

Directory.

OFFICERS 39th JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
District Judge, Hon. Ed. J. Hamner.
District Attorney, R. C. Crane.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.
County Judge, J. M. Baldwin.
County Attorney, J. M. Wilfong.
County Clerk, G. R. Couch.
Sheriff and Tax Collector, W. B. Anthony.
County Treasurer, Jasper Millhollon.
Tax Assessor, H. S. Post.
County Surveyor, J. A. Fisher.

COMMISSIONERS.
Precinct No. 1, J. W. Evans.
Precinct No. 2, B. H. Owsley.
Precinct No. 3, T. E. Ballard.
Precinct No. 4, J. M. Perry.

PRECINCT OFFICERS.
J. P. Prec. No. 1, J. W. Evans.
Constable Prec. No. 1, B. A. Glascock.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST (Missionary) Preaching every Sunday except 8th. Rev. R. E. L. Farmer, Pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Friday night.

METHODIST (M. E. Church S.) Preaching 1st, 3rd, 4th and 5th Sundays. Rev. M. L. Moody, Pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 o'clock. P. D. Sanders, Superintendent. Epworth League every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

PRESBYTERIAN (Old School) Preaching 2nd and 4th Sundays. Rev. C. G. Anderson, Past. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 o'clock. J. M. Baldwin, Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN (Cumberland) Preaching 3rd Sunday. Rev. W. G. Peyton, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN (Campbellite) Preaching none at present. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Jasper Millhollon, Superintendent.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.
Haskell Lodge No. 88, A. F. & A. M. meets Saturday on 2nd floor each full moon. A. C. Foster, W. M. J. W. Evans, Sec'y.

Haskell Chapter No. 181
Royal Arch Masons meet on the first Tuesday in each month.
F. D. Sanders, High Priest.
J. W. Evans, Sec'y.

Elmwood Camp of the Woodmen of the World meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday each month. F. D. Sanders, Con. G. R. Couch, Clerk.

Haskell Council Grand Order of the Orient meets the second and fourth Friday night of each month. C. D. Long, Past. W. B. Anthony, Pabdistah.

Professional Cards.

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

Civil practice exclusively, with special attention to land litigation.

Practice in all the courts and transact a general land agency business. Have complete abstract of Haskell county land titles. Office in Ochoa.

H. G. McCONNELL,
Attorney at Law.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

OSCAR MARTIN,
Attorney at Law.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

H. E. GILBERT,
Physician & Surgeon.
Office at McLenore's Drug store.

J. E. LINDSEY,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
HASKELL, TEXAS.
Office at A. P. McLenore's Drug store.

Haskell Hardware Store

Wire, Plows, Stocks, Buggies, Harrows, Lumber, Wagons, Hardware, Cultivators, Plow Gear, Stee Shapes, Double Shovels.

PRICES MODERATE.
TREATMENT HONORABLE.

REBRILL BROS. & CO.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Result of Populist and Republican Fusion Success in South Carolina.

Houston Post.

It has been claimed that the full and detailed showing, recently, in the columns of the Atlanta Constitution, of the terrible results of republican-populist fusion and government in North Carolina, would have a marked effect on the election in Georgia and the returns seem to bear out the prediction.

The complete story of the old North State's disgrace should be enough to cause the honest populists of every voting precinct in the South to blush for the record of their party and repudiate populism forever!

Notwithstanding the fact that the principles professed on the one side by the populists and those championed on the other hand by the republicans, are as wide apart as the poles and as little calculated to mix as oil and water, the leaders of both these parties were able in 1894 and again in 1896 to vote the rank and file of their organizations in furtherance of a "fusion" movement and capture the State of North Carolina.

The usual strength of parties in that State is about as follows: Democrats, 150,000 votes; populists, about 30,000; white republicans, 30,000, and negro republicans, 110,000—or a combined anti-democratic vote of 170,000. The preponderating influence of the republican vote over the populist strength has simply resulted in compelling the latter to play second fiddle, so to speak, and the offices have been largely monopolized not only by republicans, but by negroes.

The worst feature about it all is that the negroes in office are not the better representatives of the race, but the most ignorant, vicious element. All kinds of positions are filled in this way—there are the sorriest specimens of the blacks in the legislature in numbers, or in office as solicitors, county commissioners, justices of the peace and committeemen. The last legislature repealed the old registration law and enacted one broad enough to admit of many frauds. The cities of the State have been deprived largely of their control of their offices and many negro aldermen even are appointed by the republican governor. There is confusion and corruption in all parts of the government and the white population are burdened and disgusted until there is danger of race war, or the erection of a negro commonwealth with Haytian tendencies!

Some thousands of the white republicans have become alarmed at this terrible state of affairs and announce their intention of voting the democratic ticket. The populist leaders continue to uphold the present regime, but large numbers of the rank and file are beginning to appreciate the incus of negro domination and are going back to democracy.

The situation in North Carolina simply shows what Southern communities, with a large negro population, may expect when the democratic party is abandoned. The power behind the office holder will control him and unless that power represents the bulk of the wealth and intelligence of the community there will be retrogression—politically, commercially and socially.

Officers and men who arrived at New York Monday on the transport Obdam, which came from Porto Rico via Santiago and brought 250 sick and convalescent soldiers tell additional stories of lack of food and ill treatment of volunteer soldiers. Verily, McKinley's scheme of rewarding political favorites without regard to fitness or qualification by appointing them as officers over the volunteers and to manage important supply departments stinketh to the high heavens. That is the republican plan in everything, however; it is by rewarding their henchmen, big and little, that they maintain their close and powerful organization and keep their clutches on the country—that and the other fact that the opposition splits up into factions and quarrels over little isms and hasn't sense enough to organize against the party of plunder.

BRIGANDAGE IN CUBA.

Hunger and Starvation Drive them to Robbery.

Santiago de Cuba, October 11.—Reports from Cuban leaders state that many cases of outlawry have occurred in the Camaguay district. Owing to the lack of food among the Cuban soldiers, the commanders can not restrain the soldiers, who are leaving the ranks for the hills in great numbers. Bands of brigands infest the district, robbing and destroying plantations. The situation is considered very serious.

Colonel Carlos Garcia has received a long dispatch from Colonel N. Amada, commanding in the Tunas districts, stating that a famine exists there and that many are dying from starvation.

Although he has been promised the position of chief of police in the semi-military police force contemplated in the province, Colonel Garcia is undecided whether to or not to accept, owing to the critical state of affairs in the province.

General Wood proposes to institute immediately a system of ration distribution, by which the destitute Cubans in all parts of the eastern end of the island will be reached. He will send rations regularly to Baracoa, Sagua de Tanamo, Guanamo and later Manzanillo by boats. He will have food sent to the interior by pack trains.

Washington, October 11.—Senor Quesada, representing the Cubans in Washington, was at the war department today and presented a very distressing picture of the conditions in the island.

"The inhabitants are starving," he said, "and unless something is done there will be very few people left. The country is devastated; the people have had no opportunity to plant and raise crops; they have no money to purchase supplies and what food there is in the island is beyond their reach. The greatest suffering in the island is in Santa Clara, although it is very bad in Puerto Principe. Only one port, Matanzas, is open and its situation is not favorable to the interior sections. The Red Cross and the United States under the Geneva treaty are not allowed to go beyond the line designated by the Spaniards in carrying supplies to the people because they would be liable to be charged with smuggling. Our people do not understand why so much time is taken in ending Spanish rule in the island. Before the war the American government gave Spain forty-eight hours in which to answer the ultimatum, but now months are given for evacuation."

Group Quickly Cured.

Mountain Glen, Ark.—Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It afforded almost instant relief.—F. A. Thornton. This celebrated remedy is for sale by A. P. McLenore.

TEXAS now has in her treasury vaults a cash balance of \$800,000 to the credit of the general revenue and \$1,000,000 to the credit of the permanent school fund. When Gov. Culbertson went into office he met a deficiency of nearly \$1,500,000 from the previous Hogg administration. That has been paid up and the state is \$800,000 ahead.

The populist charge of ring government, corruption and extravagance looks exceedingly fishy in the face of these facts.

The hope of the populist leaders for strength lies in their ability to mislead the ignorant and overcredulous.

As life passes we all meet with more or less sickness and suffering. Especially do mothers often find this checked with pain. Much of this need not be if Parker's Ginger Tonic is rightly used and in season. It carries vital energy into the very heart of the system, reviving functional activity and dispelling pain. It enables the system to utilize the food consumed, restoring nutrition, making new and better blood and building up the tissues. Functional disorders, with the many forms of distress they cause are abated by it, and through its agency sleep comes natural again and many discouraging ailments disappear.

MAY BE LOST FOREVER.
Your hair once lost, may be lost forever. Parker's Hair Balsam will restore the treasure, dark and lustrous as your youth.

CATTLE DIPPING.

Its Success Said to be Proven.

Fort Worth, Tex., Oct. 11.—At last and finally the cattle dipping experiments have been proven a success and the process now only awaits the action of the government to bring about changes in the quarantine restrictions that will greatly relieve the situation of cattle shippers in Texas.

The meeting of the representatives of the sanitary boards, which commences to-day at Omaha, when the various reports will be rendered, is being looked for to furnish good results. On the report of this meeting it is thought that the department will at once take some definite action.

The government inspector, who recently made an examination of the stock at Rockford, Ill., that were dipped at Fort Worth, reports that the cattle are making better gains in flesh than native cattle, and that no infection has resulted from their mingling with native herds. These results prove that fever ticks can be exterminated without injury to the cattle and that the liquid used by the government bureau as an immersion has proven to be all that was expected of it.

The government chemists who evolved the idea of destroying ticks by immersion and prepared the solution are to be congratulated for their discovery, and Manager W. E. Skinner for taking advantage of the discovery and spending time and money in bringing these experiments to a successful issue. Applied science has recorded another victory.

A FEW weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the advertisement of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending this excellent Cough Remedy to anyone afflicted with a cough or cold in any form.—The Banner of Liberty, Libertytown, Maryland. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. P. McLenore. 44

Railroad Fined.

In Atty Gen. Crane's suits against the Cotton Belt railroad the district court at Austin on Tuesday rendered decision against the railroad in twenty rebate suits, imposing a fine of \$500 in each case, or a total penalty of \$10,000. There are still other suits pending against the same road.

IF REPORTS are true in regard to Cuban brigandage in Santa Clara and some other provinces where the country has been utterly desolated by fire and sword, and they have no means of subsistence, who can or will blame them? Spain has forced the situation upon them and they are only following out the first law of nature—self preservation. If they were themselves to blame for the situation the moral aspect would be different. Until evacuation takes place Spain still holds all ports of entry accessible to the worst affected districts and refuses to allow charitable relief supplies to enter without the payment of high tariff duties.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D.: "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at A. P. McLenore's drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00 guaranteed or price refunded.

CAN IT BE?

Corruption Charged on the Peace Commission.

(Special Cable by James Creelman.) Paris, Oct. 9.—(Copyright, 1898, W. R. Hearst—Special to The News)—It is possible that the scandal about the mismanagement of our army during the war may be succeeded by a greater scandal about the negotiations for peace in Paris.

The precautions taken to prevent the American public from getting at the secrets of this extraordinary and picturesque conclave of Americans who do not speak Spanish and Spaniards who do not speak English are almost incredible.

It was Day, the next-door neighbor and family friend of President McKinley, who made the motion in joint session of the Spanish-American commission that the proceedings be kept an absolute secret.

This secrecy is maintained not only with respect to the joint sessions, but also covers separate meetings of the American commissioners. Already a vast financial conspiracy, or series of conspiracies, has been hatched in the bosom of this elaborately contrived mystery.

Not only is the American public to be kept in utter ignorance of what the United States will propose to Spain as a basis of peace, but a few choice spirits have apparently been let into the secret of the situation so rigidly guarded from the public.

In consequence, a ring has been formed to buy the Philippine bonds and the market is being scoured for them. I discovered two days ago that powerful friends of both Spanish and American commissions had received inside information that the United States would insist upon annexing the whole Philippine archipelago and would assume responsibility for the Philippine debt, although the interest on the bonds might be reduced from 6 per cent. to 4, or even 3 per cent.

I know that communication on the subject of these bonds had been passing between Paris and Madrid. In order to test the situation, I tried to buy some Philippine bonds in Madrid through French agents. I at once discovered that a powerful movement was on foot to gather up the Philippine bonds. Gigantic combinations seem to be forming sinister enterprises that would be impossible were the air and sunlight of publicity let into the main features of the negotiations.

I can not yet ascertain how far there may be a Wall street end to this ugly intrigue, but there certainly is a Madrid bourse end to it. No wonder there is a strong, almost irresistible pressure on the commissioners to keep such valuable secrets from the general public.

An element of the situation is the masterful craft which is now being employed to suppress the Cuban republic, which has gallantly fought for three years in the field for liberty, and annexing the island to the United States.

This scheme is being pressed by a gigantic combination of Spanish capitalists, backed by the Spanish government and aided by the very Americans who tried to prevent the war and sympathized with Spain in her merciless campaign of murder in Cuba. Spaniards and their American accomplices know that annexation to the United States means an enormous rise to the Cuban property, which would not take place under natural results. They have even secret hopes that with annexation the United States might guarantee some fraction of the immense Cuban debt. But in this they will surely be disappointed, for I know of a certainty that every American commissioner is determined to resist every responsibility, direct or indirect, for the so-called Cuban debt, a debt when really has nothing to do with Cuba or its people, but is properly chargeable on the royal treasury at Madrid.

Every effort will be made to induce the United States to annex

Disease of the Blood and Nerves. No one need suffer with neuralgia. This disease is quickly and permanently cured by Brown's Iron Bitters. Every disease of the blood, nerves and stomach, chronic or otherwise, succumbs to Brown's Iron Bitters. Known and used for nearly a quarter of a century, it stands today foremost among our most valued remedies. For sale by All Dealers.

Just received

Direct from Manufactures the largest and prettiest line of

School Supplies, Tablets, Etc.,

Ever brought to Haskell, also a nice line of **SHOW CASE GOODS** Come in and see them.

A. P. McLenore.



2 CANS OF B. T. BABBITT'S PURE POTASH IS EQUAL TO 3 of any Other BRAND.

3 Cans of any Other Brands, 25 cts.
2 Cans of B. T. Babbitt's PURE POTASH, 20 cts.
SAVES THE CONSUMER, 5 cts.

INSIST ON HAVING B. T. BABBITT'S Pure Potash or Lye.

Cuba or in some way to prevent the

people of Cuba from ruling the island. It is said that Whitelaw Reid is strongly opposed to any idea of a permanent Cuban republic and the Spaniards claim that he will side with them in their efforts to persuade the United States to stamp out the Cuban republic by annexing the island or Egyptianizing it. Men like Atkinson of Boston, who long aided Dupuy de Lome to baffle the American people in their effort to put a stop to the barbarous struggle in Cuba are frantic with a desire to force annexation, but this is a purely Spanish scheme.

Its sole object is to increase the value of Spanish property and enhance Spanish interests. It has behind it all the cunning and power of the wealthiest men in Spain.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. P. McLenore.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinien Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, To the sheriff or any constable of Haskell county, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded that you cause to be published in some newspaper for thirty days the following notice:

J. H. DYER } Haskell County
No. 245, vs } Texas, Nov.
FANNIE DYER } Term, 1898.

To all persons interested in the above entitled suit: Notice is hereby given that J. H. Dyer, plaintiff, has filed interrogatories in a certain suit pending in the district court of Haskell county, Texas, wherein J. H. Dyer is plaintiff and Fannie Dyer is defendant, No. 245, to J. L. Frances who resides in Lee county, Miss; the answers to which will be read in evidence on the trial of said cause, and has also filed an affidavit in said suit showing that said Fannie Dyer can not be found, so that notice and copy of interrogatories can not be served upon her for the purpose of taking depositions, and that the said Fannie Dyer has no attorney of record, and that a commission will issue on or after the thirtieth day after the publication of this notice to take the depositions of said witness.

Given under my hand and seal of said court at office in Haskell, this 14 day of Sept. A. D. 1898.

G. R. Couch, Clerk,
Dist. Ct. Haskell Co., Tex.

Greve's Ointment

Overcomes all unhealthy affections of the skin and when the feet or limbs are tired, stiff, aching or sore, Greve's Ointment affords the most grateful and speedy cure. Obsolete Skin Diseases, Eczema, Piles, Burns, Sprains, Inflammation, Swellings, and all Irritations of the skin, readily yield to its soothing influence, and the comforting relief it affords from Chapped Skin, Chills, Frost-Bites, and as a skin Cure generally, is of such value to everyone, that all should have it. 50c. Ask your druggist for it.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

This delicious combination of the best vegetable medicines known, cures Weak Lungs, Female Complaints, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Wakefulness, and all disorders of the bowels, stomach, liver, kidneys, and urinary organs. If you have lost your appetite and are low spirited, or suffering from age, or any infirmity, take Parker's Ginger Tonic. It will strengthen your brain and body and give you new life and vigor. It commences to act from the first dose, soothes out the weak organs, and builds up the system. Try a bottle to-day; it may save your life. 50c. and 25c. sizes at all druggists.

HINDERCORNS

The only sure cure for Corns. The safest, quickest and best. Stops all pain. Restores comfort to the feet. Makes walking easy. Price only 10c. at all Druggists. Hileco & Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

Agents Wanted

In Every County to Supply the Great Popular Demand for America's War For Humanity Told in Picture and Story

Compiled and Written by SENATOR JOHN J. INGALLS Of Kansas

The most brilliantly written, most profusely and artistically illustrated, and most intensely popular book on the subject of war with Spain. Nearly 200 Superb Illustrations from Photos taken especially for this great work. Agents are making \$50 to \$100 a week selling it. A veritable bonanza for live canvassers. Apply for description, terms and territory at once to N. D. Thompson Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo., or New York City.

Notice

President McKinley has been pushing war preparations lately with all the means and energy at the command of the administration, among other things large quantities of provisions were ordered for provisioning the warships—speaking of provisions should remind county people that they can money by buying their groceries at the low prices now prevailing at D. W. COURTWRIGHT & Co's.

Those who believe chronic diarrhoea to be incurable should read what Mr. P. E. Grisham, of Gaars Mills, La., has to say on the subject, viz: "I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhoea ever since the war and have tried all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found a remedy that effected a cure and that was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy." This medicine can always be depended upon for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhoea. It is pleasant to take and never fails to effect a cure. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. P. McLenore.

Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Publisher.

HASKELL, TEXAS.

No man ever becomes too ambitious to give advice.

Borrowers are like piecrust—very short and very sweet.

When it comes to manual labor the average man is an imbecile.

It takes more than nine tailors to make a man out of a cigarette dude.

The average man lets good opportunities go by while waiting for a better one.

Ignorance loves to wear borrowed garments, and go out riding with wisdom.

Those who are always looking for favors are not the most willing to give them.

Low living and high thinking will produce better men than his living and low thinking.

Prof. Charles Elliot Norton insists on viewing his country through a smoked glass, expecting to find it in eclipse.

Securing the consent of an heiress to a matrimonial alliance is a promising business engagement for a young man.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. Treat men as pawns and ninetails and you shall suffer as well as they.

It is in the length of patience and endurance and forbearance, that much of what is good in mankind and woman-kind is showing.

Suicide is the supreme act of the quitter. It is seldom a good thing except in the taking off of a superfluous member of society whose possibilities have been exhausted by the dramatist or the novelist. All the world admires a game man and so do the angels. The hysteria which turns the hand of a man upon himself is not philosophy, but spite and petulance. Even the man who devotes himself to frivolity is a more impressive character than the quitter.

It was characteristic of Hamilton Fish, Jr., the young scoundrel of the Rough Riders, who being mortally wounded, asked to be carried to the front to die, that upon his watch should have been engraved the crests of his ancestors, Alexander Hamilton and Nicholas Fish, with the motto, "God will give. Henry IV. of France, breathing his last, uttered the one word, "Remember," by every time young Fish looked at his watch he put himself in remembrance that noble parentage demands in the sons noble living as well as noble death; that "God will give" is merely attendant upon noble obligation.

Shall a diploma of academic degree be given for proficiency in the science and art of agriculture? This question is being considered in all seriousness by the ancient English University of Cambridge. As farmers cannot be made by the use of libraries and laboratories would be conditioned on a certain term of residence and actual practice on a farm. In America agricultural colleges with model farms have long been in operation, and although still under challenge in some educational circles, they are doubtless contributing to raise the standard and dignity of the farmer's life, and to put the most important of all branches of productive industry on a basis of intelligence and self-respect, with a reasonable promise of increasing profits through improving processes.

Mills House, Number Two, a home-hotel for men of small means—it will accommodate six hundred of them—was opened in New York the other day. Only a few steps from it is the Bowery, where there are many other cheap lodging houses; but the Bowery landlord charges twenty cents for a dirty "bunk" in a stifling loft, while that sum at Mills House pays for a neat, well-ventilated, single bedroom, together with bathing facilities and the use of a fine library and reading and smoking-rooms. Moreover, although the chef's salary is ten thousand dollars a year, a generous and palatable meal costs only fifteen cents. In this, or in Mills House Number One, a man can live in cleanliness and comfort for sixty-six cents a day, and still have the pleasure of knowing that, so carefully systematized in every detail of the great enterprise, his host is losing no money. That, indeed, is one of the most commendable features of the whole admirable scheme—that it marries generosity and common sense, and proves that philanthropy is never so successful as when planned on business principles.

The class of '98, in school and college the world over, now enters on the final stage of its course. How brief and pleasant in recollection the closing year of the momentous series will be! Senior dignity and privilege, how enjoyable and enviable! A graduating year is opportunity as well as privilege. "Redeeming the time," a poor record may be atoned for, a few average established. Those who have done well can do better. All can demonstrate the truth that preparation is not a matter of his and starts, but steady endeavor, courage, hope.

One who does right today need not be troubled about doing right tomorrow. Every act done is a seed that will bear fruit, each after its kind. The man who is generous today will find it easier to be generous tomorrow. An act repeated often enough becomes a habit, and the fruit of habit is character.

Listen not to a tale-bearer or slanderer, for he tells thee nothing out of good-will, but as he discovers the secrets of others so he will bring in harm.

TWICE WOUNDED.

It was during the summer of 1855 that I resided for a time in the City of Mexico, and at that period occurred the incident which, with regard to myself, came near terminating fatally.

A day or two after my arrival in Mexico I strolled one evening and, half unconsciously, took my way toward one of those cool, shady walks occasionally to be met with on the outskirts of the city.

As I paced slowly on toward a part of the walk where the trees grew closer, forming a little grove, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of two persons a few steps in advance of me.

The persons I had just discovered were a gentleman and a lady. On observing this fact I was relieved of a momentary fear of being set upon by desperadoes; I presently found my couple to be a pair of lovers, enjoying a stolen interview in the little grove, which I had nearly reached, but checked myself in time to prevent discovery just then, though I did not long avert it.

The first words I heard were spoken by the gentleman.

"Fly with me tonight, dearest, I entreat; give me the right to protect you from the wiles of Don Pedro. Only as my wife can I save you from the persecutions of him and his cowardly sons."

"I know it, dear Manuel," replied the maiden, whose soft, sweet voice quivered as if in deadly terror. "It was only this morning I overheard a conversation which fully apprised me of the great power placed in the hands of my uncle and guardian, Don Pedro de Saitillo, a power over me which now he proposes to share with his treacherous son, Garcia."

"How?" abruptly inquired the cavalier.

"Dearest Manuel, my guardian has tried every means short of personal violence to inveigle me into a marriage with Garcia. I have heard them plotting to secure me at night and carry me to a deserted ranch at a distance from the city and there, by the help of a vicious priest, unite me to Garcia. Our marriage shall be performed at once, and then Don Pedro and Garcia cannot molest you unless they pass over my lifeless body."

"Hush!" whispered the lady, as in my blundering I broke a dry twig, causing a slight rustle among the shrubbery.

The next moment I felt myself grasped tightly by the throat, while a sharp, stinging sensation told me that I had been stabbed. I made an ineffectual struggle, but soon sank into unconsciousness.

When I awoke to consciousness I was lying in a bed in a luxuriously furnished apartment, while beside me sat a venerable old man in the garb of a priest.

"Where am I?" was my first question, as I motioned feebly toward a pitcher of water on the stand near by.

He pressed a goblet brimming with the pure, icy liquid to my lips.

The old man's face inspired me with confidence, and I told him the whole story.

He started and looked me keenly as I mentioned the names of the lovers and Donna Isabelle's unworthy guardian.

"And now, holy father, tell me where I am," I asked again, as I finished my story.

The old priest looked at me steadily a few minutes and then asked:

"Canst thou keep a secret, my son? One of importance to these young lovers? Thou art now in the house of Don Manuel de Monza, who, in his rashness, nearly slew thee as an emissary of Don Pedro de Saitillo. Donna Isabelle entreated that some one should look after the body as soon as possible, for she dreaded lest it should be discovered in the grove and her flight become known before she could make good her escape."

"I committed thee to the care of Donna Julia, my dear Manuel's only sister. Since thou hast acquitted thyself of all complicity with Don Pedro thy treatment shall be that of an honored guest."

The priest told me of the union and flight of the lovers, imploring me to keep secret my adventure in the walk and grove, as my story might afford the means wherewith to trace out their hiding-place.

Late in the day I sank into a profound slumber, which lasted until the next morning. Father Ignatius soon came to me, and after bathing and dressing my wound—he was an expert surgeon—he told me that Donna Julia would call on me to apologize for her brother's mistake, and to ascertain if I was carefully nursed.

Donna Julia soon entered, accompanied by her diuenna. I started with surprise and delight as a beautiful girl of about 17 entered the room and greeted me as "Senor Americano" in the softest and sweetest of tones.

Donna Julia made many apologies for the brother's almost fatal mistake. Don Manuel de Monza had fled to his ranch with Isabelle, who dared not remain with Julia lest she should be kidnapped by Don Pedro during her husband's absence. Don Manuel was

collecting a sufficient number of servants to resist any attack on the part of Don Pedro.

On discovering Isabelle's flight Don Pedro started in pursuit. But not having force enough he hired a number of Indians, who murdered him for refusing to pay a sum of money they required before joining the expedition.

On hearing of the death of his father, cowardly Garcia fled, dreading De Monza's anger; and when Isabelle returned she found herself in possession of her fortune, as by Don Pedro's death it reverted to her.

Long before my wound was healed Don Manuel and his bride returned to Mexico, and I soon became intimate with the cavalier whose first meeting ended so unpleasantly. Our congenial tastes made us the best of friends, and now we are like brothers.

Another time has drawn us together. By the time my first wound was healed I had received a more dangerous one from Donna Julia. But when informed of my love for her she undertook to heal the wound by marrying me.—New York Daily News.

A WISE OLD SQUIRE.

A rare old book which would delight the heart of every boy who has in him the making of a manly man is the "Life of Thomas Asheton Smith," who for a half century was the first hunter in England, and of whom Napoleon is reported to have said, "That grand chasseur can control horses as I do men."

This modern Nimrod was the owner of great estates. The best horses and dogs in England were in his vast stables and kennels, and he boasted that every one of them was his friend.

It is said that when a new purchase of hounds arrived he would go among them, giving to each a mouthful of food, while he stroked its head and looked steadily and kindly into its eyes.

"Now I know them and they know me," he would say, and ever after the dogs would come bounding to meet him. In the morning the packs would rush from the kennels to the park gates and wait, panting with eagerness for him to come out.

"No horse," he used to say, "ever told me a lie. A horse is a born gentleman." Another of his maxims was, "The man who is a friend of horses should be clean, honorable and fit to be a companion of ladies." He sternly disapproved of drink, gambling, and all vices common among men of his class and time. No horse which he owned was ever allowed to work on Sunday. God had put this dumb brother in his care, with a command, and he obeyed it. "A dog," he often said, "never trusts a man who has tricked him once. I could not meet his eyes if I had lied to him." The good old man has long been dead, but we can learn from him even now how to win respect from companions who can speak and from those who are dumb.

Klondikers Turn Yellow.

A letter has been received from William Henderson of Denver, who went to Dawson City early in the rush. The letter is under date of July 9. The writer states that he has been mining on Dominion creek, where he has a very promising claim, and had come to Dawson for his supplies. At Dawson Mr. Henderson met Frank Haug, another Denverite, who had just got in after being "snowed up" for nearly a year. He also met Stanley Peace of this city and others. All the business in the way of transportation in that part of the Klondike is done by dogs, and Mr. Henderson states that they are farred better than horses. He considered a sale of two for \$1,000, but failed better himself, getting three for \$100 apiece. "There are more dogs in Dawson," he writes, "for the size of the place than in any city in the world. This is a hard community," he says, "for health. Hundreds of people seem all broken down. By looking at a man you can tell whether he has been here long or not. Those who have been turn yellow."

Mr. Henderson expects to return to Denver next summer.—Denver Times.

Must Love Men.

Every relation to mankind, of hate or secret or neglect, is full of vexation and torment. There is nothing to do with men but to love them; to contemplate their virtues with admiration, their faults with pity and forgiveness. Task all the ingenuity of your mind to devise some other thing, but you can never find it. To hate your adversary will not help you; nothing within the compass of the universe can help you to love him. But let that love flow out upon all around you, and what could harm you? How many a knot of mystery and misunderstanding would be untied by one word spoken in simple and confiding truth of heart! How many a solitary place would be made glad if love were there, and how many a dark dwelling would be filled with light!

Impassant.

"He called me butterfly," she said, with a giggle, as she preened the lap of her dress and wondered if anyone would believe she was only 20.

"There is a butterfly called a painted lady," observed her friend, and the butterfly lady mentioned aloud that some people were foolish despite their old age and wrinkles, and then there were ructions in that dressing room.—Pick-Me-Up.

Preferred Position.

"When the procession goes by I want to stand at a given point," said Tommy Taddell. "Where is that?" said Tommy's father. "I don't know, but it is where I want to stand. The papers say processions are always longer passing a given point."—New York World.

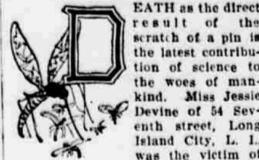
The Spanish Flag.

Fit emblem of the Spanish herds, whose plight is due to each vain-glorious fellow who shouts of battles won, but in the fight shows, like his flag, a streak of yellow.

DIED QUEER DEATHS.

STRANGE ENDING OF TWO EASTERN GIRLS.

Jessie Devine Pricked Herself with a Needle and Contracted Lockjaw—Aslaug Larson, Trained Nurse, Loses Her Life by a Mosquito Bite.



JESSIE DEVINE.

DEATH as the direct result of the scratch of a pin in the latest contribution of science to the woes of mankind. Miss Jessie Devine of 54 Seventh street, Long Island City, L. I., was the victim of this peculiar death;

the ailment was tetanus, or, commonly speaking, lockjaw. She died in St. John's hospital, New York, in great agony, after having been treated by her family physician for malaria. It was the bacillus, so say the experts, of tetanus, which produced the fatal result. The bug was attached to the pin picked up and utilized to pin together a small rent in her skirt.

Instead of stitching, she repaired with a pin the rent in her skirt. The pin scratched her knee, for she was not an expert in the use of pins.

"You see," said her mother, who, kind and practical, never loses an occasion to point to a moral, "that even if a stitch in time did not save nine, it is better to be orderly." Jessie smiled pleasantly and mended her skirt. She thought so little of a pin scratch on her knee. A week afterward she fell ill. She suffered from headache and uneasiness. Her appetite was gone. She shivered in the heat. "It is malaria," the family physician said, and he ordered quinine, a warm blanket, the remedies that one used for colds in temperate climates and for fever of the marshes in torrid climates. The headache and the uneasiness persisted. Miss Devine felt a painful contraction of muscles of face and hands.

Soon the muscles of her face, cheeks and neck became rigid. She could not move them at all. The rigidity extended to her back. The remedy for malaria had not the slightest effect upon her. And all the persons whom the patient's parents consulted said that surely Jessie Devine had a malady more severe than malaria, since all its symptoms were aggravated a hundred-

fold, which she had received associated with malaria. Her treatment for tetanus came too late. Neither Dr. Gibber, Dr. Leteue, nor Dr. Edson would criticize the physician who saw only malaria in the poor girl's complaint. They said, when the questions put to them were not leading to criticism of him, that symptoms of lockjaw were not symptoms of malaria, but professional courtesy sealed their lips when the questions were definite. "Beware of pin scratches," they all exclaimed, however.

Mosquito bites, even when inflicted by the New Jersey species of these summer pests, are not considered serious by many persons. That any healthy, strong human being should die because of such an injury is almost beyond the belief of all. That the bite is poisonous and sometimes becomes quite painful is known to most. But Sister Aslaug Larson, a trained nurse in the Norwegian hospital, Brooklyn, is dead, and the doctors say because of a mosquito bite. Sister Aslaug was a powerful young woman, tall, straight, and full of health. She was easily able to lift any patient in her ward as most persons would lift a child. Yet she is dead and all because a mosquito kissed her lips while she slept.

When the time came for Sister Aslaug to take her vacation there was much discussion as to where she should go. A family in Bogota, N. J., one of whose members she had nursed back to health, invited her very warmly to stay with them during her holiday and send out the inducements of swimming and boating and crabbing in the Hackensack river. But Sister Aslaug was turned against this proposal by her friend Sister Christina, who said:

"Don't go to Bogota, for the mosquitoes there are as big as snipe. Come with Sister Wilhelmina and me to Mystic Conn., where we know of a nice summer boarding house."

"Are there no mosquitoes there?" laughed Sister Aslaug.

"Just a few," replied her friend, "but they are not ferocious like those in New Jersey."

And so the three nurses set out for Mystic and took up their quarters in the house of William B. Noyes. The mosquito joke was kept up and Sister Aslaug pretended to be dissatisfied because she sometimes at night heard the insects buzzing. One morning she made a discovery.

"See," she said, indicating a slight

swelling on her lower lip, "that's where one of your Mystic mosquitoes has bitten me after keeping me awake all night. I could not be much worse off even if I had gone to Bogota."

This accident was made food for whimsical comment all through the day. At nightfall the swelling had increased and gave pain. Sister Aslaug applied a simple lotion to the place, but in the morning her face was completely disfigured by the swelling and her suffering was extreme. She consulted a doctor and he prescribed a remedy, which had no effect. Her face, swollen to twice its normal size, was also discolored.

Fancying that they recognized the symptoms of blood poisoning, her comrades sent word to the mother superior of the Norwegian hospital. She and Dr. Guenther started immediately for Connecticut, for Sister Aslaug was dearly loved, but before they reached Mystic she had died in a convulsion.

Shot an Angel.

The shooting occurred in the west, on the Panhandle branch of the Santa Fe railroad, and the story of it is related by the Topeka State Journal. The hero of the tale is a superstitious engineer, who believes in warnings. One night as he was rolling along at a good speed, when he saw a clear, white light, like a will-o'-the-wisp, dancing over the track a few hundred feet in front. He shut off steam and came to a stop as quickly as he could. The conductor and train crew came running up to the engine to see what was the matter. "There is some one swinging a lantern across the track," said the engineer, and the crew went ahead to investigate. "We can't find any one," reported the rear brakeman, and the engineer pulled out again, but he went slowly, and in a few minutes stopped again. The crew went ahead once more to see what was the cause of the light. The conductor, who was a good shot, drew his revolver, and at the second shot there was a crash, and the light went out, and something white came fluttering down from the clouds. The engineer was scared. "You've shot an angel, sure," he said to the conductor, with a face as pale as death. Investigation brought out the fact that a small boy, with a lantern tied to the tale of his kite, was the cause of the trouble; but it teases the engineer to be asked about "shooting angels."

Her Finger Torn Off.

Mrs. Carrie Brown of Newburg, N. Y., was the victim of a strange accident a few days ago, in which she lost the third finger of her left hand. While attempting to alight from a trolley car she took hold of a small brass rail under a point of which her wedding ring caught. In an instant the ring cut through Mrs. Brown's finger at the joint and completely amputated it.

ESKIMO INGENUITY.

THE FLAT-FACED, ROLY-POLY LITTLE SAVAGE A MARVEL.

Some of His Inventions—Close Second to the Yankee in Originality—Sieves Better Than Anything We Could Offer for the Purpose.

The Eskimo and the Yankee are about as far apart as two human types would be, yet they have traits in common. If there is any quality superlatively characteristic of the Yankee it is surely his mechanical ingenuity; and the flat-faced, roly-poly Eskimo is simply a marvel in the same line, though he doesn't look it, says the Philadelphia Press. In fact, it is his cleverness that he owes his existence. No race not fertile in expedients could possibly survive for a single year in that land of eternal winter, where nothing can be done in the same manner as in other parts of the world. Really, those regions of frightful cold were never meant for man to dwell in, and the hardy natives are able to live there only by defying nature and outwitting her at every turn; in a country where the mercury drops down into the bulb and freezes into a bullet that you could shoot out of a gun, to be long without shelter means death, yet the materials out of which men build houses are nowhere to be found. So the shifty Eskimo builds a hut of the very stuff that seemed likely to destroy him and makes himself very comfortable in it.

But, again, in that terrible climate he has neither wood nor coal nor anything else that we are accustomed to use for fuel; indeed, he never to build an ordinary fire in his icy den he would quickly bring his own roof down upon his head in a mass of slush. So, with a little lamp, which is nothing more than a saucerful of blubber, he gets warmth and light and heat for his cooking. Fish and seal are his chief means of subsistence; yet for his boat he has not even the birch bark which serves the purpose so well for his Indian neighbors a little farther south. Not in the least daunted by this arctic Yankee makes a craft of skin, which he scarcely more than an inflated bag, but which he manipulates with such amazing cleverness that he can outride the roughest seas and actually turn somersaults on the tumbling waves. They are not easily balked, these phlegmatic, stolid-looking savages. Most ingenious of all are their sledges. Everybody is supposed to know how, in the absence of wood, they build them of numberless little pieces of bone deftly fitted, placed and bound together with bits of sinew, but though everybody is presumed to know how it is done, nobody but an Eskimo can do it. You might more readily construct a bicycle of scrap-iron and stove wire. It is a task requiring infinite skill and patience; yet, when finished, one of these sledges lasts for many generations, an heirloom handed down from father to son, better for its purpose than anything we, with all our science, could offer as a substitute. At the same time strong and flexible, it endures the roughest usage as it is dragged by the wild, feet of packs over the frozen wastes that glide the pole. Not always, however, has the Eskimo a sledge of this description ready to his hand, and something he must have. But you can't freeze out an Eskimo. Calling to his aid the very frosts that threaten his life, he makes two long tubes of walrus skin, fills them with moss and earth, or even with snow, and wets them down, bending them up a little at the ends. In a few minutes they are frozen as rigid as iron—and there are his runners. Meanwhile he has cut out a large oblong from a thick walrus hide, which he also moistens. When that, too, is frozen it becomes as stiff as a deal plank—and there is the top board. A few stout thongs do the rest, and in less than an hour he has a serviceable sledge ready for business.

HER LOST PURSE.

Why She Was Angry with the Sergeant of Police.

"I have had my pocket picked!" exclaimed a middle-aged woman as she hurriedly entered the suburban police station a day or two ago, according to the Police Bulletin. "Weeks ago I carried my purse in a shop in the High street and I know it was a man who stood near me took it." "How much was in it?" "I can't say, sir. You see, it was this way: I came out to do some shopping. I put my purse in my pocket when I left home. When I went to pay for the goods it was gone. I think I had about 30 shillings." "Did any one have an opportunity to pick your pocket?" "I suppose so, but I don't know. I brought the money with you?" "Yes." "Are you certain you did not lose it?" "Do you think I'm a fool, sir?" indignantly exclaimed. "When I say I had my pocket picked, I know what I'm talking about." "I hope you do, ma'am, but—" At this moment a boy entered the room with the purse in his hand and said: "Here's your money, ma'am. I found it under the piano after you left the house, and Sarah sent me down to the shop after you." The woman and the sergeant looked at each other for a few seconds. Then he smiled. Then she got red. Then he said he was glad she had found her money, and she retorted: "I don't believe it! You wish I had lost it. I'll never come here for help again, never!"

A Discrepancy.

"What's the matter, anyhow?" exclaimed Plodding Pete contemptuously, as he threw aside the paper. "Dis is de tenth picture I've seen of dat man an' no two of 'em looked alike." "Well," replied Meandering Mike, "we gett'er grin an' bear it. We can't help it." "No. But I can't help raisin' my voice in protest when dey don't take half de trouble about a man's picture when he gits to be a hero as dey do when he's took fur de rogues' gallery."—Washington Star.

Spanish Sleeping.

"What a boon to the sleeping girl are the Spanish names." "Why?" "Think how easy it is for her to say 'Therava,' 'Vithava,' 'Cadhith' and 'Ponthe.'"—Kansas City Star.

A Contemporary Says What This Country Needs is a First-Class Fog-Killer.

What's the matter with the cigarette?

Fall Medicine

is Fully as Important and Beneficial as Spring Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to keep the blood rich and pure, create an appetite, give good digestion and tone and strengthen the great vital organs. It wards off malaria, fevers and other forms of illness so prevalent in the Fall.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure a Liver Ill. 25 cents.

Enjoyed the Spirit.

"What did Col. Stillwell say about the brandied peaches we sent to cheer his convalescence?"

"He said he was afraid he wasn't strong enough to eat the fruit," replied the little girl, but that he appreciated the spirit in which it was sent."

Chats with Mothers.

5,000 Books given away free. Write for one. Delicate women who desire to be strong should get one. Mothers who have sickly children should have one. Write Muco-Solvent Co., Chicago.

After a field is plowed, then comes harrowing details.

SUMMER CATARRH

Catarrh of the bowels, because it is most prevalent in the summer months, is called summer catarrh.

It surprises many that bowel trouble is catarrhal. Dr. Hartman's books make this plain. Write to the Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for them. They tell all about catarrh and how Pe-ru-na cures it wherever located.

"I had chronic catarrh for fifteen years," writes Mr. T. E. Miller, Grand Prairie, Tex. "I tried many medicines and doctors in vain. At last Pe-ru-na was recommended, and it relieved and cured me at once."

Mr. John Harting, 633 Main St., Cincinnati, O., writes: "My wife and myself took your Pe-ru-na for chronic catarrh and it cured us. No doctor or medicine we tried before helped us."

Mr. Edward Workman, Leodwin, Tex., writes: "Pe-ru-na for bowel troubles is unequalled by anything in my experience. I owe my life to Pe-ru-na, and shall always recommend it to those suffering as I was."

Mr. John Edgerton, 1020 Third Ave., Altoona, Pa., says: "I suffered from dysentery for three years. I took Pe-ru-na and am now well."

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Shirt Waists, Shirts, Fronts, Collars, Cuffs and Delicate Clothes.

Read our Booklets, Laugh and Learn.

FAULTLESS STARCH CO., Larch City, Mo.

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POMMEL SLICKER

Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest weather. Substituting will dissipate. Ask for the Fish Brand Pommel Slicker. It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to J. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

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We will give you a Watch, a Bicycle, a Camera, a Tripod, a Sewing Machine, a typewriter, a radio, a car, a boat, a house, a farm, a city, a country, a world, if you will only do a few simple things for us. Write for our free literature. We are the only organization in the world that does this. Write for our free literature. We are the only organization in the world that does this.

CURE YOURSELF!

Use Big O for unsatisfactory conditions, indigestion, nervousness, headache, dizziness, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. Big O is a powerful cathartic and purgative. It is entirely new. Write for our free literature. We are the only organization in the world that does this.

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that pays from the day it is put into the ground. Also for the Bible Reading Class. It is the only Bible Reading Class that is not a mere religious exercise, but a practical business proposition. Write for our free literature. We are the only organization in the world that does this.

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cases. Read for best results and cure your disease. Write for our free literature. We are the only organization in the world that does this.

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stamp for two weeks' treatment. Agents wanted in every town. Write for our free literature. We are the only organization in the world that does this.

PATENTS

Write for our free literature. We are the only organization in the world that does this.

OF TEXAS TOLD

Latest Happenings of Interest in the Lone Star.

Baptist Convention.

Waco, Tex., Oct. 10.—Dr. J. B. Gambrell was unanimously re-elected corresponding secretary by the Baptist convention, and accepted the honor in a speech.

Rev. J. M. Carroll, chairman of the educational committee, submitted his annual report, which was adopted. The following are the chief features of the report:

"From the \$7000 pledged at San Antonio for the Decatur property we have collected and paid out \$4150; \$2850 of these pledges are yet unpaid. These are all due by Jan. 1, 1899. And it is earnestly desired that the brethren who made these pledges will redeem them at the earliest moment possible. Of the balance still due on that property \$850 is past due, and on that we are paying interest. The remaining \$2900 will be due on Jan. 1, 1899. In addition to this work, and in addition to the large donation from Bro. Slaughter, we have secured pledges as follows:

"Those brethren have agreed to give us \$2500 each. All this they have agreed to pay when our subscriptions have reached \$100,000. We think it is the intention of those brethren to give at least as much more on the second \$100,000. Seven other brethren have agreed to give us \$1000 each. Our work up to date, not including the subscriptions, with four or five exceptions, are large. Not less than \$5000 each. Bro. Robertson has secured \$6000 more. This makes a total work done by the commission of \$53,200."

Dr. Hayden was refused a seat as a messenger.

Mystery Explained.

Tyler, Tex., Oct. 10.—Dr. A. P. Baldwin, who lives on West Ferguson street, went out to his well Saturday morning and was dumfounded to find that the water was so hot he could hardly bear his hand in it.

He came down town and announced that his well had suddenly turned hot. An expert was called in, but could not explain how it was. He made an analysis of the water, but could throw no light on the phenomena.

Dr. Baldwin was offered fabulous prices for his freak well and numbers of people called for water, thinking of course it must have great curative powers.

A plumber came on the scene and said that he could explain why the well was hot and soon did. The well is a common bored one, without curbing, and the pipes from the hot water reservoir in the kitchen pass very close to the well on the way to the bathroom. One of these pipes had rusted, and the hot water leaking out of it was running into the well by a natural vein.

From Porto Rico.

Fort Worth, Oct. 10.—Mr. George H. McFadden of Philadelphia and a member of the firm of McFadden & Co., extensively engaged in the cotton business in Texas, and elsewhere, is in the city, the guest of Neil P. Anderson, Esq. Mr. McFadden has recently returned from Porto Rico, where he was engaged in military service as a private in a company comprising the leading business and professional men of Philadelphia. This company, said Mr. McFadden, was one of the few engaged in the late war in the matter of equipment and sustenance was of no cost or expense to the government.

Dropped Dead.

Corpus Christi, Tex., Oct. 10.—Sister Claire, mother superior of Nazareth convent of Victoria, aged about 79 years, who has been visiting her sister, St. Mary Angeline, mother superior here, dropped dead at the convent of the Incarnate Word yesterday of heart failure. Mother St. Claire is one of the oldest nuns in Texas, having celebrated her golden anniversary as a sister with much éclat at Victoria during the present year.

Beaumont Briefs.

Beaumont, Tex., Oct. 10.—Frank Burns, who walked out of a hotel window at Port Arthur Thursday night, died at the hospital here from injuries sustained.

Freight train No. 23 on the Southern Pacific was wrecked near Drovers, several miles west of here, Saturday night. No lives lost. Passenger trains were delayed about fifteen hours.

Gregg County Killing.

Longview, Tex., Oct. 10.—Lee Cotton was killed yesterday near Eldersville, eight miles from here. Will Craig was arrested and brought to jail by Deputies Blackburn and Waters. No particulars.

Bishop From India Lectures.

Austin, Tex., Oct. 10.—Rev. P. J. Sturth, bishop of Dacca, India, preached on the missionary work of the Catholic church yesterday at St. Mary's church. He delivered a lecture to a large audience at Hancock's opera house last night on "Life in India."

Rev. Father James M. Toohy, assistant pastor of St. Mary's church, has arrived from Watertown, Wis.

Sixth United States immunes have sailed for Porto Rico.

Throckmorton Monument.

McKinney, Tex., Oct. 8.—For the purpose of entering into permanent organization the Throckmorton Memorial association met at the courthouse Thursday night with Col. R. De Armond in the chair. Articles of association were adopted.

Dr. G. A. Foote, the life-long friend of the ex-governor, was elected secretary. Mrs. Jessie Sharp and Mrs. M. M. Garnett were elected vice presidents. Mrs. Frank Wilcox and Miss Fannie Abernathy were named as assistant secretaries. I. D. Newacoe, treasurer.

E. W. Kirkpatrick, S. D. Hatter, T. B. Wilson, Mesdames Dr. E. L. Burton, J. M. Pearson and W. T. Wylie were appointed to aid the president in making out a list of members for the various permanent committees to be presented at the next meeting.

A committee on by-laws was also elected. Just as early as possible a list of promoters in every county in the state will be named and published throughout the state. Resolutions were passed urging the various committees to enter actively into the work and suggesting to them modes of procedure.

An agent of a Fort Worth sculptor firm was recognized, who presented a model to the meeting. Feeling speeches were made by Col. De Armond, Capt. W. L. Boyd, E. W. Kirkpatrick and others, after which the meeting adjourned to convene Friday night, Oct. 14.

Knows Him Well.

Austin, Tex., Oct. 8.—Brig. Gen. John M. Bacon, commander of the third cavalry troops, who are trying to subdue the warring Indians in Minnesota, is well remembered by many of the Texas pioneers. Col. Luther R. Hare, who is making this city his temporary headquarters, has known Gen. Bacon for many years. Speaking of him Col. Hare said:

"Gen. Bacon is a splendid man and a gallant officer. He is quick to act and thoroughly familiar with the tactics of Indians in time of warfare. He was a captain of the ninth cavalry and was breveted colonel for bravery which he displayed in Indian fights in Texas, under McKenzie. He served on the staff of Gen. Sherman from about 1858 until the latter retired from active service. He became a major in the seventh cavalry and was later promoted to be colonel of the eighth cavalry. He was appointed brigadier general of volunteers in command of the department of the lakes."

The Cotton Belt railway has adopted a novel method of interesting people in diversified industry. They have employed an expert of many years' experience in raising and handling fruit, berries and truck farm products, whose advice and assistance are free to all living in the territory contiguous to the road. His name is A. V. Swatz, of Mt. Selman, Texas, and he desires correspondence with those interested in the effort to secure a larger range of farm products in Texas.

Laredo Matters.

Laredo, Tex., Oct. 8.—Prof. Carlisle, state superintendent of education, after making an examination in the matter of an excessive scholastic census in Laredo, returned to Austin. It was agreed with Mayor Christen that the matter should be settled by taking a new census. It is understood that Zapata county will have to take another census, as the one returned is apparently too large to pass muster.

The city of Laredo gives notice that unless the International Bridge company, which leased its franchises (descended to the city from the king of Spain for exclusive ferry uses of the Rio Grande along the city front) for twenty-five years, pays up its past dues, the contract to establish a ferry between the two cities will be let.

Ulin Killed.

Sulphur Springs, Tex., Oct. 8.—Jack Ulin was killed Wednesday evening ten miles north of town. The alleged slayer is still at large, though the sheriff with the whole community are scouring the country and it is thought the arrest will soon be made.

The killing took place at Birthright, a small town in this county, and was witnessed by half a dozen people. The shock was so great that no effort was made to arrest the man.

Both parties had been to town that day and it is thought a difficulty was had while en route home.

Plumber's Mishap.

Texarkana, Tex., Oct. 8.—While John Bowers, a plumber for the gas company here was at work on a jet beneath a house, a leak had sprung in the valve and when Bowers lit a match to inspect his service, the gas that had accumulated from the escape ignited and enveloped his head in flames. Bowers was horribly burned and came within an ace of losing his life. He was rescued from his dangerous position almost insensate.

Judge John M. King of the attorney general's department, in reply to the query of the registrar of voters at Galveston, holds that the registrar can not register volunteer or regular soldiers in the service of the army of the United States.

The president entertained the Episcopal general convention in session at Washington.

Prairie fires have been raging in Dickens county, Tex.

Ex-Congressman Hoar of Massachusetts, nephew of the senator, is dead.

Baptists in Session.

Waco, Tex., Oct. 6.—The city of Waco has in its midst, domiciled in the hotels and in private residences, a greater number of preachers than were ever at one time assembled here in the history of the place. They are all Baptist preachers come here to attend the opening conference and the general convention.

Rev. J. C. Burkett opened the conference with scripture reading and prayer. After a hymn with organ accompaniment Rev. J. M. Robertson, D. D., of Dallas was elected to preside over the pastors' conference and Rev. T. W. White of Port Lavaca was elected clerk.

Revs. J. M. Newburgh, F. M. McConnell, J. C. Burkett and J. M. Bennett were announced by the chairman as a committee on order of business.

In the interim prior to the committee's report impromptu prayers, singing and short talks were indulged. The prayers breathed the general hope that the way will be opened by the Heavenly Father for Baptist development without the hindering influences of the past, with perfect harmony established firmly, without which high effectiveness is impossible.

The business opened with discussions of stated themes and questions, beginning with "The Responsibility Attached to the Pastors of the Congregations." In this discussion Rev. T. J. Walne of Lancaster set the pace in a fervent oration and argument, which went to the hearts of his brother pastors occupying the chairs in the auditorium.

The conference took place in the Baptist tabernacle, an immense structure owned by the congregation of the First Baptist church. It is the only building in Waco capable of seating large conventions. More than 2000 persons can be accommodated comfortably in the tabernacle, which is located on the old Baylor university grounds, between Fifth and Sixth streets, south of Webster street.

From the Church of St. Walburgis, which, at the beginning of the fourteenth century was designed with such magnificence that only the choir could be completed after the original designs, the procession takes its start.

To the tolling of bells, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the line winds through the streets that are decked with flags in the national colors, black, yellow and red.

Gen darmes, in bearskin caps, lead the way, checking the approach of the curious.

There are forty groups in the procession. At the head of each walks a young girl in holiday attire, bearing a cross, who announces in the Flemish tongue the scene that is to follow.

Requisition Honored.

Austin, Tex., Oct. 6.—The governor yesterday honored a requisition from the governor of North Carolina for a prisoner arrested in Georgetown, Tex., and wanted in North Carolina for burglary, in which he is alleged to have secured \$1300 in gold. Sheriff Henry Purl of Georgetown and Detective Dener of Asheville, N. C., were here and secured the necessary papers, and Detective Dener will take the prisoner back to North Carolina.

Died at Savannah.

Dallas, Tex., Oct. 6.—Dr. A. P. Keever of Oak Cliff received a telegram announcing the death of his nephew, Walter J. Gault, of Oak Cliff, at the army hospital, at Savannah, Ga. Gault, who was well known here, was 23 years old. He enlisted in the regular army about three months ago and was assigned to duty at Tybee Island, Ga., as prescription clerk. Malarial fever, it is believed, was the cause.

Still Held Up.

Austin, Tex., Oct. 6.—The matter of awarding the state stationery contract is still held up. There are several bids to be considered and the state printing board will probably meet and arrive at a final decision within the next few days.

To Look After Census.

Austin, Tex., Oct. 6.—Prof. J. M. Carlisle, state superintendent of education, has gone to Laredo to investigate the scholastic census of that city. The report of the scholastic population of Laredo was made to the department of education a short time ago, but it was not accepted by Superintendent Carlisle.

Fort Worth Wedding.

Fort Worth, Tex., Oct. 6.—Miss Pauline Wynne, only daughter of Hon. Richard M. Wynne, late candidate for the Democratic nomination of governor of Texas, and Mrs. Laura Wynne, of this city, was married last evening at 8 o'clock in the First Baptist church, Taylor and Third streets, to Ernest Lionel Stephens, by Rev. Julius B. French, pastor of the Broadway Presbyterian church.

The Laura Back.

Galveston, Tex., Oct. 6.—The steam lighter Laura, Capt. A. R. Spaulding, has arrived from Santiago. She was chartered by the government at the outbreak of the war and did constant service in landing troops and supplies. This vessel landed the first United States troops on Cuban soil. The Laura will be repaired here.

Prohibition Nominating.

Dallas, Tex., Oct. 6.—The Prohibition state executive committee in session here nominated B. P. Bailey of Houston for governor, and D. H. Hancock of Farmersville for lieutenant governor. Judge E. C. Heath of Rockport was elected chairman of the executive committee.

Emperor William's Entrance into Jerusalem is to be an Imposing one.

Mrs. Stephenson and 5-year-old daughter were killed by lightning near Kemp, Tex.

The vote to determine whether San Angelo, Tex., should be incorporated or not resulted in 69 for and 267 against.

Annually Enacts a Passion Play

The Life and Sufferings of the Nazarene Portrayed with Religious Earnestness but Strange Incongruity by the Honest Belgian Townsfolk.

Furnes, called Veurne by the Flemings, an old Belgian town, in the extreme west of Flanders, not far from the sea and the French frontier, has just celebrated its dramatic penitential procession, a great religious passion play, for the two hundred and forty-eighth time in its history.

Sleepy old Furnes awakens once a year from its life of idyllic isolation, to hold, on the last Sunday of the month of July, a penitential procession for the continuous expiation of a crime that was committed in the year 1650.

Gothic churches and public buildings dating from the time of the Renaissance indicate the past importance of the little community that is now almost forgotten to the world. The highly dramatic features of the annual religious ceremony, which is held on the same day as the kermess of St. Walburgis, appeal strongly to the Belgians. The streets of the quiet town then assume a penitential aspect, while they are inconspicuously enlivened at the same time with festivities of the most profane character.

Burgers of the town and inhabitants of the neighboring villages take part in the Passion Play that forms the most important feature of the procession. These simple actors seem to be thoroughly inspired by the feelings of self-humiliation and repentance imposed upon them by their parts.

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There are forty groups in the procession. At the head of each walks a young girl in holiday attire, bearing a cross, who announces in the Flemish tongue the scene that is to follow.

The instinct of the animal, and probably the experience of past danger, acutely him not to bear any weight definitely, until, by trial both with his trunk and with the next foot that is to be planted, he has completely satisfied himself of the firmness of the ground he is to tread upon. The caution with which this, and every part of his conduct on these occasions is marked, shows how forcibly nature has impressed him with a sense of his own weight.

During the autumn of this year the planet Venus will become a most brilliant spectacle in the western sky. All through the summer it has been growing brighter and attracting more eyes every week by its increasing beauty. It will continue through the fall to be the most conspicuous celestial object in view. Observations are now being made upon it by astronomers, to settle, if possible, the interesting question of how it rotates on its axis; whether as fast as the earth, or so slowly that it possesses unending day on one side and eternal night on the other.

Good-By to Newgate Prison.

It has been decided by the authorities of London that historic Newgate prison and the Old Bailey sessions house shall be pulled down to make room for a spacious new sessions house. Newgate has been a prison for over 600 years, the original buildings, after being several times repaired, giving way to another structure in 1770. Before it was entirely completed it was pillaged and burned on June 6 and 7, 1780, by the no-popery rioters, and after that a sum of \$150,000 was devoted to repairing and completing the fabric, which is considered by experts to be admirable in design and character. The outer walls are nearly four feet thick. On the opening of Whitecross street prison in 1815 Newgate ceased to be used for debtors, and since 1822 it has only been utilized for those awaiting trial during sessions and for prisoners condemned to death.

What He Would Like to Do.

"Hullo, Tipples, where have you been to?" "Thash what—hic, can't make out—hic—shun hash caused loss of—hic—mem'ry. Can't recollect whether—whether—hic—whether I've been to twenty public—hic—or—prize—one—hic—should shay."—Pick-Me-Up.

Disc on the Streets.

Public discs are established on most of the residential streets of Japanese cities, where people can have their dinners and suppers cooked for them at trifling expense.

Hard at It.

"Hey, there!" cried the policeman, "your light's out." "I know it!" yelled the feeble bicyclist. "Oh! it's all gone, and I'm trying to light out, too."

Penitents Bearing Crosses.

First come scenes from the Old Testament, representations of the Messiah and His work of redemption. There are depicted Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac; Moses and the brazen snake; the Prophets, King David and John the Baptist as the immediate predecessors of Jesus.

Not alone in living pictures are the life and sufferings of Christ depicted, but also life size productions of carved and painted wood, in which a naively realistic art is disclosed.

These immense groups are carried on stretchers or transported in carts and are drawn only by penitents of either sex. Panting from their burdens, whose weight bows them down, half suffocated by the cows they wear, it would seem at times that the actors in this moving drama would sink exhausted. They vowed, however, that they would reach their goal without allowing weakness to overcome them, and they keep their vows.

It is worthy of note that those who participate in this moving passion play indulge during the procession only in old fashioned modes of expression. The chief character in the group of "Christ's entry into Jerusalem" has made a vow to maintain, immovably and without a moment's intermission, the sign of blessing throughout the duration of the procession.

As the latter lasts three hours, it is not to be wondered at that at its close a complete apathy overpowers the young mystic.

Deep emotion overcomes the observer on witnessing the passage of Christ carrying the cross. The penitent delineator of the Saviour led to his death literally collapses beneath the weight of the massive cross before Simon of Cyrene can place a portion of the burden on his own shoulder. Thrice the delineator of Christ has to fall, and each time the Roman soldiers dart forward and goad him on to new exertions, while the air is rent with trumpet peals and shoutings of the mob.

Lastly there appear the psalm singing penitents in their cowls. They are of both sexes, and they pant beneath the almost overwhelming weight of roughly hewn crosses, which they carry in various positions or drag after them. Many of these crosses, and also tablets that are carried, bear inscriptions of aphorisms from the Old Testament in the Flemish tongue.

On the return, great lassitude naturally prevails in the ranks of penitents.

THE QUIET MAN'S SPECIAL.

When He Ordered It the Ticket Agent Gasped.

A quiet man walked into the Camden station the other night about 8 o'clock and made his way in a leisurely manner to the ticket office. Depositing an unpretentious satchel on the counter, he asked for a ticket to Pittsburg, says the Baltimore Sun. "Do you want to go tonight?" asked the ticket agent. "Yes," said the quiet man. "Well, your train left half an hour ago and there is no other train to Pittsburg tonight." "That's a pity," observed the quiet man, in the same tone as before. He looked down at the counter meditatively, and then said: "Rig me up a special train to Pittsburg right away, will you?" The ticket agent looked as if he could have been knocked down with a feather. "I beg your pardon," he said. The quiet man repeated the order and explained that he wanted to arrive in Pittsburg by 8:30 o'clock in the morning, as he had to make connection in that city with another train. He was at once made acquainted with Night Manager C. E. Hicks, who sent for W. T. Lechluder, who has charge of the passenger equipment at the Camden station. There was much activity displayed as soon as the order for the special was transmitted through the yards. When the preliminaries had been arranged the prospective passenger asked how much the special would cost. "Three hundred and forty-six dollars," answered Mr. Lechluder. Without the slightest hesitation the quiet man drew out a checkbook and made out a check for the amount. It was signed D. T. Keenan, and there remained no doubt of the genuine character of the piece of paper. Mr. Keenan is one of the best known railroad contractors in Philadelphia, and intimated that \$346 was but a drop in the bucket compared with the business in hand. The special left at 12 o'clock midnight and arrived on time at about 8 o'clock in Pittsburg, a remarkably quick run. The regular fare to Pittsburg is \$8.

THE ELEPHANT IN A BOG.

The sagacity of elephants when bogged in swamps is truly admirable. The cylindrical form of the elephant's leg—which is nearly of equal thickness—causes the animal to sink very deep in heavy ground, especially in the muddy banks of small rivers. When thus alighted the animal will endeavor to lie on one side, so as to avoid sinking deeper; and, for this purpose, will avail himself of every means to obtain relief.

In order that he may extricate himself, he is liberally supplied with straw, boughs, grass, etc.; these materials he forces down with his trunk, till they are lodged under his forehead in sufficient quantity to resist his pressure. Having thus formed a good basis for exertion, the sagacious animal next proceeds to thrust other bundles under his belly, and as far back under his flanks as he can reach; when such a basis is formed, as may be, in his mind, proper to proceed upon, he throws his whole weight forward, and gets his hind feet, gradually upon the straw, etc. Being once confirmed on a solid footing, he will next place the succeeding bundles before him, pressing them with his trunk, so as to form a causeway by which to reach firm ground.

Some interesting deductions are drawn in a work just published by Dr. Lawson Taft, a famous English specialist. Among other things he says: "My social experience among men and my professional experience among women draw a most emphatic distinction between drunks in the two sexes. Men sit down openly with one another and get drunk socially. Women never do this. I never in my life saw a woman get perceptibly the worse for liquor at a dinner table, whereas I have seen scores, if not hundreds, of men do it. I never saw but one woman in my life the worse for a drink at

the trials of a musical accompanist are many. If we may credit all the stories told of them, a young professional recently played accompaniments for the performers at a private entertainment for a fashionable charity, lasting for nearly two hours. "Here, you see, I have no chance to take a breath for ten bars," said the amateur flute-player, indicating to the accompanist a passage in his opening solo. "There are a number of such places in my solo, and if you'll hurry the time whenever you come to them, it will be a relief to my wife, for all my family are subject to apoplexy, and I've already had one slight attack."

Durability of Plate Glass.

It is asserted that plate glass will make a more durable monument than the hardest granite.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Black ribbon velvet true-lover's knots, in spite of their long popularity, seem to have taken a new lease of life and promise to make their appearance in the most persistent fashion upon nine out of ten of the newest hats. Very frequently a big bow of this kind forms the center of the trimming upon a hat, with possibly two large black or white ostrich feathers curving away on either side.

Paris, having loved blue very dearly, smiled persistently on black and white, is now turning much of her attention to red, and the best of her satin fougard gowns appear in the color accented with white. They are invariably made on a simple plan, the skirt with a single flounce, the bodice crossed over on the bust to show a chemisette of ecru muslin, slightly pouching in the front, with a very narrow belt, and crowned with a hat turned off from the face trimmed with indispensable cherries.

The long jeweled chains have by no means gone out of fashion yet, though perhaps there is not quite so marked a craze for them as a few months back. Pink coral, strung in long ropes, is most becoming when worn with a pink or white evening toilet, and at a smart dance recently a girl in coral pink embroidered chiffon was all hung about with ropes of fine coral. They looked newer than gold chains or peary ropes, and had the merit of being genuine, which the latter rarely are in these days of imitations.

FADS IN JEWELRY.

A very pretty cigar cutter in the shape of a key is shown. It is made of gold.

Very handsome novelties of gun-metal consist of various designs ornamented with gold tracery.

A pencil with four holes containing a pencil and crayons of various colors is also offered in gun-metal.

Very pretty toilet articles faced with silver and gold are shown. Miniature portraits form some of the new decorations.

The most fashionable patriotic breastpin consists of an American flag with an eagle perched on the staff. The bird is covered with brilliant and has emerald eyes.—The Jeweler's Weekly.

A new lapel watch has been shown. It is a very small dial connected by a shank with a larger round case, which contains the movement. It is said to be a better timekeeper than former watches of its class.



SCENES FROM THE PASSION PLAY IN SLEEPY OLD FURNES.

WEDDING GOWNS FOR RENT.

Curious Shop Supplies the East Side with Nuptial Finery.

This is the alluring sign on the outside of a little shop in Market street which attracts the attention of young women of the east side whose blissful anticipations of marriage are somewhat alloyed by their inability to provide themselves with the bridal finery which is the desire of every feminine heart, irrespective of outward rank or condition, says the New York Press. Doubtless they are just as much sentiment and sacredness in a marriage ceremony wherein the bride wears a full-colored gown that has seen service under other circumstances as if she wore shimmering folds of satin, but the satin gown will be a coveted object none the less, even when known to be unobtainable. The proprietor of the shop in Market street does not pose as a philanthropist, but she supplies a demand not otherwise provided for. Shrewdly guessing that satin only would be far enough beyond the reach of the average east side bride to tempt her to hire a dress for a wedding, she keeps no other kind on hand. The satin, however, is of various grades and prices and the gowns vary in elegance of style. "You want a wedding dress?" she observes as an embarrassed young woman makes known her business. "Yes, I have one. What kind do you want? You want a new one, never worn before—and nice? That will cost you \$12. Too much? Why, the dress is elegant, full and long, and beautiful lace on it. Yes, I supply a veil with all these beautiful flowers," taking a cluster of artificial orange blossoms from the case. "Of course, if you want something not so elegant, I give you a nice dress for \$10 or maybe \$8. "New?" "Yes, clean and nice." "How much for one that's never worn?" "Oh, \$5 or \$6. Not dirty, either; just a little above the bottom. I got one worn only three times, by nice young ladies, too." If the bride-to-be is anxious to make an impression on her acquaintances with the splendor of her bridal finery she has the dress sent home several days before the wedding and displays it as the chef-d'oeuvre of her lined trousseau. There are those who may guess that it is only a temporary possession of the bride, but any suggestion to that effect is indignantly spurned. The owner of the wedding dress never loses sight of it unless she has ample guarantee of the responsibility of the parties hiring it, and when the ceremony is over she is on hand to take care of it, and the bride has no further worry about it. Once in a while the gayety at a wedding where there is a hired gown becomes somewhat boisterous, and in the confusion there may be spots or even rents that mar the pristine freshness of the garment, for every one of which madame demands extra compensation; and if she doesn't get it there is a bridal couple in the police court the next day, but she usually does.

Good Reason to Hurry.

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FRIENDLY INDIANS' PETITION.

They Address a Communication to Their "Great Father at Washington" Asserting Their Loyalty.

Troops at Agency.

Walker, Minn., Oct. 10.—When the troops reached the agency they found that the friendly Indians had maintained a picket line covering the whole line of woods which surrounded the settlement. As many as fifteen of the Indians have done picket duty. Now that the troops are on the grounds these formal preparations for defense will probably be abandoned, but there will be Indian scouts out all the time ready to bring prompt warning of anything that even looks dangerous. It is said by those who know that these agency Indians would not hesitate to kill a hostile as quickly as would a soldier.

Saturday night Mah-Ge-Gah-Baw, one of the head men of the Bear Island Indians, arrived on the agency point with twenty-seven canoe loads of the Bear Islanders, comprising those of them who are for peace.

There are 75 or 100 in the party, men, women and children. They went into camp about five miles from the agency, and Mah-Ge-Gah-Bow called on Gen. Bacon at once. He said that he had told the hostiles on the island that could not go with them, that he and his friends were for peace with the white men and that they were going to the agency.

"All right," said the hostiles, inconspicuously, "tell them what we are doing," and they allowed Mah-Ge-Gah-Bow to depart in peace.

"Kah-win-nin-ge-ka-da-sin," said the old man when he was pressed with inquiries as to the number of the hostiles, their whereabouts and their intentions for the future. This, being interpreted, means: "I don't know anything more about it." He did say, that so far as he knew, none of the hostiles were killed in the fight, but they all say that. As to how many Indians were actually on the war path, the agency Indians are disposed to hold the number down to something under 100 and many of them say that there were not more than twenty-five or thirty.

Dr. Hart has prepared a paper which the Indians are being asked to sign as fast as they come into the agency. It is already signed by more than 100 Indians including a dozen or fifteen of the chiefs and head men from Flat Mouth down.

It reads as follows: To the great father, Washington: We, the undersigned Chippewa-Pillager Indians of the Leech lake reservation in Minnesota, deplore the outbreak of some of our brethren upon this reservation and believing you desire that justice shall be done in your dealings with us we have therefore resolved in council assembled to remain loyal to the United States and friendly to our white brethren, and we agree to use our influence with our friends and relatives, the Bear Island Indians, to lay down their arms and quietly submit to the authorities of the United States.

Princess Subjunct.

Berlin, Oct. 10.—Princess Trubetzkoi, who was under arrest on an extradition demand from the Italian government, charged with forging documents, committed suicide yesterday at the police station.

There are several ladies of high rank or wide reputation known to Princess Trubetzkoi, or Trubetzkoi. Among them are the wife of the grand marshal of the Russian court and the American novelist, who was formerly Miss Amelle Rives. It is quite inconceivable that either of those ladies is the Princess Trubetzkoi referred to in the foregoing dispatch.

Fatal Run Over.

Outhrie, Ok., Oct. 10.—John Ford, a farmer living ten miles south of here fell from a load of wood and the wagon passed over his head, killing him instantly.

Gov. Barnes has pardoned Joseph McDaniel, aged 18, from the penitentiary. He was sent from Perry for larceny and had served half his term.

Two members of the seventh infantry regiment fought about a woman at Lexington, Ky., and one was killed.

Vessels Arrive.

New York, Oct. 10.—The auxiliary cruiser Mayflower has arrived from Ponce, Porto Rico; all well.

The United States steamer Supply from Guantanamo arrived and anchored at Tampa yesterday. The United States ship Relief arrived at noon yesterday from Hampton Roads where she landed about 250 sick and convalescent soldiers from Porto Rico.

The first Texas regiment has been ordered to Savannah, Ga.

Leave of Absence.

Santiago de Cuba, Oct. 10.—Maj. Gen. Henry W. Lawton, military governor of the department of Santiago, will sail for the United States in the course of a few days, having been granted three months' leave of absence because of ill health.

His duties as military governor will be discharged by Gen. Leonard Wood, governor of the city of Santiago, most of whose official duties will in turn be discharged by Maj. McHenry. A few other changes will be made.

Mrs. McKinley's Brother Slain.

Canton, O., Oct. 8.—Geo. D. Saxton, one of the most prominent and wealthy young citizens of Canton and brother-in-law of President McKinley, was shot dead on the street at about 6:10 last evening.

The circumstances of the tragic affair were such that the police authorities immediately set about to effect the arrest of a woman known as Mrs. Anna George, and at 9 o'clock she was taken into custody and locked up in central police station.

The tragedy is the culmination of a very sensational affair, if the woman is guilty of the deed. There has been intimate business relations between the woman under arrest and Mr. Saxton extending over a period of at least a dozen years. It is said that Saxton caused the separation of the woman and her husband. Quarrels have frequently occurred of late between Saxton and Mrs. George. This exasperated the woman to such an extent that it is said she had threatened to take his life.

The real cause of the frequent ruptures is said to have been the attention Saxton paid to Mrs. Eva Althous, a young widow. Saxton rode to his house this evening and dismounted at the curb. Saxton had reached the house steps when a pistol shot rang out. This was followed in rapid succession by four or five others. Saxton was dead when neighbors reached the spot, and no sign of the assassin was to be seen.

One shot took effect in the left side of the neck, one above the heart and the third in the abdomen. Two bullets were found flattened under the clothing near the right nipple, next to the skin, but did not penetrate the latter.

Suspicion was immediately directed to the woman who was known to have threatened his life and three hours after the shooting Mrs. George was taken into custody. She fought desperately when the officers found her at the boarding house and four policemen held her hands full.

No weapon was found upon her. She maintains an impenetrable silence.

Many Drowned.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 8.—The Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamer Yamaguchi Maru has arrived with the largest cargo of oriental goods ever brought to this port. She left Yokohama Sept. 21 and brings important oriental news up to that date.

Nearly 250 Chinese were drowned like rats in a trap on Sept. 1 by the overturning of a crowded Canton passage boat in East river. The victims were pilgrims returning from a shrine. Nearly all were crowded in the hold of the vessel, which was blown over by a squall without warning.

The North China Daily News asks Great Britain to call a conference of the powers to persuade them to leave China alone for the next ten years, jointly giving such assistance as is necessary to preserve internal order. It proposes that China select foreigners to reorganize her army and navy, finances and public works.

Won First Prize.

Salt Lake, Utah, Oct. 8.—The grand choir contest of the Elstedford for the \$500 prize and gold medal was participated in by five choirs of 125 voices, the selections being "All Men, All Things," by Mendelssohn, and "Night Song," by Stephens. The prize was awarded the Salt Lake choir under the leadership of Prof. Stephen.

Dr. Gilbert Bohms of Pennsylvania won the first prize for the best musical composition, and M. D. Edwards of Preston, Idaho, second. The first prize for the best treatise on the introduction of Christianity in Wales was won by two, the honors being divided between W. D. Williams of New York City and D. W. Williams of Jackson, O. The first prize for the best poem on "America's Dead Sea," was won by John D. Lewis of Cleveland.

Engineer Kline Dead.

New York, Oct. 7.—Chief Engineer W. S. Kline, U. S. N., retired, died in this city. He had just submitted to an operation for cancer of the tongue. He was born in Baltimore on Sept. 3, 1837. In 1861 he entered the navy on the ship Wyoming and took part in the chase of the Alabama. While on the coast of China the Wyoming was engaged by three Japanese men-of-war and eleven sailors were killed. He was promoted to chief engineer in 1877 and retired on Aug. 27, 1884. He was on the Charleston during the Brazilian rebellion.

Towed into Port.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 8.—The lumber raft which has been floating around the Pacific for two weeks has been towed into this port by tug boats. The original raft was built at Astoria, Ore., and was taken in tow for this city, but had to be abandoned during a storm. The raft broke up, but a greater portion of it fouled off Pigeon Point, and it was this piece that was saved by the tug. It is 350 feet long and worth \$75,000.

Bishop's Opinion.

Washington, Oct. 8.—Bishop Whipple, for forty years a missionary among the Chippewas, says the outbreak is the fault of the government, which will not punish crimes and prevent whiskey being sold to the Indians.

Wm. Damston accidentally shot himself while hunting near Beaville, Tex.

Evacuation of Cuba must be hurried, says the president.

Indian Trouble.

Washington, Oct. 8.—The following dispatches bearing on the Indian trouble have been received by the war department:

Brainerd, Minn., Oct. 7, via Walker, Minn., Oct. 5.—Adjutant general, Washington: While protecting United States marshals at his camp on Leech lake, opposite Bear Island, with a detachment of eighty men of the third infantry, was attacked by a large force of Chippewa Indians at noon to-day. Indians fighting from heavy timber and under brush. Indians driven back. Our loss was: Killed, Capt. Wilkinson, Sergt. Butler, Privates Olmstead and Seibel. Wounded, Sergt. Ayres, Privates Daley, Boucher, Brown, Wicker, Jensen, Turner, Seliger and Francony and Deputy Marshal Sheehan. Communication is most difficult by steamboats.

BACON, Brigadier General.

Brainerd, Minn., Oct. 7, via Walker, Minn., Oct. 6.—Adjutant general, Washington: One soldier killed to-day and one Indian policeman killed; one wounded. Number of Indians killed impossible to estimate. They have now scattered in their canoes during the night to the various islands in this section. Have accomplished all that can be done here at this late season and will return with my command to-morrow. Communication with this point rare and difficult.

BACON, Brigadier General.

It is stated at the war department that the last dispatch probably means that Gen. Bacon will return with his command to Fort Snelling unless the force is actually needed for the protection of the people in the vicinity.

More Fever.

Jackson, Miss., Oct. 8.—Six new cases of yellow fever developed in Jackson yesterday, three white and three colored. There was no death and none of the new cases are considered critical. One of the new cases is Mr. Early, a telegraph operator at the Illinois Central depot. Several cases of suspicious illness are under surveillance. People continue to leave the city and more of the business houses are closing. The spread of the fever over the state continues, the city of Natchez being the last place to develop the disease. An unofficial telegram from there announces that Dr. Dunn has found two cases of genuine yellow fever.

Free of Duty.

Washington, Oct. 8.—Beef and cattle are likely to be soon admitted into Cuba free of duty. The question is now receiving careful consideration by the officials and it seems probable that the present tariff will be so modified as to afford at least temporary relief to the Cuban people. It is known that the great mass of the rural population of the island is in distress, not only for want of food, but for work cattle with which to till the soil. The planting season is now at hand, and as the entire country has been practically stripped of cattle the farmers find themselves unable to plant their crops. In this emergency the government proposes to do its utmost in the way of relief and it is not improbable that the free list may be further increased by including some staple articles of food, such as flour, meats, rice, etc. Whatever action is taken it is thought will be announced within a day or two and will be only temporary and for the sole purpose of affording these suffering Cubans relief in their present extremity.

Laden With Munitions.

Washington, Oct. 8.—The schooner to which Admiral Dewey referred in the ship transport Buenos Ayres, and it has been learned lately that she is laden with munitions of war instead of troops. Still the principle at stake is said to be the same as if the troops were concerned. The ship is said to be due at Singapore on the 13th inst., by advices coming to the state department.

Completely Whipped.

St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 8.—A Walker, Minn., special says: Gen. Bacon thinks one of the Indians killed by a sharpshooter was Chief Bu-Go-Nay-Ka-Shig. He says they are completely whipped Indians. The name of this Indian is apparently Bu-Ah-Mah-Ge-Shig, who was the cause of the whole trouble, other Indians having taken him by force from the deputy marshals who were taking him to Duluth as a witness in an illegal liquor selling case.

Married Again.

Versailles, Ky., Oct. 8.—Riley Brock, a saw mill hand, and Miss Dora Richardson, the divorced child-wife of Gen. Casalus M. Clay, were married yesterday afternoon at Keene, Ky. The couple went immediately to the home given Dora by Gen. Clay some weeks ago, where they will reside.

Typoid fever is rapidly disappearing from Camp Mead.

Will Return to Havana.

Washington, Oct. 7.—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee will return to Havana on Oct. 27. This time he will enter the city at the head of an American army, just as he prophesied he would do when he left there after the blowing up of the Maine. The date named has been decided upon, but is subject to change if the conditions in Havana province call for or justify an earlier occupation. Most of Gen. Lee's command will probably embark at Fernandina, although some of the regiments are likely to sail from Savannah.

The order covering all these future movements of the army will be issued at once. It will assign troops to their winter stations, or to temporary camps, preliminary to service in Cuba and Porto Rico, and will designate the regiments which will proceed at once to Cuba. The same order will probably announce the reorganization of the several army corps, the reassignment to command and the muster out of several generals and staff volunteer officers.

The present seven army corps will be reduced probably to four, which is supposed to afford the organization required for efficient working of the military force.

Gen. Wade will in all probability be the military governor of Cuba, should such an official be designated by the administration, or he may exercise general command of the army of the island, having under him Gen. Lawton in the department of Santiago and Lee of Havana.

Gen. Lee was at the war department yesterday and had a long talk with the authorities. The selection of camps for his troops in Havana province will rest with the board assigned to that duty. This board will be governed in their final actions by the local conditions, having in view at all times the sanitary requirements of camps.

Heavy Cost.

New Orleans, La., Oct. 7.—The failure and neglect to include in his report to the surveyor of the port the eight stowaways cost Capt. Lang of the British steamship Barrister an even \$1000, by a decision rendered in the case by Collector Wimberly. The law is very explicit. When the Barrister left Liverpool the crew list of thirty-nine was found to be diminished by one, through desertion. On the arrival of the vessel here the captain made his declaration, stating that one of the crew had deserted, but he failed to say anything about the eight stowaways, whom he had discovered at sea. His error lay in not declaring thirty-eight men of the crew and eight a total of forty-six. The customs inspector reported the matter to the collector.

Mrs. Guilford Indicted.

Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 7.—Coroner Doten has completed his inquiries into the death of Emma Gill, whose dismembered body was found in the Yellow mill pond a few weeks ago, finding that she came to her death by felonious homicide at the hands of Nancy Guilford, assisted and abetted by Alfred Oxley and Rose Brayton. The grand jury has indicted Nancy Guilford for murder in the second degree. This will facilitate her extradition from England.

Genuine and Enduring.

London, Oct. 7.—The Daily Chronicle publishes an interview with Senator Frank D. Pavey and the Daily News one with Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian statesman, both of whom dilate upon the growth of the Anglo-American entente, as a genuine and enduring sentiment. Sir Charles Tupper testifies to the sincerity of the feeling affecting Canada.

A Killing and a Wedding.

Pine Bluff, Ark., Oct. 7.—In Falline county Joe McKinley, a young farmer, accompanied by his brother and a friend, eloped with the daughter of Chas. Taylor, another farmer. The wedding party took a wagon and started for Redfield. When within five miles of there Taylor overtook the party and opened fire with a gun, discharging both barrels into the wagon without effect. McKinley returned the fire with a revolver, killing Taylor. The body was left lying in the road while the party drove on to Redfield, where the elopers were married. After the ceremony all four surrendered themselves to the police. McKinley rented a farm from Taylor.

Narrowly Averted.

Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 7.—A serious difficulty was narrowly averted here when J. M. Coleman, a well known haberdasher, fired a pistol at a fleeing soldier, but fortunately failed to hit any one, although the street was filled with people at the time. The report became circulated that Coleman had thought the Major figured in his affair Harrison, provost marshal, but although the Major figured in the affair the shot was not fired at him and no attempt was made upon his life. The trouble seems to have started between Coleman and a soldier having some words.

Steamer Arrives.

Havana, Oct. 7.—A dispatch received from Manzanillo announces the arrival there of the steamer Reina de Los Angeles, flying the stars and stripes, with Col. Henry Ray and 400 United States troops. Ray will take possession of the city at once.

Owing to the vast amount of red tape required to obtain burial permits, many bodies of the poor, picked up in huts and the streets, were left for days unburied even after they are taken to the cemetery.

The warehouse of the Tyler (Tex.) Foundry and Machine company burned; loss, \$10,000; insurance, \$5000.

More Heroes.

Walker, Minn., Oct. 7.—The battle of Leech lake has developed more than one hero. Gen. Bacon, Major Wilkinson, Lieut. Ross, Surgeon Harris, Hospital Steward Buckhart, Sergeant Butler, Frank Briggs and Col. Sheehan are all deserving of medals of honor. The three former for the gallant manner in which they led the troops; the fourth for his inattention to his wounds when bullets were flying past his head, and his apparent indifference to them; the fifth for volunteering to carry messages across the firing line from Lieut. Ross to Gen. Bacon and losing his life in an effort to rejoin his men, and the sixth for bravery displayed on several occasions. Briggs is a barber of Walker and was sworn in as deputy sheriff because he wanted to accompany the troops. When the Indian sharpshooters were firing upon every one, who showed above the ground, Briggs went to the beach and carried supplies to the blockhouse. He also volunteered to go to the Flora in a canoe and was allowed to do so by Gen. Bacon who remarked as he gave his consent: "You have lots of nerve, young man, and are taking your life in your hands."

Col. Sheehan's gallantry is remarkable because the colonel was there not in a military capacity, but as a deputy marshal and his work had been accomplished. He and Briggs will be mentioned in Gen. Bacon's official report. And Steward Buckhart will be recommended for a medal of honor.

Eight Killed.

Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 7.—A special from Walker, Minn., says: Maj. Wilkinson, six privates and one Indian policeman are dead. Col. Sheehan is slightly wounded. Thirty Indians are dead. A dispatch boat has just returned from the battle ground. There has been desperate fighting.

The boat brought H. S. Talman, deputy marshal, and Col. Sheehan. Sheehan is not badly wounded. He is shot in the abdomen. While the boat was transferring wounded men he was fired on from the bush. This was the signal for an immediate reopening of hostilities. The troops opened on the Indians and in a second there was as fierce fighting in progress as that yesterday. The firing became so hot that we were compelled to weigh anchor and steam out into the lake. The Indians appear to be in force. Bacon's command is too small to take the aggressive. The detachment is entrenched in a good position and can hold out so long as ammunition lasts. The steamer Chief was met by my boat eight miles out and has arrived ere this. She carried a posse of armed men.

Maj. Wilkinson was shot and killed while walking up and down, admonishing the men to keep their heads low. He was first shot through the leg, and, after having it dressed, took the field again and was shortly afterward shot through the body, lying in a pool of blood. He raised himself to one elbow and shouted: "Give them, hell, general; never mind about me!" These were his last words.

Smallpox at Manila.

Manila, Oct. 7.—There have been fourteen cases of small-pox and six deaths from that disease among American troops during the past two days. The dead are: H. M. Powers, first California regiment; Harry Wheeler, second Oregon; Henry Culver, fourth infantry; Joseph Daly, George Cooley and Frank Warwick of the thirtieth Minnesota regiment. Eight deaths from typhoid fever have also been recorded.

Artilleryman Roach was killed by a sentry at Tondo.

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Fever Situation.

Jackson, Miss., Oct. 7.—Jackson's fever record grows. For yesterday it was seven new cases, six white and one colored, and one death, Leila Harrison. Two of these cases are in the Baptist orphanage, an institution located about two miles northwest of town, in which there are a large number of small children.

The Howard association met and appointed as an executive committee President Stewart, C. W. L. Power and Bishop Charles G. Galloway and perfected arrangements for active work among the sick and destitute. Hiramville, a small town located on the Little "J" branch of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley road, about fifty miles from Jackson, reports two cases of yellow fever three miles from town, with several exposures. Harrison reports seven new cases, four white, three colored.

Taylor has four new cases. No report from Orwood. Water Valley has no new cases, but one suspicious and two critically ill. Edwards, one new case and one death, J. N. Robb.

A case of smallpox is reported at Lumberton, Miss. Dr. Souchon of the Louisiana board, reports one case of yellow fever in Bayou La Fourche parish and Alexandria.

Will Adjourn.

Quincy, Oct. 7.—The international conference will adjourn on Monday, Oct. 12, to meet again in Washington, Nov. 1. That was the official announcement made by the commission.

Senator Fairbanks, chairman of the American commission, was asked what progress has been made and how much time the Washington session would probably require.

"We have accomplished a considerable amount of work," he said, "and there still remains much to be done."

Mysterious Crime.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 7.—A mysterious crime has been committed here. A woman was stricken down on the street, flung into a cab and driven away. A pool of blood was found on the pavement. No clue to the actors in the tragedy.

Being the Hottest.

Mrs. Gollygity (fishing for compliments)—Ah, Mr. McJoseph, beauty is the most precious of all gifts heaven has vouchsafed to us women. I'd sooner possess beauty than anything else in this world. Mr. McJoseph (under the impression that he is making himself agreeable)—I'm sure, my dear madam, that you regret you may possibly entertain the idea of being so simply compensated for by—

the innate consciousness of your own worth, you know—and of your many and numerous superior mental accomplishments.—Fish-Me-Up.

GOWNS FOR KLONDIKE BELLES

Sells Silks, Flimsy Laces and Linings at Fabulous Prices. A solid little fortune with shimmering silks, flimsy laces and dainty lingerie for its basis, the result of thirty days spent in Dawson last summer, is the modest boast of Mrs. Nellie Humphrey, a pretty, black-eyed young woman who has been in Seattle preparing for another trip into the metropolis of the far north.

It was the quick wit, business sagacity, and, last but not least, the pluck of Mrs. Humphrey that enabled the fair Seattle Dawson to revel again after months of deprivation in the frills and fancies of dress so dear to the feminine heart. That masculine pocket-book was quick to open in response to such demands was evidenced by the way in which Mrs. Humphrey's stock in trade disappeared. It melted away as did the snows in the arctic sunshine.

Mrs. Humphrey says she is really ashamed to tell what her good-bought her—that it was the way the "tidy" Mrs. Humphrey that enabled the fair Seattle Dawson to revel again after months of deprivation in the frills and fancies of dress so dear to the feminine heart. That masculine pocket-book was quick to open in response to such demands was evidenced by the way in which Mrs. Humphrey's stock in trade disappeared. It melted away as did the snows in the arctic sunshine.

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HOW TYPHOID FEVER IS SPREAD

Typoid fever is generally regarded at the present day, along with cholera and some other diseases, as belonging to the class of "water-borne" affections. In other words, it is believed that the germs of such diseases are carried, and perhaps propagated, in water. There is little doubt that this theory of typhoid fever is correct, and that in tracing any extended epidemic of the disease to its source we must first of all examine into the condition of the water supply.

Drinking water has been proved to be the cause of the spread of typhoid fever in many epidemics in this country and England; but there is little comfort in this for those who habitually drink something stronger than water, because, although during an epidemic the drinking water may be made safe by boiling, this is not enough.

If the water is contaminated, the germs may be introduced into the body while brushing the teeth or washing the face. Or again, salads and fruits which are eaten raw may be contaminated by the water in which they are washed. Typhoid fever has sometimes been spread in a city whose water supply was above reproach by means of milk or ice.

Milk need not be watered in order to become a vehicle for typhoid germs; the germs may be introduced into cans and bottles while these are being washed in water drawn from a contaminated well or brook at the dairy. Although destroyed by boiling typhoid germs will resist a freezing temperature for a long time, and have been found in ice cut from a pond poisoned with sewage containing the bacilli of this disease.

Another means of the spread of typhoid has recently been discovered in oysters. Oysters from frequently placed oysters in brackish water near the mouth of a creek or river in order to fatten them before they are brought to market. If this place happens to be near the mouth of a sewer containing typhoid poison, or if the creek water be contaminated, the oysters will take the virus within their shells, and so revenge themselves on those who eat them raw.

In some puzzling cases of typhoid it has been supposed that the food was infected by flies, which had carried the germs a long distance on their feet—a strong argument for the proper care of food in the fly season.

These are only a few of the ways in which this disease may be spread, but which are enough to show that care from feeling surprise that the disorder should be so common, we may rather wonder that we are not all its victims.

Must Have His Groin.

In a well-known bank in Edinburgh the clerks are presided over by a rather impetuous manager, whose violent fits of temper very often dominate his reason. For instance, the other day, he was writing into one of them about his bad work. "Look here, Nibbs," he thundered, "this won't do. These figures are so wrong disgrace to a clerk. I could get an office boy to make better figures than those, and I tell you I won't have it. Now look at that five; it looks just like a three. What do you mean, sir, by making such beastly figures? Explain!" "Er—beg your pardon, sir," suggested the trembling clerk, his heart fluttering terribly, "but—er—well, you see, sir, it is a three." "A three!" roared the manager; "why, it looks just like a five!"—Punch.

Being the Hottest. Mrs. Gollygity (fishing for compliments)—Ah, Mr. McJoseph, beauty is the most precious of all gifts heaven has vouchsafed to us women. I'd sooner possess beauty than anything else in this world. Mr. McJoseph (under the impression that he is making himself agreeable)—I'm sure, my dear madam, that you regret you may possibly entertain the idea of being so simply compensated for by—

the innate consciousness of your own worth, you know—and of your many and numerous superior mental accomplishments.—Fish-Me-Up.

A Brave Coward.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

A voice was now heard hailing us from the entrance. From the window we could see the figure of a man in the moonlight; he stood motionless, his face uplifted to ours, and a rag of something white on his extended arm; and as we looked right down upon him, though he was a good many yards distant on the links, we could see the moonlight glitter in his eyes.

He opened his lips again, and spoke for some minutes on end, in a key so loud that he might have been heard in every corner of the pavilion, and as far away as the borders of the wood. It was the same voice that had already shouted "Traditore!" through the shutters of the dining-room; this time it made a complete and clear statement. If the traitor "Oddiestone" were given up, all others should be spared; if not, no one should escape to tell the tale.

"Well, Huddleston, what do you say to that?" asked Northmour, turning to the bed.

Up to that moment the banker had given no sign of life, and I, at least, had supposed him to be still in a faint; but he replied at once, and in such tones as I have never heard elsewhere, save from a delirious patient, adjured and besought us not to desert him.

"Enough," cried Northmour, and then he threw open the window, leaned out into the night, and in a tone of exaltation, and with a total forgetfulness of what was due to the presence of a lady, poured out upon the ambassador a string of the most abominable triflery, both in English and Italian, and bade him begone where he had come from.

Meantime the Italian put his flag of truce in his pocket, and disappeared, at a leisurely pace, among the sand-hills.

"They make honorable war," said Northmour. "They are all gentlemen and soldiers. For the credit of the thing, I wish we could change sides—you and I, Frank, and you too, Missy, my darling—and leave that being on the bed to some one else. Tut! Don't look shocked! We are all going out to what we call eternity, and may as well be above-board while there's time. As far as I'm concerned, if I could first strangle Huddleston and then get Clara in my arms, I could die with some pride and satisfaction. And as it is, by God, I'll have a kiss!"

Before I could do anything to interfere, he had rudely embraced and repeatedly kissed the resisting girl. Next moment I had pulled him away with fury, and flung him heavily against the wall. He laughed loud and long.

I turned from him with a feeling of contempt which I did not seek to disguise.

"You please," said he. "You've been a prize in life; a prize you'll die." And with that he sat down in a chair, a rifle over his knee, and amused himself with snapping the lock.

All this time our assailants might have been entering the house, and we have none the wiser; we had in truth almost forgotten the danger that so suddenly overtook our days. But just then Mr. Huddleston uttered a cry, and leaped from the bed.

I asked him what was wrong.

"Fire!" he cried. "They have set the house on fire!"

Northmour was on his feet in an instant, and he and I ran through the door of communication with the study. The room was illuminated by a red and angry light. Almost at the moment of our entrance a tower of flame arose in front of the window, and with a tingling report, a pane fell inward on the carpet. They had set fire to the lean-to outhouse, where Northmour used to nurse his negatives.

"Hot work!" said Northmour. "Let us try in your old room."

We ran thither in a breath, threw up the casement and looked forth. Along the whole back wall of the pavilion piles of fuel had been arranged and kindled, and it is probable they had been drenched with mineral oil, for, in spite of the morning's rain, they all burned bravely. The fire had taken a firm hold already on the outhouse. There was not a human being to be seen to right or left.

"Ah, well!" said Northmour, "here's the end, thank God."

And we returned to "My Uncle's Room." Mr. Huddleston was putting on his boots, still violently trembling, but with an air of determination such as I had not hitherto observed. Clara stood close by him, with her cloak in both hands ready to throw about her shoulders, and a strange look in her eyes, as if she were half hopeful, half doubtful of her father.

"Well, boys and girls," said Northmour, "how about a ally? The oven is heating, it is not good to stay here and be baked, and for my part, I want to come to my hands with them and be done."

"There is nothing else left," I replied.

And both Clara and Mr. Huddleston, though with a very different intonation, added, "Nothing!"

As we went downstairs the heat was excessive, and the roaring of the fire filled our ears, and we had scarce reached the passage before the stairs' window fell in, a branch of flame shot brandishing through the aperture, and the interior of the pavilion became lit up with that dreadful and fluctuating glare. At the same moment we heard the fall of something heavy and elastic in the upper floor.

Northmour and I cocked our revolvers. Mr. Huddleston, who had already refused a firearm, put us behind him with a manner of command.

"Let Clara open the door," said he.

"So, if they fire a volley, she will be protected. And in the meantime stand behind me. I am the scapegoat; my sins have found me out."

I heard him as I stood at breathless by his shoulder, with my pistol ready, gathering up prayers in a tremulous, rapid whisper; and I confess, horrid as the thought may seem, I despised him for thinking of supplications in a moment so critical and thrilling. In the meantime Clara, who was dead white, still possessed of her faculties, had displaced the barricade from the front door. Another moment, and she had

pulled it open. Firelight and moonlight illuminated the links with confused and changeful luster, and far away against the sky we could see a long trail of glowing smoke.

Mr. Huddleston, filled for the moment with a strength greater than his own, struck Northmour and myself a back-bander in the chest, and while we were thus for the moment incapacitated from action, lifting his arms above his head like one about to dive, he ran straight forward out of the pavilion.

"Here am I!" he cried—"Huddleston! Kill me, and spare the others." His sudden appearance daunted, I suppose, our hidden enemies; for Northmour and I had time to recover, to seize Clara between us one by each arm, and to rush forth to his assistance ere anything further had taken place. But scarce had we passed the threshold when there came near a dozen reports and flashes from every direction among the hollows of the links. Mr. Huddleston staggered, uttered a weird and freezing cry, threw up his arms over his head and fell backward on the turf.

"Traditore! Traditore!" cried the invisible avengers.

And just then a part of the roof of the pavilion fell in, so rapid was the progress of the fire. A loud, vague and horrible noise accompanied the collapse, and a vast volume of flame went soaring up to heaven. Huddleston, although God knows what were his obsequies, had a fine pyre at the moment of his death.

CHAPTER IX.

I should have the greatest difficulty to tell you what followed next after this tragic circumstance. It is all to me, as I look back upon it, mixed, strenuous and ineffectual, like the struggles of a sleeper in a nightmare. Clara, I remember, uttered a broken sigh and would have fallen forward to earth had not Northmour and I supported her insensible body. I do not think we were attacked; I do not remember even to have seen an assailant; and I believe we deserted Mr. Huddleston without a glance. I only remember running like a man in a panic, now carrying Clara altogether in my own arms, now sharing her weight with Northmour, now scuffling confusedly for the possession of that dear burden.

Why we should have made for my camp in the Hemlock Den, or how we reached it, are points lost forever to my recollection. The first moment at which I became definitely sure, Clara had been suffering to fall against the outside of my little tent, Northmour and I were tumbling together on the ground, and he, with continued ferocity, was striking my head with the butt of his revolver. He had already twice wounded me on the scalp, and it is to the consequent loss of blood that I am tempted to attribute the sudden clearness of my mind.

I caught him by the wrist.

"Northmour!" I remember saying, "you can kill me afterwards. Let us first attend to Clara."

He was at that moment uppermost. Scarcely had the words passed my lips, when he had leaped to his feet and ran toward the tent, and the next moment he was straining Clara to his heart and covering her unconscious hands and face with his caresses.

"Shame!" I cried. "Shame to you, Northmour!"

And, giddy though I still was, I struck him repeatedly upon the head and shoulders.

He relinquished his grasp, and faced me in the broken moonlight.

"I had you under and let you go," said he; "and now you strike me! Coward!"

"You are the coward," I retorted. "Did she wish your kisses while she was still sensible of what she wanted? Not she! And now she may be dying; and you waste this precious time, and abuse her helplessness. Stand aside, and let me help her."

He confronted me for a moment, white and menacing; then suddenly he stepped aside.

"Help her, then," said he.

I threw myself on my knees beside her and loosened, as well as I was able, her corset and garter. He was thus engaged, a grasp descended on my shoulder.

"Keep your hands off her," said Northmour, fiercely. "Do you think I have no blood in my veins?"

"Northmour!" I cried, "if you will neither help her yourself nor let me do so, do you know I shall have to kill you?"

"That is better!" he cried. "Let her die, also; where's the harm? Step aside from that girl and stand up to fight."

"You will observe," said I, half-ripping, "that I have not kissed her yet." "I dare you to!" he cried.

I do not know what possessed me; it was one of the things I am most ashamed of in my life, though as my wife used to say, I knew that my kisses would be always welcome were she dead or living; down I fell again upon my knees, parted the hair from her forehead, and, with the dearest respect, laid my lips for a moment on that cold brow.

"And now," said I, "I am at your service, Mr. Northmour."

But I saw, to my surprise, that he had turned his back upon me.

"Do you hear?" I asked.

"Yes," said he. "If you wish to fight, I am ready. If not, go on and save Clara. I am all one to me."

I did not wait to be twice bidden; but, stooping again over Clara, continued my efforts to revive her. She still lay white and lifeless; I began to fear that her sweet spirit had indeed fled beyond recall, and horror and a sense of utter desolation seized upon my heart. I called her by name with the most endearing inflections; I chafed and beat her hands; now I laid her head low, now supported it against my knee; but all seemed to be in vain, and the lids still lay heavy on her eyes.

"Northmour," I said, "there is my hat. For God's sake bring some water from the spring."

Almost in a moment he was by my side with the water.

"I have brought it in my own," said

he. "You do not grudge me the privilege?"

"Northmour," I was beginning to say, as I laved her head and breast, but he interrupted me savagely.

"Oh, you hush up!" he said. "The best thing you can do is to say nothing."

I had certainly no desire to talk, my mind being swallowed up in concern for my dear love and her condition; so I continued in silence to do my best toward her recovery, and when the hat was empty, returned it to him with one word—"More." He had, perhaps, gone several times upon this errand when Clara opened her eyes.

"Now," said he, "since she is better, you can spare me, can you not? I wish you a good-night, Mr. Cassilis." (To be continued.)

FAMOUS BATTLE CRIES.

A war cry that resembles "Remember the Maine!" was that which Gen. Sam Houston gave to his troops at the battle of San Jacinto, the fight which gave freedom and independence to Texas.

Col. Travis was in command of about 185 Texan soldiers in the fort called the Alamo at Bexar. There he was surrounded by a greatly superior force under the Mexican dictator, Santa Anna.

On the morning of the 6th of March, 1836, the little garrison of the Alamo capitulated, on the pledge of the Mexican general that their lives would be spared. Notwithstanding this pledge Col. Travis and his entire force were massacred as soon as they had surrendered. Their dead bodies were gathered together, a huge pile of wood was heaped upon them, and they were burned to ashes. This fearful act of barbarity stirred the Texans to intense wrath and implanted in their breasts a fierce thirst for vengeance. On April 19, 1836, Gen. Houston, with about 700 men, gave battle at San Jacinto to Santa Anna, with nearly three times the number of Mexicans, and, in spite of the disparity of numbers, Houston's little force swept the Mexicans like chaff before the wind. It was more a slaughter than a battle.

Just before the assault of the Texans was made on the fort of Santa Anna Houston addressed his soldiers in a fervid speech, closing with the words, "Remember the Alamo!" These words fell upon the ears of the Texans with wonderful effect. Every soldier in the little army at the same instant repeated the words, "the Alamo" until they became a shriek for revenge that struck terror to the souls of the Mexicans. When the battle was over it was found that only seventy Texans were left killed, while 630 Mexicans were left dead on the field.

"Remember the Alamo!" was evidently a battle cry that not only nerved the arms of the avengers, but paralyzed the resistance of the Mexicans.

The answer of Commodore Stockton to the Mexican governor of California when we took possession of that country is worth recalling. "If you march upon the town" (Los Angeles), threatened the governor, "you will find it the grave of your men."

"Tell the governor," said Stockton, "to have the bells ready to toll at 8 o'clock in the morning. I shall be there at that time."

Commodore Tatnall's "Blood is thicker than water!" won grateful recognition in England in 1859. Seeing the British admiral, Sir James Hope, in a tight place under the fire of Chinese forts, Tatnall gallantly came to his rescue. In so doing he was guilty of a breach of neutrality, but his answer, "Blood is thicker than water!" had the effect of condoning his offense.

Tardy Reckoning.

"Ste-raw-berries, nice ripe ste-raw-berries," shouted the street vender as his horse jogged slowly through Bagley avenue. "How much are they?" asked the pretty young housewife who had hailed the peddler by waving a towel. "Ten cent a quart, mam. All Michigan strawberries, and the dew's on 'em yet, mam." "But I want a bushel, I'm going to have a sort of strawberry festival just among my relations, and I wouldn't run out of them for the world. How much for a bushel?" "Three and a half, mam." "Too much. You'll have to do better than that or I'll try some one else."

"I'll throw off a quarter," he said, and she nodded so that her voice might not betray her exultation. The he carried in thirty-two of the little measures that have the waistband about two inches from the bottom, received his money, and did not linger. Three minutes later the little woman rushed in the street, her eyebrows knitted, and her dimpled hands clinched, one over a lead pencil and the other over a crumpled piece of paper. But the peddler had vanished.—Detroit Free Press.

His Peddling.

"Paw," asked Elmer Grayneck, who had an inquiring mind, "what is a cyclorama?" "It's a mighty good thing to keep away from, that's what it is!" replied that astute agriculturist, his father. "Don't you remember that contraption that you seen a sharper workin' at the county fair, where you put your money on different colored spots, and the swindler whirled a pinter around, an' the more you'd put down the less you took up? Wa'l, that was a cyclorama."—New York Journal.

Why She Quit.

De Style—Ah, Miss Pitt, and have you give up your Sunday school class? Miss Pitt—Yes, indeed; I had to. The boys got to be such big fellows, and asked such embarrassing questions. One of them asked me to marry him.—New York Ledger.

Fodder Land.

"Come, my child, let us away to the fodderland," said the German cow to her offspring as they made in the direction of the waving field of corn.—New York Herald.

Gentle Man.

He—Your sweet face is my book of life. I swear it. She—But your oath is not valid until you have kissed the book.—Ex.

IS A GRAND MISSION.

TO TEACH PORTO RICANS HOW TO BE AMERICANS.

Professor Hostos Was Called from His Native Island for Preaching the Liberty He Now Goes to Expound—The President Favors His Mission.

(New York Letter.)

PROF. E. M. HOSTOS, an exiled Porto Rican, and famous educator, recently from Chili and Venezuela, and the founder of the Liga de Patriotas Puertorriquenos, or Association of Patriotic Porto Ricans, calls this week for the island of his birth on a mission of the utmost importance to his countrymen; one, indeed, that may determine their condition, both politically and economically, for many years to come.

He goes as the delegate of the Liga, whose members have subscribed the funds for his expense, but the report he is to make as soon as he has collected his data will be not for the members of the Liga only, but for the United States government at Washington, as well.

He is to do two things: He will study the mind of the Porto Ricans to learn how the islanders look upon the new order of things to be brought about by Spain sending Porto Rico to the United States, and he will endeavor to make clear to them the possibilities for improving the condition of the island when the new order shall be established. This will be the more difficult part of the professor's tasks, as, when the first enthusiasm sprung from the feeling of liberation has subsided, the islanders will find themselves at sea figuratively as well as literally.

They do not know what the United States government can do for them; they are far from comprehending the situation, and equally far from knowing how to take advantage of the new conditions. Prof. Hostos who is a profound student of international law

eyes of the governor general, who suggests to him that a change of scene, so long as it were permanent, would be an excellent thing.

Hostos followed the suggestion, and since his leaving he, like Dr. Betances, has devoted his life to bringing about the overthrow of Spanish rule in the Antilles. He is as famous in education and in law as Betances is in medicine and letters. Besides traveling in Europe, he visited every country in South America, and is the man who established and built up the educational systems of Chili, Venezuela and Eastern Cuba. He founded also the College of Santo Domingo. As soon as his duties permitted, Prof. Hostos left Venezuela and came to New York, where he organized the Liga de Patriotas Puertorriquenos.

JEWISH LONGEVITY.

Statistics Show Hebrews Live Longer Than Other Civilized Races.

Probably few persons outside statistical circles are aware of the fact that the Jews are considerably longer-lived than any other civilized race. Of 100,000 Hebrews born on the same day there will be 50,684 males and 49,316 females. At the end of the first year the 100,000 Jewish infants will have established in a most remarkable way their superiority in point of vitality, for only 8,091 will have died, as compared with 14,192 in the English, experience and 18,704 Americans. Striking as this difference is, it will be found to be practically maintained throughout the later stages of life. At the end of five years only 13,844 Jewish children out of the 100,000 will have died, while out of a similar number of English children 24,679 will have joined the great majority, and America will still keep her bad pre-eminence with 26,912 angels. Making a leap to middle-age, the deaths at 50 years of age will have been 26,519 Jews, as compared with 49,079 English; and at the age of 65 the mortality returns will stand at 37,442 and 66,110, respectively. But the full force of the comparison is hardly seen until the point of extreme old age is reached. At 85 years no fewer than 25,135 of our Jews will be still living, while the survivors of the English band will be a meager 5,566. Besides the curious reversal of the usual proportion of males and females, there

is another unique feature in the Jewish statistics. The general experience is that the average duration of life is higher with the female than with the male. The opposite is the case with the Jews. Of the 25,135 Jewish survivors at the age of 85 there will be 16,225 men and only 8,910 women, a percentage of 64.60 males and 35.40 females. The English experience shows that at that age 59.90 per cent of the survivors will be females and 40.10 males.—London Daily Mail.

THE PITCHER PLANT.

A specimen of the nepenthes ventricosa has been sent to the botanical gardens at Kent, England, says the Scientific American. This is America's latest flower—it is found in the Philippines. The "pitcher plant" is

very odd, the pitcher being green, with the peristome rose red. It is comparatively easy to cultivate.

Annals of Iowa Veterans.

The twentieth annual reunion of the Eastern County (Iowa) Veterans association will be held at Vinson, Sept. 14 and 15. One of the features will be a peace jubilee parade.

Some bachelors voluntarily join the ranks of the benedicts and some are drafted.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Rescue of the Kittens, a True Story for the Juniors—Betty's Arithmetic Lesson—Dora and Jamie and Jack.

The Hatterly's Grave.

Poor little butterfly, Dead on the walk! Take him up, Rose, With a violet stalk.

Now in a lily-leaf Let him be wound, His coffin a peace-pod That Johnny has found.

The Rescue of the Kittens.

"Let's go and see the kittens in the engine house!" said I.

"All right," answered Dora.

"I'll come too, said Jamie.

"Let me come with you!" cried Jack.

"I'm afraid it's rather dirty for your slippers," I answered, doubtfully.

"I'll carry him across," said Dora—she was the biggest.

It was Sunday, so we did not race round the buildings to the engine-house, as we should have done on a week day. We walked sedately round, Jack in Dora's arms.

When we got to the engine-house she set him down.

"Now, take care you don't go near the engine, and black your pinafore!" she said.

Then we began to call, "Kitty! Kitty! Puss, Puss!" hunting in the corners for the kittens, who were wild little things and liked hiding behind anything. The engine-house had a warm, oily smell, and the floor was so black it was difficult to hunt for the kittens and not mess our Sunday dresses. We looked in every hiding-place, but found nothing. Then we stood still and listened.

A faint mew came through the door that led into the chaff-house. In the chaff-house was a well from which the engine drank.

"They're in the chaff-house!" cried Dora, and began hunting behind some bags of chaff.

"Listen again," said Jamie.

We listened and heard faint mews from the corner where the well was.

"They've tumbled into the well and are drowning!" cried I.

We rushed to the corner and listened.

Yes, there were cries of distress coming up from the well.

"They're in there right enough," said Jamie.

"Listen! They're getting fainter! They will be drowned," cried I. "Can't we do anything?"

We hung over the well. It was covered with an arrangement like a large box, with a lid on the top. We opened this and the mews sounded louder.

"Couldn't we tie up a big bundle of straw and let it down?" I suggested. Perhaps they'll cling to it and let us draw them up."

"No, that wouldn't be of any use—no, they'd drown faster," said Jamie.

"Then he listened again, and added: "I don't believe they're in the water at all. I believe they've dropped down on to the first stage."

"Well," said Dora, "couldn't we get them up from there? Let's drop a basket down, with a string tied to it, and see if they'll get into it."

Jamie and I ran off, and soon came back with a basket and a ball of strong string.

I had only just escaped Mrs. Jones—she was our cook—who saw me going out with the basket, and called out to know what I wanted with it, but I was gone before she could stop me.

We tied the string to the basket and let it down into the darkness. Presently we felt it stop, and the mew-ing ceased.

We waited a few minutes, and then drew it up again, but it was empty.

We looked blankly at each other.

"Can't we get someone to go down with a ladder?" said I.

"On a Sunday!" returned Jamie.

"You wouldn't catch any of the men going down in their Sunday clothes, and besides, they'd have to pump all the bad air out first."

"Is there bad air down there?" asked Jack.

"Will it hurt the kittens?" But no one took any notice of him. We stood round the well helplessly listening to the mews that had recommenced.

Then we heard a little splash, and stifled, far-off cries.

"Oh, dear! There's one fallen right down! We must do something!" I cried.

"I don't know what we can do," said Dora; get a candle and put it in the basket alight, to let them see what it is. Then draw it up, and let it down again without the candle, and perhaps they'll get into it."

I was off like a shot—through the stables, so as not to be seen from the house. Then as quietly as possible through the gate, without a creak of the latch. Softly across the bricks, a moment's breathless listening at the back door. That was Mrs. Jones' step, carrying the best dinner service up to the pantry cupboard. The pantry door was just opposite the scullery door where the kitchen cauldwick stood, but she would have her back to it if she had put the china in the far cupboard. If she saw me I should get no candlestick, for wasn't it always polished on a Saturday night, and always jealously kept from children's hands till towards the end of the week? And an appeal to higher powers, even if successful, would cause a delay which might be fatal.

I slipped in, trembling with eagerness.

Alas! The candlestick was on the top shelf.

I climbed quickly on to the broad, lower shelf, and secured the treasure; but Mrs. Jones was coming back. I stood still, hardly breathing, holding on to the top shelf with one hand and

the candlestick with the other. I had slipped the matchbox into my pocket. Was Mrs. Jones coming into the scullery, or going back to the kitchen? What a relief! It was towards the kitchen she turned. I sprang down from the shelf as noiselessly as possible, and flew out of the door.

Mrs. Jones, hearing a noise, came out, but too late.

"What be ye up to now?" she called after me. "Some mischief, I'll be bound."

But I was half way through the stables.

"What a time you've been!" said Dora, when I arrived, crimson and breathless. "Have you got matches?"

"They're in my pocket. I was nearly caught again," I answered. "I had to wait. Have any more tumbled in?"

"No, I don't think so."

Dora lit the candle, put it in the basket, and lowered it carefully. We all watched the point of light go down, down into the darkness. Then it stopped.

"I expect the bad air will put the candle out," said Jamie.

But I suppose the air was not very bad, for the candle burnt fairly well, and by its light we could see three little kittens with shining eyes.

The kittens looked at the light in the basket and up at us.

Then we drew it up again, took the light out, and sent the basket down empty.

After a few moments of breathless waiting we started it on its return journey.

"It's heavier!" cried Dora; "I'm sure there's a kitten in it."

Jamie leant down with the candle, and there, sure enough, was a little black kitten, looking very frightened, but sitting quite safely in the basket.

As soon as it was near enough, I snatched it out and kissed it, and then made Jack sit on the chaff, and put the kitten in his lap.

Then the basket was sent down again and one more little black face appeared when the basket came up to the light.

The second kitten was given to Jack, and the basket sent down again, and again came up with its living burden.

Then we sat down together on the heap of chaff, forgetting Sunday dresses and rejoiced over the kittens, with a tear or two over the unfortunate fourth whose cries had ceased.

We speculated as to how they had got down there, and concluded that one had crept through between the boards at the back and slipped down, and that the rest, hearing its cries, had followed one by one.

We always thought it was very clever of the kittens to know that that basket was the way to safety and the upper world.—Margaret Wilson.

Old Maggie.

A group of young folks from the high school stood on the corner, giggling at old Maggie, the brown mare who, hitched to a post near by, stood patiently switching away at the flies. The young folks laughed at her rough hide, her stumpy tail and clumsy feet.

They called her "Nancy Hanks," "Gunpowder" and "Cucuphalus."

The next morning, when the giggers fled into the schoolroom, they saw on the blackboard this:

Extracts From the Diary of an Old Horse.

"I am only an old horse, but when I was young I was handsome, and I took pride in letting no one pass me. Now I can do little, but I try to do that well. I take invalids and timid old ladies out driving. I let little children drive me, and they can shout the lines, rattle the whip and slap as loudly as they wish; it doesn't try my nerves. Sometimes they climb my back for a ride. I step very carefully, so they won't fall off. So I do when the baby toddles around and I am creeping grass on the lawn."

"I am always ready to carry picnic parties to the woods; I go for the doctor; I take guests to the train. I never shy at tooting engines, bicycles, baby-carriages or wheelbarrows. I take grandmas to the weekly prayer-meeting and sewing society. I don't remember ever playing a mean trick in my life. Sometime in the future you may be old, poor and slow; how would you like to be laughed at?"

The scholars read the words, looked at one another, giggled a little—very feebly giggled—then, with flushed faces, bent over their books.

But they were thinking!—Mary E. Q. Brush.

Betty's Arithmetic Lesson.

Betty was eating one of mamma's lovely round turnovers and studying fractions. She had just begun to take little nibbles from the edge of the turnover, "to make it spend," when papa gave her a question to work out. "From four-fourths take one-fourth."

Betty thought fractions dreadfully stupid things. She didn't try to think out the answer in the way papa had explained to her over and over, but guessed it would be "seven-eighths" and put it in the whole of anything. Then she took another nibble out of the side of her beloved turnover.

Papa looked at the answer and then at Betty. Then he looked at the turnover and lastly at shaggy old Bruno, who had just come into the room. He took out his knife, and taking the turnover he cut it into four quarters.

"Now, Betty," he said, cheerfully, "as I told you yesterday, and as you see here, there are four-fourths or four quarters, in the whole of anything. Now if we take away one-fourth—here, Bruno!—what is there left?"

Betty saw a quarter of that beautiful turnover disappear down Bruno's throat!

"Three-quarters!" she said, with a little gasp in her voice.

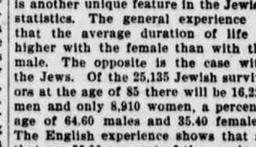
And if you believe me, Betty never forgot how to work in "fourths" after that.—Youth's Companion.

A Bit of Advice.

Children dear, when you hear dropping rain upon the pane, just be happy, never fear; sunshine always follows rain. Children dear, when you feel make the grown-up people fret at the noise of girls and boys, just tell them you'll be sober yet. Children dear, when the day does not go quite right at school, think of this, that perfect bliss consists of minding every rule.—Margaret S. Sangster.



M. D. HOSTOS.



PITCHER PLANT.

very odd, the pitcher being green, with the peristome rose red. It is comparatively easy to cultivate.

Annals of Iowa Veterans.

The twentieth annual reunion of the Eastern County (Iowa) Veterans association will be held at Vinson, Sept. 14 and 15. One of the features will be a peace jubilee parade.

Some bachelors voluntarily join the ranks of the benedicts and some are drafted.

Heavy G. A. N. Business.
General Manager Rawn of the Baltimore and Ohio South Western Railroad has prepared a detailed statement of the number of people carried into Cincinnati on the occasion of the thirty-second annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic September 12th to 15th inclusive. According to the train records 37,997 people were transported, the largest number being on September 14th, when the total reached 8,892. According to these statistics the Baltimore and Ohio South Western carried about 30 per cent of the travel.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

He is indeed ignorant who is ignorant that he is ignorant.
Beauty is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and drives all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sticky bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Warlike generals and summer girls delight in many engagements.
How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Dr. J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known Dr. J. C. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
W. & T. WEAVER, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDRING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Cutting off a dog's tail does not affect his voice.
TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take **Loxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.** All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. The Genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

We cannot rise above reproach, even with flying machines.
No-Tell for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cures, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

Silent watches of the night are those we forget to wind.

MRS. PINKHAM TALKS TO THE FUTURE WOMAN.

Will the New Generation of Women be More Beautiful or Less So? Miss Jessie Ebbner's Experience.

A pleasing face and graceful figure! These are equipments that widen the sphere of woman's usefulness. How can a woman have grace of movement when she is suffering from some disorder that gives her those awful bearing-down sensations? How can she retain her beautiful face when she is nervous and racked with pain?

Young women, think of your future and provide against ill health. Mothers, think of your growing daughter, and prevent in her as well as in yourself irregularity or suspension of nature's duties. Mrs. Pinkham will charge you nothing for her advice; write to her at Lynn, Mass., and she will tell you how to make yourself healthy and strong.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the female organs and regulates the menses as nothing else will. Following is a letter from Miss Jessie Ebbner, 1712 West Jefferson St., Sandusky, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to let you know of the great benefit your remedies have been to me. I suffered for over a year with inflammation of the ovaries. I had doctored, but no medicine did me any good. Was at a sanitarium for two weeks. The doctor thought an operation necessary, but I made up my mind to give your medicine a trial before submitting to that. I was also troubled with leucorrhoea, painful menstruation, dizziness, nervousness, and was so weak that I was unable to stand or walk. I have been taken in all several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and am now in good health. I will always give your medicine the highest praise."

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman best Understands a Woman's Ills

Arrested!
for not chewing **Battle Ax** **PLUG**

"He don't chew Battle Ax, yer Honor."
"He looks it!"

Ignorance of the Law is no excuse, but ignorance of BATTLE AX is your misfortune—not a crime—and the only penalty is your loss in quantity as well as quality when you buy any other kind of Chewing Tobacco.

Remember the name when you buy again.

A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

From the Observer, Flushing, Mich.
"Early in November, 1894," says Frank Long, who lives near Lennon, Mich., "on starting to get up from the dinner table, I was taken with a pain in my back. The pain increased and I was obliged to take to my bed. The physician who was summoned pronounced my case muscular rheumatism accompanied by lumbago. He gave me remedies and injected morphine into my arm to ease the pain."
"My disease gradually became worse until I thought that death would be welcome release from my sufferings. Besides my regular physician, I also consulted another, but he gave me no encouragement."



On Getting Up from the Table.

"I was finally induced through reading some accounts in the newspapers regarding the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, to try them. I took the pills according to directions and soon began to notice an improvement in my condition. Before the first box was used I could get about the house, and after using five boxes, was entirely cured."
"Since that time I have felt no return of the rheumatic pain. I am confident that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and I try to induce my friends who are sick to try the same remedy. I will gladly answer inquiries concerning my sickness and wonderful cure, provided stamp is enclosed for reply."
FRANK LONG.

Sworn to before me at Venice, Mich., this 15th day of April, 1895.
G. B. GOLDSMITH, Justice of the Peace.

One-half the world wonders why the other half lives.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gum, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Old malds, girls.

Edwende Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The man who accurately describes a dress is a wonder.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

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

Celery.

Celery is said to be a native of Great Britain, where it grows in low, wet places. It has been cultivated and made edible. Introduced into the United States it grows well in soils that are moist and filled with humus and in latitudes not too cold. Black muck is a favorite soil in the West, and where it is underlaid by gravel or some soil that will permit of a natural drainage it proves suitable. There are favorite localities where the muck is so deep that it makes no difference what the subsoil is, since by digging large open drains, a way out is made for the water. There are many places where celery soil exists that is as yet untutilized for the growing of that plant. Celery is a boon to the farmer in that it takes for its natural habitat soil that is not suitable for many of his crops. Not only is here the advantage that the long stalks can be used that would be otherwise, but serviceable for meadows, but the generally even distribution of the muck lands and the open ditches make irrigation easily possible. Thus the farmer can be sure of a crop, even in the driest of years. In such a case the coming in of this celery crop may make up for losses sustained on other lands that cannot be made resistant to drought. The plants can be grown on the uplands, where of course its success will be determined largely by the state of the weather.

Fertilizing is done as for other crops, and in such cases barn-yard manure is preferable to any other kind. Nitrate of soda is used to some extent, as are also lime and gypsum. The seed for the celery crop is usually sown in hot beds during the first half of March. If one has a greenhouse of course this may be used for starting the plants. The advice is given to cover the seed very lightly, say a sixteenth of an inch, and to keep the ground moist till the plants have obtained a good start. One writer says cover the top of the ground with paper or boards till the seeds sprout.

For the crop that is expected to ripen late in the fall the seed may be sown out of doors almost any time in spring previous to June. When the plants are large enough to transplant they should be set in rows, the plants to be six inches apart in the row and the rows four or five feet apart. From that on the culture is not much different. Surface cultivation between the rows being practiced. If the field is a large one it may be found better to use a horse cultivator, when it may be advisable to have the rows more than four feet apart.

Blanching is done in various ways, by the use of boards or by hilling up the earth around the plants. But when the celery is not to be put on the market till late in the winter it is not often blanched till it is about to be disposed of.

Apple Crop at Home and Abroad.

According to data compiled by the Boston Chamber of Commerce, the probable yield of apples in the New England states will be about one-half an average crop, while the same applies to New York, with quality mostly inferior. Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Kentucky, about one-third of a crop. Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Illinois and Indiana, considerably less than last year. Michigan, California, Colorado and Oregon, many more than last year. These predictions are made by the same authority as regards the crop in the countries named: Great Britain—Considerably heavier than last year, the bulk of which will consist of later varieties. France and Belgium—Fair crop of late varieties. Spain and Portugal—Early varieties rather light, with later varieties heavier. Holland and Germany—Will not have a large crop, as fallings of late varieties have been considerably more especially in Germany, while Holland will be heavier in early varieties. Nova Scotia—A fair crop, and by some it is estimated that over 200,000 barrels will be shipped. Ontario—East of Toronto, not so heavy as last year, while west of Toronto there will be many times more than last year. The prospects are that the fall varieties will not be required in Great Britain, except in very moderate quantities, as their apples and those from the continent will almost answer requirements until winter apples from the United States are ready for shipment.

Kansas Wheat Experiments.

Wheat went through the winter in good condition and started well in the spring, when March 23 a freeze cut it to the ground. This delayed ripening two weeks, making it so late that it was caught by the black rust after the usual time of ripening. The black rust appeared June 17, as most of our wheat was in the dough, and in three days wheat that had promised a yield of 30 to 40 bushels per acre was hardly worth cutting, the plants were dead, the straw fallen over and the grains shrunken to less than half size. We grew fifty-four varieties, but most of them were so badly injured by the rust that they were not cut. The highest yield of the Turkey, our standard hard wheat, was 18 bushels per acre, while the highest yield of the Zimmerman, our standard soft wheat, was 28 bushels per acre. A test was made to determine whether it is best to plow the ground in a drouth and harrow it into shape ready for seeding at the usual time or wait until a rain comes and then plow. The early plowing was made July 30, the ground turning up hard and lumpy. It was worked with harrows and foot until in fair shape, October 16-17 a rain fell, wetting the ground four to six inches, and the late plowing was made on the 20th. The late plowing was made July 30, the ground turning up hard and lumpy. It was worked with harrows and foot until in fair shape, October 16-17 a rain fell, wetting the ground four to six inches, and the late plowing was made on the 20th. The late plowing was made July 30, the ground turning up hard and lumpy. It was worked with harrows and foot until in fair shape, October 16-17 a rain fell, wetting the ground four to six inches, and the late plowing was made on the 20th.

German Forestry.

Germany offers a remarkable object lesson to the world in the management of her forests, and where, in fact, forestry has been reduced almost to an exact science. In that country about 11,000,000 acres of forest lands are owned by the state, and the yearly revenue is not less than \$20,000,000. About 20,000,000 acres of forest lands are owned by private individuals, and their profits are almost as great. During the last fifty years these revenues have been constantly on the increase, owing to the more intelligent management, irrespective of the market price of the commodity.—Exchange.

Give the fowls plenty of shade and fresh water.

GET WORK FOR NOTHING.

Clever Contracts Made with Agents by Book Publishers.

A correspondent of the Journal writes to expose the fraud contained in many flattering offers made by book publishers to prospective agents, and as a great many people are constantly being made the victims of these contracts, the exposition of the fraud is certainly timely. Speaking of the methods employed by book manufacturers to secure agents, and get agency work done, he says: "They send out adroitly misleading and grossly deceitful contracts to those who are induced to open correspondence with them by the flattering advertisements published. These advertisements promise large salaries, and in that way entice many honest employment seekers. The contracts sent out would appear, to any one but a lawyer, to promise lucrative positions. The conditions are that the applicant work a month selling the books he can, makes delivery, retains commission, and pays for the books. He is then to take the field at a stipulated salary as general agent, and the shortage in salary of the month served is to be allowed. The salary promised is from \$75 to \$125 per month." While he is doing his initiatory work he may write himself blind to get some information concerning his general agency work. This is kept back until the month's work is finished. Then he receives a letter promising him from \$75 to \$200 per month, and the next four months of the first year \$100 per month, salary and expenses to be paid out of the money secured by selling outfits to agents. The contract sent by a publishing firm requires the outfit to be sold at \$37.50 each. Here the scheme culminates. Though an agent had the tongue of an angel he could never make his expenses selling outfits at that price. Many book firms sell these same outfits at from 25 to 30 cents. The contract, it appears, is a very carefully worked one. Virtually it binds the agent to work for the firm at a certain figure, but does not bind the firm to hire him at that figure. The correspondent further says: "The result of this scheme is that the book manufacturer gets work out of many persons, some of whom leave good positions to accept the enticing offer. A lady gave up her school last year to accept one of these offers, and when she found she had been deceived came to Lincoln to consult her attorney. The attorney at once informed her that, while nine out of ten persons outside the law profession would think her contract binding the firm to \$75 per month, yet its construction was so adroit as to bind the firm to nothing. Another lady this December went from Lincoln to Chicago, in the hope of getting her wrongs righted. There are many other persons in the city who have lost valuable time in trying to get one of these book concerns in a recent letter to me says: 'You had better place the contract in the hands of some intelligent person who can explain it. Now I wish to pass this advice on to the general public and advise that when a contract is received from a book firm offering an agency that it would be well to place it in the hands of an attorney to see whether it is good or not. Do this before you sign it.'—Nebraska Journal.

How Horses are Selling.

Good horses of the cob pattern, standing from 14.2 to 15.2 hands at the shoulder, thickly and compactly built, up-headed, long necked, good-boned, with neat heads and plenty of good action, are at present selling to better advantage than ever before in the history of the American horse market. The prices paid for good individuals of this type have of late varied in the West from \$1,000 for a finished performer all ready to go right to work in the city, to \$233 for a neat one 15 hands but low in flesh. For example a farmer from Grundy county, this state, last week brought to this city a good lot of horses to be sold at auction in the horse market. A Percheron grade weighing 1,500 pounds brought \$235, a bay that weighed in the same lot brought \$225. The others in the consignment were sold for prices ranging from \$140 to \$200, the most of them right around the latter figure. The horses were all taken on German export account. The week before an Iowa farmer offered in the Chicago market an eighteen hundred pound, spotted grade Percheron that brought him \$280 at auction. This gelding was got by an imported Percheron stallion that weighs 2,100 pounds and his dam was the French Percheron grade from a spotted Indian pony, whose peculiar color had descended but little changed through all these generations, having five crosses of uncontaminated Percheron blood the spotted gelding was practically pure bred.

Some Ogie county horse breeders recently disposed of a pair of half-bred French Cons, in private sale in this city that netted them \$500. They were seal brown geldings, stylish, 16 hands or slightly over, weight 1,200 pounds each, nice high actors and thoroughly broken. They will be used in the city. Quality is what counts and it is certain to bring a good price.

Effect of Feed on Pork.

Of course, hogs, like other animals, and even like human beings, will contract a depraved appetite, says a writer in an exchange. If forced for long to consume acidulated food, he will grow to prefer it, just as the toper craves alcoholic drink, or as the opium-eater craves his baneful drug. That has destroyed his will perverting his physical condition. Sometimes a grower will assert that "high" food is best for swine, but the assertion is unscientific and easily disproved by practice. One who will separate his swine into two groups for feeding, the one with wholly unfermented foods, and the other with the so-called "swill" class, will, when he comes to killing, find a vast difference between the texture, color, flavor and other qualities of the meats in the two groups. It is undeniable that the quality of the food is recorded in the quality of the flesh produced by it, and this fact should forever be borne in mind by the grower of swine. Western corn-fed pork can be recognized even in ham and bacon by its texture and flavor. Swill-fed pork bears its distinguishing marks from pen to pen. Acorn-fed pork is recognizable anywhere and everywhere by the "tang" of the acrid meat of the acorns. The pork of the creamery-fed swine would never be mistaken by any one who has ever made a examination of the pork of swine fed on various foods. The grower must keep these indisputable points in mind when he outlines his practice with his swine.

Fermentation in Crops.

Frequently one or two hens in a flock will droop, and on examination their crops will be full, water will run from their beaks when they are held heads down, and an offensive odor will be noticed. It usually happens when sour food has been left for the hens to consume, indigestion occurring, the food fermenting in the crops. The remedy is to give only as much food as the hens can eat at a meal so as to permit of some remaining over to sour. Place the sick birds on straw and withhold all food for forty-eight hours, adding a gill of lime water to every quart of the drinking water.

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Men may not flirt fans, but they often fan flirts.

The Cost of Freeing Cuba.

The United States are entitled to retain possession of the Philippine Islands if the peace commissioners so decide, for the cost of the war runs far into the millions. To free the stomach, liver and bowels from disease, however, is not an expensive undertaking. A few dollars invested in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will accomplish the task.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Mail carriers are always greeted with bewitching smiles.

DEAR EDITOR.—If you know of a solicitor or canvasser in your city or elsewhere, especially a man who has solicited for subscriptions, insurance, nursery stock, books or tailoring, or a man who can sell goods, you will confer a favor by telling him to correspond with us, or if you will insert this notice in your paper and such parties will be able to furnish them a good position in their own and adjoining counties. Address: AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Chicago.

Do not judge any work easy until you have tried it yourself.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me. Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

Dispensers of ice-cold drinks usually keep quite warm.

To the Southeast.

No interruption of train service to the southeast via the Cotton Belt. This line now operates double daily train service between Texas and the southeast via Cairo on the following schedule, leaving Dallas at 11 a. m. and 11 p. m., arriving at Chattanooga at 7 a. m. and 9:30 p. m. Through free chair cars, and Pullman sleepers are run between Texas and Cairo without change; also Pullman sleepers, and through coaches between Cairo and Nashville. If you want to go to the "old states" and don't want to be delayed by quarantine restrictions, purchase your ticket over the Cotton Belt. For rates and full particulars see any Cotton Belt agent, or write S. G. Warner, G. P. and T. A. Tyler, Texas.

Few women are anxious to tell their correct age.

No medicine ever introduced to the Profession and Public has given such universal satisfaction or preserved so many lives as Dr. Moffett's TERTINA (Teething Powder). Druggists tell us that the rapid increase in its sales is marvelous. TERTINA Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels and makes teething easy.

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Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less Than ONE CENT a Cup.

Be sure that you get the Genuine Article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS., by WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

Learning How to Learn.

Sir James Paget spoke upon one occasion of the importance of "learning to learn," and showed that knowledge, not merely useful in itself, may be the means of developing the power of learning. The cultivation of the faculty of knowing is of incomparably greater importance than the mere acquisition; and to the student, his faculty so developed that when need arises knowledge may be quickly obtained, is a better provision for the business of life than is afforded by the largest and richest stores of information packed away in memory. Thus the brain property most worth carrying about is the power of finding at pleasure and learning at will precisely what is needed.

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FIFTY YEARS OLD

The Haskell Free Press

J. E. POOLIE, 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, Oct. 15, 1898.

Announcement Rates.

The following rates will be charged by the FREE PRESS for announcements of candidates for office and will include placing their names on a sufficient number of the party tickets for the general election in November. Terms cash.

For State & District offices, \$10.00

For county offices, 5.00

For precinct offices, 3.00

Announcements.

For Representative, 10th Dist.

J. H. WALLING.

For Judge, 39th Judicial District,

P. D. SANDERS.

For County Judge,

H. R. JONES,

J. M. BALDWIN.

For County and District Clerk,

C. D. LONG,

G. R. COUCH,

CHARLIE MAYES.

For Sheriff & Tax Collector,

A. W. SPRINGER,

M. A. CLIFTON,

M. E. PARK,

W. F. DRAPER,

J. W. COLLINS,

A. G. JONES,

J. W. BELL.

For County Treasurer,

JASPER MILLHOLLON,

J. E. MURFEE.

For Tax Assessor,

F. M. GREER,

S. E. CAROTHERS,

J. N. ELLIS,

C. M. BROWN,

W. J. SOWELL,

W. M. TOWNS,

JAS. B. CLARK.

For Comr. and J. P. Pre. No. 1,

J. W. EVANS,

For Comr. and J. P. Pre. No. 2,

L. S. JONES.

LOCAL DOTS.

—Mr. J. E. Wilfong was circulating in town Friday.

—Even money gets a sack of flour at Carney & McKee's.

—Mr. A. H. Tandy left Thursday on a business trip to Eastland.

—All kinds of dry goods and groceries for sale by S. L. Robertson.

—Mrs. Nick Hudson returned home to Woodward, I. T., this week.

—Mr. R. E. Sherrill and family are visiting relatives at Graham this week.

—Mr. Ed Lanier of King county is here on a visit to the family of his brother.

—Mrs. T. J. Lemmon is on a visit to relatives at Weatherford this week.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Wilfong on Saturday, the 8th instant.

—Mr. John Fitzgerald and family have moved to town to get the benefit of the town school.

—Two parties bought land this week in the northwest part of county of Mr. T. G. Carney.

—Fresh groceries received every week and always sold at lowest prices at S. L. Robertson's.

—We understand that there have been made several land trades in the county this week.

—Mr. J. S. McWilliams of Eldorado, Ark., is now in Haskell for the purpose of buying a lot of horses.

—Don't be fooled on prices; if you don't want but \$1 worth it will pay you to figure with Carney & McKee.

—Mr. Turley bought 160 acres of land of Capt. Hunter this week for the purpose of engaging in farming.

—Mrs. Massey of Palo Pinto arrived here Wednesday on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. G. W. Hazlewood.

—Mrs. D. R. Couch came up from Abilene a few days ago on a visit to the old folks and numerous other friends.

—Messrs W. H. Parsons and J. S. Fox came in Thursday from a fishing and hunting trip on the Clear Fork with a fine supply of squirrels and fish.

—Mrs. M. B. Taylor of Marshal, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Fields, returned home this week.

—S. L. Robertson is strictly in for business and wants your trade. Go and see him, he will always treat you right.

—Mrs. M. A. Fields and Mrs. S. E. Andrews of Fort Worth returned home this week after spending some time with relatives here.

—Credit and credit prices are gone with us for this year—try us with the cash and we'll surprise you in prices. CARNEY & MCKEE.

—Miss Minnie Lindsey and Messrs. D. R. Couch and Sam Pierson, of Simmons College, Abilene, were expected up yesterday evening on a brief visit to home folks.

—Pure Whiskey HARPER Perfect Whiskey HARPER. Every bottle guaranteed HARPER. Sold by KEISTER & HAZLEWOOD, Haskell, Texas.

—Miss Caddie Hale of Eastland, who has been visiting relatives here returned home this week. She was accompanied by her grandmother, Mrs. Hale, who will spend a week or so with relatives there.

—Pay up; if you owe me why will you wait for me to dun you? I need the money to meet my liabilities. Don't wait, as what you owe me is already due. Respectfully, S. L. ROBERTSON.

—Mr. M. A. Clifton says that in his rounds he finds the farmers have sown, or are preparing to sow a pretty good acreage of wheat. He says they had a good run in his part of the county on Sunday.

—Mr. Sam Donohoo and Miss Perry Yoe of this place were married at 8 o'clock p. m. on last Sunday, District Judge Ed. J. Hamner performing the ceremony. The FREE PRESS extends best wishes for their success and happiness.

At A Great Bargain: Lots 7 and 8 in block 5 in the town of Haskell, and Block 15 containing 40 acres adjoining town, being part of Scott survey. For terms write A. G. Wills, Trust Building, Dallas, Texas.

—Mr. Wylie Robertson of Wichita Falls, with his wife and two children, arrived yesterday evening on a visit to Mr. Robertson's parents. Their coming was a pleasant event to the old folks, as these are their only grandchildren and they had never seen them before.

—Mr. S. E. Carothers called in the other day to ask us to inform the public that the report started by somebody that he was out of the race for assessor was a full grown mistake and that he intends to remain in it until the polls close on November 8th.

—THE FREE PRESS has refrained for a long while from insisting upon settlements by its subscribers, preferring to be a little cramped rather than to appear too exacting.

We now have the best of reasons for asking those in arrears to settle their accounts. We have had to incur unusual expense and must have money or its equivalent with which to meet it. The paper has quite a number of subscribers who are indebted to it for from one to six years, and a settlement would be greatly appreciated. To put the matter so that all can pay, we have a desire to do so, we will take anything that we can use at its market value, such as corn, oats, hay, cotton seed, fire wood, etc. We can use all of these things and if we can get them in this way, it will save us from paying out money secured from other sources, at the same time it seems to us that it is making it easier for the subscriber than if we required cash.

Cowboy's Reunion. The FREE PRESS has been requested by parties interested to give notice of a meeting of the shareholders at 2 o'clock Monday evening. They earnestly request the presence of every subscriber.

Public Speaking. The following notice was handed in by Judge Hamner for publication: Judge Ed. J. Hamner, democratic nominee for district judge, will speak at the following times and school houses in Haskell county:

Tanner's Oct. 24 at night.

Prairie Dale " 25 "

Mesquite " 26 "

Lake Creek " 27 "

Ward " 28 "

Vernon " 29 "

Ladies are especially invited, and Judge Sanders is expected to meet Judge Hamner and may open and conclude at all times. Reserve your verdict until the evidence is all in.

—For three or four weeks we have published a request for those due us on subscription for one or more years past to make some settlement of their accounts. Our proposition made it so easy that every one could meet the request. So far very few besides those who keep paid up without asking have responded.

If this matter does not receive more prompt attention in the future we shall at least feel that we are badly treated, for in order to send you the paper we have month after month to pay CASH for paper, ink, wages, rent, express, postage, etc., to say nothing of our own time and labor—yet some owe us for five or six years subscription!

—At the solicitation of a number of the citizens and friends of Mr. L. S. Jones of commissioner's precinct No. 2, we this week present the name of that gentleman to the voters of that precinct for election to the offices of County Commissioner and J. P. of his precinct. Mr. Jones is regarded as a man not likely to be controlled by prejudices, but fair and reasonable in his views and, therefore, calculated to discharge the important duties of commissioner in an acceptable manner. He is a citizen of several years standing in the county and has the esteem of his neighbors for his honesty and good citizenship. As Mr. Owsley will not again be a candidate for the office we suppose there will be no question of his election.

B. Y. P. U.

Program for Oct. 16th, 4 p. m.

Song—Prayer.

Leader—Mr. Ed Couch.

Lesson—Isaiah, 54: 4-6.

Talk on Lesson—Prof. Hentz.

Select Reading—Miss Allie Wright.

Solo—Miss Mary Rice.

Recitation—Miss Ollie Crisp.

Violin Solo—Mr. Joe McCreary.

Chapter in Bible—Mrs. Phillips.

Announcement.

Mr. J. W. Bell handed in his announcement this week for sheriff, as follows. We refer his claims to the fair and impartial consideration of all voters:

J. W. Bell now comes before the voters of Haskell county for Sheriff and Tax Collector on the Populist ticket. He is well and favorably known to most of the voters of this county. He has been a citizen of this place nearly 8 years. He promises if elected to conduct the business of the office satisfactorily and not be governed by any party or parties in the performance of his duties. It will be impossible for me to make a thorough canvass, but I have this to say to my supporters: Their votes will be highly appreciated.

A pain in the chest is nature's warning that pneumonia is threatened. Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind over the seat of pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, and prompt relief will follow. Sold by A. P. McLemore. 44

The latest in regard to the Spanish peace situation comes in a cable dispatch from Rome and is to the effect that Spain will demand intervention by the powers if the United States insists on annexing the entire Philippine group.

A COMMISSION appointed to make an expert report on the naval battle at Santiago in which the Spanish fleet was destroyed, say that the battleships Oregon, Texas and Iowa are entitled to the highest credit in that affair in the order named. They found that Sampson's ship, the New York, did not get nearer than about nine miles before the fight was over, but that the fight was in accordance with Sampson's previously made plans.

The Sure La Grippe Cure. There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, have no appetite, no life or ambition, have a bad cold, in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters are the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale at A. P. McLemore's drug store only 50c per bottle.

Prettiest and Best Town.

From a letter in the Montague Democrat we extract the following which was written to his home paper by one of a party of gentlemen who were here prospecting a few weeks ago and who made a conditional trade for lands here:

FROM HASKELL CITY.

Haskell, Tex. Sept. 25. Dear Democrat: Five o'clock this p. m. finds us in the beautiful little city of Haskell. This is undoubtedly the prettiest town of its size and population in the state of Texas. Space will preclude my giving an elaborate description. The court house is an elegant stone edifice, standing, of course, in the center of the square; at each corner of the square—north, south, east and west, is a magnificent well, furnished with an inexhaustible supply of sweet, pure water, which like the waters of life, flows lavishly and free to all who will come and drink. A population of about one thousand, four nice churches, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Christian; a fine school building with an enrollment of about two hundred, presided over by a principal with four assistants. I wish I could tell you all about this elegant little city. I will simply say it is superb, the best watered and the best appointed inland town I have seen in Texas.

Speaking of the populist platform demand for the repeal of the occupation tax law (which, by the way, is only a bid for the votes of a few Cheap Johns who were expected to grab at any chance to squirm out of paying an occupation tax) State Comptroller Finley said:

"I analyzed this plank of the populist state platform in my opening speech at Decatur on the 19th of September, and presented what seemed to me to be good reasons why the law should not be repealed. I do not apprehend that there is any danger in the world that the next legislature will repeal the occupation tax law. That body will be confronted with these conditions: A repeal of the law means a reduction in the state revenue of about \$900,000 per annum; it means that the liquor and beer dealers, insurance companies, railroads (passenger tax), lawyers, bankers, brokers, merchants, street railways, theaters, circuses, express companies and all corporations and business pursuits from which an occupation tax is now required would be exempt; and it also means that the state ad valorem tax rate would have to be raised from 20 cents, the rate now in force, to 30 or 35 cents on the \$100. Such legislation would operate very unjustly in favor of one class of our citizenship against another.

"While our state revenue laws are not perfect, the people of Texas do not suffer by a comparison of our tax rate with the taxes imposed in the other states of the union; yet improved methods of deriving the necessary money for maintenance of state governments are constantly being developed in much older states than Texas.

"It is a fact that realty in this state now bears a full share of the burdens of taxation in comparison with other forms of property, and any effort looking to an increase of the ad valorem tax rate (which would be the inevitable result if the occupation tax law should be repealed), must be resisted. There may be, and doubtless are, some inequalities in the scale of occupations taxed, but to my mind it would be very unwise to repeal the law.

"Instead of increasing the ad valorem tax rate, I favor a law that would reach, if possible, more successfully what is known as intangible personal property, viz: notes, credits, etc. If this class of property could be reached as effectually for the purpose of taxation as land the taxable values of the state would be increased, and the tendency would be toward a reduction of the ad valorem tax rate, and also a revision of the occupation tax laws to a more equitable basis, the result of which will be a more equal and uniform distribution of the burdens of taxation."

Spain Must Get a Move On.

Washington, Oct. 12.—President McKinley has cabled the United States military commission at Porto Rico that the island must be evacuated by the Spanish forces on or before October 18 and that the Spanish commissioners be so informed. In case of failure of the Spaniards to complete the evacuation by that time the United States commissioners are directed to take possession of and exercise all of the functions of government and in case it is found to be impossible to secure transportation for the Spanish troops by Oct. 18 they may be permitted to go into temporary quarters until transporta can be secured to take them to Spain.

This fact was developed at today's cabinet meeting, and it was also stated that from this time forward a more vigorous policy would be pursued with respect to the evacuation of Cuba. The president has notified the United States evacuation commission at Havana that the Spaniards would be expected to have evacuated the island by December 1, with a strong intimation that in case of failure the United States would brook no further delay, but immediately thereafter take possession of the government.

The notification was communicated to the Spanish commissioners and to Blanco at Havana and was received by them with a rather bad grace. They said the Spanish government could not and would not submit, that it was outrageous and unjust. Subsequently they informed the Americans that a cable dispatch had been received from Madrid saying the demands of the Americans for evacuation by December 1 could not be complied with. It is now believed that the matter will be settled by an agreement for evacuation December 1 or as soon as possible afterwards, the Americans requiring diligence on the part of the Spanish officials in making their preparations to leave.

The Desolation in Cuba. The reports from Cuba within the past few days tell us that the best estimates by those who are in a position to know whereof they speak place the present population of the island at only 750,000, as against 1,500,000 at the commencement of the insurrection!

If this information is any way near correct it shows a slaughter through the agencies of the sword and famine, rarely equalled in the history of the human race within so short a period of time. But there is this extraordinary feature about the famine—it was deliberately caused by the Spanish authorities and thus exhibits a fiendishness of character unparalleled among any people claiming to be even half civilized.

Think of wiping out 750,000 people, most of them women and children, within a period of three years and on a comparatively small area, under the shadow of the flag of the richest, most resourceful and possibly most humane nation on earth! It is hardly credible that such a thing could happen and yet we are confronted with almost indisputable demonstration of the fact.

But the loss of life was only half the ruin wrought. The interior of the island is a perfect waste. Human habitations have been destroyed, the fields are in ashes, the mills and factories are ruins! To the hundreds of thousands of lives lost must be added hundreds of millions of business and property destroyed as the result of a three years' rebellion maintained by about 30,000 half-armed men.

The condition in which Cuba has been left is about the foulest spot on Spain's black record and prevents the least faint emotion of pity or sympathy for that nation in its hour of humiliation. It is the more and more inconceivable, as the facts of Cuban horrors are confirmed daily, that this country was so long patient and above all that any considerable element of our population should have opposed our intervention to put a stop to Spain's inhuman practices in this hemisphere.

The magnitude of the work before us in restoring order, safety and prosperity to the stricken island can be better appreciated as we contemplate the ruins upon which we have to build. It will require a firm hand and wise counsel. But in the meantime we can afford to look with great kindness and toleration upon any seemingly intractable spirit or unwise conduct on the part of the people who have been the victims of such a fearful ordeal.—Houston Post.

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ADMIRAL SAMPSON is reported very ill in Havana. It is said that his health has been failing for some time and he may have to relinquish his position on the evacuation commission.

THE situation is still reported as critical in the Bear Island Indian troubles in Minnesota, an account of which will be found on another page. Fears are entertained that the uprising may reach much larger proportions before it is quelled.

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