

THE FROZEN DEEP

A NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

She closes her eyes faintly—she hears nothing but those words—feels nothing but his arm round her—feels Mrs. Crayford's warning—feels Richard Wardour himself—turns suddenly with a loving woman's disregard of everything but her love, nestles her head on his bosom, and answers him in that way at last!

He lifts the beautiful drooping head—their lips meet in their first kiss—they are both in heaven—it is Clara who brings them back to earth again with a start—it is Clara who says, "Oh! what have I done?"—as usual, when it is too late.

Frank answers the question: "You have made me happy, my angel. Now, when I come back, I come back to make you my wife."

Shudders. She remembers Richard Wardour again to those words. "Mind!" she says, "nobody is to know we are engaged till I permit you to mention it. Remember that!"

He promises to remember it. His arm tries to wind round her once more. No! She is mistress of herself; she can positively dismiss him now—after she has let him kiss her!

"Go!" she says. "I want to see Mrs. Crayford. Find her! Say I am here, waiting to speak to her. Go at once, Frank—for my sake!"

There is no alternative but to obey her. His eyes drink a last draught of her beauty. He hurries away on his errand—the happiest man in the room. Five minutes since, she was only his partner in the dance. He has spoken—and she has pledged herself to be his partner for life!

CHAPTER IV.

It was not easy to find Mrs. Crayford in the crowd. Searching here and searching there, Frank became conscious of a stranger, who appeared to be looking for somebody on his side.

He was a dark, heavy-browed, strongly-built man; dressed in a shabby old naval officer's uniform. His manner—strikingly resolute and self-contained—was unmistakably the manner of a gentleman. He would his way slowly through the crowd; stopping to look at every lady whom he passed, and then looking away again with a frown.

Little by little he approached the conservatory—entered it, after a moment's reflection—detected the glimmer of a white dress in the distance, through the shrubs and flowers—advanced to get a nearer view of the lady—and burst into Clara's presence with a cry of delight.

She sprang to her feet. She stood before him speechless, motionless, struck to stone. All her life was in her eyes—the eyes which told her she was looking at Richard Wardour. He was the first to speak.

"man come between you and me? I speak plainly on my side. Speak plainly on yours."

"I have spoken. I have nothing more to say."

There was a pause. She saw the warning light which told of the fire within him, growing brighter and brighter in his eyes. She felt his grasp strengthening on her hand. She heard him appeal to her for the last time.

"Reflect," he said, "reflect before it is too late. Your silence will not serve you. If you persist in not answering me, I shall take your silence as a confession. Do you hear me?"

"Clara Burnham! I am not to be trifled with. Clara Burnham! I insist on the truth. Are you false to me?"

He passionately interrupted her before she could say more: "You have engaged yourself in my absence. Your words own it; your looks own it! You have engaged yourself to another man!"

"If I have engaged myself, what right have you to complain of it?" she answered firmly. "What right have you to control my actions—"

The next words died away on her lips. He suddenly dropped her hand. A marked change appeared in the expression of his eyes—a change which told her of the terrible passions that she had let loose in him. She read, dimly read, something in his face which made her tremble—not for herself, but for Frank.

Little by little the dark color faded out of his face. His deep voice dropped suddenly to a low and quiet tone as he spoke the parting words: "Say no more, Miss Burnham—you have said enough. I am answered; I am dismissed. He paused, and stepping close up to her, laid his hand on her arm."

"The time may come," he said, "when I shall forgive you. But the man who has robbed me of you shall rue the day when you and he first met. He turned and left her."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Crayford, entering the conservatory, was met by one of the attendants at the ball. The man stopped as if he wished to speak to her.

finding it. So completely were her nerves unstrung that she started with a cry of alarm on suddenly hearing Frank's voice behind her.

"The Sea-Mew's boats are waiting," he said. "It must go, darling. How pale you are looking. Clara! Are you ill?"

She never answered. She questioned him with wild eyes and trembling lips. "Has anything happened to you, Frank? anything out of the common?"

Frank laughed at the strange question. "Anything out of the common?" he repeated. "Nothing that I know of, except sitting for the Arctic Seas. That's out of the common, I suppose; isn't it?"

"Has anybody spoken to you since last night? Has any stranger followed you in the street?"

Frank turned in blank amazement to Mrs. Crayford. "What on earth does she mean?"

Mrs. Crayford's lively invention supplied her with an answer on the spur of the moment.

"Do you believe in dreams, Frank? Of course you don't! Clara has been dreaming about you, and Clara is foolish enough to believe in dreams. That's all; it's not worth talking about. Hark! they are calling for you. Say good-bye, or you'll be too late for the boat."

Frank took Clara's hand. Long afterward—in the dark Arctic days, in the dreary Arctic nights—he remembered how coldly and how passively that hand lay in his.

"Courage, Clara!" he said again. "A sailor's sweetheart must accustom herself to partings. The time will come. Good-bye, my darling. Good-bye, my wife!"

He kissed the cold hand; he looked his last—for many a long year perhaps—at the pale and beautiful face. How she loved me! he thought. How the parting distresses her! He still held her hand; he would have lingered longer, if Mrs. Crayford had not wisely waived all ceremony and pushed him away.

The two ladies followed him at a safe distance through the crowd, and saw him safely step into the boat. The oars struck the water; Frank waved his cap to Clara. In a moment more a vessel at anchor hid the boat from view. They had seen the last of him on his way to the Frozen Deep.

FALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A MOMENTOUS QUESTION." LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text, James IV. 14: What is Your Life?—Yes, Life is Worth Living if People Will Only Live for God.

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moments, says it is not. "Vanity," "exhaustion of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious, and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The ancient prophet cries out in startling exhortation to all lands and all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes." Here is a man who has come to the fore. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will draw out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide the matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much on which way the wind blows. (If the wind blows from the northwest, and you ask him, he will say, "Yes, and if it blow from the south, he will say, "No.") How are we to get the question righteously answered? Surely we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow, and misfortune, and trouble, the "Noes" would have it different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, it all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires. There is not a scissor grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make a million as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when a bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no noise in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concern, and threaten paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegram, or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chloride of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths he would find he was made up of copper, and gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every incentive for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come. They send footmen, and a postillioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escorts; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balconies; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulations.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money getting, fall for a sheet of affliction. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. Every four years the two most unfortunate men in this country are the two men nominated for the presidency. The reservoirs of abuse, and diatribe, and malediction gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hog-headed above hog-headed, and about midsummer these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it, and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and submerged, and strangled, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet there are a hundred men today struggling for the privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that! Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you.

But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get to that realm, and they are under terrible tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men today as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in American society, whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times in a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to get a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over, and come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling with forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah! my friends, when you really lose your money how quickly they get your drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—two boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty toil to make two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantuamaker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning-wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilts. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down, and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife—"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years ago by, and the two oldest boys went a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpiti widely influential, preaches righteousness, judgment, and temperance, and thousands during every time Christ thought of her, he said, as of old, "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon—the forenoon having been devoted to her household—she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying: "Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start, they receive another telegram, saying: "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son,

and the wergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question: "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, and with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed to the door, and said: "Let me go, let me go to my wife's mother,"—major-generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds of you today. You say, "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you live a life conscious or unconscious, if it is worth living, if you live aright, and I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace; but who despises the door of a Madeleine because there are grander glories within?

VICISSITUDE.

The "Original Marks." Once a Judge, in Poverty in Chicago.

The original of "My name is Marks, I'm a lawyer, shake," is living in poor circumstances in Chicago at the age of eighty-three. His name is Abraham Marks. He says that Mrs. Stowe wished to localize "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and some one told her he was the only attorney in the vicinity. Judge Marks—she was made a probate judge by Sam Houston—had had a checked career. Graduating from Union College in 1832, he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and went to New Orleans. From there he went to Monroe, La., where he established the Standard. His conduct of that paper drew him into several duels and he was indicted half a dozen times for libel. In 1837 he met a free-of-her name Alexander on the field of honor, and escaped with a bullet through his coat. After this duel he started for Texas on horseback. At Houston he met the famous Sam Houston, then president of the Texan Republic. Houston made him judge of the Probate Court at San Antonio. He remained in Texas a number of years and then returned to Arkansas. All his life Judge Marks has been an active politician. He was at first a Whig, but afterwards became a Republican, to which party he has belonged since it was born, in 1856. He says that when he was a very small child his parents, who lived at Pensacola, were intimate with Gen. Jackson's family, and that he remembers seeing Mrs. Jackson sit in the chimney corner and smoke a pipe. He asserts that Henry Ward Beecher, once told him confidentially that if he could see the manuscript of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" he would see that he (Beecher) had written a large part of the book.

The Last of the Fiery Cross.

About the year 1770 a fire broke out in a pine forest in Strathguy, which at once assumed great proportions, and threatened to spread to other woods around. The Laird of Grant, the owner, took instant steps to fight the flames. He caused the fiery cross, the blazing summons to Highlander could disobey to be sent through Glen Urquhart and its offshoots; and so prompt and hearty was the rally that no fewer than five hundred clansmen mustered in that way at the meeting place, each armed with an axe. They immediately began to fell the standing trees towards which the fire was advancing, but it was not until an avenue 500 yards wide—nearly the third of a mile—had been cut between the burning wood and the rest of the forest that the devouring flames were stayed & want of fuel. This is believed to be the last time the fiery cross was ever used.

Numbering the Hairs of the Head.

Those who are thirsting for the knowledge of the average number of hairs on the human head will now be able to satisfy their longing. A number of savants have just been counting a square inch of hairs on the heads of several persons, and have come to the conclusion that the average number is 1,966 hairs. By measuring the surface of the entire head it will be easy to calculate the number of hairs on the average pate. Another set of "hair scientists" have made different calculations. According to them a head of fair hair is made up of 143,000 hairs (the six at the end of the round figure is fine; it might also be reckoned among the hair splitting); a dark head produces 105,000 hairs, and red hair only 29,200. The reason for this difference is that fair hair is of the finest, and red hair of the coarsest quality.

If a man does not make acquaintances, as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Johnson.

THE BUSHMAN'S TACTICS.

How the Apache of Africa Hunts the Ostrich.

The Bushman divests himself of all his embellishments; water vessels, food, cloak, assegai and sandals are all left behind. Stark naked, except for the hide patch about his middle, and armed only with his bow, arrows and knife, he sets forth. The nearest ostrich is feeding more than a mile away, and there is no covert but the long, sun-dried, yellow grass, but that is enough for the Bushman. Worming himself over the ground with the greatest caution, he crawls flat on his belly towards the bird. No serpent could traverse the grass with less disturbance. In the space of an hour and a half he has approached within a hundred yards of the tall bird. Nearer he dares not creep on this bare plain, and at more than twenty-five paces he cannot trust his light reed arrows. He lies partially hidden in the grass, his bow and arrows ready in front of him, trusting that the ostrich may draw nearer. It is a long wait under the blazing sun, close on two hours, but his instinct serves him, and at last, as the sun shifts a little, the great ostrich feeds that way. It is a magnificent male bird, jet black as to its body plumage, and adorned with magnificent white feathers upon the wings and tail. Kwanot's eyes glisten, but he moves not a muscle. Thirty paces, twenty-five, then twenty. There is a light musical twang upon the hot air and a tiny, yellowish arrow sticks well into the breast of the gigantic bird. The ostrich feels a sharp pang and turns at once. In that same instant a second arrow is lodged in its side, just under the wing feathers. Now the ostrich bird raises its wings from its body and speeds forth into the plain. The poison of those two arrows will do its work effectually. He gets up, follows the ostrich, tracking it, after it has disappeared from sight, by its spoor, and in two hours the game lies there before him amid the grass, dead as a stone.

GENERAL BLISS AS A HUNTER.

Believes in Snake Poison Antidote and Its General Diffusion.

Col. Zenas Bliss, who has just been made a brigadier-general in the regular army, was for several years commander at Fort Hayes, Kansas, where he is well remembered for his many exceptional qualities. He was an enormously fat man, weighing more than 300 pounds, and had a proverbial good nature that lurks in avoirdupois. He was a great sportsman, and a fine shot with both shotgun and rifle. He loved to hunt prairie chickens, and always went into the fields seated in a low barouche, with a soldier for a driver. When his dogs came to a "point" he would have the driver put his horses ahead of the dogs and flush the game at which he would shoot without dismounting from the carriage. It was a great privilege among the private soldiers to be permitted to drive with the colonel as a driver. He invariably had a comfortable supply of snake antidote under one of the seats, and was always careful to antidote the driver every time he antidoted himself. At short distance off-hand shooting Col. Bliss was undoubtedly the champion of the army. The writer once saw him win every dollar in the pockets of the officers of his regiment at a picnic, where shooting was made part of the program. He put a silver half dollar up in a forked stick at a distance of seventy-five yards and offered to wager that he could hit it with an ordinary army rifle. The young lieutenants fell over each other in covering that bet, and when the gun cracked they lost. It tickled the colonel so immensely that he spent all he had won and twice that sum over in getting these officers and certain friends from Hays City a Mumm's extra dry supper. There never was a regular army officer who possessed so much of the love of his subordinates as Col. Bliss.

Years, Mine and Ours.

A Western paper tells a story of a mixed brood of children which reveals the confusion liable to exist in certain families. A widower and a widow each having children, married, and children were subsequently born to them. The parents agreed much better than the children did. One day a neighbor, going past their place, heard a commotion within, out of which rose the voice of the wife, screaming to the husband: "Jim! Jim! Hurry out to the yard! Your children and my children are beating the lives out of our children."

Staving Off Consumption.

An Indiana man who claims to be 115 years old and in the enjoyment of robust health has informed a reporter that his parents died of consumption before they were 30 and that he has used whisky and tobacco exclusively for fifty years.

FOR CYCLISTS.

A good and cooling beverage is made by straining and beating a fresh egg and adding to a bottle of ginger beer. Water-proof road maps are now to be obtained and if one is caught in a sudden shower they make a good protection for one's head.

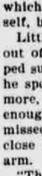
When the muscles are tired and lame a fine liniment to use is made of 5 cents' worth of castor oil added to 5 cents' worth of hartshorn. Shake well and keep tightly corked.

Soap is sold in book form and when needed a leaf can be torn out. This is a handy and almost necessary article for bicycle tourists to take if a long out-of-town run is contemplated.

The latest novelty in handle-bars is made hollow and contains those articles usually relegated to the tool bag. This removes the fear of having the bag stolen if the wheel is left alone by its owner.

Dust is worse for a bicycle than mud, for the latter can be cleaned off as once, but dust gets into every corner and hides. A pair of good bellows can be used with marvelous effect after a run over country roads.

The Japanese begin building their houses at the top. The roof is built and elevated on a skeleton frame. Then it is slowly lowered to the ground from above.



Dashell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Publisher.
DASHELL, TEXAS.

They tell us that snow is already lying in the Chilkoot pass. We pass.

It is understood that Henri d'Orleans will star next season in "The Punctured Prince."

It would not be surprising if the name of Dawson City was changed to Seattle next summer.

It is said that the Swat tribes have laid down their arms. Somebody else probably has swatted a little, also.

As they are children of England the Indians are probably rebelling because they didn't get a piece of the jubilee cake.

The editor of the Macon Telegraph speaks of the "locum tennis" of an esteemed contemporary. His Latin must have gone on a "racket."

When wheat reached the dollar mark every steam whistle in Muncie, Ind., tooted in unison for three hours. You can see how Muncie people feel about it.

The editor of the Nashville American gleefully remarks that "the ideally beautiful woman is born in Tennessee." Congratulations: what are you going to call her?

An enterprising Chelsgoon proposes to establish a matrimonial agency on the Klondike. Divorce courts probably will be unnecessary there, as legal separations will be made with a six-shooter.

Dr. E. O. Crewe, Chicago, claims to know of a stream in Alaska that rises in a mountain of gold, and flows golden water over a bed of golden nuggets. But the doctor is not pointing it out on the map.

Chinamen are ingenious, especially when trying to get into the United States. Two of them were found in an old stove on a train last week running from Canada to New York. The conductor was going to start a fire, but the brakeman insisted that they would not burn.

In Shelbyville, Ind., a constable who called to serve a writ upon a widow was scalded with a kettleful of hot water, and ran away so rapidly that he entirely forgot that he had suffered for twenty years with chronic rheumatism which would scarcely permit him to walk. The hot water cure seems to be effective, but it may be a little too severe for the average sufferer.

A new commandment is abroad in the land: Thou shalt not hear an unkind story so long as thou hast heels to turn or hands to cover thine ears. At a recent convention of Second Adventists in Maine, a large number of men and women went forward to kneel on the penitent form, and there consecrated their ears to God. Ethics have pranged long on the sin of scandal; there would be little of it if more ears were closed to its blandishments.

Concerning women's work and wages, the latest report of the department of labor offers the interesting fact that, out of seven hundred and eighty-two typical instances in which men and women work at the same occupation and perform their work with the same degree of efficiency, men receive greater pay in five hundred and ninety-five. And yet the old prejudice against the "inferior sex" is dying out, surely if slowly. In 58 of the almost 800 instances women received the same pay as men for the same work, and in one hundred and twenty-nine cases they even got more.

The chief judge of the Maryland court of appeals in a recent address before members of the bar of that state spoke earnestly of the moral obligations of members of the legal profession. The somewhat common impression that shrewdness is the chief requirement in a lawyer has been helped on by stories of "smart" legal tricks and by jests, put forth as though half in earnest, at the expense of the probity of the profession. A member of the bar is a high officer of the law. His duty is to assist in meting out justice as viewed by established laws. The profession, as such as any other, calls for absolute integrity founded on high moral worth, and it is a worthy ambition for any young student of the law to hope to prove himself equal to this supreme requirement. In his address Chief Judge McSherry favored the enactment and rigid enforcement of laws decreasing an invariable punishment for dishonesty in the practitioner, in addition to the exercise of every possible precaution against the admission of the morally unworthy into the profession.

A great many colored people in Gotham are masquerading in white people's hair. There stands outside of one of the smaller stores on Sixth avenue, not far from the shopping district, a glass show case which is filled, as it is marked, with "human hair goods." There is nothing unusual about any of these, except the color of the hair. It is all of an inky blackness and closely curled. The establishment does one of the largest businesses in the city in false hair for colored people. A white man presides over the destinies of this queer shop.

The merchants of Lena, Ill., have scored a great success in their boycott of the Standard Oil company. Nobody will sell or use the products of this company for love or money, and the little town of Lena has thereby become famous. You see it can be done.

As a matter of fact the assassin of Canovas was executed before his real name was known. Was it Goll, or Angiolillo or Angio Lillo? And who cares now? They do such things better abroad.

FIGHTING IN INDIA.

The British Loss Was 140 Killed and Wounded.

Camp Anayat, via Panakajora, Sept. 18.—Severe fighting has taken place between the second brigade of Gen. Sir Hinder Blood's division and the Mohmands. The British loss was 140 killed and wounded.

The brigade had moved out to attack the Mohmands in the valley north of the camp to punish them for the assault Tuesday night upon the force of Gen. Jeffreys at the foot of Pawat pass. The Bengal lancers found the enemy entrenched on the hills about eight miles distant.

The thirty-fifth Sikhs was ordered to make an attack. The regiment was supported by four guns of a mountain battery and by six companies of Buffs. The Sikhs drove the enemy into the hills, but eventually fell back upon the Buffs before superior numbers.

The enemy then advanced against the left flank, drove back the cavalry and surrounded a company of Sikhs. The cavalry charged brilliantly and relieved the Sikhs and the guides coming up swept the enemy back. The force halted for some time, destroying the enemy's towers, and then retired.

A company of Sikhs on the hills to the extreme right was hard pressed when the general officer commanding moved the guides forward to their relief, which was gallantly accomplished. The guides carried the wounded and sick back and executed the withdrawal in good order, though the enemy pressed them hard. Darkness fell and brought the engagement to a close.

Capt. Birch and Lieut. Watson behaved with great gallantry. All the morning papers comment upon the British reverse north of Camp Anayat. One says: "Whether it was due to rashness or to some not explained cause, it would be a matter of unfeigned sorrow. When we read of the loss of so many lives we can only deplore a casualty which, though it will be doubtless speedily avenged, casts a gloom upon the happier intelligence received from Fort Gulistan."

Another says: "The interruption of the advance is very deplorable. It is absolutely necessary to retrieve the reverse and meanwhile the enemy, who were said to be disheartened and disinclined to fight, will be encouraged to organize a determined resistance."

"It is impossible to offer an explanation of the mishap. We must remember, however, that it occurred in a country never before traversed by troops and very little is known about it. There is reason to fear a lack of complete intelligence as to the disposition of the enemy's strength has led our commanders to undertake an operation that cannot be pushed through. Further details are awaited with anxiety. It must be hoped that the Indian government will give Sir Wm. Lockhart a perfectly free hand to choose his own men. He must not be bound by red tape regulations. Much has yet to be done before peace and order will be restored."

And another continues: "It is very serious news and gives the greatest importance to the appointment of Sir Wm. Lockhart to succeed Sir George White as commander-in-chief in India on the latter's retirement, which has just been officially announced. There is little doubt that his name will be heard with dread by the insurgent tribesmen."

GOV. MOUNT'S ACTION.

The Mob That Lynched the Prisoners at Versailles, Ind., to be Prosecuted. Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 18.—Gov. Mount yesterday telegraphed to Mr. Connelly, prosecuting attorney at Versailles, Ind., expressing his gratification at the prompt action of the grand jury in its effort to punish the men who composed the lynching party at that place. The governor in his message says:

"I assure you that the executive authority of the state will support you in your efforts to expunge from the good name of Ripley county and of our honored state this stigma that has been brought out through the act of mob violence, and that the perpetrators of this diabolical crime shall be brought to justice."

Deputy Attorney General Moore, who was sent to the scene of the lynching by the governor, has returned and made a statement. He says that he believes it will be possible to indict the men who took the lives of the five men.

The Strike. Hazelton, Pa., Sept. 18.—The strike situation last night might be summarized thus: Over 10,000 men are still out with no apparent prospect of settlement; sporadic outbreaks of violence are occurring near the outlying collieries and the withdrawal of the troops is not only without consideration but the guard lines of several of the camps are being constantly strengthened and the wisdom of bringing more cavalry is being discussed.

A Destructive Fire. Simla, Sept. 18.—A destructive fire which began in a bazaar of Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan on Sept. 6, lasted until the following day. One hundred and fifty stores were burned. Four persons perished and damage to the amount of several lakhs of rupees was done. Sir Walter Pynes, the ameer's British adviser, distinguished himself in directing the work of quenching the flames, organizing fire brigades and using the fire engines.

Arrested for Assault. Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 18.—A special from Morrilton says: Yesterday morning Herman Harris, an insurance agent of Little Rock, who has a wife and family living in that city, went to the home of George Schaffer, the section foreman here, and assaulted Schaffer's 13-year-old daughter, Lizzie. He was arrested and had a preliminary hearing before "Squire Van Metre, who bound him over to the grand jury. Falling to make bond, he is in jail. Harris is a man 45 or 50 years old.

ASSAULT ON DIAZ KILLED.

City of Mexico, Sept. 18.—General satisfaction was expressed here yesterday as the news of the lynching of Anillo Arroyo spread through the city, although the more reflecting people, especially business and professional men, said they deplored the act of mob violence.

From the moment Arroyo was arrested yesterday in front of the Alameda, or central public park, masses of people kept clamoring for his life, and taunted Lieut. La Croix, who had the prisoner in charge, with not using his pistols on the criminal. A great crowd of the lower class followed the gendarmes to the national palace, where the prisoner was searched, and then, despite the remonstrances of the army officers, turned over to the civil authorities, by request of President Diaz, who was opposed to having the man tried by court martial, and, in fact, advised lenient policy, and accordingly the prisoner was allowed his full constitutional rights.

Acting on the wish expressed by President Diaz, the prisoner was taken under guard to the general police headquarters, in the city hall. Arroyo evidently felt apprehensive of the crowd, who were determined to seize and lynch him, and he was carefully locked up at headquarters, when he appeared to feel less fearful.

At night he was taken, clad in a straight jacket, to the office of the inspector of police, which consists of two rooms, with two windows opening on the street. The prisoner was given a mat to rest on, and was carefully guarded. Near at hand, in an adjoining department, were four officers of the secret service.

As Arroyo lay on the mat he conversed with one of the officers, who had known him for years. He was asked how he could have come to make the murderous assault on the president, knowing as he did how severely the law would deal with him, especially as he had studied law. Arroyo manifested a cynical indifference, and was in no way inclined to regret his act, and declared he had intended to stun the president, and then, taking the president's small sword, to kill him.

The apartment was very still except for the murmur of the conversation between the officer and prisoner, who seemingly enjoyed smoking his cigarette, when suddenly was heard the formidable noise of the tramping of many feet on the stairs leading up to the floor on which the office is situated, and there were confused shouts of "Long live President Diaz!" "Long live Mexico, and death to anarchists!"

Arroyo shuddered, his fear of the mob's attack growing stronger, and with good reason, for immediately the door was burst open and a great crowd of people, apparently of the lower class, entered, the leader bearing a small Mexican flag on a stick.

Officer Sanchez cried to the crowd to fall back, and advanced on them with his sword, when the mob overcame him, and throwing him down, advanced over his body to where Arroyo lay trembling, and at the same time other members of the party seized and bound two other gendarmes in the room.

Yells went up of "Kill him; he belongs to us!" and the din arose as of a horde of savages. Windows were broken, and the noise aroused the officers of the secret service, who rushed to the scene, but did not fire on the crowd, fearing they might kill some of the comrades of the police inside; so they contented themselves with firing shots from the windows, thus calling together the people on neighboring corners, who were ordered to prevent any persons leaving the city building.

Meantime in the room above a frightful tragedy had been enacted. Many knives being plunged into the body of Arroyo, who of course was entirely helpless. Inspector Velasquez had just left the national palace, where he had been accompanying the family of the governor of the federal district, when he heard the firing and went directly there.

Over twenty arrests were made, and all were locked up incommunicado, and have not been released, pending a strict inquiry which is to be made.

Order of the Red Men. Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 18.—The jubilee convention of the great council of the Improved Order of Red Men came to an end yesterday. The proposed new ritual was the principal business of the day. It having been made the special order for the morning session, various suggestions were made, and it was finally decided to provide a temporary ritual for the coming year. To accomplish this, a committee was appointed.

The overdue steamer Circassia for Glasgow, has been sighted.

Store Robbed. Belton, Tex., Sept. 18.—The Belton oil mill began running Wednesday, and will continue through the season. About ten days ago burglars broke into the store of Fisher & Moser, and stole about \$300 worth of goods. At the request of the officers the matter was kept quiet while they could do some detective work. Sheriff S. A. Sparks went to Hillsboro and arrested Will Carroll and Charles Johnson and brought them here and placed them in jail.

Charged With Murder. Louisville, Ky., Sept. 18.—E. Robert Lang, a handsome young fellow, who claims to be a Spiritualist, who can converse with departed spirits, was arrested yesterday by Detectives Wickham and McPeak, charged with the murder of Mrs. Sebree Gates, 63 years of age. It is claimed that Lang told Mrs. Gates that by following his directions she could talk with her dead husband and that he first secured all her money from the Louisville Banking company, some \$400 or \$500 and then gave her poison.

PRESIDENT DIAZ

He Was Assaulted While Taking Part in a Military Parade.

City of Mexico, Sept. 17.—The central thoroughfares of this city extending from the great plaza to Alameda, or the public park, was thronged by thousands of people yesterday morning assembled to see the military procession, usual on Independence day, pass by. The sidewalks, balconies and frequently house-tops were crowded with people, and fronts of business houses and private residences, some of them palatial buildings, were profusely decorated with the national colors, for-given flags and magnificent floral displays. Gendarmes lining either side of the streets kept the crowd from pressing into the open space through which passed the various bodies of civic and federal marchers on their way to take part in the public exercises of Alameda, after which the military parade was to march through the same street on its way to the national palace to be reviewed by President Diaz.

The scene was immensely picturesque, the Historic avenue, called by George Augustus Sala, one of the famous streets in the world, being all aglow with color and the Spanish-fashioned balconies, often of exquisite iron work, filled with ladies in brilliant toilets. After a short wait, the murmur ran through the crowd that the president was coming, and on foot, dressed in the uniform of a general of a division. The president, bowing right and left to the applauding crowd, came, immediately behind him being Gen. Pradillo, the governor of the national palace, who served in the same capacity under Emperor Maximilian. Following them were other officers, cabinet ministers, etc.

Suddenly at a point near the Alameda there was a disturbance in the crowd on the sidewalk and a well-built, muscular man with flowing black hair and mustache, forced his way by tremendous effort past the gendarmes and soldiers and jumped between the president and Gen. Pradillo and the Chief of Staff Monasterio and dealt a blow at the back of the president's neck, but the violence of the blow was diminished by the fact that he was crowded between the president and officers immediately following him. The president turned around and caught sight of his assailant and resumed his march with admirable coolness.

Meantime Chief of Staff Monasterio hit the man with a cane and the fellow turning, seized it and broke it, when Gen. Pradillo hit him a powerful blow in the neck, felling him. The gendarmes rushed forward and some mounted officers and police seized and plied him. He was taken through a side street and led away, the people shouting, "Give him to us!" "We will hang him!" but the gendarmes succeeded in keeping their prisoner, being reinforced by cavalrymen, the great crowd shouting and running behind.

The man was taken to the palace and stripped, but no weapon was found on his person, but an etching of himself is said to have been discovered in his pocket. He was then taken to the city hall, securely bound and placed in solitary confinement, after being questioned by officers. His name is Ignacio Anillo, who has of late been employed in a notary's office as a clerk and said by the chief of police to have a record as a man of violent habits, given to drink and quarrelsomeness. Various stories are told regarding his design on the president, one theory being that he was armed with a dagger as many police believe, but if so, he must have thrown it away, as no weapon was found on him. It seems almost certain that he intended harm, for at the moment of dealing the blow, he used opprobrious terms and seemed almost maniacal.

Colored Postmaster Killed. Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 17.—United States District Attorney E. A. Angier received a telegram from Hogsansville, Ga., yesterday morning stating that the negro postmaster at that place, whose name is Lofton, had been shot. No details were given and it is not known whether the negro is dead or not. A postoffice inspector has been ordered from Chattanooga to investigate the case. Lofton was appointed about three months ago in the face of violent opposition on the part of the white patrons of the office and it is supposed here that politics had something to do with the attack on him.

Revolutionists Won. San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 17.—Private advices received here yesterday convey the information that after two days of hard fighting the garrison of Barrios soldiers at Quiesaltenago succumbed to superior numbers and the revolutionists are masters of the situation in Guatemala. This is understood as equivalent to the end of the career of Reno Barrios as dictator of the Central American republic.

Biscuit Companies Consolidated. Chicago, Ill., Sept. 17.—Well-defined rumors were current on La Salle street yesterday to the effect that an end had been reached in the war of the biscuit companies and a plan of consolidation embracing the New York Biscuit company, the American Biscuit company and the United States Biscuit company agreed upon. These companies have a combined capital stock of \$30,000,000, and practically control the entire output of the United States.

Irrigation Meeting. Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 17.—The Southern Irrigation Congress met Wednesday in the Knoxville building of the exposition, President Hunnicutt presiding. Papers relating to irrigation were read and speeches made on the same subject. The following officers were elected for the next year: J. B. Hunnicutt of Athens, Ga., president; G. H. Gardner of Nashville vice-president, and W. G. Highy secretary and treasurer. The congress will meet in Atlanta in October.

Little Rock Excited. Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 17.—A great flutter of excitement was created here yesterday by the appearance of seven names on the hotel registers of arrivals from New Orleans. They had gotten in before the quarantine guards were put on duty. They were Frank Sancho, William Barnett and family, Miss Fannie Wolfson, Mrs. Geo. S. Wolfson and P. F. Mills. Health officers at once visited upon them and informed them that they must leave the city at once. After protesting the refugees left Little Rock.

Will Go to Work. Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 16.—The coal miners, strike so far as the Pittsburgh district is concerned, is off and the 22,000 diggers will resume work at the 65-cent rate.

The decision to ignore the ten-day clause at the Columbus settlement, was arrived at late yesterday afternoon by a delegate convention of miners representing the entire district. There were only four dissenting votes when the resolutions to go to work at once was voted on.

More Yellow Fever Cases.

Mobile, Ala., Sept. 17.—Yesterday was a black letter day for Mobile. One new case was announced at the noon meeting of the board of health and two suspicious cases were reported. At 4 o'clock the first patient, Antone Hagan, at the city hospital died, and an autopsy was held, resulting in the declaration that he died of yellow fever. This is the first death recorded here.

Ocean Springs, Miss., Sept. 17.—Yesterday was an exceptionally hot day, the thermometer registering well up in the nineties. Four new cases of dengue were reported, and one case of yellow fever, W. C. Banford. He has been sick since last Friday, and Surgeon Murray declared the case genuine yellow fever. The patient is in a critical condition.

Surgeon Wasdin is progressing finely and will soon be well. Dr. Dunn, accompanied by Dr. Bragg, visited Ocean Springs and reports five cases of yellow fever there and four doubtful. They also report one new case at Barkley.

Edwards, Miss., Sept. 17.—At 6 p. m. yesterday there were seventeen pronounced cases of yellow fever and thirty-five other cases of similar symptoms, but not yet declared yellow fever. Capt. Monaghan's condition is critical. He had black vomit Wednesday night and yesterday; this is his ninth day. Mrs. Anna Henry had black vomit yesterday morning and is reported quite sick, her third day. All other cases are progressing fairly well. Both the Presbyterian and Methodist ministers, Revs. Colmery and J. G. Galloway respectively, were taken Wednesday. Dr. Purnell, in charge, has ordered 100 tons for the refugee camp to be placed under control of the marine hospital authorities in connection with our state board.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 17.—A brighter outlook for New Orleans was brighter outlook for New Orleans is concerned. The reports received by the board of health and compiled at 6 p. m., from all sections of the city were of a most encouraging nature. Instead of twenty cases requiring investigation, as on Wednesday, there were only three were pronounced suspicious and two declared yellow fever. There was nothing in the others. The two new cases are: P. Toma, a butcher, 30 years of age, living at 1206 St. Andrews street, and E. Harman, a mulatto, employed at the cotton exchange, and living at 2129 Tulane avenue. The Toma case has been under investigation for three days and as the patient has been suffering with other complications some difficulty was found in immediately diagnosing the case as one of yellow fever. The premises wherein Toma resides have been in charge of the board of health for several days, and it is not anticipated that the disease will spread in this quarter. The case of Harman is noteworthy because it is the first case wherein a negro has been attacked.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 17.—A fatal and somewhat peculiar case of yellow fever developed in the very heart of Boloxi yesterday. Early yesterday morning Corlon Lampongani, an Italian keeper of a fruitstand on one of the principal streets of the town, who had been ill for several days, was found dead. Drs. Harral and Gant at once pronounced the case one of yellow fever, and as nearly all the physicians of Boloxi, have been declaring that the prevailing illness was not yellow fever, an invitation was sent out to each resident doctor to be present at an autopsy to be held. Surgeon Murray of the marine hospital service, who was at Ocean Springs, was also telegraphed an invitation to be present and came on a hand car. Dr. Murray conducted the autopsy and was assisted by several physicians. At its completion it was unanimously declared that the man had died of a typical case of yellow fever. There have been altogether twenty-two cases of yellow fever in Boloxi. Nineteen are under treatment. There has been but one death.

THE STRIKE

A Conflict Took Place Between Striking and Working Miners.

Hazleton, Pa., Sept. 17.—The American Federation of Labor has taken up the cause of the mine workers in this region. Their organizers are already at work here, and when this has been completed a uniform scale will be formulated and presented to the operators. There will be no marching nor anything in the nature of a demonstration and no attempt will be made to bring about sympathetic strikes.

The peace prevailing during the past few days was broken yesterday by a conflict between striking and working miners which for a time threatened to be serious. A body of about 150 men and boys led by a score of women, made a raid on the Carson, Etar and Monarch collieries at Honeybrook, near Audentel.

There was a \$80,000 fire at Moorehead, Minn., recently.

WORK OF A MOB.

Five Men Were Taken from the Jail at Versailles, Ind., and Lynched.

Versailles, Ind., Sept. 17.—Yesterday was the most exciting day in the history of this city. The bodies of five men, who had been lynched during the night, were found hanging to the same tree near the jail yesterday morning. This caused such a sensation in this city that it readily spread throughout the country, and no occasion ever attracted such crowds to the city. For years southern Indiana has been infested with lawless gangs. The railroads and express companies broke up the depredations of these gangs along their lines and latterly they have preyed upon the citizens. The citizens have taken the law into their own hands in this locality before, but never to such an extent as yesterday. The Reno brothers were lynched together at Seymour, Ind., twenty years ago, and the Archer gang, three in number, were strung up together at Shoals, Ind., twelve years ago. There have been numerous lynchings of one at a time, but the "job lot" of five breaks the record.

"That an unusual state of feeling existed is shown by the determination of the mob which led to the ferocity of first killing three of the men in jail and then dragging the living and dead together and hanging them to the same tree. It is notable, too, that no outrage which usually arouses a mob's vengeance, such as murder or assault, was charged against the victims. The stringent measures taken were the result of long and exasperating sufferings from robberies, some of which were accompanied by torture of the victims. The excitement of the day was not lessened by the suppressed hints that more objects of the people's wrath would be made to suffer in the same way.

The five victims, Lyle Levi, aged 57; Wm. Jenkins, 28, married; Henry Schulte, 24, married; Bert Andrews, 30; Cliff Gordon, 21, all residents of Osgood, three miles away.

Two men were left in jail, Charles Kelly, aged 14, for burglary, and Arthur McMillan, for carrying concealed weapons. The latter was let out on bond last night. McMillan says three of the prisoners were killed in the jail and one of the others all but killed. The mob came very near taking McMillan out.

Last night the jail was as quiet as the humblest residence. Beside the one lone prisoner, Kelly, the only occupants are Deputy Jailor Wm. E. Keenan and his guard, Wm. Black. They faced the mob Tuesday night and were locked in a cell while the work of slaughter was done. But while the jail is lightly guarded, it does not follow that the excited little town is asleep without patrol. Marshal John Tyler, with twenty-five deputies, is alert against any possible uprising, and every road running into the town is picketed with wide-awake men. This precaution is not taken in anticipation of a second visit by the regulators. The danger apprehended is from another quarter, the friends of the lynched men.

No private citizen of Versailles has reason to fear personal violence. The danger dreaded is arson. Rumors are rife of threats on the part of the friends of the men who were mobbed to even up matters by means of the torch.

STEAMERS COLLIDE.

The Catskill and the St. Johns Wrecked on the Hudson River.

New York, Sept. 16.—The big Hudson river steamboat Catskill and the large excursion boat St. Johns collided on its regular night trip with thirty passengers. The collision was due to a misunderstanding of the signals which passed between the two vessels. The St. Johns struck the Catskill, which was heavily loaded with freight, on the starboard side thirty-five feet from the bow, cutting a hole in the hull below the water line. The crash extinguished the lights on the Catskill and caused a panic among the passengers, some of whom dropped overboard. Great excitement also prevailed among the excursionists on the St. Johns. When the steamboats parted the Catskill was turned toward the Jersey shore, while the crew of the St. Johns lowered small boats and rescued the people struggling in the water. Just as the Catskill neared the shore she filled and went down on a bank of mud. Several tugboats responded to the calls for help and aided in the rescue. Leonard P. Miller of Hoboken, who was taken from the water, had his right leg fractured. He said that before being rescued a small boy who was in the water near him, had been drowned. The latter is supposed to be Bertie Timmerman, five years old, of Leeds, N. Y. Mr. Maria McDonald, residence unknown, and Susan Morris, of Guttenberg, N. J., are missing, and are thought to have been drowned.

Received an Ovation.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 16.—Brown university opened yesterday and the time-honored exercises at the chapel were conducted as usual by President Andrews. He did not make the slightest allusion to his resignation nor to the affairs of the corporation, but everyone knew that he had withdrawn his resignation, and when he entered the building he received tremendous ovations from the students. His annual address was on "Some Impressions of the Greater European Questions."

Future Hopes.

Besse-I did not see you all last summer. I suppose you were very much engaged. Louise—No, only about five fellows, but I hope to do better this season.—New York Tribune.

Troops Successful.

Simla, Sept. 16.—The operations of the troops under the command of Gen. Yeatman-Biggs, undertaken for the purpose of relieving the Samana post, have been entirely successful. The police post at Saraghari has been recaptured by the British forces and the troops carried the position by assault. Fort Lockhart was relieved on Tuesday morning and Fort Gulistan was relieved the same evening. The field guns which upon this occasion were brought into action have a range of 30,000 yards.

Steamboat Men Meet.

New York, Sept. 16.—The National Board of Steam Navigation held its twenty-sixth annual meeting in the Fifth Avenue hotel Tuesday. In the absence of President C. C. Melsonier of St. Louis, First Vice President Wood of New Orleans, presided. The executive committee recommended that congress should be asked to pass a law making uniform regulations regarding the height of bridges over navigable rivers and the length of spans. The board approved this recommendation.

Gold from Alaska.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 16.—The long overdue steamer, Excelsior, which left St. Michaels six weeks ago, but was compelled to put back to Unalaska for repairs, after having broken two blades of her propeller, arrived here yesterday morning with sixty-three passengers and about \$2,500,000 gold.

Of those who came down from Alaska, all but two are known to have money, but few were communicative enough to admit how much they had. E. Hayes of Portland was conceded to have the largest individual amount, but upon being interviewed he would admit having but \$35,000. All unite in confirming the stories already told of the impending danger of famine at Dawson City during the coming winter. They say there are at least 7000 people now at Dawson, and that more are swarming in every day, but that the provisions are already running short, and the prospects of getting more in are remote. The Excelsior's passengers are of the opinion that the Klondike region is richer than was at first supposed, but are also of the opinion that unless the emigration to that country is stopped temporarily, there will be terrible suffering.

Louis Sloss, of Portland, was one of the passengers on the Excelsior. He went to Dawson City for the company, and reports that all good claims are occupied. There is no chance for the newcomers unless a rich strike is made in some other section. Mr. Sloss says that his company's store at Dawson was closed for but one day, to receive freight from a river steamer. He thinks provisions will be scarce, but hesitates to say there will be actual starvation. There are about 500 impatient miners at St. Michaels, most of whom will have to stay until spring unless they have already secured passage on the river boats. There are plenty of provisions at St. Michaels, and every effort is being made to get supplies up the river to Dawson.

It is difficult to say how much money was brought down by the Excelsior. The miners are secretive, and will give no accurate information. Some of them, it is known, could not bring much, and would be glad to work down here. The Alaska Commercial company received a large consignment of treasure, but will not say exactly how much. When asked as to the amount, Mr. Sloss said: "We brought more than came down on the Portland, and we did not need Maxim guns to protect it."

YELLOW FEVER SITUATION.

The Report of the Board of Health of New Orleans.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 16.—The following is the daily official bulletin of the board of health:

New Orleans, La., Sept. 15.—The board of health of the state of Louisiana officially announces the status of affairs regarding yellow fever in New Orleans to be as follows:

For the twenty-four hours ending 6 p. m., Sept. 15: Number of reports investigated, 20, number in which no cause was found, 14, number of cases found suspicious, 3, number cases still under investigation, 2, number cases pronounced yellow fever, 3.

Total number of reports investigated to date, 111, total number no cause for suspicion, 84, total under investigation, 26, total regarded as suspicious, 3, total pronounced yellow fever, 18, total deaths to date from yellow fever, 1.

It is represented by attending physicians that the type of disease is very mild, and that all those under treatment are doing well.

S. R. OLIPHANT, President.

W. C. FLOWER.

Mayor of New Orleans.

The board of health has decided to take radical steps for the perfect sanitation of the city, and considers the situation hopeful. The authorities are co-operating with the board of trade in an effort to have the quarantine embargo on freight to interior points raised or so modified as to permit the shipment of merchandise under proper and reasonable restrictions.

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Bennie's Sweet Potatoes. A Pretty Story for Our Juvenile Readers. Emmy's Going Home, or the Beauty of Christian Charity.

The Robin. KILLED a robin. The little thing with scarlet breast and glossy wing. That comes in the apple-tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there. I only meant to give him a scare. But off it went—and it hit him square.

A little flutter—a lit-tle cry— Then on the ground I saw him lie. I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I could see He never would sing for you and me Any more in the apple-tree.

Never more in the morning light, Never more in the sunshine bright, Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day, How never, never, I can repay That little life I took away.

—Sydney Dayre.

Bennie's Sweet Potatoes. The little farm on which Bennie lived with his mamma and sister Bessie did not look well that summer.

"It is all going to rack and ruin," sighed Mrs. Hudson, Bennie's mamma, when she looked at the neglected fields.

Bennie's papa had died in the fall, and there had been no money to hire help. Bennie had felt very badly because they could plant no sweet potatoes.

He was very fond of them, and besides he had helped his papa so much with them all the year before he felt that he knew all about them.

He watched Mr. Leonard put in two acres with a great deal of interest and some envy.

Mr. Leonard was the new school teacher, a young man who was not very well, and did a little farming outside of school hours for the sake of his health.

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"Nonsense, Bennie!" said Mr. Leonard. Then, as he noticed the earnest little face, he said, "Come and see if you can find any in the ground. I'll give you every one you find, my little man."

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Bennie ran home. "O, mamma!" he said, "let me have a big sack, quick, and let Bessie come too," and then he told her all about it.

Mamma gave him the sack, and Bessie ran off by his side. They dug all the afternoon and until after sundown. What a lot there were! Why, they had more than Mr. Leonard!

"You will have to run home and get more sacks," Bennie said.

"O, no! I don't want but one sack; I do not think it would be fair to take them all. You did not know how many there were," answered Bennie.

At last, he consented to take half the potatoes, and Mr. Leonard helped him carry them home.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Some Wraps for Autumn—They May Be Made of Odds and Ends of Material Left Over—The McKinley Jacket—Morganatic Marriages.

Father Is Coming. HE clock is on the stroke of six. The father's work is done. Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire. And put the kettle on. The wild night-wind is blowing cold. This dreary crossing o'er the world.

He is crossing o'er the world space, He is stronger than the storm; He does not feel the breeze of air. His heart is so warm. For father's heart is stout and true. As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all men, all hardish light; Would all men were the same! So ready to be pleased, so kind, So very slow to blame! For love hath reader will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child, For far along the lane The little window looks, and he Can see it shining plain: I've heard him say he loves to mark The cheerful light, through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes: His wishes are so few; Would they were more, that every hour Some wish of his I knew. I'm sure it makes a happy day, When I can please him, any way.

I know he's coming by this sign, That baby's almost wild; See how he laughs, and crows, and struts— Heaven bless the merry child! He's father's self in face and limb, And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now, He's through the garden gate; Run, little lass, and open the door, And do not let him wait. Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands, For father on the threshold stands.

—Mary Howitt.

Wraps for Autumn. Autumn wraps consist of more or less tight-fitting jackets and sleeves, but mainly of sleeves. They're economical, too, because the sleeves are always different from the body of the garment and are made of all sorts of odds and ends of diaphanous material.

In fact, if it were not so evidently a new freak of fashion one would almost be tempted to believe that the mode had been started by some one anxious to get rid of scraps of material. How-

ever, that isn't the point. The thing is that if you wish to be in the fashion you must get a wrap of this character. Young girls wear them tight-fitting, the matron wears one that is long and straight in front, rather short and tight-fitting in the back.

A charming model for a young girl is of cardinal-faced cloth, embroidered with a large scroll design in black braid. The sleeves are formed of two rows of accordion-plaited chiffon, with flounces of cardinal maline beneath. On top of the sleeves are rosettes of the chiffon and the neck has a ruche of the same.

Of course, the girls who have necks of black mousseline de soie will find them just the thing to wear with these jackets. For a matron of about 30 is one of the prettiest jackets made.

No More Morganatic Marriages. The death knell of morganatic marriages has been sounded by the judgment just rendered in the Lippe-De-mold succession controversy by a specially organized tribunal, presided over by the venerable king of Saxony, dean of all the sovereigns comprised in the federation known as the German empire.

According to the decision of this court—the decrees of which, by previous arrangement, are binding upon all the states of the empire—morganatic unions on the part of parents, or of more remote ancestors, are no longer to constitute any bar to the succession to the throne. This being the case, it naturally follows that they cease to entail any disqualifying consequences in all other particulars, and that they become identical with ordinary marriages.

The tribunal could not logically come to any other conclusion. For if morganatic marriages on the part of ancestors had been pronounced sufficient to disqualify from the succession to the crown, it would have been equivalent to a judicial declaration that at least seven-tenths of the thrones of Germany were held wrongfully.

Indeed, there is a question whether, if Emperor William's argument had been admitted, his own children could have been permitted to succeed to the throne of Prussia, since by no means remote ancestor of the present German emperor married a servant girl, from whom her imperial majesty and her numerous children are descended.

Fanatics on the question of Victorian revivals in this season of the jubilee are trying desperately to make the British matron and maid don the glaring white stocking, but the matter has been a sorry attempt so far.

Capes seem to be on the decline, but Paris has sent out a dainty conceit which may thrive because of its novelty. It is called the "Kerchief cape," from the fact that it is kerchief-shaped. Its edge is adorned with either narrow flouncings or the new popular fringe.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

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

Injuring Dairy Export Trade. N conversation not long since with a gentleman who has spent a considerable time in Great Britain in investigating the markets of that country for both butter and cheese, we were very much impressed with his idea:

that is, that our people had too much of the Yankee in their business methods in connection with England when exporting butter and cheese, says Elgin Dairy Report. The matter came up incidentally as to the quality of goods from the reason that a box maker had sent to a factory where this gentleman was having butter packed, some boxes made of wood that had both flavor and taste.

He refused to accept them, believing that in the end, although a saving of two or three cents on the box might be had, he would probably lose a cent or two on each pound of butter, which would not be a good investment. The conversion drifted into the quality of goods heretofore sent to England from our American market as a representative of the quality of both butter and cheese made in this country.

Of course filled cheese came in for discussion, as it always does in that direction, showing that the quality of cheese sent over there as full cream cheese, being filled or sophisticated with lard, had done more to degrade the reputation of American cheese than any one thing.

and that the dealers over there take advantage of that, and whenever they find a bad lot either of English or Canadian cheese, they label it American and mark it at low prices, and refer their customers to the fact that they cannot get good cheese from America, and these are a fair sample of the goods. It is so in the butter line. We have been sending over to a large extent nothing but low grade butter that would sell there possibly for a cent a pound profit more in proportion than the better grades, and the English dealers had come to believe that they could get no good butter in this country; but now that a change has been made it rests entirely with the dealers and shippers on this side to build up and sustain a reputation for high class goods in the English markets that will stand up in the future. Take for example the Danish dairy industry; it is fostered by the government and in such a way that the maker or manufacturer who does not come up to the requirements of grade, both in regard to the butter itself and the method of packing, that he loses caste at once, and not only that, but he loses money at the same time. This is a most effectual way of curing either shippers or manufacturers of careless or slovenly ways. So with exporting dairy products from this country. Now that we have gotten rid of the filled cheese question, and it must go forward labeled so that the people who buy it will know what they are buying, the butter question comes to the front more extensively than ever before, and the quality that we send forward will determine the extent of the market which American butter will obtain in England.

Standard Varieties of Chickens. Minorcas—This variety of fowls belong to the Mediterranean class, and they are placed next to the Leghorns in laying qualities. They are in appearance very similar to the Leghorns. Their general outline is, in fact, that of the latter, but of more length of body and heavier in mold. Indeed, they are the only variety of the Mediterranean class that has a given weight, which approaches that of the Wyandotte, being only one-half pound lighter than the last named.

The origin of the Minorca, like that of so many others of our profitable poultry, is much in doubt. Some are of the opinion that they originally came from Minorca, an island in the Mediterranean Sea, one of the Balearic Isles, while others contend they are a variety of the Black Spanish. Be that as it may, they are one of the most profitable breeds of poultry for the farm that is known. For table purposes they are good, the flesh being white, or light colored, and fine grained.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Foot of the Future—A Familiar Phrase Explained—A Natural Mistake—From Sunshine to Storm—Where Peace Prevails.

The Future Foot. OME day a poet will arise, With well-cut hair and steady eyes, They usually have flowing hair, And eyes, with an outstaring stare; Who'll make the simplest mortal feel The ailments of the speedy wheel; He'll tell them of the pleasant sights, The subtle charm of moonlight nights, And soon they'll think of naught beside, But just to get a "bike" and ride.

—S. P. Hazard, No. 10, 20.

From Sunshine to Storm. The other day an Irishman went to his late employer's house and said cheerfully: "Good morning, sir. Bogorra, you're a gentleman," shakes hands with him; "Sure yer wife's a perfect lady," shakes hands with her; "yer daughter's a little angel," takes her up in his arms and kisses her; "and yer dog's a beauty," pats dog on the head.

"Well, Pat," said his employer, "I must thank you kindly for your compliments, but I am very sorry to say I have no work for you this morning."

"What?" exclaimed Pat, aghast, "no work?" Then yer an old pig; yer wife's a female alligator; yer daughter's a baboon-faced haythen; an' yer dog's not worth cats' meat; and then he bolted.

A Natural Mistake. Jack—What, mosquitoes here! Agnes—Oh, no! But it's only brother playing the mandolin.—New York Ledger.

A Suspicious Irishman. The priest in a little Irish town announced one Sunday that a collection would be taken up to defray the cost of coal for heating the church.

Everybody contributed but Tom Murphy, who gave a sly wink as the plate was presented to him, but nothing else. The priest noticed Tim's dereliction, but surmised that he might have left his money at home.

A similar contribution was levied the following Sunday. As before, everybody gave except Tim, who looked sly. The priest wondered, and after service took his parishioner to task.

"Now, Tim," he said, "why didn't you give me something, even if it was but little?"

"Faith, I'm on to yez!" said Tim.

"Yes, father."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing; just that I'm on to yez, that's all."

"Tim, your words are disrespectful, and require an explanation. What do you mean?"

"Oh, faith, father, a-thrying to pull the wool over me eyes, a-thrying to make us believe yez wants the money to buy coal to heat the church, an' yer reverence knows it's heated by steam!"

The Tramp's Generosity. A gentleman returning home late one night down a lonely country road was suddenly attacked by a tramp, who, not satisfied with annexing his victim's watch and chain, turned his pockets out also.

When the unfortunate gentleman had staggered on to his feet again, he beheld the tramp standing a few yards away smiling at his discomfiture.

"Here's half-a-crown for yer, guv'nor," he said, showing his dirty yellow teeth; "my pal's down the road; if he meets you, and you haven't got no money on you, he'll scorch your skin for you. Now, be off."

Familiar Phrase Explained. Robinson—Well, old chap, how did you sleep last night? Smith (who had dined out)—Like a top. As soon as my head touched the pillow, it went round and round.

Where Peace Prevails. "Was it a restful place out at that country boarding house?" "Yes; in the parlor was a sign read: 'This piano is closed pairs.'"

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Bennie's Sweet Potatoes. A Pretty Story for Our Juvenile Readers. Emmy's Going Home, or the Beauty of Christian Charity.

The Robin. KILLED a robin. The little thing with scarlet breast and glossy wing. That comes in the apple-tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there. I only meant to give him a scare. But off it went—and it hit him square.

A little flutter—a lit-tle cry— Then on the ground I saw him lie. I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I could see He never would sing for you and me Any more in the apple-tree.

Never more in the morning light, Never more in the sunshine bright, Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day, How never, never, I can repay That little life I took away.

—Sydney Dayre.

Bennie's Sweet Potatoes. The little farm on which Bennie lived with his mamma and sister Bessie did not look well that summer.

"It is all going to rack and ruin," sighed Mrs. Hudson, Bennie's mamma, when she looked at the neglected fields.

Bennie's papa had died in the fall, and there had been no money to hire help. Bennie had felt very badly because they could plant no sweet potatoes.

He was very fond of them, and besides he had helped his papa so much with them all the year before he felt that he knew all about them.

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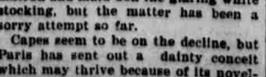
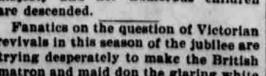
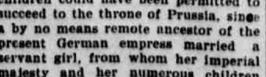
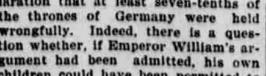
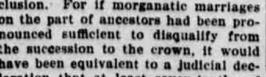
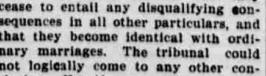
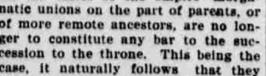
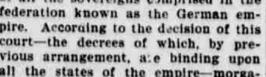
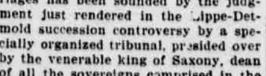
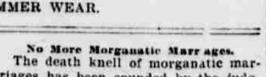
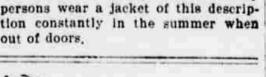
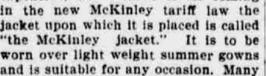
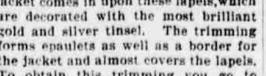
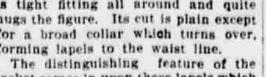
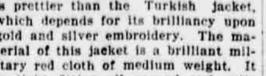
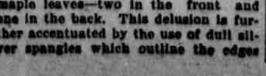
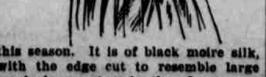
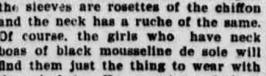
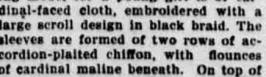
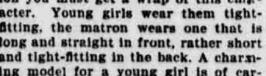
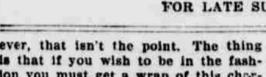
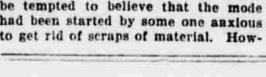
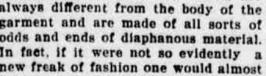
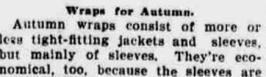
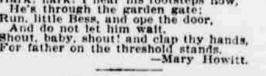
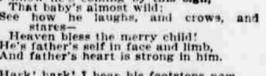
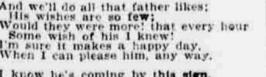
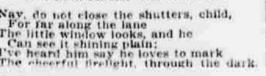
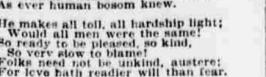
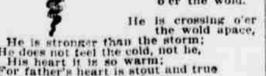
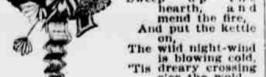
Bennie ran home. "O, mamma!" he said, "let me have a big sack, quick, and let Bessie come too," and then he told her all about it.

Mamma gave him the sack, and Bessie ran off by his side. They dug all the afternoon and until after sundown. What a lot there were! Why, they had more than Mr. Leonard!

"You will have to run home and get more sacks," Bennie said.

"O, no! I don't want but one sack; I do not think it would be fair to take them all. You did not know how many there were," answered Bennie.

At last, he consented to take half the potatoes, and Mr. Leonard helped him carry them home.



ZEALAND SHEEP-DOGS

A DEPTH OF REASONING THAT IS MARVELOUS.

How Most Their Chief Diet, Yet Despite the Intense Heat Hydropneumonia is Unknown on the Island—Enjoys Life and Lives Long.



MAORI

(Special Letter.) NEW ZEALAND is a country that relies largely upon labor of dogs as opposed to the toll of men. The bulk of New Zealand interests lie in either pastoral or an agricultural direction, and the chief revenue from native industries centers in the manufacture of wool. With 16,000,000 sheep, as an average aggregate for the current financial year, that have borne 80,000,000 pounds of wool, steady, remunerative employment is given to a vast body of men whose valuation in the labor market is enhanced by the skill of the sheep dogs in their possession. Work for sheep dogs is incessant. The four annual events of mustering are the sole periods, however, when they get spells of absolutely hard work unless the shepherd is boundary keeping. In this event the dogs are employed daily. The musters are named Shearing muster (November), Stragglers muster (February), Weaning muster (March), Autumn muster (May). The muster of every sheep on the run is imperative, and those are rare exceptions where less than four musters are deemed sufficient. The musters frequent districts, and proceed from run to run till the muster is completed. A muster is arranged on recognized lines. As nearly as possible the men work in a line, within sight of each other, and on a previous day discussed "beat." The command drives the sheep gradually down to the man below him, who passes them on till they reach the man working the flats. There is no precise rule, as each man can keep his mob of sheep till the beat is mustered.



MUSTERING THE SHEEP.

All this time the dogs have been working in every course on the beat, not in a bunch, but each in his own sphere, as the shepherd commands. There are half a dozen dogs, they would comprise two "headings" or "leading" dogs, two "driving" or "huntaways," and two "handy" dogs. The "handy" dog is a dog able to turn its attention with equal exactness to anything. To a spectator a muster discloses a depth of reasoning in dogs that is wholly dormant at other moments. It rouses all their latent acuteness. The dog grasps in a moment what he has to do, and does it. There is little erring; once his education is accomplished, his owner can depend upon him in a crisis.

The dogs used in this colony on sheep farms are selected from Scots and German collies and the Smithfield sheep dog, and vary much in size and class as they do in price. A dog fitted for the capabilities of a small farm could be purchased for \$2.50, while men who are in residence on back-country stations of 200,000 acres repeatedly pay from \$50 to \$75 for their fancy. It takes a dog a little time to "collon" on to the ways of a new "boss," but, once he understands, he endeavors his utmost to give satisfaction.

It is somewhat surprising that, after the rough-and-tumble life they lead, they do not exhibit signs of decay at an earlier age. The limit of years when their work yet retains the sterling worth of their youth is about half a score, perhaps a year or two less. The first twelve months they are left to shape themselves, though, of course, any egregious error is summarily corrected. After that the shepherd settles down to earnest training, and their life just then is not quite a merry one. At two years old they should have picked up all the wrinkles of the trade, and in the hands of an able instructor that is customarily the case. From two years old till eight years has been reached the dog puts forth his mettle, but this the turning point—thence he



SHEPHERD AND DOGS RESTING. develops carelessness, his life is full of blunders. It is then better to destroy him, or relegate him to minor duties.

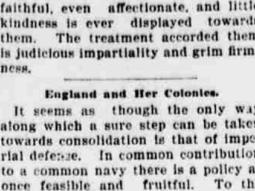
The theory of feeding the dog in New Zealand is radically different from any system in vogue in England. It goes by the rule of thumb, but is the outcome of matured knowledge. Some feed the dog twice a week, others every other day, few daily, especially where the "dog's tucker" is raw meat. Raw meat is the chief diet, and the animals are exempt from eczema and kindred ailments.

Hydropneumonia is unknown. In the history of the colony there has never been a single case of it. In summer the heat is so oppressive that dogs have dropped from its intensity, but requiring to be plunged into water be-

BAFFLES DEATH.

COUPLER FOR INTESTINES THE LATEST.

Made of Suitable Decalcified Bone and Is Very Effective in Delicate Operations—A Chicago Physician's Startling Invention.



FRANK'S

FRANK'S coupler may succeed to the renowned Murphy's button as a means of joining together several intestines. It is the invention of Dr. Jacob Frank, surgeon to the St. Elizabeth and German hospitals, in Chicago, and has been tried there with great success.

The delicate operation of joining together the ends of an intestine, where it has divided accidentally, or surgically, was long rendered doubly dangerous by the process of sewing the flesh together. Dr. Murphy invented his metallic button by which the ends were held together, and which passed out after the wound had healed. This proved of great value.

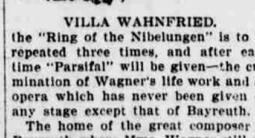
Dr. Frank's coupler consists of two decalcified bone collars, with six needle holes at the apex or shoulder of each, and one piece of ordinary gum tubing, seven-eighths of an inch in length and five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter.

It is prepared for use in the following manner: A collar is slipped over a piece of tubing until the apex is brought to a level with the end of the rubber tubing, when an ordinary medium-sized curved needle, threaded with No. 6 braided silk, is carried through each opening and is tied; this fastens the collar to the tube. The other collar is next fitted snugly to the one already fastened, and is then in like manner sewed to the other end of the tube and placed in absolute alcohol until needed for use. The rubber tubing to which the collars have been sewed serves subsequently for the passage of the intestinal contents.

The bases of the collars, which are formed into a broadened rim, are held firmly in apposition throughout their whole circumference. In coupling a severed intestine the ends are brought over each collar and crowded within the line of junction of the two. This forces the two collars apart, and the rubber tubing to which the collars have been attached draws them together again with sufficient pressure to cause, in medical parlance, "a necrosis of intesped intestine." Four days after this connection has been made the two ends of the intestine have grown together as naturally and as thoroughly as a piece of rubber tubing could be melted together. At the same time the collar has dissolved, and with the tubing has passed away.

The preparations of the bone collars before they can be used for welding the intestines is interesting. In the first place, the collars are carved out of sound, very compact bone, which is obtained from the lower hind legs of four-year-old oxen. In their primary state they are almost as hard as metal, and would not dissolve much quicker.

(Special Letter.) Wagner's stormy music attracted to Bayreuth this year because of the Ring of the Nibelungen. It is to be repeated three times, and after each time "Parsifal" will be given—the culmination of Wagner's life work and an opera which has never been given on any stage except that of Bayreuth.



VILLA WAHNFRIED.

The home of the great composer at Bayreuth where Mme. Wagner still resides, is an imposing and quaint edifice with a distinctly old world air. A large number of Chicago music-lovers who are abroad this season intend to be present at the Bayreuth festival, where they will have music in its native element. Nothing is allowed to interfere there; two minutes before the commencement of each act the twelve entrances are closed and no one is allowed to enter or depart till the curtain drops.

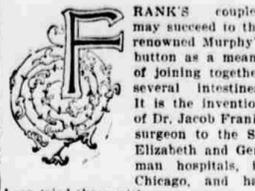
Good Mothers. That which the woman is, the mother will be; and her personal qualities will direct and govern her maternal instinct, as her taste will influence her appetite. If she be prejudiced and ignorant, the good mother will mismanage her children; and if she be violent in temper and vehement in opinion, the good mother will be petulant and unjust toward them; if she be inconsistent and capricious, she will alternate between fits of severity and bursts of indulgence, equally fatal; if she be vain and coquettish and selfish, she may be fond of her children through her pride, but she will always be ready to sacrifice their enjoyments, and even their interests to the triumph of her own vanity, or the gratification of her egotism.

The perfection of motherhood lies, therefore, in the harmonious blending of a happy instinct with those qualities which make the good member of general society—with good sense and information, with subdued or regulated passions, and that abnegation which lays every selfish consideration at the feet of duty. To make a good mother, it is not sufficient to seek the happiness of the child, but to seek it with foresight and effect. Her actions must be regulated by long-sighted views, and steadily and perseveringly directed to that health of the body and of the mind which can alone enable the objects of her solicitude to meet the shocks and ubs of life with firmness, and to maintain that independence in practice and principle, which sets the vicissitudes of fortune at defiance, fitting its possessor to fill the various stations, whether of wealth or poverty, or honor, or obscurity, to which chance may conduct him.

AMBITION.

How a Determined Indiana Lad Worked His College Course.

Many boys and men have worked their way through college, but so far as is known, Indiana holds the only one who milked his way through. Martin A. Quinn was a ragged farm-hand when he made up his mind to get a college education, and set about obtaining the means.



HE BEGAN BY TRADING WITH HIS NEIGHBORS, UNTIL HE OWNED A PIG, WHICH HE RAISED AND SOLD TO BUY A CALF.

He began by trading with his neighbors, until he owned a pig, which he raised and sold to buy a calf. By the time he was eighteen Quinn had earned \$200. With this money he bought six good milk cows, which he shipped to Chicago, riding along in the freight train to care for them.

He reached the city with his cows and \$11 in cash. Leaving his cows at the stock yards, he went straight to the University of Chicago and matriculated. Having done this, he sought the steward of the college, told his story and laid a proposition before him. MIK was costing the college 25 cents a gallon. Quinn agreed to furnish it at 20 cents.

The deal was made and the young undergraduate dairymen went to seek a place to house his herd. One was found and arrangements for pasture made. For four years Quinn cared for those cows, milked them every morning at 4 o'clock, strained the milk, and carried it to the steward. From it he averaged \$3.60 a day, and on this he lived and furnished food and shelter for the cows.

When he graduated this year he sold the cows for \$150, with which he bought books to study law at Lafayette, Ind.

VOLCANO.

Storm-Bount Mountaineers Utilize One to Prepare a Meal.

To have been warmed and to have cooked food by volcanic heat is the novel experience of a party of mountaineers who were storm-bounded four days and three nights in the crater of Mount Ranier. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mitchell, of Tacoma; Miss Jane McFarland and Will A. Hall. They made the ascent during a storm, which broke into a hurricane after they crawled over the rim of the great crater. The steam which ascended from the hot sulphur-laden springs served to cook some prunes and to soften hardiack, but they were very uncomfortable.

The next day they attempted to descend, but as soon as they started to crawl over the edge of the crater they were blown back. The wind was so strong that a man could not resist it on his hands and knees, so the attempt was abandoned. On the third day the storm, though it still raged, had descended to the lower levels of the mountain, and the imprisoned climbers were able to come out on the edge of the crater and look about. The view was superb. They could look across the state of Oregon and see the snow-capped top of Mount Shasta in California. On the morning of the fourth day it was safe to resume the descent. They got down all right by using a life-line and cutting steps in the ice for over a mile. They reported that members of the Mountain Climbing Society, Mazamas, had burned for firewood the only flagpole ever carried up the mountain. This is regarded as a heinous crime by all mountain climbers. The names of the culprits are not known.

Best Fruit Trees for Shade.

The denizens of towns find the pear one of the most satisfactory fruit trees for shade. It is deep-rooting and many other things may be successfully grown right up to their trunks. Insects trouble them little. They grow rather fast, but it is many years before they get an objectionably large size. The apple makes a spreading head, and there is soon shade under its branches, and besides, the beauty of its blossoms in spring makes the tree appreciated fully equal to a mere ornamental one. It is not a very serious robber of the soil. The cherry makes a desirable shade, but birds make too free with the fruit, and there is the temptation to break branches. The sour or pie cherries are, however, not relished by birds. European walnut trees grow rather slowly. It is usually ten years before they produce nuts in any quantity, but after this they are regarded as treasures with which their owners would not willingly part. For utility and grateful shade combined few trees can rival them.—Thomas Meehan in Ladies' Home Journal.

Fate of a Little Pig Dog.

Last Sunday at Glen Island, N. Y., a sea lion devoured a small pig dog which was smuggled into the park by a woman, who had hidden him under a wrap. Thirteen lions were basking in the sun on a raft. The dog fell or was thrown into the water by a mischievous boy and the lions made a simultaneous dash into the water. They immediately sank under the surface, but a moment later one of them appeared within a few feet of the dog. The latter was swimming toward shore, apparently unconscious of danger. He turned his head in the direction of the lion, which disappeared with the dog a moment later. The lion soon came to the surface again, but the dog was not to be seen.

Sleeping in a Cannon.

The largest cannon in the world was taken by the British when India was conquered. The cannon was cast about the year 1500, and was the work of a chief named Chuleby Koomy Khan, of Ahmednager. The inside of the gun is fitted up with seats, and is a favorite place for the British officers to go for a quiet noontide sleep.

Settled After Two Years.

Two years ago a lightning rod peddler left Ottawa, Kan., between two dogs, owing a board bill. Last week the hotel man received a draft for the amount and \$1 added for interest. The only explanation accompanying the draft was: "I've sold my dogs."

Transvaal Gold Product.

About twenty-five years ago an English syndicate offered the Transvaal government \$100,000 for the exclusive right to all the mineral resources of the country, and the government came very near selling it. It is estimated that the gold product of the region this year alone will be \$10,000,000.

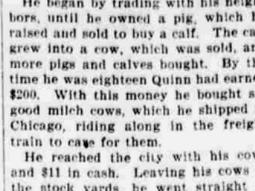
Tears on the Klondike.

The heaviest loss thus far reported from the Klondike pilgrims was that of "forty gallons of alcohol which rolled down the mountain side." It was owned by a woman, and she calculated a fortune from it.

THE STORY OF SWAIM

HE CAME OF A FAMILY OF GREAT WARRIORS.

The Name Has Been Represented in Every War in the United States—His Court Martial in 1864 Caused a Big Scandal in the Army.



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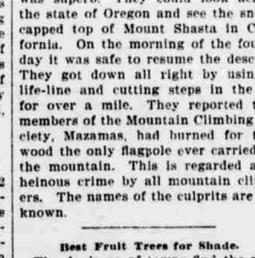
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It was in the Buckeye state that General Swaim was born. He was given a good academic education in his native state, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1850. He took an active part on the republican side in the campaign of 1860, and in 1861 he entered the army as a first lieutenant of the fifth-sixth Ohio volunteers. This was Sherman's brigade. Soon after taking to the field he was made adjutant of his regiment. He was later acting adjutant general of the brigade of which his regiment was a part in the Army of the Ohio. This was afterward the Army of the Cumberland, and was commanded successively by Buell, Rosecrans and Thomas. General Swaim participated in the battles and campaigns of these armies. He was wounded at Shiloh, fought bravely at Perryville and Chickamauga, where he was injured when his horse was killed, and was again hurt at Missionary Ridge. After Shiloh he was rewarded with a promotion to a captaincy and was made assistant adjutant general of volunteers. After the battle of Stone River he was assigned to the staff of the general of the Army of the Cumberland. He served all through the war, and when he was mustered out in 1865 it was as assistant adjutant general, with the rank of major and brevet colonel of volunteers. In February, 1867, General Swaim was commissioned in the regular army. Because of his legal capacity he was assigned judge advocate of the fourth district, with headquarters at Vicksburg. In that capacity he successfully argued against eminent counsel the celebrated habeas corpus case of McCord, which involved the constitutionality of the reconstruction acts of congress. In 1868 he was appointed major and judge advocate in the army, and was assigned to the headquarters of the Missouri. This post

JOKE ON THE LANDLORD.

The Illustration Appreciated His Good Wine.

A few days ago a very exalted personage was entertained at dinner in one of the chief hotel restaurants in Berlin and, as it was known that he is exceedingly fond of a certain still wine, it was determined to give him with his fish a bottle of a more than ordinary vintage, says the London Telegraph. A kind of practical joke was played. The bottle was placed before him without any label being on it, and the landlord was requested to name only a moderate price if the noble guest should detect the quality of the wine and make any special inquiries about it. This precaution turned out to have been necessary in the sense that he did the host into an expense that he did not bargain for. He has now learned a new lesson, namely, that one may suffer from depreciating what one has as well as from exaggerating its value. "That is a capital wine," said the guest. "Let us send for the landlord and ask the price of it. I would not mind having a few hundred dozens of that in my cellar." Mine host hurried up, and assured his illustrious interrogator that the delicious liquor cost no more than 1 shilling 9 pence per bottle. "Well, I am not going to throw away so good a chance as this," replied the astonished connoisseur. "That is very cheap, indeed. Have the kindness to send to my cellar master a thousand bottles." A cold shudder crept over the limbs of the rash entertainer, for his wanton duplicity had led him in for an order he did not anticipate. It was too late to inform the illustrious guest of the trick played upon him—in fact, he might have taken it amiss. The wine he had been drinking did not cost only 1 shilling 9 pence; it was a brand the price of which was 7 shillings a bottle. This practical joke, therefore, cost its author no less than £250, for he had to make up this difference out of his own pocket. He need hardly add that the happy possessor of this thousand bottles continues to quaff with great gusto draughts of this memorable wine, with its delicious flavor and luxuriant bouquet, and that he invariably boasts to his guests of his fabulous good fortune in obtaining so choice a wine for so small a price.



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Accidental Gold Discoveries.

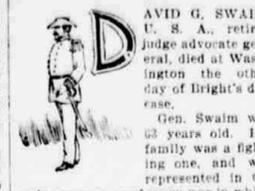
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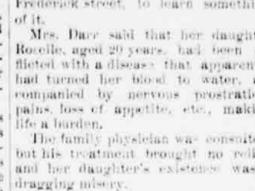
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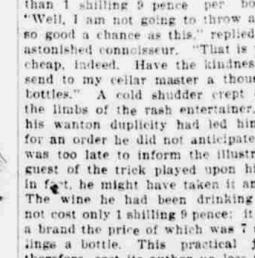
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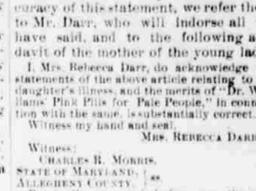
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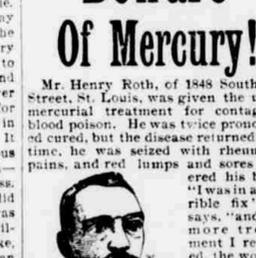
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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and vigor to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as oppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form) at 25 cents a box or six boxes for \$1.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Salem, N. Y.



GENERAL DAVID G. SWAIM.

he filled for more than ten years. President Hayes in 1873 appointed General Swaim judge advocate general of the army, with the rank of a brigadier general. General Swaim was a devoted friend of the late President Garfield. In 1884 he was charged with having misappropriated government funds and was tried by court-martial. The finding was suspension for ten years. He retired for that term. In 1894 he returned to his rank and pay, but since that time was never active in army matters. On the occasion of his appointment by President Hayes the commanding general of the department of the Missouri issued a general order, in which he placed the highest praise upon the head of the new judge advocate general, and expressed the deepest sorrow for the severance of the close ties that had bound the brilliant lawyer-soldier to the department.

Accidental Gold Discoveries.

From the Boston Post: Many of the gold finds in the Klondike region have been purely accidental, and some of them were decidedly interesting, though perhaps not more so than many accidental finds in our own west in the '40s and '50s. It was before 1850 that three men while looking for gold in California discovered the dead body of a man who evidently had been "prospecting." "Poor fellow!" said one of the trio. "He has passed in his checks!" "Let's give him a decent burial," said another. "Some wife or mother will be glad if ever she knows it." They began to dig a grave. Three feet below the surface they discovered the signs of gold. The stranger was buried in another place, and where they located a grave they opened a gold mine. An adventurer who had drifted into Leadville awoke one morning without food or money. He went out and shot a deer, which, in its dying agonies, kicked up the dirt and disclosed signs of gold. The poor man staked out a "claim," and opened up one of the most profitable mines ever worked in Leadville. "Dead Man's Claim," the name given to another rich mine in Leadville, was discovered by a broken-down miner while digging a grave. A miner died when there were several feet of snow on the ground. His comrades laid his body in a snow-bank and hired a man for \$20 to dig a grave. The grave digger, after three days' absence, was found digging a mine instead of a grave. While excavating he had struck gold. Forgetting the corpse and his bargain, he thought only of the fact that he had "struck it rich."

The Total Number of Men in the World's Navies is Estimated to be 247,000.

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