at which my misfortune began, it was almost dark; the sky was black as tar-paulin, yet sending down the white feathery flakes thicker and faster than ever. I felt inclined to curse my folly in attempting such a drive, at any rate I blamed myself for not having started two or three hours earlier. I'll warrant that steady-going old Brand never had to accuse himself of such foolishness as mine.

Well, I took the other road—went on some way; came to a turning which I seemed to remember; and, not without misgivings, followed it. My misgivings increased when, after a little while, I found the road grew full of ruts, which the snow and the darkness quite concealed from me. Evidently I was wrong again. I was just thinking of making the best of my way out of this rough and unfrequented road, when—there, I don't know how it happened, and such things seldom occur to me—a stumble, a fall on the part of my tired horse sent me flying over the dashboard, with the only consoling thought that the reins were still in my hand.

Luckily the snow had made the falling pretty soft. I picked myself up and set about estimating damages. With some difficulty I got the horse out of the harness and then felt free to inspect the dog-cart. Alas! after the manner of the two-wheeled kind when ever a horse thinks fit to fall, one shaft had snapped off like a carrot; so here was I, five miles apparently from anywhere, in the thick of a blinding snow-storm, left standing helpless beside a faded horse and a broken cart—I should like to know what Brand would have done under the circumstances.

As for me, I reflected for some minutes—reflexion in a snowstorm is weary work. I reasoned, I believe, logically, as far as that goes. I would follow the road. If, as I suspected, it was but a cart track, it would probably soon lead to a habitation of some kind. Anyway, I had better try a bit farther. I took hold of the wearied horse and with snow under my feet, snowflakes whirling round me, and a wind blowing right into my teeth, struggled on.

It was a journey! I think I must have been three-quarters of an hour going about a quarter of a mile. I was just beginning to despair, when I saw a welcome gleam of light. I steered toward it, fondly hoping that my troubles were at an end. I found the light stole through the ill-fitting window shutters of what seemed, so far as I could make out in the darkness, to be a small farm-house. Tying to a gate the knotted reins by which I had been leading the horse, I staggered up to the door and knocked loudly. Upon my honor, until I leant against the doorpost, I had no idea how tired I was—until that moment I never suspected that the finding of speedy shelter meant absolutely saving my life. Covered from head to foot with snow, my hat crushed in, I must have been a pitiable object.

No answer came to my first summons. It was only after a second and more imperative application of my heel that the door deigned to give way a few inches. Through the aperture a woman's voice asked, "Who there?" "Let me in," I said. "I have missed my way to Midcombe. My horse has fallen. You must give me shelter for the night. Open the door, and let me in."

"Shelter! You can't get shelter here, mister," said a man's gruff voice. "This ain't an inn, so you'd best be off, and go elsewhere."

"But I must come in," I said, astounded at such inhospitality. "I can't go a step farther. Open the door at once!" "You be hanged," said the man. "Tis my house, not yours." "But, you fool, I mean to pay you well for your trouble. Don't you know it means death wandering about on such a night as this? Let me in!" "You won't come in here," was the brutal and boorish reply. The door closed.

That I was enraged at such incivility may be easily imagined; but if I said I was thoroughly frightened I believe no one would be surprised. As getting in to that house meant simply life or death to me, into that house I determined to get, by door or window, if fair means or by foul. So, as the door closed, I hurled myself against it with all the might I could muster. Although I ride much heavier now than I did then, all my weight at that time was horse and man. The violence of my attack tore from the lintel the staple which held the chain; the door went back with a bang, and I fell forward into the house, fully resolved to

stay there whether welcome or unwelcome.

THE door through which I had burst like a battering ram, opened straight into a sort of kitchen, so although I entered in a most undignified way, in fact on my hands and knees, I was a well-established in the center of the room before the man and woman emerged from behind the door, where my successful assault had thrown them. I stood up and faced them. They were a couple of ordinary, respectable-looking country people. The man, a sturdy, strong-built, bull-necked rascal, stood scowling at me, and I concluded, making up his mind as to what course to pursue.

"My good people," I said, "you are behaving in the most unheard-of manner. Can't you understand that I mean to pay you well for any trouble I give you? But whether you like it or not, here I stay to-night. To turn me out would be sheer murder."

So saying I pulled off my overcoat, and began shaking the snow out of my whiskers.

I dare say my determined attitude, my respectable, as well as my muscular appearance, impressed my unwilling hosts. Any way, they gave in without any more ado. Whilst the woman shut the door through which the snowflakes were whirling, the man said suddenly:

"Well, you'll have to spend the night on a chair. We've no beds here for strangers. Specially those as ain't wanted."

"Very well, my friend. Having settled the matter you may as well make yourself pleasant. Go out and get my horse under cover, and give him a feed of some sort—make a hash if you can."

After giving the woman a quick glance as of warning, my scowling host lit a horn lantern, and went on the errand I suggested. I gladly sunk into a chair, and warmed myself before a cheerful fire. The prospect of spending the night amid such discomfort was not alluring, but I had, at least, a roof over my head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INDIFFERENCE TO COMFORT.

Gen. Grant Declined to Change His Wet Clothes or Boots.

A member of Gen. Thomas' staff quietly called that officer's attention to the fact that the distinguished guest's clothes were pretty wet and his boots were thoroughly soaked with rain after his long ride through the storm and that the colds were usually no respecters of persons, says the Century. Gen. Thomas' mind had been so intent upon receiving the commander and arranging for a conference of officers that he had entirely overlooked his guest's travel-stained condition; but as soon as his attention was called to it all of his old-time Virginia hospitality was aroused, and he at once begged his newly arrived chief to step into a bedroom and change his clothes. His urgings, however, were in vain. The general thanked him politely, but positively declined to make any additions to his personal comfort, except to light a fresh cigar. Afterward, however, he consented to draw his chair nearer to the wood fire which was burning in the chimney-place and to thrust his feet forward to give his top-boots a chance to dry. The extent of his indulgence in personal comfort in the field did not seem to be much greater than that of bluff old Marshal Suvaroff, who, when he wished to give himself over to an excess of luxury, used to go so far as to take off one spur before going to bed.

Sir Richard Burton.

The late Sir Richard Burton was, after the death of Cardinal Mezzofanti, considered the finest linguist in Europe, being the master of thirty-five languages and dialects. He came of a good English family, but had a strain of gypsy blood in him. At an early age he entered the Indian service under Sir Charles Napier. So thoroughly did he master the Afghan tongue and accustom himself to the ways of that nation, that, disguised as an Afghan, he made a pilgrimage to Mecca and kissed the Holy Black Stone like the devout Mussulman he pretended to be. Later he distinguished himself in African explorations, being connected with the Speke expedition which discovered the sources of the Nile. He was a great traveler, visiting all parts of the world; and after his marriage his wife accompanied him. He was the finest Arabic scholar of his time; and his translations have an enduring literary value. His mausoleum at Mortlake, Eng., is of white stone, shaped by the Arab tent so familiar to him and so typical of human life. The interior is chapel-like, fitted with rich oriental lamps and a shrine. Over the door, and below the crucifix, is an open book, upon one page of which was carved the epitaph. His wife, who died a few months ago, is buried with him.

French Women.

According to the laws of her country one would think a French woman a very strange creature. She may not witness a legal document, yet she may become a doctor, lawyer, a member of the board of education, and sometimes is even decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. She may busy herself with art or with trade and she may attain a high position in either, but, for all this, if she happens to be married, she has no right to her own earnings, and she can neither purchase nor dispose of property without the consent of her lord and master.

What He Was.

He—"You are a veritable queen of the roses, Daisy, but I—what am I?" She—"Give it up, dear boy, altogether, unless you are an evergreen."—Standard.

Lofty Flights.

"I thought you said Teacup was given to the most lofty flights of fancy." "I did. He honestly thinks that he is an actor."—Detroit Free Press.

PALMAGE'S SERMON.

A SHATTERED FAITH LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "And Some Are Broken Pieces from the Ship" Acts, Chapter XXIV, Verse 44—Saving the Wrecked on Life's Tempestuous Sea.

NEVER off Goodwin Sands, or the Skerries, or Cape Hatteras, was a ship in worse predicament than, in the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when the grain ship was driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Clitta Vecchia. After a two-weeks' tempest, when the ship was entirely disabled, and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was small, crooked-backed and sore-eyed, according to tradition, it was Paul, the only unscarred man aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rowlocks, first asking them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one click of the scissors; nay, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Knowing that they can never get to the desired port, they make the sea on the fourteenth night black with overturned cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek, and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took the two paddies they had on those hundred and eighty men, and they went to the beach, with such force as to driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes—tumbling toward the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost, now rolling over to the starboard, now over to the larboard, now a wave dashes clear over the deck, and it seems as if the old craft has gone for ever. But she comes again. Paul's arms around the mast, he cries: "All is well, God has given me all those that sail with me." Crash! went the prow, with such force that it broke off the mast. Crash! went the timbers, till the sea rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships, and into a thousand fragments the vessel goes, and into the waves the hundred and eighty immortals are precipitated. Some had been brought up on the seashore, but had learned to swim and with their limbs just above the waves and by the strokes of both arms and propulsion of both feet, they put out for the beach, and reach it. But alas for those others! They have never learned to swim, or the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long sea-sickness, and when they were cast into the sea, they were unable to keep up their courage. Remember what Paul told you. There, the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There, another plank comes in, with a life clinging fast to it. There, another piece of the shattered vessel, with its freightage of an immortal soul, is borne up to the beach. Yes; there comes in luck of all for the men who were over the sea, the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out: "Thank God, all are here!"

I believe in both the Heidelberg and Westminster Catechisms, and I wish you all did; but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea, that Christ came to save sinners, and that he saves them, and you are instantly rescued. If you come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can only find a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are today kept out of the kingdom of God, because they cannot believe everything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul who has lately traveled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me: "I cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there will be another opportunity of repentance after death." I say to him: "My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death when he has a good chance before death is a stark fool? Had not you better take the plank that is thrown to you now and head for shore, rather than wait for a plank that may be invisible hands be thrown to you after you are dead? Do as you please, but as for myself, with pardon for all my sins offered me now, and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now, I instantly take them, rather than run the risk of such other chance as will men think they can peel off or twist out of a Scripture passage that has for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way." You say: "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology." I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great siegeworks of ecclesiastical battle. But I do ask you to take the one plank of the Gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl-strung beach of heaven.

Says some other man: "I would attend to religion if I were quite sure

about the doctrine of election and freewill, but that scares me all up. The things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them; for I say to myself: 'If I love Christ and live a good, honest, useful life, I am elected to be saved; and if I do not love Christ, and live a bad life, I will be damned, and all the theological seminaries of the universe cannot make it any different.' I floundered along while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when they threw the grain overboard; but I saw there was mercy for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore ever since.

While I am talking to another man about his soul he tells me: "I do not believe there is any hell at all." Ah! don't you? Do all the people of all beliefs and all men of all good morals and bad morals go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight, in a hallway, the owner of a house and a burglar meet, they both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar dies in five minutes and the owner of the house lives a week after; will the burglar be at the gate of heaven, waiting, when the house-owner comes in? Will the debauchee and the libertine go right in among the families of heaven? Will Herod be playing on the banks of the river of life with the children he massacred? I wonder if Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth are up there shooting at a mark. I do not now contravert it, although I must say that for such a miserable heaven I have no admiration. But the Bible does not say: 'Believe in perdition and be saved.' Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought to keep you from loving and serving Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get ashore. You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy, about the atmosphere from that which others adopt, but you are not, therefore, hindered from action. Because your theory of light is different from others, do not refuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different, you do not refuse to acknowledge the north star. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different hinder you from acting upon what you know? If you have not a whole ship fastened in the theological drydocks to what you believe, you have at least a plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

"But I don't believe in revivals!" Then go to your room, and all alone, with your door locked, give your heart to God, and join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than fifty in the shade.

"But I do not believe in baptism!" Come in without it and settle that matter afterwards. "But I am not a consistent Christian!" Then come in and show them by a good example how professors should act. "But I don't believe in the Old Testament!" Then come in on the New. "But I don't like the Book of Romans." Then come in on Matthew or Luke. Refusing to come to Christ, whom you admit to be the Savior of the lost, because you cannot admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest, and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of the broken ship. I hear him say: "I won't know in any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the right place, and the sails set, and that keel-piece where it belongs, and the floor-boards right, and the ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old sailor, and know all about ships for forty years, and as soon as I can get the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in." A man drifting by on a piece of wood overhears him and says: "You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing, and know nothing about the ropes and the keel-piece, and get up on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man in the offing, while trying to mend his ship goes down. The man who trusted to the plank is saved. O my brother, let your smashed-up system of theology go to the bottom, while you come in on a splintered spar! "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

You may get all your difficulties settled as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian, got his gardens made. When the war between Austria and Sardinia broke out he was living at Caprera, a very rough and uncultivated island home. But he went forth with his sword to achieve the liberation of Naples and Sicily, and gave nine million people free government, under Emperor Emmanuel. Garibaldi, after being absent two years from Caprera, returned, and, when he approached it, he found that his home had, by Victor Emmanuel, as a surprise, been Edenized. Trimmed shrubbery had taken the place of thorny thickets, gardens the place of barrenness, and the old rockery in which he once lived had given way to a pictured mansion. And I tell you if you will come an enlist under the banner of our Victor Emmanuel, and follow him through thick and thin, and fight his battles, and endure his sacrifices, you will find after awhile that he has changed your heart from a jungle of thorny scepticisms into a garden all abloom with luxuriant joy that you have never dreamt of. From a tangled Caprera of sadness into a paradise of God.

I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that your parents started you with only one plank, and you believe little or nothing. Or they may have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline, and cracked you over the head with a psalm book. It may be that some partner in business who was a member of an evangelical church played you a trick that disgusted you with religion. It may be that you have associates who have talked against Christianity in your presence until you are "all at sea," and you dwell more on things that you do not believe than on things you do believe. You are in one respect like Lord Nelson. When a signal was lifted that he wished to disregard, and he put his sea-glass to his blind eye and said: "I really do not see the signal." Oh, my brother, put

this field-glass of the Gospel no longer to your blind eye, and say, I cannot see, but put it to your other eye, the eye of faith, and you will see Christ, and he is all you need to see.

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. The steamship Kuleok-locker, of the Cronwell line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in great storms, and the captain and crew saw the schooner, Mary D. Cranmer, of Philadelphia, in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a lifeboat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times up and was righted, and a line thrown the poor fellows, but their hands were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down, never to rise again till the sea gives up its dead. Appreciate that heroism and self-sacrifice of the brave fellows all who can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out into a more biting cold and into a more overwhelming surge, to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety? The wave of human hate rolled over him from one side and the wave of hellish fury rolled over him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of his tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue!

You admit you are all broken up, one decade of your life gone by, two decades, three decades, four decades, a half-century, perhaps three-quarters of a century gone. The hour hand and the minute hand of your clock of life are almost parallel, and soon it will be twelve and your day ended. Clear discouraged are you? I admit it is a sad thing to give all our lives that are worth anything to sin and the devil, and then at last make God a present of a first-rate corpse. But the past you cannot recover. Get on board that old ship you never will. Have you only one more year left, one more month, one more week, one more day, one more hour—come in on that. Perhaps if you get to heaven God may let you go out on some great mission to some other world, where you can somewhat atone for your lack of service in this.

From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deprecation something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties and fine social position and great opportunity, but through worldliness and neglect all has gone to waste save these few remaining hours. I now accept of Christ and shall enter heaven through his mercy; but alas, alas! that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the waving hands of a multitude in whose salvation I had borne a blessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pieces of the ship."

IN LENBACH'S STUDIO.

It is Filled with Rare, Beautiful and Historical Things.

For years he worked in an unpretentious back building on the site where he has now erected the magnificent house of which his brother, well known in his special branch, was architect, says the Century. The studio is divided into three spacious rooms and occupies the whole of the second story. The ceilings are richly decorated with medallions and has-reliefs in dark woods picked out with gold; the walls, also dark in tone, are hung with valuable tapestries and copies of well-known pictures during his Wanderjahre, with here and there an untheatrical work of an old master. An unceasing and discriminating collector, Lenbach has filled his house and studio with objects of esthetic and historical interest. There are marble statuettes and figures of ancient Greece and Rome, busts and bas-reliefs dating from the renaissance, crucifixes and reliquaries breathing the mystical affluence of the middle ages, priceless and historic brocades, rugs and hangings from the east—everything, from the beautiful shell grotto adjoining the studio, with its elaborate mosaics, to a rare bit of brocade from some suppressed monastery, giving evidence of the unerring taste of the master. The whole building is illuminated by a complete system of electric lights, enabling him to paint, as he often does, until far into the night. He is in consequence a late riser, breakfasting at 10, and rarely going to his work before 11 o'clock.

The Porcupine's Quills.

The current opinion that a porcupine throws its quills at an enemy is not supported by facts, says the Portland Oregonian: The spines of the porcupine are very loosely attached to the body and are very sharp—as sharp as a needle. At almost the slightest touch they penetrate the nose of a dog or the clothing or flesh of a person touching the porcupine, and stick there, coming away from the animal without any pulling required. The facility in catching hold with one end and letting go with the other has sometimes caused people to think that the spines had been thrown at them. The outer end of the spines, for some distance down, is covered with small barbs. These barbs cause a spine once imbedded in a living animal to keep working farther in with every movement of the muscles.

Theory About Quinine.

It is claimed that the tree from the bark of which quinine is obtained furnishes no quinine except in malarial regions. If the tree is planted in a malarial district it will produce quinine; if it is planted in a non-malarial district it will not produce quinine. It is, therefore, inferred that quinine is a malarial poison, drawn from the soil and stored up in the bark of this tree.

There's a Bologna Trust Now.

In a New York civil justice's court the other day, a witness testified to the existence of an American Bologna sausage trust.

The devil has an iron collar on every man who thinks more of the soul than he does of his home.

The Homestead Law.

Austin, Tex., Feb. 24.—The bill requiring superintendents of asylums to advertise for beds and supplies and providing the contracts shall be awarded by boards of trustees was laid before the house yesterday.

The bill was passed under a suspension of the rules.

House bill No. 59, by Mr. Seaman, relating to the time and making of returns to the secretary of state of elections for state and district officers, was laid before the house. The measure is simply to supply omissions of certain officers, which have been created since the law sought to be amended was adopted. The bill passed.

House bill No. 61 was laid before the house on third reading. It is by Mr. Henderson, and is to define the offense of burglary so as to include forcible entry by day. The bill passed finally.

House bill No. 67, by Mr. Fisher, providing that no conveyance of a wife's property shall take place until joined in by the husband and wife and acknowledged separately by the wife. The bill was amended to include the emergency clause, and was finally passed.

The bill making the separate acknowledgment of the wife necessary in the conveyance of a homestead was next taken up, and finally passed under a suspension of the rules.

A bill exempting the proceeds of the sale of a homestead from garnishment within twelve months was taken up on its final passage. The bill was passed.

The bill making the sale or distribution of immoral publications a felony, punishable by imprisonment from two to five years in the penitentiary, was taken up and passed.

The bill defining the manner in which road overseers shall purchase and pay for material used in the improvement of roads was passed finally.

Mr. Fields, of Hill, introduced a resolution expressing regret at the death of J. M. C. Wilson, of Hill county, and A. J. Hart, of Somervell county, members of the twenty-fourth legislature, and calling for the appointment of committees to draft suitable resolutions.

The name of the late S. G. Graham, of Johnson county, was included in the resolution.

The resolution was adopted.

House bill No. 41, amending the law relating to divorce, so as to make husband and wife competent witnesses, was laid before the house on its third reading and passed.

House bill No. 262, perpetuating teachers' certificates, was read the third time.

The bill was then passed—yeas 69, nays 33.

Mr. McFarland's bill for the protection of fish and game was taken up. The bill also provides that all oysters gathered, except for planting, shall be culled and the young oysters and dead shells must be returned to the reefs from which they were taken. It also gives fishermen one month longer each year to fish in the reserved bay.

Mr. Turner, of Nueces, offered an amendment adding to the reserved waters. The amendment was adopted.

Mr. Harris offered an amendment making Galveston bay reserved waters. Mr. McFarland made a few remarks in advocacy of the bill, after which it was ordered engrossed, and finally passed under a suspension of the rules.

Austin, Tex., Feb. 24.—Yesterday in the senate Mr. Linn, of Wharton, moved to suspend the rules and take up bill No. 105, known as Linn's drainage bill, on its second reading. The motion prevailed, and the bill was ordered engrossed. The rules were then suspended and the bill read the third time and passed.

Senator Boyer sent up a petition signed by the mayor and three aldermen of Dallas protesting against the passage of the bill to amend the charter of the city of Dallas, and which has already been reported favorably by the senate committee on state affairs.

On motion of Senator Atter, the bill amending the law relating to the sale of lands by corporations authorized to acquire lands was laid before the senate on its second reading and passed to engrossment.

Senate bill No. 133, relating to the time of holding term of court of the courts of civil appeals, was called up by Senator Ross and passed.

The Texas Leaves Galveston.

Galveston, Tex., Feb. 24.—About fifty sailors and marines of the battleship Texas were given a street car ride over the city yesterday, ending with an oyster roast. Some difficulty was experienced in transferring the men and officers who came ashore from the battleship that brought them, owing to the heavy sea running in the Gulf. The boats had to be hauled by lines from one vessel to the other. The Texas has taken her coal aboard, and will sail for New Orleans at 10 o'clock this morning.

The Meeks Case.

Denison, Tex., Feb. 24.—At the present term of the United States commissioners' court in Tishomingo, I. T., before Hon. Nicholas Wolfe, commissioner, the two cases against Henry Meeks, charged with larceny of cattle, were disposed of on preliminary hearing, and he was bound over to await the action of the grand jury. His bonds were fixed at \$1000 and \$8000 respectively, which he readily gave. The other cases against the same defendant on charges of the same nature were continued.

Immigrants Arriving.

Waco, Tex., Feb. 24.—Immigrants from the old states are coming in pretty fast and entering West Texas counties. An entire colony, numbering 103 families, took the Cotton Belt route at Pontotoc, Miss., and got off the cars in Texas at DeLeon, Comanche county. This colony of Missisippians came on a chartered train and brought all their belongings, including household stuff, agricultural implements, teams and cattle. They are now busy getting land ready for crops, building houses and fences and making themselves at home generally in Texas.

A recent issue of a Greenville (Ky.) paper contained the following letter of correction from a reader: "I desire to make a correction of the account published in your last week's issue relating to my marriage. It was stated that when I was married I had on my wife's dress a pair of World's Fair socks. I did not have on my World's Fair socks at that time, but wore a pair of cotton socks that were presented to me by my grandfather, Col. Jacob Leigh. My grandfather, who was a soldier of the war of 1812, had worn them at the great battle of New Orleans and he gave them to me as a relic."

The Wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub.

A New Botanical Discovery.—Of Special Interest to Sufferers from Diseases of the Kidneys or Bladder, Rheumatism, etc.—A Blessing to Humanity.

A Free Gift of Great Value to You.

Our readers will be glad to know that the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, from the wonderful Kava-Kava shrub has proved an assured cure for all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or by disordered action of the Kidneys or urinary organs. The Kava-Kava Shrub, or as botanists call it, *Piper Methystricum*, grows on the banks of the Ganges river, East India, and probably was (Piper Methystricum) used for centuries by the natives before its extraordinary properties became known to civilization through Christian missionaries. In this respect it resembles the discovery of quinine from the peruvian bark, made known by the Indians to the early Jesuit missionaries in South America, and by them brought to civilization.

It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is to malaria. We have the strongest testimony of many ministers of the gospel, well-known doctors and business men cured by Alkavis, when all other remedies had failed.

In the New York *Weekly World*, of Sept. 10th, the testimony of Rev. W. B. Moore, D. of Washington, D. C., was given, describing his years of suffering from Kidney Disease and Rheumatism, and his rapid cure by Alkavis. Rev. Thomas Smith, the Methodist minister at Coldest, Illinois, passed nearly one hundred gravel stones after two weeks' use of Alkavis. After hovering between life and death for two months, and all his doctors having failed, he took Alkavis, and was completely restored to health and strength, and is still the minister of the gospel. Mr. R. C. Wood, a prominent attorney of Dallas, was cured of Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder disease, by Alkavis. Mr. Wood describes himself as being in constant distress, often compelled to rise ten times during the night on account of weakness of the bladder. He was treated by all his home physicians, but without benefit, and finally completely cured in a few weeks by Alkavis. His testimony is undoubted and really wonderful. Mrs. James Young, of Kent, Ohio, writes that she had tried six doctors in vain, that she was about to give up in despair, when she found Alkavis and was promptly cured of kidney disease and restored to health. Many other ladies testify to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis in the various disorders peculiar to womanhood.

So far the Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 422 Fourth Avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the purpose of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of this paper who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

TEXAS TRAVELING MEN.

Something About the Enterprising Travelers for Orders in the Lone Star State.

As the spring traveling men for improvement houses are out early and there is no rest for the saint or sinner among them till after the rush of spring work is over. So many improvements and changes are made that year after year the same old ground must be gone over, the same old fight for supremacy

to be made. Among the men at the front in the battle royal waged this year is Mr. E. Metzger, of San Antonio, representing the Texas Moline Plow Company, of Dallas. Mr. Metzger has had a long experience on the road, having represented the D. M. Osborne company many years. For six years he traveled in Mexico for this company, the present manager of the Texas Moline Plow Company. Mr. W. N. Stroud, then having charge of the Osborne business in Mexico. Mr. Metzger has the happy faculty of making friends wherever he is known. He is an up-to-date business man, and understands his business in all its details. Strictly business, liberal and broad-gauged in all his transactions, the Texas Moline Plow Company's interests will be well guarded while under his watchful eye.

Dashaway—What is your idea of happiness?

Topery—Continually satisfying a thirst you are unable to quench.—Life.

Just the Thing.

Mrs. Doolittle (continuing story)—"And then their conduct became so very shameful, it is really unfit for decent ears to hear."

Mrs. Wiggleby (settling back with an air of delighted expectancy)—"Tell it!"—**U.—Date.**

In the Sahara.

First Camel—Well, that's the last straw!

Second Camel—What is?

First Camel—Don't you see those people crossing the desert on bikes?—**Puck.**

The Eternal Feminine.

"What a sad expression Mr. Welham has. Ever notice it?"

"Yes. There is a woman at the bottom of it all, as usual."

"You don't say! Who is she?"

"His wife. Her cooking has given him dyspepsia."—**Indiana Journal.**

Tipple—There does not seem to be much excitement for you girls down here?

Billy—No; fourteen of us are engaged to the hotel clerk and the rest are waiting for the proprietor who is ill in bed.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

TMAY not be amiss to suggest to inexperienced buttermakers that they themselves a good deal of trouble, loss of time and damage to the butter if they will bear in mind a few simple rules that apply with more force in cold weather than warm. Says V. M. Couch in American Dairyman. The temperature of the cream for churning is a matter of the first importance. What the exact churning temperature should be can be determined by experiment, for the condition of the cream varies on different farms, owing to the kind of cows, the way they are fed and the method of setting the milk and keeping and ripening the cream. But a temperature of about 62 degrees will come nearer, I believe, to suiting most cases than any other. It is safe to begin at that temperature and, if not satisfactory, raise or lower it at succeeding churning until the proper degree is reached. For instance, should the churning at 62 degrees take too long a time and the butter when it comes is off-color and inclined to be crumbly, at the next churning try a temperature of 64 or 66 degrees, according to circumstances. When if the butter comes too soon and is soft, a lower temperature should be tried. Great care should not be allowed to freeze, but if only one churning a week be made, it should be kept cool enough to keep it from souring till the day before it is churned, when if not slightly acid, it should be set in a room warm enough so that it will become so in twenty-four hours. The cream should be well stirred every time a fresh skimming is

and "not put your light under a bushel."

I have kept a dairy for milk production, of thirty or forty cows, for a number of years, fed them heavily and took care of them "for all they were worth" and have been fairly successful.

Winter Poultry Notes.

How Much Room?—More room is required in the poultry house in winter than in summer because during the warm season the fowls can go outside, only requiring sufficient room for roosting, but in winter they need room for scratching when the snow is on the ground. It is the space on the floor that is required and not on the roof, for when a hen fixes herself on the roof she will be quiet until morning; but during the day she should be kept busy. Ten fowls in a poultry house ten feet square (making 100 square feet) are sufficient, but most persons endeavor to double and even triple that number, and the consequence is that they feed too many fowls in proportion to the number of hens they keep. (The Farmers' Review doubts the correctness of the statement, and believes that far less room is required.)

Frozen Food.—All food that has been moistened will freeze and become useless when the weather is cold. When the food is placed in the trough it should be rather too little than too much, and should be given warm. As soon as the hens have eaten, all the food left over should be removed and the trough cleaned. If they have not had enough a little wheat or corn may be scattered in litter for them to scratch. If they eat partially frozen food the hens will be chilled and will not lay.

Winter Expenses.—The profits will not be large if the expenses are not kept down. The loss from useless males, hens that do not lay, and chicks that make no growth sometimes balances the profits produced by the profitable hens. There will be some good hens in all flocks, and they give large profits for the entire year, but the expenses due to keeping fowls that produce nothing lead the inexperienced to attach the fault to the whole, the good as well as the inferior; when the best course is to dispose of all but the ones that are paying for the shelter and food bestowed.

Helps Hog Cholera Along.

Have known hog cholera germs to be conveyed four miles on the wind, alight in a filthy hog pen and finally destroy all the hogs in it, while hogs in clean pens near by escaped, says an exchange. There is a great disparity of opinion as to what fifth is. Generally it emits a disagreeable scent. A stinking swill barrel or hog trough is not a clean pen, and is a bad smelling hogan. "Hogging down" corn, especially when the weather is warm, is not a clean proceeding. A hog may eat part of an ear of corn, leave solid droppings on the remainder to fester in the hot sun, cholera bacteria alight upon it and breed, and then another hog comes along and finishes the ear, disease germs and all. "Hogs following cattle"—well, this is dangerous ground. So many practice it and believe in it that if I should condemn it all the Toms, Dicks and Harrys from Oklahoma to Ohio would "follow" me with the precipitancy of a man running down stairs pursued by a kitchen stove, and perhaps, for safety, compelling me hastily to seek the shortest way to the tallest timber. So I will let that pass and say nothing about it. Anything that weakens a hog's system makes him more receptive of cholera microbes. In this category can be named too close inbreeding, breeding from immature animals and wrong feeding, as an all corn diet for young animals, stinking stalls, impure drinking water, nesting in cold, damp places and other errors in feeding and care. Disease bacteria and cleanliness are antagonistic, and the farmer will not flourish if envied by the latter, with this one exception, that there has been a profuse production of the former in some near-by fountain of filth.

Peaceful Slumber Unknown.

DREADEFUL DREAMS DRIVE SLEEP AWAY. For Eight Years a Lady of Emporia, Kan., Suffers Unspeaking Agony. She Relates Her Experience.

From the *Republican*, Emporia, Kansas.

Mrs. Jennie Carlow resides at 713 Merchant Street, Emporia, Kansas, and is the wife of W. R. Carlow, proprietor of the Carlow Wagon and Blacksmith Works, who is so well known as the "Past Grand" and as one of the most active members in Lodge 15, I. O. O. F., of Emporia.

The distress of a condition of chronic sleeplessness is so terrible, Mrs. Carlow's sufferings from it so well known, our readers will feel sure, will welcome the good news that she is now well, and will be glad to know how the cure was accomplished.

Mrs. Carlow's statement is heretofore appended in narrative form:

"For many years I was a confirmed invalid, suffering constant pains through my breast and back, of the most excruciating type, rendering me entirely helpless. I was unable to rise or lie down without assistance, and was subject on the least exertion to flutterings of the heart and such shortness of breath, or dyspnoea, that I thought I was dying.

"Peaceful slumbers were unknown to me. I would fall into a doze only to be awakened by the most horrible dreams of a fearful character to describe, and in the morning instead of being refreshed and rested I would be utterly exhausted.

"I was attended at various times by every physician in the city, but none of them could do me any good, though I spent hundreds of dollars in my quest for health. About three months ago, Mrs. Elizabeth Drake, whom you perhaps know, spoke to my husband ad-

vised a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, stating that they had permanently cured her after years of suffering from milk leg, and he at once procured a supply for me.

"By the time I had taken two boxes according to directions, for the first time in two years, I was able to enjoy peaceful and restful sleep, and as I continued to take them my health improved, so that now while using the fifth box, I feel quite recovered and my health is entirely restored. I still take two pills every night just before retiring and wake up every morning perfectly happy.

"I advise every one whom I hear complaining to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for although I recognize the fact that medicine will cure one, will not another, with its most diseases are due to a bad condition of the blood, Pink Pills in such cases will prove a certain cure. It is but natural that I should have the most unbounded faith in them. I am only too glad to bear testimony through your paper as to what they have done for me."

The above is the exact report of Mrs. Carlow's statement.

(Signed) CHARLES HARRIS, Reporter, Emporia, Kan.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered vitality. They are sold in boxes never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Works Both Ways.

"So you've lost all your marbles, eh? Well, it serves you right. Boys always lose who play on Sundays."

"But how about the other fellow who won all my marbles?"—**Life.**

CURES CATARRH.

A Medicine That Cures Catarrh Wherever Located.

All classes and conditions of people have chronic catarrh. Old men have it; young men and young women have it, which soon makes them old men and women. Mothers and grandmothers have it. It spares neither strong nor weak, old or young, healthy or sickly. All ranks of people have chronic catarrh. Rich men, poor men, beggars, thieves, lawyers, doctors, merchants, priests, in fact, not only catarrh of the head, but catarrh of the throat, catarrh of the lungs, catarrh of the stomach, catarrh of the liver, catarrh of the kidneys, catarrh of the bowels; and a multitude of women are afflicted with catarrh of the pelvic organs. Catarrh is a word which includes a multitude of diseases. Nearly one-half of the diseases to which the human flesh is liable, are in reality nothing more or less than catarrh in some or more locations.

When it is said, therefore, that Pe-r-u-na cures catarrh wherever located, a much larger fact is stated than at first appears. If it be true that Pe-r-u-na really does cure catarrh wherever located, what a multitude of diseases Pe-r-u-na will cure. Who is it that says Pe-r-u-na will cure catarrh wherever located? Doctors say it, lawyers say it, preachers say it, a vast army of men and women say it who have tried it. The old and the young say it. They say it in the east, in the west, they say it in the north and the south. All these say that Pe-r-u-na will cure catarrh wherever located; and they say it, too, without any solicitation, hesitation, or remuneration. Never was a greater assertion crowded into fewer words; Pe-r-u-na cures catarrh wherever located.

Sent to the Pe-r-u-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, O., for Dr. Hartman's latest free book on chronic catarrh, la grippe, etc.

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Unbreakable Skylights.

A new fabric is steel wire cloth covered with a semi-transparent impervious material. It is adapted to use in skylight roofs, windows, train sheds, greenhouses, hot-houses, translucent partitions, office doors, and many other things. The material in which the reinforcing web of steel wire cloth is imbedded is claimed to be quite elastic. Neither heat nor cold, rain, sun, hail or sleet affect it. Hot coal and cinders will not ignite it. It is said to be weather-proof, flexible and as translucent as skylight glass. Its weight is about one-seventh that of glass.

Don't Give Way to Despair.

Although you have suffered for a long time from malaria, dyspepsia, kidney troubles, nervousness or biliousness. Know that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has cured worse cases than yours, and is potent to help you as it has helped hosts of others. But always remember that trite saying: "Delays are dangerous." Make hills grow to be mountains in consequence of disregarding it. Take a course at the outset with this incomparable defensive medicine.

A man who weighs more than 160 pounds, pays the fiddler double price when he dances.

Wares bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Wisdom costs so much that finally there is no profit in it.

Java Blend Coffee the leading brand. Hiermetically sealed 1, 2 and 4 pound tins. American Coffee Co., Washington Office, Wash. D. C.

There is one thing about a dollar: you can always trade it. But sometimes you can't give a horse or a house away.

"STAR TOBACCO."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure use Star. It is not only the best but the most lasting and, therefore, the cheapest.

You are no doubt purchasing a great deal, but here is something worth thinking about: you do most of it yourself.

GET STRENGTH AND APETITE.

Use Dr. Hartner's Iron Tonic. Your druggist will refund money if not satisfactory.

Even the girl with a bank account in her own name can't walk in a dignified manner when wearing rubbers.

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HOME SCENES ON WESTERN FARMS: "I WONDER WHO MENDS FOR TEDDY." Photograph Copyright 1898. L. D. Well.—From the Illustrated American.

added, or twice a day. When putting the cream in the churn, strain it through a cloth strainer. This will remove all specks that would mar the appearance of the butter, including bits of curd that may have formed and hardened in the cream, and which, if allowed to go into the churn, would show as white specks in the butter. If granulated butter is made—which is the best and most proper way—and it comes too hard or too soft, work it with water warmed or cooled to suit the case. If the butter is to be salted with brine, use water warmed or cooled to suit the case. If the butter is to be salted with brine, use water warmed or cooled to suit the case. If the butter is to be salted with brine, use water warmed or cooled to suit the case.

Bowel Disease and Chicks.

The principal cause of loss of chicks in winter is bowel disease, which is generally attributed to the kind of food used, but which is due, as a rule, to lack of warmth. Chicks are very susceptible to changes of temperature, and especially during damp days. A brooder should be kept at 85 degrees and the brooder house at 75 degrees, so as to prevent the chicks from being chilled at any time. For should a young chick become chilled bowel disease at once sets in and the chick soon dies.—**Mirror and Farmer.**

have been low, but dealers in this product have had a fairly successful year, and, though all the cold-storage eggs have not been disposed of, Chicago centers the new year with 60,000 cases of eggs less than were carried over one year ago. The supply of poultry has been smaller, proportionately than in past years. It is estimated that the crop of turkeys was one-third less than in 1895.

Below are average prices for the year for eggs and poultry:

	Eggs, Poultry,	Doz.	Doz.
January	15%	8	8
February	11%	8	8
March	9%	9	9
April	9%	8	8
May	9%	8	8
June	9%	8	8
July	9%	8 1/2	8 1/2
August	11	8	8
September	13 1/2	7	7
October	16 1/2	7	7
November	19%	6 1/2	6 1/2
December	19 1/2	6	6

Treatment of Milk Fever.

A correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman, B. W. Gregory, Sullivan Co., N. Y., claims to have been successful in the treatment of milk fever with cows. For the benefit of our dairymen we give his formula as follows:

The formula that was adopted was to give 1/2 pound salt-petre on first discovery of the fever (which is always known by drying up of the flow of milk and prostration) and in two hours, twenty-five drops of acetic; in two hours more, if not relieved do not try to get the cow up but let her be quiet until she gets up herself, repeat with 1/2 pound of salt-petre and then in two hours with twenty drops of acetic. Alternate the above 1/2 pound salt-petre and 20 drops of acetic every two hours until relieved. I have had several cases since adopting the above course and have not lost one since using it. Have had stubborn cases where they have taken four doses each of the above prescription, but they have always recovered all right. The first cow that was experimented with, my neighbor dairymen said, "Experiment with her as much as you please, she will never get on her feet again." In fifteen hours after giving her the first dose of salt-petre she got on her feet with her own accord and in 48 hours was giving 20 pounds of milk twice a day. If the above is of any use to you or your fellow men, use it

Lambs for Winter Market.

The people of the United States want mutton during other than the late autumn months. When lambs, generally speaking, are rushed into the market on the approach of winter, the inevitable result is a glut in the market. When the feeding is carried on into the winter some food of a watery nature, as roots, will render good service as one factor of the ration. Roots give tone to the system. Very probably good corn ensilage will answer nearly as well, when three or four pounds per day are fed. The most convenient grain ration in your state would probably be corn, oats and bran. In the absence of roots or corn ensilage, the corn should be fed cautiously. Then, doubtless, the small wheat of which you have much, may be found of service, but your excellent staff of professors at the experiment station will tell you all about these things. In solving problems of this nature the agricultural experiment stations are of inestimable value to the farmers, and through them to the whole community.—**Wm. A. Henderson.**

One hundred and forty-six thousand, five hundred and ninety-nine tons of wool were exported from Argentina from Oct. 1, 1895, to May 1, 1896. A variety of food is best.

What would you do, dear, if I were to die?"

"I don't know," replied Darley thoughtfully. "Which is your choice—burial or cremation?"—**Judge.**

Outline, the Great La Grippe Cure—And Food Digestor, Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Cure. At Druggists, Patent Med. Co., Oak Cliff, Tex.

It is a rare man who gets anything but bills and kicks these days.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup—For children, soothes the inflamed membrane, relieves pain, cures whooping cough, croup, croup, croup.

Nobody gets as much, and as profitably, from advertising, as a prize fighter.

Do not burst your head with Bitter Quinine. DR. HUGHES' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC will do the work.

A valentine is as mean as an anonymous letter.

Pisot's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—**George W. Lotz, Fabacher, La., August 20, 1895.**

Ill temper is much more apparent than the reasons for it.

THAT SPLENDID COFFEE.

Mr. Goodman, Williams County, Ill., writes us: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry I grew 300 pounds of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 20 cents a pound."

A package of this and big seed catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice, w.n.

A promising mine will as surely run a man in time as a promising house.

Soresness or Stiffness.

A blight to winter comfort is

Soreness or Stiffness

from cold in muscle, joint, or nerve. St. Jacobs Oil warms, relaxes, cures.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the best laxative, never grip or scribe, but cause easy natural results. Sample sent free. Address: **W. L. RICHY & CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.**

Patents. 20 years' experience. Send stamp for full particulars. Dealers: **W. L. RICHY & CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.**

OPIMUM and **WHISKEY** habits ruin. Risk your life. **DR. E. M. WIGGLES, ATLANTA, GA.**

It is offered with **Thompson's Eye Water.**

During March.

Colds and chills are prevalent, and unless the system is strong enough to throw them off, serious illness, often ending in pneumonia and death results.

The Cause of colds, chills and pneumonia is a germ found in the blood, poisoned by urea, which should be expelled by the kidneys.

The Effect of this kidney-poisoned blood is far-reaching. Health and strength are impossible while it exists. The system is being continually weakened, leaving it open to the ravages of colds, chills, pneumonia and fever.

The Cure

for such a diseased condition is found in

W. L. RICHY'S Safe Cure

which will restore the kidneys to health and enable them to properly perform their functions. There is no doubt about this. The record of the past is

.. **Proof Positive.**

You want a soap that will positively benefit your skin—so that you can see the benefit yourself. It's **HEISEL'S Medicinal Soap** you want.

If you are troubled with skin eruptions use the excellent **HEISEL'S** medicinal soap. It will cure all skin diseases from simple pimples to the most obstinate cases. Soap, 50c. Outlets: 50c. At druggists or by mail.

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Write to manufacturers **Starr Pianos** and **Organs Co.** 1515 Main St., Dallas, Texas, and **Melroe** or **W. H. Starr**, 302 North Texas Street, Dallas, Texas. Catalogue sent free.

"Mend it or End it,"

has been the rallying cry of reform, directed against abuses municipal or social.

For the man who lets himself be abused by a cough the cry should be modified to: Mend it, or it'll end you. You can mend any cough with

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OPIMUM and **WHISKEY** habits ruin. Risk your life. **DR. E. M. WIGGLES, ATLANTA, GA.**

It is offered with **Thompson's Eye Water.**

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REASONS FOR USING

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and color of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by **WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.**

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GLYTHE

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J. E. POOLE, Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Terms \$1.00 per annum, invariably cash in advance.

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

Saturday, March 6, 1897.

LOCAL DOTS.

—Always something good to eat at S. L. Robertson's. —Mrs. J. E. Poole gave the young folks of the "frying size" a party Tuesday night. —Cost on all taxes after March 31st, W. B. Anthony, Tax Collector. —The only attention paid to Texas Independence day here was its observance by the public schools as a holiday. —Pure Louisiana sugar house molasses at S. L. Robertson's. —Mr. Perry Clark a well known stockman of Knox county was in Haskell this week. —Corn still coming at cost—we will keep up the supply as long as it is needed. T. G. CARNEY & CO. —Miss Lena Wilson arrived this week and will be welcomed by the many friends she made during her stay in Haskell last year. —Fancy cheese, Buck wheat Flour, fine Syrup and Honey at S. L. Robertson's. —Dr. Gilbert says credit Dick Carothers with one fine boy last Monday. We make the entry and congratulate the gentleman. —We will have the largest assortment and best stock of ladies and misses sandals, slippers and Oxford ties ever brought to Haskell and will sell them lower than ever. We defy competition in these goods. F. G. ALEXANDER & CO. —Mr. L. B. Watkins, a prominent cattle man and Ex-sheriff of Knox county, was down this week with a view to buying some cattle. We did not learn whether he made any purchases. —Our Southern Missouri rust proof seed oats have arrived. T. G. CARNEY & CO. —We have received in the last thirty days FOUR BIG CARLOADS of Agricultural Implements. ED. S. HUGHES & CO. Abilene, Texas. —Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Carney left on Monday for a trip East, where we understand Mr. Carney intends buying the bulk of his spring stock of dry goods, etc. —IF YOU HAVE CASH TO PAY FOR GOODS GO TO S. L. ROBERTSON'S. —We understand that Haskell county stock men will be represented at the Stockmen's Annual Convention at San Antonio next week by Messrs T. J. Lemmon, M. S. Shook, J. A. Bailey and F. M. Morton. Jerold Hills will accompany them. —Take your 5 gallon keg to T. G. Carney & Co's and get it filled with good syrup for \$1.00, also get 20 lbs good sugar for \$1.00—you can't do it anywhere else. —Mr. Will Hills is preparing to go to house keeping. He purchased the Keister house on the west side and had it moved this week to his nicely improved lot north of the Presbyterian church. —Try us with that little wallet of cash before you start to the railroad to spend it. We are some on prices ourselves—and especially, for the next 30 days. T. G. CARNEY & CO. —Mr. J. W. Bell, our saddle and harness man on the south side, says he will keep a good stock and is "strictly in it" for business this season and he asks your attention to his ad in the Free Press. Mr. Bell puts up good work and will treat you right. Give him a call. —We are better pleased than ever before with our selection of this season's stock of dry goods, ladies dress goods, etc., and we think our customers will also be pleased, for goods and prices will be the best yet offered them. Our wash dress goods are particularly nice and show some beautiful effects. We say nothing in our ads that we can't and will not stand up to. Call and see the goods when they arrive, about the 8th or 9th. Yours truly, F. G. ALEXANDER & CO. —Leave your watch work at the McLemore Drug Store. Promptness and satisfaction guaranteed. O. NICHOLSON Wichita Falls, Tex

—S. L. Robertson is still selling everything low for cash. —There will be cost on all taxes after this month W. B. Anthony Tax Collector. —Dr. Kibler's Electric Appliance company spent several days here this week selling belts and soap and furnishing amusement to crowds on the street by day and at the Opera house at night. "Prof." Joe Faugua, the hypnotist, and W. R. McLaws, the comedian, banjoist and vocalist were drawing cards. —We have three cars of corn now at Seymour, Tex., all who wish corn call at once and get it at cost, also white bolted meal, Kaffir corn seed, white and yellow seed corn &c. T. G. CARNEY & CO. —Our old townsman Mr. A. Lee Kirby, who has been in business at Rockwall for two or three years, was here the first of the week making arrangements to move back to Haskell and again make this his home. He thought that he would move by the 14th inst. The Free Press and his many Haskell friends will welcome his return. —S. L. Robertson will sell Pure Ribon cane molasses goats gallon. Good molasses not cheap black stuff 40 cts gallon. Good flour \$1.25 sack. 3 gallon onion sets \$1.00 25 pounds beans \$1.00. Early rose seed potatoes \$1.20 per bushel. Triumph seed potatoes \$2.00. Arbuckle coffee 18 cts Pk's. Lyon coffee, none better 18 cts Pk's. 18 lbs standard granulated sugar \$1.00. 6 bars clairrette soap 25 cts. —The McCollum & Wilbourn Co., dealers in hardware, farm implements furniture, etc., present their business to Haskell trade in a neat advertisement in our columns this week. These gentlemen carry a well assorted stock of goods in their several lines, ask only fair and reasonable prices and are accommodating and pleasant to deal with. —We handle implements made only by manufacturers of reputation and standing. They have been proven first class beyond question by the farmers of Texas. ED. S. HUGHES & CO. Abilene, Texas. —Mr. R. H. Sprows was in town Monday, having just returned from the panhandle country, where he and others have been some time catching quail. He informed us that he and the party working with him shipped about 5000 birds, but as the commission men reported quite a number spoiled the profits of their enterprise were not large. —Peace Maker Flour, Ft. Worth High Patent Flour, 40 lb sacks meal 50 cts, 20 lb sacks meal 30 cts, 100 lb sacks Bran \$1.00, all just received and fresh at S. L. Robertson's. —Mr. Long says he has at the postoffice a small package wrapped in brown paper, containing an infant's hood or cap, which was mailed here Feb 22 and forwarded by him, but returned with the request written on it by some postmaster for better address. It was addressed with a pencil and had been so badly rubbed that it could not be read with certainty. The address appears to be Mrs. J. H. Lon, Vian, I. Ter. The person who mailed it is requested to call and give the correct address. —We have sent wagons to the depot for the first arrival of our dry goods—about 9000 pounds. We will be opening the goods up the first of next week. Call and see how much nicer our store will look with the shelves filled with the prettiest goods we have ever shown you. F. G. ALEXANDER & CO. —Mr. J. F. Albin was in Wednesday and had his name entered on our subscription books. Mr. Albin says he thinks the people ought to join in some plan to rid the country of prairie dogs, and he is ready to join in any scheme that will rid the whole country of them. They do great damage on many farms and the range would support four times as much stock if it was clear of the dogs. He approved the suggestion that the people get together in a mass meeting and agree upon some plan to exterminate them. Individual effort gives only temporary relief in small localities and it will require united warfare to give permanent relief. —I give some prices in this week's Free Press for the benefit of those who are not posted about prices. I find that goods are sold at all sorts of prices. I think one should buy as cheap as another if he pays cash for the goods. S. L. Robertson.

Mr. F. G. Alexander returned this week from his St. Louis and Chicago trip looking well pleased at the result of his mission, which was the selection of a large stock of goods for his house. He says the leading business men with whom he talked were hopeful and even confident that better times were in store for the people and that the improvement would begin to be felt soon. —The old and reliable firm of Sherrill Bros. & Co., come forward this week with an advertisement of their farm implements, wind mills, pumps and general hardware. They always carry the best makes of goods and a line of implements of established merit, and are well known for their prompt and liberal dealing and making everything come up to representation. They also carry the only stock of lumber in Haskell. Give them a call when you are thinking of buying anything in their lines. There will be a meeting of the Medical Examining Board of the 39th judicial district held in the town of Haskell, April the 1st 1897, for the purpose of examining applicants to practice medicine. All those who have no certificate or diploma or those who have only a temporary certificate are requested to be on hand. J. E. LINDSEY, M. D. Board R. R. SHAPARD, M. D. W. W. EASTERLING, M. D. IDELLA SCHOOL NOTES. Interesting Closing Entertainment. Editor Free Press: Our school was out last Wednesday 24th inst. It was taught by Charlie Mayes. The patrons of the school gathered in and had dinner on the ground, a general good time and highly enjoyed by all. Several visitors were present. Among the visitors present were Misses Ellen and Maude Isbell from Knox Co. Also, Mr. John Dewes and family from Stonevill Co. The pupils all acquitted themselves in their exercises splendidly, which shows that Charlie Mayes understands his business, and did his duty in teaching them. Charlie is a good teacher and we hope we may be so fortunate as to get him again next term. After the exercises were over, the young folks repaired to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Albin, where they enjoyed a few hours of music and chatting. Mr. Lackey was there with his violin and Miss Ellen Isbell played the accompaniment on the organ. On Thursday the young folks took a trip to Kiowa Peak. They did not discover a gold mine, but passed away the time very pleasantly climbing the mountains, &c. The bird hunters have all come in and are preparing to put in crops. The people of Idella met at the school house last Saturday night and organized a Literary Society. They gave it the name—Poverty Ridge Literary Society. I want to say right here, if there are any people in this country who have friends or relatives living near Idella they had better look after them. One of our neighbors—Mr. Lete will leave in a few days for the coast country, where he expects to make his future home. SAND HILL NESTER.



SUFFERING IN SILENCE. Women are the real heroes of the world. Thousands on thousands of them endure the dragging torture of the hills peculiar to womankind in the silence of home. They suffer on and on—weeks, months, years. The story of weakness and torture is written in the drawn features, in the fallow skin, in the listless eyes, in the lines of care and worry on the face. Inborn modesty seals their lips. They prefer pain to humiliation. Custom has made them believe the only hope of relief lies in the exposure of examination and "local treatment." Take ten cases of "female weakness" and in nine of them "local treatment" is unnecessary. There is no reason why modest, sensitive women should submit to it. McLELLAN'S WINE OF CARDUI is a vegetable wine. It exerts a wonderfully healing, strengthening and soothing influence over the organs of woman-kind. It irrigates and stimulates the whole system. It is almost infallible in curing the peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and painful derangements of woman. Year after year, in the privacy of home—away from the eyes of everybody—it effects cures. WINE OF CARDUI is sold for \$1.00 a bottle. Dealers in medicine sell it. Five bottles usually cure the worst cases.

A Chapter on Prairie Dogs — We have experimented on prairie dogs for 11 years and have discovered the best poisons yet used. We prepare two poisons. One is put up \$1 bottles containing poison for a peck of grain; 4 bottles \$3.50 or 6 bottles \$5.00. One grain of the poisoned wheat has been known to kill a dog. This is the best poison when you wish to prepare the grain yourself and is for sale by most druggists. The other poison we mix with millet seed and sell at \$1 per peck or \$1.50 per bushel. It has no taste or smell and the dogs will always eat it. Never put out poison in bad or windy weather. We can give close prices on strychnine and other poisons. Write or call on us BASS BROS., Abilene, Texas.

A LETTER. Chicago, Ill., Feb. 14th, 1896. Editor Haskell Free Press, Haskell, Texas. Dear Sir:—You may say to the people of Haskell and surrounding country that Mr. S. B. Street and myself have now spent one week in Chicago looking after our purchases and working the market close for desirable goods in every line at bottom prices. (You understand we are buying together so that our purchases will be larger and at lower prices.) We are now able to say that we will this year beyond a doubt be able to meet the desires of our customers. Such a stock as we have secured in the line of dress goods, etc. we have never shown before, especially are our Wash Dress Goods attractive and pretty—the prettiest we have ever seen, and we are making just such selections as we know from experience will suit our lady customers in regard to the various qualities and prices, as well as the most fastidious in taste. There are new designs in almost every line of goods and we want our people to understand that our house will show up to anything shown anywhere else. We are getting a stock of Millinery up to date in every particular, and Miss Lena Wilson is spending her time now in Dallas in a fashionable millinery trimming room and she will be up with all the latest fancies and designs in trimming when she takes charge of our millinery department a little later on. The public may confidently look for all we promise, as we never put any fake advertisements in our column, but always try to meet exactly what we say. We cordially invite one and all to call and see our new stock as soon as it gets in, look at the goods and get prices and see if we haven't given the facts. Very respectfully, F. G. ALEXANDER.

J. W. BELL, Manufacturer & Dealer in SADDLES and HARNESS. Full Stock, Work Promptly to Order. Repairing done neatly and substantially. Prices reasonable and satisfaction with goods and work guaranteed. Your Trade is Solicited.

SHERRILL BROS. & CO. DEALERS IN HARDWARE AND LUMBER. Pumps and pipe work a speciality. Best Wind Mills on earth at reasonable prices. Galvanized Iron Tanks made at home. The best Planters and Cultivators made. Machinery Oils at railroad prices. Good Lumber offered, and big trade asked for.

MCCOLLUM & WILBOURN CO. HARDWARE IMPLEMENTS FURNITURE UNDERTAKER'S GOODS. Our aim is to keep a well assorted stock of general hardware, tools, cutlery, etc. We also handle a good line of stoves, wind mills, pumps, etc. The best and most popular makes of plows, planters, cultivators, wagons, etc. Anything not in our stock will be procured promptly. We shall continue to handle furniture, carpets, mattresses and general housefurnishing goods and solicit your trade in these lines. We keep in stock an assortment of coffins, trimmings, etc., and can fill orders promptly.

ON a habeas corpus hearing at Waco the other day the district judge discharged from custody a druggist who was being prosecuted for a violation of the Sunday law in selling cigars on Sunday. The judge held that it was clear to the court that it was the intention of the legislature to exempt from the operation of the Sunday law druggists and keepers of drug stores, and permit them to sell on Sunday any article ordinarily kept by druggists in stock. The case was hotly contested by the attorneys for the state and defendant. Lawyers commenting on the case say that if cigars can be sold on Sunday by druggists they can sell any other articles and that anybody else can do the same thing, and while they do not directly question the decision, they say that if it is correct it practically sounds the death knell of our Sunday law. A REGULAR land slide to the democratic party followed the last billion dollar congress and a storm of ballots snowed the republicans under. The present congress seems to be going a little better than a billion in appropriations. Will history repeat itself in November 1897? A HOUSEHOL TREASURE. D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y. says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it if procurable. G. A. Dykeman Duggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough remedy that he has used in his family for eight years, and that it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at McLemore's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

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We keep in stock for sale the following blanks: Warranty Deeds, Chattel Mortgages, Crop Mortgages, Land Leases, Promissory Notes, and some others, and are prepared to execute orders for Circulars, Dodgers, Posters, Programmes, Etc., Etc., promptly and in good style.

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B. T. BABBITT'S PURE POTASH OR LYE. 3 Cans of any Other Brands, 25 cts. 2 Cans of B. T. Babbitt's PURE POTASH OR LYE, 20 cts. SAVES THE CONSUMER, 5 cts. INSIST ON HAVING B. T. BABBITT'S Pure Potash or Lye.

LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE BUGGY FACTORY on Earth. WRITE FOR PRICES and CATALOGUE. OUR GOODS ARE THE BEST OUR PRICES THE LOWEST. Buggy Works, Indianapolis, Ind.

Hon. W. J. Bryan's Book. ALL who are interested in furthering the sale of Hon. W. J. Bryan's new book should correspond immediately with the publishers. The work will contain: An account of his campaign tour... His biography, written by his wife... His most important speeches... The results of the campaign of 1896. A review of the political situation... AGENTS WANTED. Mr. Bryan has announced his intention of devoting one-half of all royalties to furthering the cause of bimetalism. There are already indications of an enormous sale. Address W. B. CONKEY COMPANY, Publishers, 341-351 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.