

# Chase County Courier.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY

VOL. XXV.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1898.

NO. 9.

## THE WAR PROBING.

Dr. Huidekoper's Testimony Before the Investigation Committee.

## THE DOCTOR DEFENDS HIS RECORD.

A Statement That the Medical Depot Was Run in a Very Parsimonious Manner—Maj. Knox and Gen. Breckinridge Also Testify.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Gen. Breckinridge, Dr. Huidekoper and Maj. Knox were before the war investigation committee yesterday. Dr. Huidekoper's testimony concerned the hospital department. "Do you know," asked Dr. Conner, "that there was a full supply of medical stores at the depot at Lytle?" "I know that many articles were lacking," the doctor replied, and added: "It is not true, as has been stated, that there was a full supply." He continued by saying that he had made constant representations to the surgeon general of the shortage of supplies. He had never turned down any requisition from the division hospitals, except on one occasion, except when he knew that the articles were not on hand.

Col. Huidekoper said he had succeeded in getting supplies only by being the first on hand, as the medical depot was run in a very parsimonious manner. There was not only a great scarcity of important drugs, such as quinine and opium, but a disposition on the part of the purveyor not to give out what was there.

Dr. Huidekoper said that with a few unimportant exceptions the medical supplies for the Porto Rican expedition had been ample. At Newport News he had given orders that the sick men be eliminated from the command, but he found that the order had been evaded and sick men taken aboard. This was especially true of the Third Illinois regiment, whose surgeon, Dr. Huidekoper said, had persisted from the start in breaking the spirit of the letter of the law.

Responding to a request from ex-Gov. Beaver, Dr. Huidekoper detailed the particulars of his education as a physician, giving all his experience in military service. He said he had graduated as a physician from the university of Pennsylvania in 1874 and afterward had studied much in Paris, Berlin and other European capitals and had had considerable experience in hospitals and in general practice. He went to Europe a second time on the recommendation of Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, who desired to establish a veterinary hospital.

Replying to another question from Gen. Beaver, the witness said that Deputy Surgeon General Hartsuff had refused to supply disinfectants for the camp at Chickamauga, saying that to do so was contrary to army regulations.

Col. Huidekoper returned frequently during his testimony to his difficulties in securing nurses. He said he had once secured an approach to the necessary number through an arbitrary order from Gen. Brooke, and when this order was issued the colonel had insisted on supplying the worst men they had in their regiment for members of the hospital corps. The witness asserted that the sick in Porto Rico had had good attention, contradicting the assertion of Col. Hartsuff that there had been negligence.

Maj. Thomas T. Knox, inspector general, who participated in the early part of the Santiago campaign as a captain in the First regular cavalry, was before the war investigating commission at its afternoon session. He was wounded in the battle of La Guasima, and on the second day after landing, when he was the only officer of his regiment present. He walked 150 yards to find a surgeon, but previous to this there were surgeons attending the wounded on the firing line. He came north on the Olivette and after arrival was taken care of at Fort Wadsworth hospital. He had found that this institution was well conducted and did not accept the report that such was not the case.

Gen. J. C. Breckinridge also appeared before the commission during the afternoon session. His testimony dealt largely with Camp Thomas, of which he was in command from August 7 until the camp disintegrated. He said that when he assumed charge the camp was at the beginning of an epidemic of fever and that this condition gradually grew worse. He found much that needed remedy from a sanitary view when he assumed command, but the conditions varied in the various regimental camps. He was under the impression that all ordinary efforts had been made by the officers in command to instruct regimental officers in the manner of sanitation, and he thought this instruction had borne fruit. There had been a lack of tentage at the hospitals, and he knew of no reason why the tents should not have been supplied, as he was informed that the tents were in the quartermaster's depot.

## The Sick at Santiago.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The war department has received the following from Gen. Wood at Santiago, dated today: "Sanitary report November 12. Total sick, 1,100; fever all kinds, 571; deaths, Edward Moss, private company H, Twenty-third Kansas, typhoid fever."

## ARMY CHANGES.

President McKinley Will Recommend an Increase of the Army to 100,000—New Staff Department.

Washington, Nov. 14.—In his forthcoming message to congress President McKinley will advocate an increase of the standing army to 100,000 men. He will also recommend two very important changes in the staff department. He will urge the adoption of the German system of reorganizing the army, in order to dispense with the red tape methods, which under the present organization cause much delay and confusion. Under the German system a major general has complete supervision of the staff department and the various bureau heads report to him, while he alone reports to the secretary of war.

The other change suggested is the formation of a new staff department, to be known as the department of artillery. If congress adopts this suggestion Gen. Royal T. Frank will be placed at the head of the artillery division. Leading army officers have contended for years that the present staff system is inadequate.

In his annual report Secretary Alger will exhaustively discuss the question of army reorganization and will recommend prompt action by congress, both on this subject and the increase of the standing army.

## SHOULD BE REVISED.

Senator Marcus A. Hanna Says the Revenue Laws Must Be Adjusted to Meet Present Conditions.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 14.—In an interview last night, Senator Hanna said the tariff and revenue laws would have to be revised to meet existing conditions:

"The war revenue measure must be revised, but we will keep many of the original features of the law, simply because it is now necessary. Under the old tariff law we are not getting very much revenue, because we are exporting instead of importing, and something must be done to meet these new conditions. We must have a new revenue measure. So far as I am concerned, I favor putting a duty on tea and coffee. The revenue for the support of the government must be raised in some way, and the indirect is the best way, according to my idea. When the people do not realize that they are paying a tax there is no complaint. Still, it will be necessary to retain some of the features of the war revenue measures. The tax is now on the people, and in some instances it is the proper method of taxation."

## MOB LAW IN INDIANA.

Masked and Armed Men Take a Negro Democrat from Jail at Seymour and Beat Him Unmercifully.

Seymour, Ind., Nov. 14.—A masked and armed mob took out of jail John Baird, a colored democratic stump speaker, who had been imprisoned on the charge of obtaining money by false pretenses. Once outside, the mob beat him with gads, pounded him over the head with revolvers, and ordered him to leave the town at once. Instead of obeying the order, he went to the prosecuting attorney and sheriff for protection.

Half an hour later he accompanied the sheriff and posse in search for members of the mob. It is not known whether or not the assault upon him was inspired by political spite.

## Street Railway Combine.

St. Louis, Nov. 14.—One of the biggest financial deals ever undertaken in St. Louis is under way and will be consummated before January 1. It is the consolidation of the five street railway corporations—Lindell, Forest park and Laclede, Missouri, Compton Heights and Taylor avenue—all electric lines except one division of the Missouri. The total capitalization of these roads is \$6,500,000, but under the consolidation the capital will be increased to \$10,000,000, the limit allowed by the state laws.

## The Kaiser's Visit to Spain.

Washington, Nov. 14.—It is understood that assurances have been given by the German government that the visit of Emperor William, of Germany, to Spain is entirely devoid of official character or significance; that the official trip of the imperial party ended when it left Palestine, and that the proposed stop at Cadiz and Cartagena is largely a health precaution in behalf of the empress, as the sea trip would be long and arduous if unbroken by these stops at the Spanish ports.

## Seven Lost in Lake Erie.

Toledo, O., Nov. 14.—Fishermen from Green Island report that a lighthouse keeper, Gibraut, saw a small schooner go down in the South passage during a storm and that six men and a woman were drowned. Gibraut attempted to rescue them but failed because of the high sea. The name of the vessel is not known. She was supposed to have been a coal or stone coaster from Detroit or Cleveland.

## No Power Will Interfere.

London, Nov. 14.—The Times, in its editorial this morning on the Hispano-American situation, repeats its conviction that "no power will attempt to hinder the transfer of the Philippines," adding that "their loss cannot be great to Spain, who had practically lost the entire archipelago before the United States interfered."

## Will Be an Investigation.

Washington, Nov. 14.—The navy department has decided that a court of inquiry shall be held to determine whether the abandonment of the Maria Teresa at sea was justifiable and if not, who was responsible.

## NO REVISION YET.

No Change Likely in War Taxes and Tariff for Some Time.

## WORKING HARD ON THE MESSAGE.

The President Devotes Three Hours a Day on the Matter—What the President Will Recommend to Congress in the Message.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The Washington Post states that the war taxes will not be abolished at the coming short session of congress, and that there will be no revision of the tariff whatever. It bases this announcement upon the positive statement made yesterday by Chairman Dingley, of the ways and means committee, who, in an interview, said:

"The government will need for some time all the revenue produced by the war taxes. During the month of October the war expenditures exceeded the war revenue by some \$14,000,000, and this month they will be \$10,000,000 in excess. This being the case, there will be no changes at least this fiscal year. The war revenue act will continue in force and unchanged, except, perhaps, in a few minor administrative features, for at least a year longer. It is hardly necessary to add that there will be no revision of the tariff, although I have seen some statements to the effect that such a revision is contemplated. This session is limited to three months, he said, and that short period will be mainly occupied in passing the appropriation bills, in enacting new laws for the regular army, and in deciding upon the details necessary for the government of Hawaii. In addition to these important matters, the usual number of routine matters will arise. From the present outlook, the session will be well under way before the treaty of peace with Spain will be laid before the senate, and the ratification of that document may not be accomplished long before the 4th of March arrives."

"Will that necessitate an extra session?" Mr. Dingley was asked and he said:

"It is, of course, impossible to know what will arise between the 1st of December and the 4th of next March, but so far as the present outlook can form a basis for judgment, I should say that no extra session will be necessary or desirable, unless some new question should arise. In the first place we shall not know until the treaty of peace has been ratified what new possessions we are to have and what legislation is necessary for them and even then we will be in no position to act intelligently. I think that the military administration ought to be continued for at least a year longer. Military administration means the maintenance of order, the establishment of sanitary regulations, the giving of aid and assistance to those who may need it. It will bring order out of chaos and afford us time to determine the wisest legislation. Time always enlightens, and certainly when congress meets at least in December of next year we will be much better equipped to consider the proper method of dealing with our new possessions. For my part I hope that the treaty will be added with the larger than is absolutely necessary. I realize that in some cases it may be easier to hold than it will be to let go, but at the same time I hope that the treaty, when it is presented to the senate, will probably be the acquisition of a minimum amount of territory."

## WHAT THE PRESIDENT WILL RECOMMEND.

Washington, Nov. 15.—President McKinley is working hard now to be ready for the opening of congress. Three hours every day are devoted to his message. He has received the reports of Gen. Miles, Adj. Gen. Corbin, Admiral Sampson, the bureau of ordnance, construction and steam engineering of the navy, the chief engineer and chief of ordnance of the war department, and others. From these he has gleaned valuable data and recommendations. Mr. McKinley has also held many conferences with military and naval officials and received from them information and suggestions that will be incorporated in his message. One of Mr. McKinley's close friends is authority for the statement that his message will deal with the currency only in a general way. The breach between the senate and house on the money question will, he believes, check the passage of currency legislation at least until after the new congress convenes. Besides, there are matters resulting from the war which will require immediate action and occupy the time of the period of congress. The recommendations thus far decided upon by the president in his message are:

First—The increase of the regular army to at least 100,000 men and authority to employ native constabulary in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Second—The increase of the navy in accordance with the recommendations of the secretary of the navy, who wants not less than 20,000 enlisted men, a national reserve and more and better warships, as well as naval stations.

Third—The building of the Nicaragua canal by this government.

Fourth—Tariff and banking schedules for the new colonies and Cuba, and a complete revision of the system of internal taxation which Spain has made so odious.

Fifth—That each of the groups of islands be treated as independent in some degree to the United States, as it is not desirable yet to extend over them the same tariff and local laws which govern the 48 states.

Sixth—The framing of adequate land laws for Porto Rico, the Philippine and Sandwich islands. Large tracts of the crown lands will come into possession of the United States, and with them a puzzling collection of laws which must be straitened out by legislation.

## American Farm Products Selling Abroad.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The farmers of the United States will receive during 1898 more money from abroad for their products than in any preceding year. A statement regarding the exports of principal agricultural products, just issued by the treasury bureau of statistics, shows that in the item of breadstuffs alone the exports for the ten months ended October 31, 1898, amounted to \$250,237,453, which is \$65,000,000 greater than in the corresponding months of last year and \$38,000,000 in excess of the exceptional year 1892.

## KANSAS ELECTION FIGURES.

Returns from Every County Give Stanley a Plurality of 15,905—The Vote on Congressmen.

Topeka, Kan., Nov. 11.—Returns from all the counties in Kansas give W. E. Stanley 15,905 plurality. Following are the pluralities by counties, with the pluralities on governor in 1896:

	1898	1896
	Stanley	Leedy
Allen	485	176
Anderson	125	73
Atchison	86	102
Barber	130	130
Barton	150	330
Bourbon	225	150
Brown	500	500
Butler	100	500
Chase	34	300
Cherokee	100	100
Chester	25	21
Clark	7	4
Clay	12	202
Cloud	1	307
Coffey	13	82
Comanche	10	8
Cowley	20	333
Crawford	400	1,251
Decatur	171	516
Dickinson	300	300
Doniphan	64	1,638
Douglas	11	147
Edwards	51	95
Ellis	394	140
Ellsworth	394	140
Farmington	184	185
Fort	100	30
Franklin	12	497
Geary	76	41
Grant	100	312
Gove	120	114
Graham	18	285
Harmon	10	108
Greenwood	10	108
Greeley	67	60
Haskell	20	16
Harper	100	47
Harvey	67	419
Haskell	20	16
Hogman	72	41
Jackson	625	20
Jefferson	335	294
Jewell	109	48
Johnson	100	131
Kearney	76	50
Kimberly	40	360
Kiowa	50	3
Labette	40	439
Lane	40	439
Larned	100	274
Lincoln	25	109
Linn	18	48
Logan	128	103
Lyon	44	180
McPherson	487	369
Marshall	484	14
Mayes	20	359
Miami	20	163
Mitchell	12	405
Montgomery	275	28
Morris	16	21
Morton	16	21
Ness	40	32
Norton	80	259
Oak	24	48
Osborne	24	62
Ottawa	140	192
Pawnee	40	48
Phillips	103	62
Pottawatomie	341	101
Rawlins	50	190
Republic	53	334
Rice	37	8
Riley	644	423
Rock	47	118
Rush	31	181
Russell	31	181
Saline	20	72
Scott	18	72
Sedgewick	20	1,186
Shawnee	30	20
Sheridan	10	84
Sherman	10	84
Smith	210	54
Stafford	34	520
Stanton	5	20
Stearns	20	43
Sumner	430	475
Thomas	85	72
Trego	300	15
Wallace	83	7
Washington	80	4
Wagoner	94	50
Ward	104	50
Woodson	500	331
Wyandotte	500	331

Stanley's plurality, 15,905. Leedy's plurality in 1896, 7,511. \*Tie in 1894.

## The Vote on Congressmen.

In the First congressional district Charles Curtis (rep.) carried every county by the following majorities:

Atchison 40; Brown, 65; Doniphan, 80; Jackson, 30; Johnson, 41; Leavenworth, 60; Nemaha, 100; Shawnee, 3,004; total, 6,015.

In the Second district Bowersock's majority is 3,276. The majorities by counties follow:

Bowersock—Allen, 478; Anderson, 130; Barton, 23; Douglas, 74; Johnson, 100; Linn, 10; Miami, 226; Wyandotte, 50.

Peters—Franklin, 61.

In the Third district Ridgely's majority is 764. The majorities by counties follow:

Ridgely—Cherokee, 60; Cowley, 9; Crawford, 34; Elk, 14; Labette, 50; Montgomery, 30; Nooshe, 2.

Kirpatrick—Wilson, 197; Chautauqua, 219.

J. M. Miller carried every county in the Fourth district over Martin (fusion) as follows:

Butler, 109; Chase, 63; Coffey, 142; Greenwood, 90; Lyon, 39; Marion, 79; Morris, 49; Osage, 25; Pottawatomie, 49; Shawnee, 40; Woodson, 23. Total, 2,811.

Caldershead's majority for congress in the Fifth district over Vincent (pop.) is 2,415. The majorities are as follows:

Caldershead—Geary, 110; Dickinson, 200; Marshall, 60; Ottawa, 130; Republic, 300; Riley, 567; Saline, 5; Washington, 460.

Vincent—Clay, 100; Cloud, 37.

In the Sixth district Reeder (rep.) carried 15 counties, with pluralities aggregating about 2,295, and McCormick carried seven counties, with pluralities aggregating about 1,300.

In the Seventh district Long has majorities in 21 counties, aggregating 3,833, while Jerry Simpson carried but 11 counties, with pluralities aggregating 1,142.

In the elections to fill senatorial vacancies, Ward (rep.) was elected over Gomer Davies in the Cloud-Republic district and T. J. Anderson (rep.) in Shawnee district.

There were elections in four judicial districts and republican candidates were chosen in each instance.

## ELECTION FIGURES.

News from the Battle of the Ballots in Different States.

Roosevelt's Majority in New York About 19,000—Ohio Rolls Up a Big Republican Vote—Result in Nebraska and Minnesota Close.

New York, Nov. 10.—The latest figures obtainable show that Roosevelt's plurality in the state is not far from 20,000. The result on congressmen in this state seems to have surprised even the democrats themselves. Nineteen of their candidates were elected, the republicans getting but 15. In the present house, the New York delegation stands 27 republicans to six democrats. The state senate will be republican by four and the assembly by 20. Political interest from now on will center about the senatorship and already discussion as to the probable aspirants has begun.

## Republicans Carry Indiana.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 10.—The republicans have carried Indiana by a majority of between 15,000 and 20,000. The legislature will be republican and the estimate, based upon the latest returns, shows that in the senate the republicans will have 28 and the democrats 22; in the lower house the republicans will have 56 and the democrats 44. This will give the republicans a majority of 18 on joint ballot and means the election of a republican to the United States senate to succeed Mr. Turpie.

## The Result in Minnesota.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 10.—John Lind, silver rep., with democratic and populist indorsement, will have not less than 10,000 plurality in the state over Eustis, rep., but Lind is the only fusion candidate to win. The balance of the republican ticket will be chosen by majorities even greater than that for Lind. All silver republican congressmen have been elected. The legislature will be republican, and there seems no question of the re-election of United States Senator Davis by this legislature.

## Both Sides Claim West Virginia.

Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 10.—The republicans have elected two congressmen in West Virginia sure, Dovenier in the First by 1,800 majority and Freer in the Fourth by 1,000 majority. Both parties claim the Second and Third. Mr. Dayton, rep., claims his election in the Second by 897, and Edwards, rep., claims 200 in the Third. Chairman Dawson, of the republican state committee, claims a legislature majority on joint ballot of 13, which would insure the election of a republican United States senator as successor to Faulkner, dem. Chairman Obley, of the democratic committee, claims the legislature on joint ballot.

## Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10.—Stone, rep., carried the city by a plurality of 85,900, which, with his plurality in the state outside of Philadelphia county, will probably run the republican plurality for the head of the ticket up to 150,000 over Jenks, dem. Late returns from the Twelfth congressional district show that Stanley Davenport, dem., has probably been elected by a small plurality over Morgan B. Williams, rep., the present member. In the five congressional districts of Philadelphia the present members are all re-elected. In the Twenty-second congressional district John Daisel, rep., is elected and in the Twenty-third, W. H. Graham, rep.

The legislature, which meets in January and elects a successor to United States Senator Quay, will consist of 254 members on joint ballot, 123 votes being necessary to elect a senator.

## New Jersey.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 10.—Returns indicate the plurality of Foster M. Voorhees, rep., for governor, will be between 8,000 and 10,000. There will be a republican majority in each branch of the legislature, insuring the election of a republican to succeed Senator James S. Smith, dem.

## Ohio.

Columbus, O., Nov. 10.—Returns do not materially change the result announced of over 60,000 republican plurality on the state ticket and 15 republican to 6 democratic congressmen.

## The Vote Close in Nevada.

Carson, Nev., Nov. 10.—The vote for governor is very close, but Sadler, silver, claims his re-election by 800 majority over McMillan, rep. Congressman Newlands, silver dem., is re-elected by 3,000 majority over his only opponent, Wren, pop. The balance of the state ticket is conceded to the silver party.

## Michigan's Plurality in Michigan.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 10.—According to more complete returns Gov. Pingree's plurality will reach about 70,000. The republicans have elected a solid representation of 12 congressmen by majorities ranging from 1,100 for Corliss, in the First district, to 1,500 for Sheldon, in the Twelfth upper peninsula district. The democrats will have a dozen senators and representatives in the legislature about equally divided between the two houses. Senator Burrows' re-election now seems absolutely assured.

## North Dakota Republicans.

Fargo, N. D., Nov. 10.—Returns from the state yesterday swelled the republican majority. Spalding, rep., for congress will probably have a majority of 5,000, and the remainder of the ticket 500. Twenty-one out of 31 state senators are sure republican,

while in the house 54 republicans out of 62 have been elected, with four more doubtful. This gives the republicans 56 majority on joint ballot, making a republican successor to Senator Roach certain.

Democratic sweep in North Carolina. Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 10.—Late returns indicate that the democrats have elected all nine of their congressmen, all 12 solicitors, 44 out of 50 state senators, 95 out of 130 representatives and the state judicial ticket by 30,000.

## Flynn Elected in Oklahoma.

Guthrie, Ok., Nov. 10.—While nothing like complete returns have been received there is no longer any doubt as to the election of Dennis Flynn, the republican candidate for congress, by a majority which may reach 5,000. The legislature will be anti-republican.

## Democrats Carry Texas.

Dallas, Tex., Nov. 10.—Maj. Sayers, the democratic nominee for governor, has a majority estimated by Chairman Bell, of the democratic state committee, at 200,000, and it will not fall very far short of that, judging by the returns at hand. Every district returned a democratic congressman with the exception of the Tenth and an official count will be necessary to decide that.

## South Dakota Republicans.

Siox Falls, S. D., Nov. 10.—Almost complete returns from the state give Phillips, rep., for governor, a majority of 1,200. Gamble, rep., is elected to congress by 4,000 and Burke, rep., by 3,500. The entire state republican ticket is elected. The legislature will have a republican majority.

## Democratic Governor in Tennessee.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 10.—Complete and partial returns from 84 out of 96 counties received give McMillin, dem., an estimated majority of 28,000 for governor. These figures will, however, be reduced by full returns.

## Nebraska in Doubt.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 10.—Returns by counties come provokingly slow, indicate a sealing off of republican gains of yesterday, making the state ticket in doubt, and so close that official count may be required. The legislature is probably republican on joint ballot, but Senator Allen will not concede it.

## Iowa Elects Republican Congressmen.</

# THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS.

## HELD THE HILLS AT SANTIAGO.

Hip, hurrah! and Vive la American volunteers!  
Who won their way and won the day as well as joyous cheers;  
They crossed the main to war with Spain among the Cuban palms,  
They cheerfully endured the ills of tropic rains and calms;  
But few were in the fighting lines, yet ready to go in  
As swift command—stout heart, stout hand—prepared to work or win;  
A: duty's call to fight or fall 'mid battle's furious din  
Heroes held the hills at Santiago.

The farmer boys and village lads, who never had fought before,  
With city youths sprang to the front as did their sire's of yore,  
In camp or field they would not yield to scanty fare or toil,  
But forward looked to battles booked for them on Spanish soil;  
And marching straight to meet their fate, though red with battle-scars,  
They challenged all that might befall on bloody fields of Mars;

Thus bearing high toward the sky our bannered stripes and stars,  
Heroes held the hills at Santiago.  
They bore with patient fortitude the fever dets and damps;  
They toiled with grim persistence in the trenches and the camps;  
They held their lines, though through them stalked the specter of disease;  
They drank the cups of misery and drained them to the lees;  
They heard the hissing Mausers seek for targets in their ranks;  
They saw fierce Spanish shells seek prey in center and on flanks,  
Held grimly on until the Don gave up, therefore give thanks,  
Heroes held the hills at Santiago.

Hip, hurrah! and Vive la American soldiers!  
Who won the day and won their way to fame with grit and guns!  
We toiled for them the laurel wreaths, wave o'er them royal palms,  
And sing until the welkins ring our glad triumphant psalms;  
With every order well obeyed, despising coward fears,  
Their fame is sure and shall endure through endless future years;  
Let glory's halo round the dead make prisms of our tears;  
Heroes held the hills at Santiago.  
L. EDGAR JONES.

## THE OLD MILL MYSTERY.

By ANNA FOGARTY.

—Written for this paper.

IT WAS a Halloween dinner, for six, and over the walnuts and wine, it was moved and adopted that Emily Davis should be the story teller. Emily was a tall, stately girl, with elegant blue eyes and fair hair that curled naturally over a pretty low forehead. On this particular occasion she wore a handsome blue cloth gown that set off her blond beauty to the very best advantage. Opposite her sat her handsome, dark-eyed rival, Maud Evans. Maud had been asked to be the story teller. She declined. Then some one turned to Emily, and she promised to tell a real true Halloween story, but then Emily could afford to be gracious. Of the two handsome rivals she had been the chosen one. Next month she would become Mrs. J. Sidney Orr, wife of the rising young attorney.

Making a graceful little bow to the company, Emily began in her low, sweet voice: Once upon a time, there was a convent situated on the prettiest, most graceful, and picturesque of slopes, far from the noisy din of city life, and but a short distance from a beautiful winding river. On the eastern bank of this river, and within sight of the convent, stood an old mill that had long since fallen into decay and ruin.

"One afternoon late in October a group of convent girls descended the slope facing the river. It is a true story, you know, and I was in the party. 'What a romantic place an old mill is,' remarked one of the girls. 'One always thinks of the millers' daughter, and her life is sure to have had a sad beginning and a sad ending.' 'Yes! and the villain contemplating a foul murder is sure to lure his innocent victim within the four walls of an old tumbled down mill,' added another.

"Every time I look toward this old mill I am reminded of Tom and poor Maggie Tuliver," came in a plaintive little voice from the rear.

With one accord we all turned to see who was reminded of that sad story every time she looked toward the west. It was Kattie Mather, and a merry peal of laughter echoed along the hills at the bare idea of anything making Kattie sad. She was the most hardened little rebel in our school, but we all loved her; she was as true as steel and always kind and sympathetic.

But, to go back to my story, we had had all this time been approaching nearer to the ruined mill.

"Wouldn't it be a splendid place to come on Halloween?" said Bell Monteith, "to learn the name of one's future husband?"

We were all interested; we had never heard of finding him out in this way. "Tell us about it, Bell; what do you do?" we chorused.

"Why, I don't know exactly what words you repeat, but you throw a ball of yarn into a ruin, keeping hold of the end of your yarn, and ask his name."

Oh! it would be splendid, but who was brave enough to say it? We discussed the subject on the way back to school, but nothing was decided upon. The next day, however, the subject was brought up again, and Bell informed us that she had recalled the words to be repeated. I, for instance, as I throw my ball of yarn into the ruins, would say, as Emily Davis unwinds: "Oh! ruins, canst thou tell who winds?" repeating this three times. Each girl supplied her own name, of course.

Well, we decided to try it, so we waited anxiously for Halloween. Finally it came, a clear, moonlight night, and about 40 girls were ready for the lark, each supplied with her ball of yarn. The trouble now was to get out. We were not allowed outside the building after six o'clock. We decided to go in little parties of three and four, and in that way we would not be missed, but about 15 minutes before the first party was to start Sister Mary Agnes, our prefect, told us she was called away for awhile, and would leave Kattie Mather in charge of the recreation-room. As soon as the door closed behind Sister Agnes, Kattie rose and said: "Now, girls, for the ruins. Did you ever know anything to come so timely as that summons? A meeting of the faculty, I suppose. Let others talk of the irony of fate, we at least can never say that the fates were not kind to us on one occasion. Now, get out as stealthily as though you were so many men getting in at two o'clock in the morning."

Forty footpads never stole out more cautiously than did we 40 girls, bent on learning our fate. Once outside the big white gate we knew we were safe and we literally flew down the green road to the mill. Within a short distance of the place we halted, and Bell said: "You know, you must go alone. Throw the ball of yarn in at the north window; it is the lowest," she advised. Some of the more timid ones protested against going alone.

"What is the use in playing the game if you don't play it right?" argued Bell. "To be alone is the most essential thing in all Halloween games."

Finally, after some argument, we agreed to go alone, but who would go first? No one had sufficient courage. "Oh! I will go myself," said Bell, "if no one else will."

We all fell back a little and Bell went over to the north side of the old mill, and in a few minutes we heard her distinctly repeat, in a clear voice: "As Bell Monteith unwinds, oh! ruins, canst thou tell who winds?" This three times; then there was a moment's silence, followed by the most terrific scream from Bell. We ran to meet her as she came towards us.

"What is it, Bell?" we asked. "You didn't hear anything, dear?" said Kattie Mather, winding her arms around Bell. "Hush! hush! Bell," as Bell's screams rent the evening air.

"Oh, girls, it was horrible, and I heard the name so distinctly." "Why, Bell, you imagined it," persisted Kattie.

"I tell you I didn't, Kattie." "Was it a name, Bell?" we asked. "Oh, yes! yes!" she sobbed. "Some one you know?" "Yes!" and she shuddered at the thought.

"Oh! I am so frightened," said a timid little girl from Boston. "Let us go back." "Nonsense," said Kattie. "I will go and throw my ball in to show you it is all Bell's imagination." Suiting the action to the words, Kattie pushed past us, on to the north window. In a few moments we heard her repeat her lines. Then there was silence again. This time there was no scream, but in a few minutes Kattie joined us, pale and trembling. Perhaps it was the moonlight shining on her dark face that made it look so white, but I thought I had never seen anything in life so ghastly.

"Did you hear anything, Kattie?" we asked, staring at her. "Yes! I heard a name; don't ask me any more," she said.

By this time we were thoroughly excited. Had these girls really heard anything, or did they imagine it. The most courageous of our girls was Jennie Grant.

"Do you think they heard anything, Jen?" I asked, moving over to where Jennie stood.

"No," she said. "I thought at first they were pretending to be frightened, but I think now that their imaginations have played them a trick. I will go next, Emily, if you will follow."

I agreed, and Jennie went bravely up to the north window. The girls scarcely breathed while she repeated her lines. Bell's screams were nothing to the screams that came from Jennie. Kattie and Bell seemed entirely recovered from their fright by this time, and they ran to meet Jennie as she came up the hill.

"Jennie, don't; you will have every nun in the convent out?" pleaded Kattie.

all in now. There was no one absent, but Jenny, and perhaps Sister Agnes would never miss her when she came. While we stood there I felt as though I would faint again.

"Alyce," I said, turning to Alyce Hudson, "if I don't go out I will certainly faint again."

"Come, then," said Alyce, slipping her arm around my waist, and together we stepped out into the corridor, gained the side entrance, and in a few minutes we were standing on the veranda.

"Do you really think you heard a name, Emily?" asked Alyce, doubtfully.

"I never heard anything plainer in my life," I answered, "and I am dreadfully frightened. I wish I had never gone."

From our elevated position on the slope we could look down on the old mill, and I had scarcely finished my sentence when around from the north of the ruins came a light. I turned to run, but Alyce caught me, and held me fast.

"Spoons don't carry lanterns, Emily," she whispered; "we must see more of this." It was the figure of a man, that we could see distinctly in the moonlight. We saw him stop, put out the light in his lantern, and come on towards the academy. When he reached the walk below where we stood, we stepped back into the shade of the veranda, but he had detected us.

"Is that you Miss Bell?" he asked, and we recognized the voice. He was Henderson, the gardener.

"Yes!" said Alyce, stepping to the edge of the veranda. She was about Bell's height and complexion, and could easily pass for Bell in that light.

"Well, it's the best joke I ever heard of," said Henderson. "My sides ache from laughin'. Does you want the paper now, Miss Bell?"

"Yes, I'll take it," said Alyce. So he put down his lantern, opened his vest and took a neatly folded paper from the pocket, which he handed to Alyce, all in good faith.

"Thank you! Henderson," said Alyce. "Oh, indeed! Miss Bell, the fun I had frightening them is thanks enough. Saying the names three times just gave me time to look them up. You and Miss Kattie planned it good, Miss Bell," and so saying, Henderson took off his hat and bowed himself away, chuckling as he went.

"Emily, we have a veritable gold mine here," said Alyce, patting the paper, "but we must go in now. You don't feel like fainting any more, do you, dear?" she laughed. When we went in we found Sister Agnes still absent, so Alyce said: "Come, Emily, we will look over our treasure." We stole off to the senior's boudoir and Alyce said the treasures of Capt. Kid would be insignificant beside this bit of paper. When we opened it we found a list of the girls' names arranged in alphabetic order and opposite the name of each girl was placed the boy's name that would be most likely to make her scream and faint. This was written in Kattie Mather's legible business hand that we knew so well.

There were no two girls in school so trusted, or confided in as were Kattie and Bell. They knew the name of each girl's sweetheart, and this was the way they used or rather abused their knowledge. Henderson, sitting under the window, had read the names by the light of his lantern, and Bell and Kattie were not frightened at all. They had been acting. Later we learned that Sister Agnes was their accomplice and that from a window in the novice's party of sisters and novices had watched our escapade.

We arrested the two girls. They pleaded "not guilty," and we had a mock trial; evidence was strong against them, and the jury sentenced them to 60 days without fruit or bonbons, so for 60 days the contents of every box that came to the address of Kattie Mather or Bell Monteith was freely distributed among us. "We broke the box and split the snuff and I which my story is long enough," quoth Emily.

**Irish Pronunciation.**  
An amusing example of the Irishman's pronunciation occurs in a story told of the late Dr. Todd, the Irish archaeologist, who, although a great scholar, was not above perpetrating a practical joke. The Spectator tells the story and says: "A very learned Englishman went to Dublin to examine some manuscripts in the library of Trinity college, and was, of course, introduced to Dr. Todd, who one day in conversation told him that there was in Trinity college a curious instance of the survival of a habit dating from the time of the Danes; that at a certain hour of the afternoon—I think six o'clock—a porter went the round of the college, ringing a bell and calling out in a loud voice: 'The Danes in the hall, when all the students rushed from their rooms to repel the invaders. So the learned but somewhat incredulous Englishman repaired to the college at six o'clock, and, sure enough, what Dr. Todd had told him came to pass, which he gravely related on his return to England. The summons, of course, referred to the dean.'"—N. Y. Ledger.

**Color of the Eyes.**  
That the color of eyes should affect their strength may seem strange, yet that such is the case need not now be proved, and those whose eyes are brown or dark colored should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury from various causes than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful, and next to these are gray. The lighter the eye the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension which the eyes can sustain.—N. Y. Ledger.

**Footling the American Beyer.**  
Australian rabbit skins are being converted into "sealskins" for the American market.—Chicago Inter Ocean.



## PROF. HOAG'S IDEAS.

Minnesota Instructor on What a Course in Practical Road Construction Should Comprise.

In a recent paper on highway engineering, Prof. W. R. Hoag, of the University of Minnesota, offered some suggestions on the subject of instruction in road-building, based on his experience as instructor and engineer. To begin, the students should be brought into sympathy with the subject by developing an interest in it, and to that end a few lectures on the historical development of highway construction are useful. These can be followed by an equal number on transportation in general, with special reference to the part played by the common road. The subject is thus shown to be a broad one, far-reaching in its scope, and not merely a relatively narrow one of grading, draining and stonelaying.

All the forces at work for the betterment of the highways should then be considered, beginning with the national office of road inquiry, national road association, state associations, state institutes, engineering societies,



A WELL-KEPT ROAD. (Highway Leading from Flushing, L. I., to Camp Black.)

cycle clubs, other organizations dealing with the subject, and the attitude of the press toward the movement. The state laws should be gone over, and carefully studied where efficient and successful systems are established.

Visits to permanently good and habitually poor roads should be made and the causes that have led to the different results should be discussed and identified. Road conventions and other meetings at which papers on road-building and maintenance are read and discussed should be attended. Some good work on the subject should be used as a general guide, and this should be supplemented by studies on special topics, essays and discussions, drawing upon all possible sources of information and constantly observing roads and streets in process of construction and under traffic.

"The instructor should engage actively," says Prof. Hoag, "in all movements in the state having any interest in the cause. . . . Every instructor in civil engineering having in immediate charge this line of work should be a strong political factor in this cause which has already done so much for the material advancement of the world. Correct notions on the administrative side of road-building are sadly deficient in many states. By exercising the power to which his position justly and naturally entitles him, the educator can help create an activity which will soon bring into requisition our graduates who have thus been well prepared for all the duties coming to the highway engineer."

## WIDE TIRES ABROAD.

Their Importance Is Fully Appreciated by the Governments of Many Foreign Lands.

The importance of wide tires in preserving the highways is appreciated in many foreign countries, and laws exist prescribing the width of tires that may be used on the public roads. The San Francisco Chronicle says that "Austria requires tires for wagons built for more than 2 1/2 tons to be at least 4 1/2 inches wide. If for more than 4 1/2 tons, 6 1/2 inches. Bohemia requires a 4 1/2-inch tire for two-horse wagons. France requires tires from three to ten inches wide; for four-wheeled wagons tires are usually at least six inches, with the front axle shorter than the rear, so that the wheels do not 'track.' Germany requires at least four inches for 'wagons for heavy loads.' Switzerland requires one inch of width for each draft animal, and six-inch tires for wagons for 'heavy loads.' In Canada the agricultural department recommended six-inch tires for loads of a ton or more, and that is probably the law."

A number of states in this country have passed wide-tire laws, but even some states which spend much money in improving their roads fail to see the importance of prescribing the width of tires that will do most to maintain and protect them. It is a short-sighted policy and one that costs money.

**Points of the Dairy Calf.**  
If intended for the dairy the calf should be closely examined as to the conformation of the udder and teats. One can see in miniature these important organs, and have a fairly definite idea of what they will be like at maturity.

## TARRED MACADAM ROADS.

A New Method Used and Advocated by the City Engineer of Canterbury, England.

A method of laying macadam roads, in which each stone is coated with tar before it goes into the roadway, is used and advocated by the city engineer of Canterbury, England.

In his system the stones are prepared for the tar by heating them, either in the open, or in an oven or kiln. When done in the open, they are spread out on a flat bed, some 12 inches thick, and covered with three or four inches of coke and breeze, with a little wood to aid the fire, and in this way a stack of stone about five feet high is formed. It is frequently made conical and closed at the top. Then it is fired and allowed to burn for seven or more days. As this method, however, causes the disintegration of many stones, an oven or kiln, with its more equable temperature, is preferable.

Tar of good quality should be used and heated long enough to assure great tenacity. It may be boiled in 50-gallon kettles, for three or four hours, and after half a bucketful of pitch is added, boiled a little longer.

The stones, to receive their coatings of tar, should not be warmer than the palm of the hand can bear comfortably. If they are used when too hot, the value of the tar for building is destroyed, and, if they are not hot enough, the tar will be so thick that it will soften in hot weather.

When the stone is of the proper temperature it is screened, so as to secure three distinct sizes—one to two inches for the bottom layer; one-half to one inch for the middle layer and one-quarter to one-half inch for the top layer. The bottom layer is three or four inches thick and is thoroughly rolled, and a very tin top layer is laid and also thoroughly rolled. A final top-dressing of quarter-inch and smaller granite screenings is put on, and traffic is admitted to the tarred roadbed. The material down into the tarred roadbed.

A road so formed is said to be capable of carrying the heaviest country traffic and to be good for seven years, with an outlay of four cents a square yard for repairs, when more extensive repairs may be required. The cost for a depth of four-and-a-half inches is for material 36 cents per square yard, excavating 18 cents; broken brick ballast, 20 cents; labor, 18 cents; rolling, 6 cents; contingencies, 10 cents, a total of \$1.08 a square yard.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

## OUR COUNTRY ROADS.

Year After Year Vast Amounts Are Squandered in Attempts to Patch Them Up.

The rapid passing of the fall season and the approach of winter brings us face to face with the sad reality of wasted opportunities on our country roads. Hundreds of dollars have been expended upon the highways of Delaware county by the various townships during the past five months, yet many of these roads are now in fully as bad condition as when the spring work was begun.

It is a waste of money to follow the old plan of patching the highways, yet year after year this method is pursued, only to find the roads quar-mire after every rain and morasses when the thawing days in winter come. That all this entails loss upon farmers in new wagons, repairs to vehicles and extra horses is as patent as the presence of the mud, yet road reform for a large part of Delaware county seems as large in the future as ever.

Evidence of the value of a smooth surface is given on the Providence road between this city and Media. Some years ago that highway was a wretched compilation of ruts and hillocks and often two hours were consumed in the journey between this city and the county seat. A good roadbed now reduces the time one-half and likewise cuts down the cost of repairs to a sum less than one-half.

What has been done on that highway is a standing argument for a good surface for every highway, which is not only cheaper than a poor one in the yearly cost of maintenance, but in every item of expenditure for those who travel. More than this; they enhance the value of abutting property and give to the taxpayers something in return for the tribute annually paid for the support of the township government.

It is no small matter to the farmer that he has good highways upon which to haul his products to market. They not only mean return in actual money, but in labor as well. Farmers living only six or eight miles from this city or Media are obliged to rise from their beds long before daylight in order to reach the market in time for the buyers. This loss of sleep and time in going and returning would all be saved if the road surface was smooth, for traveling would be swift and comfortable for the rider and easy of accomplishment on the part of the faithful horses which haul the burden.—Chester (Pa.) Times.

## Shale Roads in New York.

Additional roads of shale are being laid in a practical way in Orange county, N. Y. Mr. A. B. Goddard, who is roadmaster for the town of Deerpark, has used considerable of the material this season on properly-prepared roadbeds. About nine inches of the coarser rock is first put on, thoroughly wet down, and rolled with a four-ton roller until it is reduced to about six inches, and then a top dressing of finer material is put on and rolled. The result is a surface that is smoother than any macadam and most delightful to ride upon. These stretches of good roads must in time convince the farmers that hard roads, built in a scientific way, and properly maintained, are a benefit to them.

# Catarrh

## In the Head

Is an inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the nasal passages. It is caused by a cold or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which eradicates from the blood all scrofulous taints, rebuilds the delicate tissues and builds up the system.

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Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.  
Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

An Expensive Perfum.

"Hello, old fellow," said a young Detroit to a friend of his the other day. "Say, you remember you came in with me on the late train from Ann Arbor the other night?"

"Yes," said the other fellow, "I should say I did; and that duffer two seats ahead of us let fall that bottle of peppermint and everybody in the car came out smelling like a medicine chest."

"And what do you think," said the first man. "That confounded little odor that stuck in my clothes cost me \$200!"

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, I had promised my wife that while I was away I wouldn't drink a thing, and as soon as I got into the house she said 'ah, ha, my dear boy, you've been drinking mint juleps!' I swore I hadn't, but it was of no use. That story about the peppermint bottle did sound trumped up, you know, and the only way I could square myself was by promising her a new seal-skin coat. I'd like to get hold of the man that smashed that bottle!"—Detroit Free Press.

## The "Flies" Were All Right.

Some of the volunteer soldiers who were put under the command of regular army officers soon after the beginning of the war found it a little hard to learn all the lingo of the camps. An officer sent a young volunteer orderly to requisition at the quartermaster's stores some tentage and when he returned questioned him:

"Orderly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you get the tents I ordered?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you get the wall tents?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the A tents?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the dog tents?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the flies for the wall tents?"

"Flies, sir? No, sir."

"What? Now, why didn't you get the flies?"

The soldier saluted respectfully; at any rate, he combined a salute and a motion which brushed away a cloud of flies from in front of his nose. "Camp is full of them, sir," he answered.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## She Got the Fiat.

"We are very particular who we let have our flats," said the janitor.

"And I am particular, too," replied the lady.

"Have you a piano?" asked the janitor.

"Yes," replied the lady, "but it is on the Pacific coast."

"Have you a sewing machine?"

"No, we don't want any."

"Do any of your family sing?"

"No," replied the lady, "except the tea-kettle. That sometimes chants me a song while I am getting supper, but I trust it may not drive away any of the other tenants, unless it explodes."—Everywhere.

## Perplexing.

"Money talks" and "Silence is golden."

With two such precepts what is a man going to do?—N. Y. Journal.

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## GRANDMOTHER.

She sits beside the window wide,  
In wooden rocking chair,  
Through cap of lace I well can trace  
The snowy waves of hair.  
So white it shows, so warm it glows,  
As sunbeams softly pour.  
Through window pane and try in vain  
To make it gold once more.  
I love her eyes—dim, yet so wise,  
And, ah, so quick to see  
The pitfalls deep, the snares that creep,  
The trials that threaten me!  
I love her cheek, the lines that speak  
Of life's long toilsome days,  
The tender touch that tells so much  
Of patient love away.  
So old and bent, so weak and spent,  
Yet keeping youth enough  
To help and cheer when skies are drear  
And ways are steep and rough.  
I love to sit where shadows fit,  
My head upon her knee,  
And feel her arm, so soft and warm,  
Close gently over me.  
I love to hear upon my ear  
The broken voice, so mild,  
"The long, full day of work and play  
Has wearied you, my child!"  
A tender prayer is in the air,  
Oh, sweet, the hour and mood!  
And sweet the tone: "My little one,  
I trust you have been good."  
—Toronto Globe.



## PART V.

### CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

I dropped upon the thwart again, none too soon, for I was near overboard. I could see nothing for the moment, but these two furious, encrimsoned faces, swaying together under the smoky lamp; and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the campfire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the "Hispaniola," when I was surprised by a sudden lurch of the coracle. At the same moment she yawed sharply and seemed to change her course. The speed in the meantime had strangely increased.

I opened my eyes at once. All round me were little ripples, combing over with a sharp, bristling sound and slightly phosphorescent. The "Hispaniola" herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss a little against the blackness of the night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she also was wheeling to the southward.

I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped against my ribs. There, right behind me, was the glow of the campfire. The current had turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the tall schooner and the little dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever muttering louder, it went spinning through the narrows for the open sea.

Suddenly the schooner in front of me gave a violent yaw, turning, perhaps, through 20 degrees; and almost at the same moment she about-faced another way on board; I could hear feet pounding on the companion ladder; and I knew that the two drunkards had at last been interrupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their disaster.

I lay down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff, and devoutly commended my spirit to its Maker. At the end of the straits, I made sure we must fall into some bar of raging breakers, where all my troubles would be ended speedily, and though I could, perhaps, bear to die, I could not bear to look upon my fate as it approached.

So I must have lain for hours, continually beaten to and fro upon the billows, now and again wetted with flying sprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Gradually weariness grew upon me; a numbness, an occasional stupor, fell upon my mind even in the midst of my terrors; until sleep at last intervened, and in my sea-scattered coracle I lay and dreamed of home and the old Admiral Benbow.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE.

It was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs 40 or 50 feet high and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over—Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and belled; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second, and I saw myself, if I ventured seaward, dashed to death upon the rough shore or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all; for, crawling together on flat tables of rock or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters—soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness—two or three score of them together, making the rocks echo with their barking.

I have understood since that they were sea lions and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the surf and the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed. North of Haulbowline Head the land runs in a long way, leaving at low tide a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that, again, there comes another cape—Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart—buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kinder-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrary between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle, dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually bailed out the coracle with my sea-cap; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well, now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain, also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two toward land."

No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay on my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground, and as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousand-fold reflection from the waves, the seawater that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point, and as the next reach of the sea opened out I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the "Hispaniola," under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought, and long before I had come to a conclusion surprise had taken entire possession of my mind and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The "Hispaniola" was under her mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her all her sails were drawing; she was lying a course about northwest, and I resumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted land, and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I, "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Capt. Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east and west the "Hispaniola" sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the later's sailing, it was so wild

and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the water breaker beside the fore-companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose, and set myself with all my strength and caution to paddle after the unsteered "Hispaniola." Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bail, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now rapidly gaining on the schooner; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about, and still no soul appeared upon her decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might bathe them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me—standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off her sails partly filled, and these brought her, in a moment, right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas crackling like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck, she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some seconds, very low, and the current gradually turning her, the "Hispaniola" revolved slowly round her center, and at last presented her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day. The mainsail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still, but for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but now, redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack, and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was toward joy. Round she came, till she was broadside on to me—round still till she had covered a half, and then two-thirds, and then three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think—scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprang to my feet, and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the "Hispaniola."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### I STRIKE THE JOLLY ROGER.

I had scarce gained a position on the bowsprit, when the flying jib flapped and filled upon the other tack, with a report like a gun. The schooner trembled to her keel under the reverse; but next moment, the other sails still drawing, the jib flapped back again, and hung idle.

This had nearly tossed me off into the sea; and now I lost no time, crawled back along the bowsprit, and tumbled head-foremost on the deck.

I was on the lee side of the fore-castle, and the mainsail, which was still drawing, concealed from me a certain portion of the after-deck. Not a soul was to be seen. The planks, which had not been swabbed since the mutiny, bore the print of many feet; and an empty bottle, broken by the neck, tumbled to and fro like a live thing in the scuppers.

Suddenly the "Hispaniola" came right into the wind. The jibs behind me cracked aloud; the rudder slammed to; the whole ship gave a sickening heave and shudder, and at the same moment the main-boom swung inboard, the sheet groaning in the blocks, and showed me the lee after-deck.

There were the two watchmen, sure enough; red-cap on his back, as stiff as a handspike, with his arms stretched out like those of a crucifix, and his teeth showing through his open lips; Israel Hands propped against the bulwarks, his chin on his chest, his hands lying open before him on the deck, his face as white, under its tan, as a tall candle.

For awhile the ship kept bucking and sidling like a vicious horse, the sails filling, now on one tack, now on another, and the boom swinging to and fro till the mast groaned aloud under the strain. Now and again, too, there would come a cloud of light spray over the bulwark, and a heavy blow of the ship's bows against the swell—so much heavier weather was made of it by this great rigged ship than by my home-made, lop-sided coracle, now gone to the bottom of the sea.

At every jump of the schooner, red-cap slipped to and fro; but what was ghastly to behold—neither his attitude nor his fixed teeth-disclosing grin was any way disturbed by this rough usage. At every jump, too, Hands appeared still more to sink into himself and settle down upon the deck, his feet sliding ever the further out, and the whole body canting toward the stern, so that his face became, little by little, hid from me; and at last I could see not

ing beyond his ear and the frayed ringlet of one whisker.

At the same time, I observed, around both of them, splashes of dark blood upon the planks, and began to feel sure that they had killed each other in their drunken wrath.

While I was thus looking and wondering, in a calm moment, when the ship was still, Israel Hands turned partly round, and, with a low moan, writhed himself back to the position in which I had seen him first. The moon, which told of pain and deadly weakness, and the way in which his jaw hung open, went right to my heart. But when I remembered the talk I had overheard from the apple barrel, all pity left me.

I walked aft until I reached the mainmast.

"Come aboard, Mr. Hands," I said, ironically.

He rolled his eyes round heavily; but he was too far gone to express surprise. All he could do was to utter one word: "Brandy."

It occurred to me there was no time to lose; and, dodging the boom as it once more lurching across the deck, I slipped aft, and down the companion-stairs into the cabin.

It was such a scene of confusion as you can hardly fancy. All the lockfast places had been broken open in quest of the chart. The floor was thick with mud, where ruffians had sat down to drink or consult after wading in the marshes round their camp. The bulkheads, all painted in clear white, and beaded round with gilt, bore a pattern of dirty hands. Dozens of empty bottles clinked together in corners to the rolling of the ship. One of the doctor's medical books lay open on the table, half of the leaves gutted out, I suppose, for pipe-lights. In the midst of all this the lamp still cast a smoky glow, obscure and brown as amber.

I went into the cellar; all the barrels were gone, and of the bottles a most surprising number had been drunk out and thrown away. Certainly, since the mutiny began, not a man of them could ever have been sober.

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOW VICTORIA AVERTED WAR.

### Famous Incident of the Rebellion Retarded Anew.

During the American civil war two envoys of the confederate states, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, were seized on board an English ship. This insult to the British flag could not be passed over, and a disastrous war between England and the northern states of the American union seemed inevitable. The prince consort was at that time sinking under his fatal illness, but notwithstanding the anxiety of the queen on his account, her mind was unceasingly active to devise means of preventing war. We are in a position to state on the authority of one of the most prominent statesmen of our time and one who had the honor of enjoying in a special manner the confidence of her majesty, that it was the queen herself, in opposition to the views of her ministers and of the distinguished man in question among them, who averted the war. She insisted that the dispatch which was sent to America demanding peremptorily the surrender of the envoys should be communicated at once to all the powers and the grave consequences of the conflict from an international point of view pointed out.

The result was an able state paper sent to Washington by Mr. Thouvenel, in which he stated that France regarded the act of the American captain who had arrested the confederate envoys on board an English ship as quite unjustifiable and expressed the hope that the federal government would accede to the demands of Great Britain. Austria and Prussia immediately followed suit, and Prince Gortschakoff, on the part of Russia, urged President Lincoln to surrender the envoys without delay and with such an explanation as would satisfy English national feeling. These remonstrances from the powers enabled the government of Washington to escape without humiliation from an untenable position and saved England from entering into a war which would in all human probability have ended in the disruption of the American union and sown the seeds of deathless enmity between England and the progressive and powerful northern states.—Quarterly Review.

## Not So Bad After All.

First Pretty Girl (angrily)—That fellow across the aisle ought to be horse-whipped. He has been staring at you for the last ten minutes.

Second Pretty Girl—Why, my dear, you are mistaken. He has been looking steadily at you, excepting when you turned in his direction, and then he would look at me to avoid meeting your eyes.

First Pretty Girl (sentimentally)—I wonder—who—he—is.—N. Y. Weekly.

## Vagaries of a Landslide.

In the village of Sattel, in Canton Schroyz, a curious landslide occurred a short time since. An inn was carried, without sustaining any injury, 35 feet down a hillside, stopping just short of being precipitated into the river Steinen. The garden, the immediate surroundings of the inn, the road in front, are all intact. Even two large elms near the house have not suffered.

## A Conclusive Demonstration.

"Peacock feathers and shells are considered unlucky, are they not?" inquired the lady who is writing a book on superstitions.

"I dunno about peacock feathers being 'unlucky,'" replied Mrs. Cornstossel. "But I know shells is, because last week Josiar lost \$11 in a game that was played with 'em."—Washington Star.

## Acted Her Part Well.

She—Do you remember, Frank, the night you proposed to me, I hung my head and said nothing?

He—Do I remember it! Well, I should rather say I did! It was the last time I saw you act so!—Yonkers Statesman.

## ORIENTAL TALES

Three Stories by Men Who Have Been Greatly Misjudged.

By CHARLES B. LEWIS.

Copyright, 1898.

## BY THE GASMAN.

AS TO when the newspapers first began to pitch into the monthly gas-bills," said the gasman, as he was asked to tell his story, "we have no statistics to show, but it was probably very soon after the first bills were sent out. No man has been more abused during the last hundred years than the gasman, and yet no man has been less deserving of it. The keenest and shrewdest citizen will let his grocer cheat him out of a pint of oil on every gallon of kerosene he buys, and he will not weigh his meat or sugar or bread to look for a cheat, but no sooner has a gas-bill been rendered than he is ready to declare it an extortion. In my twenty-five years behind the counter in a gas office I have listened to the kicks and complaints and threats of tens of thousands of consumers, and I am going to my grave with but one pleasant recollection. One day, after 193 citizens had come in and paid their bills under protest, and each one had intimated more or less strongly that I was a highway robber, and deserved lynching, a little old man tiptoed in and paid his monthly bill of 99 cents and asked for my photograph. He said our gas was the best he ever burned. He said our meters were things of beauty. He thought the president of our company ought to be made governor of the state, and declared that any man who impugned my honor was his enemy. To discover such a man was an oasis in the desert of life, and I was cheered and encouraged for two weeks. Then, alas! the discovery was made that his meter had been out of order for three or four weeks, and he had been running 14 burners night and day for less than the cost of one!

"You see," resumed the gasman, as his eyes grew moist and his lip trembled, "the average iceman simply figures on coming out even at the end of the season. He is always behind, but he consoles himself with the reflection that he has aided to ameliorate the hardships of mankind. Take this season with me, for instance. If the war had not raised the price of wagon-grease I should have come out about 27 cents ahead of the game. As it is, I shall be somewhat in debt. I have

worked early and late and hard and been abused from one end of my route to the other. But as a philanthropist I have made life colder and more pleasant for hundreds of people and have the credit for it in Heaven. I shall have to saw wood and shovel snow this winter to support my family, as will thousands of other icemen, but no one will hear us complaining. It may be an open winter, with less than half a dozen freezing nights to make next season's crop, but the opening of spring will find us pursuing our charitable rounds and dealing with the public on the same liberal basis as heretofore, which is an extra hunk on Saturday where you pay for three times a week.



"SHALL HAVE TO SHOVEL SNOW."

## BY THE PLUMBER.

"THIS newspaper talk about the plumber's profits make me tired," said the plumber, as he wearily leaned against his desk and cast his eyes on the ceiling. "I was just going out to hunt up somebody who'd lend me \$50 for a week, and even if I get it heaven only knows when I can pay it back. Money in the plumbing business? Why, man alive, look at the failures reported by the commercial agencies and you will see that three plumbers fail to one grocer or butcher. There cannot help but be failures—lots of 'em. A man goes into the business simply as a pastime. The most he hopes for is to come out even at the end of the year, and, though few of them do, the rest hang on to use up the stock in the back room. There are shoemakers who ride in their carriages and run the politics of a ward, but the plumber must go on foot and be a nobody. The public would have treated him right and given him a fair show but for the newspapers. They have held the plumber up as a robber and a villain, and nothing he can do can change public opinion.

"A water pipe bursts," continued the plumber as he drew a diagram with his finger on his desk. "The plumber is sent for. It is only a pin-hole, but it must be inspected from all sides. The water must be shut off, the pipe scraped and solder used. A man puts

bled, "the gas meter is a machine founded on scientific and mathematical principles. If ever it gets out of order it registers against the company—not the consumer. The man who reads the meter once a month is founded on the same principles. He can make no mistake in the quantity consumed unless he guesses at it instead of going down cellar, and then he always guesses in favor of the consumer. The clerk who makes out the bills was never known to make a mistake in favor of his employers, and the men who receive the bills at the windows are selected for their patience and humility. Nothing can be wrong with the gas-bill—absolutely nothing—and yet the gasman lives to be abused and dies to be forgotten. In my long years of experience I have made a reduction on thousands of gas-bills, and I have kept silence while tens of thousands of consumers have abused me personally, but old age has come and I have no friends. Were I to live my life over again I should start out as a professional highway robber, and spare neither man, woman nor child. There would not only be more profit in it for me, but my victims would fear if they did not respect me, and I should escape personal abuse.

## BY THE ICEMAN.

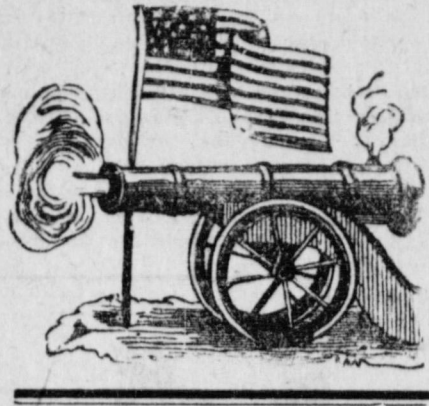
"YOU ask why I went into the ice business?" said the iceman, as he leaned back and looked dreamily into vacancy. "It was from purely philanthropic motives, of course. I started out in life as a lawyer. I soon discovered that I was making too much money, and that the profession encouraged the evil in human nature. I began to look for something cold and calm and placid, and I found it in the ice business. But for the newspapers the iceman would live respected and die lamented. I do not know who started out with the first icewagon and delivered 20 pounds in place of 15, but he suffered for his liberality. The reporter who was at his heels claimed a shortage instead of an overplus, and to this day it is impossible to make a citizen believe that there is such a thing as an honest iceman. The trouble is, he is too honest. There is no shrinkage in the butcher or the baker's business, but ten per cent. of every ton of ice goes back to water. No man expects over 16 ounces for a pound of sugar, but every customer expects 18 pounds of ice for 15. In ten thousand different instances where I have given overweight and carried the ice in at that I have been vilified and abused because I could not do more.

"I once heard of an iceman who made \$10,000 in the business," said the victim in a husky voice, "but of course public opinion drove him from his native country and into an early grave.



POINTED OUT AS ROLLING IN WEALTH.

in two hours' time and the plumber has to pay for it, but not one time in twenty does he charge enough to get a profit out of it. As he is figuring up his dead loss the newspaper comes out with: 'Another European Castle Bought by a Plumber,' and the man who got a 50-cent bill for a dollar's worth of work is ready to swear that he has been robbed. Ten years have I been in the business, and instead of having wine for my dinner, like the umbrella-mender and the old clo' mar, I must turn to weak coffee. I am pointed out on the street as rolling in wealth from having plumbed somebody's kitchen, but I haven't sufficient ready cash to buy a dog collar. The newspaper has its little story of my making \$10,000 out of furnishing half a dozen wash-basins for the city hall, and men are afraid to bow to me on the street for fear I will send them a bill. It's all wrong, sir—all wrong. The plumber plumbs because he hasn't got the cheek to be a lawyer or a doctor, and because his conscience would upbraid him as a grocer or butcher.



In reply to a correspondent who wants to know the rules for the 'stamp flirtation'...

The war is over, and idle money is accumulating in the national treasury. Why continue the war taxes?

The democrats of Kansas are to be congratulated for doing their full duty in the election Tuesday.

'Trade follows the flag,' is one of those expressions which have a sonorous sound, but which don't mean anything in particular.

A business man of Shelby, Mo., the other day related an incident that should be printed and pasted in every young man's hat in this and every other city.

for good schools. Presently a young lady passed, whose tidy dress and natural beauty would attract attention any-where.

GOOD MANNERS PROCLAIM THE GENTLEMAN.

Good manners are a social obligation, and a young man should never make light of them nor pass them over as unworthy of notice.

A GREAT LIVE STOCK JOURNAL.

The Prairie Farmer—a weekly Agricultural and Live Stock Journal—one dollar a year.

RAPID INCREASE IN TRUSTS.

Last year's catalogue of trust monopolies organized and in operation was made up of 172 corporations, with an aggregate capitalization of \$2,980,000,000.

TO OUR FARMER READERS.

The American Bird, published the first of every month at Sidney, Iowa is the leading Poultry Journal of the country today.

An exchange puts it thus: 'The man who earns his cash in the towns and buys his goods, clothing, provisions, lumber, etc., elsewhere, is an absorbed heap of selfishness and a traitor to his fellow-citizen.'

The Pope Mfg. Co., of Hartford, Conn., has issued the Columbia Desk-pad Calendar for 1899.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for 'The Story of the Philippines' by Murat Halsted.

Treasurer's Quarterly Report.

Table with columns: PAID, HAND, OVER. Lists various funds and amounts for Chase County, Kansas, for the quarter ending Monday, October 24th, 1898.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of October, 1898. M. C. NEWTON, County Clerk.

EXCELLENT Values In

Table Covers—\$1, 1.49, 1.98, 3.75. Portieres at \$2.75, 3.75, 4.98. Rugs at \$1.00, 2.00, 2.75.

Men's Linen Collars We are selling the 'B & B' collars, heavy linen, latest styles, nothing better, 2 for 25 cents.

Men's Fancy Shirts in the new Pink and Blue stripes at \$1.00.

The Shoe Department has a lot of new goods this week. Our Ladies Kid shoes at \$1.50, 1.75 and 2.00 are worth an inspection; every pair solid throughout.

Full Line of Rubber Goods and Felt Boots just opened. All new; no carried over goods in this line here.

E. & E. C. GORVIN. 'The New Cash Store.'

GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!!

We have secured valuable claims in the Famous Gold Fields of Alaska. Hon. Chas. D. Rogers, of Juneau, Clerk of the U. S. District Court of Alaska, has staked out claims for this Company in the Sheep Creek Basin and Whale Bay Districts of Alaska.

North-American Mining & Developing Co. Capital, \$5000,000. Shares, \$1 each. PAID AND NON-ASSASSABLE.

This Company Gives the Poor Man a Chance as well as the Rich.

NOW IS THE TIME!

To invest your money. \$1.00 will buy one share of stock in our company. Invest now before our stock advances in price.

North-American Mining And Developing Company

23 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

ROAD NOTICE.

State of Kansas, Chase county ss. Notice is hereby given, that on the 5th day of October, 1898, a petition signed by Rosebaugh and 12 others, was presented to the Board of County Commissioners of the county and state aforesaid praying for the establishment and vacation of a certain road, described as follows, viz:

PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C. Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable.

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

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JOSEPH C. WATERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

F. P. COCHRAN, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW.

J. W. MC'WILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency.

F. JOHNSON, M. D., CAREFUL attention to the practice of medicine in all its branches.

MAKE MONEY By securing a county agency for our Reversible Wall Map of the United States and the World.

A Photograph of the World. One side shows a colored map of our great country, with railroads, counties, rivers, towns, etc.

ST. JAMES HOTEL, ST. LOUIS. EUROPEAN PLAN. Rates: 75c. and \$1.00 per Day.

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The Oldest in Age and Longest Located. A Regular Graduate in Medicine. Over 28 Years' Special Practice.

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Seminal Weakness and Sexual Debility. The results of youthful folly—causing losses by dreams or with the urine, pimples and blotches on the face, rashes of blood to the head, pains in back, confused ideas and forgetfulness.

Stricture Radically cured with a new and infallible Home Treatment. No surgical instruments, no pain, no detention from business. Cure guaranteed. Book and list of questions free—sealed.

BOOK for both sexes—66 pages, 24 pictures above diseases, the effects and cure, sent sealed in plain wrapper for 6 cents in stamps. You should read this book for the information it contains.

N. B.—State case and ask for list of questions, Free Museum of Anatomy, for men only.

THURSDAY, NOV. 17, 1898.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN.

W. E. TIMMONS Ed. and Prop.

No fear shall v. favor sway; few to the line, left as chips fall where they may.

Terms—per year, \$1.50 cash in advance; six months, \$1.00; three months, \$0.75; after six months, \$2.00; or six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.



A. T. & S. F. R. R.

Table with columns for EAST, WEST, and various stations like Cedar Grove, Strong City, Emporia, etc.

Table with columns for EAST, WEST, and various stations like Emporia, Strong City, Cottonwood Falls, etc.

Table with columns for COUNTY OFFICERS, listing names and positions like Representative, Treasurer, Clerk, etc.

Table with columns for SOCIETIES, listing names and meeting details for various groups.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

A heating stove for sale. Apply at the COURANT office. E. F. Holmes is having an addition built to his residence. F. P. Cochran was down to Topeka, week, on business. Mrs. Guy Arnold, of Strong City, was quite sick, last week. No severe weather yet, this fall, and flies are still on the wing. Joe Maloney is building himself a fine residence, in Strong City. Mrs. J. C. Farrington, of Strong City, went to Chicago, last week. Mrs. Judge Moore, of Abilene, visited Mrs. W. A. Morgan, last week. The cornice and roof of Chase County National Bank is being repainted. W. W. Randall, of Atchison, formerly of this city, is in town, on business. James Roach returned from his farm at Tampa, Marion county, last week. Geo. W. Bruce, of this city, has been granted a pension of \$600 a month. J. M. Kerr is having stone curbing put in on the street in front of his residence. J. C. Davis is having a stone sidewalk put down in front of his office, on Broadway. Mrs. J. J. Jones, of Council Grove, visited friends and relatives in this city, last week. A new floor is being laid on the bridge, across the Cottonwood, at the foot of Broadway. Mrs. E. W. Pinkston, of Cedar Point, visited Mrs. S. A. Beece, of this city, last week. Joe Minor came in, Monday, from the Soldiers' Home, at Ft. Dodge, to visit his son, William. Dr. Eric Watkins and Earle Rich, of Council Grove, visited in this city, one day last week. A stone sidewalk is being put down on the south side of the Catholic church in Strong City. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Blosser, of Council Grove, visited friends at Strong City, last week. Mrs. A. R. Lee and Miss C. V. Lee, of Clements, visited Mrs. J. C. Penny, at Chanute, last week. Geo. McNeel, of Middle creek, was in town, Tuesday, and gave the COURANT a substantial call. If you want corn chop, flour, bran or shorts, go and shake hands with H. L. Hunt before you buy. Robert Belton, of Ellinwood, visited old time friends at Strong City, Wednesday of last week. F. P. Cochran went to Wichita, Monday night, and from there he will go to Topeka, to be present at the Republican jollification, to night.

A. M. Cook, agent of The Kansas Mutual Life Ins. Co., of Topeka; was in town, last Thursday. Born, on Tuesday, November 8, 1898, to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Holmberg, of Strong City, a son. Miss Gertrude Jordan, of Leavenworth, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. E. Lantry, of Strong City. Born, on Wednesday, November 22, 1898, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hubert, of Strong City, a daughter. A fire and burglar proof safe and set of postoffice fixtures for sale. Apply at the COURANT office. Mrs. Mary Quinn, of Strong City, visited her daughter, Mrs. James O'Byrne, of Emporia, last week. There will be a basket social at Pringle school-house, Saturday evening, November 19. Every body invited. Preston B. Gillett, of Kingman, an old Cottonwood Falls boy, was elected District Court Judge, over Judge McKay. If you want a good job of plastering done call on W. E. Brace, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, who also does paper-hanging. Ed. E. King got a nail stuck into his right foot last Saturday, and has been suffering considerably from the same since. Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Brown are now occupying their new residence, a neat cottage, on the southwest corner of Cherry and Union streets. Philip Hornberger is now yard master for the Rock Island, at Caldwell. He spent one day last week with home folks in this city. Wm Baird, of Peabody, Presbyterian Superintendent of Sunday schools, spent one day last week, with Prof. D. F. Shirk, of this city. The fourth annual meet of the Cottonwood Falls Coursing Club will be held four miles south of town, on November 17 and 18. Everybody is invited. Invitations have been sent out for a grand ball at Music Hall, this (Thursday) evening, November 17, which will be the last ball given by the malita boys. The Strong City Fire Department will give a grand benefit ball in Doyle's Hall, in that city, to-morrow (Friday) evening. Tickets on sale at Ryan Bros, restaurant. For sale cheap, a Rand, McNally & Co's business atlas of the world, just the thing you want in these war times; good for a school or family library. Apply at the COURANT office. The street in front of the residence of F. B. Hunt has been graded, and Mr Hunt has made a gutter to the south and west side of his premises, and is rippapping said gutter. E. D. Jones, of the firm of L. P. Santy & Co., of Clements, came in Tuesday evening, from Canon City, Col., where they are putting in a bridge for the Santa Fe railroad. A. F. Foreman is the Fish Warden for Chase county, and he informs us that all parties taking fish from any of the streams in this county, in violation of law, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. A grand ball will be given at Music Hall, Wednesday evening, November 23, 1898, under the auspices of the Modern Woodman of America. A general invitation is extended to all. Emporia music will be furnished. A large number of relatives and friends assisted "Grandma" Shaft, of Clements, in celebrating the 78 anniversary of her birth, Sunday of last week, at which an excellent time was had by all present, all of whom wished her many returns of her natal day. The stone residence opposite the Catholic church in Strong City, recently purchased by St. Anthony's congregation, contains eight rooms, and has been handsomely furnished by B. Lantry's Sons, and is now occupied by the Rev. Father Manz, as his pastoral residence. The tenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Wm F. Rockwood—their tin wedding—was celebrated at their home, west of town, on Monday evening, November 7, 1898, with a very enjoyable gathering of their friends, at which an excellent time was had; and many useful presents were bestowed on the happy couple. Lew Heskett, of Diamond creek, was arrested, last Monday, by Deputy Sheriffs Jesse L. Kellogg and L. W. Heck, charged with an assault, with intent to kill, on Frank Maybell, on the 10th instant, and was taken before Squire H. A. McDaniel, and was admitted to bail, in the sum of \$600, to appear for preliminary examination, at 1 o'clock, p. m., on Monday, November 24. Harry Brandley was re-arrested Tuesday night, by Deputy Sheriff Jesse L. Kellogg and Chas. C. Massey, on a warrant sworn out by James Rinard, father of Frank Rinard, who was shot and killed, near Matti Id Green, on the night of July 24, 1898, charging said Brandley with the wilful and premeditated murder of said Frank Rinard, and he was taken before Squire H. A. McDaniel, about 8 o'clock, that evening, waived an examination, and was put in jail to await trial at the March term of Court. Fish down in your pockets and dig up the dust the editor is hungry and the paper 'bout to bust. We've trusted you for several months and did it with a smile, so just return the compliments and trust us awhile. Our wife needs some stockings, the baby needs a dress; Jimmie needs some 'breeces' and so does Kate and Bess. "Pud" is on the hog train and "Peggy" sick with grief, and good God Almighty! won't you bring a man's relief? Shell out the nickels and dig up the dimes, turn 'em loose and whistle and we'll have better times; there'll be fewer patches on the bosom of our pants, and we'll make a better paper if we get half a chance. Don't give us that old, old story, long gone to seed, 'bout taking more papers than the family want to read, but help to feed the printer, and help your town to grow and thus escape the sulphur and the regions down below.—Ex.

The idea that the advertiser adds the cost of advertising to his stock of trade was long ago exploded, and yet there are people foolish enough to still urge this old exploded idea. If there was any truth in it would it not follow that the heavier the advertisement the harder the advertiser would find it to compete with men who do not advertise? Ask any merchant in the community, whose name is never seen in the advertising columns of the newspapers, where he finds the most active competitor. He will never tell you that it is among the men who never advertise.—Ossawatimie Globe. A mission conducted by the Passionist Fathers will be given in the Catholic church, at Strong City, Kan. Opening of the Mission at 10 a. m., Sunday, November 20, 1898. Instruction and sermon at 7:30 p. m. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, First mass, and preaching at 5:30 a. m.; Second mass with sermon and instruction on Catholic truth, at 9 a. m.; Evening service, sermon and instruction on Catholic truth, at 7:30 p. m. The mission will close on Sunday, November 27, in the forenoon. Every one, irrespective of creed, is cordially invited. We are indebted, this week, to the Reveille, for the election table and the vote of the townships. TAYLOR-SANKEY. A beautiful and impressive quiet home wedding was performed last evening at the home of Col and Mrs. David Taylor, when their daughter, Miss Mary Carotta, was united in marriage to Rev. James Alvan Sankey of Cottonwood Falls. The spacious parlors were profusely decorated with ferns, palms and white chrysanthemums. In one corner of the back parlor a bower of green plants and white flowers had been built and here the bridal couple, led by Grace and Helen Thompson, acting as ribbon girls, took their places. They were followed by little Miss Alice Dale, niece of the bride, who carried the ring. In the parlor the party was met by Rev. Dr. W. H. Kirkwood, of the College of Emporia, who performed the ring ceremony according to the ritual of the Presbyterian church. The wedding march was played by Mrs. D. E. Richard, of this city, cousin of the bride. She played the beautiful wedding march composed by Mendelssohn, and during the ceremony she played Traumerel, after which she played a selection from Wagner's Tannhauser march, which added to the impressiveness and beauty of the occasion. After the ceremony a short reception was held and congratulations were extended to the newly married couple. The bride wore a beautiful gown cream silk over taffeta, and carried a bouquet of bride's roses. A wedding supper of three courses was served. Mr. and Mrs. Sankey left on the midnight train for Trenton, Mo., where they will visit with relatives of the bride for a few days, after which they will return to this city for a short visit. They will make their future home in Cottonwood Falls, at which place Mr. Sankey has charge of the pastorate of the Presbyterian church. The bride, who had always made her home in this city, has a host of admiring friends. The groom attended school at the Presbyterian college in this city for a number of years, where he has a large circle of friend. Both the bride and groom are graduates of the college, the former in the class of '97 and the latter with the class of '95. Rev. Sankey completed his course at the Princeton Theological seminary in June, last. They take with them the hearty congratulations of a multitude of friends.—Emporia—Republican, November 10. C. S. CROSS, OF EMPORIA, KILLS HIMSELF. At 12:30 o'clock, yesterday afternoon, the First National Bank, of Emporia, was closed by order of the Comptroller of the Currency. An hour later, Charles S. Cross, the bank's President, and one of the best known breeders of Herefords, in the west, shot and killed himself, at "Sunny Slope," his famous stock farm, near Emporia. Speculation is said to have led to Cross' downfall, his fortune doubtless, going down with the bank. Among the heavy losers by the failure are Lyon county and the city of Emporia. All the city and county funds were deposited in the institution. Cross was custodian of his father's estate, which is also said to be in a wrecked condition. Cross' ending was tragic. To the majority of the people of the town the Comptroller's card on the door of the bank came as a surprise, but in financial circles both at Emporia and in the State the result has been anticipated for six months. Cross was 39 years old and leaves a wife and daughter and a widowed mother. A POINIER. Manager Hartz, of the Euclid Avenue opera house, Cleveland O., believes he has demonstrated the superiority of newspaper advertising over all other forms. That week he decided to abandon all advertising by means of bill board posters or window hangers and to depend upon news papers entirely. The only posters shown were those at the entrance to the theater. The result of the experiment was gratifying. That night Julia Marlowe began a week's engagement and the house was sold out, it is said, before the performance began. Mr. Hartz has decided to put up no more posters. NOTICE. Having lost all my office fixtures, books, library, instruments, etc., complete, I would esteem it a great favor if all of those knowing themselves to be indebted to me, in the least, would call and settle, or pay a part of the whole, as I shall need it in order to set up again. Though badly disfigured I am still in the ring. Respectfully, F. T. JOHNSON M. D.

Official Returns Of a General Election Held in Chase County, Kansas, on November 8, 1898.

Table with columns for CANDIDATES, including names like For Associate Justice, For Governor, etc., and corresponding vote counts.

Number of ballots cast, 1772—Bazaar 125, Matfield 158, Clements 141, Cedar Point 55, Elmdale 176, Diamond Creek 47, Middle creek 61, Cedar 132, Strong City 311, Cottonwood Falls 367, Toledo 169.

The Socialist ticket received one vote in Bazaar and one in Toledo. Attorney General Boyle was the only Populist who carried this county. He beat Godard, republican, 49 votes. In 1892 there were 1,863 votes cast; Lewelling received 969, Smith 894. In 1893, 1,717 votes. In 1894, 1,920 votes; Lewelling 731, Overmyer 295, Morrill 817. In 1895, 1,777 votes. In 1896, 2072 votes; Leedy 1,138, Morrill 842. In 1897, 1,696 votes. This year, 1,772 votes; Leedy 825, Stanley 863. This year's vote was the smallest of the last four elections for Governor. It was 91 votes less than in 1892; 148 less than in 1894; 300 less than in 1896. The Republican vote on Governor in 1892 was 894; in 1894, 817; in 1896, 842; this year, 863. Heep Big Gain! Book!!

Vote on Township Officers.

Table listing township officers and their names, such as BAZAAR, CEDAR, DIAMOND CREEK, COTTONWOOD, FALLS, MATFIELD, TOLEDO.

Constables—Don Allen 90, W H Kellam 74, W H Woolwine 63, Rudolf Schlup 50.

TAX LEVIES

Table showing tax levies for Chase County, Kansas, for the Year 1898, on Each One Dollar Valuation, including State tax, County general, Railroad bond interest, etc.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION. The following is the program for the Teachers Association to be held at Elk, Saturday, November 19, 1898. Music. Recitation. Paper—"Review study of the child, chapter 1 to 9;" Miss Hattie Jack. General Discussion. Recitation. Paper—"Teaching English in District School;" H. A. Rose. General discussion. Music. Paper—"How to Teach Elementary Grammar in a County School;" W. C. Stevenson. General Discussion. RECESS. Music. Paper—"Review of the Language Arts;" Miss Bridgie Quinn. Recitation. Query Box; Mrs. T. H. Grisham. Music. Roll Call—Responses from American Authors. The local committee shall consist of the following persons: A. T. Campbell, Alda Byram, H. C. Stevenson, Hattie Jack. Local committee shall supply vacant places on program. Notice—All persons wishing to be met at the train at Elmdale please to notify the local committee. IDA SCHIMPF, Secy.

CAUSED BY SICKNESS.

UNION HOTEL—For sale, trade or rent. Address A. Ferlet, Cottonwood Falls, Chase county, Kansas. ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurance camps with Aguirre, in the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the rear of battle at the fall of Manila. Scarcely a page is without a picture, and the book is a treasure for all who are interested in the history of the Philippines. The book is published by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. Price, 75 cents. Free by mail. Address: F. T. Barber, Secy., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

BEFORE IT FREEZES UP,

There is still time to fix things snug for the winter with some boards, battens, building paper or shingles. From now on I will aim to be always prepared for the cold snaps with bins full of coal. Another car of the celebrated Agatite Cement Plaster just received.

F. H. MC'CUNE.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN.

"American Through and Through."

Continental Fire Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK.

"Continental" Building, 46 Cedar Street, New York.

Western Department, 718 Kialto Building, Chicago, Illinois.

The "Old Continental" undergoes an examination by the Kansas Insurance Department and makes a splendid showing. Read the following extract from the report to Hon. W. McNail, Superintendent of Insurance: "The cash, the real estate, mortgages, stocks and bonds, and other investments were carefully examined and found correct, and to be exceptionally fine investments, the market quotations at date of examination being much higher than prices listed in the statement. The re-insurance reserve, losses unpaid, and other liabilities, were carefully investigated and found correct; and the manner of adjusting losses by this Company was found to be thorough and complete, it seeming to be the policy of the management to settle such claims in a just, equitable and satisfactory manner, and to avoid litigation with claimants when possible. The Company was found to be in a sound financial condition, and doing a safe and conservative business, showing a thorough economic business management."

Frazer Axle Grease advertisement with logo and text: DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE FRAZER AXLE GREASE. Not affected by Heat or Cold, Highest Awards at Centennial, Paris and World's Fair, Manufactured by FRAZER LUBRICATOR CO., Factories: Chicago, St. Louis, New York. Ripples Tablets cure nausea, Ripples Tablets at druggists, Ripples Tablets cure dyspepsia, Ripples Tablets assist digestion, Ripples Tablets cure biliousness, Ripples Tablets: for sour stomach.

# THANKSGIVING MEMORIES.



WHEN I hear the aged sexton Ring the sweet Thanksgiving chimes  
Come to me from out my boyhood Glimpses of the vanished times:  
And I long, with memories tender, 'Neath the autumn's azure dome,  
Once again to pass Thanksgiving With the old folks at home.

There'll be feasting in the mansions Rising high 'twixt sea and sea,  
Wit and Beauty will be rulers, But they will not rule for me;  
For my thoughts, fore'er unfettered, Like a trout had will roam,  
And once more I'll spend Thanksgiving With the old folks at home.

I can see the olden table As I saw it long ago,  
When the children sat around it, All like nippins in a row:  
Though the years of youth have vanished Like the storm-battered foam,  
I can see that dear old table And the old folks at home.

They are sleeping where the flowers Bloom upon the hillside fair—  
Where the gentle, crested songsters Fill with joy the scented air:  
There is many a sweet Thanksgiving Kept beneath the stately dome,  
But I love the ones connected With the old folks at home.

When the harvests had been gathered And November's robes were gold,  
What a day then was Thanksgiving, O, the stories that we told!  
Still they bind me gently, gently, To the scenes in memory's tone,  
And my heart, this dear Thanksgiving, Greets the old folks at home.

Over all the land we honor Let the happy feasts be spread,  
Let the gay and joyous living Crown with love the cherished dead;  
Many a heart will beat with rapture 'Neath November's azure dome,  
For affection crowns Thanksgivings With the old folks at home.  
—T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.

# THEIR DUBIOUS THANKSGIVING.



TOMORROW will be a dubious Thanksgiving," Mary said, sadly.

"Oh, no, it won't!" her sister Susan rejoined, sarcastically. "Let me enumerate all that we've had to be thankful for during this past year. To begin with, our stepfather died—and left us a large legacy of debts."

"Oh, now, Susan, don't!"

"And, then, we found that he had not only mortgaged our dear old home, but had failed to pay the interest on it all these years, and that now—because we can't raise the money to pay it—the mortgage is to be foreclosed at once, and we will be turned out—for the town to take care of, I suppose, since mother is about helpless with rheumatism and it takes all my time to care for her, and to keep us with clothes on our backs. And now that the Grosvenors have suddenly decided to go south, and no longer want you for nursery governess—the cup of our thankfulness is full, I should say—and full to running over, too!"

"Oh, don't, Susan, please don't!" Mary said, pleading. "It is all so dreadfully sad and hard for us; but still it might be even worse."

"Worse!" ejaculated Susan.

"Yes, worse," repeated Mary. "Why, suppose—just suppose it had been mother who died," her sweet voice trembled piteously. "Or, suppose, now that she is so helpless, you and I were not so perfectly strong and well. And, then, if she can keep so bright and cheerful with all that she is suffering, I'm sure we ought to keep up bravely—if only for her sake. And, Susan, it's a foolish thought, maybe, but I can't help thinking that now—when everything looks so dark and hopeless to us—daylight must be at hand. Perhaps I shall get something else to do very soon—and mother may get better, so that she can be around again—and, anyway, God hasn't forgotten us in our trouble—and, I'm sure, He will not let us suffer needlessly."

"You're a queer girl," Susan said, shortly. "I'm not made on the 'thankful-things-are-no-worse' plan, myself."

"Well, I'm glad I am," said Mary, quite brightly, now. "I seem to be constructed after the dear old Mother Goose fashion. You know she says: 'For every evil under the sun There is a remedy or there is none. If there be one, try and find it. If there be none, never mind it!'"

And, now, I must run along; and I'm going to speak quite frankly to Mrs. Grosvenor to-day, for if she knows just how we are situated perhaps she will interest herself to find me another place. I'll do anything, go anywhere, if only I can earn enough to keep mother and you comfortable—even though the dear old home must go."

Mary was now wrapped in her shabby cloak, and was pulling on her shabby

"It's an awful day," said Susan, mournfully; "and dreadfully slippery; look out for yourself."

"I will! Kiss mother for me, when she awakes;" and in another minute Mary was on her way, and battling bravely along against the driving snow and the fierce north wind.

The morning train that day had left the city in the early morning, and he was rather a grim-looking personage, and was apparently in a very bad humor. It had been clear when he left the city in the early morning, and he found himself landed—unbreathless—in a driving storm when he reached Hillsboro'. That had annoyed him, and his first thought was to take a train right back to town. But when on inquiry he found that there would be no return train until the one he had originally intended to take, late in the afternoon, he decided to go on and get his disagreeable business over with and done with.

Then he had found that there was no conveyance to be had at that forsaken station, and no telephone connection with any stable, and that there was nothing for him to do but to push forward on foot through the storm, which he finally did in an ever-increasing ill-humor.

He had but a mile to go—the man at the station had told him, and the road was straight, so he could not miss the small, white cottage, just this side of the covered wooden bridge. But the road had seemed to stretch out interminably, and the snow and freezing street combined to make walking more difficult at every step.

So there was not often a man in a worse humor than this man was, when the low, white cottage he was seeking at last came into sight. And now, as he suddenly hastened his footsteps, he somehow slipped and fell heavily, striking his head and doubling his left arm under him. But he made no murmur at this misadventure, but lay still and quite unconscious on the ground.

When he again opened his eyes, he was on the bed in a small, neat room; but all that he thought of at first was that his head was aching terribly, while his arm was hurting him even more. Some one whom he could not see was fussing with his head and making the pain still worse. He felt so desperately cross and ill that he impatiently ordered the unseen meddler to leave him and his head alone.

"I beg your pardon," said a pleasant voice, "but it's a bad cut, and it should be dressed at once. I'm perfectly competent to do it, but your arm will have to wait until the doctor comes."

"What's the matter with my confounded arm?" He tried to move it, and groaned outright with the pain.

"It's broken, I'm afraid; but the doctor will be here to set it soon."

Then the hapless stranger fell to raving the place, the storm and his accident so soundly, that another voice, from another as yet unseen individual, spoke up in sharp rebuke: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself to talk so—when we're doing our best to help you!"

"Oh, hush, Susan," broke in the pleasant voice. "He's suffering dreadfully; he really doesn't know what he's saying."

"Yes, I do!" said the stranger, gruffly. "and I beg your pardon; but you've been hurting me like the deuce!"

"Ah, here's the doctor," said the pleasant voice in a tone of relief. And then the stranger found himself transferred into the skillful hands of the professional—whose treatment of his wounds was much more rigorous than that of the deft and gentle fingers he had relied against but now.

When at last his head had been bandaged, and his arm had been set, the physician gave some brief instructions to his new patient. He would have to remain where he was for several days, and must keep very quiet, on account of the wound in his head.

"But I must return to town to-day," the stranger said, peremptorily. "I have an engagement for to-morrow—and Thanksgiving dinners are not to be put off!"

"All right, go," said the doctor, "and the consequences will be brain fever."

The stranger was silent for a moment. Then he said, shortly: "I see that I must submit. But how did this thing happen? Where am I? And who was fussing with me until you came?"

"You slipped on the icy path. Miss Mary North saw you fall, and when she reached you you were insensible. She ran to get help. Fortunately it happened within a few yards of her home, and she and her sister together managed to carry you in; and they must have found you a heavy load! Then Mary ran to my house—full quarter of a mile away—and left word for me to come here as soon as I got home. I found her working over you, and your scalp was all ready for the stitches when I came. She's a clever girl, was studying to be a nurse, but unfortunately the money gave out, and she couldn't go on. She had to turn nursery governess, instead."

"And the other, the sharp one, who's she?"

"The elder sister, Susan. Her tongue is sharp—but her heart's all right—and she's seen trouble enough to turn sweet grapes sour. That's all the family left now, except the mother, crippled with rheumatism, poor soul. Well, then, I'll tell them you are to be on their hands here for a day or two. I'll see you again, toward night, and bring you some things you will need, until you can get back to town. Anything I can do for you? Any message you want to send?"

The stranger dictated a telegram, explaining his detention to a member of a well-known firm in the city.

When the doctor heard the name, he looked up in surprise. "Then you came here from them—about the mortgage, I suppose?"

"I did—confound the entire business!"

"H'm," said the doctor, and went on writing at the stranger's dictation. The signature was also a surprise to the doctor. "Willard Blackwell! Why, then, you are the head of the firm yourself!"

"I am—is there anything strange about that?"

"Oh, no!" said the doctor; but involuntarily he sighed, and to himself he added: "Poor things, poor things!"

Another telegram was written to Mr. Blackwell's friends, to explain his enforced absence from their dinner-party on the morrow, and then the doctor left him, and Blackwell settled himself in grim endurance of the evils from which he could not escape.

By and by the door was softly opened, and, through his half-closed eyes, he saw a pretty girl looking in upon him.

"Hush, he's asleep—I'm glad of that," she said; and, from her pleasant voice he knew her to be, Mary North. Then she drew back, and the door was quietly closed.

But the next moment he heard her voice again, and so plainly that he thought she must be in the room, although he had certainly seen the door close upon her. He opened his eyes and looked about him curiously; and at last he saw that the room he was in was connected with the one adjoining it—where the speakers were—by an uncovered stovepipe hole.

The voice of Susan spoke up sharply: "Here's another thing to be thankful for! To think of it being Willard Blackwell!—of all persons in the world! If I had known that, he might have



HIS HEAD BANDAGED AND HIS ARM IN A SLING.

lifted my hand to carry him in here!"

"Oh, Susan, yes, you would!"

"Indeed, I wouldn't! And, after all those awful letters he's written to mother; now he has come here just to turn us out. You saw how ugly and cross he was—we can't expect one grain of kindness at his hands."

"I shouldn't ask it," and here Mary's pleasant voice grew sad. "But it's a matter of business, Susan, and we mustn't blame him for it. We owe all that money; we can't pay it; so the mortgage is to be foreclosed, and we must go. He knows nothing about it, always having been our home, and that all this trouble has come about without our knowledge. It's not his fault that we must go. I only wish I knew where we were to take poor mother, and how we could make it comfortable for her."

"On nothing a year!" supplemented Susan. "Yes, and if that selfish Mrs. Grosvenor hadn't decided to go off to the south, at a moment's notice, and throw you out of your position, we needn't have worried about that," she went on. "And now she doesn't even pay you what she owes you."

"But she will, Susan. She said she would send me a check next week."

"Next week—when we need it now! We're in a fine fix, truly! It was bad enough before; but now that we are saddled with this grumpy, horrid, cross old man—"

The involuntary eavesdropper started suddenly—for in spite of a few gray hairs upon his temples, Willard Blackwell had never thought of himself as old before—though grumpy and horrid and cross he most certainly had been.

"And our bitterest enemy!" the sharp voice went on. "He will expect all sorts of luxuries, I suppose; and we haven't but a few cents left in the house; and not a thing to set before him but porridge and pork and bread—without butter! And I will not run any further in debt."

"But your bread is delicious, Susan; and I'm sure he's welcome to the best we have."

"And he was to go to a swell Thanksgiving dinner in the city, to-morrow, doctor said! He'll have to give thanks here, on very different fare, and, for that part, I'm almost glad!"

"Oh, my goodness, Susan, look!"

"For pity's sake, what's the matter now?"

"The stove-pipe hole is uncovered," Mary cried, tragically; "and he can hear every word!"

"Serve him right if he had! But you said he was sound asleep."

The hole was quickly covered, and Willard Blackwell heard no more. But the various new sensations he had suddenly experienced gave him sufficient food for thought.

When the doctor came back at dusk he found a remarkable change had taken place in his grumpy patient, whose gruffness had now entirely vanished.

"I beg your pardon, doctor, for my

bad humor this morning. As you could plainly see I had been—well—upset. And thank you for your kindness in loaning me these things. Could I ask another favor of you now?" Blackwell spoke with a curious, anxious diffidence. "It occurs to me that these—these kind ladies may not be entirely prepared for my sudden descent upon them—and, to-morrow being Thanksgiving, you know—well, I thought that perhaps they might allow me to supply the table, for one thing, while I am with them—and would you mind explaining to them that I would like to do so? And then, is there any place in the village from where you could send them in a good, fat turkey, and plenty of fruit and vegetables, and anything else you think they might like? I'd be no end obliged and grateful to you—and you don't think they'd be offended, do you? I'm such a duffer, and I've made such a bad impression to start with, that I must depend on you to help me out."

The doctor had looked at him in utter amazement; but, as their eyes met, he nodded and smiled; and, muttering his thanks, Blackwell thrust a roll of bank notes into his hand.

"He's not a bad fellow, after all!" the doctor said, triumphantly, to himself; and presently the matter was all arranged and the good doctor went rejoicing on his way.

But as soon as Blackwell was alone again, strange and discomfiting fancies swarmed through his mind. Would not this seem to his hostess merely a selfish man of the world's discourteous protest against the frugal fare which was all that they had been able to set before him? And he seemed

fellow we had talked about had entirely disappeared."

"And in his stead?" he questioned, eagerly.

And Mary smiled; though she only said: "Yourself!"

Blackwell carried away with him the consummation of the most thoroughly unbusiness-like business transaction of his life—but, with it, the memory of the loveliest girl's face that he had ever seen, transfigured now with happiness and gratitude. And he also carried with him the firm determination—which, in a year's time, was happily carried out—of utterly effacing that miserable first impression from eve. Susan's unelastic mind, and of winning sweet Mary North to be his wife. —Judith Spencer, in Ladies' World, New York.

## OUR THANKSGIVING DAY.

A Grand Custom Which Has Been Religiously Kept Since Its Institution by the Pilgrim Fathers.

There is no country in the world that celebrates Thanksgiving day as our own.

From the time the Pilgrim fathers landed and instituted this festival, it has been religiously kept. In their poverty and hard labor, when cultivating the sterile soil of New England, they felt a deep sense of gratitude when the season for gathering the crops arrived, and a day for thanking the Giver of all good was set aside.

Even the ancient Hebrews went up to Jerusalem at the harvest season to worship in the holy temple—a once-a-year festival, and one to correspond with our Thanksgiving.

The most beautiful feature of the day apart from the real meaning is the recognition of family ties—a holiday for the home coming, the greeting of the children and grandchildren all under the paternal roof, the social chat, the exchanging of experiences, the games of children—all combine to make it a day of social pleasure.

Then let memory linger around the Thanksgiving table laden with good things—the turkey, ducks, chicken pies, to say nothing of the plum puddings, mince pies, nuts, fruit, etc. Many and sweet are the recollections of such occasions, and bright and strong stands out the moving factor of it all—the mother, loved and honored—she it is who loves to gather together her own around her and thinks no labor too great to give them pleasure. The home blessed by a good mother has cause to keep a grand Thanksgiving, not only to praise God for all His bounty to the body, but for a still greater blessing, a mother who ministers to both body and soul.

Would that all of our readers could gather around them on this Thanksgiving day all their loved ones, and unite with grateful hearts in giving thanks for all the blessings which are theirs.—Atlanta Constitution.

## COLONIAL CORN FESTIVALS.

Pleasant Memories Recalled by Stroll on Thanksgiving Day Merrymaking on the Farm.

Writing on the old-time corn-husking festival, as a form of Thanksgiving merriment, in the Woman's Home Companion, Ezekiah Butterworth says:

"At one of these corn festivals, given for a local charity in a New England city, a day was allotted to the husking and the thanksgiving stories of colonial days, and I was asked to present some account of old huskings and to arrange some of the old legends on tableau, in the spirit and coloring of the past. My mind turned to settle, chimney-corners, red ears of corn, pumpkins, great barns and cribs, frosty airs and the full hunter's moon. I can seem to see those harvest seasons now as I used to know them with their mellowing splendors and joyous farm life, and it is always a pleasure to repeat the husking tales as they come back to me, as well as I can; but no one can tell them as did the old-time natural story-tellers. To one who lived on a farm in his boyhood the memory of the husking must ever be a pleasing picture. How full of joyous life those harvests were. The mellow days of September passed; the cranberry meadows grew red, the fringed gentians bloomed; the witch-hazel flowered amid the falling of gold and russet leaves; there was a ciders odor in the orchards where the ground was covered with apples; the product of the corn-fields was drawn away by oxen and piled into a heap, usually in some sheltered meadow."

## GETTING EVEN.



"Willie, you'll be sick," said his mother, as he handed up his plate for more of the fowl; "this is the third time you have been helped." "I know it, mamma," replied the little five-year-old, "but that turkey pecked at me once, and I'm getting even."—Chicago Daily News.

## Do You?

Do you know of any deserving poor family that is likely to go without a Thanksgiving dinner unless you provide it? If so, then what?

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

John Payne says Omar Khayyam's full name was Ghryatheddin ibn El Fethh Umer ibn Ibrahim El Kheyami.

Paul Laurence Dunbar says that until the publication of his latest book few of his readers knew him to be of unmixed negro blood.

Du Maurier's "Trilby" has at last been translated into Italian and is running as a feuilleton in a Milan daily paper, the Corriere della Sera.

Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, is like Tolstoi, a lover of farming and devotes much of his time to the production of grapes and a peculiar kind of wine which he gets from them.

Rolf Boldrewood, the Australian author, has a nephew, William S. Walker, who has written a book of bush stories, which are to be published under the title of "When the Popoke Calls."

S. R. Crockett, in his forthcoming novel, "A Woman of Fortune," has deserted medieval executioners and Italian brigands. His heroine is an American girl. The scene is laid in Switzerland and England.

The demolition of Furnivall's inn, Holborn, is now almost complete. The last portion of the birthplace of Pickwick to fall under the destroyer's hand will be the gateway which still stands forlorn amid the ruin—leading nowhere.

W. D. Howells has adopted the rule that all applicants for his autograph must furnish satisfactory proof that they have read his books. A young girl recently wrote to the great novelist for his autograph. By return of post came a single typewritten line: "Have you read my last book?" To which the young lady replied: "I sincerely hope so." The autograph came promptly.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is said that Mark Twain wrote in reply to a common question: "The books which have most influenced my life? With pleasure. This is the list: 'The Innocents Abroad,' 'Roughing It,' 'Tramp Abroad,' 'Prince and Pauper,' 'Huckleberry Finn,' 'Tom Sawyer,' 'Yankee at the Court of King Arthur,' 'Personal Reminiscences of Joann of Arc,' 'Pudd'n-Head Wilson.' Following the Equator' and the publications of the late firm of Charles Webster & Co."

## WILHELMINA'S PALACES.

Residences of the Young Queen of Holland—Her Favored Home—a Dainty Villa.

Queen Wilhelmina's official residence is an unpretentious white palace, built around a small court in a narrow little street of The Hague. But a more favored home is the dreamlike "Queen's Palace in the Wood," which calls to mind the fabled abode of the Sleeping Beauty. This dainty villa is picturesquely located on the edge of a magnificent park just out of the Dutch capital. Lost to sight amid the rich foliage of the trees, when finally it comes into view, it dawns on the delighted vision like a venerable fairy palace.

Another of Wilhelmina's residences is the hideous old royal palace at Amsterdam, built on a foundation of 13,650 piles, and frowning gloomily from a central square of that busy city. Here it was that Hortense de Beauharnais, while queen of Holland, held her brilliant court with true French magnificence. The immense ballroom in which she was wont to tread a stately measure with the gay courtiers is still shown to visitors; and a splendor it is! We could but wonder, kept warm in those gorgeous but draughty apartments! Our jovial guide, in a very doubtful lingo of mixed Dutch, French and German, proudly drew our attention to an American stove, quite lost to view in a corner of the great hall. The palace is now kept open mainly as a show place, for it is inhabited during only three days of the year. At that time the two queens repair in state to Amsterdam, where they review the Dutch fleet on the Zuyder Zee.—Jeannette May Fisher, in St. Nicholas.

## THE SHIP'S FAMILY ALBUM.

A Curious Collection of Photographs Is Usually to Be Seen in the Cabin of a Vessel.

When you sit down with somebody to look over the pictures in a photograph album, you say that this is Uncle Stephen, and this is Cousin Julia, and here is Brother James, and this is Aunt Susan when she was seven years old, and so on with a lot of people familiar and unfamiliar, but all of more or less interest.

In the cabin of a fine ship lying at a South street wharf the other day was seen a photograph album containing pictures of the several ships of the family or line to which this vessel belonged, with a number of pictures of the particular ship on which the album was.

There was one showing her under construction, with little more than the keel laid. There was a picture of her as she looked with her frames all up, one of her with her hull completed and ready to launch as she appeared when she was about to slide down the ways into her natural element. Then there was a picture of her lying in the stream, masts on end, and the ship completely rigged and with all her sails bent and set to stretch them, and finally there was a picture of the handsome ship as she appeared under sail at sea.

It was different from the ordinary run of albums seen ashore, but mighty interesting to look over, just the same.—N. Y. Sun.

## An Infallible Method.

Professor (lecturing on precious metals)—What is the easiest way of determining whether an object consists of gold or silver? Student—Try to pawn it!—Florence Blaetter.

**HE GOT EVEN**

**His Customer Beat Him at the Start, But He Got Back at Him in Good Shape.**

There is an old retired merchant in Detroit who delights in recalling his experiences when an active man running a general store in one of the northern cities of the lower peninsula.

"I used to reap a harvest when the men were coming out of the woods," he relates. "They were not up in styles, and about any old thing would suit them provided the color was right and the fit even passable. But there were tricksters among them and I had to have my wits about me in order to keep even with them."

"How much is this hat?" asked a strapping six-footer who arrived from camp one day with a pocket full of money.

"Two fifty," I replied.

"Then he informed me that he always had the crowns of his hats punched full of holes in order to keep his head cool, and his hair from coming out. I soon had this attended to, and then he asked what the hat was worth. 'Two fifty,' I responded, in surprise, but he laughed at me for asking such a price for damaged goods. He had me and got his hat for a dollar while the jolly crowd with him had a laugh at my expense. He wanted to look at some 'fiddles,' and after pricing one at \$10 concluded to take it.

"Where's the bow?" he asked, as I was doing up the package.

"You only bought the fiddle," I laughed. The others saw the point and laughed, too. The giant tried to bluff me, but I kept good humored and got even on the hat by charging him \$1.50 for the bow. I not only got even, but the others were so pleased with my 'Yankee trick,' that they spent plenty of money with me."—Detroit Free Press.

The kangaroo is none the less lively because he is on his last legs.—Golden Days.

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

You can always get pennies at 12-cents a dozen.—Golden Days.

What? A Cripple? Cure your sprain in a day with St. Jacobs Oil.

A fish in the hand is worth a dozen in the angler's story.—Golden Days.

A "doubting Thomas" full of aches uses St. Jacobs Oil. He's cured.

**Stop Coughing**

Every cough makes your throat more raw and irritable. Every cough congests the lining membrane of your lungs. Cease tearing your throat and lungs in this way. Put the parts at rest and give them a chance to heal. You will need some help to do this, and you will find it in

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**

From the first dose the quiet and rest begin: the tickling in the throat ceases; the spasm weakens; the cough disappears. Do not wait for pneumonia and consumption but cut short your cold without delay.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral should be over the lungs of every person troubled with a cough.

**Write to the Doctor.**  
Unusual opportunities and long experience eminently qualify us for giving you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. Tell us what your experience has been with our Cherry Pectoral. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

**Hon. Robt. Dollard of South Dakota**

Ex-Attorney General of the State was cured of a most desperate case of Asthma by Dr. F. Harold Hayes, of Buffalo, N. Y., more than twelve years ago, and has never had a symptom of it since.

**ASTHMA**

is too generally considered an incurable disease, but this widespread belief comes from the innumerable failures where mere symptom drugs are given and suppress the symptoms, leaving untouched the cause of the disease. Dr. Hayes employs natural alteratives and tonics, and cures stay cured by removing the cause from the blood and nervous system.

**OLD SORES CURED**

Alden's Ulcerine Salve is the only sure cure in the world for Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, White Swelling, Fever Sores, and all Old Sores. It never fails. Draws out all poison, saves expense and suffering. Cures permanent. Best salve for Boils, Carbuncles, Piles, Bad Eruptions, Erysipelas, and all Freckle Wounds. By mail, small size large box. Book free. J. P. ALDEN, MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, No. 2 East, Miss. Sold by Druggists.

**PISOS' CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. That's Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

**RESCUED BY TELLER.**

**Magnificent Courage Displayed by the Colorado Senator.**

**Senator Shoup, of Idaho, is Another Statesman of Remarkable Nerve and Unique Determination of Character.**

[Special Washington Letter.] "There is no more courageous man in the world than Senator Teller," said Maj. Peabody, of Colorado. "He has passed through many thrilling experiences during his lifetime, but on no occasion was his virile manhood and magnificent courage displayed to a greater advantage than on the evening after the news of the assassination of President Lincoln was received in Leadville. A miner, coming from the shaft where he had been working all day, upon being informed that President Lincoln had been assassinated, in-



SENATOR HENRY M. TELLER.

Washington, carelessly said: 'He did not die too soon.'

"That unfeeling and unpatriotic remark was passed from lip to lip until everybody in the entire community had been made aware of it. Shortly after nightfall a mob broke into the man's house and dragged him to a public hall where a lynch court trial was to be given him. He had absolutely no show for his life. The entire crowd appeared to be unanimous in a desire and determination to kill him. A long rope had been carried to the hall, but hanging was regarded as too good for the man. The rope was to be used by the whole mob, and the unfortunate fellow was to be dragged to death through the streets.

"Senator Teller was a young man then, but he had already gained the respect and confidence of the people, all of whom knew him at least by sight. In his law office, which was a block away from the public hall in which the lynch court was being held, he was informed of the situation. Hastily taking his hat in his hand Mr. Teller rushed downstairs, out into the streets, and made his way to the hall for the purpose of saving the man's life. Numerous friends of Mr. Teller endeavored to restrain him, because they feared that he might suffer at the hands of the mob if he interfered. But, with set teeth, he proceeded to the hall, pushed his way through the crowd, took a stand on the platform beside the trembling prisoner, waved his hand for silence, and obtained it.

"He thereupon addressed the mob and informed them that the prisoner was not their prey, but a prisoner of the United States, and that the city should not be disgraced by the exercise of mob law upon a man who had made a thoughtless remark. He was interrupted by angry cries and shouts from the mob, who declared that no man should stand between them and their victim.

"Mr. Teller then stepped to the front of the stage and informed them that one man at least would stand between them and their victim, and that before they should execute that man without a trial they must wreak their wild vengeance upon him. He commanded silence again and declared that the man was his prisoner and that he would take him to the United States jail at Denver, where he belonged, and see that he should have a fair trial for his life. The result of the effort made by Teller, which no other man in that community would have dared to make, was that Teller led his prisoner through the mob, out of the hall, into the street, to a railroad train and landed him in the United States jail at Denver as he declared he would do."

Senator Shoup, of Idaho, is a man of extraordinary nerve and determination of character. He was a soldier during the war and has lived on the frontier of the growing west for more than a generation, acquiring property and popularity at the same time. He was appointed governor of Idaho territory in March, 1889, by President Harrison, because he was the unopposed choice of all the leading republicans of the territory. During the winter of 1889-90, Gov. Shoup was in Washington lobbying for statehood for Idaho. He had leave of absence from the territory, 30 days at a time, until 60 days had expired, when the secretary of the interior, Gen. Noble, extended his leave for 30 days for the third time. A day or two later the secretary sent for Senator Shoup and informed him that the president objected to any further extension of his leave of absence, declaring that it was his duty to go to Idaho and not remain in Washington all winter.

Gov. Shoup went to the white house, was admitted to the presidential presence, and informed President Harrison that in his judgment he could serve the interests of Idaho better in Washington than in Boise City, and that, therefore, he had made application for extension of leave. President Harrison very haughtily and coolly told Gov. Shoup that he expected him to go back to Idaho, and that he must go back without delay. Gov. Shoup is a man with a quick temper, but in the pres-

ence of the chief executive of the nation he managed to control his disposition to be profane. He, however, informed the president that he would not go back to Idaho for any man on earth, and then left the white house.

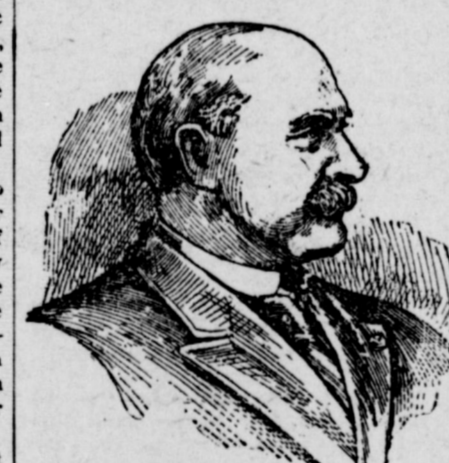
Repairing to his room at a prominent hotel, Gov. Shoup wrote his resignation of the position of governor of Idaho and transmitted it by special messenger to the secretary of the interior. Two days later Gen. Noble sent for Gov. Shoup, requesting him to call at the interior department, and the veteran pioneer did so. Secretary Noble urged him to withdraw his resignation, telling him that the president would not object to the extension of his leave of absence, but Gov. Shoup informed the secretary that his resignation was deliberately tendered in response to what he deemed the insulting manner of the president towards him, and that his resignation would not be withdrawn, not even temporarily. The resignation of Gov. Shoup was accepted. He remained in Washington until Idaho was admitted to statehood and he was elected to the United States senate.

Preceding, during and after the civil war, George L. Shoup was one of the ablest and bravest scouts and Indian fighters of the west. Old timers of the frontier narrate many wonderful stories concerning the experiences of Shoup, the scout; but the senator cannot be induced to talk about himself, except occasionally among his most intimate friends.

Ex-Senator Sanders, of Montana, says: "In his public exhibitions, Buffalo Bill makes a specialty of a hand-to-hand contest with an Indian chief in which he comes off victorious by killing the Indian with a knife. The performance is a repetition of an actual fight, for Buffalo Bill did have a knife contest with Yellow Hand. But George L. Shoup had hand-to-hand knife contests with a dozen or more of the fiercest savages of the frontier. He was a man of great skill and agility, and possessed of the strength of a giant. He was the best swordsman, the best horseman and the best-posted scout in the Rocky mountain region. One of his brothers was assassinated by six Mexican outlaws. George L. Shoup went out after the assassins of his brother, and within a period of three months he put every one of them under ground; and the head of their chief is to-day in alcohol in Las Vegas.

"Custer with his regiment came unexpectedly upon a Sioux Indian village and was massacred with his command," continued Senator Sanders. "Shoup with only 55 men, marched across the great American desert, and when 500 miles away from the fort he came suddenly upon an Apache village containing over 1,000 warriors. By courage and skill and strategy he captured the head chief and conducted the entire band back to the fort, thereby demonstrating a generalship and a knowledge of Indian warfare vastly superior to that of Custer. Nothing but his superior ability and courage saved himself and command from annihilation.

"Did you ever hear of the Sand Creek massacre?" said Senator Sanders. "The Indians had become very troublesome in 1863, and had committed a



SENATOR GEORGE L. SHOUP.

number of the most brutal outrages upon women and children as well as upon the men of the frontier. Col. Shoup was sent to subdue them. He corralled a body of 800 bucks, squaws and paposes in a ravine, and a battle began which for fierceness, intensity and bloody results is without parallel in the history of Indian warfare. The Indians were well posted in the ravine and did considerable execution with their rifles, but the men under Shoup were so maddened with the fresh memory of outrages committed upon women and children that they pushed their way through the ravine and declined to capture any of the redskins. As a result of their uncontrollable ardor the troops killed men, women and children without compunction of conscience or thought of mercy. Col. Shoup was severely censured by a number of Indian-loving societies in the east for the extreme action taken by his men; but the people of the frontier paid little attention to the criticisms heaped upon Col. Shoup and his men, because the result of the affair at Sand Creek completed the subjugation of the hostile Indians, so that until this day they never have undertaken to interfere with the white pioneers of civilization."

Named Him Roaring Bull.

A gentleman who is just back from Hawaii tells a story at the expense of Col. F. W. Parker, of normal school fame around Chicago. Col. Parker spent the summer in Honolulu and while there gave the native teachers some points. He delivered a number of lectures on the art and science of school teaching and his fame traveled far and wide. The natives had trouble, however, in mastering his name, and so they gave him a designation of their own. Like most children of nature they are prone to naming people after some object which is suggested by the individual. The name bestowed upon Col. Parker was "Pipikane," which, interpreted into English, means "Roaring Bull." Col. Parker will go down in Hawaiian history as "Pipikane."

**HARDSHIPS OF ARMY LIFE.**

From the Press, Milroy, Ind. One of the first to offer his services for the country in the Civil War, was A. R. Seaton, of Milroy, Ind. He made a good record. The life of every soldier is a hard one, and Mr. Seaton's case was no exception. "We were in Tennessee, penned in on all sides, our rations were very scarce," said he, "and we had begun to go on quarter allowance, and as the rain was not enough to replenish the wells or streams, our canteens went empty. We were hurried on, and the only way to quench our thirst was to go down on our hands and knees and drink from the hoof tracks made by the horses.



Our Canteens were Empty.

"Some of us were taken sick from the effects of this. I was laid up several weeks in a field hospital from fever. From that time I was always afflicted more or less.

"About four years ago I became much worse. Our family doctor seemed puzzled over my case, and it began to look as if there was no hope for my recovery, and that the inevitable end was near.

"Last November I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The physician said they were an excellent medicine, but would do no good in my case. But I tried them, and am glad I did for I became better at once. Eight boxes, taken according to directions, cured me. I used the last of the pills about a year ago, and have not been troubled with my ailments since."

The power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the vast number of diseases due to impure or poisoned blood, has been demonstrated in thousands of instances as remarkable as the one related above.

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**

**Some Short Sentences Containing Truths Which We All Recognize.**

Cupid has a snap when he encounters an idle brain.  
Bucket-shopping is about the only kind men indulge in.  
Some wives prepare for war by rifling their husband's pockets.  
Any man who will enlist to get away from his wife's mother is a coward.  
Marriages may be made in Heaven, but there will always be a few doubters.  
Political economy is the art of getting the most votes for the least money.  
Lots of friends are retained by not saying the smart things we might have said.  
Education benefits a man but little if he is unable to recognize an opportunity when he meets it.  
The possibilities of a penitentiary sentence are about the only thing that can add to the dangers of football.  
It's sometimes difficult for a girl to find her ideal man, but she's nearly always willing to accept a substitute.  
A man may be the moneyed factor during the engagement, but after marriage the woman always appoints herself cashier.—Chicago Evening News.

**Couldn't Fool Her.**

"We must lay in an extra supply of fuel this winter," said the credulous business man while talking to his practical wife the other evening. "The cornhusks are unusually thick, and that means a long, hard winter."  
"Who told you?"  
"The man we always buy coal from."  
"I thought so. We will just give the usual order."—Detroit Free Press.

Fuddy—"Many wonderful things happen in one's life." Duddy—"Especially in autobiographies."—Boston Transcript.

We blame the devil for many things he couldn't possibly do unless men helped him.—Town Topics.

**THE GENERAL MARKETS.**

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 14	
CATTLE—Best steers	4 05 @ 5 15
Stockers	2 75 @ 4 50
HOGS—Choice	3 90 @ 4 00
HOGS—Choice to heavy	2 30 @ 3 60
SHEEP—Fair to choice	1 75 @ 3 00
WHEAT—No 2 red	61 1/2 @ 67
No 2 hard	59 1/2 @ 61 1/2
CORN—No 2 mixed	25 @ 25 1/2
OATS—No 2 mixed	25 @ 25 1/2
RYE—No 2	48 @ 48 1/2
FLOUR—Patent, per barrel	3 85 @ 3 75
Fancy	2 15 @ 2 25
HAY—Choice timothy	6 50 @ 7 00
Fancy prairie	6 75 @ 7 00
BRAN (sacked)	51 @ 52
BUTTER—Choice creamery	16 @ 20 1/2
EGGS—Fall cream	20 @ 21 1/2
EGGS—Choice	10 1/2 @ 18
POTATOES	28 @ 35
ST. LOUIS	
CATTLE—Native and shipping	3 00 @ 5 25
Texas	3 00 @ 3 75
HOGS—Heavy	3 45 @ 3 61
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 50 @ 4 15
FLOUR—Choice	3 00 @ 3 70
WHEAT—No 2 red	65 1/2 @ 67 1/2
CORN—No 2 mixed	23 @ 25 1/2
OATS—No 2 mixed	23 1/2 @ 25
RYE—No 2	51 1/2 @ 52
BUTTER—Creamery	15 @ 20
LARD—Western mess	4 25 @ 4 87 1/2
PORK	7 85 @ 7 9 1/2
CHICAGO	
CATTLE—Common to prime	3 97 @ 5 80
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 40 @ 3 80
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 30 @ 4 75
FLOUR—Winter wheat	3 51 @ 3 75
WHEAT—No 2 red	66 @ 67
CORN—No 2	31 1/2 @ 32
OATS—No 2	24 1/2 @ 25
BUTTER—Creamery	11 @ 21 1/2
LARD	4 87 1/2 @ 4 87 1/2
PORK	7 80 @ 7 85
NEW YORK	
CATTLE—Native stock	3 85 @ 5 35
HOGS—Good to choice	3 65 @ 3 81
WHEAT—No 2 red	70 @ 70 1/2
CORN—No 2	30 @ 30 1/2
OATS—No 2	28 @ 31
BUTTER	15 1/2 @ 25
PORK	8 1 1/2 @ 8 25

**A RETROSPECT.**

**The Man of Years Gives the Youth a Little Food for Rumination.**

"I was thinking," said the man who had just given a deep sigh, "of the departed days of youth."

"It is, it is. It is the time when all our ideals are undimmed."

"Ah, yes," answered his companion, as he stroked his downy mustache; "youth is the springtime of life; the period when all our blossoms are fresh and fair, with no suspicion of the blight which may come to harm the fruit."

"I suppose that when a man gets a little along in years, say—er—like yourself, he'd give a great deal if he could only turn the clock back a decade or so."

"He would. There's no use denying it; he would. He can't help feeling gloomy over what he has lost; those days when he thought that he could give Bismarck points on statesmanship, if he'd only take the trouble to study a little; when he was certain he'd be able to give Rubinstein music lessons, if he decided to turn his attention to the piano; when he didn't entertain the slightest doubt of his ability to show Booth where his reading of Shakespeare might be improved, and when he looked up at night and saw a sky that teemed with undiscovered planets, waiting for him to turn astronomer. He may have more sense when he gets older and not annoy the neighbors so much; but I don't see what he has given up."—Washington Star.

**Mary Was a Mineralogist.**  
A teacher in one of the local schools was instructing a class of small children in mineralogy the other day, endeavoring to make clear to their young minds what a mineral really is. Standing before them, she began in her clear voice: "A mineral is an inorganic, homogeneous substance of definite, or approximately definite, chemical composition found in nature. Do you understand me? Come now, you have all seen minerals. And your mothers and fathers have told you the names of them, haven't they? Of course, they have. Now, can any one of you tell me the names of three minerals?" There was no response, and she continued: "Have not some of you been out and seen minerals on exhibition?" One little girl raised her hand. "I thought so. Mary will name three minerals." Mary arose, and, putting her hands behind her, listed: "Apolinaris, Vichy and seltzer."—Chicago Chronicle.

**Most Important.**  
Would-be Writer—What do you consider the most important qualification for a beginner in literature?  
Old Hand—A small appetite.—Tit-Bits.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. Buchmuller, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

Genius is a loftier quality than talent in the sense that genius often lives in the attic, while talent has apartments on the ground floor.—Town Topics.

You may be sure Neuralgia will be cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

In giving ear to flattery we not only fool ourselves, but fool the flatterer as well.—Town Topics.

The way out of pains and aches is to rub St. Jacobs Oil in.

Mr. Oldchap—"Are you interested in fossils, Miss Gushley?" Miss Gushley—"Oh—er—this is so sudden!"—Tit-Bits.

**Activity of Vesuvius.**  
Much activity has been caused in Naples by the renewed activity of Mount Vesuvius. An overwhelming danger of this description produces universal terror. As a matter of fact there is little likelihood that Mt. Vesuvius will do any serious damage. On the other hand thousands die daily from stomach and digestive disorders, who might have survived had they resorted to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is the greatest of known tonics for stomach and digestive organs. It cures kidney, liver and blood disorders.

**All Arranged.**  
Mr. Wigby—See here, my love, there is some mistake. The baggage delivery man has left seven trunks on our front porch.

Mrs. Wigby (who has just returned from the mountains)—Imbecile! Don't you understand? He's coming back after dark for the extra five.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

**Not Legal Tender.**  
"I must request the congregation to contribute generously this morning," said Rev. Mr. Slinky, sadly. "My salary is eight months in arrears, and my creditors are pressing. I of course work largely for love, and love equally of course is tender, but it isn't legal tender."—Harper's Bazar.

**From Baby in the High Chair**  
to grandma in the rocker Grain-O is good for the whole family. It is the long desired substitute for coffee. Never upsets the nerves or injures the digestion. Made from pure grains it is a food in itself. Has the taste and appearance of the best coffee at 1/3 the price. It is a genuine and scientific article and is come to stay. It makes for health and strength. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

**Sage Advice.**  
No man should marry till he can listen to a baby crying in the next room and not feel like breaking the furniture.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

If you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"Do you believe in luck?" "Not until after I've experienced it."—Chicago Daily Record.

Will it cure? Use St. Jacobs Oil for lame-back and you'll see.

Manners are largely deceit's own name for itself.—Detroit Journal.

You will be disabled by Rheumatism. Use St. Jacobs Oil and cure it.

We ought not to judge men as of a picture or statue—by first sight.—La Bruyere.

A glass eye is the memorial window of the soul.—Princeton Tiger.

**THREE HAPPY WOMEN.**

**Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters.**

Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was gradually being undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head and ovarian trouble. I concluded to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and found that it was all any woman needs who suffers with painful monthly periods. It entirely cured me.—Mrs. GEORGE WASS, 923 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of it it was impossible for me to stand up for five minutes, I felt so miserable. One day a of Mrs. Pinkham's was thrown into my I sat right down and read it. I then got E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and can heartily say that to-day I feel like my monthly suffering is a thing of the always praise the Vegetable Compound done for me.—Mrs. MARGARET ANDERSON, 303 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild. Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice.—Mrs. CARRIE V. WILLIAMS, South Mills, N. C.

The great volume of testimony proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a safe, sure and almost infallible remedy in cases of irregularity, suppressed, excessive or painful monthly periods.

"The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; A Woman's Remedy for Woman's ills



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**SAPOLIO**  
LIKE A GOOD TEMPER,  
"SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE."

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children  
Bears The Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* For Use Over Thirty Years The Kind You Have Always Bought  
In Use For Over Thirty Years  
The Centaur Company, 27 Murray Street, New York City.

A Natural Black is Produced by **Buckingham's Dye** for the Whiskers. 50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

A. N. K.-D 1735  
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please give the name of the advertisement in this paper.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

An artificial ice plant, to cost \$25,000, will be built in Atchison.

There is an epidemic of diphtheria at Wellington and the city schools are closed.

The republican gain of congressmen in Kansas was greater than in any other state.

Thomas T. Kelley, of Paola, will probably be assistant state auditor under George E. Cole.

Gov. elect Stanley carried Wichita, his home town, but was fourth man on the republican ticket.

The remaining members of the Twentieth Kansas regiment, Lieut. Col. Little commanding, sailed from San Francisco for Manila November 8, on the transport Newport.

Judge Theodore C. Sears, who was a former prominent resident of Ottawa, Kan., being a candidate for United States senator at one time, died recently at Lakeview, near Tacoma, Wash.

One of the first bills to be introduced in the legislature will be to reappropriate the state into congressional districts by putting Shawnee county back into the Fourth district, where it was before 1897.

It is given out that John Seaton, of Atchison, will introduce a re-submission resolution in the house the day the new legislature organizes.

In an election row at Big Springs, Douglas county, Jeff Farris shot Ed Duncan in the bowels, fatally wounding him.

Rev. R. E. Howell, a traveling evangelist of the Christian church, killed himself in a hotel at Olathe because Mrs. Cora Henderson, who had eloped with him from Warrensburg, Mo., refused to stay with him longer.

The prison officials at the state penitentiary at Lansing have fitted up a room in the prison building and started a private school.

Coffeyville claims to be the home of the oldest practicing physician in the state of Kansas, if not in the United States.

Some of Gov. Leedy's political advisers were bringing pressure to bear upon him to call a special session of the legislature at once to enact a railroad law and pass resolutions submitting constitutional amendments for state insurance and state stock yards to a vote of the people.

It is probable that Morton Albour, editor of the Kingman Leader-Courier, will be Gov. Stanley's private secretary.

James Bartlow, living near Marysville, went out into the kitchen of his home where his son's wife was working and remarked that he felt as though he was going to fall over dead.

Kansas will furnish the first colony of immigrants to settle in Cuba from the United States.

Samuel H. Baughman, the school-teacher, who lived at Rossville till the 6th day of last June and then mysteriously disappeared, has been located in Richardson county, Neb., where he is teaching school.

It is probable that no attempt will be made at the coming session of the legislature to reappropriate the state for congressional, senatorial or legislative purposes.

To Own Its Waterworks. Topeka voted to purchase the waterworks plant now owned by the National Waterworks company.

The question as to whether or not the slot machine commonly found in cigar and other stores is a gambling device under the Cubbin law was decided in the district court at Lynden.

James McCord, the wealthy Fort Scott man who was thrown from a buggy and killed, left his entire estate, about \$500,000, to his nephew, Charles Harbison, his only relative.

While Randolph Washington and another boy were crossing the Neosho river near Iola at an old abandoned ford their buggy upset and Washington was drowned.

Emporia was visited by two very expensive fires in one afternoon recently. The cannery factory, L. W. Lewis & Co., and the furniture store, Evans & Thomas, lumber yard and several dwellings were destroyed, causing a loss of \$50,000.

SOME KANSAS HAPPENINGS.

Was Deliberately Poisoned. The coroner's jury that has been investigating the death of Birdie Comings, step-daughter of J. J. Kunkel, at Lawrence, found that Birdie had been systematically, maliciously and premeditatedly poisoned by some party or parties to the jury unknown.

St. Districts Very Close. The result of the election in six representative districts in the state depends on the soldier vote.

Mr. Stanley Is Positive. In an interview after the election Gov. elect Stanley said: I intend to give this state a clean, business administration.

One of the Mysteries of the Election. One of the mysteries of the recent election is found in Bourbon county, where the vote on governor and attorney general stood as follows:

Only a Few Re-elected. The returns show that only 13 members of the house of 1897 have been chosen to participate in the session of 1899.

Kansas Y. M. C. A. The annual state convention of the Young Men's Christian association at Emporia last week was well attended.

Will Not Tackle Reapportionment. It is probable that no attempt will be made at the coming session of the legislature to reappropriate the state for congressional, senatorial or legislative purposes.

To Own Its Waterworks. Topeka voted to purchase the waterworks plant now owned by the National Waterworks company.

Leaves Cans a Bad Wreck. Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 12.—A collision occurred between two passenger trains on the Lehigh Valley railroad near this city yesterday.

Snow in Western Kansas. Pawnee and other western counties were visited recently by the heaviest snow of the season.

Hunsley Must Come Back. Barker Hunsley, who is wanted at Larned for statutory rape, has been arrested near Seattle, Wash.

Threw His Victim into an Oven. London, Nov. 15.—A Pole named Schneider who was given a night's lodging in a North London bake house, murdered the baker's assistant, throwing him inside the oven.

The Next Legislature. Incomplete returns show that the republicans elected about 94 members of the legislature and the fusionists 31.

Hot Springs, Ark., Nov. 12.—The convention of the national chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy opened here with a full attendance.

A Child Burned to Death. Monmouth, Ill., Nov. 12.—While playing with matches Charles Liggett, 21 months old, set fire to his clothing and was burned to death.

BANQUET TO GEN. MILES.

It Was Given at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and Rivalled the One Given in Honor of the President.

New York, Nov. 12.—The complimentary banquet given to Maj. Gen. Miles, commanding the United States army, at the Waldorf-Astoria last night, in point of numbers, extensive preparation and brilliancy, rivalled the great banquet given last year in honor of President McKinley.

The wars of the past have had their objects, their achievements and glorious results. The last was in the interest of humanity and in behalf of a heroic people, who, for many years, have been struggling against cruel atrocities, oppression and the despotism of a cruel monarchy.

THE ANTIPATHY GROWING. Norway Growing Restive Under King Oscar's Rule.—People of the Two Nations Directly Opposing Each Other.

FROM OTHER COUNTRIES. T. W. Powderly, Commissioner of Immigration, Gives Interesting Data.—A Decrease of 1,563 in Foreign Immigration.

Washington, Nov. 12.—Commissioner General T. W. Powderly, of the immigration bureau, in his annual report to the secretary of the treasury, gives the following figures:

Of the whole number of arrivals, 38,613 came from Italy; 27,221 from Russia proper; 25,128 from Ireland; 17,111 from Germany; 16,660 from Hungary; 12,121 from Galicia and Bukovina in Austria-Hungary; 12,398 from Sweden, and 9,987 from England.

ONLY ONE MILLION. Announcement Made That President McKinley Has Reconsidered His Intention to Pay All the Philippine Debt.

Washington, Nov. 12.—Instead of paying Spain \$40,000,000 as an indemnity for the cession of the Philippine islands to the United States President McKinley intends to reimburse her only for the debt of about \$1,000,000 contracted for public improvements.

PRairie FIRES. Hundreds of Fields of Cotton Destroyed and Many Farms Swept of Their Barns, Granaries and Houses.

Guthrie, Ok., Nov. 14.—Extensive prairie fires have been raging for several days in the southern and eastern portions of Pottawatomie county, doing many thousands dollars' damage.

Dewey Acknowledges a Compliment. Chicago, Nov. 14.—Admiral Dewey has acknowledged the compliment paid to him by the board of education in having one of the new school buildings named after him.

Cuban Bull-Fighters Alarmed. Havana, Nov. 12.—The professional bull-fighters in Havana recently held a meeting in that city and decided to draft a petition to President McKinley, praying that after the Spanish evacuation and the beginning of American control there may be no legal steps taken to prevent them from carrying on their amusements.

En Route to See McKinley. Havana, Nov. 11.—The five members of the special commission appointed by the Cuban assembly at Santa Cruz del Sur last Thursday night to go to Washington to present to President McKinley the wishes of the assembly, arrived yesterday.

Report on Yellow Fever. Washington, Nov. 14.—Surgeon Eugene Washin and Past Assistant Surgeon H. D. Geddings, of the marine hospital corps, who were detailed by the president to go to Havana and investigate into the cause of yellow fever, have made their reports to Surgeon General Wyman.

West Virginia Legislature. Parkersburg, W. Va., Nov. 11.—A. B. White, secretary republican state committee says: The West Virginia legislature is republican in both branches.

Monmouth, Ill., Nov. 12.—While playing with matches Charles Liggett, 21 months old, set fire to his clothing and was burned to death.

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SUPPLIES FOR GOMEZ.

The Cuban General's Soldiers Said to Be in a Pitiable Condition for the Want of Food.

Washington, Nov. 14.—Senator Quesada, of the Cuban legation, Saturday held a conference with Secretary Alger and Gen. Miles relative to the necessity of getting supplies to the Cuban soldiers. He was promised that a ship laden with supplies for Gomez's army would leave a southern port in a few days.

THE ANTIPATHY GROWING. Norway Growing Restive Under King Oscar's Rule.—People of the Two Nations Directly Opposing Each Other.

Berlin, Nov. 14.—Telegrams from Christiania announcing that the storting passed a vote to remove the Swedish emblem from the Norwegian flag furnishes striking evidence that all the attempts on the part of King Oscar to reconcile the difficulties between his two kingdoms have failed.

FIRST PRIZE MONEY. Officers and Crew of the Auxiliary Cruiser St. Paul, Capt. Sigbee Commander, Will Receive First Distribution.

Washington, Nov. 14.—The first beneficiary of the distribution of prize money earned in the war with Spain strangely enough will be Capt. Charles D. Sigbee, who commanded the battleship Maine when she was destroyed in Havana harbor.

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GEN. MILES' FULL REPORT.

Interesting Document from the Commanding General Regarding Operations at Santiago and Porto Rico.

Washington, Nov. 11.—The report of Maj. Gen. Miles, commanding the United States army, was made public yesterday by direction of Secretary Alger. The keynote to the report is found in one of the opening sentences, where it is said: "The military operations during the year have been extraordinary, unusual and extensive."

Treating of the war, Gen. Miles begins with a statement of the unpreparedness of the country, showing how the vast equipment left by the million soldiers of the civil war had been utilized or had become obsolete.

In order that the volunteers should be speedily made efficient, on April 26 Gen. Miles wrote the secretary of war that they should be encamped for 60 days in their respective states, and disciplined and equipped and their officers instructed; all important, he said, to health and efficiency.

June 24 Gen. Miles submitted to the secretary of war a written plan of campaign. Briefly stated, the points were: That provision be made for the reception of at least 30,000 Spanish prisoners. That, after capturing Santiago, some deep water ports be taken on the north coast of Cuba.

The report treats next of Porto Rico. The story of that successful campaign is well known, and the report adds little to the general knowledge.

It is gratifying to record that during the war not a single defect has been met and not a prisoner, color, gun or rifle has been captured by the enemy.

Gen. Miles closes his report with some earnest recommendations for the improvement of the military service. He trusts the experience of the last few months will be valuable to the people and to the government.

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Waves Cut Chicago Lake Front. Chicago, Nov. 11.—Lake Michigan, swept by a northeast gale, is tearing great holes in the sea wall and the paved beach along the lake front.

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CORBIN ON THE ARMY.

The Adjutant General, in His Annual Report, Furnishes Interesting Statistics and Makes Valuable Suggestions.

Washington, Nov. 12.—Adj. Gen. H. C. Corbin has made his annual report to the secretary of war. It contains much of a statistical nature about the army of the United States, including the regular and volunteer branches.

Discussing the volunteer army, Gen. Corbin shows the legislation regarding it and gives in detail the different organizations called out from the various states and territories.

Since the signing of the protocol, the officers and men of the regular army have remained at their posts during a most cases at great personal sacrifice.

The number killed and wounded in all campaigns is as follows: Officers killed, 23; enlisted men killed, 257; officers wounded, 113; enlisted men wounded, 1,464.

Gen. Corbin has the following to say concerning the increase of the regular army:

The organization of the cavalry, artillery and infantry regiments has stood the test of trial in battle and received the approval of those in command.

Gen. Corbin recommends that the men of the national guard who entered the volunteer army be allowed to return and be readmitted to their state organizations.

NATIONAL W. C. T. U. Opening Session at St. Paul Devoted to Tribute to Miss Willard—Report of the Corresponding Secretary.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 12.—The National Woman's Christian Temperance union convention began yesterday.

Seven states made a gain of 500 or more. Those are Minnesota, Ohio, Texas, North Dakota, Kansas, California and Indiana.

The annual report of the treasurer, Helen M. Barker, showed receipts of \$24,267 and expenditures of \$23,207, the balance on hand being \$1,060.

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