

The wise man gets a lot of free instruction from fools.

An actor is naturally spiritless when the ghost fails to walk.

The new woman usually meets her match in the new servant.

It's always a great bore for the burglar if the safe is locked.

Fools oftentimes rush in where wise men would be afraid of the police.

Pleasure that isn't shared with another loses half its power to please.

There is always a tender connection between the locomotive and the train.

When a man is riding a hobby it's always a good plan to give him the road.

Some people are inclined to mind their own business, but lack the ability to do so.

The Texas steer is a pretty tough proposition—when you meet him in a restaurant.

The man with the narrow mind usually makes up for it in the length of his arguments.

The chaplain of congress will soon take a look at that body—and then pray for the country.

The poor optimist gets more real enjoyment out of his earthly sojourn than the wealthy pessimist.

The man who makes his wife get up and light the fire every morning of her life shows his appreciation by erecting a \$10 tombstone to her memory.

A Boston newspaper says that the unlimited enfranchisement of the negro was a mistake. Thirty years ago anyone in Massachusetts who would have uttered such a sentiment would have been invited to leave the state.

Mr. Carnegie is a tremendous benefactor to the human race. He has just entered a combination to increase the price of steel rails, although he admitted some time ago that his firm was making good profits at the old prices. As the railroads pay the increased price, they have to get the money back in the way of freight and passenger rates. The increase comes out of the pockets of the people and is unnecessary and unjustifiable.

The present generation is the first that has known the telephone and the bicycle. There are today more than a million telephones in use in this country. How many cycles there are no one knows. Both inventions save steps, time, labor and money. It is not easy to estimate what is the extent of the influence of such devices in bringing about social changes. We know that the influence is enormous, and that the world becomes year by year an easier place in which to live.

As we look through a telescope and obtain a glimpse of the wonders it reveals, or as we study the results which have been attained by experts in its use, the mind is naturally impressed with the grandeur and power of the creator of the heavenly bodies. When we learn something of their movements so absolutely accurate that their phases and positions can be foretold with perfect certainty long centuries in advance, defying competition by the most perfect instruments of human devising, it is impossible with any show of reason to deny the controlling presence of an infinite mind.

There are now 161 high schools on the accredited list of the University of Illinois. A large number of these are to be re-examined this year, and the high school visitor is crowded with work as never before. Schools are being accredited for what were previously not done. There has thus been added the work of considering the claims of high school graduates to advanced standing. There are many high schools in the state that do more work than that required for admission to the university, and the university is anxious to recognize that fact and to encourage as much as possible such advanced work in the high schools. The university is careful also not to constrain small high schools to undertake more than can be well accomplished, and hence would prefer to accredit a small high school with less than the amount required for admission to the university than with the full amount less thoroughly done. While stimulating every high school to do all that it ought to do, the university at the same time desires that the high school shall work out its own problem spontaneously, rather than be constrained to external standards.

It will be some years, perhaps, before the merits and defects of the city "skyscrapers" will all be known. Thus far they have withstood severe tests extremely well. Not long ago a gale that swept over Chicago stopped many of the clocks in the upper stories of such buildings, but did not injure the buildings. They are ugly. They cut off light from the streets and are otherwise objectionable. Nevertheless, thus far they have shown all needed strength. What earthquakes and the corroding teeth of the atmosphere will do to them is yet to be made manifest.

The ladies of Macon, Ga., are somewhat discouraged at the failure of their public prayers to secure victory for the anti-prohibition ticket last Thursday. They can't account for the result, but there doesn't appear to be any mystery about it. Omnipotence was either not interested in the prohibition question or didn't care to interfere with a free ballot and a fair count. It may be, too, that the infinite Being doesn't shape his actions at the impotency of finite creatures, no matter how pious.

The Day Star of the Orkney's.

A Romance—By Hannah B. McKenzie.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

He had to go out after breakfast and make some arrangements as to his leaving next day. He was gone an hour or two, and when he returned the housekeeper met him at the door. "Miss Stuart has been calling for you, Mr. Monteth, and has just gone. Now what a pity you were not back ten minutes ago, and you would not have missed her!" said the worthy Mr. Nicholson. "But she left a note for you, sir. Here it is."

Monteth took the dainty envelope, from which a subtle perfume of sweet violets arose, and glanced at the address. He was too astonished to speak. He took it into his room—a regular bachelor's room, with pipes strewn about the mantelpiece, and his bicycle, which had been mended since his accident, standing against the wall. There he tore open the note. "Dear Evan," ran the bold, dashing writing of Lillith Stuart. "I am so sorry to find you are out. I must see you again, if only for a minute. Do not be unmerciful; grant me this that I ask of you. Meet me at the Rowan Crag at two o'clock exactly. I shall be there. Yours, Lillith. P. S.—I shall depend on you."

Had Lillith repented? He could hardly think so, knowing of her what he did. If not, what more could she have to say to him on the subject? It was impossible to conjecture. The note puzzled Evan.

"But I must go, I shall give her that last chance," he thought. "I shall meet her at two, as she asks. There will be time after that for me to run round to Abbott's Head."

It was half-past one when he started from the Gow Hotel. The path from the town towards the seashore road was steep and stony. Evan walked his machine down it, as he usually did. Once on the seashore road, he mounted and rode as quickly as the hilliness of the path would permit.

His machine was a high-grade one, with Dunlop tires and high-gears, so that he had to put a good deal of pressure on the pedals in ascending the hill. He was near the top, and the hill was very stony, when suddenly his fore wheel came in contact with a large stone he had not noticed. The wheel went over, but the next instant there was a sound as of something cracking beneath him, then the whole frame seemed thrown violently over, and before Evan could help himself he was shot over the handlebars, and landed on his back a little distance away from the machine. Luckily he was not much hurt, and in a few seconds was able to pick himself up and look at his machine. To his amazement, the front fork had snapped at the point where it was drilled for the axle, the framework had lurched, the axle springing from the socket, and the wheel had "buckled."

"I am an unfortunate beggar," muttered Monteth to himself. "This is the second time I've come to grief in these islands of nightless summer. Well, there's nothing for it but to leave the machine here and hurry on to keep my appointment. I can trust the natives not to touch it." He had scratched his hand severely and twisted his arm; but these were trifling injuries to what he might have expected. And as Evan hurried on, he thanked God for what seemed almost a miraculous escape.

"If it had happened near Rowan Crag, God only knows where I might be now!" he thought to himself, shuddering a little as he hurried onwards. If he had understood better the terrible nature of the danger he had escaped, his thanks would have been deeper than they were.

"I am going along by the cliffs this afternoon," Miss Troil, You will tell Lady Westray so."

"On your machine, Miss Stuart?" Elspeth Troil asked, looking up quickly.

"Yes; on my machine. Why not?" "I do not know that it is quite safe," Elspeth said, turning away again to look out of the window. Nicholson has not mended that broken fence yet."

Lillith laughed a little. "You think I am afraid? It takes more than a broken fence to frighten me, Miss Troil."

She passed out of the room, and Elspeth looked after her uneasily. "I do not know why I should feel so about this sudden resolve of hers," she said to herself at last, rising and walking uneasily about the room. "I feel as if—as if some terrible catastrophe were hanging over us all, and if she had a hand in it. Surely I am allowing my imagination to run away with me. And yet—"

She paused by the work-basket which stood in a corner of the room. A book had been hastily thrown into it. Half mechanically Elspeth picked it up. It was entitled "Cycling; Common Accidents, and How to Avert Them."

The book fell open at a leaf which had been folded down. The section was headed, "Fork and Axle; How They Break, and How to Repair." Elspeth glanced over the page and, as she did so, a strange pallor came into her face.

Lady Westray was taking her afternoon nap. Elspeth ran downstairs, put on a hat in the hall and, starting through the grounds, was soon on the seashore path.

It was a September afternoon, and a glorious day—not too sultry, but with the first cool breath of Autumn in the air. As Elspeth reached along, listening to the soft swish-swish of the waves as they broke on the cliffs below, the invigorating air seemed to banish the horrible fear that had seized her mind in so sudden and wild a fashion.

"What a wicked, suspicious mind I must have!" she thought. Even as the thought passed through her mind she noticed the tall figure of a man walking rapidly toward her.

For a moment Elspeth thought it was Evan Monteth, and her heart beat fast; but in a few seconds she saw her mistake, and recognized him as Magnus Halcrow. On a sudden impulse she moved from the pathway, and retreated towards the line of rowan-trees and birches which ran along higher up from the cliff.

As she did so the whirring sound of a bicycle coming rapidly along the road startled her. She looked round. It was Lillith, who came flying along the dangerous road like a creature of the woods and sea, her masses of reddish-auburn hair floating about her, her lips parted, her eyes wild with excitement. She was rushing at a breakneck speed. Elspeth could have shrieked aloud to see her.

She was close to that dangerous part—the part of the cliff-road which was so close to the rocks that it had been guarded by a palisade of wood for the safety of pedestrians or riders.

Only the day before the keeper had come to inform Miss Stuart that a portion of the fencing had been broken down, evidently by some malicious person, and that the path was therefore dangerous. Yet, in defiance of this, Lillith had elected to ride along this road today. Why had she done so?

As Elspeth gazed with fascinated eyes, hardly drawing a breath, at the flying wheel and its rider, Magnus suddenly emerged into the path round a turning.

Did Lillith Stuart see him? Did she recognize him? Did she take him for some one else? None knew—none should ever know in this world.

She rode on wildly, her pedals hardly seeming to revolve, so rapid was the motion. A log lay across the road. The rider could not have noticed it, for the next moment her machine rocked wildly.

A shriek rose to Elspeth's lips. She checked it, with a strange feeling that she herself was about to die.

Then—oh, God, how could Elspeth look on it and still live!—the pedestrian had sprung forward and evidently made a wild attempt to seize the machine.

For one moment—it was all done in the twinkling of an eye—Elspeth saw Lillith Stuart's face as she wildly threw her head backwards. Its expression of horror, amazement and white despair would haunt Elspeth as long as she lived.

A scream rent the air—such a scream as one hears in a nightmare, and cannot forget for days—a scream from Lillith's lips; and then—Elspeth was gazing wildly at empty space! Man, woman, bicycle—all had disappeared.

Elspeth thought she uttered a cry; in reality no sound came from her lips and throat. She could never afterwards recall what she did. The first thing she was conscious of was that she was looking into Evan Monteth's face and trying, with lips that refused to move or do her bidding, to tell him all. But she knew that he understood her when she saw his own face grow pale as death.

"Wait here," he said hoarsely, seizing her hand in a momentary grasp. "I shall run for Nicholson, and we shall go down to the shore together. Don't move till I come back."

When he returned she was still there; but her expression frightened even the keeper, and she was slivering from head to foot like one in an ague. "Run on to the castle, Miss Troil. Send men with stretchers," said Monteth, speaking very quietly. "Have things ready for them, and pray God they may be required."

Elspeth Troil only asked one question. "You will bring both to the castle?"

"We will," Miss Troil answered, the keeper, whose face reflected the pallor of Monteth's.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE SHUT IN" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Genesis vii. 16. as follows: "The Lord shut him in"—Address to a Class of Persons Perhaps Not Before Addressed in a Sermon.

Cosmogony has no more interesting chapter than the one which speaks of that catastrophe of the ages, the submersion of our world in time of Noah, the first ship carpenter. Many of the nations who never saw a Bible have a flood story—Egyptian flood story; Grecian flood story, of which Daulon was the Noah; Hawaiian flood story; New Zealand flood story; Chinese flood story; American Indian flood story—all of which accounts agree in the immersion of the continents and the universal rains, and that there was a ship floating with a select few of the human family and with specimens of zoological and ornithological and reptilian worlds, although I could have wished that these last had been shut out of the ark and drowned.

All of these flood stories represent the ship thus afloat as finally stranded on a mountain top. Hugh Miller, in his Testimony of the Rocks, thinks that all these flood stories were infirm traditions of the Biblical account, and I believe him. The worst thing about that great fresco was that it struck Noah's Great Eastern from above and beneath. The seas broke the chain of shells and crystal and rolled over the land, and the heavens opened their clouds for falling columns of water, which roared and thundered on the roof of the great ship for a month and ten days. There was one door to the ship, but there were three parts to this door, one part for each of the three stories. The Bible account says nothing about parts of the door belonging to two of the stories, and I do not know on which floor Noah and his family voyaged, but my text tells us that the part of the door of that particular floor on which Noah stayed was closed after he had entered. "The Lord shut him in." So there are many people shut in in the world who are as thoroughly shut in—some by sickness, some by age, some by special duties that will not allow them to go forth, some surrounded by deluges of misfortune and trouble, and for them my sympathies are aroused, and this sermon, which I hope may do good to others, is more especially intended for them. Today I address the shut-in. "The Lord shut them in."

Notice, first of all, who closed the door so that they could not get out. Noah did not do it, nor his son Shem, nor did Ham, nor did Japheth, nor did either of the four married women who were on shipboard; nor did desperadoes who had scoffed at the idea of peril, which Noah had been preaching, close that door; they had turned their backs on the ark and had in disgust gone away. I will tell you how it was done. A hand was stretched down from heaven to close that door. It was a divine hand as well as a kind hand. "The Lord shut them in."

And the same kind and sympathetic Being has shut you in, my reader or my hearer. You thought it was an accident, ascribable to the carelessness or misdoings of others, or a mere "happen so." No! No! God had gracious design for your betterment, for the cultivation of your patience, for the strengthening of your faith, for the advantage you might gain by seeking, for your eternal salvation.

He put you in a schoolroom, where you could learn, in six months or a year, more than you could have learned anywhere else in a lifetime. He turned the lattice or pulled down the blinds of the sickroom, or put your swollen foot on an ottoman, or held you amid the pillows of a couch which you could not leave, for some reason that you may not now understand, but which he has promised he will explain to you satisfactorily, if not in this world, then in the world to come, for he has said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

The world has no statistics as to the number of invalids. The physicians know something about it, and the apothecaries and the pastors, but who can tell us the number of blind Jews, and deaf ears, and diseased lungs, and congested livers, and jaundiced nerves, and neuralgic temples, and rheumatic feet, or how many look no this morning because they have no appetite to eat, or digestive organs to assimilate, or have lungs so delicate they cannot go forth when the wind is in the east, or there is a fog rising from the river, or there is a dampness on the ground or pavement because of the frost coming out? It would be easy to count the people who every day go through a street, or the number of passengers carried by a railroad company in a year, or the number of those who cross the ocean in ships; but who can give us the statistics of the great multitudes who are shut in? I call the attention of all such to their superior opportunities of doing good.

Those of us who are well and can see clearly, and hear distinctly, and partake of food of all sorts and questions of digestion never occur to us, and we can waste the snowbanks and take an equinox in our faces, and endure the thermometer at zero, and every breath of air is a tonic and a stimulus, and sound sleep meets us within five minutes after our head touches the pillow, do not make so much of an impression when we talk about the consolations of religion. The world is right away, I guess, and man mistakes buoyancy of natural spirits for religion. What does he know about it? He has never been tried. But when one goes out and reports to the world that that morning on his way to business he called to see you and found you, after being kept in your room for two months, cheerful and hopeful, and that you had not one word of complaint, and asked all about everybody, and rejoiced in the success of your business friends, although your own business had almost come to a standstill through your absence from store or office or shop, and that you sent your love to all your old friends, and told them that if you did not meet them again in this world, you hoped to meet them in dominions seraphic, with a

quiet word of advice from you to the man who carried the message about the importance of his not neglecting his own soul, but through Christ seeking something better than this world could give him—why, all the business men in the counting-room say, "Good! Now, that is religion!" And the clerks get hold of the story, and talk it over so that the waiter and cooper and hackman, standing on the doorstep, say: "That is splendid! Now, that is what I call religion!"

It is a good thing to preach on a Sunday morning, the people assembled in most respectable attire and seated on soft cushions, the preacher standing in neatly upholstered pulpit, surrounded by personal friends, and after an inspiring hymn has been sung, and that sermon, if preached in faith, will do good; but the most effective sermons are preached by one seated in a chair, and the invalids who have been lifted, the surrounding shelves filled with medicine bottles, some to produce sleep, some for the relief of sudden prostration, some for stimulant, some for tonic, some for anodyne, and some for febrifuge, the pale preacher quoting promises of the gospel, telling of the glories of a sympathetic Christ, assuring the one or two or three persons who hear it of the mighty reinforcements of religion. You say that to such a sermon there are only one or two to three hearers. Aye! But the visitor calling at that room, then closing the door softly and going away, tells the story, and the whole neighborhood hears it, and it will take all eternity to realize the grand and uplifting influence of that sermon about God and the soul, though preached to an audience of only one man or one woman.

Lord has ordained all such invalids for a series of usefulness, which athletics and men of two hundred healthy avoirdupois cannot affect. It was not an enemy that fastened you in that one room or sent you on crutches, the longest journey you have made for many weeks being from bed to sofa and from sofa to looking-glass, where you are shocked at the pallor of your own cheek and the pinchedness of your features; then back again from sofa to sofa, and then to bed, with a long sigh, saying, "How good it feels to get back again to my old place on the pillow!" Remember who it is that appointed the day, when, for the first time in many years, you could not go to business, and who has kept a record of all the weary days and all the sleepless nights of your exile from the world. Oh, weary man! Oh, feeble woman! It was the Lord who shut you in. Do you remember that some of the noblest and best of men have been prisoners? Ezekiel a prisoner, Jeremiah a prisoner, Paul a prisoner, St. John a prisoner, John Bunyan a prisoner. Though human hate seemed to have all to do with them, really the Lord shut them in.

Do you forget when, in childhood, you danced and skipped because you were so full of life you had not patience to walk, and in after years you climbed the mountains of Switzerland, putting your alpenstock high up on glaciers which few others ever dared, and jumped long reaches in competition, and after a walk of ten miles you came in found in the morning? Oh, you shut-ins! Thank God for a vivid memory of the times when you were free as the chamois on the rocks, as the eagle going straight for the sun. When the rain pounded the roof of the ark the eight voyagers and eight craft did not forget the time when it gaily pattered in a summer shower, and when the door of the ark shut to keep out the tempest, they did not forget the time when the door of their home in Armenia was closed to keep out the spring rains which came to fill the cups of lily and honeysuckle and make all the trees of the wood clap their hands.

Notice, also, that there was a limit to the shut-in experience of those ancient mariners. I suppose the forty days of the descending and uprising floods, and the 160 days before the passengers could go ashore must have seemed to those eight people in the big boat like a small eternity. "Rain, rain, rain!" said the wife of Noah. "Will it never stop?" For forty mornings they looked out and saw not one patch of blue sky. Floating around amid the peaks of mountains, Shem, and Ham, and Japheth had to hush the fears of their wives lest they should dash against the projecting rocks. But after awhile it cleared off. Sunshine, glorious sunshine! The ascending mists were folded up into clouds, which instead of darkening the sky only ornamented it. As they looked out of the windows these worn passengers clapped their hands and rejoiced that the storm was over, and I think if God could stop any storm as in your lifetime experience. If he can control a vulture in mid-sky, he can stop a summer bat that flies in at your window. At the right time he will put the rainbow on the cloud and the deluge of your misfortunes will dry up. I preach the doctrine of limitation, relief and disenfranchisement. At just the right time the pain will cease, the bondage will drop, the imprisoned will be liberated, the fires will go out, the body and mind and soul will be free. Patience! An old English proverb referring to long-continued invalidism, says, "A creaking gate hangs long on its hinges," and this may be a protracted case of valvularianism; but you will have taken the last bitter drop, you will have suffered the last misinterpretation, you will feel the gnawing of the last hunger, you will have fainted the last time from exhaustion, you will have felt the cut of the last lancet, you will have wept under the last loneliness. The last week of the Noachian deluge came, the last day, the last hour, the last moment. The beating of the rain on the roof ceased, the dashing of the billows on the side of the ship quieted, and peacefully as a yacht moves over quiet Lake Cayuga, Como or Lucerne, the ark, with its illustrious passengers and important freight, glided to its mountain wharfage.

Meanwhile you have all divine and angelic sympathy in your infirmities. That Satan thoroughly understood poor human nature was evidenced when, in plotting to make Job do wrong, the great master of evil, after having failed

in every other way to overthrow the good man, proposed physical distress, and then the bolts came which made him swear right out. The mightiest test of character is physical suffering. Critics are impatient at the way Thomas Carlyle scolded at everything. His seventy years of dyspepsia were enough to make any man scold. When you see people out of patience and irascible and lachrymose, inquire into the case, and before you get through with the exploration your hypercriticism will turn to pity, and to the divine and angelic sympathy will be added your own. The clouds of your indignation, which were full of thunderbolts, will begin to rain tears of pity.

By a strange Providence, for which I shall be forever grateful, circumstances with which I think you are all familiar, I have admission through the newspaper press, week by week, to tens of thousands of God's dear children, who cannot enter church on the Sabbath and hear their excellent pastors, because of the age of the sufferers, or their illness, or the lameness of foot, or their incapacity to stay in one position an hour and a half, or their poverty, or their troubles of some sort will not let them go out of doors, and to them as much as to those who hear me I preach this sermon, as I preach many of my sermons, the invisible audience always vaster than the visible, some of them tossed on winter seas, some of those that tossed the slight members of Noah's family, and instead of forty days of storm and five months of being shut in, as they were, it has been these invalids five years of "shut-in," or ten years of "shut-in," or twenty years of "shut-in." Oh, comforting God! Help me to comfort them! Give me two hands full of salve for their wounds. When we were three hundred miles out at sea, a hurricane struck us, and the life-boats were dashed from the davits and all the lights in the cabin were put out by the rolling of the ship and the water which through the broken skylights had poured in. Captain Andrews entered and said to the men on duty, "Why don't you light up and make things brighter, for we are going to outlive this storm? Light up, cheer up! Cheer up!" And he struck a match and began to light the burners. He could not silence either the wind or the waves, but by the striking of that match, accompanied by encouraging words, we were all helped.

And as I now find many in hurricanes of trouble, though I cannot quiet the storm, I can strike a match to light up the darkness, and I strike a match: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." I strike another match: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I strike another match: "We have a great High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and he was in all points tempted like as we are." Are you old? One breath of heaven will make you everlastingly young again. Have you aches and pains? They insure Christ's presence and sympathy through the darkest December nights, which are the longest nights of the year. Are you bereft? Here is a resurrected Christ, whose voice is full of resurrectionary power. Are you lonely? All the angels of heaven are ready to sweep into your companionship. Here is the Christ of Mary and Martha when they had lost Lazarus, and of David when he had lost his son, and of Abraham when he had lost Sarah, and of your father and mother when in time of old age they parted at the gates of the tomb. When last I was in Savannah Georgia, at the close of the Sabbath morning service, I was asked to go and see a Christian woman, for many years an invalid. I went, and had not in all that beautiful city of splendid men and gracious women seen a face brighter than hers. Reaching her bedside, I put out my hand, but she could not shake hands, for her hand was palsied. I said to her, "How long have you been down on this bed?" She smiled and made no answer, for her tongue had been palsied; but those standing around said, "Fifteen years." I said to her, "Have you been able to keep your courage up all that time?" She gave me a very little motion of her head in affirmative, for her whole body was paralyzed. The sermon I had preached that morning had no power on others compared with the power that silent sermon had on me. What was the secret of her conquest over pain and privation and incapacity to move? Shall I tell you the secret? I will tell you: The Lord shut her in.

There is a good deal of fanaticism abroad about the recovery of the sick, but if we had as much faith as Martin Luther we would have Luther's success. His friend, Myconius, was very ill, and Luther fell upon his knees and said, "O, Lord, no! Thou must not yet take our brother Myconius to Thyself. Thy cause will not prosper without him. Amen." Then he wrote, "My dear Myconius: There is no cause for fear. The Lord will not let me hear that you are dead. You shall not and must not die. Amen." Luther's letter so excited Myconius that an ulcer on his lungs broke, and he got well. Would God that like that we might be able to pray that we might have similar results! Oh, men and women, visible and invisible! The probability is you will never write your autobiography. It is the most difficult book to write, because you are tempted to omit passages in your life that were not complimentary to yourself, and to quote from a diary, which is always incomplete, because there are some things which you do not think best to write down. As you will not undertake an autobiography, the story of yourself, I will take the responsibility of presenting your biography, which is the story of one's life by some one else. If you will give your love and trust to Him of Bethlehem and Calvary, this will be your biography: "Born at the right time, but the most important event in his life was when he was born again. Died at the right time, but long before that he had died unto sin. He had many crises, but in all of them was divinely directed; weaknesses, but they were divinely weakensued with. In his life there were many sorrows, waves after wave, storm after storm, but he out-rode everything and landed in eternal safety. Why? Why? Because the Lord shut him in."

Good Digestion

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Swell Dog Show.

At the swell dog show in New York recently, the fashionable owners stationed themselves all day beside their pets, in which way they not only showed the animals off to the very best advantage, but were able to draw extra notice to them. It became the habit to call upon the dogs. Small card receivers were as much the regulation appointments of the benches as the drinking dish, each visitor, as soon as she came up, depositing two cards, one for the dog and one for its mistress. All agreed that the new fashion was a howling success.

Afraid of Her.
At an examination of jurymen for the trial in New York of Mrs. William A. E. Moore, charged with her husband of law violation by the running of a "budger" game of black-malling, the prosecuting attorney insisted that the beautiful young woman should not sit with her counsel, but in a remote corner of the room. He refused to state his reasons for this demand in court, though he won his point, but afterwards to newspaper reporters he said he was afraid of Mrs. Moore's powers of hypnotism on the men who were to try her.

Aluminum Bronze.
Aluminum bronze, which is likely to come more and more into use, is an alloy composed in Germany of 90 to 95 per cent of aluminum and 5 to 10 per cent of copper, of golden color, which keeps well in the air, without becoming dull and changing the color. It can be cast excellently, can be filled well and turned, possesses an extraordinary hardness and firmness, attains a high degree of polish, and is malleable and forgeable.

Rumored Royal Marriages.
There is a rumor in Europe that a marriage has been arranged between Prince George, who was recently appointed governor of Crete under agreement of the powers, and Princess Victoria of Wales, second daughter of the heir apparent to the English throne. Such an alliance, it is said, would be popular in England.

A hypocrite makes more trouble than a fool does.

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"Nothing but wheat as far as the eye could reach on either side: what you might call a sea of wheat," was what a lecturer speaking of Western Canada said while referring to that country. For particulars as to routes, railway fares, etc., apply to CANADIAN GOVERNMENT AGENTS, Department Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to Dr. Richardson, Houston, Texas.

A Natural Black is Produced by

Buckingham's Dye

50 cts. of drug—lets or R. P. Hall & Co., Wash., D. C.

You see a Gold Watch worth \$25.00, and you see a Silver Watch worth \$10.00, and you see a Gold Watch worth \$5.00, and you see a Silver Watch worth \$2.50, and you see a Gold Watch worth \$1.25, and you see a Silver Watch worth \$0.625.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

NOLBROOK & McMANARA, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

BULLS Registered Red Point, Iron Age, and other breeds. Write for particulars. Address: Bulls, Bulls, Bulls.

THE LOVELY WINTER GIRL'S SOCIETY



modulated tinkle off somewhere in the distance. In a moment or two a white aproned woman appears, bearing a cushion and an array of shining implements and sweet smelling creams in silver topped bottles.

She sits on a low chair and takes one of my lady's little feet upon the cushion, and goes over each pink toe with her cuticle knife, her scissors and her polisher.

If there be any corns or rebellious nails or spots that sand and shell have

made they are subjected to a process which, if it does not remove them, leaves them only a ghost of what they were.

After this comes the foot massage, one of the most luxurious and necessary of the summer girl's rehabilitating treatments. The foot is rubbed steadily with some delicate cream for twenty minutes, the sole, the heel and the sides of the foot, that comes in contact with the side of the shoe, receiving the most attention. The ankle gets a different kind of massage—a rubbing that encircles it with each deft movement of the masseuse's hands. This treatment brings the ankles back to normal firmness after the demoralizing effects of low shoes that the girl of summer delights to wear.

The rubbing softens and limbers the foot, and makes it as pink and as pretty as though it never dug holes in the sand or stubbed its toes climbing the mountains and crossing brooks. This bath and foot massage will occupy the best part of a day, for it must be taken slowly and temperately, as befits an important function.

Next day to an up-to-date "beauty parlor," where one has her nails manicured to slow music and a cup of fragrant tea served as a refresher after a shampoo. Now my lady's tresses are taken from their confining pins, and with a hard brush the maid rubs the scalp thoroughly with some simple tonic, or perhaps alcohol. If the hair has survived salt water well enough to require no further attention. Then it is brushed for fifteen or twenty minutes, first from the forehead backward, then forward over the face, then from side to side. Now it is ready to be singed, for no up-to-date girl

has her hair clipped or cut nowadays. It is divided off into little spiral coils, and each coil is passed swiftly through the flame of a lighted taper, and about an inch deliberately burned off each of the many ends.

Now she is ready for a shampoo—not the old kind of shampoo in which a woman had to almost asphyxiate herself in order to hold her head over a basin of water, when soap got in her eyes and her back ached—but an end of the century shampoo, during which my lady may dream, if she wishes, without one unpleasant twitch at her dampened tresses.

In a low slanting backed chair she reclines her body, her head upon a soft rubber cushion and her feet upon a stool. The chair is wheeled to a marble slab, and the cushion drawn up to it so that my lady's head rests easily. She is conscious of an odor of violet, and of soft spraying over her head that is never too warm or too cold, but just right. Not one drop of water splashes upon her face or drips down her neck or her spine.

Soon she is conscious that her head is being wrapped in soft towels, and she is lifted to an upright position and led into a cozy little parlor, where she is given a more comfortable chair. Two maids fan the fragrant locks until they are dry and light and wavy as a little down. The salty weight has given way to an odor of golden rod or orris, and is ready for the iron, if she wishes to have it waved or curled. Perhaps there may be time for the manicuring, also, although the shampoo and the drying and dressing will occupy fully three hours.

The summer girl's hands are brown from the finger tips to wrist, but she does not wish their color changed, for the brown paws will be the correct ones until they wear back to their original whiteness again.

Home-Made Candies.

Candy-making is properly a part of the holiday diversion, and the young people enjoy it as much as they enjoy the consumption of the sweets after they are made. When expertness is attained home-made confections ought to rank above anything that can be bought, both because of the purity of their ingredients and for the pleasant sentiment attached to them. A box of home-made confections is always a pretty Christmas compliment to a friend, and a little practice enables one to closely imitate the most attractive ones purchasable. One may go into the matter with special paraphernalia or with just ordinary kitchen utensils with equally good results. The whole "trick" of successful candy-making depends upon the boiling of the syrup, for, of course, the best candy made of cooked sugar is considered, not the crude raw varieties made of "confectioners' sugar" and white of egg, a method never used by confectioners in making fine candies. Select only clean days for candy-making—dampness be-

ing fatal to the best results.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

DIAMONDS AS PAVEMENT.

Kimberley Road Made of Earth Contains Ing Fortunes in Gems.

It is not often that it is given to man, outside of the favored gentlemen who figured in the stirring story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp and kindred productions of rich oriental imagination, to travel daily on a high road literally groaning with diamonds, says the New York Herald. When such an unusual privilege is vouchsafed, it would appear to be the proper thing to admit that one might love the very ground he walked on. Until a few years ago there was such a road and it was neither a vision of the pipe nor the press agent. It was located in the Kimberley district in South Africa and when a man walked over it he walked over millions of dollars' worth of the precious stones. Five thousand dollars a yard was the record of some parts of the road. The diamonds are not there now, so it will do the gentle reader no good to take a ticket for Kimberley and seek to find a fortune in the street. It seems that when the diamond mining industry was some years younger than it is today there was a vexing scarcity of water in the Kimberley country. So when a miner couldn't get a supply of water to help him in his search he had to do the best he could and hustle around with his tools in the dry earth. He would spade here and there until he struck a lump of earth which held the eagerly sought prize. Then he would abandon the little mound of earth his spade had overturned and seek for diamonds in another place. After a while, several years in fact, these mounds amounted to a considerable obstruction to travel and further digging. The loose earth was in the way, but no one would volunteer to cart it away. Finally the Kimberley municipal council offered to use the dirt in macadamizing the roads around the city, which was branching out and reaching quite respectable proportions. The offer was gladly accepted by the mine-owners and the mounds were cleared away. Nearly a score of years later there was a drop in the diamond market. The price of the stones fell and in order to bring about a return of high figures the mine-owners decided to restrict their output. This necessitated a big cut in the payroll and as a result the Kimberley district was soon overrun with unemployed miners. Then some of the wise men in the land came to the conclusion that they might pick up a few overlooked gems from the high road if they could get municipal permission and a plentiful supply of water. They got both, for each year a portion of the road which had been strengthened by the mound dirt was turned over to the men and they worked on it with astounding results. Diamonds to the value of \$200,000 were recovered yearly for several years. From the little piece of road no bigger than the floor of a Harlem drawing room there was taken \$100,000 worth of diamonds.

The rough rider's downfall. In riding bucking bronchos he had proved that he had sand, and as one of Ted's rough riders he had shown a lot of nerve; but, alas, he more than met his match the day he tried to stand in a cable car that suddenly went shooting round a curve.

Work for immortality if you will—then wait for it.—J. G. Holland.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

"A Great Y" his Week's Story—Sketch of a Boy Who Took Editor Greeley's Advice—Stealing a Bird's Nest—Loving Service.

A Little Boy's Trouble.
I thought when I'd learned my letters, That all my troubles were done; But I find myself mistaken— They have only just begun. Learning to read was awful, But nothing like learning to write, I'd be sorry to have to tell it, But my copy-book is a sight.

The ink gets over my fingers, The pen cuts all sorts of shins; And won't do at all as I bid it, But I must stay on the lines. But go up and down and all over, As though they were dancing a jig— They are there in all shapes and sizes, Medium, little and big.

There'd be some comfort in learning If one could get through; Instead of that, there are books awaiting, Quite enough to cause my head, There's the multiplication table, And grammar and—oh, dear me! There's no good place for stopping, When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little To the mountain tops we climb, It isn't done in a minute, But only a step at a time; She says that all the scholars, And all the wise and learned men, Had each to begin as I do; If that's so—where's my pen?

A Great Day.
"Children," cried Miss Mary, the teacher, "do you know what day this is?"

"Yes, ma'am!" cried Bobby Wilkins, looking up with sparkling eyes. "Does any one else know?" asked Miss Mary.

No one spoke. The boy John knew very well what day it was, but he was off in the clouds thinking of William the Conqueror, and did not hear a word Miss Mary said.

Billy Green knew, too, but he had been reserved for chewing gum in class, and was in the sulks, and would not speak. Of course Joe didn't know, for he never knew anything of that kind; and none of the girls were going to answer when the boys were reciting. So Bobby Wilkins was the only one who spoke.

"It is a day," said Miss Mary, looking round rather severely, "which ought to awaken joy in the heart of every American, young or old." Bobby felt his cheeks glow, and his heart swell. He thought Miss Mary was very kind.

"It is a day," she went on, "to be celebrated with feelings of pride and delight." Bobby felt of the bright new half dollar in his pocket, and thought of the splendid kite at home, and of the cake that mother was making when he came away. He had not wanted to come to school today, and now he was glad he had come.

He had no idea Miss Mary would feel this way about it. He looked round to see how the others took it, and they all looked blank, except the boy John, who was standing on the field of Hastings, and whose countenance was illumined by the joy of victory.

"It is a day," said Miss Mary, with kindling eyes—for the children were really very trying today—"which will be remembered in America as long as freedom and patriotism shall endure." Bobby felt as if he were growing taller. He saw himself in the president's chair, or mounted on a great horse, like the statues of Washington, holding out a truncheon.

"One hundred and twenty years ago today," continued Miss Mary. "Oh—oh, my! it ain't!" cried Bobby Wilkins, springing it. "It's only seven."

"Bobby, what do you mean?" asked Miss Mary, looking at him severely. "You are very rude to interrupt me. What do you mean by seven?"

"My birthday," faltered Bobby. "I ain't a hundred and anything, I'm only seven!"

"Come here, dear," said Miss Mary, holding out her hand very kindly. "Come here, my little boy. I wish you very happy returns, Bobby, dear. But—but I was speaking of the battle of Bunker Hill."

A Boy Who Went West.
A number of years ago, before any railway came into Chicago, they used to bring in the grain from the western prairies in wagons for hundreds of miles, so as to have it shipped off by the lakes. There was a father who had a large farm out there, and who used to preach the gospel as well as to attend to his farm. One day, when church business engaged him, he sent his son to Chicago with grain. He waited and waited for his boy to return, but he did not come home. At last he could wait no longer, so he saddled his horse and rode to the place where his son had sold the grain. He found that he had been there and got the money for his grain; then he began to fear that his boy had been murdered and robbed. At last, with the aid of a detective, they tracked him to a gambling den, where they found that he had gambled away the whole of his money. He had fallen among thieves, and like the man who was going to Jericho, they stripped him, and then they cared no more about him. What could he do? He was ashamed to go home to meet his father, and he fled. The father knew that it all meant. He knew the boy thought he would be very angry with him. He was grieved to think that his boy should have so little confidence in him. That is just exactly like the sinner. He thinks because he has sinned God will have nothing to do with him. But what did the father do? Did he say, 'Let the boy go.' No; he went from town to town, from city to city. He would get the ministers to let him preach, and at the close he would tell his story. "I have got a boy who is a wanderer on the face of the earth somewhere." He would describe his boy and say, "If you ever hear of him or see him, will you not write to me?" At last he found that he had gone to California, thousands of miles away. Did the father say, "Let him go." No; he went to the Pacific coast, seeking the boy. He went to San Francisco, and advertised in the newspapers that he would preach at such a church on such a day. When he had preached he told his story, in Lopez

that the boy might have seen the advertisement and come to the church. When he had done away under the gallery, there was a young man who waited until the audience had gone out; then he came toward the pulpit. The father looked and saw it was his own boy, and he ran to him, and pressed him to his bosom. The boy wanted to confess, but not a word would the father hear. He forgave him freely, and took him home once more.

I tell you, Christ will welcome you this minute if you will come. Say, "I will arise and go to my Father." May God incline you to take this step. There is not one whom Jesus has not sought far longer than that father. There has not been a day since you left him but he has followed you.

Stealing a Bird's Nest.
Nobody wants to hear about the vandals who go bird-nesting, unless we may be told that they have, in some fashion, come to grief; but a new and innocent form of that occupation has come into being, whereby one may carry off a nest and eggs without breaking the mother bird's heart. A writer in Forest and Stream tells how he goes on this quest.

I was out on a little expedition the other day, along the banks of the Noroton river, near Stamford, Conn. The neck of land I sought is composed of rich, soft ground, and covered with a heavy growth of bushes. Beneath them is a carpet of skunk cabbage and hellebore, and along the margin, in the early spring, there are brilliant patches of marsh marigold.

Near by is a tall tree, and on the topmost twig a red-winged blackbird swung in the wind. At short intervals he uttered a joyous "Kong-querree!" which was doubtless a signal to his mate, and has been humanly translated as "All's well!" As I approached his confident announcement was changed to a suspicious "chut! chut!" and then he launched himself into the air with a shrill and prolonged cry of alarm.

I pushed my way through the undergrowth and had not gone far when there was a flutter of bird's wings on my left, and the hen blackbird hung poised in air above me. There in a wild rosebush, perhaps four feet from the ground, was the nest, and in it were four beautiful blue eggs, curiously streaked and spotted with black.

I cut two straight poles and slung them up horizontally, a few inches apart, almost directly over the nest. I made them as firm as I could by tying them to the bushes with cords, and by bracing them with stakes below.

I then placed my camera on the poles, with the nozzle pointing down, between them at the nest, and climbing a tree stump, close to the bush, I was in a position to focus the camera. I had a slow plate; so I gave it a short time exposure, with full sunlight, and obtained a beautifully clear picture of nest and eggs.

Loving Service.
A lady was walking homeward from a shopping excursion, carrying two or three packages in her hand, while by her side walked her little boy. The child was weary; the little feet began to lag and soon a wailing cry arose. "I'm too tired! I want somebody to let me wide home!"

The mother looked about her, but there was no street car going in her direction. She took one of the parcels and gave it to the child.

"Mamma is tired, too, and Willie won't help her to get home. She is glad she has such a brave little man to take care of her and help her to carry the bundles."

Instantly the little fellow straightened, his step quickened and he reached for the offered parcel, saying stoutly:

"I'll carry 'em all, mamma."

It was only the old, old lesson that our Father is always teaching us: "Is the homeward way weary? Try to lighten another's burden and the loving service shall smooth thine own path."

"Can't God Count?"
Two children were carrying a basket of cakes to their grandmother. As often happens with children—and with grown people, too—they were curious to know what was in the basket, and so they carefully raised the corner and looked in. When their greedy eyes saw the tempting cakes their mouths fairly watered to take them. After counting them over several times they almost made up their minds to eat just one of them. Nobody would know it and it would taste so good!

While they were gazing at the cakes and just ready to take one, the little girl looked up into her brother's face and thoughtfully asked the matter-of-fact question, "Can't God count?"

This settled the matter immediately and all the cakes were carried to their grandmother.

The Strengthening Hand.
Amid the stress of a great battle, the Duke of Wellington ordered a young officer to charge and take a most destructive battery crowning a hill. The difficulty of this undertaking was appalling. The officer looked toward the spot where the order would take him, then, turning to the Duke, said, "I can go, sir, if you will give me one grasp of your all-conquering hand." The grasp was given, and the officer sped to his duty. Just so, the Christian will face his duty, no matter how appalling it appears. But he will not go alone or unhelped. Difficulty need not daunt him, for the hand which wields all authority in heaven and on earth is extended for his grasping, is energetic for his help.

Co-Operative Dairies in Belgium.
From Brussels Consul Roosevelt reports the contemplated formation of a co-operative association of milk dealers and cheesemakers. It is proposed to confide the direction of the cheese dairies to women suitably educated for the work. Beside technical instruction, a knowledge of bookkeeping and a competent understanding of dairy work will be required of applicants. Annexed to the admirably equipped government agricultural and industrial school at Overysche is a cheese dairy school, where complete instruction is given in cheese-making.

Don't preach patience to the people and practice petulance at home.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes—Gibes and Ironies Original and Selected—Platons and Jests from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

Her Secret.
"Here is a faded rose," he said "That you let fall, one day— A flower that your lips had touched Before you dropped it by the way; Ah, you knew not that I was near; You knew not that I loved you when I placed it in my bosom, where I've worn it for your sake since then."

It was their joyous honeymoon; She looked at him awhile, And then across her features broke A knowing little smile. The while she said unto herself, "I wonder what he'd say If he could know I watched him when He picked it up that day?"

A Trifling Defect.
"Oh, how handsome I'd be, if it wasn't for these bowlegs of mine!"—Truth.

The Wheelman's Curse.
The following is from the Etching-ham letters in the Cornhill Magazine: Here beginneth the excommunication of the dog.

Cursed be this dog of infinite wickedness who upset our scholar from his wheel.

Cursed be he with all evil dogs which have been cursed from the beginning of the world.

Cursed be he with the dogs of Samaria which ate the body of Queen Jezebel.

Cursed be he with the barking dog Anubis and all other dog-headed devils that ever barked in Egypt.

May all the blessings earned by good dogs in heaven or earth be far from him.

Let him in no wise see the age of Argus, nor walk with the angels like Tobit's dog.

Cursed be he by the heavenly dogs Sirius and Procyon and by the Hunting Dogs.

Cursed be he with a threefold curse by the hell-hound Cerberus and his three heads.

Cursed be he before our lady the queen and before the county council by all and every the muzzling orders.

Cursed be he likewise by all wheeling things which the Lord hath made, by the prime mover of the firmament and his rotation, by the stars, the planets, the pole, the sun, the moon, and the earth, and by the powers of all the angels who govern their revolutions.

Cursed be he by the driving wheel of the universe, which is matter, and by the steering wheel, which is spirit, and by the chain, which is the pre-established harmony thereof.

Cursed be he forever by the wheels of the winged living creatures which Ezekiel, the prophet, saw and by the swiftness of their rolling.

Let the wheel of Fortune in her wrath crush him and ever cast him down to the meanest fate.

Let him be whirled upon the wheels of Pharaoh's chariots.

Cursed be he in a whole and perfect round of cursing. So be it.

Sure.
Bobby, you've been fighting. I know it. But Tommy Traddles called me a Spaniard and I had to prove I wasn't. How did you prove it by fighting? I licked him.—Truth.

A Sweet Memory.
She—I shall never, never cease to enjoy the memories of my college days. He—What incident connected with them is brightest in your memory? She—Let me see—oh, yes! those elegant ice cream sodas we used to get down at the village apothecary!—Roxbury Gazette.

The Bard Who Failed.
He started out to charm mankind And win a place on Fame's high slope; Today he lives by writing "ads" For a manufacturer of soap.

Every Two Minutes.
She—How are you getting on with your cycling, Captain Vero? He (a beginner)—Oh, splendidly; getting on about every two minutes.—London Punch.

"Beauty parlors" experience a boom in trade about this time of year. The manicure tables are all filled, the shampooing rooms are busy and the face steaming machines are engaged about three days in advance at most of the swell establishments.

My lady is going through a rejuvenating process. She is emerging from the shell of the summer girl, a gloriously tinted autumn butterfly, radiant with the soft, warm colorings of the changing leaf.

When you meet Miss Out of Town on Walnut street one of these lovely mornings and remark her delightfully bright eyes, and hair glistening with the russet gold of autumn's apples, you will attribute it all to her stay at mountain and seashore. But in reality the summer girl returns from her outing a wreck so far as the small and dainty details of her appearance are concerned. She has a store of health that will last her through the social routine of winter, and she has gained in weight and color perhaps, but before she gladdens town eyes with her personality she goes through a process of grooming which does away with the physical demoralization of the summer.

Of course, the girl who sat on a hotel piazza, under a lace parasol, gloved and veiled from the sunshine's kisses, comes back to town as pale as a lily, with not even one fleeting freckle to mar her complexion. But she who tempted the fierce embrace plunged from a spring-beard and then swam to shore for a siesta upon the sand, pays the penalty in a tanned skin, hair that despite all the spectacular dryings upon the beach, is impregnated with the salty heaviness of the ocean, and nails that are broken and without the pearly pinkness of their winter prime.

With the first day in town my lady gets her to a beauty parlor, where she goes through a course of treatment that in a moment or two turns her head to foot, and she goes to a Turkish bath, where she is rubbed down with alcohol after being massaged and spritzed and is put to bed in a cozy coverlet like mineers are subject to well-tempered last week when news came with Water Bill" Gates' return to Sagway "dead broke." "Swift Water" signed a name and fortune by piloting a boat through "a rapids of the upper Yukon river." He invested in mines, and last year was rated as a millionaire. He was the greatest poker player in Dawson, and he set styles in hardware. Then in an evil hour he took a trip to "Frisco for recreation. Here he became enamored of a concert hall singer, whom he married. She obtained much of his property and then tried to obtain a divorce. "Swift Water" then went east and formed several Klondike companies. Then he returned here and started for Dawson with his wife's sister. Everything went wrong with him, his sister-in-law copyrighted his wedding on the stage at Dawson, and when fall came she started for civilization. "Swift Water" followed her, but on the way out he lost all his money at poker and is now stranded at Sagway. Another Klondike miner who suddenly gained

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A BEVY OF WINTER GIRLS, COMING HOME FROM CHURCH ON SUNDAY MORNING.

FICKLE FORTUNE.

and Downs of the Klondike Gold-Seekers.

San Francisco correspondent of the New York Tribune writes that the case of fortune to which typical like miners are subject was well depicted last week when news came with Water Bill" Gates' return to Sagway "dead broke." "Swift Water" signed a name and fortune by piloting a boat through "a rapids of the upper Yukon river." He invested in mines, and last year was rated as a millionaire. He was the greatest poker player in Dawson, and he set styles in hardware. Then in an evil hour he took a trip to "Frisco for recreation. Here he became enamored of a concert hall singer, whom he married. She obtained much of his property and then tried to obtain a divorce. "Swift Water" then went east and formed several Klondike companies. Then he returned here and started for Dawson with his wife's sister. Everything went wrong with him, his sister-in-law copyrighted his wedding on the stage at Dawson, and when fall came she started for civilization. "Swift Water" followed her, but on the way out he lost all his money at poker and is now stranded at Sagway. Another Klondike miner who suddenly gained

fortune this summer on Bonanza creek spent \$20,000 in one week in Seattle, putting more money in circulation than that town had seen for a long time.

City Built on Islands.
The famous old city of Ghent, Belgium, is built on twenty-six islands, which are connected with one another by eighty bridges. Three hundred streets and thirty public squares are contained in these islands. Ghent has been the scene of many treaties, insurrections and revolts, and it was there the treaty was made terminating the war of 1812 between this country and England.

World's Railways.
A census of the world's railways recently completed gives the following figures: In Europe the miles operated have risen in four years from 141,552 to 155,284; in Asia, from 22,025 to 26,890; in Africa, from 6,522 to 8,169; in America, from 21,784 to 26,720; and in Australia from 12,322 to 15,889, making a total for the world of 429,965, against 396,143 four years ago.

DEMOCRACY OF HULL HOUSE.

Social Conventions and Distinctions Are Disregarded in This Home of Culture.

No straws of circumstance indicate more truly the radical sincerity of the Hull House settlement's views upon social democracy than does the fact that the ring of the door bell is quite as likely to be answered by a university professor, a writer or a lecturer whose name is known to the scholars of the English-speaking world as by a person in humbler position. The duty of attendance upon the door is administered with a disregard of social conventionality which affords an eloquent introduction to the democratic spirit of the place. The fact that the stranger stands equal chance of being admitted by Miss Addams in person, or by a "neighbor girl" who happens to be within sound of the bell indicates both the scope of the hospitality which characterizes Hull House and the completeness with which social distinctions have been obliterated in this famous home of culture and democracy. It matters not into which room the visitor is first ushered, the initial impression of the place is generally a recognition of the good pictures with which the walls are everywhere hung. These are palpably a part of the estab-

ishment. Without them Hull House would be less than itself, and there is not a painting, drawing, photograph or print in those rooms which are open to guests that is not significant of some phase of the settlement's life. Each has been thoughtfully chosen because of special elements of fitness.—Forrest Crissey in Woman's Home Companion.

A Household Disgrace.
There is no justification for the feast and famine principle or the "blue Monday" idea in the home. They are ever an arraignment against the intelligence and womanliness of the mistress, mother and home-maker. It is the boast of some wives that their husbands accept uncomplainingly whatever it may be. Alas, that any woman should make a boast so self-accusing! And, alas, that any good but mistaken man should become a party to selfish neglectfulness and indolence by his compliance.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

Timely Note-o-Broad.
"Clara is always up to date." "What now?" "She rented wooden Indians to decorate her parlors for that afternoon tea."—Detroit Journal.

SAVANNAH SINCERELY SALUTES

The Chief Magistrate of the Nation and His Party and Renders Their Visit a Delightful One.

President at Savannah.

Savannah, Ga., Dec. 19.—The reception of President McKinley and the members of his cabinet by the people of Savannah Saturday more than equaled in hospitality and completeness of arrangement any previous experiences which have marked the presidential trip in the south. The enthusiasm of the citizens and the 15,000 persons who it is estimated came to the city from the surrounding country to greet the president, was fully equal to the demonstrations which have distinguished the trip in other cities.

At the banquet Saturday night in the DeSoto hotel, where the presidential party stopped, President McKinley, amid frequent applause, addressed over 200 persons.

The president's party arrived early in the day. In twenty-seven carriages, drawn by white horses, the party was driven through the streets, black with cheering thousands, to the city parade grounds, where a stand had been erected. Ten thousand troops were drawn up opposite where the president and the members of the cabinet stood. On the outskirts of the parade grounds, held back by sentries, about 10,000 sight-seers pressed forward to get a glimpse of the visitors. Mrs. McKinley remained in a carriage, near the reviewing stand. In the shadow of a towering monument to the Confederate dead lay the left wing of the long line of troops. Maj. Gen. Kiefer in command, gave the signal for the march past to commence. A sheet of steel flashed out against the background of trees as the bayonets of the men rose to their shoulders, and the line began to form.

After passing the president, beside whom stood Maj. Gen. Wheeler, Shafter and Lawton, each colonel came on the stand and witnessed the march past of his own regiment. The sight was grand.

Brig. Gen. Wheaton, commanding the first division of the seventh army corps, followed Gen. Kiefer. Behind him came the following infantry regiments: Second South Carolina, ninth Illinois, fourth Illinois, third Georgia, third Nebraska, first Texas, forty-ninth Iowa and sixth Missouri.

Then with their coats on, the red flaps turned back, came the second artillery, regulars, the first Maine battery of heavy artillery and light batteries F of the second, C and F of the third, D of the fourth and D of the fifth regular artillery. Every regiment was headed by its band. The men marched in splendid alignment, and looked in excellent condition. The president stood bareheaded, acknowledging salutes, while the crowd cheered as the commands marched by.

In a little over an hour the troops had completed the review and the presidential party drove off to the river front. The streets were lined with people, who cheered incessantly.

At 2 o'clock the president boarded the steam pilot boat J. H. Estill and proceeded down the Savannah river for about ten miles. Salutes were fired from the wharves, every ship was gaily strung with bunting and their crews yelled lustily as the Estill sped by. Whistles screamed, flags dipped, and until the outskirts of the city was reached the river bank was dotted with groups, who enthusiastically sent cheer after cheer over the water for President McKinley. The object of all this enthusiasm stood on the starboard side of the pilot boat, waving his hat and handkerchief to those on the shore and on other vessels.

Went to Church.

Savannah, Ga., Dec. 19.—President McKinley spent Sunday forenoon quietly and attended services at the Wesley Memorial church, Rev. Dr. John A. Thompson conducting the services. In the afternoon they reviewed the different regiments, visiting the first Texas just at retreat, driving up the regimental headquarters street, turning into company C, Emmett rifles, streets to the rear of the regiment, returning through company M, Fannin guards street and out upon their journey.

Gen. Lee on arriving at Havana said it was his duty to preserve life and property, and that he proposed to do so with equal justice to Cubans, Spaniards and in fact people of all nationalities.

Favors State Militia.

Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 19.—Gov. J. F. Johnson, in an interview, said: "The recent war shows how necessary it is to have a well organized and disciplined body of state troops ready for instant service. The standing army should be supplemented by such a body. I trust all the states will respond to the call of Gov. Hoekham, and that a large number of delegates will assemble at Tampa, Fla., on Feb. 3, to consider the reorganization of state militia service."

Killed by a Cook.

Anniston, Ala., Dec. 19.—Corp. Wilson, the cook for company D, third Alabama, shot and instantly killed Sgt. Charles Evans, of the same company. The men had a quarrel in the morning, and when Evans appeared late for his share of the dinner, Wilson reprimanded him, and the trouble was renewed. Evans went to his tent for his gun, and when he returned Wilson, who had also procured a Springfield, shot him through the head, killing him instantly.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

Lon McMan, while fooling with a gun near Leesburg, Ala., shot his wife.

On the third trial, Henry Giles was acquitted of the murder of Joe Gatliffe, at Richmond, Ky.

S. F. Harber, recently buried at Richmond, Ky., was the fourth husband his widow had buried.

A passenger train on the Southern railway turned over near Greensboro, Ala. Several persons were injured, but none killed.

The Illinois Central railway is seeking to secure five miles of river front at New Orleans, in consideration of building a monster levee.

A moonshiner's distillery was raided near Tompkinsville, Ky., and a mash pot containing over 600 gallons of brew destroyed.

Burglars entered Williams' store at Chalkville and Connor's store at Chalkville, Logan county, Arkansas, blew open the safes and got about \$300. The towns are ten miles apart, and the burglaries happened the same night.

Col. W. L. Schley, a cousin of Admiral Schley and a Mexican war veteran, died at Baltimore. He was the founder of the Order of the Red Men.

Mrs. Ruby Beryl Kyle, an authoress, died at Birmingham, Ala. She was a Unitarian, and requested that a Hebrew minister officiate at her funeral, which was done.

Rev. E. F. Bedinger, late superintendent of Presbyterian home missions in Alabama, has been appointed superintendent of the Palmer orphanage, at Columbus.

The body of E. L. Berry, who escaped from the Mississippi insane asylum, was found in Pearl river, near Jackson.

The late Mrs. Sarah Withers left a legacy of \$30,000 for a public library at Nicholasville, Ky., to be under the supervision of the Presbyterian church.

The secretary of war has approved the application of the New York Monument association for the location of an \$80,000 peace monument in Lookout park, on the point of Lookout mountain.

At Clarksville, W. Va., Miss Hattie Goff, sister of Judge Nathan Goff of the United States circuit court, was married to George T. Porter, son of the late Gov. Porter of Indiana.

Henry Walker, a wealthy citizen of Norfolk, Va., was found dead in Brooklyn, with two bullet wounds in his temple and a revolver with two cartridges exploded clutched firmly in his right hand.

Jesse Edwards of Lacey Springs, Ala., was found frozen to death near his father's home. He had been hunting, and was probably lost.

Pleas Cain killed Hunt Kesterson and mortally wounded Fred Berk in Lee county, Virginia. Cain had had trouble with his victims and notified them he would kill them on sight.

A maniac with a rifle held up a train near Gadsden, Ala., and ran the passengers out of the coaches. The train finally went on, and the lunatic was put in jail at Gadsden.

Just across the Kentucky line, near Pinecastle, Tenn., Jno. Morgan and Jas. Savage, two farmers, fought with knives. The trouble was about a fence. Morgan lived an hour and Savage died next morning.

Fire destroyed the coal tipple and haulage system at the Sumter coal mines, twenty miles below Birmingham, Ala., temporarily throwing several hundred people out of employment. The mines have an output of thirty cars per day.

Harry Fitzhugh Thornton, aged 75 years, a veteran of the Mexican war and a lineal descendant of Matthew Thornton, one of the three signers of the declaration of independence from New Hampshire, died at Lexington, Ky.

George Narreto, who died near Hammond, La., was an extensive planter. He was the father of fifteen children, four of them dead. He had forty-seven grandchildren, sixty-nine great-grandchildren and five great-great-grandchildren. His living descendants, therefore, number 132.

Over 15,000 cattle are being graint-fattened for market within a radius of ten miles of Norman, Ok., and probably as many more in the country. This is affording the farmers an excellent market for corn fodder and hay right at their doors. The cattle are all first-class animals which have passed inspection by the live stock sanitary board.

Pine Bluff, Ark., is flooded with counterfeit silver dollars, dated 1890.

Noted Lady Dead.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Mrs. Mary Tutt Throckmorton, who in her early life was a leader in society here, died from the effects of inhaling illuminating gas which escaped by accident in her room. She was 88 years old. In the beginning of Jackson's second term as president, Mrs. Throckmorton, then Miss Tutt, made her debut in the executive mansion. Martin Van Buren was one of the young girl's admirers, and her reported engagement to him was one of the society rumors of the capital.

At Tuskegee.

Tuskegee, Ala., Dec. 17.—The special train bearing the Alabama legislature reached Tuskegee at 6:30 a. m. yesterday, and was soon followed by the regular and special trains from Montgomery and Atlanta. The procession formed at the Tuskegee depot and marched through the city on the way to the normal school.

In the carriage with the president were Gov. Johnston of Alabama, Col. Foster of Tuskegee and Booker T. Washington. In the other carriages were Mrs. McKinley and other ladies of the president's party, members of the cabinet and Gens. Wheeler, Shafter and Lawton.

The president and party first reviewed more than 600 boys and 300 girls of the normal school, and 200 children of the training school.

President McKinley showed much interest and pleasure as with uncovered head he reviewed the procession. After the procession of students came some fifty floats, representing all departments of the school work. Many of these were conspicuous by way of contrast, one representing the old way of doing things, the other the new way. These floats drew forth tremendous applause.

After this procession all present followed the president to the beautiful new chapel. Only about 3000 people gained admittance. Singing by the students of plantation melodies, the most quaint and beautiful of the black belt section, was a special feature, and was greatly enjoyed by the president and the entire audience.

Booker T. Washington introduced Gov. Johnston, who in turn introduced President McKinley. The president and Gen. Wheeler were listened to with special attention.

The president spoke of the work being done by the Tuskegee institute, and wished it success. In part he said:

"Nowhere, I think, could a more delightful location have been chosen for this unique educational experiment, which has attracted the attention and won the support even of conservative philanthropists in all sections of the country.

"To speak of Tuskegee without paying special tribute to Booker T. Washington's genius and perseverance would be impossible. The inception of this noble enterprise was his, and he deserves high credit for it. His was the enthusiasm and enterprise which made his steady progress possible, and established in the institution its present high standard of accomplishment. He has won a worthy reputation, as one of the great leaders of his race, widely known and much respected at home and abroad as an accomplished educator, a great orator and a true philanthropist."

Montgomery's Welcome.

Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 17.—The president and his party were given a magnificent welcome in the Confederacy's first capitol yesterday.

Mayor Clisby introduced the president with a well worded speech at the station. The whole party was then taken in carriages through the leading business and residence streets to the old Confederate capitol. The entire route was ablaze with the national colors, while the tremendous crowds lined the streets as far as the eye could reach. No such gathering has been seen here since Mr. Cleveland's visit during his first term.

Capitol hill was one mass of humanity when the lines of carriages, escorted by the local military companies reached there at 3 o'clock.

When Gov. Johnston escorted President McKinley into the hall there was a tremendous demonstration. Gov. Johnston made a brief speech in which he took occasion to say that Alabama had nothing to take back for what she did in 1861, but that she was back in the Union to stay and that she welcomed the president of the reunited country to the historic spot around the assemblage.

The president made a speech which was loudly applauded. He spoke in complimentary terms of Alabama and eulogized Wheeler and Hobson. A reception was held at the governor's office which was attended by hundreds of people. Hobson's mother heard the president speak.

Rocked Embassy.

The British embassy at Washington was subjected for several minutes to a vicious bombardment with brickbats by Joseph W. Pearson, a Washington printer. One of Sir Julian Pauncefote's daughters was struck on the foot and slightly hurt by the first missile thrown by Pearson. Several windows, the glass in the storm doors and the great plate glass doors of the embassy, which were magnificently cut in a design of the British coat of arms, were smashed and ruined. Sir Julian requested that Pearson be held until Secretary of State Hay was informed of the incident.

Sir Julian and his daughters were sitting in the drawing-room when there was a crash and the rattling of falling glass. Miss Pauncefote leaped to her feet with an exclamation of pain. Half a brick lay near Miss Pauncefote's foot, which had been struck and cut. In a few minutes the police were on their way to the embassy. Meanwhile Pearson took a position under the post-cochere and began to bombard the storm doors, soon smashing the glass out of them. Behind these were the main doors of the embassy, great sheets of plate glass, into which the arms of the embassy were cut. These glasses were imported, and were valued at \$300 each. Pearson deliberately stood in the port-cochere and threw his remaining missiles at these fine glasses, breaking one after the other. A policeman reached the embassy and arrested Pearson. He refused to reply to questions. He is 25 years old, and has been working for the electric street railways recently. It is thought he is insane.

For Philippines.

Washington, Dec. 17.—The first evidence that the United States regards the Philippines as a permanent possession was furnished in an order issued yesterday by Adj. Gen. Corbin to officers of troops destined for those islands, notifying them that their commands will be absent at least two or three years. This step has the approval of the president, and the order goes out under the sanction of Gen. Miles.

The troops designated by these orders are the third, fourth, twelfth, seventeenth, twentieth, and twenty-second regiments of the regular United States infantry. The location of these troops are: Third, Fort Snelling; fourth Fort Sheridan; twelfth, Jefferson barracks; seventeenth, Columbus barracks; twentieth, Fort Leavenworth; twenty-second, Fort Crook. It is the present understanding that the twentieth will go by way of San Francisco on the arrival of the Scandia from Honolulu, and three of the regiments at least will go by way of the Suez canal.

The regulars mentioned are in a sense going as colonizers and with special transportation facilities. Officers and non-commissioned staff officers will be allowed to take their families with them on the transports, and will get half rates for meals. Sick men and married men who do not desire to enlist will be permitted to be transferred to other regiments. Mounted officers will be allowed to take their horses. The men will be required to take with them personally only the regulation amount of baggage for a transfer from one station to another.

The policy as to these six regiments will be pursued in all the other regiments which will be needed in the Philippines to fill the places of the volunteer regiments, which are gradually to be withdrawn.

Bad State of Affairs.

Washington, Dec. 17.—The terrible state of affairs existing in the western provinces of Cuba is shown in this report to the war department by Gen. Davis:

Pinar del Rio, Dec. 14.—Adjutant general, Washington: Arrived here last night; troops comfortably encamped; have been received with greatest enthusiasm and rejoicing; good order prevails everywhere. Shall raise flag to-morrow in presence of troops and citizens. Treasury empty, and the only means of replenishing it is a system of taxation almost to verge of confiscation. No custom-houses in this province. Country of great fertility and beauty, but ravaged almost to destruction; assured by responsible citizens and foreigners that one-half of the former population has been killed or starved to death. Col. Zeyburn, with two battalions, at Guanajay. He is ordered to occupy Mariel with a detachment. No sickness.

Christians Butchered.

Tacoma, Wash., Dec. 17.—The steamer Empress of India brings news of the butchering of Catholic and native Christians by the rebels of Sze Chuen province, China, under the notorious outlaw Youmantse. This rebel and his followers have rendered 20,000 native Christians homeless in central China and taken over sixty lives, including those of several European missionaries. Six thousand Catholic refugees have gathered in the city of Chun King of the surrounding country. Property already destroyed by the rebels is reckoned at 5,000,000 taels. France is making a claim for this amount in reparation of destroyed property of the French missionaries.

Car Famine.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 17.—The car famine has become so serious that the entire grain trade of St. Louis is crippled and exporters and it almost impossible to obtain cars to carry their grain to the seaboard. It would take more than 1000 cars to fill the orders which have been received. Every railroad running into the city suffers from the shortage of equipment. There are thousands of bushels of grain in St. Louis elevators which were sold for shipment several months ago, but can not be shipped because the railroads are not able to furnish cars.

Wants Confederates Admitted.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Representative Rixey of Virginia yesterday introduced a bill for the admission of Confederate as well as Union soldiers to all soldiers' homes and like institutions maintained by the government. Although somewhat in line with the president's suggestion in his speech at Atlanta, this referred to government care of Confederate cemeteries, whereas, the Rixey bill refers to living ex-Confederates who are "maimed, crippled or needy."

In the Goddard-McCoy fight at Philadelphia the latter got the decision.

Bryan and Bailey conferred at Washington.

Agonello has lodged a protest with the American peace commissioners on behalf of Aginaldo.

Leo Lewis was given thirty years in the penitentiary on the charge of complicity in the murder of Juss Redd at Dallas, Tex.

In a shooting affair at Hawkinsville, Ga., John James was killed and Bas Turner fatally wounded.

Carl Schurz was elected president of the National Civil Service Reform association.

Atlanta's Jubilee.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 16.—The second day of the Atlanta peace jubilee opened auspiciously. As on Wednesday, the crowds were enormous, excursion trains arriving at short intervals from all directions.

Breakfast was served to the president and the members of his party in the private dining room of the Kimball house at 9 o'clock, after which the cabinet members devoted an hour to their mail. The president spent the morning in his room. The ovation given President Cleveland at the capitol Wednesday by the members of the legislature was the greatest reception ever given an American citizen in Atlanta, and his speech having relation to the care of the Confederate dead has fired the hearts of southerners with an admiration for the chief executive. Gen. Joe Wheeler is cheered at every step, and Gens. Lawton, Young, Oates and other army officers are heartily received at each appearance. The feature of yesterday was the civic and military parade which passed through the streets during the afternoon, starting from the corner of Garnett and Whitehall streets at noon. The procession proceeded to Exposition park over Alabama, Broad, Marietta and Peachtree streets. The parade consisted of ten divisions, under command of Grand Marshal A. J. West. Six thousand infantry, 10,000 school children, 400 carriages, containing 1500 people, 1000 members of secret organizations, 500 Confederate veterans under command of Gen. Joe Wheeler, 1000 laboring men, 100 officers and marshals, twelve bands, 100 Grand Army men, a squad of policemen, 200 mounted police, members of the Young Men's Christian association and ministers of the Evangelical association, 200 members of the Capital City club and Fulton club, the Atlanta Fire department and representatives of 500 civic organizations from all parts of the south took part in the parade.

The president and other distinguished guests in carriages were at the head of the pageant. They were escorted by the third New Jersey and fifteenth Pennsylvania, which came from their winter camp at Athens for the occasion. The president was compelled to bow almost continuously to the cheers which assailed his ears from the crowded sidewalks and the windows of the buildings along the line of march. A roar of welcome denoted the position of Gen. Joe Wheeler and his band of cavalymen who followed him through the civil war, and the wizened leader was at times compelled to force his horse through throngs of would-be worshippers who blocked his path.

After the parade had passed the reviewing stand, the president and the other guests of the city were driven to Piedmont park, where they were the guests of the Piedmont Driving club at an elaborate luncheon.

The clubroom reception ended, the president was driven to the agricultural building of the exposition, known as the auditorium. Seven thousand persons rose from their seats as the chief executive entered. The band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," amid considerable applause, but when the strains of "Dixie" filled the building the crowd went wild.

President McKinley stood up and waved his hat above his head. Mr. Hemphill, president of the jubilee committee, made a lengthy speech. He was followed by Gov. Candler in an address of welcome. As the president stepped forward the large audience applauded heartily. The speech was punctuated by constant cheers.

A rubber combination has been formed at Trenton, N. J.

Against Standing Army.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 16.—At its annual convention the American Federation of Labor declared by an almost unanimous vote against a standing army in the United States, which is in reality recognized as a protest against expansion of the spirit of imperialism as it was termed by the delegates.

The issue came to the hands of the convention through a resolution which grew out of suggestions in President Gompers' annual report.

In Session.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 16.—The eighteenth annual convention of the National Civil Service Reform league began in this city yesterday. Delegates from all parts of the country were present. At the afternoon session, which began at 2 o'clock, reports of officers of the special committee on the twelfth census and of the committee on violation of the civil service rules were read.

A carriage containing Gens. Shafter and Lawton collided with another vehicle at Atlantan, Ga., and both were thrown out, but not injured.

Sir William Jenner, the distinguished pathologist and physician in ordinary to the queen and the Prince of Wales, is dead.

Bryan thinks volunteers should be mustered out.

It is reported Dreyfus is on his way to France.

The Spanish government has agreed to pay the January coupon of the Cuban debt.

Daniel C. Reed has been elected president of the American Tin Plate company.

The Katy has abolished the gate system.

The English Liberals are said to be badly split.

From the Orient.

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 16.—The steamer Empress of India, which has arrived here from Hongkong and Yokohama, brings the following advices: An agreement has been concluded between the Japanese and Chinese governments for the lease of an anchorage for Japanese vessels at Foo Chow to the extent of 20,000 taubo.

Marquis Ito is said to have recently expressed to Viscount Takashima and Marshal Nocu a very pessimistic view in regard to the future of the Chinese empire.

"There is no man in China who can rescue her from the impending collapse," said he. "The country is so big as to defy all attempts at renovating it."

Indeed, the marquis should not be surprised if he should find a sad fate over China within a rather short space of time, say three years.

The armored cruiser Kaiser, the German flagship in Chinese waters, ran on a rock and had to be beached in Samah bay.

The Danish steamer Active, Capt. Hansen, lies a total wreck 200 yards off shore near Tamsui, Formosa.

Bryan's Letter.

Washington, Dec. 16.—The war department has made public the following letter from Col. W. J. Bryan, resigning his commission as a volunteer officer:

"Camp Onward, Savannah, Ga., Dec. 10.—The adjutant general, United States army, Washington: Sir—The dispatches from Paris announce that the terms of the treaty between the United States and Spain have been fully agreed upon, and that the commissioners will sign the same as soon as it can be engrossed. Believing that under present conditions I can be more useful to my country as a civilian than as a soldier I hereby tender my resignation to take effect immediately upon its acceptance. Respectfully, etc. W. J. BRYAN. Colonel third regiment Nebraska volunteer infantry.

The letter bears indorsements from division and corps commanders under whom Col. Bryan served.

It Passed the House.

Washington Dec. 16.—The urgent deficiency appropriation bill making provision for the army and navy for the next six months displaced the Nicaragua canal bill in the senate, preventing even the taking of a vote on the question of postponement until after the holidays, as had been intended. The deficiency bill was passed after a spirited discussion, turning principally on the point of keeping the volunteer soldiers in the service.

The house surpassed all previous records in the expedition with which it passed the pension appropriation bill. This bill in days gone by has been one of the most fruitful themes of ardent partisan debate, but yesterday, although carrying \$41,000,000 more than the act for the current year, it was passed in twenty minutes without a word of criticism.

After Bandits.

Guthrie, Okla., Dec. 16.—A large force of deputy marshals and sheriffs are in pursuit of the bandits who attempted to hold up the Arnett State bank at Earlsboro Wednesday night, but as they have escaped into the thick woods in the Seminole reservation there is little prospect of their being captured. They secured about \$300 from the bank, as the time lock was on and the safe could not be opened.

An Estimate.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 16.—The acting secretary of the treasury has submitted to congress a copy of the communication from the secretary of the interior containing a supplemental estimate for the expenses of the commission to the five civilized tribes. The estimate is as follows: For salary of four commissioners, \$20,000; expenses of commissioners, employes, etc., \$60,000; for salary of employes, including secretary of the expenses of the commission, \$3,500; provides that so much of the appropriation as shall be necessary for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, shall be immediately available.

Six Killed.

Jacksonville, Fla., Dec. 16.—A passenger train on the Florida Central and Peninsula railway was wrecked near Madison, caused by a collision with cattle on the track, although the engineer made every effort to stop. Six persons were killed, as follows:

E. H. Chandler, engineer; James Evans, colored, fireman; John T. Sullivan of St. Augustine, attaché of the army; Rev. S. H. Coleman, a colored preacher of Jacksonville; John A. Rhodes, both the latter colored.

Marsh Sceptered.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 16.—Gideon W. Marsh, former president of the wrecked Keystone bank, was sentenced to imprisonment in the United States District court to an imprisonment of twelve years and three months, and to pay a fine of \$500. Marsh was charged with conspiracy in making false entries in the books and issuing false reports to the comptroller of the currency.

W. O. Richards of Texas bought 73,000 acres of land and 7000 cattle from Kansas City parties.

Five divorce suits were filed at Sherman, Tex., in one day.

MILITARY AND NAVAL NOTES.

Japan claims the biggest soldier in the world.

The supply ship Comal carried 150 tons of provisions to Havana for distribution.

A committee has been organized in Havana province to relieve immediate wants.

Private August Kinsley of company E, sixth infantry, was stabbed in the abdomen at San Antonio. The injured man was taken to the hospital at Fort Stabbed.

From the declarations of Gen. Weyler it is believed that a union of his followers and those of Senors Sagasta and Robleto will take place after the treaty of peace is ratified.

Charles P. McClure, a member of company G, fourth Texas infantry, died at Camp Mosby hospital of typhoid fever after an illness of seventy days. His remains were interred at Eastland, his home.

The transport Mobile has taken the one hundred and sixty-first Indiana, the third battalion of the second Illinois and one company of the fourth Virginia from Savannah, Ga., to Havana.

The mortality in Santa Clara province, Cuba, is 24 per cent less now than it was before the American Red Cross society began its distribution of relief supplies.

Sylvester Scovel, newspaper correspondent, who was excluded from all naval ships and yards and army reservations and posts by formal order, has been restored to favor.

The United States fish commission, together with experts, is to make a careful research into the fishing interests of Porto Rico. This is the most important scientific party which has yet been sent into the new possessions of the United States.

John F. Dill struck William Osborne on the head with an ax at Anniston, Ala. Osborne died. Deceased, who was a camp follower of the fourth Kentucky, had been staying with Dill. He threatened the latter's life. Osborne is said to have killed fourteen men.

The dedication at Key West, Fla., of an iron fence inclosing the remains of the sailors who were killed by the explosion of the Maine, as well as from the Winslow, one from the Marblehead, one from the Newport, one from the Yankee and thirty-seven others was imposing.

Private Porter W. Resonant, troop D, tenth cavalry, was found with a terrible bullet wound in the throat at Huntsville, Ala. He spoke only a few words after he was found. He stated he had been held up by two soldiers and shot.

W. T. Stead, the well known English editor, who has returned from a visit to Rome, says that the pope is not hostile to the American policy regarding the Philippines, but on the contrary is ready to co-operate with the United States in restoring order there.

Maj. Gen. John B. Brooke testified before the war investigating commission that the volunteers at Camp Thomas were supplied with antiquated tents, some were unarmed and some had only one blanket. There was an abundance of food, but a scarcity of drugs.

Venezuela's brief in the boundary dispute between that country and Great Britain about British Guiana has been completed by ex-President Harrison. The ex-president will go to Paris in March to attend the meeting of the board to which the matter was referred.

John D. Hayes, who served as a Red Cross nurse with the second United States infantry at Santiago, shot and killed his brother Edward, proprietor of a hotel in New York. Deceased accused his brother of taking funds from the hotel and the killing followed after a quarrel.

The transferring of the remains of Columbus from the Havana cathedral to the cruiser Conde de Vendoto was an impressive sight. The steel casket was examined and found to be intact. Amid the tolling of bells it was taken to the wharf.

Naval Constructor Bowles' preliminary report forwarded to Washington of the battleship Massachusetts showed that the keel and frame No. 15 were buckled badly. Another report of Mr. Bowles sent showed a state of affairs far more serious. She may be retired.

Great destitution prevails among the laboring classes in Havana. There has been no steady employment since the blockade began last April, the only food available being corn meal. The local authorities can do nothing more as their funds are exhausted.

The Merritt & Chapman Wrecking company will shortly begin the work of raising the Reina Mercedes, which was sunk by Admiral Cervera across the entrance of Santiago harbor to prevent the American fleet from entering.

Amid cries of "viva America!" by the Cubans assembled, the United States flag was unfurled over the city hall at Marianno, Cuba, by Col. Young commanding the battalion of engineers at Playa del Marianno. The ceremony was a most imposing one.

The youngest chaplain in the navy is said to be Rev. Frederick C. Brown, 25 years old, now on the Iowa, which is on her way to Manila. He will be the only chaplain in the fleet, since there is none on the Oregon. He was appointed to the service last April, being at that time pastor of the Unitarian church of Middleboro, Mass.

The Nippon Yusen Kaisha liner Kinsley was arrived from the original Port Townsend, Wash., with 101 Japanese blue jackets and officers on their way to San Francisco to man the new Japanese cruiser Chitose built in that city.

TEXAS EVENTS

That Will Interest All Lone Starites.

To Beautify Grounds.

Austin, Tex., Dec. 17.—Strong recommendations will be made to the coming legislature for the improvement and beautifying of the capitol grounds, and an adequate appropriation for this work will be requested. The appearance of the grounds surrounding the capitol buildings is the subject of adverse comment by every visitor to this city. Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds J. R. Mobley has done his best with the limited means at his command to put the grounds in somewhat presentable shape. The recent rains have made the driveways in the grounds almost impassable, and they now resemble muddy country roads. The matter of improving and beautifying these grounds has come before every legislature ever since the completion of the \$3,000,000 building, but the members of the law-making bodies have taken such a view of the situation that nothing has ever been accomplished in the way of a suitable appropriation. It is expected that the next legislature will take a broader and more liberal view, and that steps will be taken to place the grounds in condition somewhat in keeping with the grand building which they surround.

Plan Agreed On.

Tyler, Tex., Dec. 17.—At the meeting of the creditors of the Tyler Banking company yesterday the committee appointed to examine into the affairs of the bank and report upon some plan of settlement of its affairs submitted their report. They reported that a plan of settlement had been inaugurated, which was in substance that about \$23,000 of the creditors had agreed to take certain paper of the bank in settlement of their claims; that there was on hand enough cash and cash items to pay off the unremitted collections and preferred claims, and enough paper remaining on hand to arrange with the other creditors and depositors; that whatever small depositors remaining could be paid off with certain assets, which could easily be converted into cash. They reported that this plan was, they believed, feasible and could probably be accomplished if time were extended for that purpose.

A motion was then carried unanimously that Mr. S. H. Cox be appointed a committee of one on behalf of the creditors to co-operate with the bank officials to carry out this plan.

Liquor on Red River.

Texarkana, Tex., Dec. 17.—The grand jury of Miller county, Ark., has been holding a session in East Texarkana for the past week, and they have brought in several indictments against the captains of steamboats plying on upper Red river. The bills charge the boatmen with running saloons and selling liquor within the county limits without county license. Capt. Michael was brought into town last night under arrest, but was released on bond this morning and returned to his boat, which is tied up at Garland City. The boat captains claim that they have taken out river license with the federal government, and this covers the case. The officials of Miller county, however, argue differently.

Soldiers at Home.

Cleburne, Tex., Dec. 17.—Capt. George M. Duncan of company I, third Texas Infantry, stationed at Fort Ringgold, came in yesterday, and will spend the holidays with relatives and friends. Allen Kilpatrick of the same company also arrived and will spend the holidays with his parents. Capt. Duncan has quite a number of souvenirs of his stay in Florida and on the Mexican border, and entertains his friends with many stories of soldier life.

Suicide of a Captain.

Sabine Pass, Tex., Dec. 17.—Capt. Overgaard of the Norwegian bark Dilbar, from Belfast, committed suicide in the cabin of his ship Thursday night. Early yesterday morning the steward entered the cabin and was horrified to discover Capt. Overgaard hanging by the neck from a rope tied to a cross-beam of the skylight.

Boy Shot.

Houston, Tex., Dec. 17.—While the children of the Taylor street school were playing at sham battle between American and Spaniards, little H. Woolen was accidentally shot with a little .22-caliber rifle, the ball taking effect in the lower part of the side. Dr. Wagner, who made the examination, is of the opinion that it touched the liver.

The department of education at Austin has purchased \$19,400 of Baylor county bonds.

Married Together.

Salado, Tex., Dec. 17.—A. D. Schoepf and his wife, residents of this place, were both buried here in the same grave by the Woodmen of the World, of which order Mr. Schoepf was a member. Mrs. Schoepf died of consumption and Mr. Schoepf died of typhoid fever twelve hours later. They were very highly respected citizens. They leave five children.

Gen. Davis has issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Pinar del Rio.

Fort Clark Facts.

Fort Clark, Tex., Dec. 19.—Last week was very disagreeable, on account of the snow and rain, which fell for several days. On Monday night one of the heaviest snows ever seen in this section fell, covering the ground to the depth of three inches. It continued on the ground for two days, and was not all melted when another snow, an inch in depth, fell. The weather has been very cold and all the pipes about the post froze and made it very difficult to procure water for cooking purposes.

Many are the rumors which have been going the rounds. One is to the effect that an order had been received at headquarters for this regiment to be held in readiness to move to Savannah, Ga., to relieve the first Texas volunteers at that place, but upon investigation it could not be verified. The boys are all much excited over the matter, as many do not want to go anywhere, but want to be mustered out, or at least 90 per cent of them do.

Dr. Greer's Report.

Cameron, Tex., Dec. 19.—Dr. W. W. Greer, county health officer, issued the following report: For the past several weeks we have had small-pox in Cameron. Numbers of the colored people and a few whites have had the disease. With five or six exceptions the cases have all been of a mild type. Four of the severest cases died; all these were unvaccinated negroes.

We have to-day about six persons confined to their beds; all others are well or convalescent. The people of the town have been thoroughly vaccinated, and all cases are guarded with care. We are sure we have the upper hand of the disease, and it will soon stop.

In view of the foregoing facts, we would suggest that the people who have business in Cameron ally their fears, come to town and transact their business in the usual way, without any fears of being exposed to the disease.

W. W. GREER, M. D., County Health Officer, Milam County.

Cleburne Shooting.

Cleburne, Tex., Dec. 19.—Sunday afternoon a man went into the Headlight restaurant near the Santa Fe depot and had a difficulty with one of the patrons of the place. He pulled a pistol and proceeded to "shoot up" the place. There were a number of men upstairs and as the bullets pierced the upper floor and strayed among the crowd they stampeded like the crowd down in the restaurant and came down swinging posts like squirrels. The shooter then proceeded to snap his pistol at passersby till finally taken in charge by Marshal A. C. White. When the smoke had cleared away and the excitement died out it was found that in addition to the cracked heads of several who were in the way and the demolition of furniture, Alderman Joe Newberry was shot in the knee. The wound is an ugly one and may cripple him for life.

Clarendon News.

Clarendon, Tex., Dec. 19.—This section has just passed through a very cold spell. The snow has been on the ground for ten days. Most cattle have suffered very much, with some loss. If it turns cold again it will be very hard on cattle.

Clarendon is coming to the front. A number of new dwellings have been built this fall. The Catholic college, a new two-story building, is nearing completion, and the brickwork of Clarendon college, a fine two-story, ten-room brick building, is about completed.

The public school is doing well, with full attendance. Clarendon college has about sixty pupils, who are being taught in the Methodist Church, south.

Jury Sick.

El Paso, Tex., Dec. 19.—A jury was obtained in the case of the state of Texas vs. Joe Rogers. Rogers is under indictment for the murder of John Woods. It was necessary to summon three special venire before enough competent jurors were procured to complete the panel. The trial of the case was begun of the case was begun Friday afternoon and the jury was kept together that night. One of the jurors was taken ill with what is feared to be a contagious disease and when the matter was reported to Judge Walthall he promptly discharged the entire jury. The trial of the case will likely be continued for the term.

Tailor Shop Burglarized.

Houston, Tex., Dec. 19.—The tailoring establishment of Ike Harrison, under the opera-house, was broken into yesterday morning and about \$400 worth of goods and new clothes taken away. The burglars effected an entrance by breaking through one of the plate glass windows of the front, and the rest of the job was easy. As soon as the burglary was discovered the police department was notified, and Chief Baugh and Detective Baugh went to work on the case. They succeeded in recovering all of the stolen property, and made three arrests.

From Floresville.

Floresville, Tex., Dec. 19.—In the district court last week five divorces were granted. Two of those divorced have already married again. Tom Black, who killed a young man named Ferguson at Calaveras a year ago, was tried and acquitted. Black was deputy sheriff at the time, and attempted to arrest Ferguson for carrying a pistol. He resisted and attempted to draw his pistol, and was killed.

Dr. Yandell of El Paso advises a strict small-pox quarantine against Juarez, Mexico.

Quitted Him.

Austin, Tex., Dec. 15.—A lone highwayman is operating in Austin, and he has held up a number of people within the last few nights. The latest victim is A. I. Kirksey of the treasury department, who tells the following story: "I was on my way home when I was held up at the corner of Twenty-ninth and Nueces streets by a great big fellow, who leveled a Winchester at my head and told me to throw up my hands. At first I thought my time had come, but quickly regained my senses and I started in to argue the case with the robber. I am a little desperate myself, having failed of reappointment in the state treasurer's office, so I told the robber that he had made a mistake.

"You ought to catch some holdover clerk," I said. He informed me that no mistake had been made, and that he had neither the time nor inclination to prolong the session. The Winchester he carried reminded me of the one I had when I was a ranger in Lem Selker's company, and I told him about it. He seemed interested when I told him how to file the sight on the barrel and tighten the iron bands which hold the stock to the barrel.

"Let me see the gun," I said. It was a bluff, but it went, and he handed me the gun. I pumped the cartridges out of the magazine, and handed him back the gun. I then boarded a street car and went home. I would not recognize the man if I should see him again."

Arson Charge.

Dallas, Tex., Dec. 15.—At an early hour on Friday morning last fire was discovered in a bicycle store, in the brick building at 13 North Akard street, on the south side of Pacific. The firemen extinguished the flames before any great damage had been caused by the flames. An examination of the premises aroused their suspicions, and they declared that the blaze was of incendiary origin. Last night Sheriff Cabell's deputies arrested Frank A. Hill, who is connected with the bicycle store as manager or proprietor on the charge of arson or attempted arson. Hill was arrested on a capias on an indictment returned by the grand jury now in session. The accused party was locked up.

Oyster Feast.

Austin, Tex., Dec. 15.—A party of general railroad men, consisting of L. S. Paley of the Houston and Texas Central, C. D. Goddard of the Chicago, Rock Island and Texas, and M. S. Glass of the Texas Midland, ably assisted by W. H. Richardson and other young men of Austin, gave an oyster feast here Tuesday night to about 100 friends, embracing railroad attorneys, traffic men, newspaper men and distinguished state officials. The oysters were shipped here from the coast in shell and the roast was thoroughly enjoyed by every one present.

All Re-Elected.

Dallas, Tex., Dec. 15.—At the annual meeting of the Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition association, Messrs. W. H. Gaston, B. E. Cabell and Sydney Smith, president, vice president and secretary respectively, were re-elected. The same course was pursued with regard to the directors. Treasurer Adoue was also re-elected. Secretary Smith's report, which was gratifying, was read, and the secretary was voted a resolution of thanks.

The Farmers' Congress excursionists were royally entertained by the citizens of Waco.

Company A, third Texas, has arrived at Fort McIntosh, Tex.

Creditors Meet.

Tyler, Tex., Dec. 15.—The Tyler Banking company called a meeting of its creditors last evening to submit to them a proposition to transfer and turn over its assets to some responsible business man whom the creditors might agree upon, to wind up its affairs. The meeting was largely attended and organized with Dr. H. L. McBride chairman and L. M. Green as secretary. After considerable discussion a committee was appointed to investigate the affairs and conditions of the bank. The general impression here is that the bank will be able to pay dollar for dollar.

Beast at Large.

Waxahachie, Tex., Dec. 15.—A big bear which was being fattened for Christmas broke his manacles yesterday morning and made things lively about town. Bruin met no opposition from pedestrians. He was master of all he surveyed until finally captured by his owners.

Leg Broken.

Texarkana, Tex., Dec. 15.—While M. L. Purifoy, a carpenter, was at work upon an awning on a business street of this city the underworld gave way, precipitating the man to the earth, a distance of twelve feet. His leg was broken and other injuries were sustained.

Sudden Death.

New Boston, Tex., Dec. 15.—Yesterday morning at 6 o'clock Mrs. M. E. Williams, wife of N. A. Williams, and a member of one of the oldest and best families of Bowie county, died suddenly. For some time she has been in bad health.

Last Bell.

Austin, Tex., Dec. 15.—The tax rolls of Orange county were received by the comptroller yesterday. Total value, \$1,846,125, an increase of \$22,225. This is the last roll to be received by the comptroller, and the delay is due to the burning of the courthouse, destroying all the records.

Drake Pardoned.

Waco, Tex., Dec. 14.—James M. Drake having been pardoned by Gov. Culberson, his son, James M. Drake, Jr., who is alderman of the first ward of Waco, left with the pardon of his father in his pocket. Carrying out the form of law the pardon must be presented to the superintendent at Huntsville, although the subject of the Clemency is at Rusk. Mr. Drake, Jr., will go to Huntsville and next to Rusk, where he will have the pleasure of securing the father's release as soon as he presents the document to the authorities, together with an order of release from the superintendent at Huntsville.

Drake, Sr., was convicted of murder in 1891 and the court of appeals affirmed the verdict, which prescribed a life sentence at hard labor. In August, 1887, he slew E. L. Gunn. The case was several times tried and reversed, making a long gap between the killing and the final disposition of the case, during which Drake was in jail most of the time.

Gov. Culberson mentions the age and infirmities of Drake, his excellent conduct, the fact that he declined to escape when opportunity offered itself and cites the opinion of Capt. Joe W. Taylor, the county attorney, and Hon. L. W. Goodrich, the trial judge, that the case in law was man slaughter, at most, and not murder in the first degree.

Holiday Rates.

Galveston, Tex., Dec. 14.—The Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe has announced a special holiday rate of one and one-third fares for round trip to all points in Texas and Indian Territory, good from Dec. 23 to Jan. 3.

Died From Lockjaw.

Nacogdoches, Tex., Dec. 14.—The funeral of little Jot Barham, which occurred here yesterday, was unusually impressive and sad on account of the peculiar circumstances of his sickness and death. The little fellow shot himself in the palm of the hand with a toy pistol a week ago, making a wound that seemed trifling. Five days after he showed symptoms of tetanus (lockjaw) and in less than twenty-four hours he was dead, in spite of surgical and medical attention. Dr. Barham is himself a leading physician and, assisted by other physicians, he spared nothing in his efforts to save his darling boy. Mrs. Barham, the boy's mother, was away at Houston visiting her brother, Henry Garrison, she reached home just two hours after her boy's death.

Paris Fire.

Paris, Tex., Dec. 14.—The U. B. F. hall with \$700 worth of paraphernalia, E. L. Burrell's grocery store with \$400 stock of confectionery, the store of Jack Flynn and the residences of Charley Williams and Bud Gray were all destroyed by fire last night. The fire originated from a stove in the room occupied by Lulu Plummet over Flynn's store on North Jefferson street, in Boardtown. The residences were small cabins, and the loss is little over \$2000; insurance very small if any.

Doctors in Session.

Paris, Tex., Dec. 14.—The North Texas Medical association met here yesterday in the district courtroom. Dr. R. R. Walker called the meeting to order yesterday morning. Dr. J. B. Shelmir of Dallas is chairman of the meeting, which is as largely attended as was expected. The first paper was read yesterday afternoon and a lively discussion followed.

Many Applicants.

Austin, Tex., Dec. 14.—The vacancies of senior and junior majors which are soon to occur in the first Texas regiment of volunteer infantry have caused a flood of applications for the desirable positions to reach the adjutant general's department from companies of the different companies of the regiment. The resignations of Maj. Roberdeau and Scurry have not yet been received here, but they are expected daily. It is expected that both resignations will be made to take effect Jan. 1.

Lively Cow.

Terrell, Tex., Dec. 14.—While Albert Skryles and several companions were skinning a cow in the lower part of this county yesterday they had a novel experience. The animal, a 4-year-old, was hit in the head with an ax and the men began to skin her in preparation for market. When about half through the operation the beef jumped up on its feet and chased all of the men out of the pen, then it suddenly expired.

Child Burned.

Milford, Tex., Dec. 14.—At the Frank Warren place, two miles from town, a little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pennington was reaching up to the mantel for something when its clothing caught fire and the child was severely burned, from which a recovery is considered doubtful. A little brother and the invalid mother were badly burned in extinguishing the flames.

Beast Broken.

Beeville, Tex., Dec. 14.—Henry Baldschwiler, an old-time resident of San Patricio county, fell from the top of a house on which he was working, breaking his back. He is 55 years old and his recovery is doubtful.

Hobson received ovations at Galati and Montgomery, Ala.

Henry Irving, the actor, denies he has retired.

PASTURE AND FARN.

Phil Gwin has 140 coming yearlings in San Angelo on feed, which he bought in Coke county.

I. D. Boyd of Crows Nest, Tom Green county, sold three hogs weighing 1030 pounds to Paul Briesh, a butcher, at 3 cents.

Col. D. P. Day recently moved 1000 head of stock cattle from his Ballinger ranch to his new ranch in Crockett county.

During the past thirty days one firm alone purchased in the Territory nearly 10,000 head of Territory cattle to be fed on pasture near Chickasha, I. T.

Ahlens is now coming to the front as a feeding point. The peas of the mill mill there, recently completed are rapidly filling up with feeding cattle.

The recent snow and blizzard drove many cotton pickers back to the cities and towns and very much cotton will be left to be plowed under the ground next spring.

M. Z. Smisson of Fort Worth has bought from G. W. Whitehead & Sons, 400 three and four-year-old steers. The steers are to be delivered in January and will be placed on feed at Gainesville.

Up to Nov. 1, 489,567 head of live food cattle were imported into Great Britain against 525,167 in the corresponding period in 1897. This decrease in the receipts of live stock was made up by increased imports of dressed beef.

Borden & Borden shipped 550 head of cattle to Cuba on the Miami from Galveston. Some of the cattle are from Texas and some are from Mexico. The latter came through from the border in bond.

A. J. Parker of Elmo exhibited a rock one inch long and one and one-half inches wide that had been taken from an abscess on the jaw of a horse. The owner says the rock was in the animal's jaw at least three years, as he has owned him that long.

Mr. Frank Cooley planted peanuts this year and from about one acre he reports having made more money than from several acres of cotton and with much less work. His field ready sale for the nuts. Mr. Cooley lives near Boerne.

J. D. Jackson of Alpine has sold to J. P. French and W. T. Pratt of Temple 400 feeding steers, coming 3 and 4s, at \$2.75 per hundred, weighed up at McGregor, where the buyers will put them on full hull and meal feed.

Col. Parker Earle has set out twenty acres near Eddy, N. M., of as fine asparagus plants as have ever been seen in the Pecos valley. The plants were shipped to the colonel from southern Illinois, and he expects a great yield.

Denver papers say that interest in the range cattle exhibition to be held in that city in January increases as the time approaches and that a number of entries have already been made. It looks as though there would be a large attendance.

Considerable wheat was sown in the Kemp community in the Chickasaw nation after the rains came, and it has had enough warm weather to bring it out and give it a start to grow, and with favorable weather it ought to do well.

Shipping hickory nuts from Texas is a new business. A Tyler firm shipped a carload a few days ago and arrangements have been made to ship 200 more, and to secure a market next season for all the hickory nuts produced in Texas.

The success attained at Barstow in growing to perfection and marketing at good price a high grade of table grape, equal in every respect to California grapes, has led to quite a sentiment in favor of grape growing, which will doubtless be quite a leading industry.

The sixth annual meeting of the Territorial Agricultural, Horticultural and Irrigation society will be held at Kingfisher, Ok., Jan. 3, and continuing in session three days. Interesting papers from prominent men of Oklahoma and elsewhere have been announced.

Farmers around Velasco are very enthusiastic over the prospects they have of getting rid of their vegetables this season for a cash consideration without the risks of shipment themselves. Nearly every farmer will plant largely.

The snow storm and blizzard of the 7th reached the coast country, snow falling in Galveston. The depth of snow reported from different localities is from two to eight inches. Trains were snow-bound on the western portion of the plains.

Near Wright, southeast of Perkins, a colony of Virginians have been experimenting with peanuts and declare they can raise them as profitably as in their native state. This year several hundred acres were planted and harvested.

Mr. Scarborough of Midland, has shipped 150 Hereford cattle to winter on alfalfa near Barstow. It is understood this is an experiment which may lead to more extensive enterprise in growing alfalfa and blooded cattle here.

The governor has issued a proclamation quarantining against the removal of cattle from certain described territory in Fesse county, owing to their liability to communicate southern or splenic fever.

In the opinion of David Fryer, a cattle shipper who lately returned to Texas from an extended trip to the provinces of western Cuba, the island is by no means a feeding country, being in the tropics and suitable cattle feed is not raised there.

Bryan's Farewell.

Savannah, Ga., Dec. 14.—Col. W. J. Bryan bade good-bye to his regiment, the third Nebraska, and left for Washington, where he will remain for two or three days.

Last night all his men were gathered around him and he made them a brief address of good-bye, speaking of the pleasant associations and his regret upon leaving them. As was indicated from what he said, he came to the conclusion that he would leave the army when he was at home a few weeks ago and talked over the matter with friends. He shook hands with every man in the regiment, and there were no few tears shed on the part of some of the boys, who were much attached to him. Col. Bryan indicated that in a short time he would give a fuller statement of his views, but at this time he would furnish only the following interview:

"My reason for leaving the army was set forth in my letter to the adjutant general tendering my resignation. Now that the treaty of peace has been concluded I believe that I can be more useful to my country as a civilian than as a soldier."

Col. Bryan then proceeded to the discussion of public questions, saying: "The people of the United States, having rescued Cuba from foreign control, may now resume the discussion of domestic problems which confront this nation and to the consideration of the new questions arising out of the war."

"I may be in error, but in my judgment our nation is in greater danger just now than Cuba. Our people defended Cuba against foreign arms; now they must defend themselves and their country against a foreign idea—the colonial idea of European nations. Heretofore greed has perverted the government and used its instrumentalities for private gains, but now the very foundation principles of our government are assailed.

"The imperialistic idea is directly antagonistic to the idea and ideals which have been cherished by the American people since the signing of the declaration of independence. Our nation must give up any intention of entering upon a colonial policy (such as is now pursued by European countries) or it must abandon the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

"We may believe that governments come down to the people from those who possess the heaviest cannon and the largest ships, but we cannot advocate both doctrines.

"Some think that the fight should be made against the ratification of the treaty, but I would prefer another plan. If the treaty is objected to negotiations must be renewed and instead of settling the question according to our own ideas we must settle it by diplomatic complications. It will be easier, I think, to end the war at once by ratifying the treaty and then deal with the subject in our own way."

The physical examination of the men of the first and second Mississippi regiments has been completed, and the officers in command state it is believed the regiment will be mustered out on the 20th of this month. These troops were taken to Columbia, Tenn., during the yellow fever epidemic.

The United States surveyor steamer Pathfinder was launched from the Nixon shipyards at Elizabeth, N. J. Miss Ruth W. Cranston, niece of Secretary of the Treasury Gage, christened the vessel. The Pathfinder is the largest vessel employed in the coast survey.

Opposed by Turpie.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Yesterday's session of the senate was largely consumed in discussion of the Nicaragua canal bill. Mr. Turpie made the principal speech in opposition to the bill, attacking it on the ground of the mixed interest of the Maritime company, which he characterized as a fraud and a bankrupt. He moved a postponement of the matter until after the holiday recess. Mr. Morgan defended the bill and the Maritime company, and opposed the motion to postpone. Messrs. Berry and Rawlins both offered amendments affecting the bill.

The house passed the District of Columbia appropriation bill without a single amendment. The bill carries \$8,359,950.

Will Soon Be Issued.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The president will, after his return from the south, sign and transmit to Gen. Otis a proclamation to be issued to the Filipinos. The document has been prepared, and it can be stated on the authority of a cabinet officer contains no hint of an independent government for the Philippines. The cabinet officer said that the proclamation is modeled after the instructions which were sent to Gen. Shafter for the government of Santiago province.

Right to Sit to Be Investigated.

Representative Bailey of Texas has decided to raise the question of the right of Maj. Gen. Wheeler to participate in the proceedings of the house should be attempted to exercise the privilege of a member. He will also raise the question as against either of three other members of the house who entered the service of the United States during the war with Spain, Messrs. Robison (Rep.) of Pennsylvania, Collins (Rep.) of Kentucky and Campbell (Dem.) of Illinois.

St. Patrick's church, Washington, was filled during the services over the remains of Gen. Goran. The body was placed in a vault at Arlington cemetery.

Treaty Continued.

Paris, Dec. 14.—Extraordinary precautions are maintained by both the peace commissions to preserve secrecy as to the contents of the treaty. Each commission has two copies, but even the commission attaches are not permitted to peruse the documents.

The following is said to be an outline of the treaty:

Article 1 provides for the relinquishment of Cuba.

Article 2 provides for the cession of Porto Rico.

Article 3 provides for the cession of the Philippines for \$20,000,000 as compensation.

Article 4 embraces the plans of the cession of the Philippines, including the return of Spanish prisoners in the hands of the Tatalons.

Article 5 deals with the cession of barracks, war materials, arms, stores, buildings and all property appurtenant to the Spanish administration in the Philippines.

Article 6 is a renunciation by both nations of their respective claims against each other and the citizens of each other.

Article 7 grants to Spain her trade and shipping in the Philippine islands, the same treatment as American trade and shipping, for a period of ten years.

Article 8 provides for the release of all prisoners of war held by Spain, and all of the prisoners held by her for political offenses committed in the colonies acquired by the United States.

Article 9 guarantees the legal rights of Spaniards remaining in Cuba.

Article 10 establishes religious freedom in the Philippines and guarantees to all churches equal rights.

Article 11 provides for the composition of courts and other tribunals in Porto Rico and Cuba.

Article 12 provides for the administration of justice in Porto Rico and Cuba.

Article 13 provides for the continuance for five years of Spanish copyrights in the ceded territories, giving Spanish books admittance free of duty.

Article 14 provides for the establishment of consulates by Spain in the ceded territory.

Article 15 grants to Spanish commerce in Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines the same treatment as to Americans for ten years, Spanish shipping to be treated as coasting vessels.

Article 16 stipulates that the obligations of the United States to Spanish citizens and property in Cuba shall terminate with the withdrawal of the United States authorities from the island.

Article 17 provides that the treaty must be ratified within six months from the date of signing, by the respective governments in order to be binding.

Tank Collapses.

New York, Dec. 14.—The great steel gas tank of the Consolidated Gas company, Avenue A and Twentieth street, the largest of its kind in the world, collapsed yesterday evening. It went down with a crash and roar like a great explosion.

Masonry of granite blocks and bricks to the height of fifty feet fell like a child's toy house of blocks, and loosed from the bondage the 8,000,000 gallons of water which deluged the streets and in a ten-foot tidal wave carried death and destruction to the surrounding neighborhood. Several were killed and many wounded.

St. Patrick's church, Denison, Tex., erected at a cost of \$50,000, was dedicated by Bishop Dunne, Catholic bishop of the diocese of Dallas, assisted by Bishop Merchant of the Indian Territory and a number of priests.

Brooks Governor.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Maj. Gen. Brooks arrived in Washington from Fort Monroe yesterday and was elected for more than an hour in consultation with Secretary Alger. He then, in company with Adj. Gen. Corbin, proceeded to the white house and when he returned to the war department it was formally announced that the president had designated him to be military governor of Cuba, a new post, which carries with it all the control over the military and civil branches of the island formerly exercised by the captain general under the Spanish regime.

A SCENE IN A GREAT CITY AT 6 P. M.

How Chicago's Great Working Army Is Demobilized Every Evening.

[CHICAGO LETTER.]

The days of transformation scenes are neither gone by nor confined entirely to the realm of the stage. Anyone who doubts the truth of this statement may easily verify it by lingering around that portion of State street on which the largest stores are situated, and where shoppers, masculine and feminine, most do throng until the closing hour at 6 o'clock.

Ten minutes, five minutes before this time the stores themselves are still crowded, the streets outside not even moderately full. The reasonable, early going shoppers have long since departed for less populous regions. The "five-thirty crowd" of workers has also melted away. Remaining downtown are only those who are rushing madly from place to place in a wild endeavor to purchase the "few last things" which have detained them so long and whose margin of daffy freedom for shopping and so on has but commenced an hour before. And of each of the two classes mentioned there are quite enough to fill the big stores to the temporary desertion of the streets, quite too full for the comfort of everybody concerned.

Then—ring-a-ling-ling! goes a gong or bell. Presto! The clerks who have not already prepared, at least in a suppressed way, for the hour of home-going, make a simultaneous dash for counters and shelves. Almost as if by magic the former are cleared and the latter filled. Covers drop over all the pretty and useful articles which have tempted real and would-be purchasers all day long, doors swing to upon the instant, curtains are drawn down. The elevator men are speedily at work with a duty somewhat different from that of the day. Up and down, but, oh, so slowly now, the "lifts" which have risen and fallen so quickly and untiringly all day. The men on top instead of inside of them are closing the big windows and bolting the huge shutters which frequently lay be-

ingly short space of time every shopper in Chicago has obtained possession of the final purchase, left the downtown stores and departed for regions unknown. Even the most persistent have sought the home-bound street cars and trains and gone home to dream of fresh shopping fields and bargain purchases new.

There is a moment, a brief moment, of silence and stillness positively startling after the rush and bustle of the day, and then—

Br-r-r! goes another gong, followed by a second transformation scene. The salesmen and women in the cloak and suit departments, together with the other "big sale" divisions, in which people rarely buy things after 5:30, leave the chairs and settees upon which they have been languidly resting, indulging in meditation or conversation, according to their wont with the degree of fatigue induced by the day's labors, and spring into sudden activity upon the instant. The men and women downstairs, at counters, desks and wrapping departments, indulge in a series of half unconscious stretching movements and make for the dressing rooms. A sound like the tramping tread of oncoming armies follows a second later, and on they come in very truth. When it is known that the badge numbers in several State street emporiums mount up into the three thousands and even higher, the army simile will not seem out of place.

Women at one door, men at another, out they pass. The ushers at the doors know them everyone by sight; the janitor who waits to close the outer doorway has a smile for nearly all. The tiny newboys who wait in the entries do a thriving business—for five minutes. This is the longest period of time which it takes to empty any one of the immense shops instances. And this five minutes is like a rushing whirlwind of voices, steps and chattering comments.

But now, better to give up the attempt at progression if you are unused to crowds of this kind and open your eyes to the charming and varied bits of human nature spread out for the happy delectation of the careful observer on all sides.

The salesmen and women of Chicago who are "old hands" come out of the stores in thoughtful, plodding fashion, turning up coat collar or fur collar as they come, and quietly make for the nearest car line. These are the men and women who get on the first "clerk car" and who know how to take advantage of any and every circumstance which will bring them home more speedily. Married men and women, hungry for home and family, many of them, as the bit of fruit or the purchased flower of which they speedily possess themselves, proclaim.

The younger people leave the store in different fashion. Outside of the girls' exit are lined up numbers of young men instantly. In front of the men's division not a few girls, as a rule. Little Cupid is just as busy among the department stores as elsewhere. Looking at the eager, affectionate faces, hearing the warm, loving greetings, which mark the close of the day for many of the workers therein, one ceases to wonder at the complaint of many department managers, to the effect that all the profit and older girls are married off in no time. Odd bits of love, jealousy, anger, pleasure, all sorts of the experiences to which human nature is subject, show up vividly in the semi-darkness which shades the busy streets and business houses at closing time these autumn days. It is so much easier to be demonstrative under the shelter of the night, being the effect that certain colors have upon the pigment cells of the animal. At least this is the generally accepted explanation, and the experiments that have been made with

for a time, and back again half an hour later to the stillness and quiet of the "time which is neither night nor day" in a big city—there is something not only novel and interesting, but also awe-inspiring in the sight. The "noble army" of downtown workers have it all their own way for a time. And anyone who has ever watched them come upon the stage of the city's drama and leave it again in the manner herein described, will find it difficult—aye, almost impossible—to forget the sight. That the city is literally as well as metaphorically in the "hands of its workers" is a fact unforgettably borne in upon the thoughtful and sensitive man or woman who from a quiet point of vantage watches the double transformation scene which takes place on State street every night at 6 o'clock.

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There is something mysterious and even uncanny in watching the change of color of a chameleon. When placed upon a green twig the little creature would immediately draw itself out, extend its front and hind legs at full length and become to all intents a part of the twig or branch, so that it was difficult to distinguish it. Meanwhile the mysterious blush of green was deepening and stealing over its back and sides, making the resemblance still more striking. The natural assumption of one who had given the subject no special attention might be that the anolis had glanced around and, perceiving that it was presenting a contrast not favorable to its personal safety, had assumed a color more protective. In other words, that there was some intelligent act associated with the change. When the little creature was blindfolded it assumed the same tint as at night, and did not change when placed upon the most striking colors, showing that the eye was the involuntary medium by which the different tints were obtained. The act of adaptation is perfectly involuntary or made without the knowledge of the animal, being the effect that certain colors have upon the pigment cells of the animal. At least this is the generally accepted explanation, and the experiments that have been made with

A MERRY CHRISTMAS



THE CHRIST-CHILD.

HIS world has whirled on in its way For nineteen hundred years, Since Bethlehem's babe, who came in Love, Wept over us His tears.

Still swings above the golden star That on that night stood still Above the humble village inn, By the Judean rill.

And wise men seek the path today The crooked Magi found— The mother heart of womanhood Makes that, Earth's holy ground.

The stinging angels hover now Above the manger, there, Where God's light shone upon His brow, The Prince of Peace so fair!

The wondrous story, never old, Thrills on the wakened heart, Who led us to His Heavenly Fold, Who walked from men apart.

Awake, today, in spirit strain, The song that never dies! Find out that glittering star again, The scales dropped from our eyes!

For God's dear love is potent now As when His reign began; The chanting of the seraph band Shames restless heart of man.

Here, in our midst, the Heavenly Dove Seeks an eternal rest; Descending from His throne above To hide within each breast.

Wake! Better Nature, sleeping long! Cast off the thralls of sin! List to the choir of angels' song And let the White Dove in!

Mute by the graves of vanished hates, Greet all in love today! Lift up your brows with hearts afloat, And meet Him on our way!

—Richard Henry Savage.

ing in the England of a century ago are generally regarded by archaeologists as survivals of tree worship, which seems to have existed everywhere.

Germany probably received the tree from Scandinavia, where the ancient legend tells of "Yggdrasil," the ash, which binds together heaven, earth and hell; its branches spreading over the whole world, and reaching above the sky; its roots running in three directions, one to the Asa gods in heaven, one to the Frost giants, and the third to the under-world.

In the far East, Japanese sacred books, written a dozen centuries ago, relate how the gods pulled up by the roots on the mountain Kager the Saka tree, on the branches of which they hung jewels, a mirror and blue and

white peace offerings to the shining goddess of the heavens.

The Hindoo Parjata and Kalpavriksha yielded all the objects of the desires of gods and mortals, and so, too, did the Iranian Harvisptokhm, "the tree of all the seeds."

At cremation ceremonies in Buddhist Siam a framework representing a tree, to which are tied lines and nutshells containing money and lottery tickets, occupies a prominent place, and after the rites these "fruits," which are called "karaphruk," are scrambled for by the crowd.

In Upper India the scavenger caste carry in processions, in honor of their god Zahir, a bamboo framework decked with bright colored cloths and peacock feathers, and hung with fans and bunches of cocoa nuts.

Lucian described trees covered with ornaments and sacred attributes which were brought each year to be burnt offerings to the goddess Atergatis at Hierapolis of Syria; and he told also of great trees, loaded with goats, sheep, garments and gold and silver objects, which were burned before the Syro-Phoenician gods.

Conventional or "made-up" trees are pictured on Babylonian cylinders, and one of the bilingual hymns translated by Prof. Sayce describes how the "Piece of the Tree" (of which these pictured trees were undoubtedly symbols) is the central spot of the earth, while its fruits—obviously the stars—are of brilliant crystal and reach into the liquid vast.

The pine of Cybele and Attis is still to be seen on the ancient bas reliefs, hung with bells, a reed flute, a wheel and other objects, and there are sacred birds among the branches and a ram and a bull standing beneath, ready for sacrifice.

Pictures and other votive objects were attached to the laurel of Apollo. Summing up all the evidence, it certainly seems that the Christmas tree hung with gifts has descended to us from the times when decorated trees laden with offerings were worshipped as representative of the abstract

"Universe tree," whose trunk was the cosmic axis, whose roots were in the under-world, and whose branches, lifted aloft into the skies, bore up the heavenly hosts.

The custom of decorating the churches with greenery at Christmas has its origin in a pagan ceremony. The great feast of Saturn was held in December, when the worshippers hung the temple with such green things as they could find, and the Christians adopted the same method to celebrate the birth of the Savior, giving it an emblematic turn by referring to the "righteous branch," and justifying it from Isaiah 55: 13—"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together to beautify the place of my sanctuary."

The holy, or holy tree, is called Christ's thorn in Germany and Scandinavia, from its use in church decorations and its putting forth its berries at Christmas time.

The Yule Log.

Christmas day in the primitive church was always observed as the Sabbath day, and, like that preceded by an Eve, or Vigil. Hence our present Christmas Eve. On the night of this Eve, people were wont to light up candles of an uncommon size, called Christmas candles, and lay a log of wood upon the fire, called a Yule log or Christmas block, to illuminate the house, and, as it were, to turn night into day. This custom is still kept up in the north of England. The size of these logs of wood, which were in fact great trees, may be imagined from the fact that in the time of the civil wars of the last century, Capt. Hooper burnt the house of Mr. Barker of Haghmond Abbey, near Shrewsbury, by setting fire to the Yule log. At the bringing in of the Yule log at Christmas Eve in the ancient castle of England, the great hall of the castle was profusely decorated with ivy and holly berries. As soon as the log was lighted, the Christmas festivities began. The servants were then given a general holiday and did not go to bed at all, but rambled about until the church bells called them to prayer at 12 o'clock. The word Yule signifies Christmas, which was called in the Latin or Western church the Feast of Lights, because they used many lights or candles at its celebration in honor of Christ, the Light of all Lights.

Some Holiday Hints

Don't outgrow Christmas. Don't forget that the people whom you owe like to make presents, too.

Don't think that you are too poor to keep Christmas. You can't be so poor as that.

Don't give presents that are a pleasure for ten minutes, and a burden and a worry for ten years.

Don't spend so much on Christmas that you can't get even with the butcher and the grocer until March.

Don't—you women—don't buy neckties for your men-folks. Don't encourage them in being bigger guys than necessary.

Don't give your wife something she doesn't care for, just because you want it yourself. The "don't" works the other way just as well.

Don't put off buying your presents until the afternoon before Christmas, unless you are of a sociable disposition and are easily satisfied.

Don't try to find the price-marks on the gifts you receive. If the gifts are worth having, they seem something above dollars and cents.

Don't forget that a basket of fruit or a box of flowers is just as nice a present, in many cases, as something that will last a good deal longer.

Don't forget that the Bob Cratchits and the Tiny Tims—that is, unless you are unregenerate Old Scrooge, in which case forgetfulness can be explained.

Don't put everything off to the last, because you had better for the joy of your friends give nothing than to wear yourself out and be as cross as two sticks when the blessed day comes.

Don't check off each gift you receive against each present that you gave, and calculate whether you made or lost. Christmas is not the time to be any smaller or meaner than you can help.

Don't waste any of your pity on the long-haired youths who lie at the bottom of the heap in football scrimmages. You will need all your pity yourself in the rush at the holiday counter.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.



HERE did the Christmas tree originate? This is a question that doubtless would puzzle most people to answer. It came to us from England, and it is pretty well settled that it was taken there from Germany, for the custom of setting up a tree hung with gifts at Yule-tide was by no means universal in Britain until after the marriage of Queen Victoria to a German prince.

But prior to this there was a sort of Christmas tree in England. The "wassail bob," a bunch of holly or other evergreens on a pole, decked with ribbons and hung with oranges and apples, and sometimes bearing a pair of dolls, was carried about in Yorkshire at Christmas nearly a century ago. And until 1830 the "bessant" was escorted by a procession with music at Shaftesbury—it being a tree-shaped framework covered with ribbons, flowers and peacock feathers, on which were hung jewels, coins and other articles of value, loaned by the local gentry. Hutchins' history of Dorset states in 1808 that the decorations of this "bessant," or "bysant," or "beson," as it was variously called, were sometimes worth as much as \$1,000.

These and kindred customs prevailed

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BREAKING RANKS ON STATE STREET, CHICAGO, AT 6 P. M.

hind them. Five minutes, three minutes more and the elevators will be crowded again, but with the crowd of salespeople this time. The story of the 6 o'clock transformation scene is alike in all the stores which cluster around the heart of the city, and for all parts of State street, "high" and "low." The people who buy and sell within them and upon the different corners are a little different at other times, maybe, but they show a wonderful similarity at closing hour.

SONG OF THE FEET.

"Home! Home! Freedom and home!"

This is the rhythmic melody which the hurrying feet beat out at Washington and Van Buren streets alike. And "Mercy upon us! Can it be 6 o'clock!" is the exclamation expressed in the face and voice of almost every one of the belated purchasers who are caught still buying at this hour.

To these people—the men and women who are still trying to buy things at the moment when the wearied clerks joyously proclaim that "The store is closed now!"—this information comes with a shock which propels them toward the big front doors almost before they know it. With a wild, hurrying rush all the customers appear to seek the same entrance and at the same time, all but falling over each other in their haste to reach the street. To the casual observer it would almost seem that they fear being locked in the empty, echoing desert of silent floors and corridors which will presently take the place of the noisy and well-filled store. On they hasten, hurrying, worrying, fretting over the slightest delay which intervenes between them and the thoroughfare which means home and dinner; at most quarreling with the suave usher who has sprung up in every doorway and insists upon knowing whether the broad laden individual who passes him is a clerk with an "O. K." bundle in his belated possession. In a surpris-

"Hello, Lucy! Going my way? I've got to catch the 6:20! Come along, Jimmie! We'll get left on that next 'L' train if we don't hustle! Oh, nonsense! Of course my bundle's O. K. Here you are, Patsie! Here's the nickel I promised you. Are you going to the dance on Thursday, Lillian? Oh, dear me, I forgot! Can't go with you now, Arthur, for I've got to change my library book!"

And so on interminably. Almost everyone who comes through the big doorways has something to say to somebody else, some of the young men and women being as evidently popular as the belle who counts her bouquets, as the Indian does his scalps. The men and women leave the stores by opposite doors as a rule, but there is plenty of intercourse between the sexes none the less. The saleswoman, young and pretty as a rule, always gifted with a faculty for clever chatter, appreciated everywhere and in all walks of life, who has three nickel pieces and four evening papers offered her before she reaches the sidewalk almost, is the envy of her associates just as much as the belle with twenty bouquets is the envy of hers.

Outside on the streets, a scene no less interesting and novel also to most people presents itself. At five minutes to six, as said before, these self-same streets are but little crowded. Six o'clock and the first of the last of the shopping crowds populate them quickly, and then, after another few moments, they are rendered almost impassable by the throng of recently released workers. To make one's way along State street anywhere between Congress and Randolph at this hour is a work of time, and a great deal of it, at that. To cross Madison street near State well-nigh impossible. Fifteen minutes later and this crowd also will have disappeared, filling the surface and elevated cars as well as the suburban means of transit to repletion.

take place in the big office buildings and the wholesale houses at 6 o'clock. In all these places, however, the exit rush is distributed over a larger space of time and is more gradual than in the department stores. From 5 o'clock, from half-past 4 even, the home-going hurry commences. The heads of firms, many of them, leave the office at 4:30. The subordinates, next best thing, take their departure, very often, at 5. At half-past five the bookkeepers and office men usually prepare to go away; the ringing of the 6 o'clock whistle means liberty and the joy of the evening to practically all the busy workers in the great office buildings.

From 6 o'clock to 6:15 the rush upon the elevators and stairs is tremendous; then, just as suddenly as is the case with the stores, everything is silent all at once. In the stores the janitors, cleaners, repairers often and the men and occasionally the women who are to make ready for tomorrow's bargain sales and exhibits may occasionally be caught sight of through the generally shuttered doors and windows, but they are lonesome looking and rare indeed. In the office buildings an occasional man or woman works until late in the evening. They would be numerous enough to populate a small town very often, these workers, but they are lost in the grand total of Chicago office and store space, and the entire city seems lonely, deserted, compared with the appearance it presented but a few minutes before. With the coming of the dinner and theater crowds it will be busy and lively again, but the "6:30 stillness" known to every man or woman who ever "stays downtown" after 6 o'clock will hold it in its welcome grasp for a while and the 6 o'clock transformation scene is over.

To the person witnessing this double transformation—from comparative quiet to a condition of hurrying depletion such as to almost congest traffic

blind animals seem to show that the eye is the medium.—Scientific American.

An Early "Too Too."

I think that we had discussions many years ago about the early use of this now, fortunately, decadent expression. I have just come across it in Johnson's translation of "Ambrose Parey," London, 1649, folio: "That leaving this too too cruel way of healing (by the actual cautery), they would embrace this new (by tying the arteries), which I think was taught me by the special favor of the sacred Deity."—P. 341.—Notes and Queries.

Boil Water and Milk.

In advocating the practice of boiling water (and milk) of uncertain purity, Prof. Blizzero combats the prejudice against boiled water as a beverage. He maintains that the "taste" frequently complained of in boiled water is really caused by the kettle, and can scarcely be due to the absence of dissolved air, of which water from wells of great depth often contains very little.

Polliteness.

"Pausing the other day at a push-cart standing by the sidewalk to buy an apple," said Mr. Nobbleton, "I dropped a nickel which fell between the curb and the wheel of the cart, an inconvenient place from which to recover it. As I stooped to pick it up the vender said, 'Don't,' and he handed me a nickel from his own pocket. He would pick it up."

Sensations.

Mrs. Witherly—"They say Mrs. Dickson has recently become very economical." Mrs. Larrison—"Yes, she's carrying it to an extreme, it seems to me. I hear that she's even trying to get her husband to lay his whiskers grow, so as to save laundry bills."

A plays never satisfactory when a person left over when the pairing off occurs in the last act.

The World's Supply of Wheat.
An English expert claims that the wheat producing soil of the world is unequal in the strain that will be put upon it. Even now when the food supply is ample, thousands die because their disordered stomachs fail to digest the food they take. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters strengthen and tone up the stomach and digestive organs.

Why They Succeed.
The phenomenal rapid progress of Germaine and commerce, according to Prof. Blondel, is due to the temperance of the German people, the system of education and the methodical adaptation of the results of scientific research to industrial and commercial practice. Consul Halstead of Birmingham says that to the reasons given above must be added the eager celebrity with which the Germans seize upon and copy the good points of manufacture of other countries.

Watch Renowned.
Sir Francis Grenfell, the newly appointed governor of Malta, who lost a favorite nephew in the charge of the Lanciers at the battle of Omdurman, has succeeded in recovering the dead soldier's watch. It was pierced by an Arab spear, but the hands were left untouched, and give 8:30 as the exact time of the young officer's death. Sir Francis has had the watch mounted on a block of crystal, which forms an ornament on his writing table.

Y. M. C. A. Officer.
Commodore "Jack" Phillip, who was captain of the battleship Texas during the war with Spain, has been elected a member of the Young Men's Christian Association international committee and chairman of the sub-committee in charge of the association's work in the navy.

Does Your Head Ache?

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning from what poisons?
From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.
If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering, and frequently causing severe disease.
There is a common sense cure.

Ayer's Pills

They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels.
You will find that the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.
Write the Doctor.
Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Tell the doctor just how you are suffering, and you will receive the best medical advice without cost. Address: Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

CURE YOURSELF!

Get relief from all kinds of ailments. Cures in 1 to 3 days. Discharge of urine. Irritations or secretions. Swelling of the throat. Painful and not abating. Headache. Stomach trouble. Constipation. Sold by Druggists. Or sent in plain wrapper. 1/2 doz. or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

Dallas Commercial College

Teaches in home patronage and successful pupils receive local law Jan. '06. G. A. Harpall, Pres. **PATENTS** H. B. & A. B. LACY, Patent Attorneys, Dallas, Texas. Examination and opinion on patentability and Patent Book sent free on request.

DALLAS FIRMS.

Woolen Goods, Suits, and Leather. Write for prices. **CISTERNS** W. B. BROOKS, Dallas, Texas. **EAGLE BRAND MACHINERY** City Street, Dallas, Texas. **Wanted** You can earn \$50 per mo. handling our Patent. Send 10¢ for Patent. Write for details. C. H. Anderson & Co., 375 Elm St., Dallas, Texas.

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Advertising Advertisements. Many houses in Berlin are numbered with luminous figures, which are easily visible at night.

IN HENRY VIII'S TIME.
According to Hume, there were not till the termination of Henry VIII's reign either salads, carrots, turnips or other edible roots produced in England. Says the Gentleman's Magazine, He adds that such of these vegetables—a small proportion and only by the wealthy—as were used were imported from Holland and Flanders, and that Queen Catherine, when she wanted a salad could only get one by dispatching a messenger thither on purpose. Hops were first introduced from Flanders in this reign and also artichokes. Apples and pears, however, though different in quality up to this era, had for centuries been acclimatized, and strawberries and gooseberries were plentiful. As to salads, however, Hume's remark must be construed with some modification, for in a homely sense salads had always been procurable in England. Winter and water-cresses abounded; the people had also "common alexanders," eaten as celery; rampion, rocket, borage and goosefoot, or "Good Henry," are mentioned among herbs, while sprout kales served for greens, which, indeed, must have been much in request, seeing the quantity of salt meat eaten perennially. On the whole, however, until in Henry VIII's reign the Flanders gardeners exported their vegetables, the kitchen garden in England—save in the case of the monasteries—was very limited. The reign of the second Tudor saw many novelties and so the art of gardening and variety of flowers and vegetables improved and increased, till culminating in the long reign of Elizabeth. Pippins seems to have been introduced in 1525 and the damask rose in 1522 had been brought to England by Lindacre, the king's physician. Currants were brought from Zante and planted in England in 1533 and in the same year Cromwell, earl of Essex, introduced the musk rose and several sorts of plants from Italy while sports of artichokes came with cherries in 1540. So that by the time Bacon wrote his famous essay both the Tudor flower and kitchen garden were well stocked with beauties and dainties. Undoubtedly the first general improvement in gardening is due to Holland, about 1569, and the Dutch experts found at pupils enough in garden-loving Englishmen of various ranks.

HOW GEORGE SAW PRESIDENT.
He Walked into McKinley's Box at the Ball.
Nothing can down the small boy. He is the monarch of all he surveys, and if his position is such that he cannot survey he changes it. It is the small boy with nerve and a desire to "get there" who grows up to be a Dewey, a President McKinley or a Jay Gould. The jubilee ball and jubilee parade and all the other jubilee events inspired him with such a desire to be several persons at once that he probably will never recover. One small boy named George answers this description. He is employed as an errand boy for one of the leading Chicago newspapers and enjoyed many jubilee opportunities that a boy in any other line of work did not receive. One of them, and in his eyes the greatest of all, was to be called upon to attend the ball with several of the other boys, in the capacity of "copy" carrier for the various reporters sent to cover the affair. George worked industriously for some time, but just before the entrance of the president at 10:30 o'clock he disappeared. Ngr was seen until attention was called to the president's box as he entered, when the reporters discovered him sitting next the president's chair. In Mrs. Potter Palmer's box, which was otherwise unoccupied, as dignified an air as ever an emperor or a janitor assumed. When Mrs. Palmer appeared between the curtains George arose and offered her his chair, bowing low beneath her smiles. "How did you get up there, George?" one of the other boys inquired. "Wanted to see the president," he said. "And you see, President McKinley thought I belonged to Mrs. Palmer's party, and Mrs. Palmer thought I belonged to his, so I was treated 'boss.'" He has since had his salary raised.

A Tomb in a Tree's Interior.
Very few people, we imagine, have been buried in a tree, but not long ago a German baron found the remains of a famous ancestor who was interred in an old oak tree on the family estate. The most curious fact about the strange burial place was that the nobleman in question, Baron von Thumel, bought the tomb of his forefather by accident at a wood sale. He told an old servant of his purchase, who recognized the tree as one in which, seventy years before, her old master had been buried. In the hollow of the tree Baron Hans von Thumel had caused a sepulchre of solid masonry to be built large enough to accommodate his coffin in a standing position. The coffin was placed there, as the court records show, on March 3, 1824. And the opening was closed by an iron grate. In the course of time a wall of wood grew over the opening, hiding for many years the old use to which the old tree had been put.

How Far the Eyes Travel.
A contributor to the Philadelphia Inquirer has reckoned how far one's eyes travel in reading. He says: The distance will not start you, perhaps, for 1,600,000 letters in ordinary type would measure hardly more than a mile placed side by side. In a life-time, however, the average reader wends his way through 2,000 miles of print. The average novel of 300 pages contains one mile of reading; that is, the eye travels 1,766 yards in reading the book through.

Perfectly Harmless.
Dix—once knew a man who smoked fifty cigarettes daily without any particular harm resulting therefrom. Dix—Is it possible? Dix—Yes, and the only noticeable effect was the death of the smoker.

Many houses in Berlin are numbered with luminous figures, which are easily visible at night.

THE HOPE OF THE CONTINENT.
Western Canada the "Broad Basket of the Empire."

The attention directed to the wheat fields of western Canada during the past year has caused thousands of settlers from different parts of the United States to make their homes there during the past few months. They report that their experience corroborates what had been told them of that wonderful country, and they are sending back to their friends most favorable reports. During the past summer a number of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota editors visited western Canada, and the following extracts are from a very flattering letter written for the Germania by its able contributor, Prof. Sheridan: "The numerous elevators along the line, towering so far above the surrounding country that they may be seen for many miles distant, sufficiently indicate that the chief industry is the growing of wheat. At the village of Indian Head more than a million bushels of wheat were marketed last year. This was but a fraction of the amount of the same product marketed at the larger cities of Brandon and Regina. At Indian Head the representative of the Germania was told by a farmer that he was about to harvest his third crop of wheat from the farm upon one ploughing given it the fall of 1895, the crops of the current year and of last year having been sown upon the stubble of the preceding crop. This farmer expected a yield of not less than forty bushels to the acre. The farms are very large. The absence of hills and rocks contributes to making farming on a large scale very easy matter. There was an abundance of evidence that the country surrounding the cities named above is an extensive region of fertile lands, furnishing as great an opportunity for cattle-raising and dairying as for the growing of wheat."

"We were surprised to find here a rich growth of nearly every species of cultivated plant known in Wisconsin. Various species of trees were growing, showing that its soil and its climate are favorable to the growth of forests. The writer had never seen a more promising growth of wheat, oats, and garden vegetables than was observed here. The experimental farm of Wisconsin, located at Madison, produces nothing better. "The people along the line of the railroad, however, assured us that we were still far distant from the northern limit of the wheat-growing belt, and that five hundred miles farther north wheat and other agricultural products were cultivated with success. The inhabitants do not depend solely upon the growing of wheat, but utilize vast areas in raising cattle. The growing grain and vegetables showed that a plentiful supply of rain had fallen during the current year."

"From this city (Calgary) our party was taken north 200 miles to Edmonton, a town of 5,000 people situated on the north Saskatchewan river. The country at this point is beautiful, presenting very much the appearance of many sections in central and southern Wisconsin. The people are engaged in mining for gold, and in raising wheat, potatoes and cattle; dairying is also followed. This valley seems to be favored with sufficient appearance of a luxuriant growth of grain and vegetables. The soil is very fertile and timber is abundant. Fields of wheat were observed that promise a yield of forty bushels per acre. The many good farms seen from the railway are evidence of the prosperity of the settlers. Edmonton is the terminus of the road and the place where the overland expeditions start from for the Yukon, it being about 800 miles from Dawson City."

"The members of the association made the acquaintance of the Canadians of the Northwest and learned something of the vast extent of their territory and of its great resources, which are destined to make it our most formidable commercial competitor in the world's markets for the sale of agricultural products. We learned that the Northwest Territory of Canada, instead of being a barren waste, as it is taught by our geographies of a quarter of a century ago, is capable of sustaining an empire of fifty millions of people."

Fuel Problem Solved.
A part of the fuel problem in Germany is solved by the manufacture of briquettes from peat, or turf. The machine makes eighty briquettes a minute, and its capacity can be increased to ten times that rapidly. The briquette retails at one-eighth of a cent each. It is clean in handling, packs nicely in bins, gives much heat, and in a closed stove, with only a slight draft, will remain in a glowing state for ten hours.

Fascinated Nona.
Once when Mme. Nordica was singing at a concert in the west, she forgot her warm overshoes. A cowboy, whom she had utterly fascinated, offered to bring them to her, and he did so, but he brought only one at a time. When Mme. Nordica thanked him, and in her gracious way regretted to have given him so much trouble, he said to her: "Don't name it, ma'am; I wish you were a centipede."

TOMBS OF THE PENNS.
PICTURESQUE FEATURE OF A QUIANT BRITISH PLACE.

William Penn's Resting Place—The Ashes of the Great State Founder Lie in a Quiet English Village—Called Chalfont St. Giles.

(Special Letter.)

A little valley near the village of Chalfont St. Giles, not far from London, is an old Quaker meeting-house with a grass-grown church yard adjoining. This village is the place in which Milton took refuge when he was an old Quaker meeting-house with a grass-grown church yard adjoining. This village is the place in which Milton took refuge when he was an old Quaker meeting-house with a grass-grown church yard adjoining. This village is the place in which Milton took refuge when he was an old Quaker meeting-house with a grass-grown church yard adjoining.



THE OLD QUAKER MEETING HOUSE. (In a Nearby Grove William Penn Was Buried.)

Quakers. Near by was the peaceful home of the Penningtons, in which Thomas Ellwood was living as tutor, and from whence William Penn was to take his first and most beloved wife. The reason for this focussing of so many Friends within a small area was probably the same as that which drove the Covenanters of Scotland to seek refuge on the lonely moors; to-day, Jordans is sufficiently inaccessible, and two centuries ago it must have been an ideal haven for suspected religionists. More than two hundred years have elapsed since Jordans passed into the possession of the Society of Friends. It owes its name probably to a local ten owner of the property, for it was not from a Jordan but from one William Russell, that, in 1671, Thomas Ellwood and several others acquired the land on behalf of the Society. The idea of a meeting house seems to have been an afterthought; it was as the burial place simply that Jordans was originally purchased. But the meeting house was not long in following, for seventeen years later there is authentic record of its existence. Probably some generations have passed since regular meetings were held in this rural temple, but twice every year, on the fourth Sunday in May and the first Thursday in June—set gatherings are held to keep alive the continuity of Quaker teaching within these walls. But it is because of its graves and not on account of its meeting place that Jordans attracts so many pilgrims year by year. For a century and a half there was nothing to distinguish one mouldering heap from another. Here is the account which Dixon, one of Penn's most competent biographers, wrote of his visit to the place in 1851:

"Nothing could be less imposing than the grave yard at Jordans; the meeting house is like an old barn in appearance, and the field in which the illustrious dead repose is not even decently smoothed. There are no gravel walks, no monuments, no mournful yews, no cheering flowers; there is not even a stone to mark a spot or to record a name. When I visited it with my friend Granville Penn, Esq., great-grandson of the state founder, on the 11th of January this year, we had some difficulty in determining the heap under which the great man's ashes lie. Mistakes have occurred before now, and for many years pilgrims were shown the wrong grave."

With the laudable desire of helping pilgrims to distinguish the right shrine Mr. Dixon prepared a simple ground plan of the grave yard, and the positions of the small head stones which mark the graves to-day correspond with that plan to a large extent. It has been claimed by some writers that Penn's remains were taken to Philadelphia, and that there is now no substantial evidence that they ever rested beneath the stone which is now

scanty sitting accommodation. The belfry is more for ornament than use, since the birds, by whom it has been used for nesting purposes, during sev-

his in the old Chalfont yard. This, however, is best informed, positively in England, at least, it is generally regarded as conclusive that the ashes of the great Quaker and state founder are undisturbed in their narrow resting place, as Mr. Dixon has faithfully described it. It was recently suggested that Penn's remains be transplanted to a memorial in the heart of London—to the Old Bailey, which was the scene of his vindication of the right of a jury to render a verdict contrary to the dictation of a judge; but thus far nothing has been done to disturb the quietude of his last resting place.

SMALL, BUT GOOD.

Situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Sussex, some nine miles to the southeast of Lewes and six miles northwest of Eastbourne, the little village of Lullington claims proud possession—if such an adjective is applicable—of what is locally believed to be the smallest church in England. The village itself is on so small a scale that the miniature church, some sixteen feet square, is quite large enough to supply its needs. Built in mediaeval times upon a slight eminence within a short distance of Alfriston, famous for its sixteenth century hostelry, the church is reached by a path which passes through charming scenery. The present structure stands upon the site of the chancel of the building destroyed during Cromwellian struggles, and at the same time the church records disappeared, so that even the name of its patron saint is not now known. The building accommodates about thirty worshippers. Inside the small sanctuary the large pulpit completely dwarfs the



LULLINGTON CHURCH. Several generations have passed since regular meetings were held in this rural temple, but twice every year, on the fourth Sunday in May and the first Thursday in June—set gatherings are held to keep alive the continuity of Quaker teaching within these walls.

The Funeral Was Postponed. A colored woman of Shawsville, Va., revived while the "watchers" were sitting around what they thought to be her corpse, according to the Salem (Va.) Register. The next morning the friends of the family, ignorant of the new lease of life granted to the deceased, began to arrive to attend the funeral and when they learned there was to be none—that the dead had come to life again—they were terribly disappointed and vexed, some declaring "she always was a disappointin' nigger, anyhow." Nevertheless, the "corpse" seemed glad to be alive again, even if her friends were disappointed and a funeral occasion broken up. She was still living, too, when our informant (a prominent Salem minister) left there Wednesday.

Expert Opinion.
Hart—They tell me, Smart, that you have been studying medicine for some time, and therefore, you ought to know a little about the symptoms of diseases. Smart—Oh, yes; I flatter myself I know enough about anatomy to give a fairly satisfactory diagnosis of most any human ailment.

Hart—You do, eh? Well, now, what's this? The joint of my right knee has been singularly affected. At intervals, and without any apparent warning, I am taken with a numbness there—not a pain or an ache, but complete loss of sensation, as if the whole joint was asleep. Now, what do you call that? Smart—Why, my dear fellow, that explains itself; that joint of yours is an opium joint.—Boston Courier.

Most German papers are owned and edited by Jews.

THE WORLD'S IDEAL.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder combines all the elements of ideal excellence. It is highest in leavening power. It is free from the least taint of impurity. No trial can be too exhaustive, no test too exacting, for its admirable qualities.

Cake and biscuit made with it retain their moisture, and are extremely light, flaky and fine grained—not coarse and full of holes as when made with alum baking powders. Alum baking powder leaves a bitter taste in the bread or cake and food prepared with it dries up quickly.

The severest tests were imposed at the World's Columbian Exposition and the California Midwinter Fair, where Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder eclipsed all competitors. After full examination and competition it secured the highest honors and a special gold medal. These awards stamp it as

"THE FOREMOST BAKING POWDER IN ALL THE WORLD."

Second Case. Most of the newspapers recently published a dispatch to the effect that the sentence of death passed by a court-martial at Huntsville, Ala., on Private Lindsay T. Holt of the tenth cavalry for the killing of Private Twibly, of the same regiment, was his first case of the kind to occur in our history for many years. This is a mistake. On the 24th of last August Private Alexander La Duke of the second Wisconsin shot and killed Private Stafford of the regular army, in a quarrel in a saloon in Ponce, Porto Rico. La Duke was sentenced to death by a court-martial on August 3 and on August 4 the sentence was executed.

No Reason Why. Consul Wilbour of Dublin says there is no reason why the trade between Ireland and America should not be much increased. That country imports heavily from the continent many goods which we could supply at lower rates and of better quality. Among them are woollens, paper, starch, iron rails, brushes, glassware, bottles, leather, oleomargarine and condensed milk. American bituminous coal could be landed in Ireland and sold at a lower rate than that obtaining, and still leave a handsome profit. There is a strong prejudice against it, however. The trade in American slates is growing, and could be considerably increased.

Every man thinks he writes a magnificent hand.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures whooping cough. 25c a bottle.

Some people walk as if they were at a cake walk.

Sweet music usually soothes the average human being.

Your Stock Will Bring More net money in Dallas than any market you can ship to. We want your Fat Hogs, Cattle and Sheep. **ARMSTRONG PACKING CO.**

A woman usually buys what her husband likes to eat.

For Lung and chest diseases, Price's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

The latest fad is to get married before a gramophone.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Price: The genuine has L. B. & C. on each tablet.

Witty jokes are laughed at the moment they are uttered.

Samson's Pure Face Powder Beautifies Ladies' Complexion. 25 cents Box at all Druggists.

Many 12-year-old boys look as if they needed a washing.

TRUSTWORTHY, Intelligent and active agents wanted by the **FIDELITY MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION**, New York, for territory, popular company and liberal contracts. Address: A. J. BROWN, General Manager, Dallas, Texas.

A love-sick couple always attracts much attention.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors prescribed a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. **Hall's Catarrh Cure**, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., or Sold by Druggists. **Hall's Family Pills** are the best.

Do not tell a young lady to wear her hair rough.

DEWEY'S PROJECTILES

So do the pains of NEURALGIA. So does ST. JACOBS OIL. Pain sufferers—subdued, knocked out, and captured.

"The Cigar in the Pouch."

HERBES WERTHEIM & SCHIFFER, MAKERS.

If your dealer does not sell Camero, send us \$2.50 for a box of 50, sent charges paid.

THE WAPLES-PLATTER GROCER CO., Fort Worth, Texas.

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES SAPOLIO

Queen City Business College

Successor to King's Business College. Two expert accountants and practical stenographers of wide official experience in the faculty. Two scholarships given away. \$270 in gold given away. Write for full information before going elsewhere. Ad. QUEEN CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE, Dallas, Tex. Free set of books.

Dallas Business College

Highest endorsements from merchants and bankers. Wide reputation and high grade. Faculty of practical accountants. Practical and up-to-date. Lowest expense. \$100 in gold given away. Write for full information before going elsewhere. Address: H. H. Hill, President, Waco, Texas.

PENSIONS

Get your Pension DOUBLE QUICK Write CAPT. O'PARRELL, Pension Agent, 1428 New York Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PECANS

Growing and Cracking profitable. Send 2-cent stamp for booklet. HENRY FRIEDEL, Kansas City Mo.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLES

Hidden Treasures. Circulars free. F. B. AGENCY, Dallas, Texas.

DROPSY NEW

Send for book of testimonials. Treatment Free. Dr. S. K. SHERMAN.

"La Creole" Will Restore those Gray Hairs of Yours

HAIR is a dress.

Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug

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, Dec. 24, 1898.

LOCAL DOTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Tandy returned Friday. Look out for the new stock of shoes and boots at S. L. Robertson's. Capt. B. H. Dodson is at home from his eastern trip. Even money gets a sack of flour at Carney & McKee's. Mr. B. L. Frost is off on a business trip to North Carolina. For choicest Christmas candies go to W. W. Fields & Bros. Mr. Albert English came in from the I. T. Wednesday. All kinds of dry goods and groceries for sale by S. L. Robertson. Mr. W. T. Hudson got home the other day from the I. T. Pure Louisiana sugar-cane molasses, New crop, at S. L. Robertson's. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Yoe were presented with a daughter last Sunday.

Fresh groceries received every week and always sold at lowest prices at S. L. Robertson's. Rev. W. S. Rodgers left Wednesday for Waco to spend Christmas with his family. S. L. Robertson has just received a big stock of hosiery, corsets, gloves, etc.

Miss Belle Rupe, who has been teaching music at Dickens City, will be at home for Christmas. Pure ribbon cane molasses at W. W. Fields & Bros. Mr. Young Bell came home Tuesday from the I. T. to spend Xmas with the home folks. Don't be fooled on prices; if you don't want but \$1 worth it will pay you to figure with Carney & McKee. They say he has been to the Agricultural and Mechanical college, but he don't know beans. S. L. Robertson is strictly in for business and wants your trade. Go and see him, he will always treat you right.

Mr. A. Lee Kirby has moved back to Haskell, hoping the change will benefit his wife's health. Credit and credit prices are gone with us for this year—try us with the cash and we'll surprise you in prices. CARNEY & MCKEE. Prof. W. W. Hentz went down to Albany yesterday to meet Mrs. Hentz who is returning from Waco for the holidays.

NEW DRY GOODS! S. L. Robertson is receiving a full line of dry goods this week. Nice line of ladies dress goods and trimmings, flannels, outings, percales, waterproofs, etc. The cake hunters were out in force the other night and besides falling to the cake, lost the "spike" they had along to go with it if they could find it—so one of them reports. We will receive a large line of ladies' and children's shoes from Chicago this week. CARNEY & MCKEE. Judge P. D. Sanders returned Wednesday from Houston where he attended the Masonic grand lodge as a delegate from the Haskell lodge.

Pay up; if you owe me why wait for me to dun you? I need the money to meet my liabilities. Don't wait, as what you owe me is ready due. Respectfully, S. L. ROBERTSON. Mr. Burrell Cox has moved to Greer Co., O. T., and occupy the R. M. Dickenson place. He brought down a herd of 6000 sheep for which he has the Abbott pastures. The Excelstor Black Leg Vaccine is the only inoculation successful use in the United States of Europe is thoroughly tested cures every time. Dr. J. E. is agent for it.

Committee have brought in the cedar for the Christmas tree. The committee of young ladies engaged in dress-making to press. From the files and packages in the room and the talent displaying them we guess duty.

Mrs. W. E. Naylor of Vernon is here to spend Xmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kearby.

We have a fine line of general dry goods and ladies' dress goods arriving this week. Call and see the new patterns. CARNEY & MCKEE.

Mr. Will Pierson came in from Greenville, where he now has his law shingle out, to spend the holidays with the home folks.

For fruit cake and mince meat ingredients and a choice line of family groceries, extracts, seasonings, etc., go to W. W. Fields & Bros. Prices the lowest that can be made.

Mr. S. J. Redwine of the north part of the county lost a little child last Sunday, which was buried at the Haskell cemetery on Monday.

I am doing general sewing and dressmaking. My experience in cutting and fitting enables me to guarantee satisfaction. Patronage solicited. Respectfully, Mrs. Attie Westlake.

Mr. J. W. Lovett and wife of Illinois are here on a visit to the family of Mr. Chas. Kearby. Mrs. Lovett is a niece of Mr. Kearby.

Carry all hides and furs you have for sale to W. W. Fields & Bros., they will pay you the highest market price for them.

Mr. Henry Johnson got back this week from Louisiana, where he has been for some time on a trading expedition with a lot of horses and mules.

Mr. C. C. Riddell is putting up a building on the west side of the square, which he will occupy as a saddle shop.

Mr. T. G. Carney has dressed his residence up with a chimney, bay window and other improvements.

Mr. McJilton says that as Christmas comes on Sunday this year the postoffice will take its holiday on Monday.

Mr. Jim Graham, who moved here a few weeks ago, had the misfortune to lose his little daughter, four years of age, on last Sunday with croup.

Miss Mary Tandy and brother Walter, who have been at Baylor University, Waco, will arrive this evening to spend the holidays.

Mr. Henry Alexander, who has been attending the Southwestern university at Georgetown, is expected home this evening to spend Xmas.

HARPER Whiskey is rapidly becoming the national beverage. It's the one thing all parties agree upon. Republicans, Democrats, Populists. Even the "know-nothing" party knows one thing; the merits of Harper Whiskey. Sold by Keister & Hazlewood, Haskell, Texas.

We have to decline "Boomerang's" poetical (?) contribution this week as unsuitable for publication. We desire and are always glad to receive contributions on any subject of local interest, or giving the neighborhood news in any part of the county, and hope that "Boomerang" and others will continue to give us the news from the different parts of the county, as well as appropriate discussions of local questions of interest.

VERY IMPORTANT.

The time of year has come for you to pay your notes and accounts. I have carried you longer than you asked me to. There is no use talking I cannot carry you any longer so come at once, don't wait for me to look you up. For the next sixty days everything will be cash except prescriptions. This is not the time of year to sell on credit. A. P. McLEMORE.

Local Holiday Excursion.

To points on Wichita Valley and Ft. Worth & Denver in Colorado we will make rate of one and one-third fare for round trip. Selling December 23rd, 24th, 25th and 31st, 1898, and January 1st 1899. Final time to return January 3rd, 1899.

Holiday Excursion to the South East.

We will make rate of one fare for round trip, selling December 20 and 21st, 1898, final limit to return thirty days from date of sale.

Yours truly, L. P. DAVIDSON, Agt. Seymour, Texas.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

B. Y. P.

Program for Dec. 25

Leader—Mr. Sewell. Roll call and scripture responses. Lesson—Good Tidings of Great Joy. Luke 2:8-14. Talk on Lesson—Mr. Willie Pierson.

Duet—Misses Zoodie and Georgia Johnson. Recitation—Miss Rob Lindsey. The meeting will be thrown open and everyone will have an opportunity of saying something.

Seed Oats.

Seed oats, 800 to 1000 bushels for sale now at 40 cents per bushel. W. P. WHITMAN.

Notice of Stockholders' Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that the regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Haskell National Bank will be held on Tuesday, January 10th, 1899, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., at the office of said bank in the town of Haskell, Texas, for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year and for transacting such other business as may properly come before such meeting. J. L. JONES, Cashier.

Haskell, Tex. Dec. 10, 1898.

Married.

On Wednesday last, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the residence of the bride's parents in Haskell, Mr. Joe Sample of Jones county and Miss Lera Riddell were united in marriage. Rev. M. L. Moody officiating. It was a quiet affair, only a few of the personal friends of the contracting parties being present. Soon after the ceremony the couple left for their future home, near Avo in Jones county, accompanied by Miss Laura Garren and Miss Lila Smith, to attend the reception to be given by the groom's parents.

The bride was one of Haskell's accomplished and most worthy young ladies and the groom is a prosperous young farmer and stock-raiser of our neighboring county, and the Free Press is pleased to join their host of friends in congratulations and best wishes for their future.

Christmas Entertainment Program.

- 1. Opening remarks by the President. 2. Music—By Band. 3. Oration—Jno. Couch. 4. Recitation—Miss Ethel Mason "The Shadow of a Song," written by Campbell Roe-Brown. 5. Essay—Miss Sallie Ramsey. 6. Music—By Band. 7. Recitation—Marshall Pierson, "The Murder of Nancy Sikes," written by Charles Dickens. 8. Recitation—Miss Mollie Bryant, "Naughty Zell." 9. Debate—"Resolved, that the Philippine Isles should become permanent territory of the U. S." Debaters, Affirmative—Dan Couch, Wm. Pierson. Negative—Prof. Jones, Ed Couch. 10. Music—Quartette. 11. Recitation—Mrs. Elsie Malone McCollum, "The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia," written by Maurice Thompson. 12. Music—By Band. 13. Decision of the judges. The entertainment will be held on Monday night, Dec. 25th, at the Court house. It is especially desired that all who wish to attend be on the inside by 7 o'clock so the doors may be closed and the exercises begin promptly. It is the desire not to keep the audience later than 10 o'clock, therefore the exercises will begin at 7.

McKinley and the other expansion republicans are trying to confuse the issue by talking of their expansion plans as if they involved only the same questions and principles involved in the acquisition of new territory on the mainland of our continent by the fathers of our country. Take away the glimmer of waving flags, beating drums and brass buttons and a tyro can see the vast difference.

Major I. G. Randle of Dallas was shot and killed on Main street on last Monday night by H. P. Erwin, a farmer who lives in Johnson county. There are more ways than one for justice or retribution to reach a man. Major Randle's money defeated the law and carried him safely through the courts, after three or four trials, for the killing of E. S. Randall a few years ago, and the fates have just now settled with him—or at least that is our way of thinking about it.

HEADQUARTERS FOR Christmas Goods.

My choice selection of New Holiday Goods is now open for inspection. It includes:

Many Novelties and Games, from which to select nice and appropriate, but inexpensive presents. Also TOYS AND DOLLS FROM THE SMALLEST TO THE LARGEST.

Selling for cash only, I can make very close prices on these goods. Would be glad for you to call early and select what you want, and, if desired, I will pack them up and lay them aside until Xmas. Yours for business, A. P. McLemore, The Druggist.

The Great Issue Joined.

Houston Post.

Was the speech of the president at Atlanta an answer to Mr. Bryan's interview of a day or two preceding? The distinguished champion of democracy planted himself squarely on the old time-honored American policy; the president of the United States takes an advanced stand for territorial expansion.

So far as these representative leaders can make an issue and command the indorsement of their respective parties, the issue of expansion is now made for the consideration of the political parties in the United States.

Mr. McKinley declares for imperialism—embracing the forcible retention under our flag of alien races and distant possessions, a large standing army and an immense navy, vast additions to the annual expenses of the government, and, of course, heavier burdens of taxation; the building up of a big colonial establishment and the entry of America into the complications of old world diplomacy.

Mr. Bryan stands for a compact territory, a small standing army, economy in public expenditures, reduced taxation, the independent self government of all possessions falling to us from the war unless the natives shall, in Porto Rico and Cuba, close to our shores, by popular vote ask for annexation; and an avoidance of participation in vexatious international rivalries.

Mr. Bryan, in a word, is for the old America and an adherence to the old policies and ideals that have made us great and yet peaceful, strong without arousing the jealousies of others, prosperous as a Nation without robbing or oppressing the weak.

Mr. McKinley is for the new policy. He would throw conservatism as he and push into the vortex of world politics. He would have an aggressive "world power," on the watch for conquest, and our guns ready primed for any affray. The one man is for the republic of the fathers, the other for a government of adventurers.

How great a following will each have? How far will either be able to mould public opinion or carry his party with him?

The issue is defined, the leaders have taken their positions; where will the hosts be?

Is the Nation ready for one of the greatest and most momentous and most dangerous revolutions in National policies ever noted in history, or is it still dominated by conservative masses who prefer the old republic with its growth along natural lines.

An Enterprising Druggist.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than A. P. McLemore who spares no pains to secure the best of everything in his line for his many customers. He now has the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all affections of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

Editor Brookes of the Amarillo Champion preaches a little sermon occasionally. Here is his latest. "If the churches of Amarillo want good preaching, they must do some good paying. To keep a preacher spiritually mired by half starving him and his family, is to deny that "My grace is sufficient for thee." A preacher can preach better when he has six bits in his pocket than he can when there is only a hole and his family, when they are well ressed, give less concern to the "nan of God" than when the good wife has to wash the children's clothes on Saturday night so that they can go to church on Sunday. This is the straight gospel according to Brookes."

Mr. C. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by A. P. McLemore. 52

President McKinley said in his speech at Savannah, Ga., the other day: "Our financial and revenue policies can not be changed for at least four years, and whatever legislation may be had affecting them during that period will be to improve and strengthen, not to destroy them. All of which is fortunate for the country, for every interest and every section."

McKinley figures that the republicans have the senate grabbed for at least that length of time, and he is probably correct. What we can not escape we must endure, but if the republican financial policy works as we think it will, we shall expect to see the people meantime elect state legislatures that will change the breed of United States senators.

Especially valuable to women is Brown's Iron Bitters. Backache vanishes, headache disappears, strength takes the place of weakness, and the glow of health comes to the pallid cheek when this wonderful remedy is taken. For sickly children or overworked men it has no equal. No home should be without Brown's Iron Bitters. For sale by All Dealers.

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

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Full Stock, Work Promptly to Order. Repairing done neatly and substantially. Prices reasonable and satisfaction with goods and work guaranteed. Your Trade is Solicited.

F. G. ALEXANDER & CO.

Wish to say to the trade that GREAT BARGAINS may be had in various lines of goods at their store for the SPOT CASH during the rest of the year 1898.

We have a nice line of Ladies' Capes and Jackets that we will close out at a great sacrifice in prices. We also have a good line of BLANKETS that we will close out very cheap.

And in several other lines the prices have been ordered cut to close out. Don't fail to see our Clothing and Hats on this proposition. WE MEAN FOR CASH! We don't want to sell on next year's time—don't ask for it! Come and get your Money's Worth and Be Happy!

F. G. ALEXANDER & CO.

Next Spring Klondike

Travel will begin to the Gold Fields of Alaska, and it is suggested that those who intend going to the Klondike

Will find THE DENVER ROAD the most satisfactory route in every particular by which water transportation is reached. The reasons why your ticket should read via the Denver Road, are

Shortest Route! Quickest time! Grand scenery and a Through Tourist Sleeping Car Line between Colorado and Portland, necessitating but one change of cars between Fort Worth and Portland, reaching the Northwest Seaports with economy, luxury and comfort via

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