

Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Publisher.

HASKELL, TEXAS.

It Does Croker is out of politics, what would be accomplished if he were in politics?

Upon the heels of the announcement of J. Pierpont Morgan's monster railway combination comes the announcement that Carnegie has just organized the greatest wire combination in the world.

An arrest in lynching regions is a legal procedure making it more convenient to execute illegally a person charged with crime. The officers capture the alleged offender; the mob overpowers the officers and seize the person in custody, and then kill him in some hideous fashion. All this in a land consecrated to liberty protected by law!

Looking back on the hard times, it is pleasing to recall that during the four years from 1893 to 1896 the rich men of the United States gave, to found and endow public institutions, colleges, libraries, museums and hospitals, no less than one hundred and twenty million dollars. The New York Times is responsible for the figures, which lend a good deal of force to that old proverb about the cloud and its silver lining.

In our family of states, as in the hold, there are now and then, conditions of selfishness and indifference. But let real trouble come, as in the case of the yellow fever visitation in the south, and discord ceases. Sympathy and aid are quickly offered. What finer evidence that we are one people than this ready response when need arises? In our body politic, as in the human body, if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.

An eminent English scientist has expressed the hope and the belief that before many years the great cataract of Niagara will be turned aside from its course and every particle of its majestic force utilized in furnishing electric power to the mills and railroads of the surrounding region. The harnessing of the giant to the service of man has already begun, and there will be two opinions as to the wisdom of carrying the process of subjugation so far. Material advantage is not the only thing to be considered; grand and beautiful scenery has a value that cannot be expressed in dollars and cents. No amount of increased industrial wealth could make good the loss of Niagara Falls. It is the work of a Divine hand. The brutal greed of capital should not be permitted to obliterate it altogether.

That the world is full of dissatisfied and unhappy people we all know, but very few of us give any thought to one of the principal causes of the despondency and sadness of the race. It is only when we have almost finished our lives that we learn that great expectations and high hopes are only extremes from which we must recover, and that every undue anticipation is an unnatural condition, and must bring its reaction in corresponding depression. It is very much better to preserve a fair equilibrium under all circumstances. "A perfectly splendid time" is almost invariably followed by a series of events that almost rob life of its brightness. It is not that anything so terrible has really occurred, but the good time has raised the hopes so high and filled the heart with such bright anticipation of future good times that everyday pleasures appear tame and insipid.

If love were the offspring of merit, then patriotism would find no difficulty in showing why a country is worth loving. But the Turk loves a land that has no freedom; the Spaniard, like the Irishman, loves a country that has no prosperity; the Chinaman loves a land that has no inspiration; the Eskimo loves a land that has for others no natural beauty. Men of each of these nationalities love their home land apparently for no other reason than because it is their own. So long as being born in a country makes its patriots, there will be no better reason to give. If patriots would make their country as it grows more enlightened. That will be when patriots cease to cry, "Our country, right or wrong!" and insist that its public life and its politics shall have nothing in them of which they need feel ashamed.

The injury done to the United States battle ship Indiana when she was docked in Halifax was the usual English form of conduct and a poor return for a notable act of international courtesy. The Halifax dry dock is owned by British subjects and subsidized by the British government, and if any objection to permitting one of our vessels to be docked there had been made by the government of Great Britain, the dock would not have been at our service. She was undoubtedly disabled as the result of a British conspiracy. Build American drydocks.

The Turkish minister of public works has submitted proposal to the sultan for the construction of about 4,500 miles of new railway lines. In view of indemnity probabilities, there seems to be no reason why American steel interests should not have another opportunity to ship goods.

The courts of Nebraska are vindictive in a most effective manner. The long-held belief that they form a splendid combination for the purpose of enabling defaulting officers of the government to escape punishment.

SANTA FE HELD UP.

Unmasked Robbers Blow Up the Safe With Dynamite.

Denver, Col., Nov. 8.—A special from Albuquerque, N. M., says: The No. 2 passenger train of the Santa Fe which was held up at Grant's station Saturday night, reached this city at 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning. Conductor Aldrich says that just after the train halted at Grant's a fusillade of shots rang out on the air and as far as he could see several men boarded the train and one on the engine. He and Engineer H. D. McCarthy were on the platform, but ran and caught the train as it was moving out. The fireman, Henry Abel, being compelled at the point of a revolver to pull the train two miles distant.

The conductor, fully realizing that something was wrong left the train at the stock yards, where the robbers had ordered the train stopped and ran back to the station. He telegraphed the news to Division Superintendent Hubbard at Gallup and Sheriff Hubbell. In the meantime, however, the robbers, who wore false beards and were unmasked, cut the mail coach, day and chair cars and the Pullman sleeping car from the engine and the express car and the fireman was again ordered to pull the train further up the road. They commenced dynamiting the express and the explosion blew out one end of the car. Abel being forced to assist the robbers.

Once inside they picked out a safe which they surmised contained considerable money and valuables and with dynamite blew a hole into it. They helped themselves to a number of packages containing gold and silver, and after which they left the car, going in the direction of the Malpais mts. where their horses were picketed. The express car was on fire and Abel backed the engine and express car to the other portion of the train, left standing at the stock yards, and in consequence the express car, day coach and chair car were telescoped and all three burned.

Route agents who went to the scene last night returned Saturday. They say that the robbers did not get into the most valuable safe, which with two others, was badly warped and damaged. They think, however, that the robbers secured several hundred dollars. The baggage was all removed before the fire got under headway and it was saved. The passengers were not molested. The robbers are thought to be several desperate cowboys who are familiar with that section of the road. A posse of officers is in pursuit of the bandits.

KLONDIKE COUNTRY.

The Steamship City of Columbia to Leave New York for Alaska.

New York, Nov. 8.—The steamship City of Columbia, which leaves this city for the Klondike gold region, via Cape Horn, on Dec. 1, was visited yesterday at her dock, foot of East Ninth street, here, by over 5,000 people, half of whom were women and children. Nearly all of the 200 men and women already booked for the passage visited the steamer, besides a large number of invited guests. Among the latter were H. A. Herbert, former secretary of the navy; Gen. H. V. Boynton, E. C. Carraker of Philadelphia, the venerable ex-Secretary Nicholas Biddle, C. P. Huntington and D. O. Mills and a delegation of seventy-five business men and bankers of Philadelphia, who are interested in the project of sending out the Columbia. Sixty of the passengers already booked are females, and the major portion of them are married women. There are a few widows among them. Thirty-five of the women are chaperoned by Mrs. H. S. Gould. The youngest passenger will be a boy of 7 years, who will accompany his mother to the far north. Three hospital nurses and five physicians are among the passengers. The men in the party include six lawyers, one banker and twelve Yale students, who have abandoned their studies for the perils of the Klondike. The passengers come from all over the country and Canada.

The City of Columbia will be in charge of Capt. E. C. Barker. It will reach Seattle in April, and on the way to the Horn will stop at several South American ports.

Commerce and Industry.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 8.—The movement for the creation of a new department of the national government devoted to the interests of commerce and industry is said to be gaining strength. The sub-committee of the national committee and industrial association, organized here in June, reports that the national and state organizations, boards of trade, chambers of commerce and other like bodies throughout the country are responding cordially.

W. E. Grouche was found dead in a dug-out at Woodward, Ok., recently.

Major Butterworth Ill.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 8.—Physicians in attendance upon Major Benjamin Butterworth, commissioner of patents, who is ill with pneumonia at the Hotel Linden Hotel, give but little encouragement for his recovery. It was stated at 10 o'clock last night that he would not die during the night, but the physicians could not tell yet whether he would get well. Mr. Butterworth's wife and daughter, who were summoned from Cincinnati, are at his bedside.

Max Miller Arrested.

New York, Nov. 8.—Max Miller, a merchant of Charleston, Pa., was arrested at that place on Saturday charged with having by false representations obtained goods worth \$1140 from the firm of H. B. Claflin & Co. of this city. The prisoner was brought here. Miller said to have represented to the Claflin firm that his stock was worth \$12,000 and that his life was insured for the sum of \$25,000. The statements were found to be false.

A Destructive Fire.

Jacksonville, Fla., Nov. 8.—A special from San Augustine says: The Hotel Marco, one of the finest and most commodious hotel properties in the city was burned to the ground yesterday morning, entailing a loss of about \$250,000, with less than \$50,000 insurance. It was a few minutes past 1 o'clock when Jake Masters, from the Ontzons residence, discovered fire in the boiler-room of the Hotel Marco. He immediately fired a pistol and notified Edward McBride, who has charge of the property, and who lives in the hotel. Marshal Hinch and Officer Bennett were soon on the scene, and after firing their pistols an alarm was sounded. It was discovered that the incendiaries had cut the fire bell rope and steam whistles had to be resorted to. Those who gathered at the first call did not wait for the engine and hose, but attached the hotel hose to the well on the grounds and commenced the fight.

One engine reached the scene, but its work was delayed, presumably to the "trebugs" having cut holes in the suction pipes which supply water from the hydrant, and in screwing up the couplings so tight that time was lost in loosening them. The flames spread from the woodshed and boiler-room to the kitchen, then to the dining-room and theater. These structures were three stories high and well built, but connected with the main building, which was six stories high, with towers in the center and on each side. Hundreds of men assembled in removing the furniture from the main floor, and a large quantity was taken out, the main floor being almost entirely bare before the fire drove the workers away.

It was not until the flames set fire to the main building that the burning structure presented its most awful yet fascinating picture. The blaze not only illuminated the entire city, but could be seen for miles around. In a few hours the structure was reduced to embers.

The owner of the San Marco was William Beale, a real estate dealer in Boston, and it was leased to McDowell & Palmer and would have been opened next month.

Fearing further incendiarism, those in charge of the Hotel Ponce de Leon have ordered steam up constantly, in order to furnish water pressure at a moment's notice. The citizens of the city have offered \$500 reward for the capture of the incendiaries.

COAL MINERS.

Light Hundred Chinamen to Take the Place of Americans.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 8.—A dispatch says: Chinese coal miners are here to take the place of Americans in the northern Illinois district. An attempt will be made to break the strike that exists and 800 skilled Celestials have been picked for the work. They will all be equipped with tools and be guarded by 100 men, formerly Chicago policemen. An agent of the Chinese six companies was in Chicago last week and made a contract with the General Williamson Coal company to deliver the 800 Chinamen at the mines of the Williamson-Bradwood district. The first consignment of 200 will arrive next Tuesday and the others will be on hand as soon as provision can be made to take care of them. Arrangements for an additional 1000 Chinese miners have been conditionally made upon the success of the first venture. Elaborate preparations have been completed to take care of the first 800 Chinamen and to give them ample protection.

Foster Ships.

Washington, Nov. 8.—Consul Monaghan at Chemnitz, Germany, has made a report to the state department upon subsidies granted by the German government. The government pays \$7,000,000 marks annually for sending a steamer to India and Australia, and the government has increased the subsidy by 1,500,000 marks, to run fifteen years, but the company must put on four more steamers. The consul says Russia with her trans-Siberian railroad will be a great competitor for transportation to the orient. To meet this more and faster ships are to be put on by Europe.

Vessels Ice-Bound.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 8.—The fact that eight whaling vessels are trapped in the ice at Point Barrow with nearly 200 souls on board is creating widespread feelings of apprehension along the coast, and particularly among merchants engaged in the whaling business and among sailors and their families. The anxiety has become so great that the trustees of the San Francisco chamber of commerce have determined to hold a meeting at once for the purpose of formulating a telegraphic dispatch to be sent to the president urging him to dispatch a relief expedition to their rescue at the earliest possible moment.

Chinese Mob.

London, Nov. 8.—A special dispatch from Shanghai says that the German minister to China and the captain of the Gunboat Cormorant have been attacked by a mob at Wu Chang, a large city in the province of Hoo Peo, on the Yangtze River. The rioters are also reported to have stoned the German flag and to have insulted the minister. The latter, the dispatch concludes, has demanded the punishment of the offenders.

The Next Morning.

"Do you believe in wave thoughts, Larnly?" "Yes, I've had them dashing around in my head in the morning till I thought the skull would crack."—Detroit Free Press.

Writers' Cramp.

Writers' cramp is prevented by a new device which consists of a frame which, with the pen or pencil, forms a tripod to slide over the paper, the body of the tripod being hollow to hold hot water.

TRIPLE DROWNING.

A Number of Steerage Passengers Drowned at Galveston.

Galveston, Tex., Nov. 8.—The bodies of First Officer Finch of the British steamer Avona, and James McNamara, the watchman on the same steamer, were brought to town yesterday morning. Coroner Finn held an inquest and rendered a verdict of accidental drowning.

The body of the boatswain, Williams, has not yet been recovered. The accident which caused the death of the three men is a rather peculiar one, in that it happened on a calm sea and in a light wind. McNamara was sitting on the starboard gunwale aft, near the tiller, and on the opposite gunwale sat the mate. The light trimmer had the tiller, and the boatswain had the seat in front of him, and the seaman, Murray, was in the bow of the boat. When the boat jibed the last time it was thought that McNamara went overboard, the mate after him. How the boatswain came to be drowned is a mystery, but as McNamara could not swim to any extent, the mate, who was an expert swimmer, probably went to the watchman's assistance, and in trying to save his life lost his own. As the boat jibed she filled with water, righted and jibed again, and then sank out of sight. Signals were given and assistance rendered at once, but not in time to save the three men.

Galveston, Tex., Nov. 8.—One hundred and thirty-two steerage passengers of the North German Lloyd steamer Crefeld, which arrived yesterday, were detained by immigration inspector Levy. Of these 100 are bound for Shreveport, and the remainder of them for Houston. All of them, or at least a majority of them, assert that they were induced to come to this country by an unsigned advertisement which appeared in various newspapers throughout Austria, especially the province of Croatia. The first man who came under the ban was from Grovo, Croatia, where the leading paper had contained an advertisement to the effect that anybody who wanted to come to the United States could and would get plenty of work in Shreveport or its vicinity at \$1.20 per day. The man said no name was signed to the advertisement, and he did not remember the name of the newspaper. He claimed to have come in response to the advertisement, and was bound for Shreveport. Ninety-nine others told the same story, and thirty-two had a similar tale to tell about Houston. The inspector detained the lot of them, under section 3 of the immigration law, which constrains this to be a contract, and therein a violation of the contract law labor law. The Crefeld brought a total of 273 passengers.

WOOL GROWERS.

They Have Received a Good Price for This Year's Product.

Fort Worth, Tex., Nov. 4.—Samuel J. Gaines, assistant superintendent of the railway mail service at this point, has recently returned from an extended trip to the extreme southwestern part of the state. He reports that the wool-growers of Preldido and the adjoining counties have made large sums on their product this year, receiving more than twice the price they realized last season. He says that stockmen generally throughout the section he visited had prospered and were looking forward to continued success in their business. This state of affairs, he claims, differs very materially from that which prevailed throughout that country a year or more ago.

Mr. Gaines, in speaking of the great difficulties entailed on his department by reason of quarantine regulations in Louisiana, says the condition of things there is improving somewhat. For a while it was utterly impossible to get mails through under any circumstances, but now that quarantine matters have become somewhat better regulated, the mail service is gradually getting back into its old groove. Freight trains are utilized, either for the transportation of mail cars, or to carry through pouches, made up for the towns through which freight trains are allowed to pass under certain restrictions. He said that the difficulties which attended the forwarding of mail matter in the infected districts during the time when the fever scare was at its height could hardly be exaggerated, and that to the fidelity and persistent efforts of the mail clerks could be attributed, in most instances, the fact that some sections got any mail at all for weeks at a time.

ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

A Party of Prospectors Kill Two Apaches and a White Renegade.

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After two Apaches were killed, a white renegade wounded and four burros killed, the attacking party was driven off, leaving Klein helpless. He was carried on burro back to the nearest ranch, sixty miles, whence he rode one hundred miles further to Casas Grande, on the Corralitos railroad. The rest of the party went on to the gold diggings. Klein says there is a big amount of gold in that country.

Killed in a Gin.

Caddo Mills, Tex., Nov. 8.—Master Jimmy Mosely, aged 12 years, son of William Mosely, an industrial farmer living three miles north of town, Saturday afternoon, while playing around the gin of Cannady & Broils, by accident was caught by the line shaft and whirled around violently, with such impetus as to break his left arm in many places, grinding the bones to a pulp, and injuring him otherwise internally. Surgeons amputated the mutilated member close to the shoulder. He only survived three hours after the accident.

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"What kapes ye shill so long, Do-lan?" inquired Mr. Rafferty, "O'm arguin' wid meself." "About what?" "O'm tryin' to convince meself that it's no harder to push a wheelbarrow on the level than to push me bicycle up hill, an' O' can't do it."—Washington Star.

Saw Mills Burned.

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Col. Rip Ford Dead.

San Antonio, Tex., Nov. 6.—Col. John S. Ford, known throughout Texas as "Col. Rip Ford, the Indian fighter," died at his home here at 7:20 o'clock last night, after a thirty-days' illness. Col. Ford was stricken with paralysis on Oct. 1, since which time he has suffered several relapses, and gradually sank until death set in last night. The deceased was 82 years of age, a native of South Carolina, from which state he emigrated to Texas in 1836. Col. Ford's brilliant military career began with his arrival in San Augustine, Tex. His first service to the state consisted in expeditions against the Indians, up to 1844, when he was elected a member of congress of the republic of Texas. He opposed a proposed treaty with England by which annexation of the Lone Star republic was to be prevented, and in the special session of the Texas congress called in 1845, Col. Ford introduced the bill for the annexation of Texas to the United States. He served in the Mexican war that followed the annexation of Texas, as an adjutant in Col. Hay's regiment. After the close of this war he was made a captain in the United States army, but after a few years he organized a scouting party, and then began his memorable career as Rip Ford, the Indian fighter. He next went through the civil war, a staunch confederate soldier. More Indian fights were added to his record, and then he settled down to a peaceful life. He has made many valuable contributions to the history of Texas, gained from his intimate experience with men and affairs in the early days. The funeral of Col. Ford took place under the auspices of the United Confederate Veterans and the Masons.

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Baptist Convention.

San Antonio, Tex., Nov. 6.—The Baptist general convention of Texas met here yesterday morning with an attendance of 1400 delegates and a large number of distinguished leaders of the church in this and other states.

The fight between the two contending factions that have divided the church for many years was precipitated early in the day and on preliminary skirmish the Cranfill-Carroll faction won a decisive victory over the Hayden-Burleson faction.

The fight began with a motion by Dudley Wooten of Dallas to appoint a committee on credentials. Wooten is a supporter of the Cranfill-Carroll side and moved that the credentials committee consist of J. M. Robertson, G. W. Baines, J. C. Gentry, R. A. Lee, Bennett Hatcher, J. C. Burkitt and J. C. Kimbrough.

A motion from the Hayden-Burleson side to vest the power of naming the committee in the chairman, Dr. R. C. Buckner, was tabled by a decisive vote of 632 to 203, which vote showed the voting strength of the two parties.

Another amendment to increase the size of the committee by adding the names of W. H. Parks, H. B. Bender, S. H. Slaughter, E. B. Hardie and W. A. Jarrell, supporters of Hayden-Burleson was tabled, after which the original motion prevailed by a vote of 639 to 218.

While the committee was preparing the report the convention listened to addresses of welcome and speeches about denominational institutions. The credentials committee was not ready to report at 5 o'clock and the convention adjourned till to-day.

There are two contending delegations from Dallas and Meridian churches, one delegation supporting Cranfill and Carroll and the other Hayden and Burleson. The committee has decided to report the facts to the convention without recommending the seating of either delegation. This will precipitate the fight on the floor of the convention and a bitter and acrimonious debate is expected.

ALLIANCE CALL.

The Coryell County Farmers' Alliance Has Been Notified to Meet at Gatesville.

Gatesville, Tex., Nov. 6.—J. P. Morris, president of the Coryell County Farmers' Alliance, has called an extra session of that organization to meet in Gatesville December 6, 1897, "to consider and discuss the action of the commissioners' court in regard to the building of a courthouse and issuing bonds for that purpose in defiance of the will of the people as expressed by their ballots at an election held on the 11th of December, 1895. All citizens of the county whether members of the Alliance or not who oppose the action of the court are cordially invited to attend the meeting and participate in its deliberations."

The court passed the order to build a new courthouse and jail and an order for issuance of bonds, and levied the tax to pay for them at the February term, 1897. The contract was let June 25, 1897. The walls of the basement and first story will be completed before the opposers have gained sufficient force to hold a meeting.

Gamblers Being Arrested.

Hillsboro, Tex., Nov. 6.—The city officers have inaugurated a war on gaming that promises to be quite lively. Seventeen arrests were made at one time recently and another raid was made Thursday night, but without any arrests being made. Some machinery was found and a number of men and boys were in the room raided, but enough evidence was not secured to have any arrests on. Jack Glover was fined \$5 in the city court on a charge of trying to prevent an officer from making an arrest. He was charged with trying to give the alarm to a place being raided.

Mrs. B. H. Carroll Dead.

Waco, Tex., Nov. 6.—Mrs. Ellen Virginia Carroll, wife of Rev. B. H. Carroll, D. D., died last night. Mrs. Carroll was Miss Bell. She was born in Mississippi, and married Dr. Carroll in Caldwell, Texas, in 1866. Mrs. Carroll was distinguished in religious circles. The funeral will take place next Sunday at the First Baptist church, of which her husband, the doctor, has been pastor for many years.

Surveying the Pass.

Rockport, Tex., Nov. 6.—United States Engineer Biddle, assisted by Engineers Switzer, Jenkins and Pitts, are engaged in making a report to the next congress, as provided for by act of last congress. United States Engineers Biddle and Roberts will arrive here on the 15th, to assist in the completing of the survey and report. The people here will ask congress to take some definite action regarding the matter.

Capt. Gen. Blanco will issue a decree abolishing import duty on cattle for two months.

Criminals Convicted. Giddings, Tex., Nov. 6.—Four criminal cases have been tried at this term of court, and convictions had in each instance. Gilbert Lewis was given four years on assault to murder. Charles Scholtz, charged with the murder of his wife's brother four years ago, was declared guilty in the second degree and given thirty-five years in the penitentiary. He escaped to South America after the crime, and was only captured upon his return two months ago to Houston.

Three Bicyclists by crowding Jack Astor into the bushes at Rhinecliff caused him to shut his grounds against all wheelmen. Two bicyclists by stealing flowers at Hyde Park caused Fred Vanderbilt to exclude all wheelmen from his grounds. Here are five wheelmen who have deprived every member of the league of the pleasure of riding through two of the most beautiful parks in the country. Expect them at once, and expect every other rider who transgresses in the same manner.

Jury Failed to Agree.

Paris, Tex., Nov. 4.—The jury in the case of Walter Wilson, charged with burglary, took charge of the case Monday afternoon, and being unable to agree, was locked up all night. Yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock the jury came in court and announced that its members were unable to agree or reach a decision, and after some questioning by Judge McClellan they were discharged. This is the second trial that Wilson has had this term of court.

WHO IS QUEEN OF ENGLAND?

Whole Issue of Charles I. Not Yet Exhausted.

In France and in Spain the legitimist is taken seriously. In England, according to the man in the street, and according to others in other places, the legitimist is simply an idiot who is not worth further consideration, says the Nineteenth Century. Yet among English legitimists are many men of whose sanity there can be no question, whose integrity is beyond dispute and whose loyalty to Queen Victoria is unimpeachable. What they are doing in this galaxy it is the object of this short article to show.

In the first place, perhaps, it may be suggested that the use of the word "Jacobite" in connection with legitimism in this country is not

Indian Mode of Hunting Bear.

MARTIN HUNTER IN N.Y. LEDGER

In describing the manner of taking some of the fur-bearing animals of the Hudson Bay territory, the bear comes first by its coat being earliest prime of all other animals of the north country.

The Indians, who, since the finishing of their last year's hunt in June have become tired of a fish diet, are anxious to look forward to the 25th of September. On and after this date the bear skins have a market value with the company, and the Indians go into the berry patches and swamps in quest of bruin, who has for the past six weeks been fattening undisturbed.

Considerable bravery is shown by the Indian in hunting these strong and ferocious animals at this time of year. Few of them have other than a single-barrel, muzzle-loading gun, and if they miss a fatal shot when firing, the result is to them serious, if not death.

I cannot do better in these series of hunting stories than to follow the footsteps of Wa-Sa-Kelje, who was one of our most successful all-around hunters. He had a liking for the whites in general and, from his kindness, for me in particular. At any time when it was convenient for me to leave the post he welcomed my company on his shooting and trapping tours. Still hunting the bear in a flat and dry berry patch requires the greatest care and precaution to make it a day of profit. Wa-Sa-Kelje lands from his canoe on the leeward side of the patch he is going to reconnoitre and ascends a large mountain, whose wooded southern side runs down to the river shore; from the top of this he scans the burned lands beneath him with great minuteness for several seconds. At last his face lights up with satisfaction, for his eye rests on a large black bear feeding to the windward of a clump of alders. Before starting to stalk the game, he notes the direction of the wind, the lay of the country and the number of points of concealment between him and his quarry. All these essentials mentally impressed on his memory, he loads his gun carefully and descends the mountain. Wa-Sa-Kelje makes his way swiftly from the base for about a quarter of a mile; after that he goes with greater care. At last there is only one intervening stack of willows between him and the bear. From my vantage point of view I notice all his movements and also that of the bear, which is lazily feeding on the ripe, full berries.

At the extreme left-hand point of the clump stands an immense rock, brought there, no doubt, at the glacier

period; toward the Indian is sometimes crawling, at others crouching; at last he is safe in his shelter, with heart beating with excitement.

When he left the mountain top the bear was feeding toward this very rock, and had continued. With gun on full cock, Wa-Sa-Kelje carefully advances his head around the base; in an instant it is brought back to cover, for he has caught sight of bruin not thirty feet away and busy eating the luscious fruit toward the rock.

Wa-Sa-Kelje waits five minutes longer (it appears hours to me as I watch), and then, with belt-axe well in hand and gun seized firmly in his hands, steps boldly out from his hiding place. As usual with bears when surprised at close quarters, the animal assumes an erect position, and at the same moment the gun belches forth its death-dealing bullet and the monster falls pierced through the heart.

That night the Indian's squaw and children feast on berry-fed bear meat, and the growing boys listen breathlessly to their father's description of how he killed "Mus-Kwa."

The foregoing is one way of hunting bear, and the other is by trapping—either deadfall or steel traps. This mode of trapping is only practiced in the spring. Shortly after the bears come out of their dens they resort to creeks and small rivers, where carp and small trout spawn at that season.

Bruin is an expert fisherman, and will stand on the low banks and with a dash of his fore paw land out one or two fish at a stroke.

The Indian hunter knows these creeks and rivers, and it is on their banks he sets his traps with some tempting bait such as musquash meat or corn with maple syrup mixed together, neither of which is it possible for Mr. Bear to pass without making a try for.

Wooden traps, or deadfalls, are made in the same shape as the well-known figure-of-four trap for martens and other small animals, only many times larger, and the crushing weight or lead is such as two strong men could lift.

The bait is tied on to a loop of twisted rope, and the latter is caught over the wooden trigger that supports the loaded cross-bar, and then on the peg at back of the trap. The bear, after drawing in strong whiffs of the tempting morsel from the entrance, ventures boldly in. The depth of the trap is almost equal to the length of his body, so when he tugs at the bait the middle of his body is directly under the cross-bar. The loop slips off the peg and the weight of the logs and stones crash down on poor old Mus-Kwa.

The Indian prefers using the steel trap, as it is more certain, and the bear-keeping alive for several days, the hunter is not required to visit his traps so often.

During the hot spring days a bear in a deadfall very soon becomes fly-blown and rotten, and the meat useless, and very frequently the skin also.

It is in the spring of the year Wa-Sa-Kelje takes his twenty-pound new house trap and makes his way to a small connecting stream between two lakes. It is the spawning ground of carp. Here along the bank is a well-trodden bear path. Fishing bears have frequented this trail for years. Here he builds an obstruction on two sides out from the trunk of a large spruce for a distance of four feet; the opening in front is about twenty inches wide. A tempting bait is placed on a forked stick at the back of the inclosure near the base of the tree. He next cuts a sound, young birch seven or eight feet long, diameter at small end five inches, and six or seven at the thickest end.

The weight of such a stick in the sap is about seventy-five pounds. About one-third of this drag the ring of the chain is firmly wedged, and the immense jaws of the trap is opened. A hollow in the entrance of the house is made, so that when the trap is placed the hole is nearly on a level with the ground. A bent root of small tree or shrub about as thick as the little finger is placed under the palate to make the trap harder to set off. This is done so that small animals, such as martens, fox or fisher, cannot spring the trap should they be drawn to the bait.

A layer of white moss or that from about a decayed stump is then placed in one sheet carefully over the whole trap and pulverized rotten wood or earth is then sprinkled over the moss to take away the newness, and the trap is ready. Four or five days have passed, during which time Wa-Sa-Kelje has been busy setting other traps at different points, and now, according to the signs, it is time he visits the traps we

saw him set.

He emerges from the forest on a small hill overlooking the trap-house. One look, he sees the drag-log is off. Turn-up ground and bitten twigs and branches mark clearly the way the beast has gone. Wa-Sa-Kelje rams a bullet into his gun and follows the signs. With a twenty-pound trap and a drag-log almost as heavy as a man can carry, it is a marvel how far a bear will travel after being caught. But in this case bruin is not far off; an obstruction of some considerable strength has caught the drag, and as he hears the approach of the hunter he rattles his chain and lets out a defiant growl.

Wa-Sa-Kelje draws nearer and sees he is well caught—i. e., high up the foreleg. He is unable to do the trapper any harm, and the latter calmly looks on the great beast for a moment or two before giving him his quietus.

Indians can carry immense weights. Suspended by a leather thong from the forehead, bears weighing up to three hundred pounds they can carry in this way across a portage of half a mile without resting.

But Wa-Sa-Kelje had one now even heavier than that, so he opened him up and removed the paunch and entrails to lighten his load. The trap was reset, and the successful hunter made his way to the canoe and then to his camp to bring smiles and laughter to his wife and family.

Some of the poorer Indians who do not possess steel traps and are too lazy to make deadfalls, sometimes set snares in the bear roads, but this mode of hunting is not successful as a rule.

Passing Stage.
Little Ethel—"Can you fool?" Young Airtight—"Certainly not, my dear!" Little Ethel—"Can you love?" Young Airtight—"No, indeed?" Brother Jack do you ask?" Little Ethel—"Brother Jack said you were a short horse."

A Good Thing.
It is surprising how many people are trying to sell what they declare is a good thing.—Atchley, Globe

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

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

Care of Poultry.

If you want your chickens to have bright yellow legs, never allow them to run or wallow where uncleaned wood ashes have been thrown, they will bleach them white. Use sulphur sparingly or it will kill more chickens than it cures, yet it can be used judiciously on old fowls. If lice have accumulated during incubation they will easily be seen on the heads of the chicks. When you take the mother hen off with her brood rub her well under her wings and body with grease. When she broods her chicks their heads come in contact with the grease, which the lice can not long endure. Give her a good place to lay her eggs. If you will soon rid herself of chicks of the pests. Keep the chicks from huddling in heaps at night after the hen leaves them, lest some get too warm, afterwards taking cold, which ends in roup, the dreaded disease. I fear it more than cholera, although I never had the latter in my flock, and by keeping everything strictly clean you need never fear it.

I often read in the poultry journals that it is not much work to take care of poultry. I have always found it just the reverse. Still, I like it for the out-door exercise and natural love I have for pets. I also found it very remunerative, but I find there is as great a demand for that article called common sense in poultry raising as in everything else. The first year I gave poultry my attention I kept a strict account with the biddies. I had thirty-two Light Brahma hens and forty half-bloods for sitters. In the early spring I sold ninety-two sittings of eggs, twenty-two half-bloods for sitters, and raised near 700 chicks. I sold some for broilers and some for breeding purposes, and packed over 120 dozen eggs during the summer. I sold all the culs Thanksgiving, and at the end of the year the books showed a balance in my favor of \$731.34. Since that time I have kept no accurate account, but am satisfied to continue until I find something better. Most of the farmers have their poultry yards overstocked; hence it costs more to feed them, and they are not so remunerative. Cull your flocks in early fall, and the remainder will do better and be more profitable. The cost of feeding varies with the price of grain. Farmers do not feel this as we who have it to buy. If the fowls have their liberty, the cost of feeding is a mere trifle. It is estimated that one and a half bushels of corn will keep a hen one year. Our estimate of the cost of one hen one year, in confinement, was eighty-seven cents, but she had a variety of food. Where they are comfortably housed it costs less to feed them, and they will lay more eggs.

A few timely hints in regard to treatment as the weather grows warmer, and I have done. During the heated term, all kinds of vermin propagate rapidly, and if allowed, will prove to be the pest "whose name is legion." Examine your fowls frequently to make sure they have no lice upon them, and watch with a jealous eye for the appearance of the tiny, but abominable pest—the poultry parasite. The "ounce of prevention" should be brought into requisition now, if ever. If hens are not sitting, keep their feet clean and dry. They should have special care to provide a cool, quiet place on the ground for them. A little hollow made in the earth, with a lining of clean, fresh grass, is sufficient. If the eggs get foul, wash them clean in tepid water, line the nest with fresh grass and replace the eggs. Carefully study the habits of your hens with chicks. They will differ to vary as much as other folks in disposition and habits. Such as prove quiet sitters, careful and successful mothers, and tractable when their keepers approach, should be spared for another year's service. I have one (Old Brownie) seven years old, and she now has seventeen hearty chicks. The great value of milk as a food for poultry seems to be overlooked by farmers, and those who have plenty. It is good for them in all shapes. It is eagerly eaten by them, and they will thrive on it as they will on nothing else. The above is largely my own experience, and hence I know whereof I speak, and I find that by proper devotion to the demands of the nature of our fowls, one will have but little use for the study of diseases. There is work about it, and there is about anything we undertake if we do it successfully. Constant vigilance is the price of success in almost every undertaking, and in none other is it more applicable than in the breeding and management of poultry, whether pure bred or not, if profit is the desired result.

Outlook for the Cow.

We do not know of a greater business than the production of milk. Not that the production of milk is the greatest industry in the world at present, but it is very likely to become so in the future. There is almost no limit to the possibilities in this regard. Milk drinking and milk using is largely a thing that has been adopted by certain communities, but where once adopted it stays. There are still in the world in those communities use milk in many forms. We heard some time ago of an American who tried to get some butter in a town of Venezuela. He tried to find a grocer that had it for sale, but was finally told that in all probability he could get some at the drug store. He went there and found that they had a very small supply that was kept as a permanent stock to be used for medical purposes. Whether it was used for outward or inward application does not

appear. When the American asked for a couple of pounds the native druggist nearly fell over in astonishment, and wondered what on earth the American could do with two pounds of butter, which, by the way, was about his whole stock in trade. The butter, however, was found to be rancid and decidedly unfit for the internal use intended by the American. This but illustrates that there are vast populations that have got yet to be educated into the milk and butter using habit.

In our large American cities the use of milk is every year increasing. More and more it is becoming an article of universal diet. Even buttermilk is coming into great demand in all of the city restaurants and even multitudes of saloons keep a supply of good, cold, fresh buttermilk constantly on hand. These are signs that the cow is to be a strong factor in the economies of the future. Two great considerations come up in the spreading of this milk-drinking habit. First the quality of the milk and second its cheapness. Both sweet milk and buttermilk win their way on their quality and if the farmer wants his trade to increase he must give the best milk that can be had. We know of course that feed does not cut a very great figure in the solid contents of milk, but we cannot but think that feed does have very much to do with the flavor and palatability of milk. Perhaps this point will be disputed, but we doubt if one that has been an habitual drinker of milk will be satisfied to take it from any cow and from any food. We know that with domestic animals used for food, the food on which they have been grown and fattened transmits its flavor to the flesh. Thus the water-fowl that feeds on fish is so fishy that it is very distasteful to many. The bees, mutations and swine are notably affected to such an extent that it makes a great difference on the market. Can it be doubted, therefore, that the feed does have a very great effect on the quality of the milk? The cows that are fed on pasture grass alone will not produce a milk that the city people will relish as they will milk produced from grass and millfeeds. Especially is this true in the early part of the summer when after heavy rains there is a decided grass flavor to the milk.

So far as cost is concerned the only way it can be put on the market at a lower rate than present is to eliminate the waste and the selling of milk to people that never pay. So far as the restaurants are concerned this is not of much consequence, provided that milk does not go up as it has in Washington, Baltimore and some other cities, where it sells at ten cents per quart. In Chicago it still sells for five and six cents per quart and should be kept at this point if possible. It should be kept at this point to keep up a steady demand that will prevent the supply increasing faster than the demand and thus in the distant future causing a collapse. Restaurants sell their milk by the glass at about 20 cents per quart. Recently on the streets of Chicago we noticed a man that had a stand for the sale of ice-cold buttermilk. He sold it at two cents per glass, which would be about eight cents per quart or more. His glasses were of a size that would require about five for a quart, so we may say that he got ten cents a quart for his milk. It seemed to have a brisk trade. But one day he disappeared from his corner, and the people that had begun to drink buttermilk there and had begun to form the habit felt his loss. Probably he had moved to some place in the city where trade was brisker than at his first stand. His being missed, however, shows what a vast amount of buttermilk might be disposed of in this way.

Agent Horses.

According to the department of agriculture from 1889 to 1893 the number of horses in Michigan was 1,000,000. Colorado, New Mexico and ranges farther west, increased from 1,478,768 to 1,972,532, about 33.1-3 per cent. The average price of horses in the United States in 1866 was \$59.86, from 1883 to 1889 from \$70.59 to \$74.64, the highest price being that of \$84; and by 1892 the average value was reduced to \$65.01. After 1893 began the heavy decline. During that year the average price was \$61.22; in '94, \$47.83; in '95, \$46.29; in '96, \$33.07, and at the beginning of '97, \$31.51. The sheep prices have checked production in the South and East. The department has the following reasons for considering the outlook encouraging. In the West since 1893 the number of horses has fallen from 1,972,532 to 1,626,402, or nearly 18 per cent. Exports to Europe have grown from 3,000 a year to 28,000 in 1896. The Western horse having cost so much of his value the ranges will be devoted to more profitable industries. The demand for certain better classes, draft and driving horses, good saddlers and cavalry mounts has a growing improvement.

A New Egg Preservative.

M. Bournout recommends in a French journal the following method for preserving eggs. Dissolve two-thirds of warm olive oil, one-third of beeswax and cover each egg completely with this thin layer of this pomade with the end of the finger. The egg shell by degrees absorbs the oil and each of the pores becomes filled with wax, which hermetically seals them. M. Bournout affirms that he has eaten eggs kept two years in this manner in a place not exposed to too great extremes of temperature. He thinks also that the germ may in this manner be preserved for a considerable time.

Frozen Root Grafts.—This is not new in our experience. Twenty-four years ago a neighbor drove up with a box of root grafts frozen solid. He said that he had shut up the house for a winter visit, and on coming home found the cellar was frozen solid. On examination no signs of uniting of root and graft was found. He offered to sell the lot of 30,000 grafts for \$10. We did not know then that they were worth 10 cents, but we took them and planted them beside our own grafts kept in a warm cellar. The result was a perfect stand of the frozen grafts and a poor one of those kept as we supposed just right. Since that time we have not been afraid of a very cold root cellar for grafts packed in sandy earth.—Ex.

It is a sign of good luck to give plenty of good sound food and clean water.

Sheep vs. Hogs.

It has frequently been stated that we are raising too many sheep in this country, and, therefore, that which ought to be a source of wealth to us is frequently a source of depression, the overloading of the market with hogs and hog products not leaving a fair margin, either to the farmers or to the packers, says National Provisioner. It is easy to state the source of the trouble, but it is more difficult to suggest a remedy. In this instance, however, we are not entirely beyond the possibilities of a remedy and relief. We have for many years advised the cultivation of mutton as a desirable meat, and the raising of more sheep and less hogs. The farming papers of the country have taken sides with us, and have supported our views, and there is no reason why the farmers should not do what is in their interest and what will help their bank accounts. A large part of the wealth of England and Australia is derived from sheep raising. An increase in the number of sheep in this country would add considerably to the wealth of the nation, especially of the farmers and of the packers, the more so when wool is so much needed and ought to bring a good price. Our contemporary, Wallace's Farmer, urges the farmers in the same manner as we do, and speaks especially for the state of Iowa, which is now a very large hog-raising state, but whatever relates to Iowa relates to a great extent to other Western states, and also to the South. Of course it will not do to raise sheep on ground which is too dry and wet. But in the bluegrass section of the country sheep would mature as well, if not better, than they do in the British islands. We have hotter summers, it is true, but our winters are more even than they are in England. The packers and commission men ought to educate the farmers to understand more the value of the sheep as an investment and of mutton as a desirable food. Sheep need some care, but if it is bestowed upon them there is no better investment to the farmer. Five acres of land will take care of twenty-five sheep and their lambs during the summer, and in winter no farmer will miss what they eat. Their fleeces will pay about \$1 apiece and their lambs a year old, if properly cared for, are good for \$3. If fattened to 100 pounds weight and put on the present market they are good for \$5 by the carload. It has been figured out by an authority that with oats and corn at 30 cents a bushel and oil meal at \$1.25 per hundred, a lamb from the time that it is two weeks old until it reaches 100 pounds, which is in the eleventh month, will not consume more than \$1.35 worth of grain. In our opinion, the time is not very far distant when, with the scarcity of beef and with the high price which cattle command, we will have to resort to eating mutton. There will also be a great export demand for the article. We have too much corn, too many hogs, too few sheep.

THE NAME HONORED.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT IN MARBLE AT NASHVILLE.

A Statue of the Founder of Vanderbilt University in the Metropolis of Tennessee—An Artist Wins Distinction as a Result.

THE directors of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition set apart October 11, which date was fittingly observed as Vanderbilt Day.

Exercises were held in honor of the memory of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder of Vanderbilt University, at Nashville.

On that day there was presented to the University by citizens of Nashville an heroic statue of the old Commodore. It is the work of G. Moretti, sculptor, of New York, and has been on exhibition in Nashville ever since the opening of the Exposition in the spring. It stands just within the main entrance to the Art Building. After the close of the Exposition it will be placed before the main building in the grounds of Vanderbilt University.

Mr. Moretti was commissioned over a year ago by the Nashville authorities to execute the statue, and it was finished only a few days before the Exposition opened. It is of bronze, nearly ten feet high, and stands upon a granite pedestal of the same height.

The statue is a full-length figure of the Commodore, standing in a dignified and heroic pose. He is dressed in a long, dark coat, and his right hand is on his hip, while his left hand rests on the hilt of a sword. The expression on his face is one of stern determination and courage.

The statue is a masterpiece of art, capturing the essence of the Commodore's character and achievements. It is a fitting tribute to one of the most prominent figures in the history of the United States.

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ASCENT OF MOUNT RAINIER.

Of the Seventy-Three Who Started Only Fifty-Eight Reached the Crater.

The Mazamas—an organization of mountain climbers on the Pacific coast—made their first ascent of Mount Rainier, near Tacoma, in July. The party numbered seventy-three, many of them inexperienced mountaineers. Of the seventy-three who started, fifty-eight reached the crater. The others were compelled to return. Those who were successful accomplished a feat which many have tried and failed. While the successful ones were en route to and from the summit, three distinct parties that left Paradise Valley with the intention of spending a night in the crater were compelled to give up in despair after reaching an altitude of about 12,000 feet. It may be said that but for the presence of a half dozen or more experienced mountaineers, some of the amateurs of the Mazama party would not have seen the summit of Rainier. Life lines were kept out during the entire trip, and, as one climber said, "the experienced members of the party ascended several times, while the amateurs hardly reached the summit." All the weak ones had to do was to hold on to the life lines, and they were safe. On the return, met Prof. Ernest McClure, of Oregon, met the main party when he slipped on a high precipice of snow, striking head first on rocks 200 feet below. Death must have been instantaneous. Had he gone fourteen feet further east he would have missed the rocks entirely, sliding on down the mountain for perhaps one-quarter of a mile, but in all probability in safety. His death is the first

fatality to occur on Rainier. Two other men slipped and fell into the crevice, being rescued with extreme difficulty.

BUNYAN'S WICKET GATE.
In Elstow is the One Where He Often Passed.

A recent writer upon the objects of historical interest connected with the early life of Bunyan at the little village of Elstow describes among other things, the wicket gate which figures early in the story of "Pilgrim's Progress." Anything that helps readers to picture in imagination the scenes described in that book will be widely read and with intense pleasure. In the village of Elstow there is abundant material that is visibly associated with John Bunyan. The isolated church tower contains the very bells in the ringing of which Bunyan rejoiced and afterward trembled. Above all, I must mention what appears all too recently to have escaped attention. The "wicket gate" of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is commonly represented as a garden gate or turnpike gate, but really the term denotes a small doorway cut out of a large door. Concealed behind a tree at the west end of Elstow church is just such a small doorway in the broad wooden surface of the great door. Through this lowly opening Bunyan must often have passed when a boy. If it were simply drawn and engraved I believe we should have a correct picture of that which was before his imagination when he described the early steps of Christian's

The rating of Cook county lots as farming lands is another evidence of Chicago's great agricultural expanse.

British landlords are said to own 20,000,000 acres land in this country, an area larger than that of Ireland. It is quite possible, too, that they are bleeding this country just as Ireland has been bled.

An advertisement for clerical supply in an English parish tells the prospective temporary preacher that he would have "light duty" and "small pony-carriage." A man by the name of Paul once gave a different impression of ministerial work; but then, some persons do not regard the apostle as up-to-date.

The report of the outrage to Private Hammond at Fort Sheridan reads as if it might have happened in military Germany or barbarous Turkey. But that an American citizen should be subjected to such humiliation and that an American officer should stoop so low as to enforce such edicts, passes all understanding.

The insurrection in Uruguay has ended in the arrangement of terms of peace, which the insurgents have accepted and both chambers of the Uruguayan congress have unanimously ratified. One cause of the insurrection was a charge of fraud in connection with the election of Senator Borda to the presidency. The assassination of President Borda last August seems to have smoothed the way for the conclusion of peace.

The twenty-five Boston men and women who have organized a society to abolish marriage ought to join the shakers of Niskayuna; though perhaps they propose to do the other extreme by living miscellaneously after the manner of the late Onida community. On the whole, however, they will do better if they dig twenty-five graves, crawl into them and cover themselves with the earth to which they more naturally belong.

A bachelor, writing to the Minneapolis Times, gets very angry over the proposition to tax unmarried men. He says there would be more marriage but for our "damnable rotten society," as to which he presents no method of reform; that the taxation proposed would lead to bloodshed, and that many bachelors would end their lives in almshouses rather than pay it. It is not well to get excited; but on the other hand let us steer clear of the danger of a greater than any previous civil war.

An English journal says that our navy is composed of a few modern ships which cannot put to sea; that our army is made up principally of generals and otherwise of a few negro and Indian troops; that either Japan or Spain could easily whip us; that the Americans are but half civilized, and that only a small proportion of them know how to read or write. This we learn that a dangerous thing a little knowledge is; and the reader is undoubtedly so indignant that he feels almost persuaded to be a Jingo.

The statistician of the Department of Agriculture has prepared a report on the wheat situation, which indicates that there will be no material cheapening of wheat until another crop is in sight. During the past six years the United States has exported annually an average of 155,000,000 bushels of wheat. During the same period the European product has averaged about 1,100,000,000 bushels. This year, according to expert estimates, the European crop is about 100,000,000 bushels under that average. To make up this deficiency little help can come from India, Argentina or Australasia, and Europe's increased imports must be drawn mainly from the United States.

To work one's way through college is no great accomplishment—in a story; but life and fiction do not always correspond, as we are told by a contributor to the Brown Magazine. "If some farmer's son, with constitution equal to that of his father's best draught horse, has worked his way through college on crackers and milk, and is still living to tell the tale, it is no guarantee that some weak chested individual, with one lung gone and the other going, can do the same. This is the mistake that some physical wrecks are making. Their ambition is commendable; their effort is laudable." It is well to be thus reminded that the question has two sides; but that does not alter the fact that necessarily, and properly, its decision must rest with the person chiefly concerned. Perhaps the poor student feels that in going to college he makes the best possible use of his "one lung!"

Mr. Bellamy may talk of "Equality," but the scythe which eyes a giant harvester of California has its own opinion still. This machine cuts, threshes and sacks wheat growing on one hundred acres daily, making a swath of 52 feet, and turning out 1,800 sacks of wheat a day.

According to the state auditor's report in 1896 there was only about \$15,000 worth of gold and silver plate and plated ware in Cook county, Ill. Cook county is a great county, even in the art of tax dodging.

An investigation into the extent and character of the adulteration of foods, drugs and liquors such as is being carried on by authority of congress in the Department of Agriculture, should receive earnest co-operation from all persons who may be in any way able to assist the investigators.

The Ohio hypnotist who goes into houses and hypnotizes the inmates so that they go promptly and bring him all their money has greatly improved upon the clumsy and perilous methods of the burglar.



A NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS. INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.) "Don't look at me, don't speak to me. In that horrible manner!" she exclaimed. "Clara, it is unworthy of a reasonable being, it is doubting the mercy of God, to say what you have just said. Look at the newspaper again. See! They tell you plainly that their information is not to be depended upon—they warn you to wait for further particulars. The very words at the top of the list prove how little they know of the truth. 'Dead or missing!' On their own showing it is quite as likely that Frank is missing as that Frank is dead. For all you know, the next mail may bring a letter from him. Are you listening to me?"

"Yes." "Can you deny what I say?" "No." "Yes! 'No!' Is that the way to answer me when I am so distressed and so anxious about you?" "I am sorry I spoke as I did, Lucy. We both look at some subjects in very different ways. I don't dispute, dear, that yours is the reasonable view."

"You don't dispute?" retorted Mrs. Crayford, warmly. "You do what is wise—you believe in your own opinion—you persist in your own conclusion—with the very yard before you! Do you ever do anything but believe the newspaper?" "I believe in what I saw last night."

"In what you saw last night? You, an educated woman, a clever woman, believing in a vision of your own fancy—a mere dream! I wonder you are not ashamed to acknowledge it!" "Call it a dream if you like, Lucy. I have had other dreams at other times, and I have known them to be fulfilled."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Crayford. "For once in a way they may have been fulfilled, by chance—and you notice it, and remember it, and pin your faith on it. Come, Clara, be honest! What about the occasions when the chance has been against you, and your dreams have not been fulfilled? You superstitious people are all alike. You conveniently forget when your dreams and your presentiments prove false. For my sake, dear, if not your own," she continued, in gentler and tenderer tones. "Try to be more reasonable and more hopeful. Don't lose your trust in the future and your trust in God, God who has saved my husband, can save Frank. While there is doubt there is hope. Don't embitter my happiness, Clara? Try to think as I think—if it's only to show that you love me."

She put her arm around the girl's neck and kissed her. Clara returned the kiss! Clara answered sadly and submissively: "I do love you, Lucy. I will try."

Having answered in those terms, she sighed to herself, and said no more. It would have been plain, only too plain, to far less observant eyes than Mrs. Crayford's that no satisfactory impression had been produced on her. She had ceased to defend her own way of thinking, she spoke of it no more; but there was the terrible conviction of Frank's death at Wardour's hands rooted as firmly as ever in her mind! Discouraged and distressed, Mrs. Crayford left her, and walked back toward the house.

CHAPTER XV. In the drawing-room window of the villa there appeared a polite little man, with bright, intelligent eyes and cheerful, social manners. Neatly dressed in professional black, he stood, self-proclaimed, a prosperous country doctor—successful and popular in a wide circle of patients and friends. As Mrs. Crayford approached him, he stepped out briskly to meet her on the lawn, with both hands extended in courteous and cordial greeting.

"My dear madam, accept my heartfelt congratulations!" cried the doctor. "I have seen the good news in the paper, and I could hardly feel more rejoiced than I do now. If I had the honor of knowing Lieutenant Crayford personally. We mean to celebrate the occasion at home. I said to my wife before it came out, 'A bottle of the old Madeira at dinner to-day, mind!' to drink the Lieutenant's health. God bless him! And how is our interesting patient? The news is not altogether what we could wish, so far as she is concerned. I felt a little anxious, to tell you the truth, about the effect of it, and I have paid my visit to-day before the usual time. Not that I take a gloomy view of the news myself. No! There is clearly a doubt about the correctness of the information, as far as Mr. Aldersley is concerned—and that is a point, a great point, in Mr. Aldersley's favor. I give him the benefit of the doubt as the lawyers say. Does Miss Burnham give him the benefit of the doubt, too? I hardly dare hope it, I confess."

"Miss Burnham has grieved and alarmed me," Mrs. Crayford answered. "I was just thinking of sending for her, when we met here."

medical attendant. She submitted impatiently to the close investigation of which he made her the object. He questioned her, and she answered irritably. Advancing a step further (the doctor was not easily discouraged) he diverted to the news of the expedition, and took up the tone of remonstrance that had been already adopted by Mrs. Crayford. Clara declined to discuss the question, and requested permission to return to the house. The doctor attempted no further resistance. "By all means, Miss Burnham," he answered, resignedly—having first cast a look at Mrs. Crayford which said plainly, "Stay here with me." Clara bowed her acknowledgments in cold silence, and left them together. The doctor's bright eyes followed the girl's wasted, yet still graceful figure, as it slowly receded from view, with an expression of grave anxiety, which Mrs. Crayford noticed with grave misgiving on her side. He said nothing until Clara had disappeared under the veranda which ran around the garden side of the house.

"I think you told me," he began, "that Miss Burnham has neither father nor mother living?" "Yes, Miss Burnham is an orphan."

"Has she any near relatives?" "No. You may speak to me as her guardian and her friend. Are you alarmed about her?" "I am seriously alarmed. It is only two days since I called her last—and I see a marked change in her for the worse. Physically, she has had a change for the worse. Don't needlessly alarm yourself. The case is not, I trust entirely beyond the reach of remedy. The great hope for us is in the hope that Mr. Aldersley may still be living. In that event, I should feel no misgivings about the future. Her marriage would make a healthy and happy woman of her. But, as things are, I dread that settled conviction in her mind that Mr. Aldersley is dead, and that her own death is soon to follow. In her present state of health, that idea haunting her, as it certainly will, day and night, will have its influence on her body as well as on her mind. Unless we can check the mischief her last reserve of strength will give way. If you wish for other advice, by all means send for me."

"I am quite satisfied with your opinion," Mrs. Crayford replied. "It is your advice I want. For God's sake, tell me what we can do."

"We can try a complete change," said the doctor. "We can remove her from this place."

"She will refuse to leave it," Mrs. Crayford replied. "I have more than once proposed a change to her—and she always says 'No.'"

The doctor paused for a moment, like a man collecting his thoughts. "I heard something on my way here," he proceeded, which suggests to my mind a method of meeting the difficulty that you have just mentioned. Unless I am entirely mistaken, Miss Burnham will not say no to the change I have in view for her."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Crayford, eagerly. "Pardon me if I ask you a question on my part before I reply," said the doctor. "Are you sufficiently acquainted to possess any interest at the admiralty?"

"Certainly. My father is in the secretary's office—and two of the lords of the admiralty are friends of his."

"Excellent! Now, I can speak out plainly with little fear of disappointing you. After what I have said, you will agree with me that the only change in Miss Burnham's life which will be of any use to her is a change that will alter the present tone of her mind on the subject of Mr. Aldersley. Place her in a position to discover—not by reference to her own distorted fancies and visions, but by reference to actual evidence and actual fact—whether Mr. Aldersley is or is not a living man; and there will be an end of the hysterical delusions which now threaten to fatally undermine her health. Even taking matters at their worst—even assuming Mr. Aldersley has died in the Arctic sea—it will be less injurious to her to discover this positively than to leave her mind to feed on its own morbid superstitions and speculations for weeks and weeks together, while the next news from the expedition is on its way to England. In one word, I want you to be in a position, before the week is out, to put Miss Burnham's present convictions to a practical test. Suppose you could say to her, 'We differ, my dear, about Mr. Francis Aldersley. You declare, without the shadow of reason for it, that he is certainly dead, and worse still, that he has died by the act of one of his brother officers. I assert, on the authority of the newspapers, that nothing of the sort has happened, and that the chances are all in favor of his being still a living man. What do you say to crossing the Atlantic and deciding which of us is right—you or I?' Do you think Miss Burnham would say no to that, Mrs. Crayford? If I know anything of human nature, she will seize the opportunity as a means of converting you to the belief in the Second Sight."

"Good heavens, doctor! do you mean to tell me that we are to go out and meet the Arctic expedition on its way home?" "Admirably guessed, Mrs. Crayford! That is exactly what I mean."

that the Admiralty would immediately send out a steam vessel, to meet and rescue men on the shores of America, and bring them home. Wait a little, Mrs. Crayford. Nobody knows as yet, under what rules and regulations the vessel will sail. Under somewhat similar circumstances, privileged people have been received as passengers, or rather as guests, in Her Majesty's ships—and what has been conceded on former occasions may, by rare possibility, be conceded now. I can say no more. If you are not afraid of the voyage for yourself, I am not afraid of it (may, I am all in favor of it on medical grounds) for my patient. What do you say? Will you write to your father and ask him to try what his interest will do with his friends at the Admiralty?" Mrs. Crayford rose excitedly to her feet.

"Write!" she exclaimed. "I will do better than write. The journey to London is no great matter—and my house? Keep her here is to be trusted to take care of Clara in my absence. I will see my father tonight! He shall make good use of his interest at the Admiralty—you may rely on that. Oh, my dear doctor, what a prospect it is! My husband! Clara! What a discovery you have made—what a treasure you are! How can I thank you?"

"Compose yourself, my dear madam. Don't make too sure of success. We may consider Miss Burnham's objections as disposed of beforehand. But suppose the Lords of the Admiralty say 'No'?"

"In that case I shall be in London, doctor; and I shall go to them myself. Lords are only men—and men are not in the habit of saying 'No to me!' So they parted."

In a week from that day Her Majesty's ship Amazon sailed for North America. Certain privileged persons, specially interested in the Arctic voyagers, were permitted to occupy the empty staterooms on board. On the list of those favored guests of the ship were the names of two ladies—Mrs. Crayford and Miss Burnham.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MAD-DOG SCARE. It is Very Much Exaggerated Every Season. The "mad-dog scare" is exaggerated. Rabies and the possibility of human beings contracting it are worthy of serious consideration, yet genuine cases of it are very rare. The so-called "mad-dogs" shot in the streets of our cities during the heated term are, in very few cases, if any, suffering from rabies. This terrible disease does not suddenly develop, as do the common fits which may be produced by varying causes. Rabies takes time to reach the dangerous stage, and develops without the owner's knowledge that something serious was the trouble. Rabies kills many more people than dogs are responsible for, yet we do not contemplate the extinction of the equine race. If the crumpled-horn source of the family milk supply happened to toss the son and heir over the barn, should we advocate that the entire tribe of Bos be destroyed?

The real difficulty about the dogs is not so much their fault as the fault of their owners. People that do not know how to take care of and control a dog should never be kept where the owner cannot be certain that the animal will do no serious damage, will be properly fed, exercised, and kept in general good condition. Savage dogs and wandering curs should be destroyed.—Outing.

How It Happened. Of course she was a new woman or she would never have dared do it. We charge everything to the new woman these days, but this was a clear case. The rector would probably admit it himself. The rector was young and unnumbered, speaking matrimonially, and for some reason an unnumbered rector always has proved a great attraction to an unnumbered woman of the same church, in spite of all the irksome duties that fall to an unnumbered rector's wife. However, that is more or less immaterial.

"Will you promise me one thing?" she had asked. "I will," he replied, promptly, knowing her to be a very correct and proper young woman whom he might trust. "It has always been my desire," she said, "that the clergyman who married me should be one whom I had known long enough to respect personally, as well as for his calling."

"Very laudable and very proper," he replied. "Too often," she said, "that is not the case."

"The girl knows nothing about the clergyman who marries her," she suggested. "That is so," he admitted. "And when my time comes," she continued, "I want to be sure that it will be different. I want you to promise me that you will marry me."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CONSOLATION FOR PARENTS." LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "The Righteous is Taken Away from the Evil to Come"—Isaiah, Chapter LVII, Verse 1.

WE all spend much time in panegyric of longevity. We consider it a great thing to live to be an octogenarian. If any one dies in youth we say, "What a pity!" Dr. Muhlenberg, in old age, said that the hymn written in early life by his own hand, no more expressed his sentiments when it said:

I would not live away, he never wants to go. William Cullen Bryant, the great poet, at 82 years of age, standing in his house in a festive group, reading "Thanatopsis" without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at 18 years of age he wrote that immortal threnody. Cato feared 80 years of age as that he would not live to learn Greek. Monaldesco, at 115 years, writing the history of his time, feared a collapse. Theophrastus, writing a book at 90 years of age, was anxious to live to complete it. Thurlow Weed, at about 85 years of age, found life as great a desideratum as when he snuffed out his first political Albert Barnes, so well prepared for the next world at 70, said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the last time that Methuselah was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet, let it shorten his days. Indeed, I some time ago preached a sermon on the blessings of longevity, but I now propose to preach to you about the blessings of an abbreviated earthly existence. If I were an Agnostic I would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay on terra firma, because if he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe to see if anybody will claim him. If I thought God made man only to last forty or fifty or a hundred years, and then he was to go into annihilation, I would say his chief business ought to be to keep alive, and even in good weather to be very cautious, and to carry an umbrella and take overshoes, and life preservers, and bronze armor, and weapons of defense, lest he fall off into nothingness and obliteration.

But, my friends, you are not Agnostics. You believe in immortality and the eternal residence of the righteous in heaven, and therefore, I first remark that an abbreviated earthly existence is to be desired, and is a blessing, because it makes one's life-work very compact. Some men go to business at seven o'clock in the morning and return at seven in the evening. Others go at eight o'clock and return at twelve. Others go at ten and return at four. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business; others who are five hours; others who are one hour. They all do their work well; they do their entire work and then they return. Which position do you think the most desirable? You say, other things being equal, the man who is the shortest time detained in business, and who can return home the quickest, is the most blessed.

Now, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the subject of transference from this world? If a person die in childhood, he gets through his work at nine o'clock in the morning. If he die at forty-five years of age, he gets through his work at twelve o'clock, noon. If he die at seventy years of age, he gets through his work at five o'clock in the afternoon. If he die at ninety, he gets through his work at eleven o'clock at night. The sooner we get through our work the better. The harvest all in barn or barn, the farmer does not sit down in the stubble-field, but, shouldering his scythe, and taking his pitcher from under the tree, he makes a straight line for the old homestead. All we want to be anxious about is to get our work done, and well done; and the quicker the better.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried longer. Recently, a man who had been prominent in churches, and who had been admired for his generosity and kindness everywhere, for forgery was sent to state prison for 15 years. Twenty years ago there was no more probability of that man's committing commercial dishonesty than that you will commit commercial dishonesty. The number of men who fall into ruin between fifty and seventy years of age is simply appalling. If they had died thirty years before, it would have been better for them and better for their families. The shorter the voyage, the less chance for a cyclone.

There is a wrong theory abroad, that if one's youth be right, his old age will be right. You might as well say there is nothing wanting for a ship's safety except to get it fully launched on the Atlantic Ocean. I have sometimes asked those who were school-mates or college-mates of some great defaulter, "What kind of a young man he was?" "What kind of a young man he was?" and they have said, "Why, he was a splendid fellow; I had no idea he could ever go into such an outrage." The fact is, the great temptation of life sometimes comes far in mid-life, or in old age.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic Ocean it was as smooth as a millpond, and I thought the sea captains and the voyagers had slandered the old ocean, and I wrote home an essay for a magazine on "The Smells of the Sea," but I never afterward could have written that thing, for before we got home, we got a terrible shaking up. The first voyage of life may be very smooth; the last may be a euroclydon. Many who start life in great prosperity do not end it in prosperity. The great pressure of temptation comes sometimes in this direction: at about forty-five years of age a man's nervous system changes, and some one tells him he must take stimulants to keep himself up, and he takes stimulants to keep himself up, until the stimulants keep him down; or a man has been going along for thirty or

forty years in unsuccessful business, and here is an opening where by one dishonorable action he can lift himself and lift his family from all financial embarrassment. He attempts to leap the chasm and he falls into it.

Then it is in after life that the great temptation of success comes. If a man makes a fortune before thirty years of age, he generally loses it before forty. The solid and the permanent fortunes for the most part do not come to their climax until in middle, or in old age. The most of the bank presidents have white hair. Many of those who have been largely successful have been hung with arrogance or wordiness or dissatisfaction in old age. They may have lost their integrity, but they have become so worldly and so selfish under the influence of large success that it is evident to everybody that their success has been a temporal calamity and an eternal damage. Concerning many people, it may be said it seems as if it would have been better if they could have embarked from this life at twenty or thirty years of age.

Do you know the reason why the vast majority of people die before thirty? It is because they have not the moral endurance to stay that which is beyond the thirty, and a merciful God will not allow them to be put to the fearful strain.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one is the sooner taken off the defensive. As soon as one is old enough to take care of himself he is put on his guard. Bolts on the doors to keep out the robbers. Fire-proof safes to keep off the flames. Life insurance and fire insurance against accident. Receipts lest you have to pay a debt twice. Lifeboat against shipwreck. Westinghouse air-brake against railroad collision, and hundreds of hands ready to overreach you and take all you have. Defence against cold, defence against heat, defence against sickness, defence against the world's abuse, defence all the way down to the grave, and even the tombstone sometimes is not a sufficient barricade.

If a soldier, who has been on guard, shivering and stung with the cold, pacing up and down the parapet with shouldered musket, is glad when some one comes to relieve guard and he can go inside the fortress, ought not that man to shout for joy who can put down his weapon of earthly defence and go into the king's castle? Who is the more fortunate, the soldier who has to stand guard twelve hours, or the man who has to stand guard six hours? We have common sense about everything but religion, common sense about everything but transference from this world.

What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the center. What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the May-time orchards of heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains, and paths up and down which angels of God walk two and two. We are like persons standing on the cold steps of the national picture gallery in London, under umbrella in the rain, afraid to go in amid the Turners and the Titians and the Raphaels. I come to them and say, "Why don't you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can get in." I say, "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say, "but we have been so long on these cold steps, we are so attached to them we don't like to leave."

"But," I say, "it is so much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery, you had better go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is out here, but we don't know exactly how it is inside."

So we stick to this world as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, discord to cantata, sackcloth to royal purple—as though we preferred a piano with four or five of the keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned—as though earth and heaven had exchanged apparel, and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalice cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river plowed with graves, with dead angels under the furrow. Oh, I want to break up my own infatuation, and I want to break up your infatuation with this world. I tell you, if we are ready, and if our work is done, the sooner we go the better, and if there are blessings in longevity I want you to know right well there are also blessings in an abbreviated earthly existence.

If the spirit of this sermon is true, how consoling you ought to feel about members of your family that went early. "Taken from the evil to come," this book says. What a fortunate escape they had! How glad we ought to feel that they will never have to go through the struggles which we have had to go through. They had just time enough to get out of the cradle and run up on the springtime hills of this world and see how it looked, and then they started for a better stopping place. They were like ships that put in at St. Helena, staying there long enough to let passengers go up and see the barracks of Napoleon's captivity, and then hoist sail for the port of their own native land. They only took this world in transit. It is hard for us, but it is blessed for them.

And if the spirit of this sermon is true, then we ought not to go around sighing and groaning when another year is going; when we ought to go down on one knee by the milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are nearer home. We ought not to go around with morbid forebodings about our health or about anticipated demise. We ought to be living not according to that old maxim which I used to hear in my boyhood, that you must live as though every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live forever, for you will. Do not be nervous lest you have to move out of a shanty into an Alhambra.

One Christmas day I witnessed something very thrilling. We had just distributed the family presents Christmas morning, when I heard a great cry of distress in the hallway. A child from a neighbor's house came in to say her father was dead. Only three

doors off, and I think in two minutes we were there. There lay the old Christian sea captain, his face upturned toward the window, as though he had suddenly seen the headlands, and with an illuminated countenance, as though he were just going into harbor. The fact was he had already got through the "Narrows." In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents, waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night, when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor or a better man than Captain Pendleton you would not find this side of heaven. Without a moment's warning, the pilot of the heavenly harbor had met him just off the lights.

He had often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to enter New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool, and the captain suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into harbor that night they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea, and Captain Pendleton said to his mate, "You call me at ten o'clock at night." At twelve o'clock at night the captain was aroused and said, "What does this mean? I thought I told you to call me at ten o'clock, and here it is twelve." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at ten o'clock, and you got up, looked around, and told me to keep right on the same course for two hours, and then to call you at twelve o'clock." Said the captain, "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that."

At twelve o'clock the captain went on deck, and through the rift of a cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with one hundred struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel they began to band together as to what they should pay for the rescue and what they should pay for provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything; all I have on board is yours. I feel too greatly honored of God in having saved you to take any pay." Just like him. He never got me a penny except that of his own applauding conscience.

Oh, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours! Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers. And may we come into the harbor with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had, and if it should happen to be a Christmas morning, when the presents are being distributed, and we are celebrating the birth of Him who came to save our shipwrecked world, all the better for what grander, brighter Christmas present could we have than heaven?

RAISING PEACOCKS FOR PROFIT

There is Much Money in the Industry in England. George Vanderbilt, Theodore Havemeyer and a number of other rich men have quite recently taken it into their heads to go into the business of raising peacocks for profit, says an exchange. This is a comparatively new industry on American soil. Although peacocks are not unknown here they are not nearly so often seen as in England and on the continent of Europe. Perhaps the most remarkable peacock show today seen anywhere in the world is at Warwick castle. The place is famous for them and the handsomest of the birds are white, a rare color for peacocks.

It does not require great skill to breed pea fowls. They must, however, be fed regularly and plentifully, and in winter they must have a warm and sheltered home. The hen bird should be allowed to choose her own nest if a strong, healthy brood is desired, and the tactics of the pea fowl farmer in this regard should be exactly the opposite of the successful poultry raiser. It is understood that the breeding of the birds is very profitable in England, and it is not to be supposed that the millionaires whose names are here mentioned would go into the business of raising peacocks unless there was some possibility that there would be money in it in America.

Founder of Red Cross Society.

The name of the man who was the actual cause of the foundation of the Red Cross society, which has done so much to mitigate the horrors of war, is little known to the present generation. However, he is still alive, and unfortunately, it is said, in bad circumstances. His name is Dunaan, and he was born in Geneva in 1828. A man of means, he appears to have devoted a large portion of his wealth to works of charity in connection with his native city. The admirable labors of Florence Nightingale, which attracted the attention of all Europe, made a strong impression on M. Dunaan, which was further increased by his own participation in the war of Napoleon III against the Austrians in 1859. There he witnessed war in all its horrors, and it resulted in his publishing a book on the subject which at the time attracted much attention. In 1863 he started on a pilgrimage, at his own expense, to various countries, to stir up men into influencing the various governments into a conference which would have for its object the formation of some means for the mitigation of the horrors of war. The result was the historic conference in 1864 at Geneva, the outcome of which was the convention which has made modern warfare comparatively humane.

The "Bicycle" built for \$1,000 will be shown at the Paris Exposition. Both tires are punctured with large doors, and visitors reach the top by winding staircases inside. The saddle is a roof garden, and the handle-bars a sitting room, with large windows.

The greatest men have but two words for their life rule—God and country.

SHERIFF OF X COUNTY

(By Edmund W. Bennett.)

ON and I had planned this trip on our wheels, down into the "Strip," for months before we started.

We had talked over what might happen, and still all that our active imaginations had conjured up fell far short of what did happen.

Don is a tall, lithe, athletic young fellow, always willing to give hours of hard work toward mastering any new trick on his wheel, while I have always put in all my leisure time in trying to cover as much ground in as straight-forward a manner as possible.

As we turned back on Kansas, and our faces toward that land of possible adventure, the Strip, I said to my companion:

"Now, Don, there is to be no fancy riding."

"Not a bit, old slow-coach," he answered merrily, "unless you give the word."

And I smiled as the wheels hummed over the hard dirt road, for I would be the last to suggest fancy riding, as I have no desire that the one with whom I ride shall attract the whole attention of every passer-by, whether it be a pretty girl or comely matron, and as long as we ride along in an even manner the chance exchanges from bright eyes are more likely to be impartially distributed.

We had but crossed the line into the Strip when we learned that the celebrated outlaw, Doc Denneth, had been captured, and was then confined at the county seat of X county.

You will understand that we were but idlers along the way, with no desire to lean far forward and "scorch" along; but rather loitering in our movements and seeking all plausible excuse for lingering along the road in the bright but cool sunshine of the spring. This it was that we were the recipients of all the gossip of the road, and in this way, too, we found out that there was to be an attempted rescue of the outlaw.

As we neared the county town of X county, on the evening of the third day of our outing, we were more than once cautioned that there would probably be a "shindy" and we were advised to both keep away and to be sure and be "on hand to see the fun."

For my part, I had no desire "to see the fun," and so told Don "to head the town to nothing but that we should ride straight into town, and was in great haste lest we should arrive too late.

Had he but listened to me there would, probably, be one more desperado safe behind the bars, and we would not have had the disgrace of occupying the cell vacated by that same outlaw.

As we approached the county town, the whole place, which stretched out unbroken to the horizon in every direction, was dotted over with horsemen, singly and in twos and threes, riding apparently to all points of the compass; some at a walk, some in a loping gallop, and still others in a mad run.

Rumors seemed to float on every fitful breeze. Now it was that the friends of Denneth were gathered in overwhelming force; then that the town had been patrolled so closely that all doubtful strangers had been kept out; and again that Denneth had been spirited away to Z county for safe keeping. Still another rumor had it that he had already escaped. But through it all ran a strain of the utmost belief that the sheriff was master of the situation—that he was the right man in the right place.

On our approach to the town we were halted by a band of broad-hatted, belted, spurred and heavily armed men, each of whom I would have sworn was a veritable outlaw. Having closely questioned us, and fully satisfying themselves that we were but harmless travelers, we were allowed to proceed.

As we left the party, Don made a few jumps in what he terms his "Bucking Broncho" set, which called forth a cheer from the men, and then, as we wheeled along, he apologized so profusely that I forgave him, the more readily as they were but rough men, from not one of whom you would wish a glance of approval.

As we wheeled silently up a side street we were suddenly brought to a dismount by a sharp, very business-like command to halt and throw up our hands. A smooth-faced, clean-shaven man, wearing a soft, narrow-brimmed hat, stepped out in front of us.

"Sorry to disturb you, gentlemen," he said, in an indescribably cool, even tone, "but as you probably know there is liable to be trouble in this town, and we want to know where all the cards lay."

"We are only a couple of 'markers,'" said Don in that easy manner peculiarly his own.

And then, the man laughed in a pleasant, propitiating way; as for me, I never did understand card slang, and the man studied for a full minute, at which I wondered very much, for any one would take him for a man who was used to deciding quickly on most important matters. Had I then known what was in his mind, I should only have wondered how he could decide and plan so quickly.

"Can you turn a trick on that machine, or is a straight game all you can throw?" and he looked to Don for an answer.

"Oh, I can do a few simple turns," said Don.

"I ask because more than one life may hang on your answer," said the man, coolly flicking the ash from his cigar with the little finger of the hand in which he held it. Then he continued:

"You can do it if you are up to a trick or two," said the man. "These machines are more of a curiosity down here than in the states. I am sheriff here, and don't propose to lose my prisoner, but want to avoid bloodshed if possible."

All this had taken not to exceed five minutes, and we could see the men gathering a block below us, with now and then a shout that plainly held a note of defiance.

Don mounted and I started to follow, when the sheriff laid a steel-like hand upon my arm and said:

"As for you, you'll stay here for the present, and I had no other thought but to obey."

All the while I could see men running up, and then pass from sight behind the board stocades that surrounded the building I knew to be the jail.

"The name of the law," continued the sheriff, in a very solemn tone, "I command you not to stir from this spot until my return," and then he darted away after the men I had seen. A moment later I heard a couple of muffled shots, a sharp cry as of surprise, and then silence.

I looked down the street, peering into the growing gloom, and could see Don protruding on his wheel and the crowd, some of whom were mounted, standing in a deep hay circle, watching him very attentively, as was apparent even at that distance. Then I saw a movement that told me the crowd was on the point of breaking, though apparently reluctant, when Don sprung his "Bucking broncho" act on them. Lusty cheering followed. It was evidently this cheering that brought the sheriff, springing like a tiger, out to where I was standing.

"Are they coming?" he cried.

"No," I answered, "Don is holding them spellbound."

"He's a high card," said the sheriff, "but I am leary of his being able to hold them until my men arrive in force."

I noticed then that he had a hat and coat thrown over his left arm.

"Here," he said, after looking down the street for a moment, "put this hat and coat on and ride down past the crowd as fast as you can go, and cry, 'Come through, come through,' as loudly as you can, without slacking your pace."

"What is that for, Mr. Sheriff?" I asked, never a doubt but that he was what he represented himself to be, and all the while preparing as rapidly as possible to do as I was bid; never a question but that I must do as this forceful man suggested.

"This is the hat and coat of the outlaw, Denneth, and every man in that crowd will recognize them, and will think it is he escaping, and this interruption will allow us time to make our defense sure, and by the time it is discovered who you are, the prisoner will be safe."

He laid such peculiar stress on the last four words that I found them revolving in my mind as I stood with the outlaw's hat and coat on, waiting for this master of men to tell me to mount and ride.

"Now, go," he cried, "and remember the cry—it is their rallying call, and don't let them overtake you, or it may be the worse for you."

Some of you may smile at my implicit obedience, but when a man's occupation has been such as to call for obedience all his life, it is very easy to obey a man who seems to know what he wants.

I sprang forward and was in good swing as I neared the crowd. When I was even with them I gave the call. It had the effect of a bursting bomb. At first they fell back into a compact mass, and as the sheriff fired a few shots after me they braced themselves as though anticipating an attack.

Don was the only one to penetrate my disguise, and he fell in my wake and followed me as I flew by, but not until an irregular volley had been fired at me. I felt that these shots, unlike those fired by the sheriff, had been aimed to injure. I could not understand this unless there were other than friends of the outlaw in the gathering. Then followed a hoarse shout that spoke plainly of pursuit.

The moon, nearly at its full, now began to show its power, and the road lay unoccupied ahead of me, stretching in an unbroken level straight into the distance. I heard a shout behind me, and turned enough to see that it was Don. Behind him thundered a compact body of horsemen. There was a business-like swing to those riders, shown in even such a hasty glance, that made me bend a little lower over the handlebars, as I for the first time realized the position I had placed myself in should they overtake me.

But I could not account for the persistence of what appeared more of pursuit than of following. What if those outlaws had suspected the ruse, and now realized that I had fooled them in their attempted rescue! It would have been a pretty hard way for me if they caught me.

Then, as the hard dirt road seemed to spin like a silver thread beneath my wheel I felt my courage rising. And, as the soft evening air fanned my brow, I felt a tinge of pride course through my veins. I, who had always followed through modesty, to be sure) was now leading. What's here I would be back in the states. I would be spoken of first, and Don second! But only for a moment was this feeling of elation allowed to last. The next instant, with a soft swish, my wheel struck sand two inches deep. And, as if I would, and shift from side to side of the road, I could not escape it. To increase my

slacking speed. Great drops of perspiration oozed from every pore. My heart sank as I realized what would happen when I discovered I was not my leader. Then a cry came from the rear that told me my pursuers realized my predicament. But there was a tone in that cry that did not fit my understanding of the case. The sweat ran into my eyes and nearly blinded me. I could hear Don's labored breathing, and then I tumbled over from sheer exhaustion, not unmixed with fear. Breathless as I was, and almost wild with fear, I still had presence of mind enough to stagger to my feet and throw up my hands, which probably explains my living to tell this story. In a moment I was surrounded by as rough a lot of men, as far as looks go, as I ever saw. The broad-brimmed hat I had worn in my flight had been lost, and as the leader, a most villainous-looking man, got a glimpse of me, he ripped out a big oath, saying:

"I'll be dashed if we haven't been fooled worse'n 'n'—"

"What's the matter, sheriff?" asked a man at his elbow, who was covering me with an ugly six-shooter.

"Matter," he roared; "why, don't you see this ain't Denneth?"

The word "sheriff" addressed to this man had made me prick up my ears, you may well believe. It took the crowd just one second to realize that they had been sold.

"It's that Faro Dan who planned this," said the real sheriff, and then he put spurs to his winded horse, shouting, "Back to the jail, men!"

But when they reached the jail they found only the jailer, tied up in a bundle in the corner, and every cell empty.

Don and I were the only occupants of the county jail that night. We explained matters satisfactorily the next day, but you are the first to learn why we cut our month's outing so short.

Married at 88. Maxil Courtourier, aged 88, and Mrs. Bourcier, aged 47, both of Grey Cloud Island, Minn., were married a few days since. Mr. Courtourier has the distinction of being the last of the old Canadian voyageurs and "coureurs de bois" that served under the fur companies in Minnesota seventy years ago, or from 1827 to 1840.

Dilemma. Fair Visitor—I suppose, Mr. Palette, that true art is very difficult to understand? Mr. Palette—About as difficult to understand, madam, as it is to sell.—Detroit Free Press.

She Wanted to Know. Benedict (privately)—My wife kisses me good-night regularly. Roderick (bitingly)—Women are suspicious creatures, aren't they?—Montpelier Watchman.

WORN BY WOMEN. The newest dress models tighten the atrocious bloused waist and do not permit the cloth to overhang the belt in the back or on the sides.

Skirts are gulleits of stiff lining and hang in soft folds. Cloth skirts with pouched velvet waists are fashionable. A green-plaid skirt with a green-velvet waist is a pretty combination.

Tailor gowns are not much different from the spring patterns. The cloth strappings are worn as much as ever, but the smartest coats are faced with white cloth, with strappings of the colored cloth laid closely over the white.

Delightful sleeves are made of the new fancy tartan glass silks. Brocades for corsettes and skirt yokes are magnificent. Bias stripes are a novelty. Mohr velvet and white cloth make handsome applique trimmings. Velvet Russian blouses trimmed with fur and lozenge buttons look rich, with shoulder pieces and high collar of the velvet; the rest of the dress being of some woolen material. Astrakhan in vests and narrow bands for the skirts is very smart. Renaissance, Irish guipure and Spanish blonds are the newest laces.

Embroideries and braidings will brighten morning frocks, and a gown of one color trimmed with shades of the same tint will be more worn than a mixture of colors. For instance, a costume of fawn-color cloth, braided in a dark shade, interwoven with twigs of gold, has touches of mouse-color embroidered with gold. With regard to coats, the newest is a long Russian one falling nearly to the knees with the full bodice confined at the waist by a belt, and trimmed with fur, braid or embroidery, according to the texture of the material.

"CLIPGRAPHS." Haybale—"Marthy, I'm thinkin' a collection uv buttons." Mrs. Haybale—"Well, you kin do as you wish, but I hain't goin' to sew no more on."—Texas Sittings.

Reuben Raliffence—"How's yer new hired man; purty rapid?" Henry Hoecorn—"Rapid?—feller couldn't get up by sunrise if we didn't keep the clock over an hour slow."—Tammany Times.

The Colorado legislature has passed a law permitting women to join the militia," remarked Mr. Snaggs. "I didn't know that a legislative enactment was necessary before women could fight," replied Mr. Henpeck.—Pittsburgh News.

Scotty—"Yes, that's ole Howling like Uster be the terror of the camp." Visitor from the East—"You don't say so! He looks quite civil and respectable, I'm sure. Was he converted?" Scotty—"You betcher life he war! We lected his ole woman sher'l."—Puck.

"What has become of Wagton?" asked the returned native. "He was one of the shining lights of society when I was here." "He has lost his money," said the resident. "and instead of being a shining light, he is what might be called a flying light."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Abner," said the good wife, "I wish you would stop at the store and get me a rubber ring for the baby to cut me teeth on." "Brosen you give him that there gold brick in the cupboard?" said the farmer with a grim smile. "It worked all right with me."—Indianapolis Journal.

"One time," said the traveled boarder, "I got snowed in on the Rocky Mountains, and the only thing seven of us had for two days to sustain life was a half-barrel of pickled pigs feet." "You were, indeed," said the Chertal Idler, "reduced to extremities."—Indianapolis Journal.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Astrakhan and Fur Coats—Possibilities of the Former as a Good Investment—Attractive Gowns for Children—Scotch Plaids Now the Most Popular.

Together. DREAMED of Paradise—and still, Though sun lay soft on vale and hill, And trees were green and rivers bright, The one dear thing that made delight, By sun or stars or Eden weather, Was just that we two were together.

I dreamed of heaven—with God so near! The angels trod the shining sphere, And each was beautiful, the days Were choral work, were choral praise; And yet in heaven's far shining weather, The best was still—we were together!

I woke—and lo, my dream was true, Together own one ideal, For Eden, heaven, all need to roam— The foretaste of it all is home. Where you and I through this world's weather, Still work and praise and thank together.

Together weave from love a nest For all that's good and sweet and blest To brood till the crown of life is won; A voice, a soul, a child's embrace— And then what peace of Bethlehem weather, What songs as we go on together!

Together greet life's solemn real, Together dream of me and you! For Eden, heaven, all need to roam— The foretaste of it all is home. Where you and I through this world's weather, Still work and praise and thank together.

Attractive Gowns of Children. The new models in children's garments are not remarkable for really new and original ideas, but they are very attractive, as children's clothes always are, and now is the time for supplying the needed gowns for school wear.

Scotch plaids seem to have the lead in materials, and are to be had in a great variety of all wool and silk and wool fabrics. The poplins, too, are very popular this season, with a great diversity of colors and designs in the plaids, and all the pretty plain colors from which to choose. These make very pretty, dressy gowns for the older girls, and velvet, lace and silk are used in the trimming. Brown and blue, green and red are the favorite dark colors, and with plain skirts, little bolero jackets of velvet to match, trimmed with a little cream lace or fancy braid, and brightened up by a steel collar of bright plaid silk, the effect is very pretty. Narro velvet ribbon in black, in the same color as the poplin, is also used for trimming.



It is a little early for any decided modes in evening gowns, yet those that have appeared show that pink will still be the popular evening color. Any shade is fashionable, from the deepest rose to the palest blush. In fact, pink is so becoming an evening shade that some women have forewarned all others and will wear it in stuffs of every description.

PRETTY EVENING GOWNS.



The skirt has a large spangled design covering the entire front panel and reaching around the waist to the back. The remainder of the skirt is finished around the bottom with small sprays—one in each gore.

For young girls under 18 it is best to choose cashmere or sheer white muslin for the evening gown. Silk of a Dresden pattern is also sometimes selected, but it is not considered in the best of taste. Conservative women believe that no silk at all should be worn until a girl is well over her school days.—The Latest.

entire household. Especially is this true in the case of milk, which is one of the most favorable means for the culture of bacilli. Consumers should insist upon having their milk supply served in sealed bottles, and these should never be left in araways or on doorsteps.

Astrakhan and Fur Coats. Furs are appearing much earlier than usual, and are quite the proper thing to be worn with straw hats, which are with us so late. Among the novelties in fur is a sealskin Russian jacket, pouched back and front, with six-inch basques below the belt. This belt closes in front with a handsome turquoise buckle; the garment is lined with white brocade. The ingenious girl will readily see that this garment can be copied in seal plush or velvet with very good effect. Three-quarter length coats will be trimmed with sable, astrakhan, Persian lamb and caracul. The fur will be used on the high standing collar and will line the fronts. Coats made entirely of astrakhan are likely to prove popular, and let me say right here that they are one of the best investments possible to make in clothing. A New York girl has an astrakhan coat which she has worn for six winters, and expects to wear six more.

One Way to See a Girl Home. After shooting Laura Kershaw because of her refusal to permit him to escort her home at Columbia, S. C., the other evening, John Moore picked her up and carried her there. Laura had finished work, and was going to her home accompanied by another woman. They were walking down the railroad track when Moore, from behind, called to Laura to stop. She did not heed him.

"I guess I can make you stop, then," he said. With that he fired. The bullet struck the woman in the back of the head. It glanced upward and penetrated the skull, where it lodged in the bone. Laura dropped. Her companion was frightened.

"You done shot her, and you got to help me take her home," she said to Moore.

"Well, I stopped her, and I'll take her home," he said.

With that he picked Laura up and never loosed her till he laid her on her bed. He then decamped.

The woman's wound is not dangerous. The police captured Moore shortly after the shooting.

This Bride Says She Was Hypnotized. About two weeks ago Mr. Newton Peck and Miss Rose Wadsworth of Musntua, Ohio, were united in marriage by Justice of the Peace Charles Street-er. The wedding ceremony was pronounced on a Friday. They lived happily together until the next Tuesday, and then the bride of but four days went to her former home.

She went to Ravenna and was in consultation with several attorneys about her prospects for securing a divorce. She claims that her husband hypnotized her, and that she became his wife while under his mysterious influence. This is not all of the strange story. It seems that the man who married them was not a justice, his commission having expired last April. But the law says that such a marriage is a legal marriage, and if they are separated it will have to be done through the courts.

The Doorstep Milk Supply. Bottles of milk or cans left upon doorsteps in the early morning hours may be convenient if not absolutely necessary under present existing conditions. That the practice is hazardous to life and health is admitted by all persons who have watched the handling of these receptacles. In several instances the most repulsive looking tramps have been caught drinking from these vessels. Filth and disease laden mouths may easily leave a sufficient number of microbes to contaminate an

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

How the Old Man Was Baffled by His Daughter's Sutor—The Sad Affliction of Hoolihan and the Deplorable Consequences—Fleetsman and Jetsam.

A Bulletin. HIS office wishes hereby to say, That lots of messages lovers send To be delivered without delay, Within our boxes existence end; And parties forwarding caught of these To hearts whose fondness they'd vain possess, Will make an effort hereafter, please, At ascertaining the right address.

"Ah! go to Clara and tell her heart I love, dear Cupid, a sutor prays. Our boy, returning, reports the part Does not abide in the lady's stays. We search the truant, we'll say, a week, But quit on finding the maiden fair. Makes such disposal of what we seek That bits are wandering everywhere."

Some send us after a heart that's dead; Some send us where never a heart did beat; In gravest error have we been led— Which need not happen, as we repeat, If you'll be cautious, to ascertain That what you're trying to so impress Has truly been, and is contained Within the premises you address. —Layton Brewer.

Baffled. Gladys—"Oh, George! Papa is un-chaining the dog." George—"That's all right. He used to be my dog. I gave him to the dealer to sell to your papa."

If You Win, You Lose. Bobby D'Hueklen (who has purchased his first pup from a very uncertain firm, to Old Tout—"Would you be kind enough to enlighten me in regard to this bit of paper I have just purchased? To my eyes, it has a very complicated look."

Old Tout—"Notin' hard 'bout that, my boy; just as easy as loffin' a race, when you get used to it. If your horse gets lost in the crowd, all you have to do is to tear up your ticket and throw it away. It may save you from unpleasant memories afterward."

Bobby D'Hueklen (eagerly)—"And if he should win?" Old Tout—"Why, then, just (catches sight of the bookmaker's name)—just do the same thing."

A Risky Condition. Early Monday afternoon a small boy with a tin pail walked into a Superior street establishment where they retail liquid refreshments.

"Fill it with beer," he said to the bartender. The latter took the pail and turned toward the nearest pump. Then he turned back.

"Who is it for?" he asked. "It's for the man that's going up in the balloon," said the boy. "He'll pay you when he comes down."

But the boy didn't get the beer.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Of the Old Regiment. "Faw, what is a gentleman of the old school?" "Er—ah—he is one of these fine, smooth-shaven old gentlemen who think it awful that a woman should know how to repair a punctured tire, but just perfectly lovely for her to know how to fix a sewing machine."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Sure Thing. Sutor—"Mr. Herfather, I wish to marry your daughter." Mr. Herfather—"What are your prospects?" Sutor—"My father owned a summer hotel." Mr. Herfather—"She is yours."

An Unfortunate Affliction. McMurty—"Poor Hoolihan. He's so short-sighted that he's bound t' work himself t' death." O'Doolan—"Phwat has been' sharrt-sighted t' do wid it?" McMurty—"Shure he can't see whin dthe boss ain't lookin', an' has t' cape 'velin' all dthe toime."

Selecting Her History. "Mary," said Ethel, who was dressing, "look out of the window and see if it is raining." "What difference does it make if it is?" asked Mary. "I want to know whether to put on my nice new silk stockings or not."

No Speed Desired. "Economy is the road to wealth," said Skynship. "So, I have heard," answered O'Dee.

Hojack—"I read today of a racehorse named Criterion. That's a very bad name for a racehorse." Tomdick—"Why?" Hojack—"Because a criterion is something to go by."

Good News for Him. "You are destined to marry riches," the seeress said; "but—" "But what?" "Death will claim you two years before the event."—Town Topics.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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DEFEATED GORMAN

Republican Will Succeed Him in the United States Senate. Baltimore, Md., Nov. 5.—An official count of the ballots cast Tuesday leaves no further room for doubt that the Republicans have control of both branches of the legislature and that a Republican will succeed Mr. Gorman in the United States Senate. Five members of the assembly and one senator were taken from the Democratic list of probabilities and added to that of the Republicans. Three of the members and the senator are from Talbot county and one member each from Prince Georges and Carroll. This gives the Republicans 49 in the house and the Democrats 42. It also gives the Republicans 18 senators to eight for the Democrats and a majority on joint ballot of 17.

Des Moines, Ia., Nov. 5.—The official returns of Tuesday's vote are: For Governor—Shaw, Republican, 224,556; White, Democrat, 193,567; Populist, middle-of-the-road, 51,932; Gold Democrat, 51,122; Prohibitionist, 5,322. Shaw's plurality is 22,115. Shaw's total vote is the largest ever cast for a Republican candidate for governor, being 149,000 higher than the highest before. It is also higher than the vote cast for any Republican candidate for president in this state, except for McKinley. The Democrats have only once polled a bigger vote, when Boies ran in 1895.

New York, Nov. 5.—Complete returns from all counties in the state except Cattaraugus, Greene, Steuben and Yates show a plurality for Alton B. Parker, Democratic candidate for chief justice of the court of appeals, of 50,098. The final returns will reduce this plurality. Judge Parker's plurality in Greater New York is 133,978. Complete returns from the nineteenth and twenty-first districts of New York county, heretofore doubtful, show Will and Murray, Democrats. The assembly stands: Republican 73, Democrats 63, citizens union 2, doubtful 6.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 5.—Returns by counties have served to reduce previous estimates of fusion pluralities. They also show that the Republicans made gains in county officers. Sixty-seven out of eighty-eight counties in the state gave Sullivan (fusionist), for supreme judge 73,878; Post (Rep.), 68,708. The remaining counties will not materially change these figures further than to slightly increase the fusion plurality.

Denver, Col., Nov. 5.—The vote for supreme court judge is so close between Charles D. Hayt, Republican, and Wm. H. Bennett, Populist-Democrat. Official count is made. The unofficial returns received, however, point to the election of Gebbert.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 5.—Returns from heretofore missing precincts in the state raise Shackleford's (Silver Democrat) candidate for the clerk of the court of appeals, plurality to 20,990 in round numbers, or to be exact 19,224, with 287 precincts out of 1774 missing. The counties which have reported the vote in full make the total for the state 263,971, and when all are in the total will hardly go over 300,000. This shows a tremendous falling off from last year's vote, when a grand total of 445,775 was cast.

Columbus, O., Nov. 5.—Many talk of a revolt in Ohio. Some believe a revolution is impending. The talk about a revolt in the legislature against Governor Hanna, pending the interest of the various parties in the closing of the session. As the official returns of the vote in the eighty-eight counties are not in, the result of the election on the state ticket is not known, and on the legislative ticket it is expected to be getting toward a very close shave.

While the Republicans paralyze on the state ticket, the vote in the legislature is almost as close as it could be. For this reason there is still intense anxiety at the respective state headquarters of both parties.

Nashville Exposition Finances. Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 5.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Tennessee centennial exposition held yesterday afternoon Auditor Frank Goodman filed his report, showing that the total indebtedness of the exposition is now only \$30,000. The property of the exposition, computed by value at far more than this sum and there are uncollected assets amounting to \$30,000. The total attendance officially reported was 1,682,205.

Airship Test. Berlin, Nov. 5.—The Schwere Luftschiff, fitted with a gasoline motor, was tested yesterday on the Tappeler field in the presence of a number of generals and chiefs of the army airship department. The airship rose 1000 feet, floated in the air for twelve minutes and at first obeyed the man steering it, but later a strong wind prevailed, rendering the ship unmanageable. The experiment was considered to be partly successful.

A Shooting Scrape. Logansport, Ind., Nov. 5.—John McIntosh killed Frank Postmyer yesterday afternoon and wounded Will and Louise Postmyer. Frank Postmyer is a saloon keeper and he put McIntosh on because he was drunk. McIntosh left, vowing vengeance, and returned with a double-barreled shotgun. He emptied two loads into Frank's breast and reloaded, shooting Will in the right arm and Ed in the left. He again reloaded and shot Louise in the back. The wounded people will live.

Steamers to the Klondike. Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 5.—The first line of first-class steamships to the Klondike has been organized here with C. H. Cramp of the shipbuilding firm of that name as president. There will be five vessels in all and the first will start in April next, clearing from New York and stopping at San Francisco and Tacoma. Each of these ships will accommodate 100 first-class passengers. They will make expedition with railroads on the Pacific and transportation boats in the Yukon region.

Fevers Situation.

New Orleans, La., Nov. 5.—The yellow fever situation has not improved any since Wednesday, and the number of deaths following the cold wave and light frost is very disappointing to Dr. Oliphant, president of the board. He reiterates, however, that the effects of the cold snap will become apparent in a few days. This record shows that the number of fatalities is heavier than that of Wednesday, and there is no let-up in the new cases.

The board of Health officially reports: Case of yellow fever 40, deaths 7; total deaths of yellow fever to date 1675; total deaths from yellow fever to date 213, total cases absolutely recovered 877, total cases under treatment 625.

In the absence of the regular meeting Dr. Oliphant, president of the Louisiana state board of health, last night promulgated the following order, the same to take effect immediately: "Quarantine against all points is raised, except that passengers from Mobile, Montgomery and coast points, coming to New Orleans, will be required to have certificates from health officers, or from reputable physicians, that for ten days past there has been no yellow fever in houses where such passengers have resided; and it will further be required that all baggage and household effects from those points be disinfected at the Rigolds station, under the supervision of quarantine officers."

GEN. WEYLER.

An Explanation is Demanded of His Farewell Address on Leaving Havana. Madrid, Nov. 5.—At the meeting of the Spanish cabinet Wednesday it was decided to demand an explanation from Gen. Weyler of the remarks he made in his farewell address on leaving Havana.

On Sunday last, previous to embarking on board the steamer Montserrat, which was to take him to Spain, Gen. Weyler received a deputation of autonomists, and in his address to them said in part:

"My leave from my post and responsibility did not surprise me. I had expected it since the death of Senor Canovas, not believing that any political leader would be strong enough to sustain me when the United States and the rebels were together should come to a settlement. I count it an honor to have been identified with the local Spanish party. But the policy which I have followed was not a departure in obedience to any political party, but for what it represented on behalf of the country. Before I came I was well aware of the patriotic conduct of the volunteers, and since my arrival I have often seen it illustrated. I have repeatedly advised the Spanish party not to be intimidated, but to make the home government give reforms, which have been put in force. As for the future, I offer myself, and shall ever hold myself in readiness, to serve the party aiming to retain Cuba for Spain."

Key West, Fla., Nov. 5.—The Cuban population of this city were making a great demonstration against the acceptance of autonomy from Spain last night with a grand torchlight procession and addresses by prominent Cubans at San Carlos opera house. Strong resolutions were adopted against accepting autonomy. Among the transgressions in the procession were "Independence or Death" and "Down with Autonomy." Houses all over the city are decorated and present a gala appearance.

Dawes Agreement Ratified. Antlers, I. T., Nov. 5.—The agreement entered into between the Choctaw, Chickasaw and the Dawes Indian commissions at Atoka last April has been ratified by the Choctaw council at Tusahoma, and has been approved by the governor. The Chickasaw legislature passed an act Monday, ratifying the agreement. The bill has now been passed creating a commission of six members to wind up the affairs of the Choctaw nation.

Earthquake Shocks. Pointon Idaho, Nov. 5.—A severe shock of an earth quake yesterday morning was felt the entire distance from Silver Bow to Montida, Mont., and at Divide a second shock was perceptible but not so severe. At Divide, Red Rock, Lima and Montida windows rattled, dishes fell to the floor, flower pots were thrown from their stands, lamp chimneys and other glassware suffered destruction, clocks stopped and buildings were made to sway and crack.

The Bear Springs Iron furnace in Stewart county, Tenn., is soon to resume operation. A paper published in Switzerland makes the astonishing assertion that there are in that country no fewer than 3,555 women's societies, with nearly 100,000 members. Most of them have charitable or utilitarian objects in view.

Florida will this year plant a large acreage in tobacco. A northern firm has bought 6,000 acres near Quincy, in Gadsden county, and will put it all in tobacco. The same firm has been making a successful test upon a 100-acre tract.

A Pertinent Line. "If Uncle Sam sends any of his soldiers to the Klondike region they'll be pretty sure to remind somebody of a certain line in the Burial of Sir John Moore." "Which line?" "The sod with their bayonets turning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Several States are Still to be Doubtful Counties. Baltimore, Md., Nov. 4.—The legislative situation in Maryland, as indicated by returns up to midnight last night appears to be as follows: Forty-three Democrats and 43 Republicans in the lower house with doubtful ones as follows: Montgomery 1, Carroll 1, Talbot 1, Calvert 2. The senate stands 16 Republicans to 9 Democrats, with one from Calvert in doubt.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 4.—State Senator Norman B. Scott, chairman of the Republican state central committee, yesterday afternoon made the following statement concerning the legislative situation: "It does not avail now," he said, "to do any claiming that will not be substantiated by the returns. We have sixteen Republican senators to nine Democrats and one doubtful, the one from Calvert, although I am assured that both the Republican senator and member of the house were elected there."

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 4.—Kentucky wheels into the Democratic column again by a majority of over 25,000. Returns from all over the state show that S. J. Shackelford, the silver Democrat nominee for appellate court clerk, will have fully 25,000, if not 30,000 majority, and that the silver Democrats will have all in their favor in the two houses of the general assembly.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 4.—Roger Wolcott, the Republican candidate for governor, has been re-elected by a plurality of nearly 85,000. Revised returns show a total vote of 165,315 for Wolcott, 97,985 for George Fred Williams, regular Democratic candidate, and 14,129 for William Everett, the nominee of the National Democrats.

Des Moines, Ia., Nov. 4.—Chairman McMillan, Republican, has figured a plurality for Shaw of 31,278. Chairman Walsh, Democrat, has given out no figures. He thinks that errors in the returns may reduce the Republican plurality to 20,000.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 4.—The complete vote of Pennsylvania is as follows: For state treasurer, Beacon (Rep.), 364,528; Brown (Dem.), 240,181; Swallow (Prog.), 119,153; Thompson (Ind.), 13,293. Beacon's plurality 124,347. For auditor general, McCauley (Rep.), 490,650; Ritter (Dem.), 206,161; Lathrop (Prog.), 55,882. McCauley's plurality 149,317.

The total vote for state treasurer is 734,259, as compared with 720,807 in 1895 and 1,134,375 in 1892. The Republicans have eight out of thirteen district judges voted for. Returns indicate Republican victories in about half of the county elections. In Barber county, the home of Jerry Simpson, the Republicans scored a clean sweep.

Denver, Col., Nov. 4.—The results of Tuesday's elections in this state are still in doubt so far as justice of the supreme court is concerned and it will take the official canvass to decide who has won.

TRIPLE MURDER.

A Widow, Her Son and Daughter Killed by an Adopted Son. Cincinnati, O., Nov. 4.—A special from Portersburg, W. Va., says: News reached here last night that in Jackson county a triple murder occurred which was only discovered yesterday.

Mrs. Mary Green, a widow, lived with two unmarried daughters and a son about 18 years old on a farm on Grass Lick, eight miles from Ripley. Early in the night the family was awakened by a rap at the door by John Morgan, an adopted son. As Mrs. Green opened the door the young man, with a club, beat her brains out. He then killed the eldest daughter with one blow, and, as he thought, killed the youngest one in the same way. As the son witnessed the murder he rushed through the rear door and hid in a corn crib, where he was soon found and beaten to death by the assassin. While Morgan was searching for the boy, Mrs. Green's youngest daughter revived and escaped. Morgan ransacked the house, took what money he could find, and fled. The young girl, the only survivor, told the story at a neighbor's house yesterday morning. Morgan was found by officers within a few miles of the place of his crime. He confessed. The officers are guarding him in the woods. A mob is after him, and there appears to be but little doubt of his lynching.

A Pertinent Query. "I don't believe in anything I can't see," said the young man who aims to be considered a skeptic. The middle aged man with overalls on looked at him pensively for a moment, and then inquired: "Young fellow, did you ever catch hold of a telegraphic wire?"—Washington Star.

Duty on Handkerchiefs. Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 4.—Judge Acheson, in the United States circuit court of appeals yesterday decided that the duty on imports of initial handkerchiefs should be 50 per cent ad valorem, and not 60 per cent, for which latter amount the government brought suit. This is the second decision in favor of the importers. By this decision it is said the government will be required to return \$500,000 to importers which had been collected on the basis of the higher rate of duty.

Thomas L. Clinegan Dead. Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 4.—Gov. Thomas L. Clinegan, an ex-United States senator, died in the Morganton insane asylum yesterday. Aged, poor and infirm, the state gave him a home there. Gen. Clinegan was born in Yadkin county in 1816, elected a Whig member of the legislature in 1835 from Surrey, and the state senator in 1836, became a leader of the Whig party and was a member of congress from 1843 to 1853, except the twenty-ninth congress.

Train Robbers. Litchfield, Ill., Nov. 4.—Monday night as the Buffalo, New York and Boston limited on the Wabash, due here at 9:48, pulled out, eight men without masks boarded the chair car and at the point of revolvers commanded the passengers to give up their valuables. After going through the car, which was done at a lively rate, the robbers pulled the bell cord and the train stopped. The robbers got off, ransacking cars, and disappeared as the train moved on.

Schooner Collision.

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Nov. 4.—The schooner Fortuna survived a collision which took place early yesterday morning twenty miles south of Montauk Point with the schooner Edward E. Brieryard, three men of her crew of eight are probably drifting about the ocean south of Long Island on their nearly unmanageable vessel. Capt. Ross of the schooner who brought the news of the collision thinks that this is the case, although there is a possibility the Fortuna was so severely injured that she sank in a short time, in which case the three men went down with her. The Brieryard was bound to Portsmouth with a cargo of coal. About 12:45 yesterday morning the Fortuna suddenly loomed up just ahead, and in a moment the two vessels came together with a terrific crash. The Brieryard lost her entire headgear, and the wreckage had to be cut away in order to save the hull. As the two vessels were locked together, Capt. Chase of the Fortuna, with the first and second mates, the cook and one seaman, managed to climb on board the Brieryard, without stopping to ascertain just what damage their boat had sustained, and a heavy sea parted the vessels before the three remaining men of the Fortuna could follow.

Another huge surge swept the two vessels further apart, and soon the Fortuna was lost altogether in the darkness. The Fortuna was bound for Boston, and left Newport News only a short time before the Brieryard. She is 353 tons, and 15 feet over all.

LARGEST DRY DOCK ON THE AMERICAN COAST.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 1897.—The Directors of the Port Arthur Dock and Canal Company at a meeting held October 23rd decided to build at Port Arthur the largest dry dock in the country. This dry dock is to be capable of holding vessels 500 feet long and will be sufficiently large to contain any two United States cruisers. There is no dry dock on the country. The nearest dry dock is one constructed by the United States government at Port Royal, S. C. There is a dry dock also on the Atlantic coast at Rio Janeiro, but it can only hold vessels 300 feet in length.

The building of this dry dock will be a matter of more than national importance to shipping interests. So far as its bearing upon naval matters is concerned it will be remembered that a short time ago the United States battleship Indiana, equipped with serious injuries, had to be towed to the country, and so she had to be taken to Halifax and the remarkable spectacle of a United States naval vessel being towed by a British harbor tug was presented. Nobody knows what would happen if war should suddenly be declared and serious injury be sustained by some of our large warships, which might have to be towed to the country. Proper repairs could be made in the event of any injury to them, when by the building of a large dry dock proper care could be taken of them and they could be put in fit condition in a very short time.

No facilities whatever, exist on the Gulf for properly taking care of injured vessels or for scraping them and repairing them properly. Small vessels are drawn in no way, but no large vessels can be repaired at all.

The building of this dry dock is a private affair and is to be paid for by the Port Arthur Dock and Canal Company. Its building is a study in line with the vigorous policy that has been pursued by the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf R. R. in developing the facilities for a harbor at Port Arthur, its Gulf terminus, the Port Arthur Dock and Canal Company being a subsidiary corporation of the Kansas City Pittsburg & Gulf R. R.

India Sufferers.

Duluth, Minn., Nov. 4.—Capt. Alexander McDougall, general manager of the American Steel Barge company, is in receipt of a letter from Capt. Laverne, master of the whaler steamer City of Everett, which sailed last summer from San Francisco for Calcutta with a cargo of food for the famine sufferers of India. The letter is a long one and is mailed at Calcutta, September 18. In it Capt. Laverne charges that English officials at Calcutta received the famine supplies without enthusiasm. The pilot came aboard the City of Everett when she approached Calcutta and told the captain that he would have done better to have brought a cargo of rapid firing guns with which to kill off the Indian population instead of food.

Monetary Commission.

Washington, Nov. 4.—The monetary commission resumed its sessions at the Arlington last night, after a recess of some days. President Edmunds presiding. The consideration of the preliminary report of the committee on banking, of which Hon. Charles S. Fairchild is the chairman, will be considered for several days. The members of the commission decline to discuss the recommendations of the committee pending action by the full board.

Thomas B. Schall committed suicide at Baltimore, Md., recently.

Eckels Goes to Chicago.

Washington, Nov. 4.—Mr. J. H. Eckels, the comptroller of the currency, will accept the presidency of the Commercial National bank of Chicago to which he was elected. Mr. Eckels' term of office does not expire until April, 1898, but owing to the urgent solicitation of the directors of the bank he will assume his new duties on January 1. During his term as comptroller, Mr. Eckels has won a national reputation as a financier.

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A JAP STATESMAN.

MR. TORU HOSHI, THE MINISTER AT WASHINGTON. The "Tom Reed" of His Native Country and an Authority on International Law. The Legation Noted for Absence of Oriental Features.

(Washington Letter.) A pleasant part of the northwestern section of Washington, at No. 1310 N. street, stands the Japanese legation. Though it is owned by the Japanese government and has been occupied for diplomatic purposes for ten years or more, there is little that is Oriental in its appearance. Nothing in the exterior denotes the purpose of the building except a golden chrysanthemum, the national emblem of Japan, over the main doorway. Scarcely anything in the interior indicates Japanese ownership except the richness of the raw silk hangings and some priceless lacquer-work and porcelain. It is a pleasant two-story and basement building, well shaded, with grass lawns and gardens at the side and in the rear. Connected with the residence is an annex, stretching back to the next street, and affording accommodation for the attaches and a separate entrance for business purposes.

The residence of the minister and his family can be made separate from the legation offices whenever that is desired. On ceremonial occasions the portiers of diplomatic etiquette and precedence may be let down, but those occasions are few. At all other times those visiting the legation on official or private business are received with informal cordiality, and find the attaches as accessible and jolly as a lot of college undergraduates. The chances are that if it is a pleasant day they will run across them fencing, or engaged in other athletic sports under the shade trees of the lawn. They are all youthful in appearance, though some of them have brought gray hairs to persons of less happily constituted temperaments.

The present Japanese minister, Mr. Toru Hoshi, is one of the most hospitable of the diplomats in Washington. He is not a wealthy man, as was Mr. Matsuo, but he dispenses a generous hospitality outside of the purely diplomatic functions in a manner which adds to his charm. He is assisted by his wife, who speaks English, and who is an exemplification of the culture

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MINISTER HOSHI.

which has been a noticeable feature of the women of the higher classes in Japan, almost from time immemorial. But Mrs. Toru Hoshi is an ardent patriot. Her native country has charms for her which no amount of gayety in foreign mountain or seaside resorts can overcome. Her holidays, therefore, are passed in Japan, while the minister spends his summers at Berkeley Springs. Mrs. Hoshi went home early in May, taking with her her bright young son, who had been the light of the domestic life of the legation during his brief stay here. The name of this youngster is Hiharu Hoshi. He is an only child, between five and six years of age, but is not especially spoiled because of that distinction. He is rapidly becoming an adored in American games, as well as in the tongue of the country of his temporary residence, and manifests an intelligence which promises to make him a worthy son of his father.

The manner in which the Japanese minister's name—"Toru" Hoshi—appears on the official register of the state department indicates a rather remarkable concession to western usages. The custom in Japan for centuries has been to place the family name first, the given name afterward. In his official communications to his government, the Japanese minister is Mr. "Hoshi Toru." It was in that way his appointment was first announced. Mr. Hoshi has preferred to follow the customary method of writing the name which prevails in eastern countries, and puts his given name "Toru" before the family name "Hoshi." Several of the Korean legation have lately followed a like course.

Toru Hoshi is the "Tom Reed" of Japan. He presided as speaker over the house of representatives of the Imperial Diet during the first sessions of Japan's national legislature. A stormy, turbulent scenes that marked the assembling of that body threatened to make parliamentary government in Japan a failure. But the firm hand with which Mr. Hoshi wielded the gavel, his knowledge of parliamentary law and the justice of his rulings brought order out of chaos. He was chairman of the Budget Committee, which provided the ways and means for carrying on the war with China, and he presided over and largely conducted

the deliberations of the committee on codification of the laws of Japan, which resulted in making an opening for Japan to propose the important treaties with western powers which have since been put into effect.

But while Mr. Hoshi may resemble Speaker Reed in his ability as a parliamentary leader, he has none of his sense of humor or sarcastic wit. He takes life altogether seriously. He began his political career by so savagely attacking abuses of government in a series of addresses he delivered all over Japan in advocacy of popular rights and the establishment of representative institutions that he was twice imprisoned and once temporarily banished from the capital. After the adoption of the constitution of 1889, which accorded most of the popular rights for which he had contended, he was pardoned, as "an act of grace," and went abroad to study representative institutions in England and other European countries. He had previously become a barrister of the Middle Temple in London. His "eating his terms" in that institution of learning was not merely a formality. He became an intense student of international law, and has never relaxed his studies in that direction. His library contains nearly every known work on the subject in the English language, for he speaks but little French, and he is constantly adding to it. Just as the famous Japanese surgeons, Kitasato, Aoyama and Okata, who discovered the germs of the bubonic plague, are widely known in the medical world, Mr. Hoshi bids fair to become celebrated as a jurist.

English is the language best spoken by all the members of the legation outside of their own tongue. Most of them were educated in Europe. But Mr. Keshiro Matsui, the secretary of legation, is the first product of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan, and owes his varied accomplishments entirely to that recently established institution. He possesses somewhat of the gravity of demeanor of the minister, but lightened by a keen capacity for enjoyment and considerable humor. He served in a diplomatic capacity in Corea during the eventful days of the Sino-Japanese war, but left before the final tragedy which resulted in the assassination and cremation of the queen. In the recent negotiations of the Japanese treaty with the United States, Mr. Matsui played an important part, for which he has been suitably rewarded.

TALL TEXAN TO LEAD PARADE.

(Kansas City Letter.) It will not be a freak lured from a museum who will lead the Kansas City carnival parade, though people might be forgiven for thinking so. Col. Hen-

ry Clay Thurston of Texas, however, pursues no such exalted profession. His eight feet of length, together with his brains and energy, are devoted to the farming business.

No one could walk more stiffly than does this giant, nor could any one imitate his movements by any possible means. His walk is all his own—it is a part of his stock in trade.

Col. Henry Clay Thurston was born in South Carolina sixty-six years ago. His father and mother were both over six feet tall, and when Henry grew to be six feet tall it was taken as a matter of course. But he did not stop at six or seven. He grew and he grew, and he grew with the persistency of a sunflower, and probably never would have stopped growing had not the war come on and swept him into the fray. He was eight feet high when he entered the confederate service and a wound received in Arkansas while

fighting under Gen. Marmaduke sustained his growth before he was halted through.

Thought it a Fine Test. The new minister (who has preached from the text "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish")—Very glad you liked the sermon, Mrs. Hodges. Mrs. Hodges—Ye, zar; an' it were a fine text, too; 'Except ye pay rent ye shall all go to the parish."

TO ASTONISH KANSAS CITY FOLK.

Weatherford, Tex., Nov. 5.—County Judge I. N. Roach had his arm amputated yesterday about half way between the hand and elbow. The cause of the amputation was a bullet wound, received during the war, which lodged in his wrist, and the bullet had never been taken out. Recently it became very painful, so much so that the judge decided to have it amputated. At this writing the patient is getting along nicely.

Found Dead in the Hay.

Galveston, Tex., Nov. 5.—The dead body of an unknown man was found in the hay yesterday afternoon. It is that of a man five feet eight inches high, age about 40 years, sandy complexion, sandy mustache, long, sharp nose, sandy hair, wore dark, striped pants, black diagonal sack coat, satin lining, made by B. M. Collar & Sons, Houston, white shirt, roll collar, black satin necktie, kangaroo garters with name of Knipp & Tully, Houston, Coroner Finn held inquest over the body.

BOLD ROBBERS.

They Blow Open the Safe at Hewitt and Seize the Loot. Waco, Tex., Nov. 5.—The federal and state authorities are hunting the robbers who blew open the postoffice safe at Hewitt, McLennan county, Wednesday night, and took \$70 in money order funds, \$230 in cash from the safe of funds, and \$10 worth of postage stamps, making a total of \$340. The safe was blown to pieces with dynamite. The explosion was heard by one or two of the villagers. It sounded like a smothered detonation, and did not produce much vibration. Those who heard the sound were unable to locate it, and, after talking it over, turned ever and went to sleep again, leaving the mystery to future investigation.

Mr. Charles Smith, the postmaster, is also a merchant, and the postoffice is kept in the store. His residence is a distance from the store, and he was unaware of the robbery until yesterday morning. The wreck was complete. The fragments of the safe were scattered around, its heavy parts hurled about, showing that a large cartridge was used in the work. Postmaster Smith came to Waco and reported the case to United States Commissioner John H. Finks, who immediately gave out the information to the officers that the government will pay \$200 reward for the arrest and conviction of the robbers, from a fund appropriated by congress for the purpose of promoting the apprehension and punishment of postoffice robbers. The hope of reward stimulated persons not regularly employed, and the efforts of private detectives, in addition to the energetic measures adopted by the federal and county officers, gave promise of important events. Enough was discovered to lead to the conclusion that the robbers of the Hewitt postoffice are the same who burglarized the residence of Mr. R. T. Dennis, of Waco, two nights before, and got money, clothing and jewelry. The parties who robbed Dennis went toward Hewitt and dropped articles belonging to Mrs. Dennis between Waco and that village.

After shivering the safe and securing the postoffice funds and money belonging to Postmaster Smith, arising from the sale of goods in his store, the robbers possessed themselves of private papers, checks, notes and money, and lastly left the premises, dropping a portion of the papers as they retreated. Several checks and notes were recovered, having been scattered over the floor by the robbers as they fled from the store.

The opinion prevails with many experts that the robbers walked south along the railroad track, and took the Katy night passenger train. If the theory be correct that the Hewitt robbers are the same who looted Mr. Dennis' residence, they are in possession of over \$1000 in cash and in valuables easily convertible into money.

Hewitt is about eight miles from Waco. It is the first station on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas route south of this city. It is a quiet, thrifty town, and it is much stirred up over the midnight visitation of desperate and lawless men, residing in the demolition of a large central store, which was also the postoffice. Old men, who were accustomed in the early days to Indian raids, turned out to assist in trailing the robbers.

Infected With Burglars. Cleburne, Tex., Nov. 5.—This city seems to be infested with burglars. Wednesday morning about 5 o'clock one entered the business house of E. F. Castleman on East Barber street. He had a pole with a nail in the end of it and reaching through a transom "sniped" a suit of men's clothing that hung on a chair, securing a gold watch and chain. About that time several parties came in the hall way in which the burglar was standing, cutting off all his means of exit except through a window. Although it was a second story window the fellow made the hazardous leap, but fell on some boxes and the blood that was found on them showed that he was hurt by the fall. He has not been apprehended yet.

The Shumate Case. Sherman, Tex., Nov. 5.—The case of Leland Shumate, reversed by the higher court, is one of more than passing interest in Sherman, on account of the standing and extensive family connections of all the parties involved in the affair. In September, 1896, at Choctaw Bayou pavilion, south of the city, Hugh Fuller was shot and killed. Leland Shumate was arraigned and tried for the offense, and was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary upon a verdict of manslaughter. He has heard of the reversal of the case, but must remain in the custody of the warden until the arrival of the mandate from the higher court.

The Prince of Wales was sued recently for \$300,000 but the suit was thrown out of court.

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The Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE,
Editor and Proprietor.
Advertising rates made known on application.
Terms \$1.50 per annum, invariably cash in advance.
Entered at the Post Office, Haskell, Texas, as second class Mail Matter.
Saturday, Nov. 13, 1897.

LOCAL DOTS.

—Capt. B. H. Dodson left last Sunday on a business trip to Gainesville.

—Mrs. J. S. Rike left Friday for Fort Worth to visit a sister who is sick.

—A good heating stove for sale or trade. A. LEE KIRBY.

—The failure of the hack to bring our paper on Thursday delayed us again this week.

—Mr. M. V. Guest, county treasurer of Stonewall county, was doing business in our city Wednesday.

—Just come to see me with your cash if you want LOW prices. S. L. ROBERTSON.

—Mr. Parker arrived yesterday on a visit to the family of Mr. Cason and his children, who reside with Mr. Cason.

—The Free Press cow needs some cotton seed and hay—please bring her some on that subscription account.

—Mr. Bert Brockman, a brother of Mrs. W. L. Hills, arrived here this week and probably will make this place his home.

—Dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, hats, &c., all CHEAP at S. L. ROBERTSON'S.

—Rev. M. L. Moody has gone to attend the annual conference of the M. E. church for northwest Texas at Weatherford.

—We are told that Mr. Jim Keller sold 200 head of stock cattle, including steers, this week for \$20 per head.

—Do you want a Mitchell wagon best made; if so see W. W. Fields & Bro., who will sell it to you at Abilene price.

—The 13 year old daughter of Mr. D. C. Brown, who lives about 12 miles east of town, died on Wednesday of slow fever.

—Mr. B. L. Frost returned from Henrietta on last Tuesday, bringing a bunch of horses for his ranch in Stonewall county.

—Capt. W. W. Fields and family and Miss May and Geo. Fields and Mr. Wit Springer are spending a few days on lower Paint on a camp hunt.

—Ladies come and see our millinery department, its the only First-Class ever here; its private and nice. T. G. CARNEY & CO.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Gossett and children of Cisco are here spending the week here with old friends and relatives.

—Mr. McCreary, recently from Robertson county, has rented of Messrs Foster & Scott the J. C. Roberts farm adjoining town.

—Rev. D. James and Mr. H. R. Jones, who were delegates from this place to the Baptist State convention at San Antonio, returned Tuesday evening.

—If you owe me and can raise the money please don't wait for me to ask you for it. I need it; in fact, I must collect. Respectfully, S. L. ROBERTSON.

—Mr. L. B. Watkins of Quanah has been here during the week buying all the cattle he could find for sale. We understand that he paid pretty stiff prices for some cattle.

—When you are thinking of moving to Western Texas don't forget that Haskell county won the diploma for the best all around farm exhibit at the Dallas fair this year.

—Among the new comers we note Mr. J. J. McDaniel and family from Eastland county, who rented of Messrs Foster & Scott the Lomax farm of 400 acres in cultivation.

—Say boys that little play made on men hats last week don't go. We can knock that play to pieces. Come and see us. T. G. CARNEY & CO.

—Rev. D. J. Woods of Virginia arrived here this week to take charge of the Presbyterian churches at this place and Anson, as pastor. He will preach his first sermon here next Sunday. Rev. Woods is a young man, a graduate of Washington and Jefferson college, a post graduate of Princeton and also took a full course in civil engineering at the University of Pennsylvania. He is said to be an eloquent speaker.

—Mr. T. J. Head and family arrived Monday from Comanche county to cast their lot in the prize county of northwest Texas. Mr. Head purchased a farm west of town of Capt. Fields.

—Mr. Robt. Forbis, just down from his ranch in Dickens county, reports an extensive prairie fire on the plains last week which, starting in Hale county, swept across Floyd and Crosby counties.

—Figure with us if you want low prices. We don't mind losing a few dimes if we can get your love, influence and tongue to go our way. T. G. CARNEY & CO.

—Mr. Lee Kirby was out hunting Thursday and killed an eagle that measured seven feet ten inches from tip to tip of wings. He killed one near the same spot several years ago that measured over ten feet.

—To my patrons: I have been waiting patiently for you to come and settle your notes and accounts, and I am not going to wait much longer on you. I need my money to pay my bills, and I must have it. While you are paying others, why not pay me? I can't work always without receiving something for my labor. Fair warning. J. E. LINDSEY, M. D.

—Lapowski's goods that were detained two months by quarantine, have at last arrived, and they are compelled to do four months business in two, which means the sale of everything actually below the cost of production today. The house is more than full, and they are going to sell the goods out. Mr. Lapowski authorizes us to say that he will personally appreciate any favor shown their house. You are cordially invited to come and examine their stock whether you buy or not. The house has a large line of Christmas goods, besides a general line of dry goods, clothing, etc.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Notice Tax Payers.
Sect. 10 Chapter 103 last legislature provides that after the 31st day of January a penalty of 10 per cent will be added to all unpaid Tax. This goes to the state and county and cannot be remitted by the collector. W. B. ANTHONY, Tax Collector.

Notice.
I am needing money to pay for goods I have sold on credit. I have certainly done my duty in telling this to those who owe me. Some few have come to my assistance which I highly appreciate, others are holding back, to all of whom I will just say, unless your accounts and note are paid by the 15th they will be found in the hands of the officers for collection. This is no blow. Respectfully B. H. DODSON.

Epworth League
Program for Epworth League, Nov. 14, 1897.
Topic—Paul's life and Fellowship. Eph. 2: 4-6.
Leader—Georgia Riter.
Song—No. 147.
Prayer.
Scripture reading.
Song—No. 229.
Paper—The Life of Paul—Miss Pierson.
Lesson from Texas Advocate—Miss Lillie Rike.
Song—No. 263.
Dismission.
COM.

The Scholarship.
The committee finished counting the votes Thursday in the Free Press contest for a scholarship in the Metropolitan Business College at Dallas, Texas, and pronounced Mr. Frank Vernon the winner by a majority of 2431 votes. The entire vote standing:
Jerald Hills, 2,377
Vernon Cobb, 3,059
Frank Vernon, 5,485
Total, 10,926
In accordance with the finding of the committee the scholarship was awarded to Mr. Frank Vernon. He is a bright and worthy young man and will no doubt make good use of the opportunity this afforded him for acquiring a first class business education. The other young man in the contest were also deserving and worthy and our only regret in the matter is that all of them could not be winners.

A Test of the Campbell System.

Farmers' Voice.
Campbell's system of soil culture has of late years attracted general notice in the sub-arid regions of this country, and in many districts the method has come to be generally employed. Several railroads which penetrate the great states of the West have established experiment farms upon which the Campbell method has been tested in many ways. In order to secure an unbiased report of the work, the editor of the Farmers Voice recently wrote, asking for information, to Mr. B. S. Russell, of Jamestown, N. D., who has carefully observed the results of the Campbell system for several years, having been delegated to do the work particularly by the Northern Pacific railroad. Under date of October 20, Mr. Russell writes to Farmers' Voice: "I have delayed writing you in the hope that results might be secured from some of the farms east of the Missouri river, but the stormy weather of the past week having entirely stopped threshing, makes it uncertain when the returns from the farms worked on the Campbell method on this side of the Missouri, will be fully in. So I send you herewith a report of the work on the farm at Glenullin, Morton county, west of the river. As is well known to all North Dakotans, the Missouri slope is deficient in annual rainfall, while the soil possesses all the constituents necessary to the growth of the cereals, a surface soil of great richness and a surface soil admirably suited to hold moisture; yet the annual precipitation is so small that wheat growing has for many years been unprofitable and disappointing. A test under these conditions must prove of highest value. "I claim for the Campbell method that the second and succeeding years are more successful than the first year, the reason for this is found in the fact that the earth itself undergoes a physical change in its adaptation to this method, hence there has always been found in the second and succeeding years nearly double the yield of grain over that of the first year, the larger number of hair roots thrown out by the plant above that by the ordinary method, and these roots when their work is done, are left in the earth, it is found that the packed ground being full of them, is gathered into small globules down to the depth of the furrow plowed and packed, and as the moisture has also been retained, these globules not only furnish moisture, but also humus for the new growth of the second year. Experience in successive years since 1892 has fully proved this. The farm of Mr. Liedstrum was first worked on this method in 1896. Twenty acres in oats and three in potatoes, the result at harvest was nearly one-third in oats over the ordinary mode, and of potatoes one-half more. "In 1897 Mr. Liedstrum sowed the twenty acres to wheat, using the Campbell drill; two of the six rows were eighteen inches wide, and four sixteen inches. Twelve quarts of seed per acre were used; the grain was cultivated eight times during the season. Five acres alongside were sown to wheat broadcast the same day. One and one-fourth bushels of seed per acre were used. About forty rods south, on land exactly similar in all respects, twenty five acres were sown to wheat, using the press drill of the ordinary method. The wheat on all four of the pieces was cut and stacked and recently threshed. Here is the result: "The twenty acres Campbell method, second year, 202 bushels 46 pounds, No. 1 hard. "The five acres alongside sown broadcast, 25 bushels 6 pout. 4, No. 2 northern. "The twenty-five acres forty rods distant 110 bushels 29 pounds, No. 2 northern. "The three acres following potatoes, 44 bushels 26 pounds, No. 1 hard. "Any one of your readers can figure out for themselves a clear profit per acre on the above land worked on the Campbell method, and also the exact reverse on the land worked on the ordinary method. "Where a farmer does, by himself and his sons, his own work, the expense of his farm work will differ according to the value each one puts on it. It matters not what A, B, or C considers it costs him to raise wheat, but to get at practical results of profit and loss on the above yields I will assume that the cost of the plowing, harrowing, sowing, cutting, hocking, stacking and threshing amounts to \$4.50 an acre; to this add the cost of seed at the rate of 60 cents per bushel, the allowance for extra cost by the Campbell method is \$1.10 an acre, and this is ample; as Lisbon and Dawson last year it was 95 cents per acre.)

Wall Paper and Paint

We have sold Wall paper for twenty years. This year we have the prettiest patterns and lowest prices. Our Paint (Masurys) will stand longer than any brand of mixed paint ever used in this country, and twice as long as white lead.

BASS BROS. - Abilene, Tex.

P. S. We are headquarters for new and 2nd hand School Books, with covers. One of the firm spent a month in buying our HOLIDAY goods. SPECIAL PRICES TO DEALERS.

NEW GOODS!
IMMENSE STOCK!
Now open and Ready for our customers.

No Dingley tariff!
We got into the Chicago market just in time to make our purchases before the rise caused by the new tariff law—in fact we had to pay a little advance on only one piece of dress goods. This advantage will go to our customers in lower prices, and we will be able to

Defy competition!
We didn't buy our goods straight through at one or two houses, but took the most tempting offers made us here and there, paying cash and thus getting our goods at very low prices, besides dodging the tariff, hence we are in position to defy competition at home and to sell so cheap that it won't pay you to go to the railroad towns to buy. We stand ready to prove this if you are enough interested in prices to come and see.

Quality all Right.
We guarantee the quality of our goods to be first-class all the way through and we invite comparison on this as well as on prices.

Staple Dry Goods.
Our stock of staple and heavy dry goods is very large and complete—Domestics, Calicoes, Checks, Cottonades, Drillings, Cotton Flannels, Jeans, Linseys, etc., in great variety.

Dress Goods.
In our dress goods department will be found all the latest fabrics in the most stylish colorings, designs and weaves, as well as the most desirable and serviceable things approved by past experience. The kinds and styles are too numerous and varied to mention here.

Notions and Trimmings.
A great variety in these lines; something designed to suit the taste and please the fancy of everyone.

Shoes.
Well, we've got them for everybody! Little and big, common and fine ones. Lots of them on our shelves now and \$2.00 worth more soon to be here. You can't buy shoes anywhere, railroad or no railroad, cheaper than from us—we've got too many and they must go.

Clothing.
Great stacks of clothing weight our counters down; the biggest and best lot you ever saw in Haskell, and, like our other goods, the prices are right—just step up stairs and we'll fit you in price, style and quality.

Other Lines.
There are many other lines of goods and various specialties which we have not space to mention, but will be pleased to have you call and let us show you through our stock and quote you prices—they will be so low that you'll think the railroads didn't charge any freight on them.

MILLINERY. Miss Wilson is again in charge of this department which is well stocked with hats and trimmings of the latest styles. Yours for business, **F. G. ALEXANDER & CO.**

Stray Notice.
Taken up by E. A. Rose on his premises about 15 miles S. E. of the town of Haskell in Haskell county and estrayed before J. W. Evans J. P. Prec. No. 1, on the 14th day of Aug. 1897, one Bay Steer about 14 years old branded A J and above on left hip and marked crop and split in left ear and crop off right ear.
In witness whereof I hereto sign my name and affix the seal of the county court this 29th day of Oct. A. D. 1897. G. R. COUCH, Clerk, [L. S.] Co. Ct. Haskell Co. Tex.

Mr. Will Sherrill has written to a friend here that quite a number of people are moving from McLennan county and that section to the country about Abilene and Merkel. He says he has tried to turn some of them to Haskell county, but without success, as they have the impression that land is higher here than in the localities mentioned. This is a matter that should be looked after by our land agents. A little work might prove very fruitful.

Farm for Rent.
I have a farm of 80 acres good land to rent for 1/3 and 1/4 of crop. Two room house, with chimney, on the place, good well water, stock lots, etc., with pasturage room for work stock. The place is 14 miles east of Haskell. There is feed stuff enough on the place to run through the season, which I will sell cheap. Address F. W. Park, Haskell, Texas, or call at house on Haskell and Abilene road 7 miles south of Haskell.

Young People.
FREE: \$20.00 IN GOLD, Bicycle, Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or a Scholarship in Draughton's Practical Business College, Nashville, Tenn., Ga. - Houston or Texasians, Tex., or a scholarship in most any other reputable business college or literary school in the U. S. can be secured by doing a little work at home for the "Youth's Advocate," an illustrated semi-monthly journal. It is exciting in character, moral in tone, and especially interesting and profitable to young people, but read with interest and profit by people of all ages. Stories and other interesting matter well illustrated. Sample copies sent free. Agents wanted. Address: "Youth's Advocate" Pub. Co., Nashville, Tenn. (Mention this paper.)

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

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To Think of
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We have just received a
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—OF THE—
POPULAR BRIDGE BEACH & CO'S COOKING
—AND—
HEATING STOVES.
These stoves are first class in every particular and will be sold at prices that will beat going to the railroad for them.
Call and see them.
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Crayon, Box Paper and Tablets
Of All Kinds;
Pens, Pencils, Ink, Double & Single Slates,
Go To
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HE HAS JUST GOTTEN IN A BIG LINE
AND CAN SUIT YOU WITH ANY KIND YOU WANT.
P. S. He also has a big stock of BLOTTERS and LEDGERS.

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Largest Stock West of Fort Worth!
Two Car Loads Just In From Factory.
PICTURE MOULDING, WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES.
COFFINS AND ALL UNDERTAKER'S GOODS.
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I always keep my stock full, and I won't be undersold. Call me.
T. H. C. PEERY, SEYMOUR,

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IS EQUAL TO
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3 Cans of any Other Brands, 25 cts.
2 Cans of B. T. Babbitt's PURE POTASH, 20 cts.
SAVES THE CONSUMER, 5 cts.
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AUTOMATIC CHEMICAL
Milk Cooler and Creamer
Will keep your milk cool and sweet and butter firm in hottest weather. Ripens cream evenly and makes churning easy. Works in any climate. Costs nothing to operate it, and will last 10 years. Every one guaranteed. Write for descriptive catalogue and full particulars.

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