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The Brackett News.

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NO. 17.

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

The Great Evangelist Dies at East Northfield, Mass.

DEATH DUE TO OVERWORK.

Mr. Moody's heart had been weak for a long time and exertions put forth in meetings brought on a collapse.

East Northfield, Mass., Dec. 23.—Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist, died at noon yesterday.

It was not expected until Thursday by the members of Mr. Moody's family and immediate circle of friends that death would be the result of his illness. The cause of death was a general breaking down due to overwork. Mr. Moody's heart had been weak for a long time and exertions put forth in connection with meetings in the west last month brought on a collapse which he failed to rally. The evangelist broke down in Kansas City, Mo., where he was holding services about a month ago and the seriousness of his condition was so apparent to the physicians who were called to attend him, that they forced him to abandon his tour and return to his home with all possible speed. After he reached Northfield eminent physicians were consulted and everything was done to prolong life. A bulletin issued last week communicated the tidings to the public that Mr. Moody was very ill, but that a little improvement was noticed. This week the patient showed a steady gain until Thursday when he showed symptoms of nervousness accompanied by weakness which caused the family much anxiety. Mr. Moody first knew at 8 o'clock Thursday evening that he would not recover. He was satisfied that this was so and when the knowledge came to him his words were: "The world is receding and heaven opening."

During the night Mr. Moody had a number of sinking spells. He was, however, kindhearted to those about him. At 2 o'clock yesterday morning Dr. Wood, the family physician, who spent the night at his home, was called to call the physician that he might note the symptoms. Dr. Wood administered a hypodermic injection of strychnia. This caused the heart to perform its duties more regularly and Mr. Moody himself requested his son-in-law, Mr. Pitt, and Dr. Wood to retire. Mr. Moody's eldest son, Will R. Moody, who had been sleeping the first of the night, spent the last half with his father. At 7:30 yesterday morning Dr. Wood was called and when he reached Mr. Moody's room found his patient in a semi-conscious condition. When Mr. Moody recovered consciousness he said with all his old vivacity: "What's the matter, what's going on here?" Some member of the family replied: "Father, you have not been quite so well, and so we came to see you."

A little later he said to his boys: "I have always been an ambitious man, not ambitious to lay up wealth, but to leave you work to do."

In substance Mr. Moody urged his two boys and his son-in-law, Mr. Pitt, to see that the schools in East Northfield, at Mount Hermon and the Chicago Institute should receive their best care. This they assured Mr. Moody that they would do. During the forenoon Mrs. A. P. Pitt, his daughter, said to Mr. Moody: "Father, we can not spare you."

Mr. Moody's reply was: "I am not going to throw my life away. If God has more work for me to do, I'll not die."

Terrible Disaster.

Rome, Dec. 23.—A terrible disaster took place yesterday afternoon at Anelli, the popular tourist resort on the Gulf of Salerno. About 2 o'clock an enormous rock, upon which stood the Capuccini hotel, slid bodily into the sea with a deafening roar and without a moment's warning, carrying with it the hotel, the old Capuchin monastery below, the Hotel Santa Caterina and several villas. Many people were buried in the debris, which crushed four vessels to the bottom of the sea, destroying their crews. The mass of earth which slipped was about 500,000 cubic yards. The population is in a state of terror, fearing fresh calamities. Troops have arrived upon the scene and begun rescue work. It is believed that the loss of life is heavy, including a number of monks and the occupants of the hotel. As yet it is impossible to ascertain the exact number.

Amalfi is a small but lively town of 7000 inhabitants, situated at the entrance of a deep ravine, surrounded by imposing mountains and rocks of the most picturesque forms.

Fire at Ardmore.

Ardmore, I. T., Dec. 23.—Fire early yesterday morning entirely destroyed the City steam laundry and the machinery warehouse belonging to Stevens, Kennedy & Spragins. The loss on the laundry contents belonging to Charles Rollins, is estimated at \$4000; insurance \$1000. The building belonged to J. S. Clark, loss \$600, with no insurance. Spragins & Co.'s loss \$4000, with insurance about \$2400. The Ardmore and the Odd Fellows' building was slightly damaged.

OFFICERS PLEASED

AT THE SITUATION AS IT NOW EXISTS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Insurrection is Not Ended But Otis is going to Carry the War into the South—Relief Work Done in Porto Rico—Other News Notes.

New York, December 26.—A special to the Herald from Washington says: Washington officials are very much gratified at the existing situation in the Philippines. The insurgent army, which dominated the northern portion of the island up to November 5, when the American campaign began, has disappeared; American garrisons are established at the more important points, promising peace in the surrounding territory, and the general condition is so improved that General Otis considers it feasible to open all the ports of Northern Luzon to trade. General Otis will now turn his attention to the Philippines south of Manila and it is expected, will begin active operations against them in a few days.

Just what the strength of the insurgent forces in Southern Luzon is the authorities are unable to say, but it is likely many of the insurgents under Aguinaldo in the north have joined those in the south. The authorities would be glad to know that the conclusion is correct, for in the south there will be a good opportunity to cut off the armed Filipinos, if a large number could be captured at one time and it would mean the death blow of the Philippines' hopes.

Aguinaldo has not yet reached the southern territory, but is believed to be in the northern mountains, trying to elude the American columns, which are scouring the country. Aguinaldo is undoubtedly working his way south in order to gain command of a large force.

Before the war with the United States Spain had experienced no difficulty in sending columns from one end of the island to the other, but the natives organized guerrilla bands and continued the war, and the greatest difficulty was met in suppressing them, peace usually being secured by liberal promises.

New York, December 26.—Near the town of Ladysmith, three blocks of buildings in the business portion of the town were burned today with a loss of \$200,000. The fire was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. It broke out in the sawmill of R. C. Lobby & Co., and the entire plant with planing mill, storerooms, lumber, office, sheds, etc., were consumed. One million and a half feet of upper grade lumber was also burned. A strong northwesterly wind was blowing and the flames spread rapidly. St. John's hotel was destroyed. Many people are thrown out of employment and others are rendered homeless.

Richmond, Va., December 26.—At Virginia, Halifax county, today a man named Loftis entered the depot and fired several times at Mr. Turner, the operator. Turner returned the fire and killed his man. Friends of the dead man attacked Turner, a general fight followed and Turner received a terrible gash in the throat, while several other men, two of whom will probably die, were wounded. At last account a mob was threatening to lynch Turner, but he was being guarded in the depot by armed friends. All the parties are, it is said, white. The sheriff has gone to the scene.

Helena's Latest Success.—Washington, D. C., December 26.—David Belasco scored a success Monday night in a new line of work as a playwright, coming out as a producer of comedy instead of a maker of highly dramatic plays. "Naughty Anothey," the name of his new production, is far removed in style and theme from the "Heart of Maryland" and "Zaza." Its first presentation was given at the Columbia theater in this city Monday night and at its close the audience, which filled the entire house, gave the playwright an ovation.

Killed in Church.—Brownsville, Texas, December 26.—In the Catholic church last night during the celebration of midnight mass, an 18-year-old Mexican boy named Feliciano Lopez was shot and almost instantly killed, never speaking after the shot was fired. A pistol was found on the floor, but whether it belonged to Lopez and the shooting was accidental had not been ascertained. No one claims the pistol. The authorities are investigating the matter. The church was crowded and the most intense excitement prevailed.

Llano, Texas.—Governor Sayers has appointed Hon. W. F. P. Oatman to be attorney for the Thirty-third judicial district.

Ennis.—In a row with another negro Saturday night, John Keno was shot twice; the wounds are very likely to prove fatal.

FROM OVER TEXAS.

IOWA SYNDICATE PURCHASED A LARGE BODY OF LAND.

Bought 10,424 Acres for \$185,000—A Quarter of a Million Will be Spent in Improvements if the Options Secured Are Taken—Other News Notes.

Beaumont, Texas, December 27.—During the past three or four months Mr. I. D. Polk, the well known real estate agent and one of Beaumont's most progressive and enterprising citizens, has been making frequent trips to Kansas City, Chicago and other Northern points. The purpose of his trips was not made public, but it was known that he was at work on a big land deal, and recently he admitted that such was a fact, but requested that the matter be kept quiet at least until the preliminary arrangements were effected. This was done last night at 8 o'clock when D. B. Hurd and Judge A. H. McVey signed a contract and deposited a certified check to purchase 10,424 acres of Jefferson county rice land.

The land contracted for sale belongs to Messrs. J. E. Broussard, B. C. Herbert and I. D. Polk. It lies in the vicinity of Taylors bayou and includes what is known as the Broussard rice farm. The purchasers are the trustees of a syndicate which is being formed in Iowa for the purpose of raising the money necessary to farm rice on a large scale. The contract gives the purchasers a sixty-days option on the land, the total price to be paid for which is \$185,000. Messrs. I. D. Polk and J. E. Broussard have also sold to Messrs. Hurd and McVey, as trustees, a ninety-day option on six additional sections of land, which is suitable for rice culture. This makes the deal aggregate 14,264 acres.

While this deal was worked up by Mr. I. D. Polk the success so far attained is partially due to Mr. B. D. Hurd. It was to him that Mr. Polk pointed out the immense body of rice land that could be secured in one tract in Jefferson county. Mr. Hurd immediately saw the attractiveness of the proposition and set about organizing the syndicate to make the purchase. At first he met with little encouragement from Iowa capitalists, but when rice culture and its profits were adequately clear the principal difficulty was overcome. Organization of the syndicate is not yet entirely perfected, but it will be in a very few days, and the earnest money deposited is a guarantee that the deal will be concluded within the time prescribed by contract.

Mr. Polk says that as soon as the syndicate takes possession of the land, about a quarter of a million dollars will be spent in improvement and in preparing it for cultivation of rice.

Galveston Waterways Convention.—Galveston, Texas, December 27.—From the number of letters being received by Secretary McMaisters of the chamber of commerce from delegates to the Texas waterways convention the attendance is going to be large. Many county judges and mayors have signified their intention to be on hand and in cases where they can not come they have appointed substitutes. Nearly all commercial bodies will have a full representation and have taken great interest, making many inquiries regarding the work to be done.

The convention will convene Thursday, December 28, and continue two days. Secretary McMaisters and the committees in charge are making great preparations to entertain the delegates.

The following members of the Galveston cotton exchange have been appointed delegates to represent the exchange at the Texas waterways convention, which will meet here December 28 and 29: W. L. Moody, John L. Rogers, Julius Runge, Robert Bornfeld, Eustace Taylor, Jens Moller, I. H. Kemper, J. D. Skinner, W. A. McVitie, William F. Ladd, W. M. Stafford, D. B. Henderson, J. E. Wallis, Leon Blum.

The delegates will meet, probably tomorrow, elect their chairman and perfect organization.

A Broncho Buster Killed.—Denton, Texas, December 27.—John Pease was fatally hurt yesterday in an attempt to ride a vicious horse for a purse, being thrown and injured internally. Pease is one of the best broncho busters in this part of the state and was the tenth man to make an unsuccessful attempt to ride the horse, which is regarded as unquarable.

A Woman Deputy Marshal.—Dallas, Texas, December 27.—Miss Emma Van Duzen of Dallas was sworn into office as a deputy United States marshal at the Federal building in this city Tuesday afternoon. Miss Van Duzen is the first woman to fill such a position in Texas.

Baltimore.—Prof. Elliott Cones of Washington, D. C., the world-famed orthologist and scientist, is dead, at John Hopkins hospital.

Alvin.—The young ladies will give a ball Thursday evening next.

THE DEAD OF THE MAINE.

Newport News, Va., December 26.—The battleship Texas, in command of Captain Sigbee, arrived here shortly before noon Monday with the remains of the men who lost their lives by the destruction of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor. The bodies of the 151 Maine heroes which were brought up on the Texas will be transferred to a Chesapeake and Ohio train today at 12 o'clock and will be taken to Washington for interment in Arlington cemetery next Thursday. The Texas left Havana last Thursday. She encountered a gale off Hatteras, but had good weather until she reached that point. She anchored in the inner bay Monday night and came up to Old Point in the morning. After the quarantine regulations had been complied with she proceeded to this city. Rev. Father Chadwick, who was chaplain of the Maine, is in charge of the remains and will accompany them to Washington. Not more than a score of the bodies on the Texas were identified. The names of these are inscribed on the coffins which inclose their remains. There were no ceremonies here in honor of the dead, but impressive exercises will take place today when the bodies are transferred from the ship to the train. The funeral train will arrive in Washington tonight.

A Mysterious Affair.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., December 26.—This evening two young men whose names are unknown were driven to the cliff above the promenade at the whirlpool rapids on the Canadian side of the river and were lowered to the promenade. They did not return in an hour and the police were notified. Footprints of the two men in the snow were followed to the extreme end of the promenade toward the whirlpool. Farther along the bank there were signs of a body having fallen in the snow and the footprints of only one man could be discovered. Owing to the darkness the search had to be discontinued but men are stationed along the river on the watch for the appearance of either of the men. The police are inclined to look on the mysterious affair as a case of murder and suicide or double suicide.

Over at Edgemoor.

New York, December 26.—The Tribune reports that the voice has come from the darkness of Ladysmith. Seven more deaths from enteric fever are reported in the casualty list from White's garrison. These messages, flashed from one British camp to another, have a different sound from the cheery "All Well" which was received daily from Ladysmith at Eastcourt a few weeks ago. All is not well when typhoid fever and dysentery are prevalent, and men are dying daily in the hospital from sickness induced by unsanitary conditions and a defective water supply. The war office makes no comment on this message.

Wreck on Northern Pacific.

Missoula, Mont., December 26.—By a wreck on the Northern Pacific Monday morning about 6 o'clock six miles east of Bear Mouth, four men were killed and several injured, more or less seriously. The dead are: Engineer K. B. Rheim, Fireman C. A. Dickson, two tramps stealing a ride. The injured are: Brakeman Wallace Mix, seriously scalded and bruised, Engineer J. W. Bebee, Conductor L. A. Yake. Other trainmen were injured but not seriously. The operator at Bonito allowed the freight train from the west to pass when it should have been held on the siding. As soon as the operator heard of the wreck he took to the hills and has not been heard of. He was a substitute.

Attempted Incendiarism.

Taylor, Texas, December 26.—Last night just after dark an effort was made to burn the cotton compress and a large quantity of cotton on the platform at this place. Fortunately the incendiary was discovered in the attempt, and the fire was extinguished before it got under headway. The guilty man escaped, but he was recognized, and as he is known here there is little or no doubt but he will be apprehended. While several bales of cotton were burning a young man by the name of Picklers, who saw the fire, attempted to remove the bales when one fell on him, injuring him severely internally.

Serious Stabbing Affair.

McKinney, Texas, December 26.—A serious cutting affray occurred last evening in the public road four miles east of Anna, this county. As a result Will Patterson lies in a precarious condition with a deep knife stab to the hollow just under his left shoulder. Sheriff Pafford lodged Tom Bradshaw in jail here this morning charged with the cutting. Patterson is a married man, his wife being a witness to the affray. Bradshaw is 27 years old and a rheumatic cripple. The difficulty arose over the killing of a pig belonging to Patterson.

Alvin.—The young ladies will give a ball Thursday evening next.

TEXANETTES.

Dr. C. O. Matthews, a prominent Denison physician, is dead.

The usual number of Christmas casualties are reported. Fourteen divorces were granted in one day at Waxahatchee.

A huge wolf was caught in a trap four miles from Fort Worth.

Chris Hagestein was thrown from a horse at San Angelo and badly injured.

In a difficulty at Blossom, Lamar county, Jack Bally was badly cut in the face and on the head.

The grocery store of L. G. Throop at Big Springs, was robbed of \$1 in cash and about \$100 worth of groceries.

The office of the superintendent of Paris waterworks was burglarized and the sum of \$60 was secured from a drawer.

Robert E. Lee Powell of Bartlett filed voluntary petition in bankruptcy at Austin. Liabilities \$4125, assets \$1540, all claimed to be exempt.

It is reported from Kansas City that a big Northern company will move to Quanah, Texas to utilize the extensive gypsum fields in that section.

The Trinity Land company of Fort Worth is the first corporation to pay a franchise tax under the recent assessment by the county commissioners of Tarrant county.

Several nights ago a freight car on the Texas and Pacific road was broken into near the coal chute just east of Willis Point and a goodly-sized box of freight escaped.

The 18-month-old daughter of Sumner Coke fell into the fire-place at Terrell, and was severely burned. Her 4-year-old brother rescued her in time to prevent serious results.

Mount Vernon has \$33,000 subscribed of the \$50,000 required for a cotton mill. It is expected that the remaining \$17,000 will soon be raised, when the building will be at once begun.

County Attorney George A. Carpenter of Fannin county filed his annual report and turned over to the county treasurer \$708.45, which is the excess of the amount allowed the county attorney and his deputies.

W. H. Jones, who served for over twenty years as baggage-master at Ft. Worth at the Texas and Pacific depot, died of paralysis. He was a popular employe. The remains was shipped to Paris, Tex., for interment.

The grand jury of El Paso returned an indictment against Juan Bernal, a convict now in the Santa Fe, N. M., penitentiary, charging him with the murder of Ranger Fusselman, which occurred more than ten years ago.

While crossing a street at Austin Chief Justice R. R. Gaines of the supreme court was struck by a runaway horse and knocked down. He was badly bruised about the face and legs, but his injuries are not considered serious.

The observance of schoolroom discipline in the public schools of Sherman can be judged from the fact that up to a few evenings ago it has been necessary to inflict corporal punishment in but twenty-four cases in a total enrollment of 1846.

Mrs. L. R. Harbough made a narrow escape from a horrible death at Corsicana. She was standing with her back to an open fireplace when her clothing caught fire, and before the flames could be extinguished she was badly burned about the hands, arms and face.

Miss Drew Walker of Rockwall, while on a visit to Navasota was accidentally shot by a rifle.

Malone, Waller & Co. of Fort Worth, formerly merchants, filed an application in the United States district court there. The liabilities of the firm are placed at \$23,350.61, assets none. The individual assets of the parties are \$7654.40, David L. Malone \$5285, all exempt; John F. Waller \$650.

Night Marshal Evans attempted to arrest Bob Sales, a colored barber, at Cuero. When called upon by the marshal to halt he did so and at the same time about faced and opened fire on the marshal with a 4. pistol. The marshal returned the fire, fatally wounding the negro twice through the bowels. The marshal was shot in the neck.

A. M. Nance, living on the east side of Paris, has a well water supply which is effected altogether by the way the wind blows. If it is from the north the well goes dry, while the supply is abundant when the wind is in the east.

All Texas and Pacific, the Chicago, Rock Island and Texas, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and the Fort Worth and Rio Grande passenger trains are running in and out of the Texas and Pacific passenger station at Fort Worth.

As the Texas Trunk train was going from Kemp the entire train except the engine was derailed. The accident was caused by the spreading of the rails. Several of the passengers walked into Kaufman from the wreck, eight miles from there.

Frankfort, Ky., December 27.—

Questions concerning the makeup of the state board of election commissioners may be brought before the courts before the commissioners sit as a contest board to pass upon the claims made by the democratic candidates for the state offices below that of lieutenant governor, which are now held by republicans. The point of contention is the procedure to be followed in filling the vacancies caused by the recent resignation of Commissioners Pryor and Ellis. The democrats have construed the law to provide that such vacancies are to be filled by the remaining members of the board, and on this theory John Fulton was appointed to fill one of the vacancies. Commissioners Poyntz and Fulton are to meet here Thursday to select the third member of the board. The republicans now make the assertion that these vacancies should be filled by appointment of Governor Taylor. It is said the governor will make nominations to fill the vacancies and that the question will then be taken into the courts.

Coming to Texas.

Denver, Colo., December 27.—President John W. Springer of the National Live Stock association today issued the official call for the big annual convention of his association to meet in Fort Worth, Texas, January 16, and continue in session four days. This is the largest live stock association in the country and it will be attended by representatives of stock yards companies and many railroads. It is expected that there will be over 1000 delegates in attendance, representing every state in the Union. According to the call, among the subjects to be discussed are the questions of leasing public lands to stockmen for grazing; grazing in forest reserves of the West; the taking of a complete census of live stock next year; the work of gathering vital statistics relating to the transportation of live stock by railroads, and subjects of a kindred nature. Low rates have been made on all railroads for this meeting. Many important matters relating to the industry will be considered.

State Lunatic Asylum.

Austin, Texas, December 27.—A second artesian well will be completed for the state lunatic asylum at this point in a few days at a cost of \$5500, and some \$70,000 is being expended in new buildings and other improvements for that institution with a view to making it one of the largest and most complete institutions for the insane in the United States, it already being among the best managed. Additional room for 300 patients is being provided. The governor visited the institution Monday, as well as the blind asylum, and was well pleased with what he saw at both. It is his desire to bring the state eleemosynary institutions up to the highest standard and his intention is to leave them in up to date condition on retiring from office.

Fatal Bee Sting.

San Antonio, Texas, December 27.—Karl Neulander died Monday evening about 7 o'clock at 921 Dallas street. Death was caused by blood poisoning, the result of a sting by a bee a short while back. At the time he thought nothing of the bite, but scratched the place where he had been stung a great deal. Blood poisoning set in and after a great deal of suffering he expired. The deceased was a saddle maker and was a member of the Saddle Makers' union. The remains will be held pending the arrival of his brother from Mexico.

Navigation of the Red.

Paris, Texas, December 27.—Captain S. J. Wright, chairman of the Red river navigation committee, is very enthusiastic over the prospects of a large and representative attendance at the convention to be held here on the 18th of January. He states that he has received letters from extensive property owners covering the whole section of the river from Denison to Fulton, Ark., and believes that the matter will be taken up in earnest at the convention.

Brazzell Mine Horror.

Brownsville, Pa., December 27.—Search for the dead was kept up at Brazzell mine all night, resulting in finding five more bodies, making twenty victims of the explosion. The bodies are so mutilated they have not been identified. A thorough search of the mine was made this morning, but no more bodies were found, and it is now believed the number of the dead will not be increased.

Fell Dead on the Street.

Waco, Texas, December 27.—S. Wise, aged 76 years, father of Dan Wise of the Waco Savings bank, fell dead on the streets Tuesday just before noon from heart failure. Deceased had lived in Waco twenty-five years.

St. Augustine, Fla.—Major General Brooke, with Captain I. T. Dean and Lieutenant G. W. Castle of his staff, have arrived here en route to Washington from Havana.

The ONLY CHANCE.

See sacs of bonbons. One for Madame, one for you, Mlle. Eugénie, and one for you, Mlle. Gabrielle. She came with this white lilac from Monsieur Allard.

Madame put up her sac unopened. Eulalie, a tall, well-built girl, with handsome, regular features, dressed as richly as would be becoming in a demimouche à marier, opened the one that bore her name daintily embroidered here on it, took out a sweet, and began on it, and she was the first to begin on it. Gabrielle found it difficult to untie the gold-stranded string around the neck of the sac, and went to her work basket at the other end of the room for a knitting needle. There were signs of excitement in the agreeable but not pretty face of the girl, who, indeed, had nothing but a fine pair of eyes and look of good nature to atone for heavy features, colorless face, and dull hair. Her so-called rather squat figure was little aided by her somewhat unfashionable frock. A minute later she was really pretty—for a moment—as her eyes eagerly gazed at a letter that she drew out of the bag. She uttered a little cry, and then ran forward.

"Oh, but look here, auntie; look at this!" Suddenly an air of dismay came over Mlle. Eugénie. She continued; "it must be for you, Eulalie."

The aunt read the letter, or rather, note, aloud:

"Mademoiselle—I take this opportunity of telling you what you must have guessed—that I love you. It is my intention to make a formal demand of your hand in marriage. However, my long experience in England has made me feel that I should not do so without knowing whether the proposal would be agreeable—I durst not put it higher—to you. I know this is an unusual step to take; you must ascribe it to my unusual training. This afternoon, when I present myself, I trust you will give me some sign whether you are willing I should ask the question on which depends the happiness of my life. Believe me, mademoiselle, yours most passionately than it would be becoming for me to say, Georges Allard."

"Oh, Gabrielle," cried both of the others, "how strange and how fortunate!"



EULALIE CAME IN.

"And," Madame continued, "he is a far better party than you could have dreamed of, and a charming fellow."

"But it must have meant for Eulalie."

All three examined the sac, and Gabrielle examined her heart as well. Certainly there was no mistake about the heart, apparently none about the sac.

"Your uncle," said Mlle. Goudinet, "will be delighted, and I suppose," she added, quizzically, "that the blush in your cheek, Gabrielle, may be taken as a sign of acquiescence?"

The blush burnt deeper.

"Come," said Eulalie, "while mamma is talking to father about it, I'll make you look as smart as possible. We haven't too much time, for I expect your—pretendu will be here at five o'clock."

At 4:45 o'clock M. Allard was announced. The salon was half full of members of the Goudinet family, for it was the birthday of M. Gaudinet as well as New Year's day. No one knew the secret, since M. Goudinet determined to contrive a little poetic coupe de theater for the benefit of the family. Everybody was whispering about the unwonted prettiness of Gabrielle. Eulalie had not come down; she had taken so much time arranging Gabrielle that she was late over her own toilet.

M. Allard entered; a good-looking fellow, dressed in English style, with a manly air and a nervous manner. M. Goudinet advanced to the door impressively and grasped his hand—"une bonne poignée de main à l'Anglais."

"My friends," he said, turning round and making a sweeping oratorical gesture with his right hand, "I am going to give you a charming surprise, a poetic emotion, not undramatic, a delightful instance of one of the good qualities of a sister nation."

"My friends," continued M. Goudinet in his most senatorial manner, "Monsieur Allard has today made a demand of marriage in the most delightful style, and it is with the utmost pleasure that Mme. Goudinet and I accede to his request."

The radiant look in the young man's face was delightful to see. The girl leaned against her aunt for support.

"Come here, my dear," called M. Goudinet; "come here."

Mme. Goudinet led her forward.

For the first time during the scene M. Allard saw her. In a second his eyes searched the whole room. The color fled from his face; he gazed at the girl as if he were a man gazing at death.

"Monsieur Allard, my dear nephew," said M. Goudinet, joining the hands of the two young people, "embrassez votre fiancée."

There was a long pause—thrillingly long. The man was gazing at the girl's face, a strange look in his. She raised her eyes, the beautiful eyes her charm, eyes then brilliant with happiness and affection. He bent forward to kiss her forehead. Suddenly she started, giving a cry of pain.

"Oh, you have hurt my hand, monsieur; you have pressed it so hard."

He tried to stammer an excuse. Her eyes were fixed on his face. Ere he had uttered two words she interrupted: "Monsieur Allard, was there no mistake? Was the letter in the right sac? Was it meant for me?"

He gazed and stammered.

"What does this mean?" asked M. Goudinet.

"Uncle, it means there is a mistake. I saw in the eyes that he does not love me."

"What does this mean?" said M. Goudinet, sharply, to the young man.

"There was a mistake," said the young man, mournfully, "I—Godness knows how it happened! The letter was meant for your daughter."

"Well, but—" interposed M. Goudinet.

"But," continued the young man with dignity, "when I saw what a mistake there was, and the fault was mine, when I guessed, too, I hope fatuously that Mlle. Gabrielle had some liking for me, and knew she was willing to accept me, I determined, as a true Frenchman, to take the happiness offered to me, even if it were not that which I sought, and carry the secret of my mistake to the grave."

Everybody was profoundly moved—the ladies, all of them, to tears.

"I am still ready," said the young man, with trembling voice; but Gabrielle interrupted him.

"I know what I lose," said the poor girl, the words forcing themselves painfully from her; "but I will not be ungenerous. As Monsieur Allard does not love me, I will not be his wife since he seeks love in marriage."

M. Goudinet had been whispering to his wife. Once more came an oratorical wave of the right arm.

"My friends—" he said. At that moment the door was opened and Eulalie came in.

"My friends, Monsieur Allard has just shown himself a Frenchman of all the grand old traditions of our race and has accepted—legitimately, I trust—a more brilliant marriage for my daughter; but how could she do better than wed a man of such noble nature, and so, if it be agreeable to Eulalie, I shall have the honor of calling him my son-in-law instead of my nephew."

Two minutes later the virginal brow of Miss Eulalie was decorated with the betrothal kiss that had almost fallen by accident to the lot of Gabrielle.—The Sketch.

KILLED BY A BEAK.

The loon is a dangerous bird with which to battle.

The loon, or great northern diver, is a powerful bird. The following instance of one of them conquering a man happened a few years ago: A young Micmac Indian living at Grand Lake, N. S., wanted to get the skin of one of these beautiful birds to present to his mistress on her birthday. One day the youth, who was an adept at imitating the peculiar sobbing cry of the loon succeeded in calling a bird within shooting distance. His shot, however, failed to kill outright, and the bird, although so severely wounded that it could neither swim nor dive, still retained life and strength to remain afloat in the water. The boy, thinking that his game did not need another shot, swam out to retrieve it, but when he approached near enough to seize the bird it suddenly made a dash at him, sending its head and neck out with a spring like an arrow from a bow. It was only by a quick duck of his head that the Indian succeeded in evading the blow. He swam about the loon several times, attempting to dash in and seize him by the neck, but the wary bird succeeded in flogging each effort by continually facing him and lunging out with his powerful neck. The Indian then swam up to within a few feet of the bird, and diving under him with considerable skill, caught him by the legs. He carried him under, and, although the bird struggled fiercely, managed to retain his hold. But when they both rose to the surface again a battle royal began, the Indian seeking to carry his prize ashore and the bird attempting to regain his freedom. The bird, however, was too much for his foe, and before the Indian had covered a yard on his shore bound course disabled him with a vicious blow from his beak full on the naked chest. The effect of the blow was almost instantaneously fatal, for the heart penetrated close to the Indian's breast.—Youth's Companion.

TO HONOR EMPEROR WILLIAM.

In holding a chapter of the Knights of the Garter at Windsor Castle in honor of the visit of the Emperor William, Queen Victoria will be paying him one of the greatest honors within her power. The order is one of the oldest and most exclusive in the world. It is said to date from 1348, when at a court ball the Countess of Salisbury was unfortunate enough to drop her garter in the ballroom. King Edward III. picked it up with the remark which has become historical: "From soil qui maly pense," or "Evil in him who evil thinks." Immediately afterward he instituted the order of the Knights of the Garter, limiting the membership to twenty-five. This limitation has always been observed, with the exception that, in addition, the honor of membership may be conferred by the sovereign on the rulers of foreign nations. Today the king or emperor of nearly every European nation is a Knight of the Garter, while the English membership includes the most important of the British nobility. To be chosen a Knight of the Garter is still the height of an Englishman's ambition.

COULDN'T DO MUCH BETTER.

Aunt Grim—There is one reason in particular why I do not favor young Mr. Spoonley—Why, aunty, he staid last night till nearly half-past 11, and the night before till almost 12; but I think I can persuade him to remain a little longer tonight, if you think best.

ADMITTED ONLY HIS MISTAKE.

Mrs. Naglegh—I suppose you are satisfied now that you made a mistake when you married me. Mr. Naglegh—I made the mistake all right, but I'm not satisfied.—Stray Stories.

The Man with the Scythe



THE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Make 'em, make 'em; even though you break 'em!

Good resolves are comforters, aye, even for a day;

Strive a little longer, it will make you stronger;

And perfection never yet was found in human clay.

Make a firm resistance, pray to have assistance;

Give the demon that you dread a tussle—and you can!

Push the foe behind you; do not let him bind you;

And begin the new year, better woman, better man!

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

By S. B. McManus.

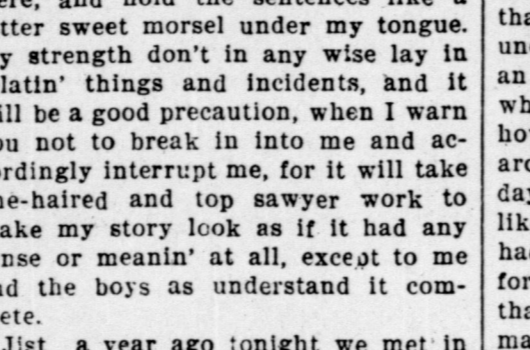
I want to tell you this New Year's night, what happened just a year ago in Hank Harmon's blacksmith shop. 'Tain't much to talk, nor over much for an outsider to hear to, but it means a mighty sight to me and the boys, and I for one, just like to think of it and talk it over and kind of hug and embrace the words, expressin' it as it were, and hold the sentences like a bitter-sweet morsel under my tongue. My strength don't in any wise lay in relat'n' things and incidents, and it will be a good precaution, when I warn you not to break in into me and accordingly interrupt me, for it will take fine-haired and top sawyer work to make my story look as if it had any sense or meanin' at all, except to me and the boys as understand it complete.

Just a year ago tonight we met in Hank Harmon's blacksmith shop to celebrate the day by gettin' so paralyzin drunk, that we could disremember the miserable homes we had sneaked away from and the heart-broken and down-holdin' wives and children we had left in them. We hung a hoos blanket over the biggest cracks in the sides after Hank had fastened the door, and then we was in shapeful condition to guzzle and pour down our red-hot, thirsty throats, just as much of Joe Howard's red-hot, pizen-hot whisky as we could manage to get with our tremblin' hands, to our weak, waterin' disordered mouths. After this, we know what would most likely happen, judgin' of course by what had happened before—we would fall over amongst the cinders and hoos hoof-jealous and old wagon tires and drag-rod and scrap iron, where we would sleep like hoogs—hoogs as had lost their self-respect—until the cold and the uncomfortablest would wake and sober us enough to crawl home to our wretched houses, which we would make wretched and miserably by our comin'.

We talked of this tonight, and we all remembered everything that was done and said, as if it was writ on the black walls of the shop with white heat-runnin' iron from the forge, and we all agreed too, never to try to disremember that night—the night when God or some of his abnornal, holy angels come down to us and shamed us into bein' decent, sober, Christ-in-vin' men.

"There is recollections," Jim Cameron said, "that alters again to be recollected and kept like a blazin' torch

PUT THE HOOS BLANKET UP.



every inch of which was the premium work of an artist and a man as made grand stairways for a livin' and never botched, and I reckoned, jist makin' a rough, unfurkin' estimate, that I had traded enough with Joe one time and another to as much, or may be more, than pay for the plate glass windows, not mentionin' the stained ones, that looked like flower beds set into his walls, with wreaths and roses and young children and blue sky and grass and things. And there was my wife and youngsters at home—jist such a place as we had finally got to could be called a home—with the windows filled with old quilts and cushions and not enough in the cupboard to eat to much more than prevent them from goin' to bed hungry. And this was New Year's night! It wasn't a cheerful, glowin' outlook, no odds how perseverin' one tried to be chirky cheerful over it.

Hank Harmon, who had as his place at the table, with his back again the door to prevent anyone from droppin' in on unexpected, that likewise, makin' a rough, uneducated callation, he had helped Joe Howard in the buildin' of his mansion, as the newspaper called Joe's house—quite a considerable, even to the pinchin' of his family for provisions and clothin'. Hank called it had done as much toward the house, as the puttin' in of the plumbing—pipin'—chandeliers, with the furnace, throwed in for fair measure and good feelin'. And speakin' of the furnace, Hank happened to recollect that there wasn't a stick of wood or a pound of coal in his house, and his wife was sick and his children not sweatin' with bein' overclothed or overfed. And rememencin' along this line, we naturally got dismal and down-hearted and some of us it was me—for I needn't pretend to confuse or forget anything that happened that night—moved that we unanimously take a drink and I accordin' pulled the cork from the white stone jug, with the blue letterin' and wheat sheaf.

But Jim Cameron nor Hank nor Jim Green held up their cups, but I filled mine in a manly, don't-care way and set close to the edge of the table by me.

Jist then, Jim Green began to cry. And it wasn't a drunk, muddin' swashy cry that makes one tired, but a great, man, heart-breakin'—heart full cry, not loud nor noisy, but low and heavy with bitterness and remorse and the useless wishin' that you hadn't done some things. And while Jim cried we all looked away and kinder above each other heads and I sneaked my cup of whisky from the table and emptied it without mak-

JIM BEGAN TO CRY.

in' any splashin' in the pall where Hank tempers his hoos shoes. After a spell, Jim got where he could speak, and we was all willin' he should have the floor. He said he didn't know how many houses he had helped to build, but expected he had done his share, but he did know, with a sad certainty of one heart, he had broken by his wayward wicked ways, but we all knew it was his mother's. And she had died alone and neglected jist a year ago! Then Jim began again (he could talk like his father I suspect) and said that while he knew he

had killed the one who loved him best and the one that he loved best in the world, killed her with cruel shame and sorrow—with God's help he was resolved to make her glad in heaven tonight, that he would never touch another drop of liquor as long as he lived.

There was stillness for a time and the edges of the old blanket flapped like big, ragged evil wings and the uncorked jug sent out a smell that put one in mind of venomous snakes and close by danger, while the smutty, crackled lamp flared up and then almost went out as if even that little puny, crippled light was ashamed of our babies died, and straightening its company. Pretty soon, Jim Cameron pulled his legs out from under the trembling table, and straightening himself up as best he could, bein' so tall and standin' as he did right under the eaves of Hank's shop—said, "Boys, I have a notion that amounts to dead certainty, that my wife and I will move back to our old home before long. We are both homesick for the grass and geraniums and big trees in the front yard, and the stone dog on the door step, and the little room where I picked up my hat and went away. And me and Hank was left alone. But Cameron hadn't much more than shut the door, when Hank, as owned the shop, kicked the box out from under him and come nigh to upsettin' the infirm old table, and he put on his ragged overcoat, and carelessly remarked—only that I knowed Hank would have known that he was in solemn, awful earnest—that it didn't look neighborly nor civil to leave company like this, but he guessed—no, I'll be damned if I guess—(Hank wasn't a swearin' man, never) he said, I know I must do as Jim Green and Jim Cameron have done, and with God to help me and God and you, William Wren, to be my witnesses, I Henry Harmon, will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor so long as I live. And the rickety old door dragged back to its place and he was gone and I alone.

There was but one decent, manly thing left for me to do, and by this time it was the only thing I wanted to do and standin' up with only God for witness—and He was enough—I promised as the other boys had promised, and then, with a thread of a prayer that would tangle itself with my other thoughts, I took the jug and smashed it upon the anvil.

While it came to us unexpected that we should begin a new and decent life—jist like a message from God, almost, it was put upon us to help ourselves, jist all that was possible. God stood

with a bitter smile. "Why, I've hardly been off it for the last four months."

"Well!"

"Well, I've been doing small parts in a twice a day performance company, and I'm half dead. We even played on Sunday, and the mornings were given up to rehearsals. I tried important parts jist twice—when the leading woman was ill—and made a botch of them both! And one was our old friend Parthenia." She laughed cynically.

"But your experience will count in the end," I ventured.

"No, it won't," she retorted. "I'm one of the actresses who don't offend. I haven't any talent, and fourteen performances a week is a little too much! I'm going back to St. Louis to get married."

"Very sensible."

And she sped away and was lost in the crowd of Theatians that decorate Broadway and Fortieth street.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

"Twas Madelon, the little maid, Alike upon the winter's side, The stars were bright, the wind was still, Grief at her heart," she wept and prayed. The shepherds passed her on their way; The magi, by the omen led, She saw their gifts, heard what they said; But she must wait, and weep and pray. The while she grieved a shape drew near. And stood in glory at her side— The "warrior angel," wise and tried, Gabriel, in heaven without a peer. Sweetly he spoke and very low, He laid his hand upon her head, "I have no gift to give," she said, "And cannot with the shepherds go. 'Tis winter, and the cold wind blows. And summer is far away; And if she heard me weep and pray, She could not come, and bring the rose."

A burst of glory burned around, Flashed up and down the barren hill; "Run, Madelon, pluck where you will! Along the warm and blossomy ground!" Flying along the flowery sward, She plucked a flower (the summer goes, But still it stays), the Christmas rose, A gift for Him, the infant Lord.

—John Vance Cheney

A NEW YEAR'S CALLER.

A year ago, around last New Year's, I was called upon by a gorgeous young creature—a saving beauty—who bore a letter of introduction from a mutual friend in St. Louis.

The substance of it was: "The girl is stagestruck. Can you do anything for her?"

She was the most artificial thing I had ever seen. I doubted whether she could sneeze naturally.

"Have you had any stage experience?"

"Only with amateurs."

"Ah! Have you any money?"

She looked at me much as a well-posted countryman would gaze at a "bunco steerer."

"My dear girl, I don't want your money, but it might be to your advantage to take a course in some good training school, and that requires cash."

Her nose went up.

"Oh, I don't wish anything like that," she said disdainfully. "I want an engagement where I can get a salary."

"Well, you might possibly begin by playing very small parts," I replied. "Mr. Daly generally has a corps of fifteen or twenty young girls connected with his theater who are occasionally selected."

"No, no!" she interrupted. "I must do better than that. Will you hear me recite a speech from 'Parthenia'?"

This was pretty hard, but I was prepared to go some lengths "in friendship's name," as the gentleman sings in "Iolanthe."

"Go ahead," I said hoarsely. She went ahead. It was pretty bad.

"My dear," I said, "there is no call for Parthenia unless her cash comes before, and even then the 'call' comes

THE TRAVELER'S TALE.

"Smoking in Holland," said a traveler, "is so common that it is impossible to tell one person from another in a room of smokers." "How is any one out, then?" was asked a listener. "Oh, a waiter goes round with a pair of bellows and blows the smoke from before each face till he recognizes the person called for."—Swinton Advertising.

RED CROSS HOSPITAL IN CHINA.

Something entirely new in China is that the red cross floats over a fully equipped hospital, where from fifty to one hundred or more patients are treated daily. The hospital is in charge of four native physicians.

principally from the manager, who wants his rent guaranteed, and the actors, who need their salaries. We are also overstocked with Julietts and fairly reek with Rosalinds."

"She rose impatiently."

"Then you don't give me any encouragement?"

"Not in that line; no."

"You don't think I spoke well?"

"Let us talk of something else."

"No, I should like an answer please."

"Well, then, if you must insist, I didn't care for you in the speech."

She walked out, trembling with indignation. Yesterday I met her.

Beautiful still, but with a look of hard experience in her eyes and her dress quite shabby.

My heart warmed toward her, and I seized her poorly gloved hand with fervor.

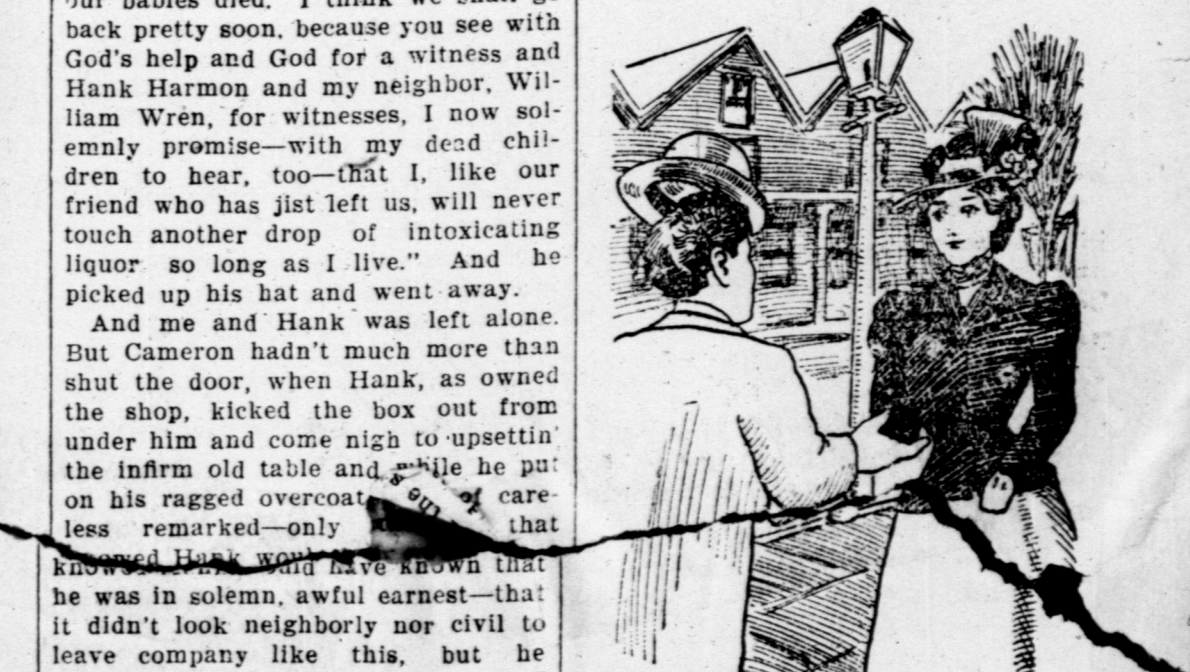
"I am sorry you were offended with me," I murmured.

"She heaved a sigh."

"You were quite right," she said, "and I wish that I had known it then."

"You have been on the stage?"

"Been on the stage?" she echoed.



BEEN DOING SMALL PARTS.

with a bitter smile. "Why, I've hardly been off it for the last four months."

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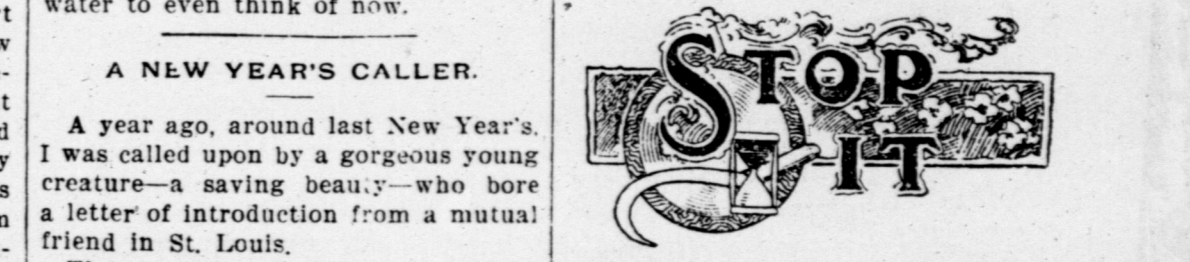
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THERE WAS NEW YEAR'S DINNERS TODAY.

close by us, though, and was always in reach when we most needed Him. It was a hard won victory, but we won it.

"In conclusion," as they say in story books, it is only fair to mention that Jim Cameron and his wife have possession once more of their stone dog and geraniums, and Jim Green lives with them, and there is another baby in the house whose name is James G. Cameron. There are no blankets in the windows of my home today, and Hank Harmon is as happy and prosperous as a decent, hard-workin' God-fearin' man can well be, and in every one of our homes there was New Year's dinners today, that makes my mouth water to even think of now.



Resolve upon this New Year's day To "stop it," whatso'er it be! Perhaps you like "the cup that cheers," Perhaps you gamble recklessly; Perhaps you're rebellious in tone; Perhaps you're prone to sigh and groan; Perhaps you're temp'or's very bad; You talk enough to drive folks mad; You think that no one else is right; You flirt with everything in sight; Or tell an overbearing way, Or tell your "symptoms" night and day; Perhaps you dye the hair that's gray; Perhaps your debts you do not pay; Perhaps—oh, well, what'er it be, If with your world it don't agree, And brings you care or misery, Strike now the blow that sets you free!

—Polly Pry.

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CAIN GIVEN A LIFE TERM.
Defendant Nearly Fainted When the Jury Announced the Verdict of Guilty.

Palestine, Texas, December 23.—At 9 o'clock this morning when Judge Lipscomb opened court there we present Ed Cain, defendant on trial in the Humphries lynching case District Attorney Crook, The Houston Post correspondent and court officials.

Half an hour later Sheriff Cook answered the loud rapping on the door of the jury room. Returning, he announced that the jury had agreed on a verdict and was ready to report. Eagerly Cain scanned the faces of the jury as they filed into the court room and took seats in the jury box after twenty long hours of suspense. As Foreman Camp handed the verdict to the sheriff to be read by the clerk, State Counsel Crook called the attention of the court to the fact that none of defendant's counsel were present. When asked by Judge Lipscomb if he wished to defer the reading of the verdict until counsel could be sent for defendant replied: "I do not believe Mr. Crook will take any advantage to me and would prefer that the verdict be read now."

Solemnly the clerk read: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty as an accomplice to the crime of murder of the first degree and assess his punishment at confinement in the State penitentiary for life."

B. W. Camp, Foreman. Had the court requested defendant to rise it is doubtful if he would have been able to do so. That the verdict rendered was unexpected was shown by defendant's ashen face and trembling limbs. It was several seconds before he recovered from his dazed condition.

The jury performed a stern duty and their faces indicated that they had spent nearly the entire night over the charge of murder, then they must assess the death penalty or life imprisonment, then their verdict must be an acquittal.

At the hotels, on the streets, groups of citizens and witness are discussing the verdict. Many of Cain's friends from Henderson Kaufman counties and those of the other men charged with the murder of James Humphries and his sons, burst into tears when they first heard of Cain's life sentence.

The court this evening attended to several minor cases and adjourned until Wednesday morning. Counsel on both sides have returned to their homes to return next Wednesday, when the men charged as principals to the murder will be tried.

Postal Clerk Hathaway Took His Own Life.

Acting Chief Clerk Smith, of the railway mail service, received a telegram from Houston yesterday confirming the press telegrams that upon investigation there of the mail car in which Postal Clerk Thomas Hathaway was found dead, the contents were found to have been undisturbed and suicide is the only plausible cause to assign for the death.

Milton Tinney, a printer formerly employed on the Christus Christi Caller, writes that paper as follows from the Philippines:

Of course this land is all that has been said of it and more too, but I would not care to make it my home. There is good farming land here and a man could make a fortune in truck cultivation as there is little of it done here. All I have seen growing are bananas, sugar and the everlasting rice. There seems to be no end of the latter product. Of course there is the hemp up in the higher region of the island and tobacco, but the tobacco is not up to the Havana standard. It is not safe to farm out in the country at present, though, that is, for a white man. The people are all that has been said of them, but they are not as indolent as the Cubans.

M. O. Sharp, of Denison Tex. is still in the city and his health is much improved. He will likely locate somewhere in southwest Texas.

The Salvation Army people in San Antonio served a free dinner to the poor. Over 400 were fed, mostly women and children.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Lawton Fund Growing.

New York, Dec. 25.—special to the Herald from Washington says: Adjutant General Corbin estimates that the Lawton fund, including subscriptions received and pledged, amounts to \$30,000. It has been decided by the committee having the fund in charge to have the fund reach \$50,000. It was originally intended to only raise a sufficient sum to pay off the mortgage on the Lawton homestead in California, but it is now believed that the people of the country will be willing to contribute an amount which will place Mr. Lawton and her children above want.

In the mail Sunday Gen. Corbin received \$3500 in checks and cash, bringing the total amount for thus far actually received up to \$14,000. Telegrams have also reached Gen. Corbin from prominent persons showing that at least \$16,000 more is assured and he is satisfied that no difficulty will be experienced to bring the total up to \$50,000.

Among the new contributions are Wm. K. Vanderbilt, \$1000; J. P. Morgan, \$1000; C. P. Huntington, \$1000; Thomas F. Ryan of New York, \$1000; and Helen Gould \$500. It is the expectation of members of the committee that ten subscriptions will be received amounting to \$1000 each. Secretary and Adjutant General Corbin sent personal appeals to 150 residents of New York, all of whom have signified their intention of making contributions. Thus far the contributions from the West

have been comparatively small, but this is due to the distance. No doubt is expressed that the mail from Western points, where Gen. Lawton was well known, in a few days will bring contributions which will rapidly increase the fund to the desired amount.

BIG SCANDAL CONNECTED WITH A GAME OF POKER.

Mexico City, Dec. 23.—There is much interest in the arrest of a wealthy Mexican here charged by a visiting foreigner with having cheated him at a game of poker out of \$4500.

The accuser is a gentleman recently arrived here from Puerto Rico, where he had made a fortune, and he charges that, prompted by curiosity, he agreed after losing the sum mentioned, to pretend to act as a capper for the rich gambler, and discovered that great sums had been won from resident Americans, ranging up to \$50,000.

The games employed for gaining these large sums were roulette and poker, and it is charged that the roulette wheel was controlled by an electric device, while the poker game was worked by a card sharp, the victims being frequently gotten under the influence of liquor. It is also charged that there is an extensive system of card sharpening carried on here, and that confederates have won millions of dollars from men who have run up against their game. The matter, now that things have come to a head, will be thoroughly investigated by the authorities.

Fresh OYSTERS AT THE "ARBOR."

GENUINE PANTHER.

The panther scare in East End yesterday upon investigation did not turn out as the proverbial wolf story.

Capt. John Wilkins, Jr., of the police force, who knows a panther as well as a crook, and who went to the scene with his bloodhounds, says the animal was certainly a panther.

He could plainly recognize the tracks of the beast as identical with those of others of these ferocious animals which he has encountered during his happy residence in the Lone Star state, and this was further corroborated by a description of the beast from Dr. Hooper, who had seen it and fired a shot at it early in the morning.

Dr. Hooper also prides himself on being able to distinguish a panther from a bull yearling and is positive that he was not mistaken.

Capt. Wilkins' dogs readily took up the trail of the beast and were following it at a lively rate when the captain had to call them off, as the trail led through a wire fence into a dense thicket impenetrable by a horseman and the captain being mounted.

The tracks of the beast were worked out by the dogs all over East End and South Heights and the captain is surprised that nobody else saw it. It had evidently made its visits to the other places in the dark, however, as it was not seen by Dr. Hooper until after daylight.

Cap. Wilkins and others who have learned of the presence of the dangerous beast within the city limits are at a loss to know whence it came or where it spends the days. It is the general belief, however, that its haunts are in the chaparral brush near East End, but the greater mystery is why it has never been seen before.

Residents of East End and South Heights are considerably excited over the presence of the dangerous beast in their community.

XMAS EVE TRAGEDY.

Man Mortally Wounded and His Daughter Slain.

New Orleans, La., Dec 24.—The Slidell, La., special says: Last night Mr. B. Scarborough, a highly respected citizen who lives about six miles east of here, started to walk from his kitchen to the house which is ten or fifteen feet apart, and which is connected by a plank walk, when a load of buckshot was fired at him from the dark outside and which knocked him off the walk. Two other shots were fired, one killing his little 3-year-old daughter, who was sitting on a chair by the fire in the house. Neighbors were at once notified and a messenger sent to Peral River to Telegraph Sheriff Stroble.

Mr. Scarborough is mortally wounded, being shot through the right lung and again in his hip. He was conscious, however, but was almost overcome with grief over the killing of his baby girl and his mind was hard to detract from talking of her. When asked if he had any idea who the guilty persons were he was confident he knew who it was and did not hesitate to divulge their names, but as no arrests have as yet been made, we withhold their names until further facts are developed.

While connected with NEWS, it will in no wise interfere with my practice. In daytime I can either be found at my office or at the NEWS office. Night calls should be sent to my residence.

DR. REX L. MOORE.

Married—Mr Lee Furr and Miss Mamie Whaley on the 25th. inst. at the home of the bride at Mud Creek, Rev. Thos. Sweeney officiating. THE NEWS extends congratulations.

Women know more about clothes in general than men. We have our strongest friends among the gentle sex. They endorse the BUCKSKIN BREECHES because they know they are the best; because the buttons stay on and the seams don't rip. Our pants were well, fit well and look neat.—Sold by

Roach & Co.

NEW YEARS GREETING To One and All.

RIPANS
No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A Curious Credential. Clerk (to patent medicine man)—Here is a curious credential from one of our customers. Medicine Man—Really, Clerk—"Before I took your elixir my face was a sight. You ought to see it now. Send me another bottle for my mother-in-law."—Harlem Life.

All Hold Something. Ballard (Wash.) Union: A hot poker game was played in one of our saloons last night between a Chinaman, a cowboy and one of our leading doctors. The Chinaman held four aces, the cowboy held a gun and the doctor held an inquest on the Chinaman.

Another Ball is to be given at the Hall New Years night. Miss Bessie Stratton is home from Kerrville.

Service has been heard from. He is in the land of Sun Flowers and prohibition Whiskey.

The Christmas trees in town all proved to be a Success, and many little hearts were made glad.

There was a carload of deer shipped to San Antonio this week. If this is allowed to continue, deer in Texas will soon be a thing of the past.

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS

The ball given at Ross' hall last Monday night was a grand success and all present enjoyed themselves very much.

Nance will soon have in a nice line of jewelry.

Our Mexican friends have been having a big time this week.

Inspect Nance's nice line of jewelry—just the thing for Christmas presents.

The small boy and the fire cracker was very conspicuous Sunday and Monday.

Ladies buy the boys a bracelet and some friendship hearts, all sizes at Nance's.

Messrs James and Milt Clamp spent Christmas with the old folks at home.

Mr. Hans Petersen of Del Rio spent Xmas here with his brother, Mr. Nelse Petersen.

Mr. J. R. Dewitt went to San Antonio Tuesday after spending Xmas with his family.

Ramus Salmon moved into town and is living at the Graves place.

Doek Anderson and wife of Dryden are visiting the family of M. Keplingen.

Herbert Hines is spending the holidays with his mother. Mr. Joseph Meier, merchant-tailor of Del Rio spent the holidays here with his family.

Rev. Senior of Uvalde held services at the Episcopal church Sunday.

The young ladies gave a ball at the Ross hall Wednesday night, and all report a pleasant time. The young ladies sent compliments, and escorted the young men. Good ladies, come again.

Mr. Chas. Kartis spent the week in Del Rio.

Dr. Stanley S. Warren, the genial post surgeon has returned from San Antonio, where he spent the holidays.

Mr. J. D. Anderson has returned to C. P. Diaz.

The News plant is for sale.

CALIFORNIA GRAPES, CABBAGE, CELERY,

Just received at John Moscatelli's City Barber Shop, WILL DOOLEY, Prop.

Haircut, latest styles. Good shave by experienced barber. Courteous treatment to all. Your trade solicited.

Agent for San Antonio Steam Laundry.

John Moscatelli, Recently moved his store on corner of El Paso and Nolan streets, where he will be pleased to see his patrons. He keeps in stock: Canned Goods, Dry Goods. Boots and Shoes, Vegetables. Eggs, Butter, Pigs' Feet, Sausage, Fruit, and in fact anything you want. BRACKETT, TEXAS.

DUCK FEATHERS FOR SALE.

Choice feathers, mostly down, at 70c per pound. Just the thing to make pillows and quilts of. Supply limited to 20 pounds. JOHN INDEKOFFER.

A Rare Find.

A rare find in the shape of a moa's egg has been made in a mining district in Central Otago. There was a fall of earth in a dredging claim, and presently the huge egg was seen floating uninjured in the water. The discovery is the more interesting from the fact that this is the second perfect moa's egg that has ever been found. The only other perfect specimen was unearthed by a man while digging in the alluvial soil at the Kalkoura mountains in the early sixties. This egg, which was nine inches in length and seven inches in breadth, was taken to England and sold for 100 guineas. Some idea of the size of these eggs may be gleaned from the fact that a man's hat makes an excellent egg-cup for them.

A Costly Drought.

The drought of the last few years has cost New South Wales an enormous sum of money. The flocks of the colony have shrunk from 66,000,000 to 46,000,000, representing a loss of 20,000,000 sheep. If to this is added the loss of the natural increase, the shrinkage amounts to 50,000,000 sheep; enough, that is, to equip a considerable-sized colony. In addition there has been a loss of nearly 300,000 horses and 150,000 cattle. That the colony has been able to survive these terrific losses is a striking proof of energy and resource. Translated into money the colony has suffered a loss due to inadequate rainfall of from \$60,000,000 to \$100,000,000.

ROACH & CO.,

A LITTLE of Everything!

Brackett Texas

Dr. Wm. R. Partrick,

DEALER IN Staple and Fancy Groceries. Gents Furnishing Goods, Dress Goods, etc

Bakery and Confectionery.

Fresh Bread, Pies, AND Cakes daily

Finest Creamery Butter.

FREE DELIVERY WAGON. Corner North and Fritter Sts. Brackett, Texas.

PARTRICK'S PHARMACY.

Dr. Wm. R. Partrick, Prop.

Carries a complete stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES & CHEMICALS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY ARTICLES, FINEST COMBS, BRUSHES, SPONGES, CHAMOIS SKINS, PERFUMERY, etc.

TANSIL'S PUNCH CIGAR Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

G. B. FILIPPONE,

A full line of Dress Goods and Men's Clothing Hats, Shoes, Notions.

Dry Goods, Stockmen's Supplies, Canned Goods.

A full stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries Always on Hand.

Country Produce Bought and Sold

HILTON HOUSE.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

Table supplied with the very best the market affords. Boarders by the month or day taken. Good rooms, nicely and comfortably furnished.

JAKE SHARPE, Manager, BRACKETT, TEXAS.

"The most popular resort in West Texas."

THE California Exchange,

S. FRITTER, Proprietor.

The very best brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always kept in stock. Fresh Beer on tap night and day. Following are some of the excellent brands of Liquors kept:

Rose Valley, Belle of Bourbon, Paul Jones, Saratoga Rye, and other brands.

MAIN STREET, BRACKETT, TEXAS.

TERREL

MRS. M. TERREL, Prop. Main Street.

A STUBBORN LITTLE QUEEN.

Says She Will Marry the Man She Loves, or Die an Old Maid.

"I will marry the man I love, or die an old maid." Thus tersely did Wilhelmina, Holland's much-wooded queen, announce her woman's prerogative a little while ago, and at that time there were at least ten young princes of prominent station in life whom the world at large considered eligible. The most recent information from across the water names Prince Ferdinand Joachim Albrecht of Prussia, the second son of Prince Frederick Albrecht, Regent of Brunswick, as the favored suitor. The young man is 23 years of age, having been born in Hanover, Sept. 27,

spoken to, will appear a very strange person in ordinary republican eyes. There are some rather fascinating things about being a king consort. When he stays up very late at night he feels that the ruler of the nation is sitting up for him, prepared to overwhelm him with words of reproach or condemnation. If he persists in the practice of wandering from his own bedside she can have him arrested for treason.

Scientific Poole. Zoologists are deriving a considerable amount of amusement from a sci-



HOLLAND'S GIRL QUEEN AND HER MOTHER—THE ENGAGEMENT OF WILHELMINA TO A GERMAN PRINCE IS ANNOUNCED.

1876. He is four years older than Wilhelmina. It is currently reported in Berlin that the Prussian prince, Albrecht, is actually betrothed to Holland's fair young queen, but for the matter of "actual betrothal," this statement has been made several times before. Wilhelmina and Prince William of Wied, Prince Bernhard, a grandson of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, Prince Eugene of Sweden, and Prince Louis Napoleon.

The youthful queen of the Netherlands has been a much-engaged sovereign since her coronation day, and, indeed, for a year before that notable event the world at large made and unmade matches for the ruler of the land of dykes and broad-armed wind mills.

Queen Wilhelmina is one of the most interesting young women in the world, and certainly among royalty she is above comparison. Not since Queen Victoria ascended her coronation day, and, indeed, for a year before that notable event the world at large made and unmade matches for the ruler of the land of dykes and broad-armed wind mills.

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entific controversy which has been going on between Prof. Wheeler of Chicago and Mr. J. Beard. Wheeler first criticized Beard, then Beard criticized Wheeler, and recently Wheeler returned to the charge in the Zoological Anzeiger. The question at issue is somewhat technical, Beard holding that myxostoma glabrum had dwarf complemented males, and Wheeler denying this. In his last reply Prof. Wheeler ends by expressing the hope that "every fair-minded zoologist will be convinced that the complemented male of myxostoma glabrum is one of those tenuous and fanciful creations for which one could hardly wish that euthanasia, that silent death, so becoming to pet speculations when they have ceased to afford either amusement to their originator or edification to their readers."

Over a Teacup. The mother of young Queen Wilhelmina is not only respected for the wisdom she showed as regent during her daughter's minority, but she is also greatly loved for her kindness and amiability. Of this the following story gives a charming illustration. The king had bought a fine service of Sevres porcelain for the use of the royal family, and he announced that any breakage would be followed by the instant dismissal of the servant who caused it. One day a man, who had been for many years one of the royal servants, went to the queen in the greatest distress, and confessed that he had broken one of the precious cups. Queen Emma consoled him as best she could, and told him to stick the cup together with cement. The man replied that the king would certainly notice the crack. Nevertheless the queen bade him mend the cup as

neatly as possible, and give it to her that afternoon at tea-time. This was done, and the queen, after drinking her tea, rose suddenly, letting her cup fall on the floor, where it lay, broken to atoms. "Think of me," said she to her husband, "as one of the most clumsy of your majesty's servants. I have broken one of the precious Sevres cups and I don't deserve to remain in your service. You must dismiss me at once." The irascible old king was amused at her demure manner, and considered that accident quite a joke. He had no idea that there was more in it than met the eye, and that the queen's so-called clumsiness had earned her the poor servant's undying gratitude.—Baltimore Herald.

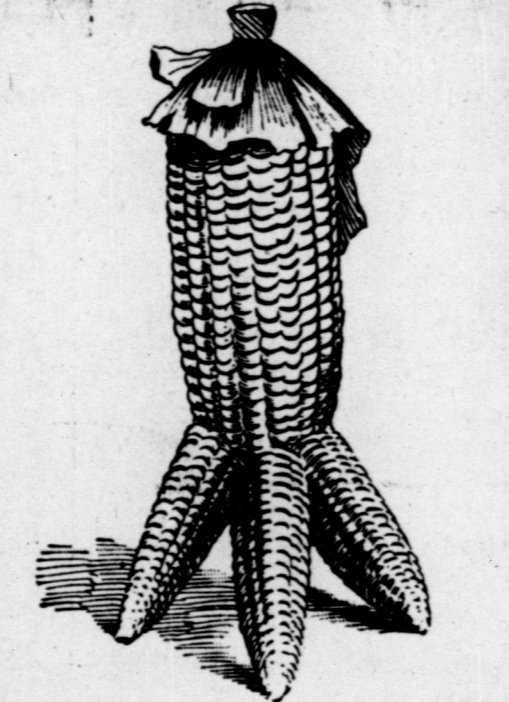
WRONG PATIENT

Visited by the Physician, and He is More Careful Now.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: "When I was younger than I am now," said a prosperous New Orleans physician, chatting over an after-luncheon cigar, "I was brim full of enthusiasm and used to rush headlong into all sorts of queer places in response to chance calls. Now I'm more cautious. In those early days I had some singular adventures, and perhaps the one that sticks firmest in my memory happened in a tough sailor's boarding-house near the river front. I had been summoned there by a big Norwegian, who rushed into my office all out of breath, and told me his brother was dying in a fit. He gave me the address, said I would find the man in room 11 and tore off for a priest. When I reached the house the hallway was dark, and after a good deal of prowling I found the number and walked in. A lamp was burning dimly on the table in one corner and a huge bearded man was stretched out on his back on the bed. As nobody was in sight I concluded he must have died, but to make sure I opened his flannel shirt and was placing my hand over his heart when he suddenly gripped me around the neck like a bear. The attack was so unexpected, coming from what I supposed to be a corpse, that I was temporarily paralyzed with horror and the man flung me to the floor like a sack of meal. Then I struck out instinctively and fought for my life, but he was too heavy for me and was hammering me as he pleased when a lot of people rushed in and tore us apart. It turned out that I had gone into room 17 instead of 11 and the man I had disturbed was a Danish sailor who always carried his money in a pouch over his chest. He naturally concluded I was trying to rob him and was endeavoring earnestly to kill me. One of my rescuers was the Norwegian's brother, who had recovered from his fit and did me more service than I was at all apt to do him. It was a month before I was able to go on the streets. As I said before, I am more careful now."

A CURIOUS CORNCOB.

Here is a freak ear of corn which was found in his season's crop by a Pennsylvania farmer not long ago. This peculiar cob near its point



branches out into three distinct sections, as shown in the illustration, is of such a character that it can be stood upon one end.

When earrings are next worn they will be of the long dangling variety our mothers used to own.

HUNTING IN THE SOUTHERN STATES

The Field is Ripe for the Guns of the Northern Sportsmen.

From tidewater to mountains there is much good sport to be had in Virginia. There are partridge, turkeys, rabbits and deer, and the sportsman is sure to have an enjoyable outing. Leaving Washington, a journey of but a few hours brings one within sound of partridge. It may happen that the land the cheery call comes from is posted against shooting, but a small fee is usually sufficient to gain permission to hunt over it, and very often even this will not be necessary, for the traditional hospitality of Virginians is usually too generous to withstand a request to enjoy the privilege of a hunt, says the Washington Post.

Buckingham and Appomattox head the list of deer counties because of the plentiful food and the coverts provided by the undergrowth. Turkeys are also abundant in these counties. Occasionally a bear, besides turkey and deer, are found between Danville and Richmond. Ducks attract the sportsman at Morehead City, while about Oxford, N. C., and Clarksville, Va., woodcock are plentiful. At the latter place the Dan and Staunton unite to form the Roanoke, and their sedgy flats abound in wild fowl. Deer shooting is also to be had near Clarksville and at Soudan. Indeed, deer live in much of the territory skirting the rivers of Eastern Virginia and Eastern Carolina.

For partridge North Carolina has long been famous. These swift-winged birds, the delight of the sportsman are unusually plentiful this winter. This will mean some rare shooting during the autumn, when air and sky, forest and mountain, will all unite in adding to the hunter's joy. Deer make their home in the mountains, and turkeys are abundant. The partridge marks all sections for his own. Down on the bottoms skirting the Pigeon, French, Broad and Swannanoa rivers woodcock are numerous. The adventurous hunter who has an appetite for bear meat can find it up in the Smoky and Balsam mountains, and in the neighborhood of Waynesville, twenty-eight miles west of Asheville.

The fisherman can well contest the

ty and the object of the association is for general improvement in and around Las Cruces, the maintenance of any project beneficial, ornamental or charitable, such as the possession, construction and purchase of public buildings, parks, libraries, cemeteries—including a hearse. The association owns forty-four lots fronting the court house in its city, which it has converted into a park. Walks are laid out and beautifully shaded by umbrella trees. It also has a quantity of ornamental shrubs and 425 chrysanthemums. A space of 80x80 feet was reserved for a club building, but the as-



ON THE FENCE.

Going into Alabama the sportsman will not travel far till the cheery "Bob White" will call him ahead. As Alabama is a state without a game law save one relating to ring-necked pheasant, there need be no reference to the calendar before shoving shells in the gun and turning the dogs loose. The covets will be very sure to be numerous, and so must the shells be for the gun's lively work. About all the towns on the way to Birmingham the birds will be found, but especially at Anniston, Fruithurst, Oxford, Estaboga, Lincoln, Kiverside, Pell City and Cook's Springs will the shooting be found to be good.

The sportsman who wends his way to Mississippi will find himself un-

dered and the object of the association is for general improvement in and around Las Cruces, the maintenance of any project beneficial, ornamental or charitable, such as the possession, construction and purchase of public buildings, parks, libraries, cemeteries—including a hearse. The association owns forty-four lots fronting the court house in its city, which it has converted into a park. Walks are laid out and beautifully shaded by umbrella trees. It also has a quantity of ornamental shrubs and 425 chrysanthemums. A space of 80x80 feet was reserved for a club building, but the as-



ELEPHANT HUGGED

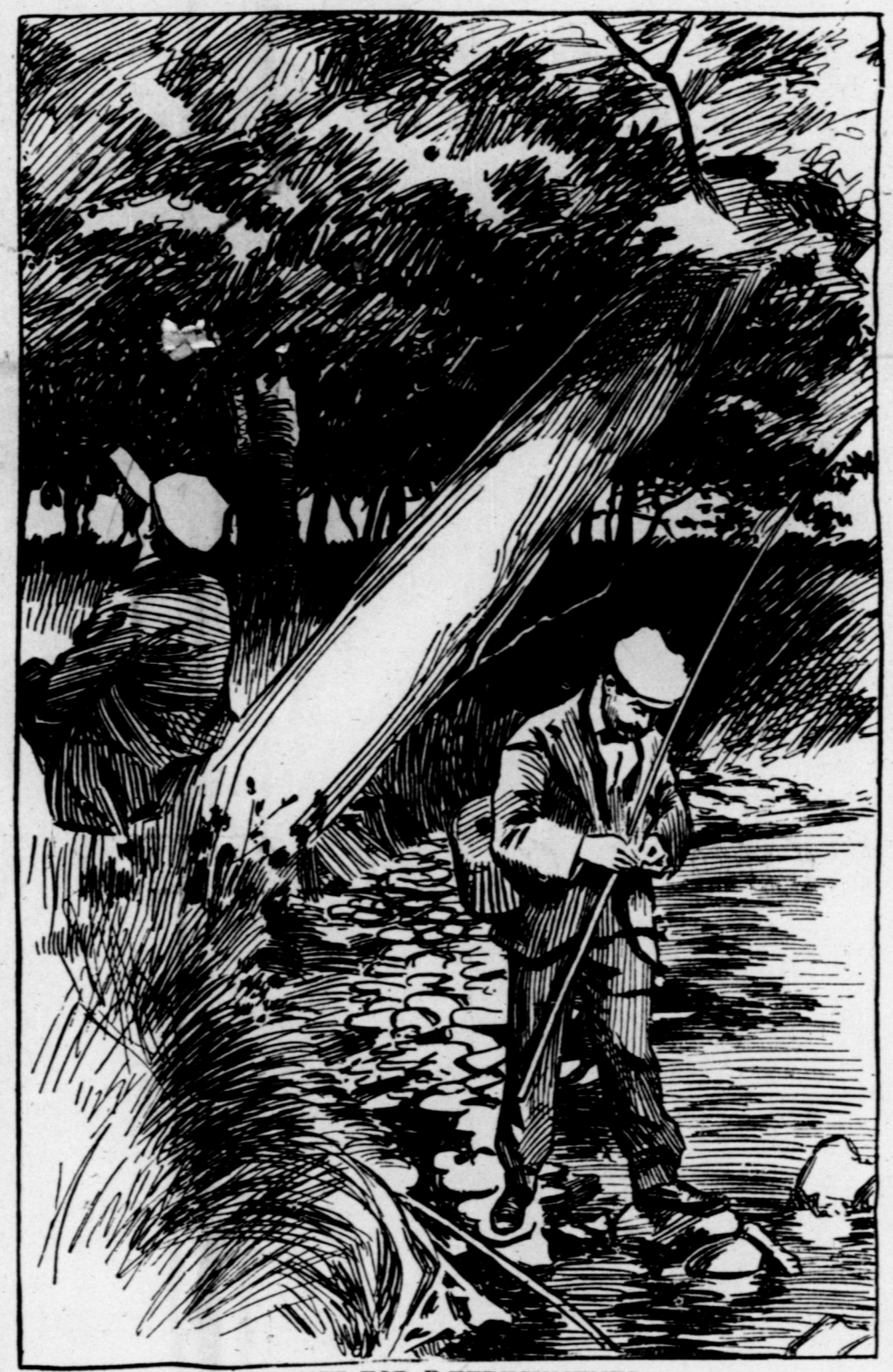
By a Woman. Who Said She Preferred Them to Men. New York Tribune: The manager in Central park was well filled with visitors the other afternoon, many of whom were startled by the sight of a well-dressed woman who jumped the two and one-half foot fence of the elephant's enclosure, and then, lifting the bar of the stalls, walked up to one of the pachyderms and began to hug and kiss his trunk. She was clad in a black alpaca dress, black silk shirt waist, and a turban hat, trimmed with black velvet and feathers. She was tall and well built. Some of the children set up a shout and laughed heartily at the woman's strange actions, while men and women who looked on wondered what was the matter with her. Keeper Snyder ran in and with Policeman McDonagh took her away from the elephant. The animal seemed indifferent to the caresses he received. The woman was taken into the arsenal, and a large crowd watched her. She said that she was Miss Lily Gillette, 34 years old, of America. She had little satchel with her, which she threw away as she was walking off with the policeman and Snyder. This contained some sewing articles and a letter addressed to Mrs. Butz of 250 West Thirty-seventh street. The letter was mailed at Telluride, Colo. When the woman was asked why she acted so, she said: "I'm fond of elephants, and think as much of them as I do of men, and elephants think more of me than men do." Then she added: "I'm half Indian and half negro." The woman, however, is perfectly white. She was sent to Bellevue hospital.

How the Mayor Improved a Statue. Even France, the land of art, has its Dogberries. A few weeks ago a French sculptor shipped a bronze statue of General Le Flo to a little town called Quimper where it was set up and veiled to await the day on which it was to be presented formally. The wise mayor of the town examined it critically and decided that it could be improved vastly. So he set a few workmen to the task, and when the sculptor arrived he had the great pleasure of finding that his beautiful gilt bronze statue had been scored neatly with emery and was shining like the brass on a man-of-war. A tasteful frame of wood had been put around the marble pedestal, and as, unfortunately, the local artisan had made it too small, and to accommodate this, the coat-tails and feet of most of the figures on the pedestal had been cut off.

Good Gravel Mixture. A gravel mixture containing ten parts of pebbles ranging from an eighth of an inch to an inch in diameter, six parts of sand and four parts of clay, is said to be an excellent material for surfacing roads. Experiments have shown that this combination as a whole will neither "run" nor crumble under the wheel of a wagon.—Pneumatic.

Tangible Results. Collector—This is the fifth time, sir, I've brought you this bill. Customer—Well, haven't I always received you affably? Collector—I don't want affability, sir, I want cash.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Mexican Woman's Club. In Mexico, at Las Cruces, there is a Woman's Board of Trade and a Woman's Independent Association. The latter has only a membership of twen-



A PAUSE FOR REFRESHMENTS.

ground—or the waters—with the hunter. Richmond creek, near Waynesville, has plenty of trout to tempt the devotee of rod and fly.

From the days of John Sevier and Davy Crockett till now Tennessee has held out many attractions to the hunter. Partridge are plentiful about Chattanooga. This progressive city will be reached early in one's visit to the state, whether one enters from the north or south, and it commands a region as interesting to the sportsman as the investor. Along the Tennessee river, in the fall and winter, there is some first-class duck shooting. These water fowl find this mild climate a very comfortable one for a long stop in their flight from the lakes to the gulf. As for partridge, they can be raised around nearly any of the towns on the line of the Chattanooga to Knoxville. Among these towns are Sanford, Riceville, Athens, Sweetwater, Concord and Wright, and on beyond Knoxville at all the towns on the Bristol branch. Rogersville, Greeneville and Johnson City. A narrow-gauge road runs from Johnson City through a wildly picturesque region, to Roan mountain. Mountain streams go leaping over rocks and their waters sing a perpetual invitation to the angler. Trout are plentiful in these streams. Linville river, one of them, is famous for its speckled beauties. One can reach it by a ten-mile drive from Cranberry on this narrow-gauge road. This mountain retreat, if anything so swift as this river can be called a retreat, is 4,500 feet above the sea. It is in the "Land of the Sky," as is much of this region on the Bristol branch. The country through which the road runs

hampered by any game law whatsoever. He is free to hunt any game in the state without let or hindrance, and many are the kinds. Deer are also to be found here in bayou and delta, forest and lagoon. But it is for wild fowl that the great state of Mississippi is especially and justly famous. Wild ducks and geese are here by the hundreds and thousands, so that the hunter may feel at last he has found the place where they all go when they leave the north.

A Mexican Woman's Club. In Mexico, at Las Cruces, there is a Woman's Board of Trade and a Woman's Independent Association. The latter has only a membership of twen-



A TYPICAL SOUTHERN HUNTING SCENE.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Quips, Gibes and Fronts, to Cause a Smile.—Florian and Johnson from the Tide of Humor.—Witty Sayings.

"You Did." It's good to wander back again Among the old home folks, It rather satisfies a nahn To hear the same old jokes; To hear somebody say: "I knew You when you were a kid." But someone always tells you of The foolish things you did.

Your heart beats lighter as it did In long-forgotten days, When at some well-remembered spot Reflectively you gaze. But it seems queer that all your good And noble deeds are hid, And people only call to mind The foolish things you did.

They talk of others who've gone out Into some foreign lands, They tell of things these other folks Have done—and they seem grand. But when it comes to talk of you, Their minds cannot be rid Of the belief you'd like to hear The foolish things you did.

You know you've done a thing or two Which show you've got some sense, But every time they talk of you They're certain to commence With tales of "What a fool you were When you lived here—a kid." They have forgotten all except The foolish things you did. —Baltimore American.



A Big Hay Crop. Rutts—I see by de papers dat dey had a big hay crop in Kentucky. Wraggs—Dat's good. I allus was used ter plenty of bed clothes.

Saving to the Last. "You have only an hour longer to live," said the physician, solemnly, to the wealthy miser on his deathbed. "Is there anything you wish attended to before you pass away?" "Yes," answered the stricken man in faint yet eager tones. "I am glad you spoke of it. Send for the barber at once and have him shave me before I die. I only have to pay him 50 cents for coming in to shave me now, and the regular price is \$1 for shaving a dead man. Might as well save that hair-dresser's white coat, about it."—New York World.

Where He'd Go. "Aren't you afraid the law will take us in hand for gambling?" said the timid man who had just been persuaded into making an election bet. "Never mind," answered the confident politician. "Even if it does, you're all right. They wouldn't send you to jail for making that bet. They'd send you to the insane asylum."—Washington Star.

In Boston Sure. "Put me off at Beacon street," said the fair passenger to the Boston trolley conductor. "I will notify you when Beacon street is reached," replied the conductor, "and be glad to assist you to alight, but I couldn't entertain the brutal thought of putting you off, my dear lady."—Philadelphia North American.

No Longer a Competitor. He—Don't you think that girl over there is beautiful? She (coldly critical)—Oh, I don't know. Who is she? He—Mrs. Nuter. Just been married. She—Yes, I think she is—quite beautiful.—Detroit Free Press.

The Savage Bachelor. The Sweet Young Thing.—But on what do you base your idea that Hamlet was feeble-minded? The Savage Bachelor.—Mainly on the fact that so many women want to play the part.—Indianapolis Journal.

Followed Instructions. Aunt M'riar—Hiram, hev you got John's letter? Hiram Oteckee—Naw; wuzn't nuthin' important in it, but ther envelope sez, "Return in five days," so I done it.—New York World.



Exclusive. Maud—They say Mrs. Tomby is very exclusive. Ethel (whom she snubs)—Yes, I hear that some of her teeth even don't move in the same set as the others.

A Theory Proved. Jim—"Honesty is the best policy after all." Bill—"How?" "Remember that dog I stole?" "Yes." "Well, I tried two hull days to sell 'im an' no one offered more'n a bob. So I went an' guv him to the lady what owned 'im an' she guv me 'alt a soverign."—Tit-Bits.

THE DOCTOR LIKED THAT PHOTOGRAPH.

By M. S. Jameson.

"Well, those fellows are coming around to see the old year out they had better show up pretty soon," yawned H. Parker Baxter as he slammed down the cover of a ponderous and gruesome medical book and turned a pair of sleepy eyes to the clock, which complacently ticking away the minutes of '98.

No other sounds were to be heard, save the occasional settling of the fire in the grate, the snow lay deep and soft over the cobble and flagstone outside. The old year, after a stormy life, was dying calmly and beautifully.

To our friend Baxter, one of those unimpassioned, dusty men who never "join in," this ancient ceremony of seeing the old year out appealed but feebly. He used to say of New Years, "an arbitrarily fixed point in time which has become the inaugural date for good resolutions, to the necessary neglect of all other dates for their formation," but most of his friends thought this simply a speech that he was gratified to make. He was trying hard to pose as a "rising young physician," and was really acting the part to himself, as many an ambitious man will do.

But however this may be, as the seconds ticked along, H. Parker grew more and more drowsy. He settled himself back in the chair, stared at the fire, and blinked. Then his eyelids dropped.

"This will never do," says he, "lightening up with a jerk and reaching out to the table for something to read or look at, 'I must keep awake a few minutes longer.' Chance put a stack of photographs under his hand, and though they were stale again—he began to look them over again—incidentally yielding to the comfort of lying back in the big chair. Some were portraits of his friends at school and college, some were old faded prints that ought to have had romances attached, but which were really very prosaic, even to him. Others bore the brand of the amateur's first attempt—these to be passed by quickly; a few were the products of his own photographic skill at Granite Head last summer—bathers in the surf, the hotel, a clam bake, etc.—all very fair photographs in their way—but hold here is one that might be studied critically. There is no hurry. It is too late now for the revellers to come. H. Parker shifts to a still more comfortable position and the soft lamp light shines over his shoulder upon as pretty a little picture as you would ask to see.

It is the picture of a dark-haired girl, dressed in a suit of duck. She is standing on a log of driftwood with her hands behind her and her handsome, happy face turned squarely to the camera. In the developing of this picture, the doctor had seen that ordinary care was required than in ordinary work; he had watched its delicate lines appear with the enthusiasm of a true lover of the chemist's art. With any other passion? Possibly, but that was past and gone four months ago.

The young doctor liked that photograph, somehow. He had examined it time and again until he knew its every detail. It did not grow stale like the others. But tonight there seemed to be a new light upon it, a new tone in the unfocused background of sand and sea, an undefinable change of expression in those brown eyes looking out of the albumen paper. Our imagination is subject to such unhealthy fluctuations as this, yet most interesting grew that picture, and H. Parker's eyes and heart were won, if his reason sanctioned not.

Preposterous and incredible! The duck skirt began to move slightly, as if stirred by a breeze from the sea, and the margins of the picture drew farther and farther apart, until on one side a row of bath houses came into view, while on the other the broad, blue ocean sparkling in the summer sunlight! More than this, H. Parker was conscious of a slight odor of salt in the air, as of seaweed and wet rocks by the tide. The distant boom of



THE DOCTOR LIKED THAT PHOTOGRAPH.

that noble girl rose up in his breast—admiration very unlike that with which he had heard his brilliant classmates proclaim their knowledge. His heart told him, "I love her." Why not let his heart be heard?

They strolled along together to the music of the sea. H. Parker felt that there was melody even in the screaming of the gulls overhead. He wondered why it had never seemed so before.

Let us sit up there under the big rock," suggested Grace, pointing to the nearest of the cliffs which leaned forward over the sand and made a cosy shelter from the sun. Here the sand was cool, the glare softened and the view of cheap cottages and decrepit bath houses cut off, while the whole stretch of beach on the right lay beneath a white highway.

Grace sat with her back against the rock, and at her side reclined the doctor, full length upon the sand.

"Are you ever serious, Miss Marston?" quoth he with but a trace of that quality in his own tone.

"Sometimes."

"On what rare occasions would it be possible for one to find you in that mood?"

"Oh, well, I'm not naturally so, you know, but once in a while when something goes wrong to induce it I get very serious—even blue—and as I always end by finding out what a silly, useless creature I am, there is very little enjoyment in being serious. Please let's not be serious, Mr. Baxter."

"Never more light-minded in my life, Miss Marston—never. But tell me how you deduct your conclusion which proves you a silly, useless creature. I am very clever at showing fallacies in reasoning."

"Well, unless because I live a useless life. Just look at my diary for a winter. First look it through and see if you find anything accomplished, anything improving or worthy. Dances—calls—tea, over and over again. Do you call that sort of thing living? The people I meet day by day there; do I know them, are they friends, do they know me? No, it's all vanity—artificial—a waste of time."

Grace was so serious now and stared out to sea with a frown upon her brows as dark as any that ever hovered there.

A pause and her companion spoke.

"It may be vanity for some, but not for you, Miss Marston. Society furnishes a field for superficial character to breed and thrive in, but yours is good and strong and sincere."

"I have begun to forget and disregard what it naturally is. I am tired of that life. I love the woods and the sea—the open air and the sense of freedom; freedom to go where I please, be as I want to be, choose companions that I like."

"Then the view of cliffs and breakers is pleasanter than the brilliant ballroom with its music and flowers? That cottage half buried in the pines seems a truer home than many a brown stone front on the avenue?"

"Ah, a thousand times," answered Grace with the frown dying out of her face. His words were slow and earnest, but she seemed not to connect them with the speaker. They put her into a brown study and she fell to examining a handful of sand for garnets. Watching the search, he continued even more quietly than before.

"Wouldn't you be happy for you in a little home such as that cottage, far from town, with all its parties and things, where you would be with real people, where you would be loved and served by real friends?"

Closer scrutiny of the sand.

"Would you give up that luxurious life that you have followed for this life that you have chosen for you?"

"Would they whose every energy would be turned to your happiness—a fellow, in fact, as I?"

The sand slipped away, and the garnets were lost.

"Oh, Grace, Grace, would you—could you—"

"Ding, dong—ding, dong—ding, dong! twelve o'clock."



STANDING ON A LOG OF DRIFTWOOD.

breakers, soft at first, grew louder and nearer. When the girl stepped down from the drift log to the sand before his eyes, the doctor's smile of incredulity suddenly expired. When she looked at him and spoke he felt a tremor at his narrow of his bones, and in the very marrow of surprise either, not a tremor wholly of surprise either.

There he was—on the beach with her again; not Baxter of surgical treatises and test-tubes, but the summer-idle, sun-tanned devotee of Granite Head, and the very admirer of Grace Marston, assuming, admiring her thoughts. Her first words followed for this life that he felt a ghostly atmosphere about him but after that the glaring August sun warmed him through, the sea breeze exhilarated him, he was filled with energy and real life happiness.

"Dear me," she was saying, "to think that there is nothing better for you than a photograph than a summer girl for you to get a guy of herself on an old log! There go those seaweed girls from the 'Times.' If you hurray you can catch

them to pose in a group for you. I've heard they are great at it."

"At posing, I suppose," he answered. "No, Miss Marston, I have graduated from the snap-em-whenever-you-can class and have entered the art school—hence I have chosen you for the picture."

"Ha-ha-ha! I appreciate that," laughed the girl as they began to saunter toward the cliffs, "but have you considered, Mr. Baxter, the probability of my breaking the plate?"

"What! An angler, too? I shall not humor the weakness in you, still, if you are a summer girl, as your own confession would indicate—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Baxter, you know I like the assertion better when you let me make it."

"Of course." Observe that I advance no statements on the subject myself. I was merely going to say that if you are a summer girl of the approved, newspaper-joke sort, your likeness upon the plate could not fail to produce the effect that it has upon—er—men's hearts, to wit—complete fracture."

"Why, I am surprised at you," said Grace, a faint blush hardly perceptible under the healthy tan which she had found no difficulty in acquiring at Granite Head.

H. Parker studied her face in its mock severity and watched the dainty little hand go up to push back some annoying hair that blew across her eyes. A great wave of admiration for

H. Parker Baxter awoke with a great start and looked around astonished. He had seen the New Year come in August.

THE NEW BABY.

Ring! Ring! Ring!
Out on the New Year's air,
With clasp and clang the New Year's song;
The birth of right, the death of wrong;
All eighteen, nine and ninety strong;
Ring! Ring! Ring!

Ring! Ring! Ring!
The message everywhere,
The baby year that's born to-day
To help the century away
Will never let injustice stay;
Is strong for peace, though girl for fray.

Ring! Ring! Ring!
Of hope's best promise sing,
May "ninety-nine," which now appears,
The last before one hundred years.
Not leave a record blurred with tears.
Ring! Ring! Ring!

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN KITCHEN.

Cook will probably have her New Year's callers, and if you are wise you will close eyes and ears for the nonce, nor investigate too closely the contents of dish or demijohn. For her friends are hale and hearty, with old-fashioned ideas on the subject of hospitality and an aversion to such foolish fripperies as tea or coffee!

If you have a few flowers or ribbons that you do not need, they will be well bestowed upon her, and will add to her attractiveness as she sits in state behind a well-laid table in her kitchen presiding over some such scene as this:

"Ting-a-ling-ling!"
"Mary, there's the basement bell. G'wan now an' open the dure."

The kitchenmaid does so, and reports:

"It's Mr. Duffy."
"Arrah! come right in, Mr. Duffy. It's th' first ye are, an' good luck to you."

"Good luck to you, Miss Kelly. Shure it's a fine night, God be praised!"

"Awin! Sit down."
Duffy does so, and stares around in awkward fashion.

"An' are ye makin' many calls, Mr. Duffy?"

"This is the first, Shure I didn't lave the dumps till sivilin'."

"True for you. An' p'wath will you have to drink? There's sherry wine an' port wine, an' claret wine an' some whiskey."

Mr. Duffy's dull eye brightens.

"I'll take a little of th' ould stuff," he says with a grin.

He takes it, but not a little.

"Will ye have some cake or a sandwich?"

"Have yez arrah a corn bafe sandwich in th' house?"

"Shure I have! Take two of thim." He does so, and munches till the bell rings again.

The maid announces "Mr. Geohogan."

Duffy rises with some show of perturbation.

"I think I'll be goin'."

"Arrah! don't hurry. Ye know Mr. Geohogan?"

"I know no good av him."

"Arrah, phat talk have you more?"

Duffy moves to the door as the newcomer enters, and the two men nod to each other in a surly fashion.

"Good night," says Duffy.

Cook follows him to the door and her sibilant whisper can be heard plainly.

"Why don't you like him, Mr. Duffy?"

"Shure he's a scab! An', besides, he's from Tyrone. I never give a county Tyrone man more than th' tip av me finger."

And the basement door clangs behind him.

Mr. Geohogan partakes freely of refreshment, and is proposing marriage when a new batch of callers arrive.

"G'wan wid you now," says Cook, pleased and flustered, "an' come back whin your sober tomorrow. Here comes the Donnelly's."

From this time on the room becomes a rendezvous for Cook's many acquaintances.

The policeman looks in the door to

prevent that can be put on one of these coats. The hand-painted panne velvet is a favorite style of trimming, but of necessity expensive, for the work must be executed and the material itself to start with, if it is of the finer quality, is by no means cheap. The trimmings of velvet used in waist-coats consist in a border around the coat, cuffs, revers and collar, but the painting is not used excepting on the vest and cuffs. It never is used on the collar or on the hand that borders the coat. A good quality of panne velvet with a Parisian design is used without being painted. Embroidered velvets are also fashionable as trimmings. The plain surface is embroidered with jewels, and outlined with the finest hand embroidery and silk and chenille. Often such trimmings as these cost a goodly sum. A smart gown turned out last week was made of a black and white checked velvet, had a vest of white velvet on which were painted pink roses; the revers were of white satin with roses, edged with black Persian lamb. Another gown of plain black velvet had a vest of black satin on which were embroidered in heavy silk, yellow roses. The vest is lined with yellow and the revers are black satin faced with yellow.



FOINE NIGHT, GOD BE PRAISED.

To be well groomed is the desire of every refined woman whether rich or poor. We can take our daily bath and keep the body in fairly good condition, but the face—which means so much to every woman—how can it be kept fresh, clear and free from lines? This is a question which is uppermost in many minds. We have been taught from childhood to care for the body, teeth and hair, but wrinkles and a salow complexion as well as all other facial blemishes were accepted as a necessary evil. We now fully realize there is a way to prevent and remove these blemishes, but how? Listen and I will tell you. Do not wait until the little nasty crowfeet make their appearance. Start in time. Twice each week, say Monday and Thursday, treat your face as regularly as you eat your meals. First clean the face with a good (good, mind you) cleansing cream. Rub the cream all over the face and neck with the tips of the fingers, and remove with a soft towel. Cover the hair with a towel, and you



WINTER WRAPS.

While there is no comfort of every coat and skirt, costume is absolutely necessary for the conquest of every woman who is fond of dress and able to indulge that fondness, this season there is an additional interest in the way of coats and skirts that do not match.

Not for many years have there been so many styles of outside wraps. Long coats, short coats, three-quarter length coats, with a bewildering number of capes and cloaks, each has a distinct individuality that is fascinating and makes it hard to resist spending a lot of money on such dainty garments.

It is curious to notice that with the coats made of the same material as the skirt that exceedingly short jackets are the most popular, the fancy coats that are worn with many skirts are rather longer, while the regular long coat that is so popular that it is threatened with becoming common is made so long that it covers the gown. On a short jacket worn with the costume is a great deal of trimming. There are few plain jackets seen, and there apparently is no limit as to the ex-



When the massage is completed rub the face again with the towel to remove all the cream, always remembering to rub around with the pores, up and out. Then the pores must be closed, either by cold water, with a few drops of benzoin in the water as a toilet water prepared for that purpose, a little dusting with a pure dainty powder and you will look and feel as fresh as a June rose. Now a word to the wise. If you can afford to be treated by a professional, one such treatment is worth a dozen given by yourself. Do not look on it as a luxury, but a necessity. The rest and benefit derived from skilled hands more than repay the expenditure of a few dollars. Another word of warning, do not wait until you are fifty and then expect to look twenty-five in an hour. Start in time, before the ugly little lines appear, and you can go down to old age without deep wrinkles, but remember it means at least a treatment every week, a cream bath once a day, and no soap on the face. Soap and hot water are fine wrinkle-producers.

THE PRETTIEST HAT.

Finely tucked and stitched taffeta in a rich rose shade made up just about the prettiest hat seen at the Garden last week. There were double brims and a flaring double crown. Two full-blown pink roses, three green leaves, and a great cloud of pink chiffon completed the distinguished composition. Artificial violets are worn on hats this winter, it seems, only by confirmed violet enthusiasts. Pink roses have taken their place in extreme favor. Mrs. T. Saffin Taylor wore one yesterday, and she showed a touque of violets—nothing else—through which her black hair stood up in a knot on the top of her head.

Without doubt the favorite corsage bouquet of the moment is from lilies of the valley, and worn at the belt, as heretofore, high on the breast. Orchids are liked, too, and probably will have temporary vogue from Mrs. Dewey's known fancy for them.—Margery Daw in New York Press.

PREVENTION AND CURE.

To be well groomed is the desire of every refined woman whether rich or poor. We can take our daily bath and keep the body in fairly good condition, but the face—which means so much to every woman—how can it be kept fresh, clear and free from lines? This is a question which is uppermost in many minds. We have been taught from childhood to care for the body, teeth and hair, but wrinkles and a salow complexion as well as all other facial blemishes were accepted as a necessary evil. We now fully realize there is a way to prevent and remove these blemishes, but how? Listen and I will tell you. Do not wait until the little nasty crowfeet make their appearance. Start in time. Twice each week, say Monday and Thursday, treat your face as regularly as you eat your meals. First clean the face with a good (good, mind you) cleansing cream. Rub the cream all over the face and neck with the tips of the fingers, and remove with a soft towel. Cover the hair with a towel, and you



are ready for the steaming. Do not lean over a basin or you may have cause to condemn steaming. If you cannot buy a face steamer use the teakettle. Have it boiling, but not too vigorously; sit in front of it, and cover your head with a large Turkish towel. Steam until the face is quite moist. Dry the face with a soft towel, and then use the skin food. Every portion of the face must receive attention. Massage gently for fifteen minutes, no longer, or you will by over-exertion make more lines than you are trying to remove or prevent. Massage cheeks, nose, eyes and forehead, using always only rotary motion and rubbing around up and out. Both hands can be used at once, starting at the chin and going up to the eyes and out to the ears. The eyelids must also come in for a share. By care the eyes can be kept in their natural place and not allowed to recede as so many do.



At home evenings are not on the same footing as at home days, when it is optional to look in or not at pleasure. On the contrary, invitations are issued as for afternoon at homes on similar small-sized at home cards, and the hours of arrival and departure mentioned therein, "9 to 12," "10 to 12," and even "8 to 12," according to arrangements.

It would be unwise in the extreme to endeavor to follow the custom in fashionable society of giving a dinner party, to be succeeded by an at home or reception. This can only be done with any success when the guests invited are very numerous, and the function is held in a spacious mansion. In small houses, where perhaps eight dinner guests are invited, it would appear rather invidious to invite some ten or twelve to an at home evening, as they would naturally consider that they should have been included in the dinner party, or asked to dine on another evening; besides, the early departure of the dinner guests would so reduce the numbers that the party would naturally fall somewhat flat.

FOR HATS AND BONNETS.

Chiffon puffs and bows intermixed with fur and velvet are characteristic of this season's fashionable trimmings for toques and bonnets. The foundations of many new hats are composed of felt or cloth. The crowns are higher than they have been for some time. Picture hats of black velvet are worn as much as toques. They

JAPAN'S MINERAL WATER



This picture shows a busy establishment at Tansania, Japan, where the far-famed "Tanan water" of the east is bottled and prepared for shipment. Tansania is noted for its health-giving springs, and each summer becomes a resort where the effete fashionables of the land of the chrysanthemum congregate to "take the waters." Tansania water is now one of the most popular mineral waters used in the east, and those English and American residents in China and Japan who have once drunk it much prefer it to the ordinary soda water of the Anglo-Saxon. The business of bottling the waters at the springs has become quite an important one for the Jap, nearly fifty men and women now being engaged in the industry.



stood, are quite distinct from the regulation evening parties and receptions, and take much lower rank in society entertainments. First and foremost these gatherings are confined within very narrow limits as regards expenditure and the numbers invited, and also on account of the general surroundings. Those whose incomes do not admit of entertaining at dinner, or even at luncheon to any extent, wish to make a sort of compromise in the matter of hospitality by holding at home evenings, either once a month or once in three months, or fortnightly, as is most convenient, and in certain circles and in certain districts in town, in provincial towns there is no reason why such unpretentious parties should not be attended with success, and in default of anything more amusing being to the fore at home evenings should be acceptable to those invited.

FRATERNIZING AFTER BATTLE.

British and Boers Join in Caring for the Wounded.

As the fighting did not finish until after nightfall, it was necessary for the men to bivouac on the field, says the London Mail. This they did cheerfully, any in an orderly manner, despite a soaking downfall and the chilling cold. From the moment of the "Cease firing," both British and Boers fraternized in the care of the wounded. The stretchers were found to be missing in the confusion necessarily consequent on an attack against modern weapons, and great labor was experienced in moving the wounded men



A CURIOUS KITTEN.

Here is a kitten which is the proud possessor of twenty-four toes. This unique little feline is the property of Miss Rawlston, the American actress, and besides being an anatomical curiosity has also a claim on distinction because of its great cleverness at trick playing. This little kitten always accompanies its affectionate mistress on her many theatrical tours, and while traveling comfortably reposes in a well-padded basket especially made for the purpose.

Direct Driving vs. Belt Driving.

Before the British association, Mr. Siemens said that at the Chicago exhibition the two or three direct-driven sets of electric generators were almost ridiculed by the American engineers, who predicted that Britain would soon drop this practice and adopt the American method of belt driving. He referred to the Brooklyn tramways plant as typical of American practice at that time. Corliss compound engines were fitted with a fly wheel from which a belt five feet wide was driven, the dynamo being placed on the first floor of the building and Jockey pulleys used to keep the belt from slipping. So far from the prediction of American engineers being fulfilled, direct driving was now as much in use in the "States" as in the "Isles."

Coleridge's Cloudiness.

There is in Mr. Ellis Yarnall's interesting volume of reminiscences, "Wordsworth and the Coleridges," a very amusing story of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose thoughts were sometimes too profound even for poets to follow. Wordsworth and Samuel Rogers had spent the evening with Coleridge, and as the two poets walked away together Rogers remarked caustically: "I did not altogether understand the latter part of what Coleridge said." "I didn't understand any of it," Wordsworth hastily replied. "No more did I!" exclaimed Rogers, with a sigh of relief.

Stings of Nettles.

It has been found that the pain caused by the sting of nettles is due partly to formic acid and partly to a chemical resembling snake poison. Our nettles are comparatively harmless, but in India, Java and elsewhere there are varieties the painful effects of which last weeks, and in some cases months, like snake bites.

LIST IS GROWING.

MORE THAN ELEVEN HUNDRED IS NUMBER OF CASUALTIES.

Buller's Revised Report—Another Naval Brigade is to be sent to the Transvaal—Gen. Cronje Declined a Tender—More Soldiers are Needed in India.

London, Decemtr 22.—There is still no definite news regarding the military operations in South Africa. Probably this is because the only cable that is now working is choked with official dispatches.

General Buller's casualty list at Colenso, just published, shows that 146 were killed and 746 wounded. Two hundred and twenty-seven are described as missing, and of these about forty are known to be prisoners in the hands of the Boers. This makes a total larger than General Buller's original estimate.

Royal letters, signed by the queen, are being circulated by the archbishop to the bishops of the various dioceses, authorizing a collection in the churches throughout England January 7 in aid of the fund for sick and wounded soldiers and their families.

Interest centers for the moment in the preparations to send out reinforcements. The various city guilds have given an additional 12,000 pounds for the expense of the imperial volunteers, besides gifts of horses, ambulances and other paraphernalia.

The latest notable volunteers include two nephews of Lord Roberts, Major Charles Sherston and Major Maxwell Sherston. Their brother was killed at Glencoe.

The admiralty has decided to dispatch another naval brigade of 700 men to South Africa. It is believed that in mobilizing the eighth division, the war office will have recourse to some extent to the militia, it being deemed inadvisable to denude the home garrisons overmuch of regulars.

The chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, has issued a formal denial that any difficulties exist in the cabinet regarding war expenditures.

According to a dispatch from Cape town, there is a good deal of distress in the Orange Free State, owing to the scarcity of grain.

Navigation of the Brazos.

Angleton, Texas, December 22.—Captain A. B. Talfor, United States assistant engineer in charge of surveys at the mouth of the Brazos, with his assistants, General Stinson and Mr. Boyle, passed through Angleton last Monday for the mouth of the river, where they will be engaged for perhaps a month. Their first duty will be to make a survey at the end of the jetty to the 25-foot contour in order that estimates can at once be prepared showing the cost of securing that amount of water over the bar. With favorable wind this can be accomplished in a day or two. Wing dams will then be located and plans made for the contractor to work by in completing and extending the present jetty. Work will be commenced by the contractor within a week or two. Captain Talfor is well known to all the old time citizens of Quintana and Velasco, as he was employed there on government work years ago. The captain also made a preliminary survey of the Brazos river many years ago, and says that he found no serious obstacles to overcome in opening the river to navigation. He says it is a question only of money, and the same amount expended on the Brazos will accomplish more than on any other river in the South. The captain's many friends in Brazoria county will give him a hearty welcome.

Oscar Poole Killed.

Orange, Texas, December 22.—Oscar Poole was shot and killed about 5 o'clock Thursday evening by Private Fuller of the detachment of State Rangers who are here. Poole was standing in the door of Baker's saloon when the shooting occurred. Fuller being on the sidewalk in front. Poole was shot in the forehead and fell back into the saloon, a second shot being fired as he fell. Immediately after the shooting Fuller was placed under arrest by Sergeant McCauley of the Rangers. The shooting has caused considerable excitement and as there were few actual witnesses the details cannot be secured. Poole is the son of County Judge Poole and leaves a young wife and child. He lived for some time after the shooting, but never regained consciousness.

Big Fire at Detroit, Texas.

Dallas, Texas, December 22.—Fire at Detroit, Texas, Thursday destroyed twelve frame business houses on Main street. The losers are: Miss Mary Clegg, millinery store; Lee Russell, dry goods and groceries; J. P. Pierce, confectionery and restaurant; A. R. Wright, saloon; Marsh Fullbright, barber shop; J. N. Norris, justice of the peace office; M. Russell, photograph gallery; G. Whiteness, new building unoccupied; also a dwelling house occupied by George Gross; J. R. Pierce, two buildings. The losses are approximately \$20,000, fully one-half of which falls on J. R. Pierce, G. Whiteness and Lee Russell. Very little insurance. Cause of fire not known.

A Big Coal Contract.

Fort Worth, Texas, December 22.—Probably one of the largest single coal contracts ever made in this city was closed yesterday by H. H. Hawes with the Texas Midland Railway company. Colonel E. H. R. Green's road. By the terms of the contract Mr. Hawes is to furnish the road with ten cars of coal daily for a period of ninety days, a total of 900 cars.

Meridian, Mass.—In a fight between whites and blacks six miles north of here, Oscar Ford was mortally wounded and two other white men injured and the negroes were armed, the whites were thoroughly disarmed.

The State Capital.

Austin, Texas, December 22.—County Attorney Calhoun Thursday afternoon filed suit in the Travis county district court against the Austin and Northwestern railway company for the collection of franchise taxes amounting to \$13,971.

Governor Sayers Thursday appointed Hon. J. J. Eckford of Dallas as district judge for the Fourteenth judicial district to succeed W. J. J. Smith, resigned. Judge Eckford assumes the duties of his new office January 1.

San Juan, Porto Rico.—Archbishop Bernardo of Santiago and Very Rev. James P. Bleank, recently appointed bishop of Porto Rico, have arrived here, and the latter was ceremoniously invested with crozier and mitre.

A New Road Chartered.

Austin, Texas, December 22.—The attorney general today approved the charter of the Union Central Railway company with its principal place of business at Wortham, Freestone county, Texas. Capital stock \$600,000. Incorporators: W. S. Rowe, Cyrus Baldrige, W. E. Richardson, W. B. Moses, W. N. Sneed, J. W. Stubbs, O. J. Turner, A. G. Denniston, T. A. Bonnolis.

This proposed railroad will be constructed from Houston in a northerly direction through the counties of Harris, Montgomery, Walker, Grimes, Madison, Leon, Freestone, Anderson, Henderson, Van Zandt, Rains, Wood, Hopkins, Delta and Lamar to a point on the Red river in a northerly direction from the city of Paris in said Lamar county, and from a junction point on said line in said Montgomery, Grimes, Brazos, Madison, Robertson, Limestone, Falls and McLennan to Waco, and from a junction point in Freestone county in a westerly direction through the counties of Freestone, Limestone and McLennan connecting with last mentioned line near Waco, and from a junction point on first mentioned line in Anderson county in an easterly direction to Palestine, Texas, and from a junction on first mentioned line in an easterly direction to Quintana, Texas, the whole representing a distance of 560 miles.

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EVENTS OF EVERYWHERE.

Berlin is to have a French theater. The French navy is said to be in bad condition.

Italy has an elegant building at the Paris exposition.

Tampa, Fla., is to have a large sugar mill and refinery.

Wesley Fillers, colored, was hanged at Hartwell, Ga., for wife murder.

The Brooklyn easily defeated the New Orleans in the race to Manila.

A South Pacific station is badly needed by the United States government.

It is now stated the American army in the Philippines will be supplied with fresh meat from Australia.

C. P. Huntington says there is nothing in the present financial situation calculated to create distrust in values.

Two more victims—one on each side—have been added to the list of fatalities in the Philpott-Griffin feud in Kentucky.

The body of P. P. Clarkson, a prominent merchant of Great Pond, Ala., was found with his throat cut from ear to ear.

Lineton Jones, chairman of the Democratic national executive committee, has called a meeting of that body for Feb. 22, at Washington.

Secret meetings of Boer sympathizers continue to be held in various parts of Cape Colony and the attitude of the Dutch farmers is truculent.

Mr. Hull of Iowa has introduced a bill in congress to permit the Rock Island railroad through the Fort Reno and Fort Sill military reservations.

The Natal government announces that Gen. Buller has appointed a committee to inquire into the losses of the people of the colony resulting from the Boer invasion.

Eddie Connolly of St. John was given the decision on points over Kid McPartland of New York in twenty-three rounds of fighting at the Broadway athletic club, New York.

Baron Roberts of Candahar and Waterford, commander of the forces in Ireland, has been appointed to the chief command in South Africa with Gen. Lord Kitchener of Khartoum as his chief of staff.

The entire river front property of the Crowell-Savarez company at Tampa, Fla., was leased by Phillips & Fulmer. They will at once build a new dock out to deep water and erect a large warehouse.

Chaplain Wells of the first Tennessee regiment lectured at Nashville, Tenn., on "Conditions in the Philippines." He denied reports of American soldiers desecrating the churches, saying the Chinese are responsible.

John F. Hughes of Marietta filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States clerk's office at Ardmore, I. T. The petition shows Hughes' liabilities to be \$3000. He has no property except that which is exempt.

A resolution recommending members of labor bodies to use their election ballots independently of the predominant political parties was adopted by the American Federation of Labor in its session at Detroit, Mich.

Near Nicholasville, Ky., Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Reynolds locked their three children up in the house while they visited neighbors. They returned to see flames destroying their dwelling, but too late to save the children.

Montague White, the Transvaal agent at London, says the Boers are striving for liberty just like the American colonists did, and will fight to the end. He blames poor diplomacy for the war between British and Boers.

Mr. Labori in a series of articles is to defend Dayber and "roast" his critics.

Representative Talbot of South Carolina has introduced a bill in the house appropriating \$25,000 for a monument at Saluda, S. C., to the memories of W. B. Travis, James Bonham and James Bowie, who fell at the Alamo.

By the explosion of some powder in a room of his residence near Alliance, Floyd county, Kentucky, Nelson Hamilton and three of his children were burned to death. The father had a keg of blasting powder in the room. One of the children threw some of the powder in the fire and the explosion followed.

Excellent wheat prospects are reported all over Texas.

Buller's reverses produced a profound impression in all circles at Rome, Italy, where it is regarded as most serious for the military prestige of England. The daily papers devote long articles to the subject and seemed much exercised.

John P. Squire & Co., of Boston, Mass., corporation and allied companies, engaged in the provision and meat packing business, assigned to Lawyer Herman W. Chaplain. The liabilities are estimated at \$3,000,000 and the assets at \$5,000,000.

Thousands of people, including many royal personages, witnessed the presentation of the queen's flag to the American hospital ship Maine at the West India docks, London. The Duke of Canaught presented the flag to Lady Randolph Churchill, a native American.

Representatives of the Missouri Pacific railway have been at Guthrie, O. T., gathering facts relative to different counties and cities in Oklahoma Territory, preparatory to building a railway line entirely across that territory.

According to a cablegram from Berlin the German press and people are very jubilant over the news from South Africa and everywhere in the streets people stop each other and offer congratulations on the streets of Berlin and other cities.

FLOATING ICEBERGS.

THE CAMERA IN THE ANT-ARCTIC REGIONS.

Beautiful Scenes Photographed by Dr. Cook of the Belgian Explorer—Penguins Are Said to Be Sociable Creatures—Taken by Moonlight.

New York Correspondence Chicago Inter-Ocean. Nearly everything is known of the antarctic regions was discovered before the days of photographs and lantern slides. All the pictures in books on south polar research have been made from drawings, and were much inferior in vividness and accuracy to the products of the camera, which is now an essential part of the equipment of every explorer. It was, therefore, an edifying entertainment that the members of the American Geographical society enjoyed when Dr. P. A. Cook of the Belgian expedition showed about 1,500 beautiful photographs of the lands and waters of the far south and South America, where his party recently spent a year and a half. The views that were thrown on the screens, with the explanation of the lecturer, doubtless gave to the audience a better idea of characteristic antarctic scenes than they would be able to derive from the perusal of the usual literary literature devoted to that region. Some surprises were in store for those who had preconceptions as to the character of the scenes to be presented to them. Many of the icebergs, for example, differed widely from the typified form of the south polar berg as it had been pictorially represented. The pictures clearly reveal every stage of ice formation on the sea surface—first the pan ice, then the floes, these are formed later by the freezing together of the pans, and finally the solid pack which is largely the result of congelation of the edges of the floes. Such photographs can hardly fall to be of great value to the student of ice, and, according to the British physicist, Buchanan, "the more ice is studied, the more one finds to learn about it." The long polar night, dark as the usually is, is just a period of photographic inactivity, and some of Dr. Cook's most beautiful pictures were taken when the glittering white sides of the icebergs were bathed in brilliant moonlight. 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