

Chase County Courant.

W.E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

HOW TO THE LINE LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY

VOL. XXV.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1899.

NO. 27.

KANSAS BUTCHERY.

Five Children Said to Have Been Murdered by Their Father.

THE HOUSE IS THEN SET ON FIRE.

The Evidence of Physicians at the Inquest—The Alleged Murderer Acts in an Indifferent Manner and Is Taken to Jail.

Hutchinson, Kan., March 21.—A fiendish crime, similar to the recent Gilbert murder in Clay county, occurred here yesterday morning. Five children were murdered by their father while sleeping and the house afterward burned over them. The children were: Carl Moore, aged 12; Mary, aged ten; Pearl, aged eight; Charlie, aged seven, and Lee, aged three years, all the children of John A. Moore. Yesterday evening, after the close of a coroner's inquest, Moore was arrested upon the charge of murdering the children and is now in jail. At two o'clock yesterday morning the house on East Tenth street, where Moore and his family lived, was partly destroyed by fire. When the fire was gotten under control and the firemen entered, Moore's five children were found dead upon a bed on the floor. Their bodies lay side by side, just as they would be when sleeping. The lower parts of their bodies were badly burned.

During the day the belief spread that the children had been murdered before the house was burned. At first the only evidence of this was the fact that the children had not moved in their bed and the presence of blood upon parts of the bed. An inquest was held in the afternoon which developed the fact almost beyond a doubt that the children were murdered by the father. Before the inquest physicians made an examination of the bodies. In the skull of each was found a fracture made by a heavy blow by some blunt instrument. With one exception, each child also had a cut in the neck, evidently made by a knife. This evidence was produced by the physicians at the inquest.

The father's story told before the coroner was that he slept in the next room to the children. He accounted for the fire by saying he left a lamp burning in the children's room and that it had exploded. Moore talked indifferently about the affair. He said he was awakened by the smoke and rushed outdoors. He was about 15 minutes recovering from the effects of the smoke and gas. He then awakened a neighbor who lived about 20 feet west on the next lot. He did not try to get the children out, as the fire had too much start. When others arrived he could not tell where the children were sleeping. No one else was at the house, the mother having gone out to nurse a sick woman.

Moore's testimony was given before he had an intimation that it was known that the children had been murdered. He said that when he saw the children could not be saved he went to his wife's father's and stayed until morning. When the doctors testified that the children had been murdered, Moore gave close attention, but his countenance did not change. Once or twice he sneered at the evidence. Although not under arrest, he was closely watched during the trial. He made no attempt to get away. When the verdict of the coroner's jury was brought in, charging him with the crime, he acted as indifferent as before. He refused to talk after the trial. He was taken to the Reno county jail for the night and will be tried at the district court here next month.

John Moore has no relatives in Kansas and his native state is not known. He is a medium-sized, dark-complexioned man. Those who know him say he is a man who talks very little, and that his main ambition has always been to educate his children, having had little or no education himself. He came here from Emporia three weeks ago and has brooded much over being out of work. He spent last summer farming in Oklahoma, but formerly lived at Emporia and returned there last fall. He has no appearance of being insane and has never shown any such symptoms, so far as can be learned. The affair has raised great indignation here and the jail will be kept under a heavy guard, though it is believed that there will be no attempt at lynching.

Immense Copper Ledges Discovered.

San Francisco, March 21.—A special from Tacoma says: Immense copper ledges have been discovered on Prince William sound, Alaska, between Orea and Valdez, not far from the mouth of Copper river. In one instance glacial action has laid bare a copper ledge, 3,000 feet long, four feet wide, extending from tidewater to back in a high bluff. Nearby other copper ledges, though not so favorably exposed, are being opened by men who claim they are working for the Standard oil syndicate.

Luetchini Reported Insane.

London, March 21.—From Geneva comes the news that Empress Elizabeth's murderer, Luigi Luetchini, has completely broken down under the rigors of solitary imprisonment. He has attempted suicide on three occasions and has probably become violently insane.

THE PHILIPPINE CAMPAIGN.

Some of the Rebel Leaders Think They Can Prolong the War Indefinitely and Wear Out Americans.

Hong Kong, March 21.—A correspondent of the Associated Press at Manila says: An army has seldom operated under harder conditions than have been encountered by the American "flying brigade." The country the American troops have traversed is intersected with lagoons, narrow and unfordable rivers and bamboos so thick the enemy cannot be seen 100 feet distant. During the charges the Americans were ignorant as to whether they were attacking a hundred or thousands of rebels, which amazes the foreign observers. One of the prisoners taken by the Americans says the Filipino leaders boast that they can continue such a war for years, depending on the American forces being weakened daily by 20 men killed, wounded or invalided. Some of the high officials here think that 10,000 reinforcements are needed, as the troops now on this island are hardly more than required to maintain a guard around Manila and police the city.

Mountain Bandits Reported. Manila, March 21.—The mountain banditti of Panaya island recently threatened a serious attack upon Iloilo, but they were repulsed with a loss of 200 men by Gen. Miller. McNeill's battalion of the California regiment, under Lieut. Col. DuBois, has been ordered to embark on the Indiana today, in order to reinforce the garrisons of the towns of Bais and Baguayan, on the east coast of the island of Negros, where Col. Smith is in command. This is only a measure of precaution, as Maj. Gen. Otis says he does not anticipate trouble.

The Commission in Session. Manila, March 21.—The members of the United States Philippine commission, with the exception of Col. Denby, who has not yet arrived at Manila, held their first meeting this morning. The commission is composed of Admiral Dewey, Gen. Otis, President Schurmann of Cornell, Prof. Worcester of Ann Arbor university and Col. Denby.

MRS. PLACE PUT TO DEATH.

The First Woman to Die in the Electric Chair Sent into Eternity by Judicial Process.

Sing Sing, N. Y., March 21.—Mrs. Martha Place died in the electric chair at 1 o'clock yesterday for the murder of her stepdaughter Ida. She went calmly to the chair, leaning on Warden Sage's arm. Her eyes were closed and she seemed neither to see nor hear. She murmured a prayer. Two women attended her—one a prison attendant, the other a physician. Death was instantaneous. Mrs. Place was the first woman and the twenty-sixth to be electrocuted in the chair at Sing Sing, and also the first woman in the world to suffer legal death in that manner. By reason of this fact extraordinary public interest in the case was aroused. The official report of the execution says:

The subject was electrified eight amperes for four seconds, after which the electrification was reduced to two amperes for 55 seconds. The voltage was 1,716 for the first four seconds and 300 for the remaining 55 seconds of the first electrification. After the current was turned off at the expiration of the first minute, Dr. Harvey, the prison physician examined the pulse and heart. He was unable to find any heart movement and was satisfied that death had taken place. As a precautionary measure, however, the full voltage was again turned on for four or five seconds. When the current was first turned on the woman's body became rigid and the exposed portion of the face became livid. It seemed as if the woman was straining to break the straps with direct outward pressure. An instant later, however, the pallor of death spread over her face and it was apparent that life was extinct.

GEN. HENRY DENIES REPORTS

He Classes as Absolutely False the Newspaper Stories of an Intended Uprising—No Resistance to Law.

Washington, March 21.—The following dispatch was received to-day from Gen. Henry at San Juan, Porto Rico: Newspaper reports of conditions here and reported interviews with me stating chances of uprising are absolutely false. There is a great deal of idle, childish talk on the part of the ignorant, but as to any resistance against law and order of any kind by the masses is absurd. There has always been political agitation here, less now than ever before. Truth should be known and I should not be injured by false statements.—Henry.

Helen and Frank Gould Honored.

New York, March 21.—Fire Commissioner Scannell sent to Miss Helen Gould a letter in which he informed her that in view of the services rendered by her on the occasion of the Windsor hotel fire he would present to her a gold badge which would entitle her to enter the fire lines at any fire that may occur in Greater New York. Another badge will be presented to Frank J. Gould, who aided his sister at the fire.

Less Excitement in Havana.

Havana, March 21.—The excitement growing out of the conflict between the police and the populace is rapidly subsiding, and it is not likely that there will be further trouble. The mob has been taught a lesson which will probably prove sufficient. Lawbreakers now fear the police and realize that the latter will not tolerate resistance to their authority.

MANY PERSONS HURT

A Rock Island Train Leaves the Track Near Volland, Kan.

Baggageman Freeman Pinned Down and Burned to Death—The Train Caught Fire and Four Coaches Were Destroyed.

Topeka, Kan., March 18.—The Rock Island Texas passenger train was wrecked about one o'clock yesterday morning at Volland station, two miles west of Alma, and one man was burned to death and 26 other people injured. The man who was burned to death was William Freeman, of Kansas City, the express messenger. He was about 40 years old and had been in the employ of the United States Express company for a number of years. The list of injured follows:

W. G. Means, Kansas City, mail clerk, shoulder and back injured; R. A. Swarts, Kansas City, mail clerk, head, left leg and both arms cut; J. W. Gilchrist, Kansas City, mail clerk, slightly cut in neck; M. J. Clemens, Columbia, Mo., side hurt and leg bruised; Carl R. Keen, Columbia, Mo., cut on head; Charles H. Penn, Ashland, Mo., cut on hand; Miss Madge Farrer, Sterling, Kan., back wrenched; W. H. Phillips, Watonga, Ok., sprained hip, cut in head; John Seay, Timberlake, Ok., leg and arm hurt; T. A. Sprague, Weatherford, Ok., back sprained; Mrs. O. C. Allen, Caldwell, Kan., hip hurt, ankle sprained; George W. Lewis, El Reno, Ok., ankle sprained; H. L. Hall, North Topeka, Kan., both legs bruised; Fred W. Casner, Hutchinson, Kan., right side and thumb hurt; H. Corn, Mapleton, Kan., leg sprained; Mrs. J. H. Bell, Cooper, Ok., breast hurt and leg sprained; C. F. Clark, North Topeka, Kan., hip sprained; B. E. Bryant, Cloud Chief, Ok., cut on chin; A. Warnecke, Fort Silo, Ok., left wrist sprained; John Phillips, Protection, Kan., hip hurt and back sprained; James McSpadden, Rosedale, Kan., back sprained; N. Deane, St. Joseph, Mo., news agent, knee, arm and neck hurt; slight; R. H. Mashinazil, Caldwell, Kan., scalp, thigh, shoulder and leg injured; Mrs. Sarah Smith, Bethany, leg bruised; prostration; Calvin Green, Velpea, Ind., hurt in breast and ribs broken.

The train left Topeka at 11:05 with 49 passengers on board. It passed through Alma on time, and had reached a speed of 30 miles an hour by the time it came to Volland. As the wheels of the engine tank struck the west switch at the station they suddenly flew the track, the tank breaking loose from the engine and dragging the combination baggage and mail car and the smoker down a slight embankment. The coach and chair car tipped half way over, the Pullman sleeper alone keeping the rails.

Almost instantly fire broke out in the baggage car, which had toppled over on its side. Men in the smoker broke through the windows and passengers in the cars rushed for the doors and jumped down the embankment. By the time the cars were emptied, however, the baggage car was in flames and before anyone noticed that the messenger had not escaped it was too late to give him aid. Evidently he had been pinned down by the falling trucks and was burned to death beneath the heavy load of baggage. A few charred bones were the only remains found in the wreckage of the baggage car.

The fire spread quickly from the baggage car to the cars behind it and in a short time all were in flames. The Pullman was saved by being pushed back a few feet from the burning chair car. Before the relief train sent out from this city arrived at the scene of the accident the four cars were a mass of blackened wreckage.

PEACE TREATY IS SIGNED.

The Queen Regent Formally Ratifies the Treaty Between the United States and Spain.

Washington, March 18.—A dispatch to the Associated Press from Madrid said that the queen regent had signed the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States. The draft of the treaty was signed in Paris on December 10, 1898. It was approved by the United States senate by a vote of 57 to 27 on February 6 and was signed by the president on February 10. In the absence of any direct diplomatic communication between the United States and Spain Secretary Hay expects to receive his first formal notice of the ratification of the peace treaty by the queen regent through the medium of the French embassy here. The next step must be taken by Spain; that is, she must name her special envoy and notify the United States government of the probable date upon which he will present himself in Washington with the exchange copy of the treaty of peace. Although in most instances little more than a perfunctory ceremony, in the case of the exchange of ratifications of this treaty, the details will be of more than ordinary interest, for the occasion will be historical.

A Place for Gen. Belknap's Son.

Washington, March 18.—The president has appointed Hugh R. Belknap, of Chicago; Brandon D. Slaughter, of Nebraska, and Capt. Charles Newbold, of the District of Columbia, to be additional paymasters of the army. Mr. Belknap has served two terms in congress and is the son of the late Gen. Belknap, ex-secretary of war.

Princess Kaiulani Dead.

Honolulu, March 19, via San Francisco, March 18.—Princess Kaiulani died March 6 of inflammatory rheumatism. She was the daughter of Princess Miriam Likelike, member of the Hawaiian royal family. In 1891 Kaiulani was proclaimed heir apparent by Liliuokalani, who was then on the throne of Hawaii.

IN THE MISSOURI RIVER.

The Body of Anna Mader, Who Had Been Missing for Eleven Weeks, at Last Discovered.

Kansas City, Mo., March 20.—Imbedded in the sand and bruised and battered by long contact with floating blocks of ice, the body of Anna Mader, who disappeared from her home in Sheffield, December 17, was found in the Missouri river by two fishermen yesterday, two miles below the mouth of the Blue. The body of this girl, barely 18 years old, had been drifting about in the cold, wintry waters of the river for more than 11 weeks. The Mader residence is but a short distance from the Blue river and the most plausible theory is that the girl walked out of her home that December night, went to the bank of the river and threw herself in. Her body then floated down the Blue into the Missouri and lodged on the sandbar, where it was subsequently found.

A Pardon His Only Hope.

Topeka, Kan., March 20.—John Henry Collins, the young man convicted of murdering his father, has abandoned all idea of appealing his case and has made up his mind that nothing can save him from serving a life sentence, unless it is a pardon. After repeated conferences, Collins' attorneys advised him that an appeal to the higher courts would result in no relief and only impoverish his mother and sister, who have already spent thousands of dollars in his defense.

Alger's Trip to Cuba.

Washington, March 20.—Secretary Alger returned to Washington last night from his brief visit to Boston and Montreal. The secretary said he expected to leave Savannah, Ga., Thursday for a trip to Cuba on the regular trip of the transport Ingalls. The secretary added, in answer to a direct question, that he did not intend to go to Jekyll island, to which place the president, Senator Hanna and others are booked for a visit during the present week.

Ferocious Crime of a Negro Youth.

Upper Marlboro, Md., March 20.—Mary A. Clark, aged 53, was beaten to death and her sister, Annie Clark, aged 45, was fatally hurt at Bowie by John Berry, a 15-year-old negro boy, who is in jail for the crime. The deed was a ferocious one, the aged and defenseless women being literally beaten to a jelly with a club. Miss Annie Clark saved herself from instant death by promising to give the boy \$100 and pledging herself not to betray him.

Chairman Park Issues an Address.

Dallas, Tex., March 20.—Milton Park, chairman of the populist national organization committee, has issued a manifesto setting forth the nomination of Barker and Donnelly for president and vice president of the United States. He says there is nothing needed but effective organization to insure the success of the people's party. He has appointed Paul H. Dixon, of Chillicothe, Mo., as organizer for Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska.

They Steal Rather Than Starve.

Santiago, March 20.—There have been several cases of brigandage during the last few days in the neighborhood of San Luis and thus far none of the bandits have been captured, though many of them are known to have been working on the roads last month. As the March estimates have not yet been approved from Havana, there has been a reduction in the number employed in that way, and those discharged steal rather than starve.

Gen. Wood Is Positive.

Santiago, Cuba, March 20.—After careful investigation, Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, the military governor, is convinced that the skeleton found a few days ago tied in an armchair amid the rocks on the shore, about four miles west of El Morro, is the remains of the Spanish admiral, Villamil, who commanded the torpedo boat destroyers, Furor and Pluton, in the battle which resulted in the destruction of Cervera's squadron.

Spain Will Pay Cuban Debt.

London, March 20.—The Madrid correspondent of the Standard says: "I am able to state that the government intends, so far as possible, to execute the national guarantee of the Cuban debt. It is proposed that the settlement should include £23,000,000 of the Cuban six per cent. bonds, issued in 1883, and £15,000,000 of the five per cent. bonds, issued in 1890. These do not include the war debts contracted since."

Dewey May Return Soon.

Rutland, Vt., March 20.—George Dewey has received a letter from his father, the admiral, in which he says he is in good health, although somewhat fatigued. The admiral expressed the hope that his task will be finished before long. Charles Dewey expects that his brother will arrive in Washington about June 1 and will soon thereafter visit his old home in Vermont.

Populists and Police Riot.

Havana, March 20.—A serious conflict between the police and the people of Havana Saturday night resulted in much shooting and clubbing. From 30 to 50 people were wounded, some seriously. Ever since the police interference, about a week ago, with the demonstration in honor of Gen. Maximiliano Gomez, the police have been unpopular with the populace, who feel them and declare them insufficient.

TORNADOES IN THE SOUTH.

Near Birmingham, Ala., About 25 People Were Killed and 50 Buildings Destroyed—Fatalities Near Waynesboro, Ga.

Birmingham, Ala., March 20.—A tornado struck the belt of country lying between Heflin and Edwardsville in Cleburne county Saturday afternoon and wrought great damage. The following is a list of the dead so far as known: Lewis Coffee, aged 55, tax assessor of Cleburne county, and the following members of his family: Mrs. Coffee, aged 46; Lella, aged 22; James, aged 20; Lulu, aged 18; Jacob, aged 13; Devoe, aged 8; Dollie, aged 10; Grover, aged 6; John, aged 4, and unknown woman, near Heflin. Many other people were more or less seriously injured. The path of the storm was about 200 yards wide and it traversed the country for 12 miles, beginning in the northern part of Cleburne county, near Iron City, and moved southward.

It is estimated that about 50 buildings were destroyed; between 20 and 25 persons were injured and over a score of farms devastated. The storm lost its force just south of Heflin, near which place a dozen buildings were wrecked. The path of the cyclone presents a terrible scene of havoc. Timbers of wrecked houses are scattered in every direction. Some were carried high into the air and others were driven deep into the ground or through trees. Many head of cattle were killed. One dead cow was found with a shingle driven through her back.

Atlanta, Ga., March 20.—A special to the Constitution from Waynesboro, Ga., says a cyclone passed over Burke county at two o'clock yesterday morning. In the vicinity of Waynesboro four people were killed. Several houses were demolished and much damage done.

Weather Bureau Officials Surprised. Washington, March 20.—The tornado weather in several of the southern states Saturday came in the nature of a surprise to the weather bureau officials who were not prepared for it so early in the season. The appearance of the storms, explained Forecast Official Frankfeld, was due to the presence of an unusual degree of heat, followed closely by a marked fall in temperature, conditions which prevailed in the sections visited.

OFFICERS COMBAT A MOB.

Efforts to Remove Smallpox Patients at Laredo, Tex., to the Posthouse Meet with Resistance by Mexicans.

Laredo, Tex., March 20.—The work of removing smallpox patients to the pesthouse was begun yesterday. After ten had been removed, the officers encountered, on East Matamoros street, a mob of Mexicans who menaced them in such a manner that police aid was called. About 25 shots were fired, a dozen arrests made and the mob disappeared. The health officers resumed their work, but were soon met by another mob of 500 or 600 Mexicans, many of them armed. As they could not contend with this force the health officers desisted and opened telegraphic communication with Gov. Sayers. As a result they were instructed to call on the United States military authorities at Fort McIntosh, in the name of the governor, for such assistance as was needed, and later he was informed that the war department had telegraphed authority to use troops. The Mexicans are much excited and express contempt for the negro United States soldiers. There are now about 700 cases of the disease in Laredo and from 25 to 50 new cases are reported daily. More than 100 deaths have occurred. An appeal has been issued to the public for medicine, money, clothing, etc.

Forty-Four Are Missing.

New York, March 20.—Little progress was made yesterday in removing the debris of the Windsor hotel fire, in the effort to discover the bodies that are supposed to lie buried there. A heavy, stifling vapor arose continually, retarding progress of the workers and keeping them for the most part away from the center of the ruins. The death list remains at 16, and the list of missing has been reduced to 44, as a number of those previously unaccounted for reported in person or had been located by friends.

Roosevelt's Rough Riders' Reunion.

Albuquerque, N. M., March 20.—Gov. Roosevelt has announced himself in favor of holding a reunion of his famous "rough riders" regiment in Albuquerque next June, and arrangements are now under way to make the necessary preparations to hold it there on June 24, which is the anniversary of the battle of Las Ganasimas, where the regiment first distinguished itself. It is stated that Col. Roosevelt, as well as many other prominent characters in the late war, will attend.

No Successor to Senator White.

Sacramento, Cal., March 20.—At 11:15 a. m. yesterday the legislature of California adjourned sine die without a United States senator to succeed Stephen M. White having been elected. Gov. Gage sent a message to both houses in which he implored the members to delay no longer, but to proceed to the election of a senator at once. The message was received with cheers in the assembly, but republicans as well as democrats stated that it came too late.

JOSEPH MEDILL PASSES AWAY

Famous Editor of the Chicago Tribune Dead at San Antonio, Tex.—Sketch of His Eventful Career.

Chicago, March 17.—Joseph Medill, the veteran editor of the Chicago Tribune, died yesterday at San Antonio, Tex. Mr. Medill had been in Texas for two months past on account of his health.

April 4, 1823, on a farm situated on the St. Johns river in New Brunswick Joseph Medill was born of Irish parentage. Here he remained until nine years of age when, with the family, a move was made to northern Ohio. He studied law at Massillon and in November, 1846, was admitted to the bar at New Philadelphia, O. In 1849 Medill moved to Coshocton, O., and began the publishing of the Weekly Republican. So successful was this venture that he sought a larger field, and in 1852 moved to Cleveland, where he established a daily paper which he called the Forest City, which is now known as the Cleveland Leader.

In 1851 Medill was one of 12 men who held a meeting in Cleveland and organized a nucleus of the republican party. Mr. Medill discovered Abraham Lincoln and started him on the road that led to the presidency. Mr. Medill was a member in 1860 of the constitutional convention. Two years later President Grant appointed him a member of the civil service commission. Later in the same year and immediately following the great fire he was elected by three-fourths of all the votes cast for mayor of Chicago, but two months before the expiration of his term of office, he resigned and went abroad to restore his shattered health. Returning home in 1874, Mr. Medill bought the Tribune outright and assumed supreme control of its policy and business, which he retained until forced to go south in search of health. He spent a greater portion of each year at Los Angeles, Cal. He left two daughters, Mrs. Robert W. Patterson, Jr., whose husband is, after Medill, the master mind of the Tribune, and Mrs. Robert H. McCormick.



THE LATE JOSEPH MEDILL.

In October, 1898, Mr. Medill presented to Chicago a statue of Benjamin Franklin. It now stands in a prominent part of Lincoln park. On announcing his intention of giving the statue, he said: "I have had such a plan under consideration for several years. What I wish is to commemorate Benjamin Franklin as the father of American printing and journalism." The statue cost about \$35,000. Joseph Medill was the Nestor of the press in the western central states for 23 years, and his addresses before editorial associations were full of wisdom drawn from personal experience. He was helpful to the young just entering the profession by his wise counsel and example.

The Passing of "Old Hutch." Chicago, March 17.—Benjamin P. Hutchinson, the former board of trade operator and packer, died of heart failure at 5:30 o'clock yesterday evening at the Lakeside sanitarium, Lake Geneva, Wis. He was 70 years old. The remains will be brought to Chicago for interment. Mr. Hutchinson's health began to fail rapidly three years ago and during the last two years he has been at the sanitarium where he died.

The Fever Season Far Off. Washington, March 17.—Replying to an inquiry whether there was any apprehension for the health of the troops in Cuba on account of a possible outbreak of yellow fever in the island, Surgeon General Sternberg said yesterday that the yellow fever season was some distance off. Most, if not all, of the volunteers would be brought from the island before there could be an outbreak.

Killed by the Barbed Wire. Sioux Falls, S. D., March 17.—Ives Olsen, a wealthy farmer living near Baltic, S. D., came to his death in a horrible manner. He was driving home in a sled and turned out of the road to avoid a snow drift. The sled upset and Olsen's neck was thrown on the sharp point of a barbed wire fence, while he was dragged about 50 feet. His head was literally sawed off.

Scoury Raging on Copper River. Seattle, Wash., March 17.—News that scurvy was raging among the prospectors of Copper river, Alaska, and that six men perished from cold on the Valdes glacier in the first days of March was brought here on the steamer Excelsior, from the mouth of the Copper river. She brought nearly 100 passengers, 40 per cent. of whom were suffering from scurvy.

Lawmakers Before the Grand Jury. Guthrie, Ok., March 17.—An air of suppressed excitement pervades political circles here over the determined action of the grand jury to probe to the bottom of every shade of crookedness connected with the recent legislative assembly. A large number of lawmakers and lobbyists have been subpoenaed and it is said pointed interrogations are being put.

Republic on Its Last Legs. Minneapolis, Minn., March 17.—Senator Kyle, of South Dakota, said here while en route home that President McKinley has lately received private advice to the effect that the Philippine republic was on its last legs. The senator said he had received this information from sources very near to the president.

THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - KANSAS.

THE TOILERS.

Pouring from their hivelike flats
Come the tellers of the day;
Longs and shorts and leans and fats,
Moving in a common way.

Hopelessness in many a face,
Weariness on many a brow;
All contestants in the race,
Striving, stumbling on somehow.

Some to grumble as they work,
Some to plod on unconcerned;
Some to look for ways to shirk
When the foreman's back is turned.

Many a one to long for night,
Ere the morning's task is through—
One to work with all his might,
Loving what he has to do.

Thousands doomed to toil away,
Ending where their work began;
One to rise and then, some day,
Hear them say: "Ah, lucky man!"
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Daily News.

THE PASSING OF BILL JACKSON

By Will C. Barnes

"TELL you, fellows, 'tain't no fun to swim a bunch of steers when the water is as cold as it is now."

The speaker was a short, thick-set cowboy, whose fiery red hair had gained for him the sobriquet of "Colorado," the Mexican name for red, which was frequently shortened to "Colly" among the "punchers."

Colorado, who was carefully rolling a cigarette, glanced around the circle of listeners, as if challenging some one to contradict him. The balance of the boys evidently agreed with him, for no one said a word except the "Kid," and he, after taking his pipe from his lips and carefully knocking out the ashes on the heel of his boot, said:

"Jever have any 'perience at it, Colly?"

Colorado by this time had finished rolling his cigarette, and was waiting for the cook's pot-hook, which he had thrust into the camp-fire, to get red-hot to light it. Having done this, and taken a few preliminary puffs, he answered: "Yes, I hev, and a mighty tough one it was, too."

"Tell us about it, Colorado," said the cook. "Whar was it, an' how did it happen?"

"Yes, Colly, let's hear the story," chimed in the Kid.

It was just the time for a story. We had come down to the railroad with a bunch of "hash-knife" steers, and found the Little Colorado river, which ran between us and the railroad, swollen to a mighty torrent by the rains in the mountains. We had waited four days for it to go down, but it seemed rather to rise a little each day. As the feed was poor and we had lots of work to do, the boss was in a hurry to get them shipped and off his hands, and so had just announced that at daylight the next morning he meant to try to swim the herd across. It was late in November and the weather was snappy cold. Overcoats and heavy clothes were an absolute necessity in the night on guard around the herd, and the idea of going into that cold water was not a pleasant one. But the boss-puncher is much like the sailor, in that he never stops to think of getting wet or cold, or going into any danger so long as the boss himself will lead the way, so we were all prepared to get a soaking the next day.

It was that pleasant time in the evening between sunset and dark. The herd was bedded down near camp, and the first guard were making their rounds, with never a steer to turn back. The balance of us were lying about the campfire, smoking and talking "hoss," a subject which is never worn threadbare in a cow camp. Colorado, who had been idly marking our brands in the sand in front of him with the end of his finger, said: "Well, boys, 'tain't much of a story, but if you want to hear it, I'll tell you how it was. Dick, gimme a bite of your navy," and having stowed away a huge chunk of Dick's "navy," Colly settled back on the ground and began:

"I was workin' fer the 'Diamond' outfit in Utah, 'bout three years ago, an' the old man he come off down here into Arizona an' bought a bunch of steers to take up thar. He had written his wagon boss to come down with an outfit big enough to handle 2,000 head, an' we struck the Little Colorado river 'bout the mouth of the Canyon Diablo Wash, where we was to receive the herd 'long in June. We didn't have no partickler hap'nin's comin' down, and we got the herd turned over all right, an' built a 'squeeze chute' an' branded 'em all before we started back, so as if any got lost the outfit could claim 'em on the brand; an' about the last of June we pushed 'em off the bed ground one mornin' 'bout daylight, an' pulled our freight for the home ranch."

"The cattle were all good to handle, an' didn't give us no trouble to hold nights, barrin' one or two little stampedes, an' we drifted on down toward Lees Ferry without any mishaps, 'ceptin' one night it were a-rainin' like all possessed, an' I wakes up a feller named Peck to go on guard. Peck got up an' put on his slicker, walked over to where his pony was tied, an' mounted. We was camped on the banks of a wash called Cotton Wood creek, an' along there the wash had cut down into the 'dobe flat some ten or fifteen feet deep. Peck he's 'bout half-asleep, an' gets off wrong for the herd, an' rides straight up to the edge of the creek, thinkin' all the time he's a-goin' out on the prairie to the herd. His pony sort of balked on him an' give a snort, but Peck, bein' a cross-grained sort of cuss, an' only half-awake, just bathed him with his quirt, an' jabbed his spurs into

him. The pony gave a jump an' landed in the middle of the creek, with six or eight feet of muddy water runnin' in it. Lord, didn't he wake up sudden like, an' squall for help. We all turned out in a hurry, but he swam across, an' the opposite side bein' sort of slopin' like, the pony scrambled out. Then Peck was afeared to cross back in the dark, an' stayed over thar all night, a-shiverin' an' a-shakin' an' a-cursin' like a crazy man. When we got up for breakfast that mornin' at four o'clock it was clear, an' cold, an' dark. The cook he goes down to the creek an' hollers to Peck sort of sarcastic-like: 'Come to breakfast, Peck,' an' Peck he gits mad an' swears at the cookinero pretty plenty, an' said if he didn't go back he'd turn loose on him with his six-shooter, an' the cook, bein' pretty rollicky himself, he goes back to the wagon an' pulls his Winchester an' starts fer the creek agin, when Jackson stops him an' turns him back. When it come daylight, Peck went down the creek a mile and finds a place to cross whar it wa'n't so deep, an' so gits back to camp jist as we was pullin' out.

"The Big Colorado were a powerful stream when we reached it, bein' all swollen by the melting snows up in the mountains, an' we all kinder hated to tackle it. The old man told the wagon-boss afore he left to ferry the outfit an' horses over in a boat, but to swim the steers."

"You know how Lee's Ferry is: the river comes out of a box canyon above an' the sides break away a little an' then a mile below it goes into the box agin, where the walls is 3,000 feet high an' the torrent runs like a millrace. It was shore a nasty place to swim a bunch of steers, an' Jackson, the wagon-boss, he knowed he had a big job on hand when he got there. Jackson was the best wagon-boss I ever see er worked under. He was a tall, slim chap, could outwork any two men in the outfit, wasn't afeard of nothin', an', though he couldn't read or write, I tell you, boys, he saveed cows a heap. What he didn't know 'bout cows wa'n't worth knowin'. He didn't let the steers water the day before so's they'd be powerful dry an' take to the river easier."

"We fust got the chuck-wagon over on the ferry-boat, which was a big concern, long enuff to drive a four-hoss team onto an' which was rowed by six men. The cook he was mighty skeery 'bout goin' onto this here boat, 'cause he said 'bout a year afore that he'd been a-punching cows in southern Arizona an' a feller there shipped a lot of cattle up inter California to put on an island near Los Angeles. They loaded 'em onto flat scows with a high railin' 'round 'em, an' put 'bout 50 head on each scow an' a puncher on it to look out fer 'em. Goin' over to the island the tug what was a-towin' 'em by the horn of the saddle, so to speak, busted the string, an', thar bein' quite a wind a-blowin', an' big ole waves a-floppin' around, the four scows began to butt an' bump up agin one another like a lot of muley bulls a-fightin', an' the cattle got to runnin' back an' forth an' a-bellerin' an' a-bawlin', an' them punchers, they shore thought their very last day had come. The cook he never expected to see dry land agin, an' he jist vowed if ever he got back to the prairie that he'd punch no more cows on boats."

"Well, bimbeby the tug got a new lar-jint onto 'em agin an' corraled 'em all safe enuff at the wharf, but the cook 'lowed he war a dry-land terrapin an' wouldn't ever get into no such scrape if he knowed hisself. Howsomever, he did get up 'nuff spunk to tackle the ferry, an' went over safely. After we got the wagon across, we went back an' started the cattle down the side canyon what leads into the crossin'."

"Jackson's idee was to git the hosses ahead of the steers an' let 'em follow the hosses. You know hosses swim anywhere, an' the cattle will allers foller 'em. So he puts three men in a little boat, two to row an' one to lead a hoss, knowin' the balance would foller him right across."

"The hoss wrangler hed the hosses all ready, an' jist as the leaders of the herd come down to the water's edge the boys in the boat pulled out, a-leadin' a hoss, an' the other hosses follered in an' was soon a-swimmin'. Then, when they was all strung out an' doin' fine, we crowded the steers into the water after 'em. They was all powerful dry an' took to the water easy 'nuff, an' afore the leaders knowed it they was a-swimmin' in fine shape. Jackson wouldn't let us holler or shoot till we got 'em all inter the water, an' then we jerked our six-shooters an' began to fog 'em an' yell like a bunch of Comanches."

"You all know thar's only one thing to be afeard of in swimmin' a lot of cattle, and that's when they gets to millin'. Jackson had swum cattle across the Peecos in Texas, an' the Yellowstone in Montana, an' saveyed 'xactly what to do. But this here Colorado at Lee's Ferry is a bad place to tackle, fer you're bound to get out on the other side afore you get into the box canyon, or your name's Dennis, 'cause once a feller gits into the canyon he's got to go on clean down about a hundred miles afore he can strike a level place big enuff to crawl out on."

"Soon as the cattle got well strung out, Jackson began to undress hisself. He took off all his clothes but his shirt, an' then he buckled his six-shooter belt around him an' pulled the saddle off'n his hoss."

"I says: 'Bill, you ain't a-goin' to try to swim it, are you?' 'No, not 'less I have to; but if they gets to millin' out thar we'll lose the whole herd, an' the only way to break it up is to ride out and shoot among 'em an' skeer 'em.' He knowed it were risky, for if anything went wrong he was shore to be carried into the canyon an' drowned. But Bill Jackson wa'n't the sort of a wagon boss to stop at anything to save the herd, an' sure 'nuff, 'bout the time

the leaders got fairly into the middle of the river, 'long comes a big cotton-wood tree a-driftin' an' whirlin' down stream right into 'em. That skeert 'em an' turned 'em, an' fore we knowed it they was doubled back on the balance an' swimmin' round an' round, for all the world like driftwood in a big eddy in a creek. This was what Jackson was afeard of, an' he pushed his hoss into the river an' takes his six-shooter in his hand. He was ridin' a little Pinto pony they called 'Blue Jay,' one of the best all-round cow ponies I ever see."

"Old Blue Jay he jist seemed to sabe what was wanted of him, an' swam 'long without any fuss. When Jackson gits out close to the millin' steers he begin to holler an' shoot, an' he called to the fellers in the boat to come back an' try to stop 'em. Now, you all know what a risky thing it is to get near a steers-swimmin' in the water, for he's sure to try to climb up on you. Jackson knowed this, but he swam Blue Jay right slap-dab inter the bunch an' tried to scatter 'em an' stop 'em from millin'."

"Jist how it happened we couldn't tell; but first thing we seen Jackson was right in the middle of the millin' critters, an' in a minute they had crowded pore old Blue Jay under, an' all we seen of Jackson was his hands went up, an' then he was lost in the whirlin' mass of horns that was goin' round an' round. A man had no chance at all to swim, 'cause their hoofs kep' him under all the time, an' they was packed so close a feller couldn't come up between 'em, any way. The boys in the boat tried to do something, but 'wa'n't no use, fer he never come up, an' when they got too close one big steer throwed his head over the side of the boat an' purty nup set 'em, so they had to keep away to save themselves. But they kep' up a-shootin' an' a-hollerin' till the leaders finally struck out for the shore, an' in a few minutes the whole herd was strung out for the opposite side, an' sooner than I kin tell it they was all standin' on dry land, an' not a single one missin'."

"Meantime, the boys in the boat had watched everywhere for pore Jackson's body, but they never got sight of it, though they went clean into the mouth of the box canyon. They was lots of big trees an' drift a-runnin', an' we guessed his body had been caught in the branches of a floatin' tree an' carried down with it. Pore old Blue Jay come floatin' past 'em, an' they tried to catch him, but the current was so swift they couldn't do it. All they wanted was to get Jackson's silver-mouthed bridle off'n him, 'cause 'twas easy 'nuff to see that the pony was quite dead."

"Well, the rest of us crossed in the big ferry-boat an' rounded up the steers, which was grazin' up the canyon on the other side, an' moved 'em out a couple of miles to camp. Shorty, bein' the oldest hand in the outfit, took charge, an' sent two of us back to the ferry, to try an' see of Jackson's body could be found, but the feller what run the ferry said 'wa'n't no use lookin' fer him, 'cause the swift current would carry him miles and miles down the canyon without ever lodgin' anywhere. So we went back, an' Shorty gave it up, an' decided to push the herd on next day. We was a blue ole crowd that night around the camp-fire, I tell you. All the boys liked Jackson, an' besides, they was a-thinkin' of his wife an' two kids what was a-waitin' for him at the head-quarter ranch up in Utah."

"Shorty sent a letter from the next settlement to the ole man, a-tellin' him what had happened, an' we come along up with the cattle, arrivin' safely at the ranch without any more misfortunes."

"An' didn't they never find Jackson's body, Colly?" queried the Kid.

"Wal," said Colly, "that's a singular thing, too. When we gets back to the ranch the ole man he was orful cut up about it, an' he hated to think that the body wasn't found. He'd been down in the Grand Canyon the summer afore with a lot of fellers, an' he said he believed he could find it 'bout a hundred miles below the ferry, 'cause thar were a place thar down in the canyon whar the walls widened out fer some 20 miles, an' thar was quite a wide valley with grassy meadows an' trees. So he takes one of the boys an' a pack-outfit an' goes off down thar. They had to leave everything on top of the canyon an' climb down a-foot an' pack their stuff on their backs. The walls was 6,000 feet high thar, an' they had a hard time gettin' down. Course it was jist a scratch, but I'm blest if after four or five days' hunt they didn't find it lodged in a pile of drift along the river. 'Twas easy 'nuff to tell Jackson's body, fer he'd had two fingers of his left hand shot off in a fight once; so they takes it off to a place in the valley whar it was safe from flood, an' buries it as well as they could, an' the next fall, when 'twas cold, he went back an' packed the remains out of the canyon an' took them clean to the ranch an' buried 'em jist as if it was his own brother. I tell you, the boys was ready to swear by the ole man after that."

But Colorado's story was finished, and as it was about ten-thirty the second guard-men began putting on overcoats and heavy gloves preparatory to two hours and a half of watching the herd.

The stars were shining clear and bright, the bells of the horse-herd came softly over the prairie, making a tuneful chime on the frosty night air, and as I untied the rope that bound my roll of bedding and kicked it out on the ground, I could not keep from thinking of poor Jackson's death and wondering if the morrow held a like fate in store for any of us.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Inspiring Hope.

The Doctor—Bears up. I must tell you the worst. You can't possibly recover. The Client—That's a pity, for if I'd lived a bit longer I should have come into a fortune; as it is, I have a penny to pay you with, doctor.

"Well, now, don't give up hope. We'll try to mend you. We'll try."—Illustrated Bites.

MACK MARK'S MARK.

An Ideal President for Monopolists and Manipulators of Men and Legislation.

Mark Hanna and the syndicate association with him devoted their untiring energy and money without limit to secure the nomination and election of McKinley. He has proved to be an ideal occupant of the executive chair, viewed from the standpoint of the corrupt gang of republican managers who placed him there. This syndicate was not seeking a "leader." What it required was a "mask." McKinley was certainly their man. He has a face that beams like a harvest moon, and a tongue that never wearies in uttering bland but meaningless platitudes. His policy is not much criticised, for the good reason that he evades committing himself to any specified policy.

To comprehend, or rather to detect, the lack of explicit meaning of McKinley's utterances, one must first understand that he is simply a "mask," and his mission is to cover and shield the "gang" behind him, partly by that beaming face, and when necessary by utterances susceptible of double meaning. The only way to get an accurate understanding of what McKinley means is to wait and see what he does.

Reviewing McKinley's record, we find that he very easily relieved his conscience of the promises made to hundreds of thousands who supported him in the belief that he would make earnest, continued and effectual efforts to bring about international bimetalism. A review of his utterances will not recall any direct promises in regard to bimetalism. These promises, like most others made by him,

MCKINLEY'S POLICY.

Double-Dealing Methods and Cant Phrases of the Foremost Republican.

"The future of the Philippine islands," said President McKinley in his Boston speech, "is now in the hands of the American people. I have no light or knowledge not common to my countrymen. I do not prophesy. The whole subject is now with congress, and congress is the voice, the conscience, and the judgment of the American people."

Sounds fine, doesn't it? But where are "the voice, the conscience, and the judgment of the American people," just at present; and how are they to have opportunity to make themselves felt? What sort of a policy and leadership is this which relegates the Philippine question to "the hands of the American people," and then proceeds to tie those hands, by refusing to convene congress in special session?

If President McKinley spoke in good faith at Boston, why is not the Fifty-sixth congress sitting at Washington to deal with the Philippine question, and to outline a Philippine policy? The president is like Orator Kuff; he has two tones to his voice. To the people he says: "I leave it all to congress." To congress he says: "Leave it all to me."

Until December next, for two-thirds of a year likely to be prolific of events of the most momentous character with relation to the Philippine question, the "voice" of the people will be silent, the "conscience" of the people can effect no quickening touch, the "judgment" of the people will have no way to make itself felt. The president will have abso-



THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.—St. Louis Republic.

were strong only by implication. Fate intervened to give the gang behind him its golden opportunity.

After opposing the war at the suggestion of his stock jobbing backers, until nearly a majority of his own party accused him of adjusting his patriotism to the fluctuations in prices of stocks, he finally found himself compelled to carry out the instructions of congress, and to appear as the figure-head in the war against Spain.

The record of the war is one of appointments to responsible staff offices of untrained and unimportant relatives of the politicians behind him.

The result was that our soldiers were sent to Cuba with worse than ordinary cattle accommodations, without adequate medical or surgical attendance or supplies, with low grade and improper ammunition, and then fed on "embalmed" beef.

Infentially, at least, McKinley declared at the beginning of the war that it was to be a war of liberation, of humanity, and not a war of conquest and extension of territory.

The unscrupulous bandits behind him, however, are not given to any kind of humanity that does not pay six per cent. annual dividends. Having saved the Cuban and Philippine lambs, the present proposition seemed to be to take their hides in payment for salvation.

During the war, however, was the period of the gang's most successful achievements. When the incomparable Dewey won his matchless victory at Manila and flushed with pride the hearts of his countrymen, the gang behind McKinley seized this opportune diversion of public interest to launch the great iron trust.

The brilliant victory at Santiago gave us free Cuba through the thrilling valor of our forces and the steel and tin plate trusts by the gang behind McKinley. Every victory by land or sea has found its response in the joyous plaudits of our people and the launching of new trusts by this gang.

In the end, that smiling face rises up to beam on an applauding nation and, also, to detract attention from the fact that the hands of his backers are plunged into the pockets of the people.

President McKinley can truly say: "My fate is my fortune."—Chicago Democrat.

"Wages are being raised!" shrieks a republican organ. Yes, and factories are being shut down by the trusts, throwing thousands of men out of employment. The alleged raise in wages, when properly realized, is simply a reduction in pay. The trusts are endeavoring to pave the way for four years more of Hanna.—Illinois State Register.

"Spring Unlocks The Flowers

To Paint the Laughing Soil."

And not even Nature would allow the flowers to grow and blossom to perfection without good soil. Now Nature and people are much alike; the former must have sunshine, latter must have pure blood in order to have perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood troubles of all sorts. It is to the human system what sunshine is to Nature—the destroyer of disease germs. It never disappoints.

Poor Blood.—The doctor said there were not seven drops of good blood in my body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well. SUSIE E. BROWN, 16 Astor Hill, Lynn, Mass.

Dyspepsia, etc.—A complication of troubles, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and inflammation of the stomach, rheumatism, etc., made me miserable. Had no appetite until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acted like magic. I am thoroughly cured. N. B. SANLEY, 1874 W. 14th Av., Denver, Col.

Rheumatism.—My husband was obliged to give up work on account of rheumatism. No remedy helped until he used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cured him. It cured my daughter of catarrh. I give it to the children with good results. MRS. J. S. McMAHON, Stamford, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

GUARDING THE TRANSPORTS.

Uncle Sam's Ships of War in the Wonderful Sapphire Seas of the West Indies.

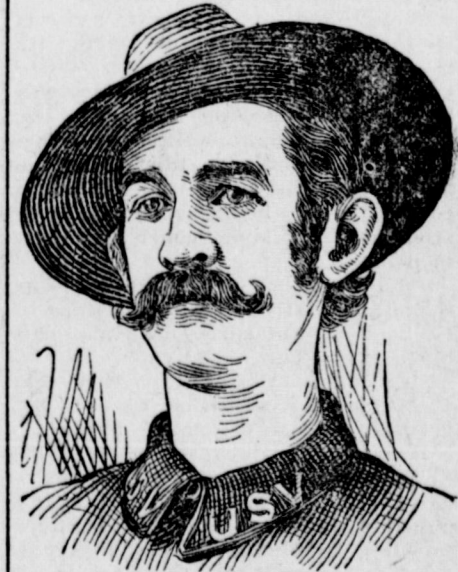
In the afternoon the great fleet steamed southwest until Tampa light sank in the distance, says Gov. Roosevelt, in Scribner's.

For the next six days we sailed steadily southward and westward through the wonderful sapphire seas of the West Indies. The thirty-odd transports moved in long, parallel lines, while ahead and behind and on their flanks the gray hulls of the warships surged through the blue waters. We had every variety of craft to guard us, from the mighty battleship and swift cruiser to the converted yachts and the frail, venomous looking torpedo boats. The warships watched with ceaseless vigilance by day and by night. When a sail of any kind appeared, instantly one of our guardians steamed toward it. Ordinarily, the torpedo boats were towed. Once a strange ship steamed up too close, and instantly the nearest torpedo boat was slipped like a greyhound from the leash, and sped across the water toward it; but the stranger proved harmless, and the swift, delicate, death-fraught craft returned again.

It was very pleasant, sailing southward through the tropic seas toward the unknown. We knew not whither we were bound, nor what we were to do; but we believed that the nearing future held for us many chances of death and hardship, of honor and renown. If we failed, we would share the fate of all who fail; but we were sure that we would win, that we should score the first great triumph in a mighty world movement.

THE ROUGH RIDER, BUCK TAYLOR, SAYS:

"Pe-ru-na is the Best Catarrh Cure on Earth—It Has Cured Me."



Sergeant Buck Taylor.

Sergeant Buck Taylor, one of the famous Rough Riders, is a personal friend of Governor Roosevelt, of New York. He accompanied Governor Roosevelt on his great stumping tour through upper New York state. He was promoted through gallantry in the field during the late war.

The Sergeant has the following to say of Pe-ru-na: "I think there is no better medicine on earth than Pe-ru-na, for catarrh. It has cured me. It would take a volume to tell you all the good it has done me. Pe-ru-na is the best catarrh cure on earth, and I know, for I have tried nearly all of them. Respectfully,

"Buck F. Taylor."

Winter weather causes catarrh. Everybody knows this. But everybody does not stop to think that winter weather delays the cure of catarrh. It takes longer to cure a case of catarrh in the winter generally, than in the warm season. Spring is here. Now is the time favorable to the treatment of old and especially stubborn cases of catarrh.

Send for book entitled "Facts and Faces." Sent free by The Pe-ru-na Drug Mfg Co., Columbus, O.

WHY HE WAS NOT ELECTED

"Kurnel" Bunker Was So Busy Fighting Duels That His Campaign for Governor Went by Default

(Copyright, 1898.)

"Yo' see, suh," began the colonel, after emptying his glass, "the people of my state desired to do me honah, suh, for my services in the field, and Judge Golden, as delegate of the people, waited upon me one maw'nin' and said:

"Kurnel Bunker, the people of this sovereign state admire you, suh, and love you, suh, and wish to make you governor. Yo' are a modest, retiring man, suh, as becomes a brave and gallant man, but I trust you will please and gratify the people by accepting the office."

"That's what the judge said, suh, and though his words were few, they brought tears to my eyes. It was a powerful surprise to me, and it was some time befo' I could control my emotions. When I had succeeded I said to him:

"Judge Golden, I never did care for office, and I am satisfied to rest on my record as a soldier, but if the people of Arkansas are calling to me, suh—if it's the desiah and the will of the sovereign people, suh, I must obey. If I am elected to the high and honorable office I will do my best to retain the love and affection of those who honah me."

"That was the way it happened, suh," continued the colonel to me, "and it is needless to add that my heart was touched. I may say, suh, that my tears mingled with the cocktail I drank with the judge befo' he went away. My nomination followed

and my motives belied, and with the Bunkers, suh—with the Bunkers from time immemorial—honah has always come first. I dropped the canvass to protect and preserve my honah. It was against the advice of friends, but I felt that I had to do it. I began at the head of the opposition. Perhaps you remember of reading of his sudden demise—an editor named Gadsby. I walked in on him one day, and without beating around the bush I said:

"Mr. Gadsby, I am Kurnel Bunker—Kurnel Bunker—suh. Will you kindly step outdoahs and shoot at me at ten paces?"

"And did he step?"

"Yes, suh, he did, suh. He was a game man, and he put on his coat and followed me out, and he died like a gentleman. I hoped that my prompt and vigorous action would have a salutary effect on his contemporaries, but they only made a handle of it to pour out other phials of vituperation. I was forced to call upon State Senator Gildersleeve, who was coupling my name with innuendo, and demand an explanation of his utterances. Gad, suh, but I like to recall that event! He was a bo'n gentleman and a game man. He received me hospitably and urbanely—even urbanely, suh. He had his pistols cleaned and loaded and the ground all measured off and a surgeon at hand. I had scarcely opened my mouth on the subject which brought me, when the senator courteously interrupted me with:



"We Went Out Arm in Arm."

a few days later, and the expressions of gratification and good-will showed upon me from every quarter would have touched a heart of stone. It is a pleasant feeling, suh, to be beloved by the people—'deed it is."

"Well, you were nominated?" I said, as the colonel appeared to be lost in reflection.

"Yes, suh—nominated by acclamation, suh, and for a time the other party hesitated about making a nomination in opposition. It was so clear that I had a walkover and would ride in on the wave that they hesitated to make a move. However, suh, they at length decided to put out a ticket, and after a great deal of persuasion an unknown person—a person whose name was off in a swamp county—was induced to sacrifice himself. I think the unknown person owned a sawmill or a steamboat, or something of the sort. While he was such a cipher that it wasn't deemed necessary for me to make a campaign, I deemed it best to make a few speeches and exhibit myself to the adoring people."

"I can believe, colonel, that you carried the people with you in your speeches."

"Thank you, suh—thank you. I did, suh—that is, the great majority of them. It was said in the papers that I was the popular idol, and that my remarks were received with a hurricane of applause. After the close of my remarks at my first meeting the adoring populace lifted me on their shoulders and bore me about in triumph, suh—in triumph. The opposition were silent until the campaign fully opened, and then they blazed forth like a battery suddenly unmasked."

"But what could they say about you, colonel?"

"Nothing in truth, suh—nothing in truth, but they resorted to the basest lying and the grossest exaggeration. Can you credit it that they tried to take from me the honah of leading my regiment in a desperate charge at Gettysburg? Yes, they did, suh—they did. Some of the papers said I was fo'miles in rear at the time, and they published a picture of me sitting on the fence while my brave boys were sweeping gallantly up the slope to die for the cause! Gad, suh, but didn't my blood boil when I saw that picture. And they made charges, suh, that I was a political schemer, and a charlatan, and dishonest at the core, and that my political theories were the phantoms of an insane man. Gad, gad, but if my friends had not locked me up in my room I should have hurried to 't to do murder."

"But you were right ahead with the campaign?" I queried.

"No, suh," replied the colonel, with a shake of the head. "I couldn't do it, suh. My honah had been impugned

"Kurnel Bunker, you will find everything ready out on the lawn. Will you have a nip, suh, befo' we go out?"

"We went out, suh—we went out arm in arm," said the colonel, "and it was with all courtesy and the greatest respect for his attributes that I dropped him dead at the first shot. I do not think that even his widow ever had a hard thought of me for what happened. I believed this would discourage the opposition and I could return to my campaign, but it did not have that effect. I had to call out Hon. Cassius Johnson and pink him, suh—pink him in the shoulder, and ex-Judge Dawson fell under my bullet, suh, and the list ran up to a dozen, suh, befo' I had finished. Every affair was beautifully managed and strictly according to the code, and even my worst enemies had to admit that I came out of each one with my honah unsullied."

"But about the campaign, colonel?"

"It went by default—by default, suh. I couldn't travel about and make speeches and fight duels, too, and I thereto threw the campaign over my shoulder. Honah first—office second. The unknown person—the person with a sawmill or steamboat, or something—took advantage of the situation to stump the state and make all sorts of promises, and when the adorable and affectionate electors came to the ballot box they forgot me. If I remember aright, suh, that unknown person's majority was about 80,000. I believe the matter was referred to as a landslide, and some of the papers observed that I was buried fo'teen feet deep. I was to blame for my own defeat, however."

"But you saved your honor."

"I saved my honah, suh—saved it as a gentleman should, and I have always been glad that I took that co'se. A man without honah, suh—"

"Have a drink, colonel?" I asked, as he made a long pause.

"I don't mind if I do, suh," he replied. "I don't mind if I do remove this dryness from my throat. Thanks, suh. You seem, suh, to be a person of thoughtfulness and observation."

CHARLES B. LEWIS.

What She Could Do.

Mrs. Mann—You can't wash and iron, nor make the fire? (satirically). Perhaps you might be able to sit in the parlor and read the morning paper after my husband has got through with it.

The Worklady—I think I could do that, mem, if the paper had stories in it.

—Boston Transcript.

Too Much Competition.

Jinks—What do you think of the sugar growing industry in the Philippines? Would it be a good thing for a young American to go into it?

Col. Jingo—Well, to tell you the truth, I don't think any American could compete with the Filipinos in raising cane.—Brooklyn Life.

M QUAD'S FUN

COPYRIGHT 1898

THE TOUR WAS ENDED.

The man with the orange-colored eyebrows and missing front teeth was getting his trunk checked on the platform when the baggageman said to him:

"Seems to me that I handled this trunk only a day or two ago."

"Yes, sir, you handled it yesterday morning," was the reply.

"And when you arrived there was a lady with you?"

"There was, sir, my newly wedded wife."

"I thought so. You were both looking so happy that I sorter took it you were on a bridal tour."

"Yes, sir, we were looking very happy and it was our bridal tour," said the traveler. "Had you been watchin' us very closely you would have seen me chucking her under the chin and squeezing her hand. I know we both felt as spooney as two doves, and we probably showed that we did."

"And business calls you away very suddenly?" ventured the baggageman, as he finished his work and handed over the check.

"You have hit it exactly, my friend. I am called away very suddenly on business and I shall not return. My bride will probably be along here this afternoon to buy her own ticket and get her own trunk checked. You look like a man who needed advice, and I will therefore give you some. It may occur some day that you will fall in love with a widow."

"Yes, sir, it may."

"That's what I did. She was reputed to be worth \$20,000 in cash. I was reputed to be worth double that. I thought I had struck a big thing, and so did she, and we married."

"I'd have done the same," replied the baggageman.

"Then you'd have made a fool of yourself! We reached here on our bridal tour. We had a talk. I found out that the widow wasn't worth a hundred dollars to her name, and she found out I wasn't worth fifty. No more cooing—no more billing—the tour is ended. I go—she goes. See?"

"And—and—?"

"That's all. I return to my business of selling county rights on a patent washing-machine, which is warranted to save half the soap and all the buttons and prove of more joy to the household than a parlor organ, and she returns to her sister's to wait for another man to appear. Cum dig salis, which is Latin for saying here's a five cent cigar, and do you handle that trunk gently, and never figure that you've got a soft snap till you've counted the money."

GOING AWAY FROM HOME.

Every day brings its letter from some young man who says he is thinking of going to Mexico, Chili or Peru to better himself. Now and then he substitutes Africa or China. He has no money, but lots of ambition, and is willing to begin at the foot. I want to say to such boys that the best place in the world to begin at the foot is right here at home. It is the best place in the world to convert energy and ambition into cash. The American who lands in any foreign country without money or a connection with some enterprise or business will be worse off in 30 days than if he were in an American county jail. Americans have succeeded in South America, but they went there with money to fill places already made for them. It is the same in China and Japan. As to Africa, he would surely be crazy to think of going there to better himself.

There is no country on the globe paying as high wages as ours. There is none with so many industries, offering so many places. Our term of apprenticeship to any trade is two years less than in England, France and Germany. Our professional men graduate in from one to three years' less time, and the chances for any man's advancement, be he farmer, hand or lawyer, are far greater. For every man outside of the United States who has made \$1,000 by trade or profession there are ten here who have made a great deal more.

A BETTER THING.

"No, sah, it wasn't no fault of mine dat I quit runnin' a sleepin'-cuh," explained the ex-porter when asked how he came to lose his job. "Dey jest went to work and made a mistake."

"What sort of a mistake?"

"Why, one day when I got my silk-hat and dimun pin and lavender trousers to go to Chicago in good style dey took me fur de president of de road, and de president dun got jealous about it and bounced me off. Reckon it was a good thing fur me, though."

"You hit another job?"

"I did, sah. I jest went to bein' a preacher, and Ize found out dat de pulpit lays way over a sleepin'-cuh fur showin' off dimuns and stoh-clothes. In de one place you're bein' sawn all de time; in de odder you're only sawn when you're makin' up de beds or breshin' somebody's back!"

MISSED A GOOD THING.

"They say they have got a way of making buttons and combs and things out of sour milk," said the old farmer to the man with the newspaper.

"You refer to celluloid," was the reply.

"I dunno what other name they give it, but that feller might hev made a heap o' money up our way if he'd only knowa it."

"In wha way?"

"In glittin up a patent to work that your milk off on summer boarders!"

AN EXCELLENT COMBINATION

THE pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well-known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company, illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative,

CLEANSING THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY, DISPELLING
COLDS AND HEADACHES, PREVENTING FEVERS,
OVERCOMING HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY.

Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, gently yet promptly, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but

THE MEDICINAL QUALITIES ARE OBTAINED FROM SENNA AND OTHER AROMATIC PLANTS,

by a method known to the California Fig Syrup Company only. In order to get its beneficial effects, and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

Consumers of the choicest products of modern commerce purchase at about the same price that others pay for cheap and worthless imitations. To come into universal demand and to be everywhere considered the best of its class, an article must be capable of satisfying the wants and tastes of the best informed purchasers. The California Fig Syrup Company having met with the highest success in the manufacture and sale of its excellent liquid laxative remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, it has become important to all to have a knowledge of the Company and its product. The California Fig Syrup Company was organized more than fifteen years ago, for the special purpose of manufacturing and selling a laxative remedy which would be more pleasant to the taste and more beneficial in effect than any other known. The great value of the remedy, as a medicinal agent and of the Company's efforts, is attested by the sale of millions of bottles annually, and by the high approval of most eminent physicians. As the true and genuine remedy named SYRUP OF FIGS is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, the knowledge of that fact will assist in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties.

Best Prescription for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. . . . Sold by every druggist in the malarial sections of the United States. . . . No cure, no pay. . . . Price, 50c.



First Tasteless Tonic ever manufactured. All other so-called "Tasteless" Tonics are imitations. Ask any druggist about this who is not PUSHING an imitation.

WHOLESALE.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 6, 1899.

PARIS MEDICINE CO., City.

Gentlemen:—We wish to congratulate you on the increased sales we are having on your Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. On examining our record of inventory under date of Jan. 1st, we find that we sold during the Chili season of 1898, 289 dozen Grove's Tonic. We also find that our sales on your Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets have been something enormous, having sold during the late Cold and Grip season 4,300 dozen.

Please rush down order enclosed herewith. Yours truly,

MEYER BROS. DRUG CO. Per schall.

RETAILER.

KEDRON, ILLS.

PARIS MEDICINE CO.,

Gentlemen:—I handle seven or eight different kinds of Chill Tonics but I sell ten bottles of Grove's to where I sell one of the others. I sold 35 bottles of Grove's Chill Tonic in one day and could have sold more if I had had it on hand. Mr. Dave Woods cured five cases of chills with one bottle.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. VINYARD.

CONSUMER.

WHITESBORO, TEX., Sep. 13, 1898.

PARIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—I write you a few lines of gratitude. I think your Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is one of the best medicines in the world for Chills and Fever. I have three children that have been down with malarial fever for 18 months and have bought Chill medicines of all kinds and Doctor's bills coming in all the time until I sent to town and got three bottles of Grove's Tonic. My children are all well now and it was your Tasteless Chill Tonic that did it. I cannot say too much in its behalf.

Yours truly,

JAMES D. ROBERTS.

"FORBID A FOOL A THING AND THAT HE WILL DO." DON'T USE

SAPOLIO

FREE! A HANDSOME WATCH

solid nickel or gold-plated hunting fully guaranteed, to anyone starting an Overland Club. Send 15 cents for particulars. OVERLAND MONTHLY, San Francisco, Ca.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE SCHOOLS

Of Greater New York, Boston, and many other places use Carter's Ink exclusively and won't use any other. That speaks well for

CARTER'S INK and gives you food for thought.

WHISKERS DYED

A Natural Black by

Buckingham's Dye.

Price 50 cents of all druggists or H. F. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

THE TREE LOVER.

Who loves a tree he loves the life that springs in star and cloud;
He loves the love that glides the clouds and greens the April sod;
He loves the Wide Beneficence. His soul takes hold on God.

A tree is one of nature's words, a word of peace to man.
A word that tells of central strength from whence all things began,
A word to preach tranquility to all our restless clan.

Ah, here must be the shadeless ways, and bleak the path must be,
Of him who, having open eyes, has never learned to see,
And so has never learned to love the beauty of a tree.

'Tis well for man to mix with men, to drive his stubborn quest
In harbored cities where the ships come from the east and west,
To fare forth where the tumult roars, and scorn the name of rest.

'Tis well the current of his life should toward the deeps be whirled,
And feel the clash of alien waves along its channel swirled,
And the confus of the eddies of the mighty-flowing world.

But he is wise who, 'mid what noise his winding way may be,
Still keeps a heart that holds a nook of calm serenity,
And an inviolate virgin soul that still can love a tree.

Who loves a tree he loves the life that springs in star and cloud,
He loves the love that glides the clouds and greens the April sod;
He loves the Wide Beneficence. His soul takes hold on God.

—Sam Walter Foss, in N. Y. Independent.



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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—D'Auriac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Geron's has been appointed to Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge made against him. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in two prisoners, a man and a woman, who are from the king's camp at Le Pere. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Geron toward the woman, strikes him. A duel follows, and during the commotion the prisoners escape. De Rone happens on the disorderly scene, and d'Auriac, upon giving his parole not to attempt escape, hears this remarkable sentence: "To-morrow...you must die on the field. Win or lose, if I catch you at the close of the day, I will hang you as high as Haman."

Chapter II—D'Auriac next morning takes this place as usual on de Rone's staff. In the course of his ride over the field he sees the life of Nicholas, the sergeant, who, a victim of de Geron's malice, is found in imminent danger of almost instant death.

Chapter III—After the battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, lying severely wounded, sees the forms of a man and woman moving under cover of the night among the dead and wounded. They find a golden collar on de Leyva's corpse and Eabette stabs Maugnot (her partner) to gain possession of the prize. After this hideous episode Henry with a retinue, among whom is the fair prisoner who had escaped from the hand of de Geron, rides over the field.

Chapter IV—D'Auriac in the hospital of Ste. Genevieve, discovers his unknown friend is the heiress of Bidache. She visits him daily, and when he is well enough is taken to her Normandy chateau. Here he learns from Maitre Palin, the madame's chaplain, that the king is about to force upon the woman a very distasteful marriage with M. d'Ayen. With Jacques, his steward, d'Auriac leaves for the avowed purpose of preventing this marriage.

Chapter V—D'Auriac's horse casts a shoe. This causes a delay at village of Ezy, where he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Geron is in the neighborhood with the king's commission, and that he (Nicholas) has evidence of treason brewing among de Geron and certain associates against the king.

Chapter VI—Led by Nicholas, d'Auriac goes by night to where de Geron is stationed. Standing beside a broken pane they hear something of the outline of a plot against the king. Burning with revenge, Nicholas fires through the window at de Geron, but misses his mark.

Chapter VII—The two men fly for their lives, and think themselves almost beyond pursuit when they come suddenly face to face with Biron, one of the traitors to the king, whom d'Auriac cuts down, and with de Geron, who makes short work of Nicholas, d'Auriac escapes.

Chapter VIII—He comes to Rouvres where Jacques, by previous arrangement, had prepared to have him received; from there he goes direct to Paris.

Chapter IX—D'Auriac takes up lodgings in Paris, and lays what he knows of the treachery in the army and among the nobles before Sully, master general of the ordinance, who advises him to keep himself as much confined as possible.

Chapter X—Calling on de Belin, a friend living in Paris, the chevalier secures from him a servant, named Ravallac, whom de Belin had won from d'Ayen at dice; to temporarily take the place of Jacques. He learns marriage of d'Ayen and Madame de la Bidache is to take place in a fortnight. De Belin is to be d'Ayen's sponsor.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

I ground my teeth in silent agony. "Wait a moment," de Belin continued, "a chamberlain of the court knows most of its secrets, and I can tell you that it is not such plain sailing as you think for d'Ayen. The death of that unhappy Gabrielle has affected the king much. He is but now beginning to recover, and Biron, who was hurrying to his government of Burgundy, has been ordered to remain in close attendance on the king."

"Whether Biron knew of the king's intentions or not, I do not know; but he has strongly urged the suit of one of his gentlemen for the hand of madame—it is that croque-mort de Geron. It is said that the marshal has even pressed de Geron's suit with madame, and that, rather than marry d'Ayen, and clinging to any chance for escape, she has agreed to fall in with his views. This I heard from the vidame, and Chevalier de Lafin—good enough authority."

"One alternative is as bad as the other."

"There is no satisfying some people. Why, man, don't you see it would be the best thing in the world for you if it was settled in favor of our friend from the Camargue."

"That lowborn scoundrel?"

"Mon ami, we don't know anything about that. Give the devil his due; he is a better man than d'Ayen. I know there is ill blood between you and wonder that some has not been split before now."

"There will be before this is ended."

"Tenez! Let but the king agree to de Geron's suit—and he is hard pressed, I tell you, for Sully even is on Biron's side in this matter, and after that—"

"What?"

"Henry's mind will have turned another way. There are many who would like to play queen, and few like Mesdames de Guercville and Bidache."

"But in any case, Belin, I lose the game."

"You have become very clever in your retreat, my friend. You win your game if de Geron is accepted and then—"

"And then, my wise adviser?"

"She need not marry the Camargue. You can run him through under the limes in the Tuilleries—wed madame, and grow cabbages at Aurie ever after. Pout! The matter is simple!"

Miscrable as I was I fairly laughed out at Belin's plot. Nevertheless, the hopefulness of the man, his cheery tone and happy spirit had their effect upon me, and if it turned out that the king was wavering there was more than a straw of hope floating down stream to me. My courage grew also when I put together Sully's words with Belin's news that Biron was detained by the side of the king. It surely meant that this was done to prevent the marshal doing mischief elsewhere. If so, I was nevertheless on the horns of a dilemma, for by telling of the plot I would, if my story were believed, make matters hopeless, and advance d'Ayen's cause to the misery of the woman I loved.

On the other hand, by keeping silent I was in an equally hard case. My pledge to Sully prevented me from taking Belin fully into my confidence, and hardly knowing what I was doing, I poured myself out another full goblet of the chambertin, and drained it at a draft.

"Excellent," said Belin, "there is nothing like Burgundy to steady the mind; in another moment you will be yourself again and think as I do in this matter. Courage, man! Pick your heart up. A fortnight is a devil of a long time, and—"

"My dear Baron d'Ayen," and Vallon threw open the door, and at its entrance stood the cold-blooded instrument of the king.

"My dear De Belin," he said, bowing low, "I trust my visit is not inopportune. I had no idea you were engaged."

"Never more welcome, baron. I think monsieur le chevalier is known to you—sit down and help yourself to the chambertin."

D'Ayen bowed slightly to me; but I took no notice and rose to depart.

"I will say good day, Belin, and many thanks for what you have done."

"Do not retire on my account, monsieur le chevalier," said d'Ayen, in his mocking voice. "I come to give news to my friend here, which will doubtless interest you. The fact is his majesty insists on my marriage taking place as soon as possible, and has given instructions for the chapel in the Louvre to be prepared for the ceremony. You still hold good to your promise of being one of my sponsors, de Belin?"

"If the wedding comes off—certainly."

"Ha! ha! if it comes off! I would ask you, too, monsieur," and he turned to me, "but I know you have pressing business elsewhere."

"Whatever my business may be, monsieur, there is one thing I must attend to first, and I must request the pleasure of your company to discuss it."

"Ah!" he said, stroking the moustache feathers in his hat, "that difference of opinion we had about the woods of Bidache—eh? I see from your face it is so. I had almost forgotten it."

"Monsieur's memory is convenient. He bowed with a grin. "I am old; but shall take care not to forget this time—"

"Come, gentlemen," and Belin interposed, "the day is too young to begin to quarrel, and if this must come to a meeting allow your seconds to arrange the time and place. One moment, baron," and taking me by the arm he led me to the door.

"Malheureux!" he whispered, "will you upset the kettle! See me to-morrow, and adieu!" He pressed my hand, and I went out preceded by Vallon, who must have caught Belin's words, but whose face was as impassive as stone.

CHAPTER XI.

A SWIM IN THE SEINE.

Swearing he would be back again in a week, Jacques set out for Ezy within an hour of our return to the Rue des Deux Mondes, and his going had removed one weight from my mind. I knew full well that, unless something beyond his control happened, my business would be faithfully discharged, though I felt I was losing a tower of strength when I needed support most, as I watched him riding along the Malaquais, mounted on the sorrel and leading the gray.

He went out of sight at last, and now that the momentary bustle caused by his departure had ceased, I had leisure to think of what I had heard from De Belin, and those who have read the preceding pages and have formed their judgment as to what was my character at that time, can well imagine that I was mentally on the rack.

The trouble with d'Ayen was bad enough; but united to that was Belin's statement that she—she was prepared, no matter what the circumstances were, to give her hand to de Geron! Had I been in her place death would have been preferable to me rather than this alternative, and then I thought of the token she had sent back to me—felt that I was being trifled with, and gave full rein to my jealous and bitter temper.

"Maitre Palin to wait on monsieur le chevalier."

I pulled myself together with an effort and advanced to meet my old friend as he came in.

"At last! I have been expecting you hourly for some time."

"I could not come, chevalier. I will explain in a moment."

"First, sit down. Take that chair there near the window. It commands a good view."

"I see you have changed your livery with your old servant, chevalier," said Palin, sipping at his wine, as the man went out, closing the door carefully and softly behind him.

"Not so. Jacques has merely gone away temporarily on some business of importance. In fact, he left to-day, shortly before you came in, and this man, or rather youth, has been lent to me by a friend."

"And his name is Ravallac?"

"Yes."

"An uncommon name for a man of his class."

"Perhaps—but these men assume all kinds of names. He is, however, better educated than the usual run of people in his position, and bears an excellent character, although he has been a flagellant; from which complaint he has recovered."

"Most of them do—and now, my good friend, let us dismiss Ravallac and tell me how you progress."

For a moment it was in me to tell him all, to say that I had abandoned a worthless cause, and that I could do no more, as I was leaving France at once. What was I to say? I could not answer Palin. Through the now-darkening room I could see his earnest features turned toward me for reply, and behind it there moved in the shadow the dim outline of a fair face set in a mass of chestnut hair, and the violet light from its eyes seemed to burn through my veins. My tongue was stilled and I could say nothing. At length he spoke again.

"Do I gather from your silence that you have failed?"

"No—not so—but little or nothing could be done, as the king has only just come, and then—"

"And then—what?"

"It seems that madame has changed her mind."

"I do not follow you. Do you know what you are saying?" His tone was coldly stern.

"My temper began to rise at this. 'Yes, I think I do, or else why has madame come to Paris, and what is this story I hear about a M. de Geron?' If that is true it ends the matter."

I got up as I spoke and began to pace the room in my excitement.

"Had I been twenty years younger, M. d'Auriac, I would have paraded you for what you have said; but my cloth and my age forbid it. My age, not because it has weakened my arm, but because it has taught me to think. My young friend, you are a fool."

"I know I have been," I said, bitterly, "but I shall be no longer."

"And in saying so confirm yourself in your folly. Are you so beside yourself that you condemn unheard? Sit down, man, and hear what I have to say."

"MONSIEUR LE BARON D'AYEN."

say. It will not keep you long. You can leave Paris five minutes after, if you like."

I came back to my seat and Palin continued:

"You appear to be offended at Madame de la Bidache's coming to Paris?"

"I am not offended—I have no right to be."

"Well, it will interest you to hear that her coming to Paris was forced. That practically we are prisoners."

"You mean to say that he—the king—has gone as far as that?"

"I mean what I say—madame cannot leave her hotel, except to go to the Louvre, without his permission."

"But this is infamous!"

"In an almost similar case this was what the daughter of De Couvres said, and yet she died Duchess de Beaufort. But are you satisfied now?"

"I am," I said, in a low tone, and then with an effort, "but there is still the other matter."

"You are exacting—are you sure you have a right to ask that?"

"I have no right, but if it is true it means that the affair is at an end."

"If it is true?"

"Then it is not?" My heart began to beat faster.

"I did not say so. Remember that the alternative is M. le Baron d'Ayen."

"There is another."

"And that is?"

"Death."

"We are Huguenots," he answered, coldly, "and believe in the word of God. We do not kill our souls."

"Great Heavens, man! Tell me if it is true or not? Do not draw this out. In so many words, is Mme. de la Bidache pledged to de Geron?"

"Most certainly not, but Biron and her nearest relative, Tremouille, have urged it on her as a means of escape. She has, however, given no answer."

"Then De Belin was wrong?"

"If you mean that Comte de Belin said so, then he had no authority for the statement."

"Palin," I said, "you were right. I am a fool."

"You are," he answered, "exactly what your father was before you at your age."

"My father—you knew him?"

"Yes—Raoul de Breuil, sire d'Auriac and governor of Provence. We were friends in the old days, and I owed him my life once, as did also Henry the Great, our king and master, in the days of his youth."

"And you never told me this?"

"I have told you now. I owe the house of Auriac my life twice over, and I recognize in this, as in all things, the hand of God. Young man, I have

watched you, and you are worthy. Be of good courage." He stretched out his hand and I grasped it in silence.

"See here," he continued, "I have come to you like a thief in the twilight, because I have that to say which is for you alone. It is useless to appeal to the king. Our only chance is flight, and we have no one to rely on but you. Will you help us—help madame?"

"Why need to ask? Have I not already said so? Am I not ready to die, if need be, to save her?"

"You are now," he said, "but I will not press that point. Then we, or rather I, can count on you?"

"To the end of my sword; but does not madame know of this?"

"Not yet. Should it fall through, there would be only another bitter disappointment for her. It is, moreover, an idea that has but shaped itself with me to-day."

"Where do you propose going?"

"To Switzerland. There we would be safe, and there they are of our faith."

"Remember, Maitre Palin, that I am not."

"Look into your own heart and tell me that again at another time. Can you count on a sword or two?"

"If Jacques were only here!" I exclaimed. And then, remembering my new man's reputation: "They say Ravallac is good, and I have a friend"—I bethought me of Belin—"upon whom I think I can rely."

"Better one blade of steel than two of soft iron, chevalier. We must do what we can with what we have."

"When do you propose starting?"

"On the night of the fete at the Louvre."

"And we meet?"

"Under the three limes in the Tuilleries at Compline."

"I have but one horse at present—we must have more."

"That is not hard. I will settle that with Pantin. He knows the spot exactly and will have horses in readiness and guide you there, if need be."

"I know it, too, and will not fail you. God grant us success."

"Amen!"

There was a silence of a moment, and then Palin arose. "It grows darker and darker," he said; "I must go now—adieu!"—and he held out his hand.

"Not yet good-by," I said. "I will accompany you to the end of the Malaquais at any rate. Ho! Ravallac! My hat and cloak!"

There was no answer; but it seemed as if there was the sound of a stumble on the stairs outside the closed door, and then all was still.

"Diab! That sounds odd," I exclaimed; "and 'tis so dark here I can hardly lay hands on anything. O! Here they are—now come along."

As I opened the door to lead the way out I saw a flash of light on the staircase and Mme. Pantin appeared bearing a lighted candle in her hand.

"I was coming to light your room, monsieur," she said.

I accompanied Palin to the end of the Malaquais, speaking of many things on the way, and finally left him, as he insisted on my coming no further. So much had happened during the day, however, that I determined to cool my brain with a walk, and my intention was to cross the river and return to my lodging by the Point aux Meuniers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONLY A LICENSE.

An Old Iowa Couple Who Supposed the County Clerk Had Married Them.

A lawyer told a few days ago of a strange state of affairs that came to his notice several years ago while practicing in the eastern part of the state. He had not been out of college very long, and to start in gave considerable attention to pension claims. One day an old woman, possibly 80 years of age, came to his office. She was the widow of a soldier of the war of 1812 and wanted him to look up her pension claim. He asked her to show her proof of marriage. The applicant said somewhere in her house she had the marriage license that had been issued to her in one of the eastern states before that war. But she had not been able to find it. She was told then that she must secure affidavits of some people who had known her husband, and of the fact that they had lived together for years and had brought up a family. One of the grown-up sons was with her at the time, and he secured the necessary information. But to be sure that everything was all right the lawyer wrote to the clerk of the courts of the county in which the original license had been issued. That officer replied that the license had been issued, but that no return of marriage had ever been made. In a few days the old woman came back to see her lawyer about the matter and by that time she had found the time-worn marriage license. But that was all she did have. It afterward developed that the couple had understood that when the license was issued to them that it was all that was necessary. They never called in a preacher to perform the ceremony, and had lived together for all those years, and had brought up a large family.—Sioux City Journal.

Some Assassinations.

Many and curious have been the assassinations of history. Mustapha II. was strangled in prison. Achmet III. was strangled by his own guards. Tiberius was smothered by one of his favorites. Louis V. was poisoned by his own mother. Feodor II. of Russia was assassinated in church. Lothaire, of France, was poisoned by female relatives. Pope Lando is supposed to have been poisoned. Antiochus the Great was put to death by his own soldiers. Murad was stabbed by a soldier whom he had offended in some way. Paul of Russia is supposed to have been assassinated by his wife. Amon, king of Judah, was murdered by some of his harem attendants. William Rufus was shot by an archer.—Detroit Free Press.



Hard Lines.

Sprogles—I used to think my face was my fortune, but I've got over that idea.

Bingle—What has changed your mind?

Sprogles—I was on one of those juries when the bribing was done, but the fellows with money didn't approach me, because, as I have just learned, they thought I had too honest a face.—Chicago Daily News.

A Fearful Mistake.

A burglar came to Hen. Peck's house, No more abroad he'll roam; He barely got off with his life, For he was met by Hen. Peck's wife, Who thought that he—this caused the strife.

Was Peck just getting home.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A LITTLE NERVOUS, PERHAPS.

When telephone charges become what they should, When lobbyists find their efforts no good; When the people insist that their servants do right— Millennium's dawn will be really in sight.

—N. Y. Herald.

Saved by His Horse.

Colonel—Ah, my boy, that faithful old horse there was the means of saving my life.

Friend—Really, colonel?

Colonel—Yes; he kicked me in the wrist so that I couldn't fight, and the other chaps got shot while I was in the hospital.—Tit-Bits.

Safe from Drowning.

Winter Visitor (in Florida)—I should love dearly to go sailing, but it looks very dangerous. Do not people often get drowned in this bay?

Waterman—No, indeed, mum. The sharks never lets anybody drown.—N. Y. Weekly.

Blasting Fond Hopes.

Mrs. Newlywed—We are going to name our new baby after you, Uncle Josh!

Rich Uncle—That's a good idea; he'll have to start out in life without a cent, jes' the same as I did!—Puck.

Empty.

"And this," said the intimate visitor, who was being shown all over the house, "is your coal bin."

"No," answered young Mr. Rentussle, regretfully, "that's a has-been."—Washington Star.

To His Sorrow.

Now, scenic artists, boast no more, Your efforts are not in it; For, any day my wife can make A scene in half a minute.

—Puck.

Quite So.

"And why did the devil tempt Eve first, do you think, Godfrey?"

"Oh, mummy, ladies always come first!"—Punch.

Reprieved.

When the gray dawn breaks o'er the sea It does not wake my heart to pain; With joy I scan my watch and see That I may go to sleep again.

—Chicago Record.

A Point in Its Favor.

Johnny—Mamma, Tommy Jones is a stuff.

Mamma—Oh, don't use that expression. It is not good English.

BOY WONDER IN MATHEMATICS

Eleven-Year-Old Lad Who Solves Hard Problems in Trigonometry.

Attention has been directed recently to a little 11-year-old boy named Alexander Bowley, who lives in the quaint old town of Hanfield, in Sussex, England.

The cause of young Bowley's sudden fame among men of learning, particularly those interested in higher mathematics, is his remarkable talent for trigonometry—indeed, in this particular he is one of the most precocious youngsters of the nineteenth century. In all other respects young Bowley is simply a rollicking, mischievous English boy, full of health and spirits, and rather inclined to be cheeky.

He is practically self-taught, as he has never been to school. And, although his father was able to help him at first, the boy has become father to the man, and long ago passed the paternal mathematician. He has keys to Todhunter's works on trigonometry, but not to any other of his text books.

Before he was put to mathematics he was forever puzzling his head over word squares, double acrostics, etc., and at the age of eight he was found solving sentences in cipher. So he was given a little Euclid. He is making fair headway in other studies.

As an instance of his knowledge of trigonometry he was recently given 26 trigonometrical transformations, out of which he quickly solved 18, while out of seven of the more difficult examples of functions of two angles from Todhunter's large work he solved six.

WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH WOLVES

Pennsylvania School-Teacher Has a Thrilling Experience in a Storm.

Miss Maggie Hart, a young school-teacher at Hobbie, eight miles west of Hazleton, Pa., had a most remarkable experience during the recent storm. On Tuesday the few children who had braved the elements were either taken home by their parents or friends, leaving Miss Hart alone in the building. The storm increased in intensity, and by night it had reached such proportions that the teacher considered it safer to remain for the night.

During the night Miss Hart was startled by the growling of wolves at the schoolhouse door. They saw comfort within, and seemed to be goaded by the blasts of wind which swept through the forest surrounding the school. In their efforts to secure shelter they gained the window sill and broke a pane of glass.

It was then that the plucky school marm's nerve asserted itself. Securing her rifle, which she carried, a dead wolf fell across the sill. A pack of hungry animals quickly tore the carcass to pieces, then made another attack on the schoolhouse. Again and again the rifle rang out and the maddened animals were forced to retreat. The next morning the bones of two animals were found near the window, and it is certain that many of the others were wounded.

AMERICAN BOYS FOR JAPAN.

Native Over in This Country to Secure Youths for Education in Business.

S. Odagaki, representing the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha and other interests of the Mitsui family in Japan, is in Seattle, Wash., for the purpose of securing a number of bright American boys to be sent to Japan and China and educated in oriental business methods, with a view of extending trade with the United States. The Mitsui family, it is said, is the richest in Japan, and its various interests are capitalized at over \$50,000,000.

Old Age Pensions in England. Old-age pensions or other relief will become necessary if the limitation of the age of workmen is carried much further in England. One of the largest chemical manufacturers announces that it will engage no new men above 30 years of age. Curates complain that they find it difficult to obtain employment if above 30 and almost impossible if above 40 years of age.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water, and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to do. There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder, and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention that you read this generous offer in this paper.

A DIPLOMAT'S STORY.

Why Gen. Grant Did Not Dine with Czar Alexander.

The Real Cause Was a Scandal in Which a Russian Minister Bore a Disgraceful and Unenviable Part.

(Special Washington Letter.)

One who has been connected with the diplomatic corps at this capital for a number of years this evening narrated to the writer the reason why Gen. Grant was not invited to dine with the czar of Russia when he was in St. Petersburg; when the potentates of all other countries were entertaining Gen. Grant and giving banquets in his honor. It is a singular fact that the czar of Russia withheld that courtesy from Gen. Grant; and, as the story is told, he was justified by diplomatic usage in pursuing that course.

It seems that in the first year of Grant's presidency the czar of Russia appointed Constantine de Catacazy to be his minister plenipotentiary to the United States. This was in the summer of 1869. Minister Catacazy leased a large and handsome house in the fashionable northwest section of the city; and, though long since deserted by diplomats, it retains the name of the Catacazy house, because of the history given to it by the Russian minister and his wife, during their six years' residence there.

Minister Catacazy was a short, fat, pudgy fellow, of effusive manners. He cultivated a genial manner, but it was manifestly insincere. He was at all times manifestly a boor in the parlor, a lout in a drawing-room; and no amount of diamonds, and not any number of gorgeous banquets, could change his manifest unfitness for the companionship of diplomats of superior attainments.

Mme. Catacazy was a tall, graceful woman; a beautiful blonde, with wonderful hair, a type of Germany's most beautiful women of the upper classes. That her life had not been at all like the life of Caesar's wife was probably due to the wickedness of others, at least primarily. No matter how good and refined a girl may be, she must become degraded in her own estimation when she is sold into slavery, by compulsory marriage with an old man, as this girl was sold when she was a mere slip of a girl. A rich Italian nobleman wanted her; and she was married to him against her will.

The fact that she became a princess and an ambassador did not lighten the load of misery which she bore as the unwilling wife of a broken-down physical wreck, who was the Italian ambassador to Brazil. Their gorgeous residence in Rio de Janeiro was to her a jail, and she a prisoner planning escape.

Young Catacazy was secretary of the Russian legation at Rio de Janeiro, and became acquainted with the Italian princess and ambassador at one of the public receptions. That the beautiful girl-wife was weary unto desolation with her life, and that her Italian nobleman was intensely disagreeable to her, was made manifest when she took a fancy to fat and sleek Catacazy, and he was a frequent visitor at the Italian embassy, until the



WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION.

feeble old ambassador deemed it necessary to exclude Catacazy from his list of visitors, so that he only called when official duties and functions required him to do so. Nevertheless, there were clandestine meetings.

One day the Italian ambassador went out driving, and she did not return. Her driver had left her at the residence of a friend and was told to drive home, which he did. All Rio was excited, and it was generally believed that the missing princess had been kidnapped. Nobody noticed that Catacazy had also disappeared, except the minister and attaches of the Russian legation; and they diplomatically said nothing. Finally they were discovered living together in a little cottage near the capital of Brazil. Catacazy was recalled to Russia, and took his beautiful princess with him. The old ambassador died, and so Catacazy and the princess were married.

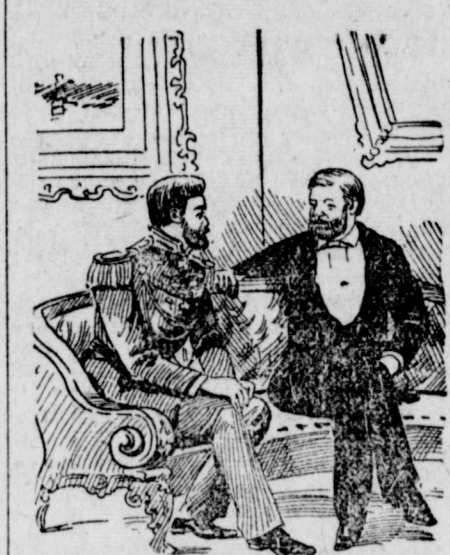
Prime Minister Gortchakoff, of Russia, was a friend and supporter of Catacazy, and so his scandalous conduct did not interfere with his standing in the Russian diplomatic service. He was sent as secretary to various European courts, and was socially received as though there had been no blemish in his career, which was notoriously known. After 20 years had elapsed, Catacazy became secretary to the Russian legation in Washington, but he did not bring his wife with him. Later on he was made Russian minister to Washington. It was presumed that his escapade had been forgotten, but such things are never forgotten in the social and diplomatic world.

President Grant understood the situation, for it was a matter of common topic among the ladies. But Russia had been our powerful friend only a

few years previously, when we needed friends, and Grant quietly sent word out in administrative circles that it would be politic to receive Catacazy and his wife, with the apparent assumption that the secret history was unknown here.

So Catacazy came, opened his legation in great style, gave magnificent receptions, and all society called, the ladies treating Mme. Catacazy with courteous consideration. She was pronounced beautiful, fascinating, modest and every way fit for her position. She dressed in superb taste, regally, but never gaudily nor gorgeously. In evening dress she displayed her neck and arms, her alabaster shoulders, her long, heavy golden hair, and beamed upon visitors with the large, luminous, blue baby eyes, whose drooping lashes pictured her innocence personified. Indeed, it was said even by some of the ladies that Mme. Catacazy's presence made that of Catacazy endurable.

In those days gambling was rife, not only in the gaming houses, but in social circles. During one winter season nearly every member of the diplomatic corps lost large sums of money at Catacazy's. It soon became apparent in that limited circle that Catacazy and his wife were expert gamblers. Catacazy would make small bets, and seldom lost them. His wife made large bets, and she never lost. The young diplomats began talking about it, and soon it became known to all the members of the diplomatic corps, and to their hosts of friends, that the Catacazy mansion



IN THE CZAR'S PALACE.

was a veritable gambling hell. The prevailing impression was that Catacazy was a real gambler, and his wife an unwilling accomplice. Consequently the Russian minister and his wife were unable to induce their social callers to play any game with them, and their social circles became very much abridged because of their well-earned reputation as crooks.

Just at this time Catacazy took up an old claim of this government against Russia for arms furnished to Russia during the Crimean war. The department of state did not want to press the claim, but Catacazy insisted upon having it settled, as he wanted the credit of accomplishing a settlement. It would please his royal master. The secretary of state would not press the claim, and Catacazy caused several newspapers to attack the department of state, as well as the families of the secretary of state and of President Grant. These newspaper attacks were traced by sworn testimony to the hand and pen of Catacazy.

This having been demonstrated, a message was sent to the American minister, Andrew G. Curtin, at St. Petersburg, requesting the Russian government to recall Catacazy, as his presence in this capital was distasteful and disagreeable to our government. This request was not complied with. Prime Minister Gortchakoff sending back word that Archduke Alexis, son of the czar, was about to visit the United States, and the prime minister solicited that there should be no diplomatic breach at this time.

President Grant fully realized that the czar is the autocrat of his vast domains, and that to him personally we were indebted for his support during our civil war. Therefore Grant decided that the czar's son should be received in a fitting manner, and that the diplomatic breach should be concealed for the time being. Hence Catacazy was permitted to remain. But, under directions of the secretary of state, he merely presented the archduke, and was not permitted to make any remarks whatsoever.

President Grant received Archduke Alexis at the white house, and he was presented by Catacazy, who merely uttered the formal words prescribed for him. Word was then sent to Alexis that the president would be pleased to entertain him at dinner, but that Catacazy could not be included in the invitation. Answer came back that the archduke must decline the invitation, because of the limitation put upon it. Alexis personally said to our secretary of state that he fully appreciated the situation, knew that our president and our nation were friendly, but that he could not officially ignore the minister of his own country. Thus it happened that the favorite son of our good friend, the czar, left Washington without dining with President Grant.

Subsequently, when Grant was touring around the world, he was invited to St. Petersburg, to visit the czar, who received him with royal courtesy and genuine welcome, sitting beside him on a sofa for almost an hour conversing upon international topics. Grant was given the freedom of the city and every courtesy extended to royalty was extended to him, except one. Grant was not invited to dine with the czar.

Catacazy was recalled from this country. He was exiled from Russia, and ordered to remain in Paris, with orders not to write for newspapers. He violated that order, and published an insolent open letter in American newspapers. For this he was deprived of his pension. SMITH D. FRY.

IN OTHER LANDS.

In London nervous prostration now goes by the name of Americanitis. Japan was originally civilized by way of China. To-day Japan sends scholars and men of science to instruct the Chinese.

At Bombay all the Hindoo dynasties salute any passing black cat, thinking it may possibly be the soul of an English officer.

Russian photographers shame delinquent customers by hanging their pictures upside down in their glass cases. This method soon compels them to pay up.

Russia's commerce by sea has grown so much that a company for the classification of ships has been formed on the model of the British Lloyds and the French bureau veritas.

The longest bridge across the Danube is 1,900 feet in length. Waterloo bridge, over the Thames, is 1,380 feet. Westminster bridge, over the Thames, is 1,160 feet. The Saratov bridge, across the Volga, 4,872 feet, and the Freiburg, in Switzerland, 1,095 feet.

If the standing armies of Europe were marched in rows of five, and at the rate of three miles an hour, it would take 1½ days before every man could have passed any given point.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of P. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, Ohio, and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888. A. W. LEE, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Scientific Note. "I see that distilled water is really poisonous," said the majah. "That is, what comes, salt of interfering with nature." "Right, sah," assented the colonel. "Natah nevah intended the distillery, sah, to be idling its time away on watah, sah."—Indianapolis Journal.

Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Opens February 23. In the Ozark Mountains. Delightful climate. Beautiful scenery. Unequaled medicinal waters. Cheap excursion rates. Through sleepers via Frisco Line. Address J. O. Plank, Manager, Room H, Arcade, Century Building, or Frisco Ticket Office, No. 101 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

During the Solo. The Man—Any way, her singing drowns conversation. The Maid—Dear me! I always understood that drowning was an easy death.—N. Y. Journal.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Pike's Cure for Consumption. Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

No man is too worthless for some woman to get stuck on him.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A bang-up affair—An artillery salute.—Christian Work.

Where's it gone? Ask St. Jacobs Oil. It cured that bruise—gone.

A high-toned young man—The tenor singer.—Christian Work.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Soreness. St. Jacobs Oil cures Stiffness.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 11.	
CATTLE—Best heifers	4 25 @ 5 50
Stockers	4 30 @ 5 20
Native cows	3 30 @ 4 20
HOGS—Choice to heavy	3 00 @ 3 75
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 50 @ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	61 1/2 @ 62 1/2
No. 2 hard	61 1/2 @ 62 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	32 1/2 @ 33 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	17 @ 27 1/2
RYE—No. 2	54 @ 55
FLOUR—Patent, per barrel	3 35 @ 3 75
Fancy	2 70 @ 2 90
HAY—Choice timothy	7 00 @ 7 50
Fancy prairie	7 00 @ 7 25
BRAN (sacked)	60 @ 65
BUTTER—Choice creamery	17 @ 22
CHEESE—Full cream	10 1/2 @ 11
EGGS—Choice	10 1/2 @ 11
POTATOES	4 1/2 @ 7 1/2

ST. LOUIS. CATTLE—Native and shipping

Texans	4 1/2 @ 5 15
HOGS—Heavy	3 75 @ 4 65
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 40 @ 4 70
FLOUR—Choice	3 65 @ 3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	70 @ 71
CORN—No. 2 mixed	22 @ 33
OATS—No. 2 mixed	17 @ 27 1/2
RYE—No. 2	54 @ 55
BUTTER—Creamery	17 @ 22
LARD—Western mass	5 05 @ 5 12 1/2
PORK	8 75 @ 9 12 1/2

CHICAGO. CATTLE—Common to prime

HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 00 @ 5 75
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 75 @ 4 80
FLOUR—Winter wheat	3 65 @ 3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	67 1/2 @ 70
CORN—No. 2	23 @ 33 1/2
OATS—No. 2	23 @ 26 1/2
RYE	50 @ 51
BUTTER—Creamery	14 @ 19 1/2
LARD	5 10 @ 5 30
PORK	8 70 @ 8 75

CATTLE—Native steers

HOGS—Good to choice	4 45 @ 5 75
SHEEP—Common to choice	4 10 @ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	70 @ 71 1/2
CORN—No. 2	21 1/2 @ 33
OATS—No. 2	31 @ 31 1/2
BUTTER	15 @ 20

Railroad Across the English Channel.

The English Parliament is considering the plan of connecting that country with France by railway. Engineers say a road can be laid on the bottom of the English channel, and by mounting trestlework on wheels, so that it projects above the water, the railway can be operated. This seems beyond belief, but it is perhaps no more remarkable than some of the cures accomplished by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in bad cases of dyspepsia, indigestion and constipation. This is an age of wonderful achievements.

No Reciprocity.—"I could tell you an amusing incident about my visit to the British museum," said the friend who had traveled, "which you are welcome to publish if you don't use my name." "The British museum," coldly replied the editor of the Boonville Terror, "has never sent me any complimentary notices, so far as I can remember, and it isn't going to get any free advertising in this paper."—Chicago Tribune.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write today to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes tight shoes easy. Cures Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25 cents.

The pen may be mightier than the sword; but it is always the pen that tells you so.—Town Topics.

See! Bad sprain is cured. St. Jacobs Oil's magic worked it.

This would be a quiet, peaceable world were it not for the movements of the under jaw.—Chicago Daily News.

It is easy, sure. It will vanish. Use St. Jacobs Oil for Neuralgia. It's done.

MANY a dutiful daughter pays in pain for her mother's ignorance or perhaps neglect.

The mother suffered and she thinks her daughter must suffer also. This is true only to a limited extent. No excessive pain is healthy. Every mother should inform herself for her own sake and especially for the sake of her daughter. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice about all matters concerning the ills of the feminine organs.

INDULGENT MOTHERS

Many a young girl's beauty is wasted by unnecessary pain at time of menstruation, and many indulgent mothers with mistaken kindness permit their daughters to grow careless about physical health. MISS CARRIE M. LAMB, Big Beaver, Mich., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—A year ago I suffered from profuse and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. My appetite was variable, stomach sour and bowels were not regular, and was subject to pains like colic during menstruation. I wrote you and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of Sanative Wash. You can't imagine my relief. My courses are natural and general health improved."

MRS. NANNIE ADKINS, La Due, Mo., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to tell you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done my daughter. She suffered untold agony at time of menstruation before taking your medicine; but the Compound has relieved the pain, given her a better color, and she feels stronger, and has improved every way. I am very grateful to you for the benefit she has received. It is a great medicine for young girls."

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

POMMEL SLICKER

The Best Saddle Coat.

Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for the Fish Brand Pommel Slicker. It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

There's Only One Standard of Quality in Athletic Goods—"Spalding." Accept no substitute.

Handsome Catalogue Free. A. G. SPALDING & BROS. New York. Chicago. Denver.

Meet smoked in a few hours with KRAUSERS' LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE. Made from hickory wood. Cleanses, sweetens, and mends the old way. Send for circular. L. K. KAUSER & BROS., Milton, Pa.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Bears The Signature Of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* Use For Over Thirty Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Many People Cannot Drink

coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer to-day. Try it in place of coffee. 15 and 25c.

Was a Poker Term. "Did your rich aunt leave you anything?" "Not a cent." "Well, well! So she wasn't even a penny auntie to you, eh?"—Philadelphia North American.

The Best Prescription for Chills. Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

"Tommy"—"That church is over 200 years old." "Cissy"—"My aunt says it's only 100." Tommy—"Oh, well, I suppose that's as far back as she can remember."—Stray Stories.

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

Upon a man stating that he owned a mule, a friend asserted that it was a case of self-possession.—Boston Watchman.

Never mind a cane or crutch. St. Jacobs Oil will cure lame back.

The bigot is always dead sure of something he knows nothing about.—Chicago Daily News.

"It's gone," he said. "10 years of rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil did it."

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